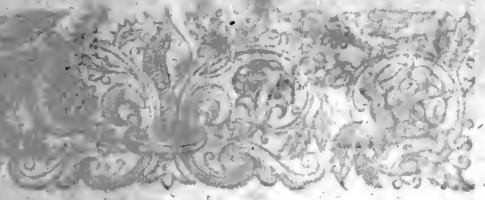

The Face of the Booke unmasked.

HEere, th'Winnow'd in Nature's Frame,
Sustain'd by Truth, and Wisdome's hand,
Does, by opinions empty Name,
And Ignorance, distracted stand:
Who with strong Cords of vanity, conspire,
Tangling the Soul, with abstruse Desire.

But when the Noble Heart inflam'd,
With Rayes, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with wings moult, and bemist'd)
The great God glorious Light, approve,
Slighting the World: yet before renouncing, tries,
That where God drawes not, there the links, he dies.

The Face of the Booke vnmasked.

HEere, th'*Vniuerse* in Natures Frame,
Sustain'd by *Truth*, and *Wisedomes* hand,
Does, by *opinions* empty Name,
And *Ignorance*, distracted stand:
Who with strong *Cords* of vanity, conspire,
Tangling the *Totall*, with abstruse Desire.

But then the *Noble Heart* infir'd,
With *Rayes*, diuinely from aboue,
Mounts (though with wings moist, and bemir'd)
The great *Gods* glorious *Light* to proue,
Slighting the World: yet selfe renouncing, tries,
That where *God* drawes not, there she sinks, & dies.


Sapientia
Veritatis
Opinio
Ignorantia
Vinculum Vanitatis
Vinculum Vanitatis
RESOLVES
A Duble Century
The 4th Edition
By Owen Felltham with
a large Alphabeticall
Table thervnto.
et sic demulceo
Vitam.
LONDON
Imprinted for Henry
Seile and are to be sould at
the Tygers head in St Paules
Church yard. 1631

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THOMAS Lord COVENTRY, Baron of *Alesborough*, Lord Keeper of the great Seale of *England*, and Councellour of Estate to his Maiestie of GREAT BRITAINE.

May it please your Lordship,

THough I should not know your *Person*, I cannot be a stranger to your *Vertues*: All eares are filled with report of *them*: and what a *Predecessour* of yours, to his great *Honour*, wrote of the *Greatnesse of Peace*, you, *My Lord*, haue to your greater *Honour*, practised. These my *Excogitations*, I humbly *dedicate* to your *Lordship*; which I confesse I should scarce haue done, if your *Noblenesse* had not been more *eminent* then your *Place*. All that hath made mee thus presuming, is

your *Goodneſſe*, which I know is full of *Pardons*, for thoſe that erre by *reuerencing*. That I haue prefixed your *Name*, is not in thought of adding ought to your *Honour*: but in gaining ſomething to the *Worke*; that being ſo *inſcribed*, it may carry with it, what already ſhineth in your *Noble Boſome*, *Honeſt Authoritie*. May it liue but as long as your *Fame*, and knowne *Integritie*; then I reſt aſſured, *it* ſhall neuer meete a *Graue* in comming *Ages*. Howſoeuer, I ſhall bee *praiſed* for this, (if I haue not coueted too *high*, and intruded on your more *weightie Affaires*,) that I haue choſen *an approued Patron*.

The *God* of *Goodneſſe* perpetuate your *Lordſhips Happineſſe*.

The moſt humble of
your Lordſhips trueſt
Honourers,

QVV. FELLTHAM.

TO THE READERS.

I *Am to answer two* Obiections, *One, that I haue made vse of* Story, *yet not quoted my* Authorities; *and this I haue* purposely *done. It had beene all one Labour, inserting the* matter, *to giue them, both the* Author, *and* place. *But while I am not* Controuersiall, *I should onely haue troubled the* Text, *or spotted a* Margent, *which I alwaies wish to leaue free, for the* Comments *of the man that reades. Besides, I doe not professe my selfe a* Scholer: *and for a* Gentleman, *I hold it a little* pedanticall. *He should vse them rather, as brought in by* Memory, raptim, *and* occasionall; *than by* Study, search, *or strict* collection: *especially in* Essay, *which of all writing, is the neerest to a running* Discourse. *I haue so vsed them, as you may see I doe not* steale, *but* borrow. *If I doe; let the* Reader *trace me, and if hee will, or can, to my shame* discouer; *there is no cheating like the* Felony *of* VVit: *He which theeues* that, *robbes the* Owner, *and coozens those that heare him.*

The next is, for the Poetry, *wherein, indeed, I haue beene strict, yet would be* full. *In my opinion, they disgrace our* Language, *that will not giue a* Latine *Verse his* English, *vnder two for one. I confesse, the* Latine

tine (*besides the curiousnesse of the* Tongue) *hath in euery* Verse, *the aduantage of three or foure* Sillables; *yet if a man will labour for't, hee may turne it as short, and I beleeue, as* full. *And for this some late* Translations *are my proofe.* VVhat *you finde heere, if you please, like: But remember alwaies, to censure a* Resolue *in the middle, is to giue your* Iudgement *a possibility of erring. If you aske why I* writ *them? 'Twas because I lou'd my* Study. *If, why I* publish *them? Know, that having no other meanes to shew my selfe to the* VVorld, *so well, I chose this, not to* boast, *but because I would not deceiue.*

R E-

RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

I.

Of ſuddaine Proſperitie.

Roſperitie in the beginning of a *great Action*, many times, vndoes a *Man* in the end. *Happineſſe* is the *Cauſe* of *miſchiefe*. The faire *chance* of a treacherous *Dye*, at firſt flatters an *improuident Gameſter*, with his owne *hand*, to *throw* away his *wealth* to another. For while we expect all things, *laughing* vpon vs, like thoſe we haue paſs'd; we remit our *care*, and *periſh* by *neglecting*. VVhen a *Rich Crowne* ha's newly kiſs'd the *Temples* of a gladded *King*, where hee findes all things in a *golden ſwimme*, & *kneeling* to him with *Auſpicious reuerence*; he careleſly *waues* himſelfe in the *ſwelling plenty*:

Laies his heart into *pleasures*, and forgets the *future*; till *Ruine* seize him before he can thinke it. *Felicity* eates vp *Circumspection*: and when that *guard* is wanting, we lye *spred* to the *shot* of generall *Danger*. How many haue lost the *victory* of a *Battell*, with too much *confidence* in the good *fortune*, which they found at the *beginning*? Surely 'tis not good to be *happy* too soone. It many times *vndoes* a *Noble Family*, to haue the estate fall to the *hands* of an *Heyre*, in *minority*. Witty *children* oft faile in their *age*, of what their *childhood* promised. This holds not true in *Temporall* things onely, but euen in *Spirituall*. Nothing slackens the *proceedings* of a *Christian* more, then the *too-early* applause of *those* that are groundedly *honest*. This makes him thinke he now is farre *enough*, and that he may *rest* and *breathe*, and *gaze*. So he *slides* backe for want of *striuing*, to goe on with *increase*. Good *successe* in the midd'st of an *action*, takes a man in a firme *settlednesse*: and though he finds the *event* alter; yet *custome* before, will continue his care for *afterwards*. In the end, it *crownes* his expectation; and *incourages* him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the *sequell* answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much *raine* as soone as the seede is sowne: which does rather *wash* it away, then giue it a moderate *rooting*. How many had *ended* better, if they had not *begun* so well? *Pleasure* can *vndoe* a man at any time, if *yeelded* to. 'Tis an inviting *Ginne* to catch the *Woodcock-man* in. *Cræsus* counsel'd *Cyrus*, if he meant to hold the *Lydians* in a *slauery*, that he should teach them to *sing*, and *play*, and *drinke*, and

dance

dance, and *dally*; and that would doe it without his *endeuor*. I remember *Ouids* fable of the *Centoculated Argus*; The *Diuell* I compare to *Mercury*, his *pipe* to *pleasure*, *Argus* to *Man*, his hundred *eyes* to our *care*, his *sleeping* to *security*, *Iö* to our *soule*, his *transformation* to the *curse of God*. The *Morall* is onely this; The *Diuell* with *pleasure*, *pipes* Man into *security*, then *stealcs* away his *soule*, and *leaues him* to the *wrath of Heauen*. It can ruine *Anthony* in the midd'st of his *fortunes*, it can *spoyle Hanibal* after a *long* and *glorious Warre*: but to *meet* it at first, is the most *danger*; it then being apteſt to find *admission*; though to *meet* and yeeld, be worst at last: because there is not then a *time* left for *recouery*. If the *Action* be of *worth* that I take in hand, neither shall an ill *accident* discourage me, nor a good *one* make mee *carelesse*. If it happen *ill*, I will be the more *circumspect*, by a heedefull preuention to auoyd the *like*, in that which *insues*. If it happen *well*, my feare shall make me warily *vigilant*. I will euer *suspect* the *smoothed streame* for *deepenesse*; till we come to the end. *Deceit* is gracious *company*; for it alwaies studies to be *faire* and *pleasing*: But then, like a *theefe*, hauing train'd vs from the *Roade*, it robbes vs. Where all the *benefit* we haue left, is this: that, if we haue *time* to see how we were *coozned*, wee may haue so much *happinesse*, as to *dye* repenting.

II.

Of Resolution.

WHat a *skeyne* of ruffled *silke* is the *vncomposed Man?* Euery *thing* that but offers to euen *him*, intangles *him* more, as if, while you vnbend *him* one way, *he* warpeth worse the other. *He* cãnot but meet with *variety* of occasions, and euery one of these, intwine *him* in a deeper trouble. His *waies* are *strew'd* with *Briers*, and he *bussles* himselfe into his owne *confusion*. Like a *Partridge* in the net, hee maskes *himselfe* the more, by the anger of his *fluttering wing*. Certainely, a good *Resolution* is the most *fortifying Armour* that a *Discreet* man can weare. That, can defend him against all the vnwelcome *Shuffles* that the poore rude *World* puts on him. Without this, like *hot Iron*, hee *hisses* at euery *drop* that finds him. With this, He can be a *seruant* as wel as a *Lord*; and haue the same inward *pleasantnesse* in the *quakes* and *shakes* of *Fortune*, that hee carries in her *softest smiles*. I confesse, biting *Penury* has too strong *talons* for *mud-wall'd Man*, to graspe withall. *Nature* is importunate for *necessities*: and will try all the *Engines* of her *wit*, and *power*, rather then suffer her owne *destruction*. But where shee hath so much as shee may *liue*: *Resolution* is the onely *Marshall* that can keepe her in a *decent* order. That which puts the loose *wouen minde* into a whirling *tempest*, is by the *Resolute*, *seene*, *slighted*, *laughed*

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 *conuert* them to a *dimpling mirth*. How endleſſe will be the *quarrels* of a *chollericke man*, and the *contentments* of him, that is *reſolued* to turne *indignities* into things to make ſport withall? 'Tis ſure, nothing but *experience*, and collected *iudgement*, can make a man doe this: but when he has brought himſelfe vnto it, how infinite ſhall he find his *eaſe*? It was *Zantippe's* obſeruation, that ſhe euer found *Socrates* returne with the ſame *countenance* that he *went* abroad withall. *Lucan* can tell vs,

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

> —All Fortunes threats be loſt,
> VVhere Vertue does oppoſe.—

I wiſh no *man* ſo *ſpiritleſſe*, as to let all *abuſes* preſſe the dulneſſe of a willing *ſhoulder*: but I wiſh him an able *diſcretion*, to *diſcerne* which are fit to be ſtirred in, and thoſe to *proſecute* for no other end, but to ſhew the *iniury* was more to *Vertue*, and deare *Natures Iuſtice*, then to himſelfe. Euery man ſhould be *Equitus Champion*: becauſe it is that *eternall pillar*, whereon the *World is founded*. In *high & mountain'd Fortunes Reſolution* is neceſſary, to inſafe vs from the *thefts*, and *wyles* of *proſperity*: which *ſteale* vs away, not only from our *ſelues*, but *vertue*: and for the

moſt part, like a *long peace*, ſoftly deliuers vs into *impouerißing Warre*. In the *wane* of Fortune, *Reſolution* is likewiſe *neceſſary*, to guard vs from the *diſcontents* that vſually *aſſaile* the poore *deiected man*. For all the *World* will beate the *man*, whom *Fortune* buffets. And vnleſſe by this, he can turne off the *blowes*; he ſhall be ſure to *feele* the greateſt *burthen*, in his owne ſad *mind*. A *wiſe man* makes a *trouble* leſſe, by *Fortitude*: but to a *foole*, 'tis heauier by his *ſtooping* too't. I would faine bring my *ſelfe* to that *paſſe*, that I might not make *my happineſſe* depend on anothers *Iudgement*. But as I would neuer doe any thing *vnhoneſtly*: ſo I would neuer feare the *immateriall wind of cenſure*, when it is done. Hee that *ſteeres* by that *gale*, is euer in danger of *wracke*. *Honeſty* is a *warrant* of farre more *ſafety* then *Fame*. I will neuer be *aſham'd* of that which *beares* her *ſeale*: As knowing 'tis onely *Pride's* being in *faſhion*, that hath put *honeſt Humility out of countenance*. As for the *crackers* of the *braine*, and *tongue-ſquibs*, they will *dye* alone, if I ſhall not *reuiue* them. The beſt way to haue them *forgotten* by others, is firſt to *forget* them my ſelfe. This will *keepe* my ſelfe in quiet, and by a *noble not-caring*, *arrow* the *intenders* boſome: who will euer fret moſt, when he finds his *deſignes* moſt *fruſtrate*. Yet, in all theſe, I will ſomething reſpect *cuſtome*, becauſe ſhe is *magnified* in that *world*, wherein I am one. But when ſhe parts from *iuſt reaſon*, I ſhall rather *diſpleaſe* her by parting; then offend in her *company*. I would haue all men ſet vp their *reſt*, for all things that this *world* can yeeld: Yet ſo, as they *build* vpon a ſurer *foundation* then themſelues:

otherwiſe,

otherwiſe, that which ſhould haue been their *foundation*, will ſurely *croſſe* them; and that is, *GOD*.

III.

A Friend and Enemy, when moſt dangerous.

I VVill take *heed* both of a *ſpeedy Friend*, and a *ſlow Enemy*. *Loue* is neuer *laſting*, that *flames* before it *burnes*. And *Hate*, like wetted *Coales*, throwes a fiercer *heate*, when *fire* gets the *maſtery*. As the firſt may *quickly faile*: ſo the latter will *hardly* be *altered*. Early *fruits* rot ſoone; As quicke *wits* haue ſeldome ſound *iudgements*, which ſhould make thē continue: ſo *friendſhip* kindled ſuddenly, is *rarely* found with the *durability* of *affection*. *Enduring Loue* is euer built on *Vertue*; which no man can ſee in another at once. He that *fixeth* vpon her, ſhall finde a *beauty* that will euery day take him with ſome new *grace* or other. I like that Loue, which by a *ſoft aſcenſion*, does degree it ſelfe in the *ſoule*. As for an *Enemy* that is long a making: hee is much the *worſe*, for being ill no *ſooner*. I count him as the *actions* of a wiſe *State*, which being long in *reſoluing*, are in their *Execution ſudden*, and *ſtriking* home. He *hates* not but with *cauſe*, that is *vnwilling* to *hate* at all. If I muſt haue *both*, giue me rather a *friend* on *foote*, and an *enemy* on *horſebacke*. I may perſwade the one to *ſtay*, while the other may be *galloping* from me.

IIII.

Of the ends of Vertue and Vice.

VErtue and *Vice* neuer *differ* ſo much, as in the *end*; at leaſt, their *difference* is neuer ſo much vpon the *view*, as then. And this, I thinke, is one *reaſon*, why ſo many *iudgements* are *ſeduced* in *purſuit* of ill. They *imagine* not their *laſt Act* will be *Tragicall*; becauſe their former *Scenes* haue all beene *Comedie*. The *end* is ſo farre off, that they ſee not thoſe *ſtabbing ſhames*, that *awaite* them in a *killing ambuſh*. If it were neerer, yet their owne *dimme ſight* would leaue them *vndiſcouered*. And the ſame thing that incourageth *Vice*, diſcourageth *Vertue*. For, by her *rugged-way*, and the *reſiſtance* that ſhee findes in her *paſſage*; ſhe is oft *perſwaded* to ſtep into *Vice's path*: which while ſhee findeth *ſmooth*, ſhee neuer perceiueth *ſlippery*. *Vice's Road* is paued with *Ice*; *Inuiting* by the *eye*, but *tripping* vp the *heele*, to the *hazzard* of a *wound*, or *drowning*. VVhereas *Vertue* is like the *paſſage* of *Hannibal* ouer the *Alpes*; a worke of a *trying toyle*, of *infinite danger*. But once *performed*, it lets him into the *Worlds Garden*, *Italy*: and withall, leaues him a *fame* as laſting, as *thoſe* which he did *Conquer*, with his moſt *vnvſed weapon of Warre*, *Vineger*. Doubtleſſe the *World* hath nothing ſo *glorious* as *Vertue*: as *Vertue* when ſhee rides triumphant. VVhen like a *Phœbean Champion*, ſhee hath rowted the *Armie*

of

of her *enemies*, flatted their *strongest Forts*, brought the *mightiest* of her *Foes*, in a *chained subiection*, to humour the *motions* of her thronged *Chariot*, and be the *gaze* of the *abusiue World*. *Vice*, at best, is but a *diseased Harlot*: all whose *commendation* is, that shee is *painted*.

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

But *Vertue's* thron'd among the Starres,
And while the Spring warmes th'infant bud,
Or VVinter bald's the shag-hair'd wood:
VVhile Summer giues new lockes to all,
And fruits full ripe, in Autumne fall,
Thou shalt remaine, and still shalt be,
For Starres, for Phœbus, Company.

Is a *rapture* of the *lofty Tragedian*. Her *presence* is a *dignity*, which amazes the beholder with *incircling raies*. The *conceit* of her *Actions*, begets *admiration* in others, and that *admiration* both *infuseth* a *ioy* in her, and *inflames* her *magnanimity* more. The *good honour* her, for the *loue* of the *like*, that they find in *themselues*. 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

other ſide, what a *Monſter*, what a *Painters Diuell is Vice*, either in her *bared skin*, or her owne *enſordid ragg's?* Her own *guilt*, and the *deteſtation* which ſhe findes from others, ſet vp two great *Hels*, in her one little, narrow, *heart*; *Horrour*, *Shame*; and *that* which moſt of all doth *gall* her, is, that ſhee findes their *flames* are *inextinguiſhable*. Outwardly, ſometimes ſheemay *appeare* like *Vertue*: For all the ſeuerall *Iemmes* in *Vertue*, *Vice* hath counterfeit *ſtones*, wherewith ſhe guls the *Ignorant*. But there bee too maine *reaſons* which ſhall make me *Vertues* Louer: for her *inſide*, for her *end*. And for the ſame *reaſons* will I hate *Vice*. If I finde there be a *difference* in their *wayes*, I will yet thinke of them, as of the two *ſonnes* in the *Goſpell*; whereof *Vertue* ſaid he would not goe to the *Vineyard*, yet *did*. And *Vice*, though he promiſed to goe, *deſiſted*.

V.

Of Puritans.

I Finde many that are called *Puritans*; yet few, or none that will owne the *name*. VVhereof the reaſon ſure is this; that 'tis for the moſt part held a *name of infamy*; and is ſo new, that it hath ſcarcely yet obtain'd a *definition*: nor is it an *appellation* deriued from one *mans* name, whoſe *Tenents* wee may finde, digeſted into a *Volume*: whereby we doe much erre in the *application*. It imports a kinde of *excellency* aboue another; which *man* (being conſcious

ſcious of his owne fraile bendings) is aſhamed to aſſume to himſelfe. So that I beleeue there are men which *would be Puritans*: but indeed not any that *are*. One will haue him one that liues religiouſly, and will not reuell it in a ſhoreleſſe exceſſe. Another, him that ſeparates from our *Diuine Aſſemblies*. Another, him that in ſome *tenents* onely is *peculiar*. Another, him that will not *ſweare*. Abſolutely to define him, is a worke, I thinke, of *Difficulty*; ſome I know that reioyce in the *name*; but ſure they bee ſuch, as leaſt *vnderſtand* it. As hee is more generally in theſe times taken, I ſuppoſe wee may call him *a Church-Rebell*, or one that would exclude *order*, that his *braine* might rule. To *decline offences*; to be careſull and conſcionable in our ſeuerall *actions*, is a *Purity*, that euery man ought to labour for, which we may well doe, without a ſullen *ſegregation* from all *ſociety*. If there be any *Priuiledges*, they are ſurely granted to the Children of the *King*; which ate thoſe that are the Children of *Heauen*. If *mirth* and *recreations* be lawfull, ſure ſuch a one may lawfully vſe it. If *Wine* were giuen to cheere the *heart*, why ſhould I feare to vſe it for that end? Surely, *the merry ſoule* is freer from intended *miſchiefe*, then the *thoughtfull man*. A bounded *mirth*, is a *Pattent* adding time and happineſſe to the crazed life of *Man*. Yet if *Laertius* reports him rightly, *Plato* deſerues a *Cenſure*, for allowing *drunkenneſſe* at *Feſtiuals*; becauſe, ſaies he, as then, the *Gods* themſelues reach *Wines* to preſent *Men*. *God* delights in nothing more, then in a *cheerefull heart*, careſull to performe him ſeruice. VVhat

Parent

Parent is it, that reioyceth not to ſee his *Childe* pleaſant, in the limits of a *filiall duety*? I know, wee reade of *Chriſts weeping*, not of his *laughter*: yet we ſee, hee graceth a *Feaſt* with his *firſt Miracle*; and that a *Feaſt of ioy*: And can wee thinke that ſuch a *meeting* could paſſe without the noyſe of *laughter*? VVhat a lumpe of *quickned care* is the *melancholike man*? Change *anger* into *mirth*, and the Precept will hold good ſtill: *Be merry, but ſinne not.* As there bee many, that in their life aſſume too great a *Libertie*; ſo I beleeue there are ſome, that abridge themſelues of what they might lawfully vſe. *Ignorance* is an ill *Steward*, to prouide for either *Soule*, or *Body*. A man that ſubmits to reuerent *Order*, that ſometimes vnbends himſelfe in a moderate *relaxation*; and in all, labours to approue himſelfe, in the ſereneneſſe of a healthfull *Conſcience*: ſuch a *Puritane* I will loue immutably. But when a man, in things but *ceremoniall*, ſhall ſpurne at the graue Authority of the *Church*, and out of a needleſſe *nicetie*, be a Theefe to himſelfe, of thoſe benefits which GOD hath allowed him: or out of a blind and vncharitable *Pride*, cenſure, and ſcorne others, as *reprobates*: or out of obſtinacy, fill the VVorld with *brawles*, about *vndeterminable Tenents*: I ſhall thinke him one of thoſe, whoſe *opinion* hath ſevered his *zeale* to *madneſſe* and *diſtraction*. I haue more faith in one *Salomon*, then in a thouſand *Dutch Parlours* of ſuch *Opinioniſts*. Behold then; what I haue ſeene good! That it is comely to eate, and to drinke, and to take pleaſure in all his labour wherein he trauaileth vnder the *Sunne*, the whole number

number of the daies of his life, which GOD giueth him. For, this is his *Portion*. Nay, *there is no profit to Man, but that he eate, and drinke, and delight his soule with the profit of his labour*. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the *hand of God*. Mee thinkes the reading of *Ecclesiastes*, should make a *Puritane* vndresse his braine, and lay off all those *Phanatique toyes* that gingle about his *vnderstanding*. For my owne part, I thinke the VVorld hath not better men, then some, that suffer vnder that name: nor withall, more *Scelestique Villaines*. For, when they are once *elated* with that *pride*, they so *contemne* others, that they infringe the Lawes of all *humane society*.

VI.

Of Arrogancy.

I Neuer yet found *Pride* in a *Noble Nature*: nor *Humility* in an *vnworthy minde*. It may seeme strange to an *inconsiderate eye*, that such a poore *violet Vertue*, should euer dwell with *Honour*: and that such an aspiring fume as *Pride* is, should euer soiourne with a *constant Basenes*. 'Tis sure, we seldome find it, but in such, as being conscious of their own *deficiency*, thinke there is no way to get *Honour*, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather then want *fame*, they would with a rude assault, *deflowre* her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. *Honour* like a *Noble Virgin*, will neuer agree to grace the man that *rauisheth*.

rauiſheth. If ſhe be not wonne by *Courteſie*, ſhe will neuer loue *truly*. To offer *violence* to ſo choyſe a *beauty*, is the way to be *contemn'd* and *looſe*. 'Tis *hee* that hath nothing elſe to commend him, which would inuade mens *good opinions*, by a *miſ-becomming ſawſineſſe*. If you ſearch for high and ſtrained *Carriages*; you ſhall for the moſt part, meete with them, in *low men*. *Arrogance*, is a *weed*, that euer growes in a *dunghill*.' Tis from the rankneſſe of that ſoyle, that ſhe hath her *height* and *ſpreadings*: VVitneſſe *Clownes*, *Fooles*, and *fellowes* that from *nothing*, are lifted ſome few ſteps vpon *Fortunes Ladder*: where, ſeeing the glorious repreſentment of *Honour*, aboue; they are ſo greedy of *imbracing*, that they ſtriue to leape thither at once: ſo by ouerreaching themſelues in the way, thy faile 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 powerfull; *Example*: or elſe, for lacke of a diſcerning *Iudgement*, which will tell them, that the beſt way thither, is to goe about, by *humility* and *deſert*. Otherwiſe, the Riuer of *Contempt* runs betwixt them and it: and if they goe not by theſe paſſages, they muſt of neceſſity either *turne backe* with ſhame, or ſuffer in the deſperate *venture*. Of all *Trees*, I obſerue, God hath choſen the *Vine*, a low *plant*, that creepes vpon the helpfull *Wall*. Of all *Beaſts*, the ſoft and patient *Lambe*: Of all *Fowles*, the milde and gall-leſſe *Doue*. Christ is the *Roſe* of the *Field*, and the *Lilly* of the *Valley*. VVhen God appeared to *Moſes*; it was not in the

loſty

lofty *Cedar*, not the ſturdy *Oake*, nor the ſpreading *Plane*; but in a *Buſh*; an humble, ſlender, abiect *ſhrub*. As if he would by theſe *elections*, checke the conceited arrogance of *Man*. Nothing procureth *Loue*, like *Humility*: nothing *Hate*, like *Pride*. The *proud man* walkes among *daggers*, poynted againſt him: whereas the *humble* and the *affable* haue the *People* for their guard in *dangers*. To be humble to our *Superiors*, is *duty*: to our *Equals*, *courteſie*: to our *Inferiors*, *nobleneſſe*. VVhich, for all her *lowneſſe*, carries ſuch a ſway, that ſhee may command their *ſoules*. But wee muſt take heed, wee expreſſe it not in vnworthy *Actions*. For then leauing *Vertue*, it falls into *diſdained baſeneſſe*: which is the vndoubtable *badge* of one, that will betray *Society*. So farre as a man, both in *words* and *deeds*, may be free from *flattery*, and vnmanly *cowardice*; hee may be humble with *commendation*. But ſurely, no *circumſtance* can make the expreſſion of *Pride* laudable. Ifeuer it bee, 'tis when it meets with *Audacious Pride*, and conquers. Of this *good* it may then bee *author*, that the *affronting man*, by his owne *folly*, may learne the way to his *duty*, and *wit*. Yet this I cannot ſo well call *Pride*, as *An emulation of the Diuine Iuſtice*; which will alwaies vindicate it ſelfe vpon *preſumptuous ones*: and is indeed ſaid to fight againſt no *ſinne*, *but Pride*.

of

VII.

Of Reward and Seruice.

WHen it lights vpon a *worthy Nature*, there is nothing procures a more faithfull *Seruice*, then *The Masters liberality*: nor is there any thing makes *that* appeare more, then a *true fidelity*. They are each of other *alternate Parents*; begetting and begotten. Certainely, if these were practised, *Great men* need not so often change their *Followers*: nor would the *Patrons* bee abandoned by their old *Attendants*. *Rewards* are not *giuen*, but *paid*, to *Seruants* that be good and wise. Nor ought that *blood* to bee accounted *lost*, which is out-letted for a *Noble Master*. *Worth* will neuer faile to giue *Desert* her *Bayes*. A *liberall Master*, that loues his *Seruant* well, is in some sort a *God* vnto him: which may both giue him *blessings*, and protect him from *danger*. And beleeue it, on the other side, a *diligent* and *discreet Seruant*, is one of the *best friends* that a man can bee blest withall. Hee can doe whatsoeuer a *Friend* may: and will bee commanded with lesser hazzard of losing. Nay, hee may in a kinde, challenge a glory aboue his *Master*: for, though it be harder to play a *Kings part* well, then 'tis to act a *Subiects*; yet *Natures* inclination is much more bent to *rule* then to *obey*: *Seruice*, being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kinde, but *Man*. Now, if the Question be, when men meet in

in these *relations*, who shall the first begin? The *lot* will surely fall vpon the *Seruant*: For hee is tyed in duty to be *diligent*; and that euer binds without exception. The *Lord* is tyed but by his *Honor*: which is voluntary, and not compulsiue; *Liberality* being a free adjection, and not a *Tye* in his *bargaine*. 'Tis good sometimes for a *Lord* to vse a *Seruant* like a *friend*, like a *companion*: but 'tis alwaies fit for a *Seruant* to pay him the reuerence due to a *Master*. *Pride* becomes neither the *commander* nor the *commanded*. Euery *Family* is but a seuerall *Plume* of *Feathers*: the meanest is of the selfesame stuffe: onely he that made the *Plume*, was pleased to set the *Lord* highest. The power of *commanding*, is rather *Politicall*, then from equal Nature. The *seruice* of *man* to *man*, followed not the *Creation*, but the *Fall of man*: and till *Noah* curs'd his *Sonne*, the name of *Seruant* is not read in *Scripture*. Since, there is no absolute *freedome* to be found below. Euen *Kings* are but more *splendid Seruants*, for the *Common body*. There is a mutuality betweene the *Lord* and *Vassailes*. The *Lord* serues them of *necessaries*: and they him, in his *pleasures* and *conueniences*. *Vertue* is the truest *liberty*: nor is he free, that stoopes to *passions*: nor he in bondage, that serues a *Noble Master*. When *Demonax* saw one cruell in the beating of a Seruant: *Fie* (saies he) *forbeare*; *lest by the World, your selfe be taken for the seruant*. And if we haue any faith in *Claudian*, we may beleeue, that

He knows no bondage, whō a good *King* swayes:
For *Freedome* neuer shines with clearer rayes,
Than when *braue Princes* raigne.

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Seruitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quàm sub Rege pio.

Imperiousnesse turnes that *seruant* into a *slaue*; which *Moderation* makes as an humble-speaking *friend*. *Seneca* begins an *Epistle*, with reioycing, that his *Friend* liued familiar with his *Seruant*. Neither can haue *comfort*, where both are *vncommunicable*. I confesse, the like countenance is not to bee shewed to all. *That which makes a wise man* modest, *makes a Foole* vnmannerly. 'Tis the *sawcie seruant*, that causes the *Lord* to shrinke his descending *fauours*. Of the two, *Pride* is the more tolerable in a *Mastes*. The other is *preposterousnesse*, which *Salomon* saw the *Earth* did groane for. *Hadrian* sent his *inferiour seruant* a boxe on the eare, for walking but betweene two *Senators*. As I would not *serue*, to be admitted to nothing, but to *high commands*: So I thinke, who-s'ere is rudely *malepart*, blemishes the discretion of himselfe, 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 *neerenesse*, in being *Men*. No *Fato* can fright away that likenesse. The other we haue found in *motion*, in *variance*; euen to rare and inuerted *mutations*. Let not the *Lord* abuse his *Seruant*; for 'tis possible, *hee may* fall below him: Let not the *seruant* neglect his *Master*; for *he may* be cast to a meaner condition. Let the *seruant* deserue, and the *Master* recompence: and if they would both be *noble*; the best way is, for those

those that be subiect, to forget their seruices; and for those that are *Commanders*, to remember them. So, each louing other, for their *generous worthinesse*; the VVorld shal strew praises in both their *Pathes*. If the *seruãt* suppose his *lot* be hard, let him think, that *seruice* is nothing but the *free-mans* calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himselfe, *well*.

VIII.

Of Reprehension.

TO *Reprehend* well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of *Friendship*. VVho is it, that will either *not merit* a *checke*, or *endure* one? Yet wherein can a *Friend* more vnfold his *loue*, then in preuenting *dangers*, before their birth: or, in reducing a Man to *safety*, which is trauelling in the way to *Ruine*? I grant, the manner of the *Application*, may turne the *benefit* into an *iniury*: and then it both strengtheneth *Error*, and wounds the *Giuer*. *Correction* is neuer in vaine. *Vice* is a *myerie deepenesse*: if thou striuest to helpe one out, and dost not; thy stirring him, sinkes him in the further. *Fury* is the madder for his chaine. VVhen thou chidest thy *wandering Friend*, doe it secretly; in season; in loue: Not in the eare of a popular *conuention*: For many times, the presence of a *Multitude*, makes a man take vp an vniust *defence*, rather then fall, in a iust *shame*. Diseased *eyes* endure not an vnmasked *Sunne*: nor does the *wound* but ranckle more,

which is vanned by the publike *ayre*. Nor can I much blame a man, though hee ſhuns to make the *Vulgar* his *Confeſſor*: for they are the moſt vncharitable *tell-tales* that the burthened *Earth* doth ſuffer. They vnderſtand nothing, but the *Dreggs* of *Actions*: and with ſpattering thoſe abroad, they beſmeare a deſeruing *Fame*. A man had better bee *conuinced* in *priuate*, then be made *guilty* by a *Proclamation*. *Open Rebukes* are for *Magiſtrates*, and *Courts of Iuſtice*: for *Stelled Chambers*, and for *Scarlets*, in the *thronged Hall*. *Priuate*, are for *friends*; where all the *witneſſes* of the *offenders bluſhes*, are blinde, and deafe, and dumbe. We ſhould doe by them, as *Ioſeph* thought to haue done by *Mary*, ſeeke to couer blemiſhes, with *ſecrecy*. *Publike Reproofe*, is like ſtriking of a *Deere* in the *Herd*, it not onely wounds him, to the loſſe of inabling *blood*: but betrayes him to the *Hound*, his *Enemy*: and makes him, by his *fellowes*, be puſht out of *company*. Euen *concealement of a fault*, argues ſome *Charity* to the *Delinquent*: and when wee tell him of it in ſecret, it ſhewes, we wiſh he ſhould amend, before the *World* comes to know his amiſſe. Next, it ought to bee in *ſeaſon*, neither when the *Braine* is miſted, with ariſing *fumes*: nor when the *Minde* is madded, with vn-reined *paſsions*. Certainely, he is *drunke* himſelfe, that prophanes *Reaſon* ſo, as to vrge it to a *drunken man*. *Nature* vnlooſed in a flying ſpeede, cannot come off with a ſudden ſtop.

Quis matrem, niſi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vetat? non hoc vlla monenda loco eſt:

Hee's

Hee's mad, that dries a *Mothers* eyes full tyde
At her *Sonnes* graue. 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 *Souldier* to *Councell*, in the mid'ſt, in the heate of a *Battaile*. Let the *Combat* ſlacke, and then, thou maiſt expect a hearing. All *Paſsions* are like *rapid Torrents*: they ſwell the more, for meeting with a *Damme* in their *violence*. He that will heare nothing in the raged and rore of his *anger*, will, after a pauſe, inquire of you. Seeme you to *forget him*; and he will the ſooner *remember himſelfe*. For it often fals out, that the end of *Paſsion*, is the beginning of *Repentance*. Then will it be eaſie to draw backe a retiring man: As a *Boat* is rowed with leſſe labour, when it hath both a *Wind* and *Tide* to driue it. A word ſeaſonably giuen, like a *Rudder*, ſometimes ſteeres a man quite into another *Courſe*. VVhen the *Macedonian Philip* was capring in the view of his *Captiues*: Saies *Demades*, —*Since Fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you ſhew your ſelfe like Therſites?* And this chang'd him to another Man. A *blow* beſtow'd in the ſtriking time, is better then ten, deliuered vnſeaſonably. There are ſome nicks in *Time*, which whoſoeuer findes, may promiſe to himſelfe *ſucceſſe*. As in all things, ſo in this; eſpecially, if hee doe it as hee ought, *In Loue*. It is not good to bee too *tetricall* and *virulent*. *Kind words* make *rough actions* plauſible. The bitterneſſe of *Reprehenſion*, is inſweetned with the pleaſingneſſe of *Compellations*. If euer *Flattery* might bee lawfull,

heere is a *Cause*, that vvould giue it admission. To be *plaine*, argues *Honesty*: but to be *pleasing*, argues *discretion*. *Sores* are not to be anguish't vvith a rusticke pressure; but gently stroaked, vvith a *Ladied hand*. *Physicians* fire not their eyes at *Patients*: but calmely minister to their *diseases*. Let it be so done, as the *offender* may see *affection* vvithout *arrogancy*. Who blovves our *Candles* vvith too strong a breath, does but make them stinke, and blowes them light againe. To auoyd this, it vvas ordain'd among the *Lacedemonians*, that euery *Transgressor* should be, as it vvere, his ovvne *Beadle*: for, his punishment vvas, to cōpasse an *Altar*, singing an *Inuectiue* made against himselfe. It is not consonant, that a member so vn-boned as the *tongue* is, should smart it vvith an *Iron lash*. Euery man that *aduiseth*, assumes as it vvere, a *transcendency* ouer the other; which if it be not allayed vvith *protestations*, and some selfe-including *termes*, grovves hatefull: that euen the *Reprehension*, is many times the greater fault of the tvvo. It vvill be good therefore, not to make the *complaint* our ovvne, but to lay it vpon some others: that not knovving his grounded *Vertues*, vvill, according to this, be apt to iudge of all his *actions*. Nor can he be a cōpetent *Iudge* of anothers *crime*, that is guilty of the like himselfe. 'Tis vnworthily done, to *condemne* that in others, which we would not haue but *pardoned* in our selues. VVhen *Diogenes* fell in the *Schoole* of the *Stoickes*; Hee answers his *deriders*, with this *Questiō*: *Why doe you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selues doe retrograde your liues?* He is not *fit* to *cure* a *dimmed sight*, that lookes

vpon

vpon another with a *beamed eye*. *Freed*, we may *free* others. And, if vv pleaſe them vvith *praiſing* ſome of their *vertues*, they vvill vvith much more *eaſe*, be brought to knovv their *Vices*. *Shame* vvill not let them be *angry* vvith them, that ſo equally *deale* both the *Rod*, and *Laurell*. If he be much our *Superiour*: 'tis good to doe it ſometimes in *Parables*, as *Nathan* did to *Dauid*: So, let him by *collection*, giue himſelfe the *Cenſure*. If he be an *Equall*, let it appeare, *affection*, and the truth of *friendſhip* vrging it. If it bee our *Inferiour*, let it ſeeme our *care*, and *deſire* to benefit him. Tovvards all, I vvould be ſure to ſhevv *Humility*, and *Loue*. Though I find a little *bluſter* for the *preſent*, I am *confident*, I ſhall meete vvith *Thankes* aftervvard. And in my *abſence*, his reuerend *report*, followvving me. If not: the beſt vvay to loſe a *friend*; is by *ſeeking*, by my *loue*, to *ſaue* him. 'Tis beſt for others, that they *hate* me, for *vice*; but if I muſt be *hated*, 'tis beſt for my ſelfe, that they *hate* mee for my *goodneſſe*. For, then am I mine ovvne *Antidote*, againſt all the *poyſon*, they can *ſpit* vpon me.

IX.

Of Time's continuall ſpeede.

IN all the *Actions* that a *Man* performes, ſome part of his *life paſſeth*. We *dye* vvith doing that, for vvhich onely, our *ſliding life* vvas granted. Nay, though vve doe nothing, *Time* keepes his conſtant *pace*, and flies as faſt in *idleneſſe*, as in *imployment*.

Whether we *play* or *labour*, or *ſleepe*, or *dance*, or *ſtudy*, the *Sunne* poſteth, and the *Sand* runnes. An houre of *Vice* is as long as an houre of *Vertue*. But, the difference which followes vpon *good actions*, is infinite from that of *ill ones*. The *good*, though it diminiſheth our *time* heere, yet it laies vp a *pleaſure* for *Eternity*: and will *recompence* what it taketh away, with a *plentifull returne* at laſt. When we *trade* with *vertue*, wee doe but buy *pleaſure* with *expence* of *time*. So it is not ſo much a *conſuming of time*, as an *exchange*. Or as a *man* ſowes his *Corne*, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the *Haruest*, receiue it with *aduantage*. But the *bad deeds* that wee doe heere, doe not onely *rob vs* of ſo much *time*; but alſo be-ſpeake a *torment* for hereafter: and that in ſuch a *life*, as the greateſt *pleaſure* wee could there be *crown'd* withall, would bee the very *act of dying*. The one, *Treaſures* vp a *pleaſure* in a *laſting life*: The other, prouides *vs torture* in a *death eternall*. *Man*, as ſoone as *he* was made, had two great *Suitors*, for his *life* and *ſoule*: *Vertue*, *Vice*. They both trauail'd the world with *traines*, *harbingers*, and large *attendance*: *Vertue* had before her, *Truth*, running *naked*, *valiant*, but *vneligant*: then *labour*, *cold*, *hunger*, *thirſt*, *care*, *vigilance*; and theſe but poorely *arayed*, and ſhe in plaine, though cleane *attire*. But looking neere, ſhee was of ſuch a *ſelfe-perfection*; that ſhe might very well *embleme*, whatſoeuer *omnipotency* could make moſt *rare*. *Modeſt* ſhee was: and ſo *louely*, That whoſoeuer *look't* but ſtedfaſtly vpon her, could not, but *inſoule* himſelfe in her. After her, followed *content*, full of *Iewels*, *Coyne*, *Perfumes*,

Perfumes, and all the *maſſy riches* of the VVorld. Then *Ioy*, with *Maſquers*, *Mirth*, *Reueling*, and all *Eſſetiall pleaſures*. Next *Honour*, with all the ancient *Orders* of *Nobility*, *Scepters*, *Thrones*, and *Crownes Imperiall*. Laſtly, *Glory*, ſhaking ſuch a *brightnes* from her *Sunny Treſſes*, that I haue heard, no man could euer come ſo neere, as to *deſcribe* her truely. And behind all theſe, came *Eternity*, caſting a *Ring* about them, which like a ſtrong *inchantment*, made them for euer the ſame. Thus *Vertue*. *Vice* thus: Before her, Firſt went *Lying*, a *ſmooth, painted huswife*: clad all in *Changeable*, but vnder her *garments*, full of *Scabbes*, and vgly *Vlcers*. Shee ſpoke *pleaſingly*, and promiſed, whatſoeuer could bee *wiſht for*, in behalfe of her Miſtris, *Vice*. Vpon her, *Wit* waited: a conceited *Fellow*, and one that much tooke *Man* with his pretty *Trickes* and *Gambals*. Next *Sloth*, and *Luxury*, ſo full: That they were after *choaked* with their owne *fat*. Then (becauſe ſhee could not haue the true ones, for, they follow *Vertue*) ſhe gets *Impoſtors*, to perſonate *Content*, *Ioy*, *Honour*, in all their *wealth* and *Royalties*: After theſe, *ſhe* comes her ſelfe, ſumptuouſly *apparell'd*, but a *naſty* ſurfetted *Slut*: whereby, if any *kiſt* her, they were ſure by her *breath* to *periſh*. After her, followed on a ſuddaine, like *enemies* in ambuſh, *gilt*, *horror*, *ſhame*, *loſſe*, *want*, *ſorrow*, *torment*. Theſe *charm'd* with *Eternities* Ring, as the other. And thus they wooed *fond Man*: who taken with the *ſubtill* coozenages of *Vice*, yeelded to lye with her: where he had his *nature* ſo impoyſon'd, that his *ſeed* was all *contaminated*, and his *corruption*, euen to this day,

day, is ſtill *Conduited* to his vndone *Poſterity*. It may be *Virgill* knew of ſuch a Story, when he writ,

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

Man that Loue-conquers *Vertues* thorny waies,
Reares to himſelfe a fame-tombe, for his praiſe.
But he that *Luſts*, and Leaden *Sloth* doth prize,
VVhile heedleſſe he, oppoſed *Labour* flies,
All, foule and poore, moſt miſerably, dies.

'Tis true, *they* both ſpend vs *time* alike: nay many times, *honeſt induſtry* ſpends a man more, then the vngirthed *Solaces*, of a ſenſuall *Libertine*: vnleſſe they be purſued with *inordinateneſſe*: then they deſtroy the *preſent*, ſhorten the *future*, and haſten *paine*. VVhy ſhould I wiſh to *paſſe* away this *life* ill, which to thoſe that are ill, is the *beſt*? if I muſt daily *leſſen* it, it ſhall bee by that, which ſhall ioy mee with a future *Incomme*. *Time* is like a *Ship* which neuer *Anchors*: while I am *aboord*, I had better doe thoſe things, that may aduantage me at my *Landing*, then *practiſe* ſuch, as ſhall cauſe my *commitment*, when I come to the *Shore*. VVhatſoeuer I *doe*, I would *thinke* what will *become* of it, when it is *done*. If *good*, I will goe on to *finiſh* it. If *bad*, I will either leaue off, where I am, or not vndertake it at all. *Vice*, like an *vnthrift*, ſels away the *Inheritance*,

tance, vvhile 'tis but in *Reuersion*: But *Vertue*, husbanding all *things* vvell, is a *Purchaser*. Heare but the vvitty *Spaniards* Dystich;

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

He that his former vvell-led life inioyes,
Liues tvvice: so giues addition to his dayes.

X.

Of Violence and eagernesse.

THe too *eager* pursuit of a thing, hinders the *inioyment*. For, it makes men take *indirect* vvaies, vvhich though they *prosper* sometimes, are *blessed* neuer. The *Couetous*, because he is madde vpon *riches*, practiseth *iniurious* Courses, vvhich *God* cursing, bring him to a speedy *pouerty*. *Oppression* vvill bring a *Consumption* vpon thy *gaines*. *Wealth* snatch't vp by *vniust* & iniurious vvaies, like a *rotten sheepe*, vvill *infect* thy *healthfull flocke*. VVe thinke by *wrong* to hide our selues from *want*, vvhen 'tis that onely, vvhich vnauoydeably *puls* it on vs. Like *Theeues*, that Hooking for *cloathes* in the *darke*, they drav the *Owner*, vvhich takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for *Heauen*, vvith such *impatience*, as he vvill *kill* himselfe, that he may bee there the sooner, may by that *act*, bee *excluded* thence: and lye *gnashing* of his *teeth*, in *Hell*. Nay, though vve

we bee in the *right way*, our *haste* will make our *stay* the longer; Hee, that rides all vpon the *driuing Spurre*, tyres his horse ere his *iourney* ends: so is there the *later*, for making such *vn-wonted speed*. He is like a giddy *messenger*, that runnes away without his *errand*: so dispatches lesse for his *nimblenesse*. *When* God *hath layed out* Man *a* way, *in vaine hee seekes a neere* one. *Wee see the* things *wee* aime *at*, *as* Trauellers *doe* Townes *in hilly* Countries; we *iudge* them neere, at the *eyes* end, because, we see not the *valleys*, and the *brooke* in them, that *interpose*. So, thinking to take shorter *courses*, wee are led about through *Ignorance*, and *incredulity*. *Surely*, God *that made* disposing Nature, *knowes her better*, *then* imperfect Man. And he that is once *perswaded* of this, will rather stay the *leasure* of the *Deity*, then follow the *chase* of his owne *dilusions*. *We goe* surest, *when we* poast *not in a* precipitation. *Sudden* risings, *haue seldome sound* foundations. We might *sweate* lesse, and *auaile* more. How haue I seene a *Beefe-brain'd-fellow* (that hath onely had *impudence* enough to shew himselfe a *foole*) thrust into *discouses* of *wit*, thinking to get *esteeme*; when, all that hee hath *purchased*, hath been onely, the *hisse* of the *wise*, and a *iust derision* from the *abler iudgements*? Nor will it bee lesse *toylesome*, then wee haue already found it, *incommodious*. What *iealous* and *enuious furies*, gnaw the *burning brest* of the *ambitious foole*? VVhat *feares* and *cares* affright the *starting sleepes* of the *couetous*? Of which if any *happen*, they *crush* him, ten times heauier, then they would doe the *minde* of the *well-temper'd-man*. All that *affect* things

things *ouer-violently*, doe *ouer-violently grieue* in the *disappoyntment*. Which is yet *occasioned*, by that, the too-much *earnestnesse*. Whatsoeuer I wish for, I will pursue *easily*, though I doe it *assiduously*. And if I can, the *hands diligence* shall goe without the *leaping bounds* of the *heart*. So if it happen well, I shall haue more *content*: as comming lesse expected. Those *ioyes* claspe vs with a friendlier *arme*, that *steale* vpon vs, when we *looke* not for them. If it fall out *ill*, my *minde* not being set on't, will teach me *patience*, in the *sadning want*. I will coozen *paine*, with *carelesnesse*; and plumpe my *ioyes*, by letting them *surprize* me. As, I would not *neglect* a suddaine good *opportunity*; so I would not *fury* my selfe in the *search*.

XI.

Of the triall of Faith and Friendship.

Faith and *Friendship*, are seldome truly *tried*, but in *extremes*. To finde *friends*, when wee haue no need of *them*, and to want *them*, when wee haue, are both alike *easie*, and *common*. In *Prosperity*, who will not *professe*, to *loue* a man? In *Aduersity*, how few will *shew* that they *doe it*, indeed? VVhen we are *happy*, in the *Spring-tide* of *Abundance*, and the *rising flood* of *Plenty*, then, the *World* will be our *seruant*: then, all men *flocke* about vs, with *bared heads*, with *bended bodies*, and *protesting tongues*. But when these *pleasing waters* fall to *ebbing*; when *wealth* but

shifteth,

shifteth, to another *stand*: Then, men looke vpon vs, at a *distance*: and *stiffen* themselues, as if they were in *Armour*; lest, (if they should *comply* vs) they should get a *wound*, in the *cloze*. *Aduersity* is like *Penelope's* night; which *vndoes* all, that euer the day did *weaue*. 'Tis a *misery*, that the *knowledge* of such a *blessednesse*, as a *friend* is, can hardly be without some *sad mis-fortune*. For we can neuer throughly *try* him, but in the *kicke* of malignant *Chance*. And till we haue *try'd* him, our *knowledge* can be *call'd*, but by the name of *Hope*. What a pittifull *plight* is poore *dust-temper'd-Man* in, when hee can neither bee truely *happy* without a *friend*; nor yet know him to bee a true *friend*, without his being *vnhappy*? Our *Fortunes*, and our *selues*, are things so closely *link'd*, that wee know not, which is the *Cause* of the *loue*, that wee find. When these *two* shall *part*, wee may then *discerne* to which of them *affection* will make *wing*: When they are Couêed together, we know not, which is in *pursuit*. VVhen they *rise* and *breake*, we shall then see, which is *aymed* at. *I confesse he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity: but hee is happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend.* Thus the *triall* of *friendship*, is by finding, what others will do for vs. But the *tryall of Faith*, is, by finding what we will doe for *God*. To trust him for *estate*, when we haue the *Euidences* in our *Iron Chest*, is *easie*; and not *thanke-worthy*. But to depend vpon him, for what we cannot *see*; As 'tis more *hard* for Man to doe; So 'tis more acceptable to GOD, if it be done. For, in that *act*, wee make *confession* of his *Deity*.

VVe

VVe know not in the *flowes* of our *contentednesse*, what wee our selues are; or, how we could *neglect* our selues, to follow *God*, commanding vs. All men will be *Peters*, in their *bragging tongue*: and most men will be *Peters*, in their *base deniall*. But few men will be *Peters*, in their *quicke repentance*. VVhen wee are *well*, we sweare we will not leaue him, in our greatest *sickenesse*: but when our *sicknesse* comes, wee forget our *vowes*; and *stay*. VVhen we meete with *blowes*, that will force vs, either to let goe our hold of *God*, or our selues, Then wee see to which, our *soules* will cleaue the fastest. And, of this *triall*, excellent is the *vse*, wee may make. If we finde our *Faith* vpon the *Test*, firme; it will bee vnto vs, a perpetuall *banquet*. If we finde it *dastardly starting* aside, knowing the *weakenesse*, we may striue to sinew it, with a stronger *nerue*. So that it euer is, either the assurance of our *happinesse*, or the way, whereby we may finde it. VVithout this *confidence* in a *Power* that is alwaies able to ayde vs, wee *wander*, both in *trouble* and *doubt*. *Infidelity* is the cause of all our *woes*, the *ground* of all our *sinnes*. Not trusting GOD, wee discontent our selues with *feares* and *solicitations*: and to cure these, wee runne into *prohibited pathes*. Vnworthy *earthen worme*! that canst thinke GOD of so vn-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to *want*, as with a *dutifull endeauor* doe depend vpon him. It is not vsuall with *Man*, to be so base. And canst thou beleeue, that that most *heroical* & *omnipotent infinitenes* of his, wil abridge a *Follower* of such poore *toyes*, as the *accoutrements* of this life are? Can a *Deity* be inhumane?

Or

Or can hee that graſpes the vn-emptied *prouiſions* of the *World* in his hand, be a niggard to his *Sonnes*, vnleſſe he ſees it for their *good* and *benefit*? Nay, could'ſt thou that readeſt this (whatſoeuer thou art) if thou had'ſt but a *Sareptan Widdowes Cruſe of Gold*, could'ſt thou let a diligent and affectionate *Seruant*, that euer waited on thee, want neceſſaries? Could'ſt thou endure to ſee him ſhamed in diſgracing *raggs*; nip't to a benumming, with the *Icy thumbes* of *Winter*; complaining, for want of *ſuſtenance*; or neglected in the times of *ſickneſſe*? I appeale to thy inward and more *noble acknowledgement*; I know, thou could'ſt not. O *peruerſe thought*, of *per-uerted man*! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canſt want ſuch things as theſe, from ſo vnbounded a *bounty* as his is? Serue him, and but *beleeue*; and vpon my ſoule, he will neuer faile thee, for what is moſt *conuenient*. O my *God*! My *Refuge*, my *Altar*, and my *ſoules Anchor*: I begge that I may but *ſerue* thee, and *depend vpon* thee: I neede not begge *ſupply*: To the other two, thou giueſt that without asking. Thou knoweſt, for my ſelfe, my *ſoules* wiſhes are not for a *vaſt abundance*. If euer I ſhould wiſh a *plenty*; it ſhould bee for my *friends*, not me. I care not to *abound* in *abounding*: and I am perſwaded, I ſhall neuer *want*; not *neceſſaries*, not *conueniences*. Let me finde my *heart* dutifull, and my *faith* vpon triall ſtedfaſt: and I am ſure theſe will bee *ground* enough for ſufficient *happineſſe*, while I liue heere.

That

XII.

That a wise man may gaine by any company.

AS there is no *Booke* so poorely furnished, out of which a man may not gather some thing, for his *benefit*: so is there no *company* so sauagely *bad*, but a wise man may from it learne something to make himselfe *better*. *Vice* is of such a *toady complexion*, that she cannot chuse but teach the *soule* to hate: So lothsome, when she's seene in her owne vgly *dresse*: that, like a man falne in a pit before vs, shee giues vs warning to auoyd the *danger*. So admirably hath *God* disposed of the waies of *Man*; that euen the *sight of vice* in others, is like a warning-Arrow, shot, for vs to take heed. When shee thinkes by publishing of her selfe, to procure a *traine*; *God*, by his secret working, makes her turne her *weapons* against her selfe: and strongly pleade for her Aduersary, *Vertue*. 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. *Foule acts, keepe Vertue from the charmes of Vice*. Sayes *Horace*,

———Thus my best *Father* taught
Me, to flye *Vice*; by nothing those were naught.
When he would charge me thriue, and sparing be,
Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:
See'st not how ill yong *Albus* liues? how low
Poore *Barrus*? Sure, a weighty *Item*, how

One ſpent his meanes. And when he meant to ſtrike
A hate to *Whores*; To *Sectan* be not like.
—— thus me a child
He with his Precepts faſhion'd.——

——Inſueuit Pater optimus hoc me,
Vt fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque
Viuerem vti contentus eo, quod mi, ipſe paraſſet:
Nonne vides, Albi vt malè viuat filius? vtque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Quum deterreret, Sectani diſsimilis ſis.
——Sic me
Formabat puerum dictis.——

I confeſſe, I doe not learne to *correct faults* in my *ſelfe*, by any thing more, then by ſeeing how vncomely they appeare in *others*. Who can but thinke what a *naſtie Beaſt* he is in his *drunkenneſſe*, that hath ſeene how noyſome it hath made another? How like a *nated Sop, ſpunged*, euen to the cracking of a *ſkin*? Who will not abhor a *chollericke paſsion*, and a *ſawcy pride* in himſelfe; that ſees how *ridiculous* and *contemptible* they tender thoſe, that are infeſted with them? Why ſhould I be ſo beſottedly blinde, as to beleeue, others ſhould not ſpie thoſe *vices* in *me*, which I can ſee, when they do diſcloſe in *them*? *Vertue* and *Vice*, whenſoeuer they come to *act*, are both margin'd with a poynting *finger*; but in the *intent*, the difference is much: when 'tis ſet againſt *Vertue*, it betokens then *reſpect* and *worth*: but againſt

Vice,

Vice, 'tis set in scorne, and for *auersion*. Though the *bad man* be the worse, for hauing *Vice* in his *eye*: yet the *good man* is the better, for all that hee sees, is *ill*. 'Tis certaine, neither *example*, nor *precept*, (vnlesse it be in matters *wholly religious*,) can bee the absolute *guides* of the true *wise man*. 'Tis onely a *knowing*, and a *practicall iudgement* of his owne, that can direct him in the *maze of life*: in the *bustle of the World*: in the *twitches* and the *twirles of Fate*. The other may helpe vs something in the *generall*: but cannot bee sufficient in *particulars*. *Mans* life is like a *State*, still casuall in the *future*. No man can leaue his *Successor* rules for *seuerals*; because hee knowes not how the *times* will be. Hee that liues alwaies by *Booke-rules*, shall shew himselfe *affected*, and a *Foole*. I will doe that which I see comely, (so it bee not dishonest) rather then what a *graue Philosopher* commands mee to the contrary. I will *take*, what I see is fitly good, from *any*: but I thinke there was neuer any one *man*, that liu'd to be a *perfect guide of perfection*. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things, I may goe beyond him. Wee feede not the *body*, with the foode of one *dish* onely: nor does the *sedulous Bee*, *thyme* all her thighes from one *Flowers* single vertues. She takes the best from *many*: and together, shee makes them serue: not without working that to *honey*, which the *putrid Spider* would conuert to *poyson*. Thus should the wise man doe. But, euen by this, he may better learne to loue the *good*, then auoyd that which is *offensiue*. Those that are throughly arted in *Nauigation*, doe as well know the *Coasts*, as the *Ocean*: as well the *Flawes*, the

Sands, the *Shallowes*, and the *Rockes*; as the *ſecure depths*, in the moſt *vnperillous Channell*. So, I thinke, thoſe that are *perfect men*, (I ſpeake 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 haue ſo *cheape*, or ſo *certaine*, as by ſeeing it in others, with a *pittifull diſlike*. Surely, wee ſhall know *Vertue* the better, by ſeeing that, which is not *ſhee*. If we could paſſe the World, without meeting *Vice*: then, the knowledge of *Vertue* onely were ſufficient. But 'tis not poſſible to liue, and not encounter her. *Vice* is as a *God* in this *World*: whither can we goe, to fly it? It hath an *vbiquitie*, and *ruleth* too. I wiſh no man to know it, either by *vſe*, or by *intruſion*: but being vnwittingly caſt vpon it, let him obſerue, for his owne more ſafe direction. Thou art *happy*, when thou mak'ſt another mans *Vices* ſteps for thee, to climbe to *Heauen* by. The wiſe *Phyſician* makes the *poyſon* medicinable. Euen the *mud* of the World, by the induſtrious *Hollander*, is turned to an vſefull *fuell*. If I light on *good company*, it ſhall either induce me to a *new good*, or confirme me in my liked *old*. If I light on *bad*, I will, by conſidering their dull *ſtaines*, either *correct* thoſe *faults* I *haue*, or *ſhunne* thoſe that I *might haue*. As the *Mariner* that hath *Sea-roome*, can make any *Wind* ſerue, to ſet him forward, in his wiſhed *Voyage*: ſo a *wiſe man* may take aduantage from *any company*, to ſet himſelfe forward to *Vertues Region*. *Vice* is ſubtill, and weauing, for her owne preferment: Why ſhould not *Vertue* be plotting for *hers*? It requires as much *policy* to

to grow *good*, as *great*. There is an *innocentiall prouidence*, as well as the ſlyneſſe of a *vulpine craft*. There are *vices* to be *diſplac'd*; that would ſtop vs, in the way of our *Riſe*. There are *parties* to be made on our ſide; *good Mementoes*, to vphold vs when we are declining, through the priuate *lifts* of our *vniuſt maligners*. There is a *King* to bee pleaſed; that may protect vs againſt the ſhocke of the *enuious Plebeians*: the reigning Humours of the *Tyme*, that pleade *cuſtome*, and not *reaſon*. We muſt haue *Intelligencers* abroad, to learne what practices, *Sinnes* (our *Enemies*) haue on foote againſt vs: and beware what *Suites* wee entertaine, leſt wee diſhonour our ſelues in their grant. Euery *good man* is a *Leiger* heere for Heauen: and hee muſt be wiſe and circumſpect, to vaine the ſleeke *nauations* of thoſe, that would vndoe him. And, as thoſe that are ſo for the Kingdomes of *Earth*, will gaine ſomething from *all Societies* that they fall vpon: So, thoſe that are for this *higher Empire*, may gather ſomething beneficiall, from all that they ſhall conuerſe with; either for *preuention*, or *confirmation*: either to *ſtrengthen themſelues*, or *confound their oppoſers*.

XIII.

Of Man's vnwillingneſſe to dye.

WHat ſhould make vs all ſo vnwilling to *dye*, when yet we know, till *death*, wee cannot be

be accounted *happy*? Is it the ſweetneſſe wee finde in this *lifes ſolaces*? Is there pleaſure in the *luſhuous blood*? Is it the *horrour*, of the *paine*, that doth in *Death* affright vs? Or, is it our *feare*, and doubt of what ſhall become of vs after? Or, is it the *guilt* of our miſ-guided ſoules; already condemning vs, by the pre-apprehenſion of a *future puniſhment*? If I found *Death* terrible alike to all, I ſhould thinke there were ſomething more in *Death*; yea, and in *life* too, then yet we doe imagine. But, I finde one man can as willingly *dye*, as another man can bee willing to *dine*. Some, that can as gladly leaue *this World*, as the wiſe man, being old, can forbeare the *Court*. There are, to whom *Death* doth ſeeme no more then a *blood-letting*: and theſe, I find, are of the ſort of men, which we generally doe eſteeme for *wiſe*.— Euery man, in the *Play* of this World, beſides an *Actor*, is a *ſpectator* too: when 'tis *new begunne* with him; (that is, in his *youth*) it promiſeth ſo much, that he is loth to *leaue* it: when it growes to the middle, the Act of *virilitie*, then hee ſees the *Scenes* grow thicke, and fill, hee would gladly vnderſtand the *end*: but, when that drawes neere, and he findes what that will be; hee is then content to *depart*, and leaue his Roome to *ſucceeders*. Nay, many times, while before this, hee conſiders, that 'tis all as it were *deluſion*, and a *dreame*; and paſſeth away, as the *conſumed dew*: or as the ſound of a *Bell* that is *rung*: He then growes weary with *expectation*, and his *life* is entertain'd with a tedious *diſlike of it ſelfe*. Oh the vnſettled *conceit of Man*! that ſeeking after *quiet*, findes his *vnreſt* the more: that

knowes

knowes neither vvhat *he is*, nor what hee *shall bee*! We are like men benighted in a *Wildernesse*: wee wander in the tread of seuerall *paths*: wee try one, and presently find another is more *likely*: we follow that, and meete with more, that *crosse* it: and while we are distracted about these various *waies*, the fierce Beast, *Death*, deuoures vs. I find two sorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of *Death*. One liues in a *full ioy* heere: he *sings*, and *reuels*, and *pleasants* his *spleene*, as if his *Harvest* were perpetuall; and the whole *World's* face fashion'd, to a *posture*, laughing vpon him. And this man would doe any thing, rather then *die*: whereby hee tels vs (though his tongue expresse it not) that *he expects a worse estate heereafter*. Another liues hardly heere, with a heauy *heart*, furrowing of a mournefull *face*: as if, like the *Beast*, he were yeaned into the World, onely to act a *sad mans* part, and dye: And this *man* seekes *Death*, and misses him; intimating, that he expects a *better condition* by *Death*: for 'tis sure, *Natura semper in meliorẽ tendit*: *Nature* euer aimes at better; nor would she wish a change, if she did not thinke it a benefit. Now, vvhat doe these tvvo tell vs? but that there is both a *misery* and a *Ioy* attending *Man*, vvhen hee is vanisht hence. The like is shevved by the *good man*, and the *bad*: one auoyding vvhat the other vvould vvish; at least not *refuse*, vpon offer. For, the *good man* I must reckon vvith the *wise*; as one that equally can *dye*, or *liue*. He knovves, vvhile he is here, *God* vvill protect him; and vvhen he goes hence, *God* vvil *receiue* him. I borrovv it from the *Father*: *Non ita vixi, vt me*

vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I haue not *so liu'd*, as I should bee *ashamed*: nor feare I to *dye*, for *God is merciful*. Certainely, wee are neuer at *quiet*, in any thing long, till wee haue *conquered* the *feare* of *death*. Euery *spectacle of Mortality terrifies*. Euery *casuall danger affrights vs*. Into what a *dumpe*, did the sight of *Cyrus* Tombe, strike the most noble *Alexander*? It comes, like an *arrest* of *Treason* in a *Iollity*: *blasts* vs, like a *Lightening-flash*, and like a *Ring* put into our *Noses*, *checks* vs in the *friskes* and *Lavaltoes*, of our dancing *blood*. Feare of *death*, kils vs often, when *Death* it selfe, can doe it but once. I loue therefore, the saying of the Dying *Emperour Iulian*, *Hee that would not dye when he must, and hee that would dye when hee must not, are both of them Cowards alike*. That which we *know* we must doe, *once*; why should we be *afraid* to doe it at any *time*? What we cannot doe till our *time* comes, why should wee *seeke* to doe it *before*? I like the man that can dye *willingly*, whensoeuer *God* will haue him dye; and that can *liue* as *willingly*, whensoeuer *God* would haue him not to dye. To feare *Death* much, argues an *euill* man; at *best* a man that is *weake*. How braue did *Socrates* appeare, when he told the *Athenians*, they could doe nothing; but what *Nature* had ordain'd, before them, condemne him to dye? How *vnmovedly* did hee take his *poyson*? as if he had beene *drinking* of a *Glory* to the *Deity*. Into what a *trepidation* of the *soule*, does feare decline the *Coward*? How it *Drownes* the *head* in the *intrembled bosome*? But the *Spanish* Tragicke tels vs,

He

He that ſmiling can gaze on
Styx, and blacke-wau'd *Acheron*;
That dares braue his ruine; he
To Kings, to Gods, ſhall equall be.

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

'Tis a Fathers 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 *liu'd well*, will bee ſeldome *vnwilling* to *dye*. *Death* is much *facilitated*, by the *vertues* of a *well-led-life*. To ſay the *good man* feares not *God*, I thinke may bee good *Diuinity*. *Faith* approaches *Heauen* with *confidence*. *Ariſtippus* told the *Saylers*, that wondred why hee was not, as well as they, *afraid* in the *ſtormes*; that the oddes was much: for, they feared the *torments* due to a *witked life*; and he expected the *rewards* of a good *one*. *Vice* drawes *Death* with a *horrid looke*, with a *whip*, and *flames*, and *terrours*. It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gaue a *lewd Liuer*: that baniſht, complain'd hee ſhould dye in a *forraine ſoyle*. *Be of good cheere, man, whatſoeuer thou art, the way to Hell is the ſame.* I confeſſe, take a man, as *Nature* has made him, and there is ſome *reaſon* why hee ſhould feare *Death*: becauſe he knowes not what it *will doe* with him. What he findes heere, hee *ſees*, and *knowes*; what he ſhall find after *death*; hee *knoweth* not. And no man,

man, but would rather continue in a *moderate delight*, which he knowes: then indure *paine*, to be deliuered to *incertainties*. I would *liue*, till GOD would haue me *dye*: and then, I would *doe it* without either *feare* or *grudging*. It were a ſname for me, being a *Chriſtian*, and beleeuing *Heauen*, to be *afraid* of remouing from *Earth*. In *reſoluing* thus, I ſhall *triumph* ouer other *caſualties*. All things that wee *feare* heere, wee *feare* as *ſteps*, that deſcend vs toward our *graues*, towards *infamy*, and *deprivation*. When wee get the *Victory* ouer this great *terrour*; all the ſmall ones, are *conquered* in it. Great *Cities* once *expugned*, the *Dorpes*, and *Villages*, will ſoone come in of *themſelues*.

XIIII.

Of the worſhip of Admiration.

WHatſoeuer is *rare*, and *paſsionate*, carries the *ſoule* to the thought of *Eternitie*. And, by *contemplation*, giues it ſome *glympſes* of more abſolute *perfection*, then heere 'tis *capable* of. When I ſee the *Royaltie* of a *State-ſhow*, at ſome vnwonted *ſolemnity*, my thoughts *preſent* me ſomething, more *royall* then this. When I ſee the moſt *inchanting* beauties, that *Earth* can ſhew mee; I yet thinke, there is ſomething farre more *glorious*: me thinkes I ſee a kind of higher *perfection*, peeping through the *frailty* of a *face* When I heare the *rauiſhing ſtraines* of a *ſweet-tuned voyce*, married to the *warbles* of the

Artfull

Artfull instrument: I apprehend by this, a higher *Diapason*: and doe almost beleeue, I heare a little *Deity* vvhispering, through the *story substance* of the *tongue*. But, this I can but *grope* after. I can neither *finde*, nor *say*, vvhat it is. When I reade a *rarely sententious man*, I admire him; to my ovvne *impatiency*. I cannot reade some part of *Seneca*, aboue tvvo Leaues together. Hee raises my *soule* to a *contemplation*, vvhich sets me a *thinking*, on more, then I can *imagine*. So I am forced to cast him by, and *subside* to an *admiration*. Such *effects* vvorkes *Poetry*, vvhen it lookes to tovvring *Vertues*. It giues vp a man to *raptures*; and *inradiates* the *soule*, vvith such high *apprehensions*: that all the *Glories*, vvhich this *World* hath, hereby appeare, *contemptible*. Of vvhich the soft-*soul'd Ouid* giues a touch, vvhen hee complaines the *want*.

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

That Sacred vigor, vvhich had vvont, alone,
To flame the *Poets* noble brest, is gone.

But this is, vvhen these *excellencies* incline to *grauity*, and *seriousnesse*. For othervvise, light *aires* turne vs into *sprightfull Actions*, vvhich breathe avvay in a loose *laughter*, not leauing halfe that *impression* behind them, vvhich serious *considerations* doe. As if *Mirth* vvere the *excellency* for the *body*, and *meditation* for the *soule*. As if one vvere, for the *contentment* of this *life*: and the other, *eying* to that of the

life

life to come. All *Indeauours* aspire to *Eminency*; All *Eminencies* doe beget an *Admiration.* And, this makes me beleeue, that *contemplatiue Admiration*, is a large part of the *worship* of the *Deity.* Tis an *adoration*, purely, of the *Spirit*; a more *sublime* bowing of the *soule* to the *Godhead.* And this is it, which that *Homer* of *Philosophers* avowed, could bring a man to *perfect happinesse*, if to his *Contemplation*, he ioyned a constant *Imitation* of *God*, in *Iustice, Wisedome, Holinesse.* Nothing can carry vs so neere to *God*, and *Heauen*, as this. The *minde* can walke, beyond the *sight* of the *eye*; and (though in a *cloud*) can lift vs into *Heauen*, while wee liue. *Meditation* is the *soules Perspectiue Glasse:* whereby, in her long *remoue*, shee discerneth *God*, as if hee were neerer hand. I perswade no man to make it his whold *life's* businesse. We haue *bodies*, as well as *soules.* And euen this *World*, while wee are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those *States* are likely to *flourish*, where *execution* followes sound *advisements:* so is *Man*, when *contemplation* is seconded by *action. Contemplation* generates; *Action* propagates. Without the first, the latter is *defectiue.* Without the last, the first is but *abortiue*, and *embrious.* Saint *Bernard* compares *contemplation* to *Rachel*, which was the more *faire:* but *action* to *Leah*, which was the more *fruitfull.* I will neither alwaies be *busie*, and *doing:* nor euer *shut vp* in nothing but *thoughts.* Yet, that which some would call *Idlenesse*, 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*

soule,

ſoule, as the *outward ſences*; though hee made them *primarily*, for his owne *Free-will*, and *Glory*. He was a *Monke* of an honeſter *age*, that being asked how he could indure that *life*, without the *pleaſure* of *bookes*, anſwered: The *Nature* of the *Creatures* was his *Library*: wherein, when he pleaſed, hee could muſe vpon *Gods deepe Oracles*.

XV.

Of Fame.

IT may ſeeme *ſtrange*, that the whole *world of men*, ſhould bee carried on with an *earneſt deſire* of a *noble fame*, and *memory* after their *deathes*: when yet we know it is not *Materiall*, to our *well*, or *ill* being, what *cenſures* paſſe vpon vs. The *tongues* of the *liuing*, auaile nothing, to the *good*, or hurt, of thoſe that *lye* in their *graues*. They can neither adde to their *pleaſure*, nor yet diminiſh their *torment*, if they finde any. My *account* muſt paſſe vpon mine owne *actions*, not vpon the *report* of others. In vaine men labour'd, to *approue* themſelues to *goodneſſe*, if the *Palaces* which *Vertue* reares, could be *vnbuilt*, by the *taxes* of a *wounding tongue*. *Falſe-witneſſes* can neuer finde *admiſsion*, where the *God* of *Heauen* ſits *iudging*. There is no *Common Law* in the *New Ieruſalem*. There *Truth* will bee receiued, though either *Plaintife*, or *Defendant*, ſpeakes it. Heere, wee may *article* againſt a man, by a *common fame*: and by the *frothy buzze* of the *World*, caſt away

way the blood of *Innocents*. But *Heauen* proceedes not after ſuch *incertainetie*s. The *ſingle man* ſhall be beleeued in *truth*, before all the *humming* of *ſucceſsiue Ages*. What will become of many of our *Lawyers*, when not an *Aduocate*, but *Truth*, ſhall bee *admitted*? *Fame*, ſhall there bee *excluded*, as a lying *witneſſe*: though heere, there is nothing which we doe *poſſeſſe*, which we reckon of an equall *value*. Our *wealth*, our *pleaſure*, our *liues*, will not all hold *weight* againſt it, when this comes in in *competition*. Nay, when wee are *circled* round with *calamities*, our *confidence* in this, like a *Conſtant friend*, takes vs by the hand, and cheeres vs, againſt all our *miſeries*. When *Philip* ask'd *Democritus*, if hee did not feare to loſe his *head*, hee anſwer'd no; for if he did, the *Athenians* would giue him one *immortall*. He ſhould be *Statued*, in the *treaſury* of *eternall fame*. See if it were not *Ouids comforter*, in his *baniſhment*.

——Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis, ingenijq; bonis.
En ego, cum patria, caream, vobiſque, domoq;:
Raptaque ſint, adimi quæ potuere mihi.
Ingenio tamen ipſe meo comitorq;, fruorq;:
Cæſar, in hoc potuit Iuris habere nihil.
Quilibet hanc ſæuo vitam, mihi finiet enſe:
Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.

——All that we hold will dye,
But our braue thoughts, and Ingenuity.
Euen I that want my country, houſe, and friend:
From whom is rauiſht, all that Fate can rend;

Poſſeſſe

Possesse yet my owne *Genius*, and enioy
That which is more, then *Cæsar* can destroy.
Each Groome may kill me: but whens'ere I dy,
My Fame shall liue to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tels vs of a *poore Indian*, that would rather endure a *dooming to death*, then *shoot* before *Alexander*, when he had *discontinued*; lest by *shooting* ill, hee should marre the *Fame*, hee had gotten. Doubtlesse, euen in this, *Man* is ordered by a *power* aboue him; which hath *instincted* in the minds of all men, an ardent *appetition*, of a lasting *Fame*. Desire of *Glory*, is the last *garment*, that, euen *wise men*, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *Etiam sapientibus, Cupido gloriæ, nouissima exuitur*. Not, that it *betters* himselfe, being *gone*: but that it *stirres* vp, those that follow him, to an *earnest endeauour*, of *Noble Actions*; which is the onely *meanes*, to winne the *fame* wee wish for. *Themistocles*, that *streamed* out his *youth*, in *Wine*, and *Venery*; and was sodainely *changed*, to a *vertuous*, and *valiant* man, told one, that ask'd what did so *strangely change* him: that, The *Trophie* of *Miltiades*, would not let him *sleepe*. *Tamberlaine* made it his *practice*, to reade often the *Heroike deeds*, of his owne *Progenitors*: not as *boasting* in them: but as *glorious examples* propounded, to infire his *Vertues*. Surely, nothing *awakes* our *sleeping vertues*, like the *Noble Acts* of our *Predecessors*. They are flaming *Beacons*, that *Fame*, and *Time*, haue set on *Hils*, to call vs to a defence of *Vertue*; whensoeuer *Vice* inuades the *Common-wealth* of *Man*. Who can indure to *skulke* away his life in

an

an idle *corner*, when he has meanes, and finds, how *Fame* has blowne about *deseruing names*? *Worth* begets in weake and base mindes, *Enuy*: but in those that are *magnanimous*, *Emulation*. *Romane* vertue, made *Romane* vertues, *lasting*. Braue men neuer dye; but like the *Phœnix*: From whose *preserued ashes*, one, or other, still doth *spring* vp, like them. How many *valiant Souldiers*, does a generous *Leader* make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant *Patriots*. *Fame*, I confesse, I finde more eagerly pursued by the *Heathen*, then by the *Christians* of these times. The *Immortality* (as they thought) of their *name*, was to them, as the *Immortality* of the *soule* to vs: A strong *Reason*, to perswade to *worthinesse*. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them *sacrifice* their liues to that, which they *esteem'd* aboue their liues; their *Fame*. *Christians* know a thing beyond it: And, that *knowledge*, causes them to giue but a *secondary* respect to *Fame*; there being no *reason*, why wee should *neglect* that, whereon all our future *happinesse* depends, for that, which is nothing but a *name*, and *empty ayre*. *Vertue* were a kinde of *misery*, if *Fame* only, were all the *Garland*, that did *crowne* her. *Glory* alone were a *reward incompetent*, for the *toyles* of industrious *Man*. This followes him but on *Earth*, in *Heauen* is laid vp, a more *Noble*, more *Essentiall* recompence. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that *springs* from good *Actions*, I must thinke, he that *loues* that, *loueth* also, that which *causes* it, *worthines*. In others, I will honour the *Fame*, for the deseruing *deeds*

which

which caused it. In my selfe, I will *respect* the *Actions*, that may *merit* it. And, though for my owne *benefit*, I will not much seeke it: yet, I shall bee glad if it may follow me, to *incite* others; that they may goe *beyond* me: I *will*, if I *can*, tread the *Path* which leades to't. If I finde it, I shall thinke it a *blessing*: if not, my endeauour will bee enough, for *discharging* my selfe within; though I *misse* it. *God* is not bound to *reward* me any way: if hee *accepts* mee, I may count it a *Mercy*. The other I will not looke for. I like him, that does things that deserue a *Fame*, without either *search*, or *caring* for it. *Christ*, after many *miraculous cures*, inioyned his *patients* silence: perhaps, to *checke* the *World*, for the too-too *violent quest*, of this *vacuum*. For a meane *Man* to *thirst* for a mighty *Fame*, is a kinde of fond *Ambition*. Can wee thinke a *Mouse* can cast a *shadow*, like an *Elephant*? Can the *Sparrow* looke for a *traine* like the *Eagle*? Great *Fames* are for *Princes*; and such as for their parts, are the *Glories* of *Humanity*. Good ones may *crowne* the *priuate*. The same *fire* may be in the *waxen* Taper, which is in the *staued Torch*, but 'tis not *equall* either in *quantity*, or *aduancement*. Let the world speake well of mee, and I will neuer care, though it does not speake much. *Checke* thy selfe, thou *Ayremonger*: that with a *madding thought*, thus chaseſt *fleeting shadowes*. Loue *substances*, and rest thy selfe *content*, with what *Boetius* tels thee,

Quicunque solam, mente præcipiti, petit
Summumque credit, Gloriam:

Latè patentes, ætheris cernat plagas,
Arctumque terrarum ſitum.
Breuem replere non valentis ambitum,
Pudebit, aucti nominis.

He that thirſts for Glories prize,
Thinking that, the top of all:
Let him view th'expanſed skies,
And the Earth's contracted Ball.
Hee'l be aſhamed then, that the name he wanne,
Fils not the ſhort walke, of one healthfull man.

XVI.

Of the choice of Religion.

V*Ariety*, in any thing, *diſtracteth* the *minde*; and leaues it *wauing* in a *dubious trouble*: and then, how eaſie is it to *ſway* the *minde* to either ſide? But, among all the *diuerſities* that wee meet with, *none* trouble vs more, then thoſe that are of *Religion*. 'Tis *rare* to finde two *Kingdomes* one; as if euery *Nation* had (if not a *God*, yet at leaſt) a *way* to *God* by it ſelfe. This *ſtumbles* the vnſettled *ſoule*: that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of *erring*, ſtickes to none: ſo *dies*, ere he does that, for which he was made to *liue*: the *Seruice of the true Almighty*. We are borne as *Men* ſet downe in the midd'ſt of a *Wood*; circled round with ſeuerall *voyces* calling vs. At firſt, we ſee not, which will *lead* vs the right *way* out; ſo diuided in our ſelues,

we

we ſit ſtill, and follow none: remaining *blind* in a flat *Atheiſme*, which ſtrikes deepe at the *foundation*, both of our *owne*, and the whole World's *happineſſe*. 'Tis true, if we let our *dimmed vnderſtanding* ſearch in theſe *varieties* (which yet is the onely *meanes*, that we haue in our ſelues, to doe it with) wee ſhall certainely loſe our ſelues in their *windings*; there being in euery of them ſomething to *beleeue*, aboue that *reaſon* which leades vs to the *ſearch*. *Reaſon* giues vs the *Anatomy* of things, and *illuſtrates* with a great deale of *plaineneſſe*, all the *waies* that ſhe goes: but her *line* is too ſhort, to reach the *depths* of *Religion*. *Religion* carries a *confutation* along with it: and with a high hand of *Soueraignty*, Awes the inquiſitiue *tongue* of *Nature*: and when ſhee would ſometimes *murmur* priuately, ſhe will not let her *ſpeake*. *Reaſon*, like a milde *Prince*, is content to ſhew his *Subiects* the cauſes of his *commands*, and *rule*. *Religion*, with a *higher ſtraine* of *Maieſty*, bids doe it, without inquiring further then the *bare command*: which, without *doubt*, is a meanes of procuring mighty *reuerence*. What we know not, we *reuerently admire*; what we doe know, is in ſome ſort ſubiect to the triumphs of the *ſoule*, that hath diſcouered it. And, this *not knowing*, makes vs not able to iudge. Euery one tells vs, his owne is the trueſt: and there is none, I thinke, but hath beene *ſeal'd* with the blood of ſome. Nor can I ſee, how wee may more then *probably*, prooue any: they beeing all ſet in ſuch *heights*, as they are not *ſubiect* to the *demonſtrations* of *Reaſon*. And as we may eaſier ſay what a *ſoule* is not, then what it is:

ſo we may more eaſily diſprooue a *Religion*, for *falſe*, then proue it, for one that is *true*: There being in the *World*, farre more *errour*, then *Truth*. Yet is there beſides, another *miſery*, neere as great as this: and that is, that wee cannot bee our owne *Chuſers*: but muſt take it vpon *truſt*, from others. Are we not oft, before wee can deſcerne the *true*, brought vp and grounded in the *falſe*, ſucking in *Hereſie*, with our milke in *childhood*? Nay, when wee come to yeeres of *abler indgement*, wherein the Minde is growne vp *compleat Man*: wee examine not the ſoundneſſe, but retaine it meerely, becauſe our fathers taught it vs. What a lamentable *weakeneſſe* is this in Man, that hee ſhould build his *Eternall welfare*, on the *approbation*, of perhaps a weake, and ignorant *Parent*? Oh! why is our *neglect* the moſt, in that, wherein our care ſhould be *greateſt*? How few are there which fulfill that *Precept* of trying all *things*, and taking the *beſt*? Aſſuredly, though *Faith* be aboue *Reaſon*, yet is there a *reaſon* to bee giuen of our *Faith*. Hee is a *Foole* that beleeues hee knowes neither what, nor why. Among all the *Diuerſities of Religion*, that the *world* holds, I thinke, it may ſtand with moſt ſafety, to take that, which makes moſt for *Gods Glory*, and *Mans quiet*. I confeſſe, in all the Treatiſes of *Religion* that I euer ſaw; I finde none that I ſhould ſo ſoone follow, as that of the *Church of England*. I neuer 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 *reuerend Obedience*, and the *Admiration*, and the

Adoration,

Adoration, which we ought to giue him. *On earth peace.* This is the *effect* of the former: working in the *hearts of Men*, whereby the *World* appeares in his noblest *beauty*, being an entire *chaine of inter-mutuall amity. And good will toward men.* This is *Gods mercy*, to *reconcile Man* to himselfe, after his fearefull *dissertion* of his *Maker.* Search all *Religions* the world thorow, and you will finde none that ascribes so much to *God*, Nor that *constitutes* so firme a loue among men, as does the *establisht Doctrine* of the *Protestant Church* among vs. All other either *detract* from God: Or infringe the *Peace of Men.* The Iewes in their *Talmud* say, before *God* made this, hee made many other *Worlds*, and marr'd them againe: to keepe himselfe from *Idlenesse.* The *Turkes* in their *Alchoran* bring him in, discoursing vvith the *Angels*, and they telling him, of things vvhich before hee knevv not: and after, they make him *sweare* by *Mahomets Pen*, and *Lines*; and by *Figges*, and *Oliues.* The *Papists pourtray* him as an *old Man*: and by this meanes, *disdeifie him, derogating* also from his *Royalty*, by their odious interposing of *merit.* And for the *Society* of men; vvhat bloody *Tenents* doe they *all* hold? as, That hee deserues not the *name* of *Rabbi*, that hates not his enemie to the *death*: That 'tis no *sinne* to *reuenge iniuries*: That 'tis *meritorious* to kill a *Heretike*, vvith vvhom no *Faith* is to bee kept: Euen to the vngluing of the vvhole *Worlds Frame*; Contexted onely, by *Commerce*, and *Contracts.* What abhorred *barbarismes* did *Selymus* leaue in *Precept*, to his Successor *Solyman*? vvhich, though I am not

certaine they were ratified, by their *Mufties*; I am ſure, are practized by the *Inheritors* of his *Empire*. By this *Taſte*, learne to *deteſt* them *all*.

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

Thinke not thy kinreds murther ill, 'tis none:
By thy ſlaine brothers, to ſecure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Riuals aime,
Thy ruine, may be practiz'd, elſe they maime.
This is the way, how kingly names may be
Inſaf't, and from diſtractiue terrors, free

In other *Religions*, of the *Heathen*, what fond *opinions* haue they held of their *Gods*? reuiling with vnſeemely *threats*, when their *affaires* haue *thwarted* them. As if allowing them the *name*, they vvould conſerue the *Numen* to themſelues. In their *ſacrifices*, hovv *Butcherly* cruell? as if (as 'tis ſaid of them) they thought by *inhumanity*, to appeaſe the *wrath* of an offended *Deity*. The *Religion* vvhich vve now profeſſe, eſtabliſheth all in another *ſtraine*. VVhat makes more for *Gods Glory*? vvhat makes more for the *mutuall loue* of *Man*, then, *The Goſpell*? All our *Abilities* of good, vve offer to *God*, as the *Fountaine* from vvhence they *ſtreame*. Can the

day

day be *light*, and that *light* not come from the *Sun*? Can a *Clocke* goe, vvithout a *weight* to moue it, or a Keeper to set it? As for *Man*: it teaches him to tread on *Cottons*, mild's his vvilder *temper*: and learnes him in his *patience*, to affect his *enemies*. And for that vvhich doth partake on both: it makes *Iust God*, a friend to *vniust Man*, vvithout being *vniust*, either to himselfe, or Man. Sure, it could bee no other, then the *inuention* of a *Deity*, to find out a *way*, hovv *Man*, that had *iustly* made himselfe *vnhappy*, should, vvith a full *satisfaction* to exactest *Iustice*, be made againe most *happy*. I vvould vvish no man that is able to try, to take his *Religion* vpon others vvords: but once resolued in it, 'tis dangerous to *neglect*, vvhere vvee knovv vve doe ovve a *Seruice*.

Dij multa neglecta dederant,
Hesperiæ mala Luduosæ.

God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournefull *Italy*.

And this, before *Horace his time*; vvhen *God is neglected of Man*; *Man* shall bee *contemned of God*. VVhen *Man* abridgeth *God* of his *honour*; *God* vvill shorten *Man* of his *happinesse*. It cannot but be best, to giue all to *him*, of vvhom vvhatsoeuer vve haue, vve hold. I beleeue it *safest* to take that *Religion*, vvhich most *magnifies God*, and makes most, for the *peaceable Conuersation of Men*. For, as vvee cannot *ascribe* too much to *him*, to vvhom vve ovve more

then wee can *ascribe*: so I thinke the most splendid *estate* of *Man*, is that, which comes neerest to his first *Creation*: wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleasant *embracements of mutuall loue*, and *concord*.

XVII.

Of Petitions and Denials.

Denials in *Sutes*, are *Reprehensions*, to him that asketh. We seeme thereby to tell him, that hee craues *That*, which is not *conuenient*; so errs from that *station*, he should rest in. In our *demaunds*, we vncouer our owne *desires*; in the answers wee receiue, 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 deale of *danger* in both. We often, by one request, open the *windowes* of our *heart* wider, then all the indeauours of our *obseruers* can. 'Tis like *giuing* of a man our hand in the *darke*; which directs him better where wee are, then either our *voyce*, or his owne *search* may. If wee giue *repulses*, wee are presently held in *suspition*; and insearched for the cause: which, if it bee found trenching on *discourtesie*; *Loue* dyes, and *Reuenge* springs from the *ashes*. To a *friend* therefore, a man neuer ought to giue a rough *deniall*: but alwaies, either to grant him his *request*, or an able *Reason* why wee *condiscend* not; by no meanes suffering him to goe away *vnsatisfied*:

For

For that, euer leaues *fire*, to kindle a *succeeding iarre*. *Deny* not a iust suite; nor *prefer* thou one, that is *vniust*. Either, to a wise man, stamps vnkindnesse in the *memory*. I confesse, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to *beg*, so 'tis *harsh*, to be *denyed*. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg *iniurious* fauours, nor bee *importunate*: and when thou beest to receiue of such, grant not too much on a yeelding *Friend*: though thou maist haue thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a *loser* in the *sequell*. Those that are readily daunted vpon a *repulse*, I would wish first to try by *circumstances*, what may bee the speede of their *suite*. 'Tis easier to beare *collected vnkindnesse*, then that which wee meete in *affronts*: the *one* wee may wrap to death in a still *silence*: the *other* we must, for *honours* sake, take notice on. For this cause, 'twill be best, neuer to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a *probability of obtayning*. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest, petit*: When we aske what is not likely to be had, before we aske, we giue our selues the *deniall*. *Ill Questions* are the *mints* for *worser Answers*. Our *refusall* is deseruedly, while our *demands* are either *vnfitting*, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to bee offended with any but our *selues*, when wee haue in such *requests*, transgressed the bounds of *modesty*: though in some I haue kuowne the deniall of *one fauour*, drowning the memory of *many* fore-performed ones. To thinke ill of any man, for not giuing mee that, which he needs not, is *Iniustice*: but for *that*, to blot out *former benefits*, is *Extreme ingratitude*. The

good

good mans thankes for *old fauours*, liue, euen in the *blowes of iniurie*. Why ſhould a *diſwonted vnkindneſſe* make me ingrate for *wonted benefits*? I like not thoſe *diſpoſitions*, that can either *make vnkindneſſes*, and *remember them*: or vnmake *fauours*, & *forget them*. For all the *fauours* I receiue, I will be thankefull, though I meete with a ſtop. The *failing* of *one*, ſhall not make mee neglectfull of *many*: no, not though I finde *vpbraiding*: which yet hath this effect, that it makes *that* an *iniury*, which was before a *benefit*. Why ſhould I, for the *abortion* of one *child*, kill all the *elder iſſue*? Thoſe *fauours* that I can doe, I will not doe for *thanks*, but for *Nobleneſſe*, for *Loue*; and that with a free *expreſsion*. *Grumbling* with a *benefit*, like a *hoarſe voyce*, marres the *muſicke* of the *ſong*: Yet, as I will doe none for *thankes*; ſo I will receiue none without *paying* them. For *Petitions* to others, I will neuer put vp *Vndecent ones*; nor will I, if I faile in thoſe, either *vexe* my *ſelfe*, or *diſtaſte* too much the *denyer*. Why ſhould I thinke he does me an *iniurie*, when hee onely but keepes his *owne*? I like *Pædaretus* his mirth well, who when hee could not bee admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and ſaid, *He was heartily glad, that the Republique had three hundred better men then himſelfe*. I will neuer importune too much vpon *vnwilling mindes*: nor will I bee ſlow in yeelding, what I meane to giue. For the firſt, with *Ouid*,

Et pudet, & metuo, ſemperque eademque precari,
Ne ſubeant animo tædia iuſta tuo.

I ſhall

I ſhall both feare and ſhame, too oft to pray,
Leſt *vrged minds* to *iuſt diſdaine* giue way:

For the other, I am confident, *Auſonius* giues good *counſell*, with perſwading reaſons:

Si bene quid facias, facias citò: nam citò factum,
Gratum erit: ingratum, gratia tarda facit:

Diſpatch thy purpos'd *good*: quicke *courteous deeds*
Cauſe *thanks*: ſlow *fauour*, men vnthankefull breeds.

XVIII.

Of Pouerty.

THe *Pouerty* of the *poore man*, is the leaſt part of his *miſery*. In all the ſtormes of *Fortune*, hee is the firſt that muſt ſtand the ſhocke of *extremity*. *Poore men* are *perpetuall Sentinels*, watching in the depth of *night*, againſt the inceſſant aſſaults of *want*; while the *rich* lye ſtoued in *ſecure repoſes*: and compaſs'd with a large *abundance*. If the *Land* bee ruſſeted with a *bloodleſſe Famine*; are not the *poore* the firſt that *ſacrifice* their liues to *Hunger*? If *Warre* thunders in the trembling *Countries* lap, are not the *poore* thoſe that are expoſed to the *Enemies Sword* and *outrage*? If the *Plague*, like a *loaded ſpunge*, flies, ſprinkling *poyſon* thorow a *populous Kingdome*: the *poore* are the *fruite* that are ſhaken from the burthen'd *Tree*: while the *rich*, furniſht with the helpes of

of *Fortune*, haue meanes to wind out themselues, and turne these sad indurances on the *poore*, that cannot auoyd them. Like salt *marshes*, that lie low: they are sure, whensoeuer the *Sea* of this World rages, to bee first vnder, and imbarrenn'd with a *fretting care*. Who, like the *poore*, are harrowed with *oppression*, euer subiect to the *imperious taxes*, and the gripes of *mightinesse*: Continuall *care* checks the *spirit*: continuall *labour* checks the *body*: and continuall *insultation* both. He is like one rowled in a Vessell full of Pikes; which way soeuer hee turnes, he something findes that prickes him. Yet besides all these, there is another *transcendent miserie*: and this is, that it maketh men *contemptible*.

Nil habet infœlix, &c.

Vnhappy *want* hath nothing harder in it,
Then that it makes men *scorn'd*.———

As if the *poore man* were but *Fortunes Dwarfe*; made lower then the rest of men, to bee *laughed at*. The *Philosopher* (though hee were the *same minde*, and the *same man*) in his *squallid rages*, could not finde admission, when *better robes*, procured both an open doore, and *reuerence*. Though outward things can adde nothing to our *essentiall worth*: yet, when wee are iudged on, by the helpe of others *outward senses*, they much conduce to our *value* or *dis-esteeme*. A *Diamond* set in *brasse*, would bee taken for a *Christall*, though it bee not so, whereas a

Christall

Christall set in *gold*, will by many bee thought a *Diamond*. A *poore man wise*, shall be thought a *foole*; though hee haue nothing to condemne him, but his being *poore*: The complaint is as old as *Salomon: The wisedome of the poore is despised; and his words not heard. Pouerty* is a *gulfe*, wherein all good parts are swallowed. *Poore men*, though *wise*, are but like *Sattens* without a *glosse*; which euery man will refuse to looke vpon. *Pouerty* is a *reproach*, which cloudes the lustre of the *purest vertue*. It turnes the *wise man foole*, to humour him that is *a foole*. *Good parts* in *pouerty*, shew like *beauty* after *sicknesse*; *pallid* and *pulingly deadish*. And if all these calamities be but *attendants*, what may we iudge that she is in *herselfe*? Vndoubtedly, whatsoeuer we preach of *Contentednesse in want*; no precepts can so gaine vpon *Nature*, as to make her a *non-sensitiue*. 'Tis impossible to finde *content* in gnawing *penury*. Lacke of things necessary, like a *heauy loade*, and an *ill saddle*, is perpetually wringing of the backe that beares it. Extreme *pouerty* one calls a *Lanthorne*, that lights vs to all *miseries*. And without doubt, when 'tis vrgent and importunate, it is euer chafing, vpon the very *heart* of *nature*. What pleasure can he haue in *life*, whose whole *life* is griped by some or other *misfortune*? Liuing no time free, but that, wherein he does not liue, his *sleepe*. His *minde* is euer at iarre, either with *desire*, *feare*, *care*, or *sorrow*: his *appetite* vnappeasedly crauing *supply of foode*, for his *body*: which is either nummed with *cold*, in *idlenesse*, or stew'd in *sweat*, with *labour*: nor can it be, but it will imbase euen the purest *metall* in *Man*:

it

it will *Alchimy* the *gold* of *vertue*, and mixe it with more dull *Allay*. It will make a man submit to those *course waies*, which another estate would scorne: nay, it will not suffer the *soule* to exercise that *generous freedome*, which equall *nature* ha's giuen it: but hales it to such low *vndecencies*, as pull *disdaine* vpon it. *Counsell* and *discretion*, either quite leaue a man; or else are so limited, by vnresistable *necessity*, as they lose the *brightnesse* that they vse to shine withall.

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

Beleeue it, *Wisedome* leaues the man distrest:
VVith *wealth*, both *wit* and *Counsell* quits the brest.

Certainely, *extreme pouerty*, is worse then *Abundance*. VVe may be *good* in *Plenty*, if we *will*: in biting *Penury* we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is *casuall*: in the other, 'tis *necessitating*. The *best* is that which *partakes* of *both*, and *consists* of *neither*. He that hath *too little*, wants *feathers* to *fly* withall: He that hath *too much*, is but combred with too large a *Taile*. If a flood of *Wealth* could profit vs, it would be good to swim in such a *Sea*: But it can neither lengthen our *liues*, nor inrich vs after the *end*. I am pleased with that *Epigram*, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his *graue*:

Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam ditissime regum,
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus:
Constitit;

Constitit; vtque procul, solito maiore cachinno
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi diuitiæ
Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cùm sis
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior?
Nam quæcunque habui, mecum fero, cùm nihil ipse
Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus:

When the *Tubb'd Cynicke* went to *Hell*, and there
Found the pale *Ghost* of *golden Cræsus* bare,
He stops, and geering till he shugges againe,
Sayes; O thou richest *King of Kings*, what gaine
Haue all thy large heapes brought thee, since I spy
Thee heere alone, and poorer now then I?
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little vse does he make the *mines* of this same opulent man? Surely, *Estates* bee then best, when they are likest *mindes* that be worst: I meane, neither *hot*, nor *cold*: neither distended with too *much*, nor narrowly pent, with too *little*: yet neerer to a *plenty* then *want*. Wee may be at ease in a Roome *larger* then our selues: in a Roome that is *lesse*, we cannot. We neede not vse *more then will serue*: but wee cannot vse *lesse*. VVee see all things grow *violent*, and *struggle*, when wee would imprison them in any thing *lesse* then themselues. *Fire*, shut vp, is furious. *Exhalations* inclouded, breake out with *Thunder*. *Water*, compressed, spurteth thorow the stretched *strainer*. 'Tis harder to contract *many graines* into *one*, then to cause many spring out of *one*. VVhere the *channell* is too little

little for the *floud*, who can wonder at the *ouer-flowing*.

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.

He is lesse guilty, that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the *world*, such another obiect of *pitty*, as the *pinched State*; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the *Tyrants braues*, and *contempt*. Questionlesse, I will rather with *charity* helpe him that is *miserable*, as I *may bee*: then despise him that is poore, as I *would not be*. They haue flinty and steeled *hearts*, that can adde *calamities* to him, that is already but one intirer *Masse*.

XIX.

Of the euill in man from himselfe, and occasions.

'Tis not so much *want of good*, as *excesse of ill*, that makes man post to lewdnesse. I beleeue there are *sparkes* enow in the *soule*, to flame a man, to the morall life of *vertue*: but that they are quenched by the *putrid foggs* of *corruption*. As fruits of *hotter Countries*, transf-earth'd in *colder Climates*, haue vigour enough in themselues to bee *fructuous*, according to their *nature*: but that they are hindred, by the *chilling nipps* of the *ayre*, and the *soile*, wherein they are *planted*. Surely, the *Soule* hath the *reliqu'd*

Impressa's

Impressa's of *diuine Vertue* still so left within her, as she would mount her selfe to the *Tower of Noblenesse*, but that shee is depressed, by an vnpassable *Thicket* of hindrances: The *fraileties* of the *Body*, the *current* of the *World*, and the *Armies* of *Enemies*, that continually warre against *goodnesse*, are euer checking the *production* of those *motions*, she is pregnant with. When we runne into *new crimes*, how wee schoole our selues when the *Act* is ouer? as if *Conscience* had still so much *Iustice* left, as it would be vpright in *sentencing* euen against it selfe. Nay, many times, to gratulate the *Company*, wee are faine to force our selues to *vnworthinesse*. *Ill actions* runne against the graine of the *vndefiled soule*: and, euen while wee are a doing them, our *hearts* chide our *hands* and *tongues*, for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerely, out of their loue to *vice*. There is a *noblenesse* in the minde of *man*, which of it selfe, intitles it, to the *hatred* of what is *ill*. Who is it, that is so *bottomlesly ill*, as to loue *vice*, because it is *vice*? Yet we finde, there are some so *good*, as to loue *goodnesse* purely, for *goodnesse* sake. Nay, *vice* it selfe is loued, but for the *seeming-good* that it carries with it. Euen the first *sinne*, though it were (as Saint *Augustine* sayes) originally from the *soule*: yet it was by a *wilfull-blindnesse*, committed, out of respect to a *good*, that was look't for by it. 'Tis the *bodies contagion*, which makes the *Soule* leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing 'tis *spotlesse* and *immaculate*: and where we see, there be meanes 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 wee haue performed any *honourable Action*, how it *cheeres* and *lightens* it ſelfe, and *man*: As if it had no *true ioy*, but in ſuch things, as tranſcending the ſence of the *druggy fleſh*, tended to the *blaze*, and aſpiring flame of *Vertue*: nay, then, as if ſhe had diſpatched the intent of her *creation*, ſhe reſts full, in her owne approuement, without the *weake Worlds* reedy *vnder-propping*. *Man* has no ſuch *comfort*, as to bee conſcious to himſelfe, of the noble deeds of *Vertue*. They ſet him almoſt in the Throne of a Deitie; aſcend him to an *vnmoouednesse*; and take away from him thoſe blacke *feares*, that would ſpeake him ſtill to bee but *fragile man*. 'Tis the ſicke and diſeaſed ſoule, that driues vs into vnlimited *paſſions*. Take her as ſhee is in her ſelfe, not dimm'd and thickned, with the miſts of *corporalitie*; then is ſhee a *beauty*, diſplayed in a full and diuine *ſweetneſſe*.

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

When man obeyes his mind, hee's wiſe, loues, and (does right.

But this is not to be vnderſtood at large. For, ſaies the ſame *Comedian*, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it onely manifeſt it ſelfe, in it *ſelfe*: but euen ouer the *body* too: and that ſo farre, that it euen conuerts it to a *ſpiritualitie*: making it indefatigable in *trauailes*, in *toyles*, in *vigilancies*; inſenſible in *wounds*, in *death*, in *tortures*.

Omnia

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

Sayes the grand *Loue-Master.*

Though all things want; all things the *minde* ſub-
(dues,
And can new ſtrength in fainting *Fleſh* infuſe.

VVhen we find it ſeconded with the *preualent incitations* of *Literature* and *ſweet Morality*: how courageous, how comfortable, how towring 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 *ſoule* that takes a delight in *Lewdneſſe*, is gain'd vpon by *Cuſtome*: and after an *vndoing*, dulling *practice* takes a *ioy* in that, which at firſt did daunt with *terrour*. The firſt *Acts* of *Sinne*, are for the moſt part *trembling*, *fearefull*, and *full of the bluſh*. Tis the *iteration of euill*, that giues *forehead* to the *foule offender*. Tis eaſie to know a *beginning ſwearer*: hee cannot *mouth it*, like the *practiſed man*. Hee *oathes it*, as a *cowardly Fencer* playes; who as ſoone as hee hath offered a *blow*, ſhrinkes backe: as if his *heart* ſuffered a kinde of *violence* by his *tongue*: yet had rather take a ſtep in *Vice*, then bee left behinde for not being in *faſhion*. And, though a man be plunged in *wickedneſſe*, yet would hee bee glad to be *thought good*. VVhich may ſtrongly argue the *Intentions* of the *Soule* to bee *good*; though vnable to maturate that *ſeed* that is in it. Nay, and that like a kinde of *Captiue*, ſhee is carried by *corruption*, through *boggs*, and *Deſarts*, that at firſt ſhee feares

to tread vpon. *Sinne* at first does a little startle the *blood*. *Vice* carries *horror* in her considered looke, though we finde a *short plausibility*, in the present *imbraces*. There is no man, but in his *soule* dislikes a *new vice*, before he acts it. And this distaste is so generall, that when *Custome* ha's dull'd the *sence*; yet the *minde* shames to transmit it selfe to the *tongue*; as knowing, hee which holds *Tenents* against *Natures Principles*, shall, by shewing a *quicke wit*, lose his *honest name*. *Goodnesse* is not so quite extinct in *man*, but that shee still flashes out a glimmering light, in *morality*. Though *Vice* in some soules, haue got the start on her: yet shee makes euery mans *tongue* fight for *Vices extirpation*. Hee that maintaines *Vice* lawfull, shall haue *mankinde* his *enemy*. 'Tis *gaine*, not *loue to Treason*, that makes man fall a *Traitor*. A *noble deede* does beare a *spurre* in it selfe. They are *bad works*, that need *rewards* to crane them vp withall. I beleeue, if we examine *Nature*, those things that haue a pleasure in their performance, are *bad* but by mis-vse; not simply so in themselues. *Eating*, *drinking*, *mirth*, are *ill*, but in the *manner*, or the *measure*; not at all in the *matter*. *Mans wisedome* consists not in the *not vsing*, but in the *well vsing* of what the world affords him. *How to vse*, is the most waighty lesson of *man*. And of this we faile, for want of seconding the *seedes* that bee in the *soule*: The *thornes* doe first choke them; and then, they *dwindle*, for lacke of *watering*. Two things I will strongly labour for: *To remoue Annoyance*; and *To cherish the growth of budding Vertue*. Hee spends his time well, that striues to reduce

reduce *Nature* to her first perfection. Like a *true friend*, shee wishes well to *man*, but is growne so *poore*, and falne into such *decay*, as indeed she is not *able*. I will helpe her what I can in the way; though of my selfe, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in *spirituall things*, not able to beginne. As man has not that free power in himselfe, which first hee had: so I am farre from thinking him so dull, to be a *patient* meerely: it was not in the first Fall *slaine*, but irrecouerably *lamed*: *debilitated*, not *annihilated*. But whether this be true or no, I thinke it cannot be ill, of whatsoeuer *good* we doe, to giue our *God* the *glory* on't.

XX.

Of Preaching.

THe *excesse* which is in the *defect of Preaching*, ha's made the *Pulpit* slighted: I meane, the much bad *Oratory* we finde it guilty of. Tis a wonder to me, how men can *Preach so little*, and so *long*: so *long a time*, & so *little matter*: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vaine *Tautologies*. I see no reason, that so high a *Princesse as Diuinity* is, should bee presented to the *People* in the *sordid rags* of the *tongue*: nor that *he* which speakes from the *Father of Languages*, should deliuer his *Embassage* in an *ill one*. A man can neuer speake *too well*, where he speakes not *too obscure*. Long and distended *Clauses*, are both tedious to the *eare*, and

difficult for their retaining. A *Sentence* wel couch'd, takes both the *sense* and the *vnderstanding*. I loue not those *Cart-rope speeches*, that are longer then the memorie of man can fathome. I see not, but that *Diuinity*, put into apt *significants*, might rauish as well as *Poetry*. The waighty *lines* men finde vpon the *Stage*, I am perswaded, haue beene the *lures*, to draw away the *Pulpit-followers*. We complaine of drowzinesse at a *Sermon*; when a *Play* of a doubled length, leades vs on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selues. If wee saw *Diuinity* acted, the *gesture* and *variety* would as much inuigilate. But it is too high to bee personated by *Humanity*. The *Stage* feeds both the *eare* and the *eye*: and through his *latter sense*, the *Soule* drinks deeper draughts. Things *acted*, possesse vs more, and are too more retaineable, then the *passable tones* of the *tongue*. Besides, heere wee meete with more *compassed Language*: The *Dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious *Phrase*; Though 'tis to bee lamented, such *wits* are not set to the right *tunc*, and consorted to *Diuinity*; who without doubt, well deckt, will cast a farre more radient *lustre*, then those *obscene scurrilities*, that the *Stage* presents vs with, though oe'd and spangled in their *gawdiest tyre*. At a *Sermon* well dress'd, what *vnderstander* can haue a motion to *sleepe*? *Diuinity* well ordered, casts forth a *Baite*, which angles the Soule into the *eare*: and how can that cloze; when such a guest sits in it? They are *Sermons* but of baser metall, which *bade* the eyes to slumber. And should we heare a *continued Oration*, vpon such a subiect as the

the *Stage* treates on, in ſuch words as wee heare ſome *Sermons*; I am confident, it would not only be farre more tedious, but *nauſcous* and *contemptfull*. The moſt aduantage they haue of other places, is, in their good *Lines* and *Action*. For 'tis certaine, *Cicero* and *Roſcius* are moſt compleate, when they both make but one Man. He anſwered well, that after often asking, ſayd ſtill, that *Action* was the chiefeſt part of an *Orator*. Surely, the *Oration* is moſt powerfull, where the *Tongue* is diffuſiue and ſpeakes in a *natiue decency*, euen in euery *limme*. A good *Orator* ſhould pierce the *eare*, allure the *eye*, and inuade the *minde* of his *hearer*. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: *Fit words* are better then *fine ones*: I like not thoſe that are *in-iudiciouſly made*; but ſuch as be *expreſsiuely ſignificant*: that leade the *minde* to ſomething, beſide the naked *terme*. And he that ſpeakes thus, muſt not looke to ſpeake thus euery day. A *kemb'd Oration* will coſt both *ſweate*, and the *rubbing of the braine*. And *kemb'd* I wiſh it, not *frizzled*, nor *curl'd*. *Diuinitie* ſhould not *laſciuiate*. *Vn-wormewooded Ieſts* I like well; but they are fitter for the *Tauerne*, then the Maieſtie of a *Temple*. *Chriſt* taught the *People* with *Authoritie*. *Grauitie* becomes the *Pulpit*. *Demoſthenes* confeſt he became an *Orator*, by ſpending more *Oyle* then *Wine*. This is too fluid an *Element* to beget *ſubſtantials*. *Wit*, procur'd by *Wine*, is, for the moſt part, like the *ſparkelings* in the *Cup*, when 'tis filling: they *briſke* it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the *valour* of ſome men; that before their *Studies*, dare aſcend the *Pulpit*; and do there take more

paines, then they haue done in their *Library*. But hauing done this, I wonder not, that they there ſpend ſometimes *three houres*, but to weary the People into *ſleepe*. And this makes ſome ſuch *fugitiue Diuines*, that like *cowards*, they run away from their *Text*. *Words* are not *all*, nor *matter* is not *all*; nor *geſture*: yet, *together*, they are. 'Tis much mouing in an *Orator*, when the *Soule* ſeemes to ſpeake, as well as the *tongue*. Saint *Auguſtine*, ſayes *Tully*, was admired more for his *tongue*, then his *minde*; *Ariſtotle* more for his *minde*, then his *tongue*: but *Plato* for both. And ſurely, nothing deckes an *Oration* more, then a *Iudgement* able well to conceiue and vtter. 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 preuailed. And euen the *Scriptures*, (though I know not the *Hebrew*) yet I beleeue they are penn'd in a *tongue* of deepe expreſſion: wherein, almoſt euery word, hath a *Metaphoricall ſenſe*, which does illuſtrate by ſome *alluſion*. How *politicall* is *Moſes*, in his *Pentateuch*? How *philoſophicall Iob*? How *maſſie* and *ſententious* is *Salomon* in his *Prouerbs*? how *quaint*, and *flaminglyamorous* in the *Canticles*? how graue and *ſolemne* in his *Eccleſiaſtes*? that in the *world*, there is not ſuch another diſſection of the *world* as it. How were the *Iewes* aſtonied at *Chriſts Doctrine*? How eloquent a *pleader* is *Paul* at the *Bar*? in *diſputation* how ſubtile? And he that reades the *Fathers*, ſhall finde 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 waite, and giue a

Trencher

Trencher at this *Banquet*. Saint *Paul* is president for it. I wish no man to be *too darke*, and full of *shaddow*. There is a way to be *pleasingly-plaine*, and some haue found it. Nor wish I any man to a totall neglect of his *hearers*. Some *Stomackes* rise at *sweete meates*. Hee prodigals a *Mine* of *Excellencie*, that lauishes a *terse Oration* to an *Apron'd Auditory*. *Mercury* himself may moue his *tongue* in vaine, if hee has none to heare him, but a *Non-intelligent*. They that speake to *Children*, assume a pretty *lisping*. *Birds* are caught by the counterfeit of their owne *shrill notes*. There is a *Magicke* in the *Tongue*, can charme the *wilde mans Motions*. *Eloquence* is a *Bridle*, wherewith a wise man rides the *Monster* of the *World*, the *People*. Hee that heares, ha's onely those *affections* that thy *tongue* will giue him.

(blot:

Thou maist giue *smiles*, or *teares*, which *ioies* doe
Or *wrath* to *Iudges*, which themselues haue not.

You may see it in *Lucans* words:

Flet, si flere iubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:
Et te dante, capit Iudex quum non habet iram.

I grieue, that any thing so excellent as *Diuinitie* is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures doe *eclipse her*; yet this is a principall. I neuer yet knew a *good Tongue*, that wanted *eares* to heare it. I will honour her, in her *plaine trimme*: but I will wish to meete her in her gracefull *Iewels*: not that they giue addition to her

her *goodnesse*: but that shee is more perswasiue in working on the soule it meetes with. When I meet with *Worth* which I cannot ouer-loue, I can well endure that *Art*, which is a meanes to heighten liking. *Confections* that are *cordiall*, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.

XXI.

Of reconciling Enemies.

'TIs much safer to *reconcile* an *Enemie*, then to *conquer* him. *Victory* depriues him of his *power*; but *Reconciliation*, of his *will*: and there is lesse danger in a *Will* which *will not hurt*, then in a *power*, which *cannot*. The *power* is not so apt to tempt the *will*, as the *Will* is studious to finde out *meanes*. Besides, an *Enemie* is a *perpetuall Spie*, vpon thy Actions; a *Watch*, to obserue thy *failes*, and thy *excursions*. All which, in the time of his *Captiuity*, he treasures vp, against the *day of aduantage*, for the confounding of him that hath beene 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 depraue those things, that thy *intents* haue told thy *soule* are *honest*. Like the *Crocadile*, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art downe, he insidiates thy *intrapped life*; and with the warmest blood of thy *life*, fattens his insulting *Enuie*. Thy *waies* hee strewes with *Serpents* and *inuenomings*. Thy *vices* he sets, like

Pauls,

Pauls, on high: for the gaze of the *world*, and the ſcatter'd *City*: Thy *Vertues*, like Saint *Faiths*, he placeth vnder ground, that none may note them. Certainely, tis a miſerie to haue an *Enemie*, either very powerſull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound vpon *Proofes*, they will doe it yet vpon *likelihoods*: and ſo by degrees, and ſly wayes, corrupt the faire temper of our *Reputations*. In which, this *diſaduantage* cannot bee helped; that the *Multitude* will ſooner beleeue them then our ſelues. For *affirmations* are apter to win beliefe, then *Negatiues* to vncredit them. It was a *Spawne* of *Machiauell*, that *A ſlander once raiſed, will ſcarce euer dye, or faile of finding ſome, that will allow it both a harbour, and truſt.* The *baggage World* deſireth of her ſelfe to ſcarre the *face*, that is fairer then ſhe: and therefore, when ſhe finds occaſion, ſhe leapes, and flyes to the imbracement of the thing ſhee wiſhed for: where, with a ſharpe-ſet *appetite*, ſhe *quarries* on the prey ſhe meetes withall. When *Seneca* asked the Queſtion, *Quid eſt homini inimiciſsimum?* *Seneca* anſwers, *Alter Homo*. Our *Enemies ſtudies* are the *plots* of our *ruine*: nor is any thing left vn-attempted, which may induce our *damage*. And many times, the *danger* is the more, becauſe wee ſee it not. If our *Enemie* be *Noble*, he will beare himſelfe *valiantly*, and ſcorne to giue vs an *aduantage* againſt him: though his owne iudicious *forwardneſſe*, may put vs to the *worſe*; let his *worth* perſwade thee to an *atonement*. *He that can be a worthy Enemy; will, reconcil'd, be a worthier Friend.* He that in a *iuſt cauſe*, can *valiantly fight againſt thee*; can in a *like cauſe*, *fight as valiantly for thee.*

thee. If he be *vnworthy*, reconcile him too: though there bee nothing elſe gain'd, but *ſtilling of a ſcandalous tongue*; euen that will be worth thy labour. Vſe him as a *Friend* in *outward faireneſſe*: but beware him, as an *Enemy*, apt to re-aſſume his *Armes*. He that is a *baſe foe*, will hardly be but falſe in *friendſhip*. *Enemies*, like *Miners*, are euer working, to blow vp our vntainted *names*. They ſpit a *poyſon*, that will *freckle* the *beauty* of a *good report*: and that *fame* which is *white* and *pure*, they ſpot with the *puddled ſprayes* of the *tongue*: For, they cannot but ſometimes ſpeake as they thinke: and this S. *Gregory* will perſwade vs to beleeue: That *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicũ tolerat, etiam iniquum & impium putat*: *All men thinke their Enemies ill.* If it may bee done with *honor*, I ſhall thinke it a worke of good diſcretion, to regaine a *violent Aduerſary*. But to doe it ſo, as it puls a *poorneſſe* on a mans ſelfe; though it bee *ſafe*, is worſe then to be conquer'd in a *manfull conteſtation*. *Friendſhip* is not commendable, when it riſes from *diſhonorable Treaties*. But hee that vpon *good termes*, refuſes a *Reconcilement*; may be *ſtubborne*, but not *vlaiant*, nor *wiſe*. Whoſoeuer thou art, that wilfully continueſt an *Enemy*, thou teacheſt him to doe thee a *miſchiefe* if he can. I will thinke that endeuour ſpent to purpoſe, that either *makes* a *Friend*, or *vnmakes* an *Enemy*. In the one, a *Treaſure* is wonne; in the other, a *Siege* is raiſed. When one ſaid, He was a *wiſe King*, that was *kinde* to his *friends*, and *ſharpe* to his *Enemies*: Sayes another, *Hee is wiſer, that can retaine his Friends in their loue; and make his Enemies like them.*

Of

XXII.

Of our ſenſe of abſent Good.

SVrely, the *Mad worme* hath wilded all *Humanity*; we ſweat for what wee loſe, before we know we haue it. We euer *dote* moſt on things, when they are *wanting*: Before we *poſſeſſe* them, we *chaſe them* with an eager runne: VVhen wee *haue them*, wee *ſlight them*: When they are *gone*, we ſinke vnder the wring of *ſorrow*, for their *loſſe*. *Infatuated eſtate of Man*! That the inioyment of a *pleaſure*, muſt diminiſh it: That perpetuall vſe muſt make it, like a *Piramide*, leſſening it ſelfe by degrees, till it growes at laſt to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what vndelayable heate, does the *lime-twig'd Louer* court a *deſeruing Beauty*? Which, when hee obtaines, is farre ſhort of that *content* it promiſed him: Yet, hee againe no ſooner *loſes it*, but hee *ouer-eſteemes* it, to an *hyperbolicall ſumme*. *Preſence* drownes, or mightily cooles *contentment*: and *Abſence* ſeemes to be a *torture*, that afflicts moſt, when moſt *ſtretched*. *Want* teaches vs the *worth* of things more truly. How ſweete a thing ſeemes *liberty*, to one immur'd in a *Caſe* of *Walls*? How deare a *Iewell* is *health* to him that tumbles in *diſtempered blood*? Is it ſo, that *Pleaſure*, which is an *ayery conſtitution*, cannot be graſped by a *reall body*? Or doe wee ſo empty our ſelues in the *Fruition*, that we doe in it, powre out our *appetites* alſo? Or is *content* ſuch a

ſlender

ſlender *tittle*, that 'tis nothing but the *preſent now*; fled ſooner then enioy'd? Like the report of a *loud-tongu'd Gunne*, ceas'd as ſoone as heard: without any thing to ſhew it has beene, ſaue *remembrance* onely. VVe *deſire long*, and pleaſe our ſelues with *hope*. VVee *enioy* and *loſe* together: and then wee ſee what we haue *forgone*, and *grieue*. I haue knowne many, that haue lou'd their *dead friends* better, then euer they did in their *life time*. There is (if I haue giuen you the right ſenſe) a like *complaint* in the *ſinewie Lyricke*.

They that ſtriue to chaſe away
  Slaughters and inteſtine VVarre:
That would haue dumbe *Statues* ſay,
  Theſe their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their owne wilde luſts tame,
  They ſhall not liue, till dead. (O Fate!)
VVe enuious, hate ſafe Vertues name,
  She dead; we ſigh our widdowed ſtate.

O quiſquis voluit impias
  Cædes, & rabiem tollere cynicam:
Si quærit, Pater vrbium
  Subſcribi ſtatuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
  Clarus poſtgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
  Sublatam ex oculis, quærimus inuidi.

VVe adore the *bleſſings* that wee are *depriu'd* of. An *eſtate* ſquander'd in a *wanton waſte*, ſhews better in

in the *misse*, then while wee had the *vse* on't. *Possession* blunts the *thought* and *apprehension*. *Thinking* is propereſt to *that*, which is *absent*. VVee inioy the *present*: but we thinke on *future things*, or paſſed. VVhen *benefits* are loſt, the *minde* has time to recount the ſeuerall *worths*: VVhich, after a conſiderate *search*; ſhe findes to be many more, then the *vnexamining possession* told her of. VVe ſee more, in the *discomposure* of a *Watch*, then we can, when 'tis *ſet together*. 'Tis a true one: *Bleſſings* appeare not, till they be *vaniſht*. The *Comedian* was then *ſerious*, when he writ,

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

Fond men, till we haue loſt the goods we had,
VVe vnderſtand not what their values were.

'Tis *Folly* to neglect the *preſent*; and then, to grieue that we haue *neglected*. Surely, hee does beſt, that is *carefull* to preſerue the *bleſſings* he has, as long as he can; and when they muſt take their *leaues*, to let them goe without *ſorrowing*, or *ouer-ſumming* them. Vaine are thoſe *lamentations* that haue no better fruit, then the *diſpleaſanting* of the *ſoule*, that ownes them. I would adde a thirteenth *reall labour*, to the *faigned twelue*: or do any thing, that lyes in *noble man*, to pleaſure or preſerue the *life* of a *friend*. But *dead* once; all that *teares* can doe, is only to ſhew the *World* our weakeneſſe. I ſpeake but my ſelfe a *foole*, to doe that which *Reaſon* tels me is *vnreaſonable*.

vnreasonable. It was the *Philosophers Dictate*, That hee which laments the *death* of a Man, laments, that That Man was a Man. I count it a *deed-royall*, in the kingly *Dauid*, who began to warme his ioyes againe, when the *infants* blood was cold: As if the *breath* which the *child* lost, had *disclouded his indurkned heart*. I will apply my selfe to the *present*; to *preserue* it; to *inioy* it. But, neuer bee *passionate* for the losse of *that*, which I cannot *keepe*; nor can *regaine*. When I haue a *blessing*, I will *respect* it, I will *loue* it, as ardently as any *man*. And when 'tis gone, I confesse, I would *grieue* as little. And this I thinke I may *well* doe, yet owe a deare *respect*, to the *memory* of that I *lost*.

XXIII.

That no man can be good to all.

I Neuer yet knew any man so *bad*, but some haue thought him *honest*; and afforded him *loue*. Nor euer any so *good*, but some haue thought him *vile*: and *hated* him. Few are so *stygmaticall*, as that they are not *honest* to some. And few againe are so *iust*, as that they seeme not to some *vnequall*: either the *Ignorance*, the *Enuie*, or the *partiality*, of those that *Iudge*, doe constitute a *various man*. Nor, can a man in himselfe, *alwaies appeare alike*, to all. In some, *Nature* hath inuested a disparity. In some, *Report* hath fore-blinded *Iudgement*. And in some, *Accident* is the cause of disposing vs to *loue*, or *hate*.

Or

Or, if not these, the variation of the *bodies humours*. Or, *perhaps* not any of these. The *soule* is often led by secret *motions*, and *loues*, shee knowes not why. There are impulsiue *priuacies*, which vrge vs to a liking, euen against the *Parliamentall Acts* of the two houses, *Reason*, and the *Common Sence*. As if there were some *hidden beauty*, of a more *Magnetique force*, then all that the *eye* can *see*. And this too, more powerfull at one *time*, then *another*. Vndiscouered influences *please* vs now, with what wee would sometimes *contemne*. I haue come to the same man, that hath now welcomm'd me with a *free expression of loue*, and *courtesies*: and another time hath left me *vnsaluted* at all. Yet, knowing him well, I haue beene certaine of his sound *affection*: and haue found this, not an *intended neglect*; but an *indisposednesse*, or, a *minde*, seriously *busied* within. *Occasion* reines the *motions* of the stirring *minde*. Like men that walke in their *sleepes*, we are led about, we neither know *whither* nor *how*. I know, there is a *generation*, that doe thus, out of *pride*: and in *strangers*, I confesse, I know not how to *distinguish*. For there is no *disposition*, but hath a *varnisht vizor*, as well as an *vnpencill'd face*. Some people coozen the *World*: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the *world* is coozened: beleeuing them ill, when they are not. Vnlesse it hath beene some few of a *Family*; I haue knowne the whole *Molehill* of *Pismires* (the World) in an *errour*. For, though *Report* once vented, like a *stone* cast-into a *Pond*, begets *circle* vpon *circle*, till it meets with the *banke*, that bounds it: yet *Fame* often plaies the *Curre*, and *opens*, when

ſhe *ſprings* no *game*. *Cenſures* wil not hold out *weight*, that haue life onely from the *ſpungie Cels* of the *common braine*. Why ſhould I *definitiuely* cenſure any man, whom I know but *ſuperficially*? as if I were a *God*, to ſee the *inward ſoule*. *Nature*, *Art*, *Report*, may all faile: Yea, oftentimes *probabilities*. There is no certainty to diſcouer *Man* by, but *Time*, and *Conuerſation*. Euery *Man* may be ſaid in ſome ſort, to haue two *ſoules*; one, the *internall minde*; the other, euen the outward *ayre* of the *face*, and *bodies* geſture. And how infinitely in ſome ſhall they differ? I haue knowne a *wiſe looke*, hide a *foole* within: and a *merry face*, inhold a *diſcontented ſoule*. *Cleanthes* might well haue fail'd in his *iudgement*, had not accident haue helped him, to the *obſcured Truth*. Hee would vndertake to reade the *minde* in the *bodie*. Some to trie his *skill*, brought him a *luxurious fellow*, that in his *youth*, had beene expoſ'd to *toyle*: ſeeing his *face* tann'd, and his hands *lethr'd* with a hardened skinne, he was at a *ſtand*. Whereupon departing, the man *ſneezed*, and *Cleanthes* ſayes, Now I know the man, hee is *effeminate*. For great labourers rarely *ſneeze*. *Iudgement* is apt to *erre*, when it paſſeth vpon *things* we know not. Euery man keepes his *minde*, if hee liſts, in a *Labyrinth*. The heart of Man, to Man, is a roome *inſcrutable*. Into which, *Nature* has made no certaine *window*, but as himſelfe ſhall pleaſe to *open*. One man ſhewes himſelfe to mee, to another, hee is ſhut vp. No man can either *like all*, or be *liked of all*. God doth not pleaſe *all*. Nay, I thinke, it may ſtand with *Diuinity*, as men are, to

ſay,

ſay, hee cannot. Man is infinitely more *impotent*. I will ſpeake of euery man as I finde. If I heare he hath beene *ill* to others, I will *beware him*, but not *condemne* him, till I heare his owne *Apologie*.

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

Who iudgement giues, and will but one ſide heare,
Though he iudge right, is no good Iuſticer.

The *Nature* of many men is *abſtruſe*: and not to bee eſpy'd, at an *Inſtant*. And without knowing this, I know *nothing*, that may warrant my *Sentence*. As I will not too farre beleeue *reports* from others: So I will neuer *cenſure* any man, whom I know not *internally*; nor euer thoſe, but *ſparing*, and with *modeſtie*.

XXIIII.

That Man ought to bee extenſiuely good.

I Finde in the *Creation*, the *firſt bleſſing God gaue Man*, was, *Be fruitfull and multiply*. And this, I finde impoſed by a *precept*, not a *promiſe*. It being a thing ſo neceſſary, as *God* would not leaue it, but almoſt in an *impulſiue quality*. And withall to ſhew vs that (euen from the beginning) *mans happineſſe* ſhould conſiſt, in obeying *Gods commands*. All men loue to liue in *poſteritie*. Barrenneſſe is a *Curſe*; and

makes men vnwilling to dye. *Men*, rather then they will want insuing *memory*, will bee spoken by the *handed Statute*: Or by the *long-lasting* of some *insensate Monument*. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himselfe with his Father *Cyrus*, and some of his *flatterers* told him, hee did excell him: Stay, sayes *Cræsus*; you are not yet his *equall*; for hee left a *sonne* behind him. As if hee were an *imperfect Prince* that leaueth an *vnhelmed State*. When *Philip* viewed his yong sonne *Alexander*, hee said, He could then be content to *dye*. *Conceit* of a suruiuing name, sweetens *Deaths alloed potion*. Tis for this, we so loue those that are to *preserue* vs in extended *successions*. There was something more in it, then the naked geere, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at *Rome*, with *whelpes* and *Monkies* in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the *children*, that the *women* of those *Lands* brought forth. For hee thought such *respectfull loue*, was due to none, but a selfe-extracted *Off-spring*. Nor, is this onely in the *baser part of Man*, the *body*: but euen in the *Sagatious Soule*. The first Act *God* requires of a *Conuert*, is, *Bee fruitfull*. The good Mans *goodnesse*, lies not hid in himselfe alone: hee is still strengthening of his *weaker brother*. How soone would the *World* and *Christianity* faile, if there were not *propagation* both of *it* and *man*? Good *workes*, and good *instructions*, are the *generatiue acts* of the *soule*: Out of which spring new *posterity* to the *Church*, and *Gospell*. And I am perswaded, to bee a meanes of bringing more to *heauen*, is an inseparable desire of a *soule*, that is rightly *stated*. *Good* men, wish all that they *con-*

uerse

uerse withall in *goodnesse*, to bee like themselues. How vngratefully hee *slinkes* away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a *glory to Heauen*? How *barren a tree* he is, that *liues*, and *spreads*, and *cumbers* the ground, yet leaues not one *seed*, not one good *worke* to *generate* another, after him? I know all cannot leaue alike; yet, all may leaue something, answering their *proportion*, their *kindes*. They be *dead*, and *withered graines of Corne*, out of which, there will not one *Eare* spring. The *Physician* that hath a *Soueraigne Receit*, and *dyeth* vnreuealing it, robbes the *world* of many *blessings*, which might *multiply* after his *death*: Leauing this *Collection*, a truth to all *Suruiuers*: that he did *good* to others, but to doe himselfe a *greater*: Which, how contrary it is to *Christianity*, and the *Nature of explicatiue Loue*; I appeale to those mindes where *Grace* hath sowne more *Charity*. *Vertue* is distributiue, and had rather *pleasure* many with a *selfe-iniury*, then bury *benefits* that might *pleasure a multitude*. I doubt whether euer he will finde the way to *Heauen*, that desires to goe thither alone. They are enuious *Fauorites*, that wish their *Kings* to haue no *Loyall Subiects*, but themselues. All *heauenly* hearts are *charitable*. *Inlightned soules* cannot but disperse their *rayes*. I will, if I can, doe something for others, and *heauen*; not to deserue by it; but to expresse my *selfe*, and my *thankes*. Though I cannot doe what I *would*, I will labour to doe what I *can*.

XXV.

Of the horrour ſinne leaues behind.

NO willing *Sinne* was euer in the *Act diſpleaſing*. Yet, is it not ſooner *paſt*, thē *diſtaſtfull*: though *pleaſure* merries the *Sences* for a while: yet *horror* after vultures the *vnconſuming heart*; and thoſe which carry the moſt *pleaſing taſts*, fit vs with the *largeſt reluctations*. Nothing ſo ſoone, can worke ſo ſtrange a *change*: Now, in the *height of delight*. Novv in the *depth of horrour*. *Damned Satan*! that vvith *Orphean ayres*, and *dextrous warbles*, lead'ſt vs to the *Flames of Hell*: and then, vvith a *contempt* derideſt vs. Like a cunning *Curtizan*, that dallies the *Ruffian* to vndoe himſelfe: and then payes him vvith a *fleere*, and *ſcorne*. Or, as ſome men vvill doe to a *deſired beauty*, vovv, and promiſe that, in the *heat of paſsion*, vvhich they neuer mind to ſtand vnto. Herein onely is the *difference*: *Gratitude*, and good *nature*, may ſometimes make them *penitent*, and ſeeke ſome vvay to *ſatisfie*: vvhereas, hee that yeelds to the *wooing Deuill*, does but more augment his *tyranny*. For, vvhen vvee meete vvith *ignoble ſpirits*, the more *obedience*, is a cauſe of the *worſer vſe*. Hovv *often*, and hovv *infinitely* are vve *abuſed*: vvith vvhat *Maſques* and *Triumphs* are vvee led to deſtruction? *Fooliſh*, *beſotted*, *degenerate Man*! that hauing ſo often experimented his *Iuggling*, vvilt yet beleeue his *fictions*, and his turfed

Mines:

Mines: as if hee had not many waies to one *destroying end*: or could bring thee any *pleasure*, and in it not ayme at thine *ouerthrow*. Knowest thou not, that he sowes his *Tares by night*; and in his *Baits*, hides all hee knowes may *hurt thee?* Are not all those *delights* hee brings vs, like *Trappes* we set for *Vermine*, *charitable*, but to *kill*? Does hee not first pitch his *Toiles*, and then *traine* vs about to *insnare* vs? Hee shewes vs nothing but a *tempting face*; where hee hath counterfeited *Natures excellency*, and all the *graces* of a *modest countenance*: while, whatsoeuer is *infectiue*, is veiled ouer with the exactest *dresse* of *comelinesse*. When our soules thirst after *pleasure*, we are call'd as *Beasts* with *fodder*, to the *slaughter-house*: or as *Boyes* catch *Horses*, with *prouender* in their hands to *ride* them. *Ill actions* are *perpetuall perturbations*: the *punishment* that followes, is farre more *grieuous*, then the *performance* was *delightfull*: and the *guilt* is worse then the *punishment*.

Estq; pati pœnam, quàm meriisse, minus.

The most smart is, to thinke we haue deseru'd it.

I'le giue you the *Story*: A *Pythagorean* bought a paire of *Shoocs* vpon trust: the *Shoomaker* dyes: the *Philosopher* is glad, and thinkes them *gaines*: but a while after, his *conscience* twitches him, & becomes a perpetuall *chider*: hee repaires to the *house* of the *dead*, casts in his *money*, with these *words*; *There, take thy due, Thou liuest to mee, though dead to all beside.*

Certainely, *ill gotten gaines* are farre worse, then *losses* with preserued *honesty*. These *grieue* but once, the other are continually *grating* vpon our quiet. He *diminishes* his own *contentment*, that would adde to it, by *vnlawfulnesse*; looking onely on the *beginning*, hee thinkes not to what end, the end *extendeth*. Tis *indiscretion* that is *Hare-sighted*.

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

I tell thee, *Demea*, VVisedome lookes as well,
To things to come, as those that present are.

This *differenceth* a wise *man* and a *foole*: The first, *begins* in the *end*; the other *ends* in the *beginning*. I will take a part of both, & fixe one *eye* on the *Act*, another on the *consequence*. So if I spy the *Deuill* be *shrowded* in the *following traine*, I will shut the dore against the *pleasure* it selfe, though it comes like a *Lord*, vnder a *pretence* of honouring mee.

XXVI.

Of Man's imperfection.

OF my *selfe*, what can *I doe* without the hazzard of *erring*? Nay, what can *I thinke*? Nay, what can *I not doe*, or *not thinke*? euen my best *businesse*, & my best *vacancy*, are *workes of offence and error*. Vncomfortable *constitution of man*, that canst not but be *bad*,

bad, both in *action*, and *forbearance*. *Corruption* mixeth with our pureſt *deuotions*: and not to performe them, is *neglect*. VVhen we thinke not of *God* at all, we are *impious*, and *vngratefull*: when we do, we are not able to thinke *aright*. *Imperfection* ſwaies in all the *weake diſpatches* of the palſied *ſoule*. If the *Diuell* be abſent, our owne *frailties* are his tempting *Deputies*: If thoſe forbeare, the *Meretricious World* claps our *cheekes*, and fond's vs to a *toozening faile*. So, which *way* ſoeuer we turne, we are ſure to be *bitten* with the one, or the other *head* of this *Cerberus*. To what can wee intend our ſelues, wherein there is not a *Diuell* to intrap vs? If we *pray*, how hee caſts in wandering *thoughts*, or by our *eyes*, ſteales away our *hearts*, to ſome other *obiect* then *God*! If we *heare*, he hath the ſame *policy*, & *preiudicates* our *opinion* with the *Man*, or part of his *doctrine*. If we *reade*, he perſwades vs to let *Reaſon iudge*, as well as *Faith*: So, meaſuring by a *falſe rule*, he would make vs beleeue, *Diuinity* is much *ſhort* of what it *ſhewes* for. If we doe *good workes*, he would *poyſon* them, with *Pharaiſiſme*, and make vs, by *ouerualuing*, loſe them. If we doe *ill*, he incourages vs to a *continuance*: and at laſt *accuſes* vs. If *nothing*, we *neglect the good* wee ſhould doe. If we *ſleepe*, he comes in *dreames*, and wantonneth the *ill-inclining ſoule*. If we *wake*, wee miſ-ſpend our *time*; or, at beſt, doe *good*, not *well*. So, by bad *circumſtances*, *poyſon* a well intended *principall*. Euen *Actions* of *neceſsity*, we diſpatch not without a *ſtaine*; we drinke to *exceſſe*: and the drowning of the *braine*. VVe eate, not to ſatisfie *Nature*, but to ouercharge *her*; and to *venerate* the vnbridled *ſpi-*

rits

rits. As a *Mill wheele* is continually turn'd round, and euer drenched with a new *streame*: so are wee alwaies hurried with successions of *various sinnes*. Like *Arrowes* shot in mighty *windes*, wee wander from the *bow* that sent vs. Sometimes wee thinke we doe things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the *transgression*. We progresse in the waies of *Vice*, and are constant in *nothing*, but *perpetuall offending*. You may see the thoughts of the whipping *Satyrist*, how diuine they are:

Mobilis, & 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, & mutari nescia: nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris vno
Flagitio? ———

Nature is motiue in the quest of ill:
Stated in mischiefe: all our ablest Skill
Cannot know *right* from *wrong*, till *wrong* be done:
Fixt *Nature*, will to condemn'd customes runne
Vnchangedly: Who to his *sinnes* can set
A certaine end? When hath he euer met
Blushes once from his hardned forhead throwne?
Who is it sinnes, and is content with one?

Surely there will not a *man* bee found, that is able to answer to these *quære's*. Their *soules* haue *ceeled eyes*,

eyes, that can ſee nothing but perfection, in their ovvne *labours*. It is not to any man giuen, abſolutely to be *abſolute*. I vvill not be too forvvard in *cenſuring* the *workes* of *others*; nor vvill I euer doe any, that I vvill not ſubmit to *iudgement*, and *correction*: yet ſo, as I vvill be able to giue a *reaſon*, vvhy I haue *order'd* them, as the *world ſees*.

XXVII.

Of curioſitie in knowledge.

NOthing *wraps a Man* in ſuch a *myſt of errors*, as his ovvne *curioſity*, in ſearching things beyond him. Hovv *happily* doe they liue, that knovv nothing, but vvhat is *neceſſary?* Our *knowledge* doth but ſhevv vs our *ignorance*. Our moſt *ſtudious ſcrutiny*, is but a *diſcouery* of vvhat vve cānot *know*. VVe ſee the *effect*: but cannot geſſe at the *cauſe*. *Learning* is like a *Riuer*, vvhoſe *head* being farre in the *Land*, is, at firſt *riſing*, *little*, and *eaſily viewed*: but, ſtill as you go, it *gapeth* vvith a *wider banke*: not vvithout *pleaſure*, and *delightfull* vvinding; vvhile it is on both ſides ſet vvith *trees*, and the beauties of various *flowres*. But ſtill the *further* you *follow* it, the *deeper* and the *broader* 'tis; till at laſt, it *inwaues* it ſelfe in the *vnfathom'd Ocean*; There you ſee more *water*; but no *ſhore*, no end of that *liquid*, *fluid vaſtneſſe*. In many things vve may ſound *Nature*, in the ſhallovves of her *reuelations*. VVe may *trace* her, to her ſecond *cauſes*; but beyond them, vve meete vvith nothing

but

but the *puzzle* of the *soule*, and the *dazle* of the *minds dim eyes*. While wee speake of things that are, that we may *dissect*, and haue *power*, and *meanes* to finde the *causes*, there is some *pleasure*, some *certaintie*. But, when we come to *Metaphisicks*, to long *buried Antiquity*, and vnto *vnreueal'd Diuinity*, we are in a *Sea*, which is *deeper* then the short reach of the *line of Man*. Much may be gained by *studious inquisition*; but more will euer rest, which *Man* cannot *discouer*. I wonder at those, that will assume a *knowledge* of all; they are *vnwisely ashamed of an ignorance*, which is not *disgraciue*; 'tis no *shame* for man not to know that, which is not in his *possibility*. We fill the *World* with cruell *brawles*, in the *obstinate defence* of that, whereof wee might with more *honour*, confesse our selues to bee *ignorant*. One will tell vs our *Sauiours disputations* among the *Doctors*. Another, what became of *Moses* body. A third, in what place *Paradise* stood: and where is *locall Hell*. Some will know *Heauen* as perfectly, as if they had been *hurried* about in euery *Spheare*; and I thinke they may. Former VVriters would haue the *Zones* inhabitable; we finde them by *experience*, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no meanes indure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certaine. Euery *Age* both *confutes* old *errors*, and begets *new*. Yet still are we more *intangled*, and the further we goe, the neerer we approach a *Sunne* that *blindes* vs. He that went furthest in these *things*, we finde ending with a *censure* of their *vanity*, their *vexation*. 'Tis questionable, whether the *progresse of Learning* hath done more hurt, or good, whether the *Schooles*

haue

haue not made more Questions then they haue *decided*; where haue we such peaceable, and flourishing *Common-wealths*, as wee haue found among those, which haue not so much, as had the *knowledge of Letters*? Surely, these *fruitlesse* and *ænigmatique Questions*, are *bones* the *Diuell* hath cast among vs, that while wee *striue* for a vaine *Conquest*, in these *Toyes* we forget the *Prize* we should run for. The *Husbandman* that lookes not beyond the *Plough*, and the *Sythe*, is in much more *quiet*, then the *diuided braine*, of the *Statist*, or the *Scholler*. Who will not approoue the *iudgement* of our *Moderne Epigrammatists*!

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

If I may iudge, they onely happy show,
Which doe or nothing, or else all things know.

In *things* whereof I may be certaine, I will *labour* to be *instructed*. But, when I come where *reason* loseth her *selfe*; I will be content with retiring *admiration*. Why should I racke my braines, for vnprofitable *impossibilities*? Though I cannot *know* how much is *hid*; I may soone *iudge* what may be *discouered*.

XXVIII.

Of being ouerualued.

'Tis an *inconuenience* for a *Man* to be counted *wiser* then *ordinary*. If hee be a *Superior*, it keepes him

him from discerning what his *inferiors* are. For, their *opinion* of his piercing *iudgement*, makes them to *dissemble* themselues; and fits them with a *Care*, not onely to hide their *defects*, but to shew him only, the best of themselues. Like *ill complexion'd Women*, that would faine be mistaken for *faire*; they *paint* most cunningly, where they know a *blemish*, or *skarre*; especially, when they are to *incounter* with those, that be naturally *beautifull*. *Worth* in others, and *defect* in our selues, are two *motiues*, that induce vs to the *guilding* of our owne *imperfections*. When the *Sun-bak'd Peasant* goes to feast it with a *Gentleman*, he *washes*, and *brushes*, and *kersies* himselfe in his *Holiday cloathes*. When the *Gentleman* comes to him, he does *fine* vp his *homely house*, and *couers* his *clayed floore*, with the freshnesse of a *rushy Carpet*: and all is, that he may appeare as aboue *himselfe*: while he is to meete with one that is so *indeed*. If he be an *equall*, men are *fore-opinion'd* of him for a *politicke* man: and in any matters of *weighty commerce*, they will study how to be more *cautelous* of him, then they would of an *vnesteemed Man*. So he shall be sure to *conclude* nothing, but vpon harder *conditions* for himselfe. Generall *Fames* warne vs to aduised *contracts*. He that is to play with a cunning *Fencer*, will heed his *Wardes*, and *aduantage* more; who, were hee to meet with one *vnskilfull*, he would *neglect*, or not *thinke* of them. Strong *opposition* teaches *opposition* to be so. I haue seene a rising *Fauorite* laid at, to be trod in the *dust*: while the *vnnoted man*, hath pass'd with the greater *quiet*, and *gaine*. *Report* both makes *Ielousies* where there are

are *none*, and increaseth those that there *are*. If hee be an *inferiour*, hee is often a man of *vnwelcome society*. He is thought one of *too prying* an *obseruation*: and that he *lookes* further into our *actions*, then wee would haue him search. For there be few, which doe not sometimes doe such *actions*, as they would not haue *discretion* scan. *Integrity* it selfe, would not be awed by a *blabbing Spie*. I know, the *obseruer* may faile as well as the *other*: but we all know *natures* to be so composed,

Aliena melius vt videant, & iudicent, quàm sua.

That they see more of others then their owne.

We iudge of others, by what they *should be*; of our selues, by what we are. No man ha's *preeminence*, but wishes to preserue it in vnpruned *state*; which while an *inferiour* notes of *imperfection*, he thinkes, doth suffer *detriment*: so he rather seekes to be rid of his *company*, then desires to keepe him, as the *watch of his weyes*. Let me haue but so much *wisdome*, as may orderly manage my *selfe*, and my *meanes*; and I shall neuer care to be digited, with a *That is He*. I wish, not to bee esteemed wiser then vsuall: They that are so, doe better in *concealing* it, then in telling the *World*. I hold it a greater iniury to be *ouer-valued*, then *vnder*. 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 incertain'd *honour*; but lesse *safety*: The *latter* is *humbly secure*; and what is wanting in *renowne*, is made vp in a better blessing, *quiet*.

There

Thereis no *Detraction* worse then to *ouer-praise* a man: For whilest his *worth* comes short of what *report* doth speake him; his owne *actions* are euer giuing the *lye* to his *honour*.

XXIX.

That mis-conceit ha's ruin'd Man.

OVr owne *Follies* haue beene the onely *cause*, to make our liues *vncomfortable*. Our *errour of opinion*, our *cowardly feare* of the *Worlds* worthlesse *Censure*, and our *madding after vn-necessary Gold*, haue brambled the way of *Vertue*, and made it farre more difficult then indeed it is. *Vertue* hath suffered most by those which should vphold her: That now we feigne her to be, nor what she *is*, but what our fondnesse makes her, a *Hill* almost vn-ascendable, by the roughnesse of a *craggy way*. We force *indurance* on our selues, to waue with the wanton *taile* of the *World*: Wee dare not doe those things that are *lawfull*, lest the *wandring World* misconstrue them: As if we were to looke more to what wee should bee *thought*, then to what we should *resoluedly be*. As if the *Poet* writ *vntruth*, when hee tels his *friend*, that,

Vertue, muddy censures scorning,
With vnstained *Honour* shines:
Without *vulgar breath's* suborning,
Takes the *Throne*, and *Crowne* resignes.

Virtus

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.

Nor does she liue in *penurie*; as some haue ill imagined: though she liues not in *Palaces*, yet shee does in *Paradise*: & there is the *Spirit of ioy*, youthfull in *perpetuall life*. *Vertue* is a *competent fruition of a lawfull pleasure*; which we may well vse so farre, as it brings not any *euell* in the *sequell*. How many haue 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 *Socratique strength*. Shall we thinke *Goodnesse* to be the *height of pleasure* in the other *world*: and shall we be so mad, as to thinke it heere, the *sufferance of miserie*? Surely 'twas none of *Gods* intent, to square *man* out for *sorrowes*. In our *salutes*, in our *prayers*, wee wish & inuoke *heauen* for the *happinesse* of our *friends*: & shall we be so vniust, or so vncharitable, as to with-hold it from our *selues*? As if we should make it a *fashion*, to be kinde *abroad*, and discourteous at *home*. I doe thinke nothing more lawfull, then *moderately* to satisfie the *pleasing desires* of *Nature*; so as they infringe not *Religion*, hurt not *our selues*, or the *commerce* of *humane societie*. *Laughing* is a faculty peculiar to *Man*: yet, as if it were giuen vs for *inuersion*, no Creature liues so *miserable*, so *disconsolate*. Why should we deny to vse that lawfully, which *Nature* hath made for *pleasure*, in *imployment*? *Vertue* hath neither so crabbed a *face*, nor so austere

a *looke*, as we make her. Tis the *World*, that choaking vp the way, does *rugged* that which is naturally *smoother*. How happy and how healthfull doe those things liue, that follow harmelesse *Nature*? They weigh not what is *past*, are intent of the *present*, and neuer solicitous of what is to *come*: They are better pleased with *conuenient foode* then *dainty*; and that they eate, not to *distemper*, but to *nourish*, to *satisfie*. They are well arayed with what *Nature* has giuen them: and for *rayment*, they are neuer clad in the *spoyles of others*, but the *Flies*, the *Beasts*, the *Fishes*, may for all them, welcome *Age* in their owne *silkes*, *wools*, and *Scarlets*. They liue like *Children*, innocently sporting with their *Mother Nature*: and with a pretty kinde of *harmelesnesse*, they hang vpon her *nursing brest*. How rarely finde we any *diseased*, but by *ill mans* mis-vsing them? Otherwise, they are *sound* and *vncomplaining*. And this *blessednesse* they haue heere aboue *Man*; that, neuer seeking to be more then *Nature* meant them, they are much neerer to the *happinesse* of their *first estate*; Wherein this, I confesse, may be some reason: *Man* was curs'd for his *owne sinne*: they, but for the *sinne of Man*: and therefore they decline lesse into *worse*, in this the *crazed age* of the *World*: Whereas, *Man* is a daily multiplier of his owne *Calamities*: & what at first *vndid him*, does constantly increase his *woes*; *Search*, and *selfe-presumption*. Hee hath sought meanes to winde himselfe out of *misery*, and is thereby implunged to *more*. Hee hath left *vertue*, which the *Stoicks* haue defined to be *honest Nature*; and is lanched into *by-deuices* of his owne *ingiddied*

braine:

braine: nor doe I ſee, but that this *definition* may hold with true *Religion*. For that does not aboliſh *Nature*, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though *Man* at firſt fell deſperately, yet wee reade not of any *Law* hee had to liue by, more then the *Inſtinct of Nature*, and the remnant of *Gods Image* in him, till *Moſes* time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to doe *Sacrifice*? as if wee ſhould almoſt beleeue, that *Nature* could finde out *Religion*. But when *Man* (once falne) was by degrees growne to a height of *preuarication*: Then *God* commanded *Moſes*, to giue them *rules*, to checke the madding of their *ranging mindes*. Thus, *God* made *Man righteous*: but he ſought out *vaine Inuentions*: among all which, none hath more befooled him, then the ſetting vp of *Gold*: For now, (*riches* ſwaying all) they that ſerue *Vertue*, like thoſe of another *Faction*, are puſht at by thoſe that runne with the *generall ſtreame*. Incogitable *calamitie* of *Man*; that muſt make that for the hindges of his *life* to turne on, which need not in any thing bee conducent to it. I applaud that in the *Weſterne Indies*; where the *Spaniard* hath conquer'd: whoſe *Inhabitants* eſteemed *gold*, but as it was wrought into neceſſarie *veſſell*; and that no more, then they would alike of any *inferiour metall*: eſteeming more of the *commodiouſneſſe*, then they did of the thing it ſelfe. Is it not miſerable, that wee ſhould ſet vp ſuch an *Idoll*, as ſhould deſtroy our *happineſſe*? And that *Chriſtians* ſhould teach *Heathen* to vndoe themſelues by *coueiouſneſſe*! How happily they liu'd in *Spaine*, till *fire* made ſome *mountaines* vomit

Gold! and what miserable *discords* followed after, *Viues* vpon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put downe, *Vertue* might then be *Queene* againe. Now, wee cannot serue her as wee ought, without the leaue of this *Godling*. Her accesse is more difficult, because wee must goe about to come to her. As when an *Vsurper* hath deposed the *rightfull King*: those that would shew their loue to the *true one*, either *dare not*, or *cannot*, for feare of the *false ones might*. Some things I must doe that I would not: as being one among the rest, that are inuolued in the *generall necessitie*. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the *Lawes of Humanitie*, I will neuer deny my selfe an honest *solace*, for feare of an *ayery censure*. VVhy should another mans *iniustice* breede my *vnkindnesse* to my selfe? As for *Gold*, surely the *World* would bee much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the *Fountaine* whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a *Passe*, to trauell the *World* by, without *begging*. If I haue none, I shall haue so much the more misery; because *custome* hath plaid the *foole*, in making it *materiall*, when it needed not.

XXX.

Of Woman.

SOme are so *vncharitable*, as to thinke *all Women bad*: and others are so credulous, as they beleeue, they

they *all* are *good*. Sure: though euery man ſpeakes as he findes; there is reaſon to direct our opinion, vvithout experience of the vvhole *Sex*; vvhich in a *ſtrict examination*, makes more for their *honour*, then moſt men haue acknovvledged. At firſt, ſhee vvas created his *Equall*; onely the difference vvas in the *Sex*: othervviſe, they both vvere *Man*. If vvee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: ſo the *man* being put *firſt*, vvas *worthier*. I anſvver, *So the Euening and Morning was the firſt day*: yet fevv vvill thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made her *Gouernor*, and ſo *aboue her*, I beleeue rather the puniſhment of *her ſinne*, then the *Prerogatiue of his worth*: Had they both ſtood, it may be thought, ſhee had neuer beene in that *ſubiection*: for then had it beene no *curſe*, but a *continuance of her former eſtate*: vvhich had nothing but *bleſſedneſſe* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *prioritie*: But *Chryſoſtome*, he ſayes, does doubt it. All vvill grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* then *Mans*: fuller of *curioſities*, and *Noble Natures wonders*: both for *conception*, and *foſtering* the producted *birth*. And can vvee thinke, *God* vvould put a *worſer ſoule* into a *better body*? VVhen *Man* vvas created, 'tis ſaid, *God made Man*: but vvhen *woman*, 'tis ſaid, *God builded her*: as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and moore *exact compoſition*. And, vvithout doubt, in her *body*, ſhee is much more *wonderfull*: & by this, vve may thinke her ſo in her *minde*. *Philoſophie* tels vs, Though the *ſoule* be not cauſed by the *body*; yet in the generall it follovves the tempera-

ment of it: so the *comeliest out-sides*, are naturally (for the most part) more *vertuous within*. If *place* can bee any priuiledge; vvee shall finde her built in *Paradise*, vvhen *Man* vvas made *without it*. 'Tis certaine, they are by *constitution* colder then the *boyling Man*: so by this, more *temperate*: 'tis *heate* that transports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*: 'tis that, vvhich hurries him to *a sauage & libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modest*: and *modesty* is the *seate* and *dwelling place* of *Vertue*. VVhence proceed the most *abhorrid villanies*, but from a *masculine vnblushing impudence*? VVhat a deale of *sweetnesse* doe we find in a *mild disposition*? VVhen a *Woman* grovves bold and daring, vve dislike her, & say, *shee is too like a man*: yet in our *selues*, we *magnifie* vvhat vve *condemne* in *her*. Is not this *iniustice*? *Euery man* is so much the *better*, by hovv much he comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*, then in being *mercifull*. Yet *Woman* is farre more *mercifull* then *Man*: It being a *Sexe*, vvherein *Pitty* and *compassion* haue dispers'd farre brighter *rayes*. *God* is sayd to be *Loue*; and I am sure, euery where *Women* is spoken of, for transcending in that *qualitie*. It was neuer found, but in *two men* onely, that their loue exceeded that of the *feminine Sexe*: and if you obserue them, you shall finde, they were both of *melting dispositions*. I know, when they proue *bad*, they are a sort of the *vilest creatures*: Yet still the same reason giues it: for, *Optima corrupta pessima*: *The best things corrupted, become the worst*. They are things, whose *soules* are of a more *ductible temper*, then the harder metall of *man*: so may be made

made both *better* and *worse*. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripedes* may be both true: and for the *tongue-vice*, *talkatiuenesse*, I see not, but at *meetings*, *Men* may very well *vie words* with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a *spirit*, so not so fit for *great Actions*. *Naturall heat* does more actuate the stirring *Genius* of *Man*. Their easie *Natures* make them somewhat more *vnresolute*: whereby *men* haue argued them of *feare* and *inconstancie*. But *men* haue alwaies held the *Parliament*, and haue enacted their owne *wills*, without euer hearing *them* speake: and then, how easie is it to conclude them *guiltie*? Besides, *Education* makes more difference betweene *men* and *them*, then *Nature*: and, all their *aspersions* are lesse noble, for that they are onely from their *Enemies*, *Men*. *Diogenes snarled bitterly*, when walking with another, hee spyed *two women* talking, and said, *See, the Viper and the Aspe are changing poyson*. The *Poet* was *conceited*, that said, *After they were made ill*, that *God made them fearefull*, that *Man might rule them*: *otherwise they had beene past dealing with*. *Catullus* his *Conclusion* was too generall, to collect a *deceit* in all *Women*, because hee was not confident of his *owne*.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quàm mihi: non si se Iupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My *Mistris* sweares, she'd leaue all men for me:
Yea, though that *Ioue* himselfe should *Suiter* be.

She ſayes it: but what *Women* ſweare to kind *Loues*, may be writ in *rapid ſtreames*, and *wind*.

I am reſolued to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* ſoeuer I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I ſhall finde it more in *Women*, then *Men*; though *weaker*, and more *infirmely garded*. I beleeue, they are *better*, and may bee wrought to bee *worſe*. Neither ſhall the *faults* of *many*, make me *vncharitable* to *All*: nor the *goodneſſe* of *ſome*, make mee *credulous* of the *reſt*. Though hitherto, I confeſſe, I haue not found more *ſweet* and *conſtant goodneſſe* in *Man*, then I haue found in *Woman*: and yet of *theſe*, I haue not found *a number*.

XXXI.

Of the loſſe of things loued.

NO *croſſes* doe ſo much affect vs, as thoſe that befall vs in the things wee *loue*. VVee are more grieued to loſe *one child of affection*, then we ſhould be for *many* that wee doe not ſo neerely care for, though *euery* of them bee like to vs, in reſpect of *outward relations*. The *Soule* takes a *freedome*, to indeare what it *liketh*, without diſcouering the *reaſon* to *Man*: and when that is taken from her, ſhee *mournes*, as hauing loſt a *ſonne*. VVhen the *choice of the Affections* dyes, a *generall lamentation* followes. To ſome things we ſo dedicate our ſelues, that in their *parting*, they ſeeme to take away euen the *ſub-*

ſtance

ſtance of our ſoule along: as if wee had laid vp the *treaſure of our liues*, in the fraile and moueable hold of *another*. The *Soule* is fram'd of ſuch an *actiue nature*, that 'tis impoſſible but it muſt aſſume *ſomething* to it ſelfe, to delight in: VVee ſeldome finde any, without a *peculiar delight* in ſome *peculiar thing*: though *various*, as their *fancies* leade them. *Honour*, *Warre*, *Learning*, *Muſicke*, do all finde their ſeuerall *votaries*: who, if they faile in their *ſoules wiſhes*, mourne immoderately. *Dauid* had his *Abſalon*: *Hannah's wiſh* was *children*: *Hamans thirſt* was *Honour*: *Achitophel* tooke the glory of his counſell. VVho would haue thought, that they could, for the miſſe of theſe, haue expreſſed ſuch *exceſſiue paſſions*? VVho would haue beleeued, that one neglection of his *Counſell*, would haue truſs'd vp *Achitophel* in a *voluntary Halter*? VVee then begin to be *miſerable*, when we are totally bent on ſome one *temporall obiect*. VVhat one *ſublunary Center* is there, which is able to receiue the *circles* of the *ſpreading ſoule*? All that wee finde heere, is too *narrow*, and too *little*, for the *patent affections* of the *minde*. If they could afford vs *happineſſe*, in their *poſſeſſions*, it were not then ſuch *fondneſſe* to inleague our ſelues with an *vndeuidable loue*: but being they cannot make vs *truly happy* in their *inioying*; and may make vs *miſerable* by their *parting*; it will bee beſt, not to *concenter* all our rayes vpon them. Into how many *ridiculous paſſages* doe they precipitate themſelues, that dote vpon a *roſey face*? VVho lookes not vpon *Dido*, with a kinde of *ſmiling pittie*, if *Virgil's Poetry* does not iniure her with

with *loue* to *Æneas*, rather then tell the truth of her *hate* to *Iarbas*.

Vritur infœlix Dido totaq; vagatur
Vrbe furens: qualis coniecta Cerua sagitta;
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit
Pastor agens telis: liquitq; volatile ferrum
Nescius: illa fuga syluas saltúsq; peragrat
Dictæos: hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.

Scorch't in fierce flames, through Cities seuerall (waies
Lost *Dido* wanders: like some *Deere* that strayes,
And vnawares, by some rude *Shepheards Dart*,
In her owne *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearefull heart,
Flies tripping through al *Dicte's* Groues & Plaines
Yet still the *deadly Arrow* stickes, and paines.

But for such *high-fed Loue* as this, *Crates triple-remedy* is the best that I know: either *Fasting*, or *Time*: and, if both these faile, *A Halter*. And surely hee deserues it, for robbing himselfe of his *Soule*. Certainely, they can neuer liue in *quiet*, that so vehemently intend a peculiar *quest*. *Feare* and *suspicion* startle their *affrighted mindes*: and many times, their *ouer-louing* is a cause of their *losse*: *Moderate care* would make it last the longer. Often handling of the *withering Flowre*, addes not to the *continuance*, but is a properation of more swift *decay*. VVho loues a *Glasse* so well, as hee will still bee playing with it, *breakes* that by his *childishnesse*, which might haue beene sound in the *Cellar* or *Case*. But, when in this wee shall lay vp all our

best

best contentments; vvhat doe vvee, but like *foolish Merchants*, venture all our *estate* in a *bottome*? It is not good to bring our selues into that absolute *necessitie*, that the failing of *one aime* should *perish* vs. VVho, that cannot swimme well, vvould with one *small thred*, hazzard himselfe in the faithlesse and vnsounded *Sea*? How pleasantly the *wise man laughs* at that, vvhich makes the *Lady weepe*; *The death of her little Dogge*? The *louing part* in her, vvanted an obiect: so *play*, and *lapping on it*, made her place it *there*: and that so *deepely*, that shee must bedew *her n'yes* at parting vvith't. How improuident are vvee, to make that, *affliction* in the *farewell*, vvhich while vvee had, vve knevv vvas not alwaies to *stay*: nor could (if wee so pleas'd not) theeue the least *mite* from vs. He is vnwise, that lets his *light spleene* clap his *wanton sides*, vvhich knovves it needes must *dye*, whens'ere the *Musicke* ceases. I like him, that can both *play*, and *winne*, and *laugh*: and *lose*, without a *chase*, or *sighes*. Our *loues* are not alwaies *constant*: their *obiects* are much more *vncertaine*; and *euents* more *casuall* then they. *Something* I must *like* and *loue*: but, *nothing* so violently, as to vndoe my selfe with wanting it. If I should euer bee intangled in that *snare*; I will yet cast the *worst*, and prepare as well for a *parting iourney*, as *cohabitation*. And to preuent all, I will bend my *loue* toward that, which can neither bee *lost*, nor admit of *excesse*. Nor yet vvill I euer loue a *Friend* so *little*, as that hee shall not command the *All* of an *honest man*.

Of

XXXII.

Of the vncertainety of life.

M*Iserable Breuitie*! more *miserable vncertainty* of *Life*! we are sure that we cannot *liue long*: and vncertaine that we shall *liue at all*. And euen while I am writing *this*, I am not sure my *Pen* shall end the *Sentence*. Our *life* is so *short*, that wee cannot in it, *contemplate* what our selues are: so *vncertaine*, as we cannot say, *we will resolue to doe it*. *Silence* was a full *answer* in that *Philosopher*, that being asked, *What hee thought of humane life*: sayd nothing, turn'd him round, and *vanisht*. Like *leaues* on *Trees*, we are the sport of euery *puffe* that blowes: and with the least *gust*, may be shaken from our *life* & *nutriment*. VVe *trauaile*, wee *study*, wee thinke to dissect the *World* with *continued searches*: vvhen vvhile vve are contriuing but the *neerest way* to't, *Age*, and *consumed yeeres* ore'take vs; and only *Labour* payes vs the *losses* of our *ill-expended time*. *Death* vvhiskes about the vnthought full *World*, and vvith a *Pegasean speede*, flyes vpon vnvvarie *Man*; vvith the *kicke* of his *heele*, or the *dash* of his *foote*, springing Fountaines of the teares of *Friends*. *Iuuenall* does tell vs, hovv *Life* vvings avvay:

——Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ, miseræque breuissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum serta, vnguenta, puellas
Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.

——The

——The ſhort-lyu'd *Flowre*, and *Portion*
Of poore, ſad *life*, poſt-haſteth to be gone:
And while we *drinke*, ſeeke *women*, *wreaths*, & *earn'd*
Applauſe, *old age* ſteales on vs *vn-diſcern'd*.

If *Nature* had not made *Man* an *actiue creature*, that hee ſhould bee delighted in *imployment*, nothing would conuince him of more *folly*, then the durance of ſome *enterprizes* that he takes in hand: for they are many times of ſuch a future length, as wee cannot in reaſon hope to liue till their *concluſion* comes. We *build*, as if we laid *foundations* for *eternitie*: and the *expeditions* we take in hand, are many times the length of three or foure *Lyues*. How many *Warriers* haue expir'd in their *expugnations*; leauing their *breath* in the places where they laid their *Siege*? Certainely, he that thinkes of *lifes caſualties*, can neither bee *careleſſe*, nor *couetous*. I confeſſe, we *may* liue to the *Spectacle*, and the *bearing-ſtaffe*: to the *ſtooping backe*, to the *ſnow*, or the *ſleekeneſſe* of the *declining crowne*: but, how few are there, that can vnfold you a *Dyarie* of ſo many *leaues*? More doe dye in the *Spring* and *Summer* of their yeeres, then liue till *Autumne*, or their *growned Winter*. When a man ſhall exhauſt his very *vitalitie*, for the hilling vp of *fatall Gold*; and ſhall then thinke, how a *Haire*, or *Fly* may ſnatch him in a moment from it: how it quels his *laborious hope*, & puts his poſting *minde* into a more ſafe and quiet pace? Vnleſſe we were ſure to enioy it, why ſhould any man ſtraine himſelfe, for more then is *conuenient*? I will neuer care too much, for that I am not

ſure

ſure to *keepe*. Yet, I know, ſhould all men reſpect but their *owne time*, an *Age* or two would finde the World in *ruine*: ſo that for ſuch actions, men may pleade their *charity*, that though they liue not to enioy thoſe things themſelues, they ſhall yet be beneficiall to *poſterity*. And I rather thinke this an *Instinct* that GOD hath put in *Man*, for the conſeruation of things: then an *intended Good* of the *Author* to his *followers*. Thus, as in *propagation*, wee are often more beholding to the *pleaſure* of our *Parents*, then their deſire of hauing vs: ſo in matters of the *World*, and *fortune*, the aimes of our *Predeceſſors* for themſelues, haue, by the ſecret worke of *prouidence*, caſt benefits vpon vs. I will not altogether blame him that I ſee begins *things laſting*. Though they bee *vanities* to him, becauſe hee knowes not who ſhall enioy them: yet they will bee things well fitted, for ſome that ſhall ſucceede them. They that doe me *good*, and know not of it, are cauſes of my *benefit*, though I do not owe them my *thanks*: and I will rather *bleſſe* them, as *inſtruments*; then *condemne* them, as not *intenders*.

XXXIII.

That good counſell ſhould not be valued by the perſon.

TO ſome, there is not a *greater vexation*, then to be aduiſed by an *Inferiour*. *Directions* are vnwelcome, that come to vs by aſcenſions: as if *wealth* only were the full accompliſhment of a *ſoule* within;

within; & could as well infuse an *inward iudgement*, as procure an *outward respect*. Nay, I haue knowne some, that being aduised by such, haue runne into a *worser contradiction*; because they would not seeme to learne of one below them: or if they see no other way conuenient, they will yet delay the *practice*, till they thinke the *Prompter* has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perillous height, then seeme to decline at the voyce of *one beneath them*. *Pitifull*! that we should rather *mischiefe our selues*, then be content to be *vnpriuiled*: For had wee but so much *humilitie*, as to thinke our selues but what wee are, *Men*; wee might easily beleeue, another might haue *braine* to equall vs. Hee is sicke to the ruine of himselfe, that refuseth a *Cordiall*, because presented in a *Spoone of wood*. That *Wisedome* is not *lastingly good*, which stops the *eare* with the *tongue*: that will command and *speake all*, without hearing the voyce of another. Euen the *Slaue* may sometimes sight on a way to *inlarge* his *Master*; when his owne *inuention* failes. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by *men below our state*: For, while a *Superior* is *sudden* and *fearelesse*, an *Inferiour* premeditates the *best*; lest being found *weake*, it might displease, by being too light in the *poize*. *Iob* reckons it a part of his *integrity*, that hee had not refused the *iudgement of his seruant*. 'Tis good to *command* and *heare* them. Why should wee shame by any *honest meanes*, to meete with *that* which benefits vs? In things that bee *difficult*, and not of important *secresie*, I thinke it not amisse to consult with

with *Inferiours*. Hee that lyes vnder the *Tree*, sees more then they that sit o'th top on't. *Nature* hath made the *bodies eyes* to *looke vpward* with more ease then *downe*: So, *the eye of the soule* sees better in *ascensions*, and things *meanely raised*. Wee are all with a kinde of *delectation*, carried to the *things aboue vs*: wee haue also better meanes of obseruing them, while wee are admitted their *view*, and yet not thought as *Spies*. In *things beneath vs*, not being so *delighted* with them, wee passe them ouer with *neglect*, and *not-obseruing*. *Seruants* are vsually our *best frienes*, or our *worst Enemies*: *Neuters* seldome. For, being knowne to bee priuie to our *retired actions*, and our more *continuall conuersation*; they haue the aduantage of being *beleeued*, before a *remoued friend*. *Friends* haue more of the *tongue*, but *Seruants* of the *hand*: and *Actions* for the most part, speake a *man* more truly then *Words*. *Attendants* are like to the *lockes* that belong to a *house*: while they are *strong* and *close*, they preserue vs in safety: but *weake* or *open*, we are left a *prey* to *theeues*. If they bee such as a *stranger* may picke, 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 *gards* of our *fame* and *welfare*. 'Tis good, I confesse, to consider how they stand *affected*: and to *handle* their *Counsels*, before wee *embrace* them: they may sometimes at once, both *please* and *poyson*. *Aduice* is as well *the wise mans fall*, as *the fooles Advancement*: and is often *most wounding*, when it strokes vs with a *silken hand*. All *families* are but *diminutiues* of a *Court*; where most men respect

more

more their owne *aduancement*, then the *honour* of their *Throned King*. The same thing, that makes a *lying Chamber-maid* tell a *foule Ladie*, that shee lookes *lonely*: makes a *base Lord*, soothe vp his *ill King* in *Mischiefe*. They both counsell, rather to *insinuate themselues*, by floating with a *light-low'd humour*; then to profit the *aduised*, and imbetter his *fame*. It is good to know the disposition of the *Counsellor*, so shall wee better iudge of his *counsell*; which yet if wee finde *good*, we shall doe well to follow, howsoeuer his affection stand. I will loue the *good counsell*, euen of a *bad man*. Wee thinke not *Gold* the worse, because 'tis brought vs in a *bagge of leather*: No more ought wee to contemne *good counsell*, because it is presented vs, by a *bad man*, or an *vnderling*.

XXXIV.

Of Custome in aduancing monie.

CVstome mis-leades vs all: we magnifie the *wealthy man*, though his *parts* be neuer so *poore*; the *poore man* we despise, bee he neuer so well otherwise *qualified*. To bee *rich*, is to be three parts of the way onward to *perfection*. To be *poore*, is to be made a *pauement* for the tread of the *full-minded man*. *Gold* is the onely *Couerlet* of *imperfections*: 'tis the *Fooles Curtaine*, that can hide all his *defects* from the *World*: It can make *knees bow*, and *tongues speake*, against the natiue *Genius* of the *groning heart*: It sup-

 ples

ples more then *Oyle*, or *Fomentations*: and can ſtiffen beyond the *Summer Sunne*, or the *Winters white-bearded cold*. In this wee differ from the ancient *Heathen*; They made *Iupiter* their *chiefe god*: and we haue crowned *Pluto*. Hee is *Maſter of the Muſes*, and can buy their *voyce*. The *Graces* waite on him: *Mercury* is his *Meſſenger*: *Mars* comes to him for his *pay*: *Venus* is his *Proſtitute*: Hee can make *Veſta* breake her *vow*: Hee can haue *Bacchus* be *merry* with him; and *Ceres feaſt* him, when he liſts: Hee is the *ſicke mans Eſculapius*: and the *Pallas* of an *emptie braine*: nor can *Cupid* cauſe *loue*, but by his *golden-headed Arrow*. *Money* is a *generall Man*: and without doubt, excellently parted. *Petronius* deſcribes his Qualities:

Quiſquis habet nummos, ſecura nauiget aura:
Fortunamq; ſuo temperet arbitrio.
Vxorem ducat Danaen, ipſumq; licebit
Acriſium iubeat credere, quod Danaen:
Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes
Et peragat cauſas, fitque Catone prior.
Iuriſconſultus, paret, non paret: habeto;
Atque eſto, quicquid Seruius aut Labeo.
Multa loquor: quid vis nummis præſentibus opta,
Et veniet: clauſum poſſidet arca Iouem.

The *moneyed-man* can ſafely ſaile all *Seas*:
And makes his *Fortune* as himſelfe ſhall pleaſe.
He can wed *Danae*, and command that now
Acriſius ſelfe that fatall match allow.

He

He can declame, chide, censure, *verses* write;
And doe *all things*, better then *Cato* might.
He knowes the *Law*, and rules it: hath and is
Whole *Seruius*, and what *Labo* could possesse.
In briefe; let *rich men* wish what'ere they loue,
'Twill come; they in a *lockt Chest* keepe a *Ioue*.

The *Time* is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied; which he gaue the reason why hee would bee buried *groueling*: wee haue made the *Earths bottome* powerfull to the *loftie skies*: *Gold*, that lay buried in the *buttocke* of the *World*; is now made the *head*, and *Ruler* of the *People*: putting all vnder it, we haue made it extensiue, as the *Spanish ambition*: and in the meane, haue vndeseruedly put *worth* below it. *Worth* without *wealth*, is like an *able seruant* out of *imployment*; he is fit for all businesses, but wants wherewith to put himselfe into any: hee hath good *Materials*, for a *foundation*: but misseth wherewith to reare 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 wee thinke him *wise*, for his *wealth alone*, wee appeare content, to be *misled* with the *Multitude*. To the *Rich*, I confesse, we owe something; but to the *wise man*, most: To *this*, for *himselfe*, and his *innate worthinesse*: to the *other*, as being *casually happy*, in things that of themselues are *blessings*; but neuer *so much*, as to make *Vertue mercenarie*: or a *flatterer* of *Vice*. *Worth* without *wealth*, besides the *natiue Nobleness*, ha's this in it, That it may bee 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 *Asse* withall.

XXXV.

That Sinne is more craftie then violent.

BEfore wee *sinne*, the *Deuill* shewes his *policie*; when we haue *sinned*, his *basenesse*: hee makes vs first reuile our *Father*: and then steps vp, to *witnesse* how we haue *blasphem'd*. He begs the *rod*, and the *wand*, for *faults* which had not beene, but for his owne *inticement*. Hee was neuer such a *Souldier*, as he is a *Politician*: Hee blowes vp more by *one Mine*, then he can kill by *tenne assaults*: He preuailes most by *Treaty*, and *facetious waies*. *Presents* and *Parlies* winne him more then the *cruell wound*, or the *dregge* of the *compulsiue hands*. All *sinne* is rather *subtill*, then *valiant*. The *Deuill* is a *coward*; and will, with thy *resisting*, flye thee: nor dare hee shew himselfe in *a noted good mans* company: if he does, he comes in *seeming-vertues*; and the garments of *belyed Truth*. *Vice* stands abash't at the glorious *Maiesty* of a good confirmed *Soule*. *Cato's* presence stopt the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralia's*. *Satan* beganne first with *hesitations*, and his sly-couch'd *Oratorie*: and euer since, he continues in *wiles*, in *stratagems*, and the *fetches* of a toyling *braine*: rather perswading vs to sinne, then vrging vs: and when wee haue done it, he seldome lets

lets vs ſee our *folly*, til we be plunged in ſome deepe *extremity*: then hee writes it in *capitall Letters*, and carries it as a *Pageant* at a *Show*, before vs. What could haue made *Dauid* ſo heartleſſe, when *Abſolom* roſe againſt him, but the guilt of his then preſented *ſinnes*? when hee *fled*, and *wept*, and *fled* againe? It appeares a *wonder*, that *Shimei* ſhould raile a *King* to his face: and vnpuniſht, braue him, and his Hoſt of *Souldiers*, caſting *ſtones*, and ſpitting *taunts*, while hee ſtood incompaſſed with his *Nobles*. Surely, it had beene impoſſible, but that *Dauid* was full of the horror of his *ſinnes*, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, hee acted but the *Deuils* part, ignobly to inſult ouer a man in miſery. *Calamity*, in the ſight of *worthineſſe*, prompts the *hand*, and opens the *purſe*, to relieue. 'Tis a *Hellifh diſpoſition*, that watcheth how to giue a *blow* to the man that is already reeling. VVhen wee are in danger, hee galls vs with what we haue done: and on our *ſicke beds*, ſhewes vs all our *ſinnes* in *multiplying Glaſſes*. He firſt drawes vs into *hated Treaſon*; and when wee are taken, and brought to the *Barre*, hee is both our *accuſer*, and *condemning witneſſe*. His *cloſe policy*, is now turn'd to declared *baſeneſſe*: nor is it a wonder: for *vnworthineſſe* is euer the end of *vnhonest Deceit*: yet ſure this *Coozenage* is the more condemned, for that it is ſo *ruinous*, and ſo *eaſie*. Who is it but may *coozen*, if he minds to be a *Villaine*? How poore and inhumane was the craft of *Cleomines*, that concluding a *League* for ſeuen daies, in the *night* aſſaulted the ſecure *enemy*? alledging, The *nights* were not excluded from *ſlaughter*.

Nothing is ſo like to *Satan*, as a *Knaue* furniſht with *diſhonest fraud*: the beſt way to auoyd him, is to diſdaine the *League*. I will rather labour for *valour*, at the firſt, to reſiſt him; then after *yeelding*, to endeuour a *flight*. Nor can I well tell which I ſhould moſt hate, the *Deuill*, or his *Machiauill*. For though the *Deuill* bee the more ſecret *Enemie*, yet the baſe *Politician* is the more familiar: and is indeed but a *Deuill* in *Hoſe* and *Doublet*, fram'd ſo, in an acquainted ſhape, to aduantage his *deceit* the more.

XXXVI.

Of Diſcontents.

THe *diſcontented man* is a *Watch* ouer-wound, wreſted out of tune, and goes falſe. *Griefe* is like *Inke* powred into *Water*, that fils the whole *Fountaine* full of *blackneſſe* and *diſuſe*. Like *miſt*, it ſpoyles the *burniſh* of the *ſiluer minde*. It caſts the *Soule* into the *ſhade*, and fils it more with conſideration of the *vnhappineſſe*, then thought of the *remedie*. Nay, it is ſo buſied in the *miſchiefe*, as there is neither roome, nor time for the waies that ſhould giue vs *releaſe*. It does diſſociate *Man*, and ſends him with *Beaſts*, to the lonelineſſe of *vnpathed Deſarts*, which was by *Nature* made a *Creature companiable*. Nor is it the *minde* alone, that is thus mudded; but euen the *body* is disfaired: it thickens the *complexion*, and dyes it into an *vnpleaſing ſwarthineſſe*:

thineſſe: the *eye* is dimme, in the *diſcoloured face*; and the whole man becomes as if ſtated in *ſtone* & *earth*. But, aboue all, thoſe *diſcontents* ſting deepeſt, that are ſuch as may not with ſafety be communicated: For, then the *Soule* pines away, and ſtarues, for want of *counſell*, that ſhould feede and cheriſh it. *Concealed ſorrowes*, are like the *vapours*, that being ſhut vp, occaſion *Earth-quakes*; as if the *VVorld* were plagued with a fit of the *Collicke*. That man is *truly miſerable*, that cannot but *keepe* his *miſeries*; and yet muſt not *vnfold* them. As in the *body*, whatſoeuer i staken in, that is *diſtaſtfull*, and continues there vnvoyded, does daily *impoſtume*, and gather, till at laſt it *kils*, or at leaſt *indangers* to extremity: ſo is it in the *minde*, *Sorrowes* entertain'd, and ſmother'd, doe *collect* ſtill, and ſtill *habituate* it ſo, that all *good diſpoſition* giues way to a *harſh moroſitie*. *Vexations*, when they daily *billow* vpon the *minde*, they froward euen the ſweeteſt *Soule*, and from a *dainty affabilitie*, turne it into *ſpleene* and *teſtineſſe*. It is good to doe with theſe, as *Iocaſta* did with *Oedipus*, caſt them out in their *infancie*, and lame them in their *feete*: or, for more ſafety *kill them*, to a not reuiuing. Why ſhould wee hug a *poyſoned Arrow* ſo cloſely in our *wounded boſomes*? Neither *griefes* nor *ioyes*, were euer ordained for *ſecrecie*. It is againſt *Nature*, that we ſhould ſo long goe with child with our *conceptions*; eſpecially when they are ſuch, as are euer ſtriuing, to quit the *ejecting VVombe*.

Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atq; cor æstuat intus,
Cogitur & vires multiplicare suas.

Vntold griefes choake, cynder the *Heart*: and by Restraint, their bnrning forces multiply.

I thinke, no man but would willingly tell them, if eyther *shame of the cause*, or *distrust of the friend*, did not bridle his *expressions*. Either of these intaile a mans mind to *miserie*. Euery *Sorrow* is a *short convulsion*; but he that makes it a *close prisoner*, is like a *Papist*, that keepes *Good-Friday* all the yeere; hee is euer *whipping*, and inflicting *penance* on himselfe, when he needs not. The *sad man* is an *Hypocrite*: for hee *seemes wise*, and is not. As the *eye* fixt vpon one *obiect*, sees other things but by halues and glancings: so, the *soule* intent on this *accident*, cannot discerne on other *contingencies*. *Sad obiects*, euen for *worldly things*, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like *Willowes*, if wee set them deepe, or let them stand too long, they will grow *trees*, and *ouerspread*, when wee intended them but for *stayes*, to *vphold*. *Sorrow* is a *dull passion*, and deads the actiuenesse of the *minde*. Mee thinkes *Crates* shew'd a *brauer Spirit*, when hee danc'd and laugh'd in his *threed-bare Cloake*, and his *Wallet* at his backe, which was all his *wealth*: than *Alexander*, when hee wept, that hee had not such a huge *Beast*, as the *Empire of the World*, to gouerne. Hee *contemned*, what this other did *cry* for. If I must haue *sorrow*, I will neuer be so in loue with it, as to keepe it to my *selfe* alone: nor will I euer so affect *cõpany*, as to liue where *vexations* shall daily salute me.

Of

XXXVII.

Of Natures recompencing wrongs.

THere be few *bodily imperfections*, but the *beautie of the minde* can *couer*, or *counteruaile*, euen to their *not-seeming*. For, that which is *vnsightly* in the *body*, though it bee our *misfortune*, yet it is not our fault. No man had euer power to *order Nature* in his owne *composure*: what we haue there, is such as we could neither giue our *selues*, nor *refuse* when it was *bequeathed* vs: but, what we finde in the *Soule*, is either the *blurre of the Man*, or the *blossome*, for which we praise him: because a *minde well qualified*, is oft beholding to the *industrie* of the *carefull Man*: and that againe which is mudded with a *vicious inquination*, is so, by the vilenesse of a *wilfull selfe-neglect*. Hence, when *our soule* findes a rarenesse in a *tuned soule*, we fixe so much on that, as we become charitable to the *disproportion'd body*, which wee finde containing it: and many times, the *failes of the one*, are *foyles*, to set off the *other*, with the greater *grace* and *lustre*. The *minds excellencie* can salue the *reall blemishes* of the *bodie*. In a man *deformed*, and *rarely qualified*, wee vse first to view his *blots*, and then to tell his *vertues*, that transcend them: which be as it were, *things* set off with more *glory*, by the pitty and defect of the *other*. 'Tis fit the *minde* should bee most magnified; which I suppose to bee the reason, why *Poets haue* ascribed

ascribed more to *Cupid*, the *Sonne*, that to *Venus*, the *Mother*: because *Cupid* strikes the *minde*, and *Venus* is but for the *body*. *Homer* sayes, *Minerua* cur'd *Vlysses* of his *wrinkles* and *balnesse*; not that she tooke them away by *supplements*, or the *deceiuing fucus*: but that hee was so *applauded*, for the *acutenesse* of an *ingenuous minde*, that men spared to obiect vnto him his *deformity*: and if it shall chance to be remembred, it will bee allayed with the adiunct of the other's *worth*. It was said of *bald, hookenos'd, crooke-footed Galba*, onely that his *wit* dwelt ill. *VVorth* then does vs the *best seruice*, when it both *hides the faults of Nature*, and brings vs into *estimation*. Wee often see *blemished bodies*, rare in *mentall excellencies*: which is an admirable *instinct of nature*, that being conscious of her owne *defects*, and not able to *absterge* them, she vses *diuersion*, and drawes the consideration of the *beholders*, to those parts, wherein shee is more confident of her *qualifications*. I doe thinke, for *worth* in many men, we are more beholding to the *defects of Nature*, then their owne *inclinary Loue*. And certainely, for *conuerse* among men, *beautifull persons* haue lesse need of the *mindes commending Qualities*. *Beauty* in it selfe, is such a *silent Orator*, as euer is pleading for *respect* and *liking*: and by the *eyes* of others, is euer sending to their *hearts* for *loue*. Yet, euen *this* hath this *inconuenience* in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the minde with *Noblenesse*. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the *minde* is ill. The *modest sweetnesse* of a *Lillied face*, makes men perswade the *heart* vnto *immodesty*: Had not *Dinah*

had

had so good a one, she had come home *vnrauished*. *Vnlouely features* haue more liberty to be *good* withall, because they are freer from *solicitations*. There is a kinde of *continuall Combate*, betweene *Vertue*, and *Proportions pleasingnesse*. Though it bee not a *Curse*; yet 'tis many times an *vnhappinesse* to bee *faire*.

Lucretia's fate warnes vs to wish no *face*
Like hers; *Virginia* would bequeath her grace
To Lute-backt *Rutila*, in exchange: for still,
The fairest Children doe their Parents fill
With greatest care; so seldome *modestie*
Is found to dwell with *Beautie*.——

—— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem*
Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere atq; suam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem
Corporis egregij miseros, trepidosq; parentes
Semper habet: rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.——

The words be *Iuuenals*. Aboue all therefore, I applaud that man which is *amiable* in both. This is the true *Marriage*, where the *body* and the *soule* are met, in the *similiarie robe* of *Comelinesse*: and he is the more to be affected, because wee may beleeue, he hath taken vp his *goodnesse*, rather vpon *loue to it*, then vpon *sinister ends*. They are *rightly vertuous*, that are so, without *incitation*: nor can it but argue, *vertue* is then strong, when it liues *vpright*, in the prease of *many temptations*. And, as these are

are the best in *others eyes*, so are they most composed in *themselues*. For heere *Reason* and the *sences* kisse; *disporting* themselues, with *mutuall speculations*: whereas those men, whose *mindes* and *bodies* differ, are like two that are *married* together, and *loue not*: they haue euer *secret reluctations*, and doe not *part* for any other reason, but because they *cannot*.

XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitternesse in iests.

IT is not good for a man to be too *tart* in his *Iests*. *Bitternesse* is for *serious Potions*; not for *Healths of merriment*, and the *iollities* of a *mirthfull Feast*. An *offensiue man* is the *Deuils Bellowes*, wherewith hee blowes vp *contentions* and *iarres*. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling then an *offensiue Truth*. For thereby we runne into two *great errors*. One is, wee *childe* that in a *loose laughter*, which should be *graue*, and sauour both of *loue* and *pitty*. So we rub him with a *poyson'd oyle*, which spreads the more, for being put in such a *fleeting suppleness*. The other is, wee descend to *particulars*, and by that meanes, draw the *whole company* to witnesse his disgrace we breake it on. The *Souldier* is not *noble*, that makes himselfe sport, with the wounds of his owne *companion*. VVhosoeuer will *iest*, should be like him that *flourishes* at a *Show*: hee may turne his *Weapon* any way, but not aime more

more at one, then at another. In this case, things *like Truth*, are better then *Truth it selfe*. Nor is it lesse ill then vnsafe, to fling about this *wormewood of the braine*: some *noses* are too tender to endure the strength of the *smell*. And though there bee many, like *tyled houses*, that can admit a falling sparke, vnwarm'd: yet some againe, are couer'd with such light, dry *Straw*, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your *troubled eares*: and when the *house* is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceede to mischiefe. *Exitus iræ, furor*: *Anger* is but a step from *Rage*; and that is wilde *fire*, vvhich vvill not be extinguished. I knovv, vvise *men* are not too nimble at an *iniury*. For, as vvith *fire* the *light stuffe*, and *rubbish*, kindles sooner then the *solid*, and more *compacted*: so *Anger* sooner inflames a *Foole*, then a man composed in his *resolutions*. But vve are not sure alvvaies to meete *discreete ones*: nor can vve hope it, vvhile vvee our selues are othervvise in giuing the *occasion*. *Fooles* are the greater number: *Wise men* are like *Timber-trees* in a *Wood*, heere and there one: and though they bee most acceptable, to *men wise*, like themselues, yet haue they neuer moore neede of *Wisedome*, then vvhen they conuerse vvith the *ringing elboes*: who, like *corrupt Ayre*, require many *Antidotes*, to keepe vs from being infected: But when wee grow *bitter* to a *wise man*, wee are then *worst*: For, hee sees further into the *disgrace*, and is able to harme vs more. *Laughter* should *dimple* the *checke*, not *furrow* the *brow* into ruggednesse. The *birth* is then *prodigious*, when

Mischiefe

Mischiefe is the *childe* of *Mirth*. All should haue libertie to laugh at a *Iest*: but if it throwes a disgrace vpon one, like the cracke of a *string*, it makes a *stop* in the *Musicke*. *Flouts* we may see proceed from an *inward contempt*; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a *generous mind* then *scorne*. *Nature* at first makes vs all *equall*: wee are differenc'd but by *accident*, and *outwards*. And I thinke 'tis a *Iealousie*, that she hath insus'd in *Man*, for the maintaining of her owne *Honour* against externall *causes*. And though all haue not wit to reiect the *Arrow*: yet most haue memorie to retaine the *offence*; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more *aduantage*, and *ease*. 'Tis but an *vnhappy wit*, that stirs vp *Enemies* against the *owner*. A man may spit out his *friend* from his *tongue*; or laugh him into an *Enemie*. *Gall* in *mirth* is an *ill mixture*: and sometime *truth* is *bitternesse*. I would wish any man to bee *pleasingly merry*: but let him beware, he bring not *Truth* on the *Stage*, like a *Wanton* with an edged *Weapon*.

XXXIX.

Of apprehension in wrongs.

WE make our selues more *iniuries* then are offered vs: they many times passe for *wrongs* in our *owne thoughts*, that were neuer meant so, by the *heart* of him that speaketh. The *apprehension of wrong*, hurts more, then the sharpest part of

of the *wrong* done. So, by falſly making of our ſelues *patients* of *wrong*, wee become the true and firſt *Actors*. It is not good, in matters of *diſcourteſie*, to diue into a mans *minde*, beyond his owne *Comment*: nor to ſtir vpon a doubtfull *indignitie*, without it: vnleſſe wee haue *proofes*, that carry *weight* and *conuiction* with them. *Words* doe ſometimes fly from the *tongue*, that the *heart* did neither *hatch* nor *harbour*. While we thinke to *reuenge* an *iniurie*, we many times *beginne one*: and after that, repent our *miſconceptions*. In things that may haue a *double ſence*, 'tis good to thinke, the *better* was intended: ſo ſhall wee ſtill both keepe our *friends*, and *quietneſſe*. If it be a *wrong* that is *apparent*: yet it is ſometimes better to *diſſemble* it, then play the *Waſpe*, then ſtriue to returne a *ſting*. A *wiſe mans glory is*, in paſſing by an *offence*: and this was *Salomons Philoſophie*. A *Foole* ſtrooke *Cato* in the *Bath*, and when hee was ſorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: For, ſayes *Seneca*, *Melius putauit non agnoſcere, quàm ignoſcere*. Hee would not come ſo neere *Reuenge*, as to acknowledge that hee had been *wronged*. *Light iniuries* are made *none*, by a not regarding: which, with a *purſuing reuenge*, grow both to height, and burthen. It ſtands not with the diſcretion of a *generous ſpirit*, to returne a *puniſhment* for euery *abuſe*. Some are ſuch, as they require nothing but *contempt* to kill them. The *cudgell* is not of vſe, when the *beaſt* but onely *barkes*. Though *much ſufferance* be a *ſtupiditie*: yet a little is of good eſteeme. Wee heare of many that are diſturbed with a *light offence*, and wee commend them for it:

because,

because, that which wee call *remedy*, slides into *disease*; and makes *that* liue to *mischiefe* vs, which else would *dye*, with giuing life to *safety*. Yet, I know not what *selfe-partialitie*, makes vs thinke our selues behind-hand, if wee offer not repayment in the *same coyne* wee receiued it. Of which, if they may stand for *reasons*, I thinke, I may giue you two. One is the *sudden apprehension of the minde*, which will endure any thing with more patience, then a *disgrace*; as if by the secret *spirits* of the *ayre*, it conueyed a *stab* to the *ætheriall soule*. Another is, because liuing among many, wee would iustifie our selues, to auoyd their *contempt*; and these being most such, as are not able to *iudge*: wee rather satisfie them by *externall actions*, then relye vpon a *iudicious verdict*, which giues vs in for *nobler*, by *contemning it*. Howsoeuer we may prize the reuengefull man for *spirit*: yet without doubt, 'tis *Princely* to *disdaine a wrong*: who, when *Embassadours* haue offered *vndecencies*, vse not to *chide*, but to deny them *audience*, as if *silence* were the *way Royall*, to reiect a *wrong*. Hee enioyes a *braue composednesse*, that seates himselfe, aboue the flight of the *inurious claw*. Nor does he by this shew his *weakenesse*, but his *wisedome*. For, *Qui leuiter sæuiunt, sapiunt magis: The wisest rage the least*. I loue the man that is *modestly valiant*: that stirres not till hee must needs; and then *to purpose*. A *continued patience* I commend not; 'tis different from what is *goodnesse*. For though *God* beares *much*, yet he will not beare *alwaies*.

When

XL.

When Vice is most dangerous.

WHen *Vice* is got to the *midst*, it is hard to stay her, till shee comes to the *end*. Giue a hot *Horse* his head at first, and he will surely runne away with you. Who can stop a man in the *thunder* of his *wrath*, till he hath a little discharg'd his *passion*, either by *intemperate speech*, or *blowes*? in vaine wee preach a *patience*, presently after the sence of the *losse*. What a stir it askes, to get a man from the *Tauerne*, when hee is but *halfe drunke*! *Desire* is dispersed into euery *veine*; that the *Body* is in all his parts *concupiscible*. And this dyes not in the way; but by *discharge*, or *recesse*. The *middle* of *extremes* is worst. In the *beginning*, hee may forbeare: in the *end*, he will leaue alone: in the *middest*, he cannot but goe on to worse; nor will he, in that heate, admit of any thing, that may teach him to desist. *Rage* is no *friend* to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer euen the *best aduice*. Bee counseld by the *Romane Ouid*:

Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cùm discedere posit,
Pugnat, in aduersas ire natator aquas.

When rage runnes swiftly, step aside and see
How hard th'approaches of fierce *Fury* bee.

When *dangers* may be ſhun'd, I reckon him
Vnwiſe, that yet againſt the ſtreame will ſwim.

We are ſo blinded in the *heate of the Chaſe*, that wee beate backe all *preſeruatiues*: or make them meanes to make our *vices* more. That I may keepe my ſelfe from the *end*, I will euer leaue off in the *beginning*. Whatſoeuer *Precepts* ſtrict *Stoiciſme* would giue vs, for the calming of *vntemper'd paſsion*, 'tis certaine, there is none like *running away*. *Preuention* is the *best bridle*. I commend the *Policy* of *Satyrus*, of whom *Ariſtotle* hath this Story; That being a *Pleader*, and knowing himſelfe *chollericke*, and in that *whirre* of the *minde*, apt to ruſh vpon foule *transgreſsion*; he vſed to ſtop his eares with *waxe*, leſt the ſenſe of *ill Language*, ſhould cauſe his *fierce blood* ſeethe in his *diſtended skinne*. It is in *Man* to auoyd the *occaſion*; but not the *inconuenience*, when hee hath admitted it. Who can retyre in the *impetuous girds* of the *Soule*? Let a *Giant* knocke, while the doore is ſhut, hee may with eaſe bee ſtill kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a *limme* of himſelfe: then is there no courſe left, to keepe out the intirer *bulke*.

XLI.

That all things are reſtrained.

I Cannot thinke of any *thing*, that hath not ſome *enemy*, or ſome *Antagoniſt*, to reſtraine it, when it

it growes to *excesse*. The whole *world* is kept in order by *discord*; and euery part of it, is but a more particular *composed iarre*. Not a *Man*, not a *beast*, not a *creature*, but haue something to ballast their *lightnesse*. One *scale* is not alwaies in *depression*, nor the other lifted euer *high*, but the alternate waue of the *beame*, keepes it euer in the *play* of motion. From the *Pismire* on the *tufted hill*, to the *Monarch* in the *raised Throne*, nothing but hath somewhat to *awe* it. VVee are all heere like *birds* that *Boyes* let flye in strings: when wee *mount* too *high*, wee haue that which puls vs *downe* againe. VVhat man is it which liues so *happily*, which feares not something, that would sadden his *soule* if it fell? nor is there any whom *Calamity* doth so much *tristitiate*, as that hee neuer sees the *flashes* of some warming *ioy*. *Beasts* with *beasts* are *terrified* and *delighted*. *Man* with *Man* is *awed* and *defended*. *States* with *States* are *bounded* and *vpholded*. And in all these, it makes greatly for the *Makers* glory, that such an admirable *Harmony* should bee produced out of such an *infinite discord*. The *world* is both a perpetuall *warre*, and *a wedding*. *Heraclitus* call'd *Discord* and *Concord* the vniuersall *Parents*. And to raile on *Discord* (saies the Father of the *Poets*) is to speake ill of *Nature*. As in *Musicke* sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet neuer one *long*, nor neuer all at *once*: So sometimes one *State* gets a *Monarchy*, sometime another; sometimes one *Element* is violent, now another; yet neuer was the whole *world* vnder one long, nor were all the *Elements* raging together. Euery

ſtring has his *vſe*, and his *tune*, and his *turne*. When the *Aſſyrians* fell, the *Perſians* roſe. When the *Perſians* fell, the *Grecians* roſe. The loſſe of one *Man*, is the gaine of *another*. 'Tis *viciſsitude* that maintaines the *World*. As in infinite *circles* about one *Center*, there is the ſame *Method*, though not the ſame *meaſure*: So, in the ſmalleſt *creature* that is, there is an *Epitome* of a *Monarchy*, of a *VVorld*, which hath in it ſelfe *Conuulſions*, *Areſcations*, *Enlargements*, *Erections*: which, like props keepe it *vpright*, which way ſoeuer it *leanes*. 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 foure *Elements*, & thoſe bee contraries. The yeere is quartered into different *ſeaſons*. The body both conſiſts, and is nouriſhed by *contraries*. How diuers, euen in *effect*, are the *birds* and the *beaſts* that *feede vs*? and how diuers againe are thoſe things that *feede them*? how many ſeuerall qualities haue the *plants* that they *browſe* vpon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd *Sallad* doe they make? The *minde* too is a *mixture* of *diſparities*: *Ioy*, *ſorrow*, *hope*, *feare*, *hate*, and the like. Neither are thoſe things *pleaſing*, which flow to vs, in the *ſmoothneſſe* of a free *proſtitution*. A gentle *reſiſtance* heightens the deſires of the *ſeeker*. A friendly *warre*, doth indulciate the inſuing *cloze*. 'Tis *variety* that hits the *humours* of both ſides. 'Tis the *imbecillity* of declining *Age*, that *commits* man priſoner to a *ſedentary* ſettlednesse. That which is the vigor of his *life*, is *ranging*, *Heate* and *cold*, *drineſſe* and *moyſture*, *quarrell* & *agree* within

within him. In all which, he is but the great *worlds Breuiary*. Why may wee not thinke the *world* like a *Masquing Battell*, which *God* commanded to bee made for his owne content in viewing it? Wherin, euen a *dying Fly* may lecture out the *worlds Mortalitie*. Surely, wee deceiue our selues, to thinke on *earth*, *continued ioyes* would please. 'Tis a way that crosses that which *Nature* goes. Nothing would be more tedious, then to bee glutted with perpetuall *Iollities*: were the *body* tyed to one *dish* alwaies, (though of the most exquisite *delicate*, that it could make choyse of) yet after a small time, it would complaine of *loathing* and *satiety*. And so would the *soule*, if it did euer *epicure* it selfe in *ioy*. *Discontents* are sometimes the better part of our *life*. I know not well which is the more *vsefull*; *Ioy* I may chuse for *pleasure*, but *aduersities* are the best for *profit*. And sometimes these doe so farre helpe me, as I should without them, want much of the *ioy* I haue.

XLII.

Of Dissimulation.

Dissimulation in Vice, is like the *braine in Man*. All the *Sences* haue recourse to *that*, yet is it much *controuerted*, whether that at all be *sensitiue*, or no: So, all *vices* fall into *dissimulation*, yet is it in a *dispute*, whether that in it selfe be a *vice*, or no. Sure, men would neuer act *Vice* so freely, if they thought not they could escape the *shame* on't by *dissembling*.

Vice hath such a *loathed* looke with her, that shee desires to be euer *masqued*. *Deceit* is a *dresse* that she does continually weare. And howsoeuer the *Worlds* corrupted *course* may make vs sometimes vse it; euen this will *condemne* it, that it is not of vse, but either when wee doe ill our *selues*; or meet with ill from others. Men are *deuided* about the question; some disclaime *all*, some admit too *much*, and some haue hit the Meane. And surely, as the *World* is, it is not all *condemnable*. There is an *honest policy*. The *heart* is not so farre from the *tongue*, but that there may be *a reseruation*; though not a *contradiction* betweene them. All *policy* is but circumstantiall *dissembling*; *pretending* one thing, *intending* another. Some will so farre allow it, as they admit of an absolute *recesse* from a *word* already *passed*, and say, that *Faith* is but a *Merchants*, or *Mechanicke vertue*. And so they make it higher, by making it a regall *vice*. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiauell*: or else hee is honester then his wont, where he confesses, *Vsus fraudis in cæteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis. That fraud which in warre is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable.* 'Tis certaine there is a *prerogatiue* in *Princes*, which may *legitimate* something in their *Negotiations*, which is not allowable in a *priuate person*. But euen the grant of this *liberty*, hath encouraged them to too great an *inlargement*. *State* is become an *irreligious Riddle*. *Lewis* the eleuenth of *France*, would wish his sonne to learne no more *Latine*; then what should teach him to bee a *dissembling Ruler*. The plaine *heart* in *Court*, is but

growne

growne a better word for a *Foole*. Great *Men* haue occasions both more, and of more *weight*, and such as require contriuings, that goe not the *ordinary* way; lest being *traced*, they be *countermined*, and fall to *ruine*. The ancient *Romans* did (I thinke) *miscall* it, *Industry*. And when it was against an *enemy*, or a bad *man*, they needs would haue it *commendable*. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hanibal*, by eluding his *oath*, was by the *Senate* (as *Liuie* tels vs) *apprehended* and *sent* backe againe. They *practiz'd* more then some of them *taught*; though in this deede, there was a greater *cause* of performance, because there was a *voluntary* trust reposed. Contrary to the *opinion* of *Plato*, that allowed a lye lawfull, either to saue a *Citizen*, or deceiue an *enemy*. There is a *sort*, that the *Poet* bids vs *coozen*.

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

Coozen the Coozeners, commonly they be
Profane: let their owne snare their ruine be.

But sure wee goe too farre, when our *coozenage* breeds their *mischiefe*. I know not well whether I may goe along with *Lipsius*; *Fraus triplex: prima leuis, vt dissimulatio, & diffidentia; hanc suadeo. Secunda media, vt conciliatio, & deceptio: illam tollero. Tertia magna, vt perfidia, & iniustitia: istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyrs 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 'tis any way author of *harme*. Certainly, the *vse* of it any way is as great a *fault*, as an *imperfection*: and carries a kinde of *diffidence* of *God* along with it. I beleeue if *Man* had not *falne*, hee should neuer need haue vs'd it: & as he is now, I thinke no *Man* can liue without it. The best way to *auoyd* it, is to *auoyd* much *businesse* and *Vice*. For if *men defend* not in some sort, as others *offend*; while you maintaine one *breach*, you leaue another vnmann'd; and for *Vice*, shee euer thinkes in this *darke*, to hide her abhorred *foulnesse*. If I must *vse* it, it shall bee onely so, as I will neither by it, *dishonour Religion*, nor bee a *cause* of *hurt* to my *neighbour*.

XLIII.

Of Censure.

TIs the *easiest* part to *censure*, or to *contradict* a *truth*. For *truth* is but *one*, and seeming *truthes* are *many*: and few *workes* are performed without *errours*. No man can *write* sixe lines, but there may be something, one may *carpe* at, if he bee disposed to *cauill*. *Opinions* are as *various*, as *false*. *Iudgements* is from euery *tongue*, a *seuerall*. *Men* thinke by *censuring* to be *accounted wise*; but in my *conceit*, there is nothing layes forth more of the *Foole*. For this you may euer *obserue*; they that *know* least, *censure* most. And this I beleeue to bee a *reason*, why men

men of *precise liues*, are often *rash* in this *extrauagancie*. Their *retyrednesse* keepes them *ignorant*, in the *course* of *businesse*; if they weighed the *imperfections* of *humanity*, they would breathe lesse *condemnation*. *Ignorance* giues *disparagement*, a lowder *tongue* then *Knowledge* does. *Wise men* had rather *know* then *tell*. Frequent *dispraises* are at best, but the *faults* of *vncharitable* wit. Any *Clowne* may see the *Furrow* is but *crooked*, but where is the *Man* that can *plow* me a *streight* one? The best *workes* are but a kind of *Miscellany*; the cleanest *Corne* will not bee without some *soile*. No, not after often *winnowing*. There is a *tincture* of *corruption*, that dyes euen all *Mortalitie*. I would wish men in *workes* of others, to *examine* two things before they *iudge*. Whether it be more *good*, then *ill*: And whether they themselues could at first haue perform'd it *better*. If it bee most *good*, wee doe *amisse*, for some *errours* to condemne the *whole*. Who will cast away the whole *body* of the *Beast*, because it inheld both *guts* and *ordure*? As man is not iudged *good* or *bad*, for one *action*, or the fewest *number*; but as hee is most in *generall*: So, in *workes*, wee should weigh the *generality*, and according to that, *censure*. If it bee rather *good* then *ill*, I thinke hee deserues some *praise*, for raising *Nature* aboue her ordinary *flight*. Nothing in this *World* can bee framed so entirely *perfect*, but that it shall haue 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 wee had neuer seene that *frame*, whether or no, wee thinke wee could haue *mended* it.

it. To *espy* the *inconueniencies* of a house built, is *easie*, but to lay the *plot* at first, well; is matter of more *pate*, and speakes the *praise* of a good *Contriuer*. The *crooked lines* helpe better to shew the *streight*. *Iudgement* is more certaine by the *eye*, then in the *fancy*, surer in things *done*, then in those that *are* but in *cogitation*. If wee finde our selues able to correct a *Coppy*, and not to produce an *Originall*, yet dare to *deprauе*; wee shew more *Criticisme*, then *Ability*. Seeing wee should rather magnifie him, that hath *gone* beyond vs; then *condemne* his *worth* for a few *failes*. *Selfe examination* will make our *iudgements* charitable. 'Tis from where there is no *iudgement*, that the heauiest *iudgement* comes. If wee must needs *censure*, 'tis good to doe it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelue *Cæsars*; tell both their *vertues*, and their *vices* vnpartially: and leaue the vpshot to *collection* of the priuate *minde*. So shall we learne by hearing of the *faults*, to auoyd them: and by knowing the *vertues*, practize the like. Otherwise, wee should rather *praise* a man for a little *good*, then brand him for his more of *ill*. Wee are full of *faults* by *Nature*, we are *good*, not without our *care* and *industry*.

XLIV.

Of Wisedome and Science.

Science by much is short of *Wisedome*. Nay, so farre, as I thinke, you shall scarce finde a more

Foole,

Foole, then ſometimes a meere *Scholler*. Hee will ſpeake *Greeke* to an *Oſtler*, and *Latine* familiarly, to *women* that vnderſtand it not. *Knowledge* is the *treaſure* of the *minde*; But *Diſcretion* is the *key*: without which, it lyes *dead*, in the dulneſſe of a *fruitleſſe reſt*. The *practique* part of *Wiſedome*, is the beſt. A natiue *ingenuity*, is beyond the watchings of *induſtrious* ſtudy. *Wiſedome* is no *Inheritance*, no not to the greateſt *Clerkes*. Men *write*, commonly more formally, then they *practize*: and they *conuerſing* onely among *bookes*, are put into *affectation*, and *pedantiſme*. He that is built of the *Preſſe*, and the *Pen*, ſhall be ſure to make himſelfe *ridiculous*. *Company* and *Conuerſation* are the beſt *Inſtructors* for a *Noble behauiour*. And this is not found in a *melancholy* ſtudy alone. VVhat is written, is moſt from *Imagination*, and *Fancy*. And how *ayery* muſt they needs be, that are *congeriated* wholy, on the fumes, perhaps, of *diſtempered braines?* For if they haue not *iudgement*, by their *Learning*, to amend their *conuerſations*; they may well want *iudgement* to chuſe the worthieſt *Authors*. I grant they *know much*: and I thinke any man may *doe ſo*, that hath but *memory*, and beſtowes ſome time in a *Library*. There is a *flowing noblenesse*, that ſome men bee graced with, which farre out-ſhines the *notions* of a *timed Student*. And without the vaine *purles* of *Rhetorique*; ſome men ſpeake more *excellently*, euen from *Natures* owne *iudicioufneſſe*, then can the *Scholler* by his *quiddit* of *Art*. How *fond* and *vntuneable* are a *Freſh-mans brawles*, when wee meete them out of their *Colledge?* with many times a long *recited Sentence*,

tence, quite out of the *way*. *Arguments* about *nothing*; or at best, *nicities*. As one would bee of *Martins Religion*, another of *Luthers*, and so quarrell about their *Faith*. How *easie* an *inuention* may put false matters into true *Syllogismes*? So, I see how *Seneca* laught at them. *O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimiſimus? Disputationes istæ, vtinam tantũ non prodessent, nocent. O most childish follies! is it for this wee knit our browes, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations onely did not profit vs; but they are hurtfull.* In *discourse*, giue me a *Man* that speakes *reason*, rather then *Authors*: rather *Sence*, then a *Syllogisme*: rather his *owne*, then *anothers*. He that continually *quotes* others, *argues* a barrennesse in *himselfe*, which forces him, to be euer a *borrowing*. In the one, a man bewrayes *Iudgement*; in the other, *Reading*. And in my *opinion*, 'tis a greater *commendation* to say, hee is *wise*, then well *read*. So farre I will honour *Knowledge*, as to thinke, this *art* of the *braine*, when it meetes with able *Nature* in the *minde*, then onely makes a *man* compleat. Any *Man* shall speake the better, where hee *knowes*, what others haue sayd. And sometimes the *consciousnesse* of his inward *knowledge*, giues a *confidence* to his outward *behauiour*: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his *carriage*.

That

XLV.

That misapplication makes Passion ill.

I Reade it but of *one*, that 'tis said, Hee was a *Man after Gods owne heart*. And *Him*, among all others, I find extremely *passionate*, and very *valiant*. Who euer read such bitter *Curses*, as hee *prayes* may light vpon his *Enemies? Let Death come hastily vpon them: and let them goe quicke to Hell. Let them fall from one wickeednesse to another. Let them bee wiped out of the Booke of Life. Let their prayer bee turned into sinne.* Certainely, should such *imprecations* fall from a Moderne *tongue*, wee should *censure* them for want of *charity*: and I thinke we might doe it *iustly*. For *God* hath not giuen vs *Commission* to *curse* his *enemies*, as hee did to *Dauid*. The *Gospell* hath set *Religion* to a sweeter *Tune*. The *Law* was giuen with *Thunder*, striking *Terror* in the *Hearers*. The *Gospell* with *Musicke*, *Voyces*, and *Angellike apparitions*. The *Law* came in like *Warre*, threatning *ruine* to the *Land of Man*. The *Gospell* like *Peace*, in the soft *pleasures of vniting Weddings*. And this may satisfie for his *rigour*: But if we *looke* vpon him, in another *trimme* of the *minde*: how smooth hee is, and *mollifying*? how does his *soule* melt it selfe into his *eyes*, and his *bowels* flow, with the *full streames of compassion?* How fixt hee was to *Ionathan*? how like a weake and tender *woman*, hee laments his *Rebell Absalom*, and *weepes* oftner, then I thinke wee

reade

reade of any through the whole *Story* of the *Bible*? His *valour*, we cannot doubt: it is so *eminent* in his *killing* of the *Beare* and *Lyon*: in his *Duell* with that huge *Polypheme* of the *Philistims*, and his many other *Martiall Acts* against them. So that there seemes to be in him, the highest pitch of *contrarying passions*: and yet the man from *Gods owne Mouth*, hath a testimony of a true *approuement*. When *passions* are directed to their right *end*, they may faile in their *manner*, but not in their *measure*. When the *subiect* of our *hatred* is *Sinne*, it cannot bee *too deepe*: When the *obiect* of our *Loue* is *God*, it cannot bee *too high*. *Moderation* may become a *fault*. To be but *warme*, when *God* commands vs to be *hot*, is *sinfull*. We belye *Vertue* into the constant dulnesse of a *Mediocrity*. I shall neuer condemne the *nature* of those *men*, that are sometimes *violent*: but those that know not, when 'tis *fit* to be so. *Valour* is then best temper'd, when it can turne out of a sterne *Fortitude*, into the milde straines of *Pitty*. 'Tis written to the *honour* of *Tamberlaine*, that conquering the *Muscouites* with expression of a *Princely valour*, hee fals from the *ioy* of the *victory*, to a *lamentation* of the *many casuall Miseries* they endure, that are tyed to *follow* the *leading* of *Ambitious Generals*. And all this, from the sight of the *field*, couered with the *soulelesse man*. Some report of *Cæsar*, that hee *wept* when hee heard how *Pompey* dy'd. Though *Pitty* be a downy *vertue*, yet shee neuer shines more *brightly* then when shee is clad in *steele*. A *Martiall man compassionate*, shall conquer both in *Peace* and *VVarre*: and by a two-

fold

fold *way*, get *Victory* with *honour*. *Temperate men* haue their *paſsions* ſo ballanced within them, as they haue none of either ſide in their *height* and *purity*. Therefore as they ſeldome fall into *foule acts*: ſo they very rarely caſt a luſtre, in the excelling *deeds of Noblenes*. I obſerue in the generall, the moſt *famed men of the world*, haue 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 *vertue* of ſingular *worth*: But without doubt, *high Spirits* directed *right*, will beare away the *Bayes* for more *glorious actions*. Theſe are beſt to raiſe *Common-wealths*: but the other are beſt to *rule them after*. This, beſt keepes in *order*, when the other hath ſtood the *ſhocke* of an *innouation*; of either, there is excellent *vſe*. As I will not *ouer-value* the *moderate*: ſo I will not too much *diſ-eſteeme* the *violent*. An arrow *aimed right*, is not the worſe for being *drawne home*. That *action* is beſt done, which being *good*, is done with the *vigor* of the *ſpirits*. What makes *zeale* ſo *commendable*, but the *feruency* that it *carrieth* with *it*?

Of

XLVI.

Of the waste and change of Time.

I Looke vpon the lauish *Expences* of former *Ages*, with *Pitty* and *Admiration*, That those things men built for the *honour* of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten vp by the *steely teeth of Time*: or else, rest as *monuments*, but of their *Pride*, and *Luxurie*. Great *workes* vndertaken for *ostentation*, misse of their *end*, and turne to the Authors *shame*: if not; the *transitions* of *Time*, weare out their ingraued *names*, and they last not much longer then *Caligulaes Bridge* ouer the *Baiæ*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the *Ship bestriding Colossus*? where is *Marcus Scaurus Theater*, the *Bituminated Wals of Babylon*? and how little *rests* of the *Ægyptian Pyramides*? and of these how diuers does *report* giue in their *Builders*? some ascribing them to *one*, some to *another*. Who would not pitty the *toyles* of *Vertue*, when hee shall find greater *honour* inscribed to loose *Phryne*, then to victorious *Alexander*? who when hee had razed the *Wals* of *Thebes*, shee offer'd to *re-edifie* them, with *condition* this *Sentence* might but on them bee *inlitter'd*: *Alexander pull'd them downe; but Phryne did rebuild them*. From whence, some haue *iested* it into a *quarrell* for *fame*, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thiefe*: Doubtlesse, no *Fortifications* can hold, against the cruell *deuastations* of *Time*.

I

I could neuer yet finde any *estate*, exempted from this *Mutabilitie*. Nay, those which wee would haue thought had beene held vp with the strongest *pillers of continuance*, haue yet suffered the extremest *changes*. The houses of the *dead*, and the *vrned bones*, haue sometimes met with *rude hands*, that haue scattered them. Who would haue thought when *Scanderbeg* was laid in his *tombe*, that the *Turkes* should after *rifle* it, and weare his *bones* for *Iewels*? *Change* is the great Lord of the *World*; *Time* is his *Agent*, that brings in all things, to suffer his *vnstaid Dominion*.

——Ille tot Regum parens,
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flamma indiget,
Ardente Troia——

——He that had a *Prince* each sonne,
Now finds no *graue*, and *Troy* in flames,
He wants his Funerall one.

VVe are so farre from *leauing* any thing certaine to *posterity*, that we cannot bee sure to *inioy* what we *haue*, while wee *liue*. VVee *liue* sometimes to see more *changes* in our selues, then wee could *expect* could *happen* to our *lasting off-spring*: As if none were *ignorant* of the *Fate* the *Poet* askes.

Diuitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste tulit.
Ille, Syracusia modo formidatus in vrbe,
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.

VVho has not heard of *Crœsus* heapes of Gold,
Yet knowes his Foe did him a prisʼner hold?
He that once awʼd *Sycilia's* proud extent,
By a poore *Art*, could *Famine* scarce preuent.

VVe 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 *ventring* againe, with *hope* of *increase*, they *lose* with *griefe*, that they did not rest *contented*. There is nothing that wee can *confidently* call our owne: or that wee can surely say, wee shall either *doe*, or *auoid*. VVee haue no *power* ouer the *present*: Much lesse *ouer* the *future*, when we shall be *absent*, or *dissolued*. And in4eed, if wee consider the *World* right, wee shall finde some *reason*, for these continuall *Mutations*. If euery one had *power*, to transmit the certaine *possession* of all his *acquisitions*, to his owne *Succeeders*, there would bee *nothing* left, for the *Noble deeds* of *new aspirers to purchase*: VVhich would quickly betray the *world*, to an *incommunicable dulnesse*: and vtterly *discourage* the generous *designes* of the *stirring*, and more *elementary spirit*. As things now are, euery man thinkes something may *fall* to his *share*: and since it must *crowne* some indeauours, hee *imagines*, why not his? Thus by the *various* treads of *Men*, euery *action* comes to be *done*, which is requisite for the *Worlds maintaining*. But since nothing heere *below* is certaine, I will neuer *purchase* any thing, with too-great a *hazzard*. 'Tis *Ambition*, not *Wisedome*, that makes *Princes* hazzard their whole *estates* for an *honour* meere-

meerely *titular*. If I finde that *lost*, which I thought to haue *kept*; I will comfort my selfe with this, that I knew the *World* was changeable; and that as *God* can take away a *lesse good*: so he can, if hee please, conferre me a *greater*.

XLVII.

Of Death.

THere is no *Spectacle* more *profitable*, or more *terrible*, then the sight of a *dying man*, whē he lyes expiring his *soule* on his *death-bed*: to see how the ancient society of the *body* and the *soule* is diuelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the *parting*: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The *spirits* shrink inward, and retyre to the anguisht *heart*: as if, like *Sons* prest from an *indulgent Father*, they would come for a sad *Vale*, from that which was their *lifes maintainer*: while that in the meane time pants with *afrighting pangs*; and the *hands* and *feet*, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldned to a *fashionable clay*: as if *Death* crept in at the *nailes*, and by an *insensible surprize*, suffocated the *inuiron'd heart*. To see how the *mind* would faine vtter it selfe, when the *Organes of the voyce* are so debillitated, that it cannot. To see how the *eye* settles to a fixed *dimnesse*, which a little before, was swift as the *shootes of Lightening*, nimbler then the *thought*, and bright as the *polisht Diamond*: and in which, this *Miracle* was more eminent then in any of the *other*

parts, That it, being a *materiall earthly body*, should yet be conueyed with *quicker motion*, then the reuolutions of an *indefinite soule*. So suddenly bringing the *obiect* to *conceits*, that one would thinke, the *apprehension of the heart* were seated in the *eye* it selfe. To see all his *friends*, like *Conduits*, dropping *teares* about him; while hee neither knowes his *wants*, nor they his *cure*. Nay, euen the *Physician*, whose whole *life* is nothing but a *Study* and *practice* to continue the *liues* of *others*: and who is the *Anatomist* of generall *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 shin'd a *louely Maiesty*, euen to the captiuing of *admiring soules*) now altered to a frightfull *palenesse*, and the terrors of a *gastly looke*. To thinke, how that which commanded a *Family*, nay perhaps a *Kingdome*; and kept all in awe, with the moouing of a *spongie tongue*, is now become a thing so full of *horrour*, that *children* feare to see it: and must now therefore bee transmitted from all these *inchanting blandishments*, to the darke and hideous *graue*: VVhere, in stead of shaking of the *golden Scepter*, it now lies imprison'd but in fiue foot of *Lead*: and is become a *nest of wormes*, a *lumpe of filth*, a *boxe of pallid putrefaction*. There is euen the difference of two seuerall VVorlds, betwixt a King enamel'd with his *Robes* and *Iewels*, sitting in his *Chaire* 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 losse of any *visible substantiall*:

Since

Since all the *limbes* remaine as they were, without the leaſt ſigne, either of *diſlocation*, or *diminution*. From hence 'tis, I thinke, *Scaliger* defines *Death* to bee the *Ceſſation of the Soules functions*: as if it were rather a *reſtraint*, then a *miſsiue ill*. And if any thing at all bee wanting, 'tis onely *colour*, *motion*, *heate*, and *empty ayre*. Though indeed, if wee conſider this *diſſolution*, *man* by *death* is abſolutely diuided and diſman'd. That groſſe obiect which is left to the ſpectators eyes, is now onely a compoſure but of the two *baſer Elements*, *Water*, and *Earth*: that now it is theſe two only, that ſeeme to make the *body*, while the two purer, *Fire* and *Ayre*, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an *elementall* and *aſcentiue Soule*. When thou ſhalt ſee alſo theſe things happē to one whoſe *conuerſation* had indeared him to thee; when thou ſhalt ſee the *body* put on *Deaths* ſad and aſhy *countenance*, in the dead age of *night*, when *ſilent darkeneſſe* does incompaſſe the dimme light of thy *glimmering Taper*, and thou heareſt a *ſolemne Bell* toled, to tell the *World* of it; which now, as it were, with this ſound, is ſtruck into a *dumbe attention*: Tell me if thou canſt then find a thought of thine, deuoting thee to *pleaſure*, and the fugitiue *toyes* of *life*? O what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *winke of life is man*! And with what a generall ſwallow, *Death* ſtill gapes vpon the *generall World*! When *Hadrian* askt *Secundus*, What *Death* was: Hee anſwered in theſe ſeuerall truthes: *It is a ſleepe eternall*; *the Bodies diſſolution*; *the rich mans feare*; *the poore mans wiſh*; *an euent ineuitable*; *an vncertaine*

Iourney; a Thiefe that ſteales away man; Sleepes father; Lifes flight; the departure of the liuing; and the reſolution of all. VVho may not from ſuch *ſights* and *thoughts* as theſe, learne, if he will, both *humility* and *loftineſſe?* the one, to vilifie the *body*, which muſt once periſh in a *ſtenchfull naſtineſſe*; the other to aduance the *Soule*, which liues heere but for a higher, and more heauenly *aſcenſion?* As I would not care for too much indulgiating of the *fleſh*, which I muſt one day yeeld to the *wormes*: So I would euer bee ſtudious for ſuch actions, as may appeare the iſſues of a *noble* and *diuiner Soule*.

XLVIII.

Of Idleneſſe.

THe *Idle man* is the *barreneſt piece of Earth* in the *Orbe*. There is no *Creature* that hath *life*, but is buſied in ſome *action* for the benefit of the *reſtleſſe world*. Euen the moſt *venemous* and moſt *rauenous* things that are, haue their *commodities* as well as their *annoyances*: and they are euer ingaged in *ſome action*, which both profiteth the *VVorld*, and continues them in their *Natures* courſes. Euen the *Vegitables*, wherein *calme Nature* dwels, haue their turnes and times in *fructifying*: they *leafe*, they *flowre*, they *ſeede*. Nay, *Creatures* quite in-animate, are (ſome) the moſt laborious in their *motion*. VVith what a cheerefull face the *Golden Sun* chariots through the *rounding Skie?* How perpetuall

is

is the *Maiden-Moone*, in her iust and horn'd *mutations?* The *Fire*, how restlesse in his quicke and catching *flames?* in the *Ayre*, what *transitions?* and how fluctuous are the *salted waues?* Nor is the *teeming Earth* wearie, after so many thousand yeeres *productions?* All which may tutor the *couch-stretched man*, and raise the *modest red* to shewing thorow his *vn-washt face. Idlenesse* is the most *corrupting Fly*, that can blow in any *humane minde*. That *Ignorance* is the most miserable, which knowes not *what to doe*. The *Idle man* is like the *dumbe Iacke* in a *Virginall:* while all the other dance out a *winning Musicke*, this, like a *member out of ioynt*, sullens the whole *Body*, with an ill disturbing *lazinesse*. I doe not wonder to see some of our *Gentrie* growne (well-neere) the *lewdest men* of our *Land:* since they are, most of them, so muffled in a *non-imployment*. 'Tis *action* that does keepe the *Soule* both *sweet* and *sound*: while *lying still* does rot it to an *ordur'd noysomenesse*. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* losse of the *blessing*, partly to his *slothfulnesse*, that had rather receiue *meate*, then seeke it. Surely, *exercise* is the fat'ning foode of the *Soule*, without which, shee growes lanke, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of *Great men* are so much debauched, I beleeue to be *want of imployment:* For the *Soule*, impatient of an *absolute recesse*, for want of the wholsome foode of *businesse*, preyes vpon the *lewder actions*. 'Tis true, *Men* learne to doe *ill*, by doing what is next it, *nothing*. I beleeue, *Salomon* meant the *Field of the sluggard*, as well for the *Embleme of his minde*, as the certaine *Index of his outward state*. As

the one is ouer-growne with *Thornes* and *Bryers*; 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*. VVhen one would bragge the *blessings* of the *Romane State*, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Greece* subiected, they might now bee *happy*, as hauing nothing to *feare*: Sayes the best *Scipio*, *VVe now are most in danger: for while wee want businesse, and haue no Foe to awe vs, wee are ready to drowne in the mud of Vice and slothfulnesse*. How bright does the *Soule* grow with *vse* and *negotiation*! VVith what proportioned *sweetnesse* does that *Familie* flourish, where but one *laborious Guide* steereth in an order'd *Course*! VVhen *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some *coine*, hee shewes it his *Companions*, and tels them, that *he now, if hee will, can nourish another Cleanthes*. Beleeue it, *Industry* is neuer wholy vnfruitfull. If it bring not *ioy* with the *incomming profit*, it will yet banish *mischiefe* from thy *busied gates*. There is a kinde of *good Angell* waiting vpon *diligence*, that euer carries a *Laurell* in his hand, to crowne her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not bee pray'd vnto, but with hands in *motion*. The *bosom'd fist* beckens the *approach of pouerty*, and leaues besides, the *noble head* vngarded: but the *lifted arme* does frighten *want*, and is euer a *shield* to that *noble director*. How vnworthy was that *man of the world*, that ne'r did ought, but onely *liu'd*, and *dy'd*? Though *Epaminondas* was seuere, hee was yet exemplary, when he found a *Souldier* sleeping in his *Watch*, and ranne him thorow with his

Sword;

Sword; as if he would bring the two Brothers, *Death* and *Sleepe*, to a meeting: and when he was blam'd for that, as *cruelty*, he ſayes, hee did but leaue him as hee found him, *dead*. It is none of the meaneſt happineſſe, to haue a *minde* that loues a *vertuous exercise*: 'Tis daily riſing to *bleſſedneſſe* and *contentation*. They are *idle Diuines*, that are not *heau'ned* in their *liues*, aboue the vn-ſtudious man. Euery one ſhall ſmell of that hee is buſied in; as thoſe that ſtirre among *perfumes* and *ſpices*, ſhall, when they are gone, haue ſtill a grateſull *odour* with them: ſo, they that turne the *leaues* of the *worthy VVriter*, cannot but retaine a *ſmacke* of their *long-lyu'd Author*. They conuerſe with *Vertues Soule*, which hee that writ, did ſpread vpon his *laſting Paper*. Euery *good line* addes ſinew to the *vertuous minde*: and withall, hells that *vice*, which would be ſpringing in it. That I haue liberty to doe any thing, I account it from the fauouring *Heauens*. That I haue a minde ſometimes inclining to vſe that *libertie* well; I thinke, I may, without *oſtentation*, bee thankefull for it, as a *bounty of the Deitie*. Sure, I ſhould bee *miſerable*, if I did not loue this *buſineſſe* in my *vacancie*. I am glad of that *leaſure*, which giues mee leaſure to *imploy my ſelfe*. If I ſhould not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am ſure, would accrue mee, I ſhould both keepe my ſelfe from *worſe*, and not haue time to entertaine the *Deuill* in.

That

XLIX.

That all things haue a like progreſsion and fall.

THere is the ſame *method* thorow all the *VVorld* in generall. All things come to their height by *degrees*; there they ſtay the leaſt of time; then they *decline* as they *roſe*: onely *miſchiefe* beeing more importunate, ruines at once, what *Nature* hath beene long a rearing. Thus the *Poet* ſung the *fall*:

Omnia ſunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et ſubito caſu, quæ voluêre, ruunt.

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

Man may bee *kil'd* in an inſtant; he cannot be made to *liue*, but by ſpace of time in *conception*. VVe are curdled to the faſhion of a life, by *time*, and ſet *ſucceſsions*; when all againe is *loſt*, and in the moment of a minute, *gone*. *Plants*, *fiſhes*, *beaſts*, *birds*, *men*, all grow vp by *leaſurely progreſsions*: ſo *Families*, *Prouinces*, *States*, *Kingdomes*, *Empires*, haue the ſame way of riſe by ſteps. About the *height* they muſt ſtay a while, becauſe there is a neereneſſe 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

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 Vulke*. There were first, *Men*, then *Families*, then *Tribes*, then *Common-wealths*, then *Kingdomes*, *Monarchies*, *Empires*: which wee finde, haue beene the height of all *worldly dignities*: And as we finde those *Monarchies* did *rise* by degrees; so wee finde they haue slid againe to *decay*. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Romane*. And sure, the height of the *VVorlds glory*, was in the dayes of the *Romane Empire*; and the height of that *Empire*, in the dayes of *Augustus*. *Peace* then gently breathed thorow the *Vniuersall*: *Learning* was then in her *fullest flourish*: no *Age*, either before or since, could present vs with so many *towring Ingenuities*. And then, when the *whole VVorld* was most like vnto *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 bee called *Imperatores*: This, I take it, was the *fulnesse of time*, wherein *GOD*, the *Sauiour of the world*, vouchsafed by taking *Humane nature* vpon him, to descend in the *VVorld*. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not vnworthy our *thoughts*: Though our *Faith* bee not *bred*, yet is it much *confirmed*, by obseruing such *like circumstances*. But then may wee thinke, how small a time this *Empire* continued in this *flourish*. Euen the next *Emperour*, *Tiberius*, beganne to degenerate; *Caligula* more: *Nero* yet more then he: till it grew to be embroyled and dismembred, to

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an *absolute diuision*. Since, how has the *Turkes* seized one in the *East*; and the other in the *West*? how much is it subdiuided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britaine*, *Spaine*? Some haue also obserued the *Site* of these *Empires*, how the first was neerest the *East*, the next, a *Degree* further off; and so on in distant *remouals*, following the course of the *Sunne*: as if beginning in the *Morning* of the *World*, they would make a larger *day*, by declining toward the *West*, where the *Sunne* goes downe, after his rising in the *East*. This may stand to the *Southerne* and *Westerne Inhabitants* of the *World*; but I know not how to the *Northerne*: for else how can that bee said to *rise any where*, which resteth *no where*, but is perpetuall in the speede of a *circular motion*? For the *time*, it was when the *World* was within a very little, aged 4000. *yeeres*; which, I beleeue, was much about the *middle Age* of the *World*: though seeing there are *promises* that the *latter dayes* shall bee *shortned*, wee cannot expect the like *extent of time* after it, which wee finde did goe before it. Nor can we thinke, but that *Decay*, which hastens in the *ruine* of all lesser things, will likewise bee more speedy in this. If all things in the *VVorld decline* faster by farre, then they do *ascend*; why should we not beleeue the *World* to doe so too? I know not what certaine *grounds* they haue, that dare assume to foretell the *particular time* of the *Worlds conflagration*. But surely in *reason*, and *Nature*, the *end* cannot bee mightily distant. VVe haue seene the *Infancie*, the *Youth*, the *Virility*, all past: Nay, wee haue seene it vvell stept into

to *yeeres*, and *declination*, the most infallible *premonitors* of a *dissolution*. Some could beleeue it within lesse then this nine and twenty *yeers*, because as the *Flood* destroyed the *former World*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *first destroying Adam*; so the *latter World* shall be consumed by *fire*, one thousand sixe hundred fifty and sixe yeeres after the *second sauing Adam*; which is *Christ*. But I dare not fixe a *certaintie*, 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 helpe himselfe, in *likelihood* and *probabilities*. VVhy hath *Man* an *arguing* and *premeditating Soule*, if not to thinke on the *course* and *causes* of *things*, thereby to magnifie his *Creator* in them? I will often muse in such like *Theames*: for, besides the *pleasure* I shall meete, in *knowing further*; I shall finde my *Soule*, by *admiration* of these *wonders*, to loue both *Reason*, and the *Deitie* better. As our *admiring of things euill*, guides vs to a *secret hate* and *decession*: so, whatsoeuer wee *applaud* for *goodnesse*, cannot but cause some *raise* in our *affections*.

L.

Of Detraction.

IN some *vnluckie dispositions*, there is such an enuious kinde of *Pride*, that they cannot endure that any but themselues should bee set foorth for *excellent:*

excellent: ſo when they heare one *iuſtly praiſed*, they will either ſeeke to diſmount his *Vertues*; or if they be like a *cleere light*, eminent; they will *ſtab* him with a *But* of *detraction*: as if there were ſomething yet ſo *foule*, as did *obnubilate* euen his *brightest glory*. Thus when their *tongue* cannot iuſtly *condemne* him, they will leaue him in ſuſpected *ill*, by *ſilence*. Surely if wee conſidered *detraction*, to be bred of *enuie*, *neſted* onely in *deficient mindes*; we ſhould, finde that the applauding of *vertue*, would winne vs farre more *honour*, then the *ſeeking* ſlily to *diſparage* it. That would ſhew we *lou'd* what we *commended*, while this tels the *World*, wee grudge at what we want in our ſelues. VVhy may we not thinke the *Poet* meant them for *Detractors*, which ſprung of the *teeth of Cadmus poyſoned Serpent*? I am ſure their *ends* may paralell; for they vſually murther one another in their *fame*: and where they finde not *ſpots*, they deuiſe them. It is the *baſeſt Office* Man can fall into, to make his *tongue* the *Whipper* of the *Worthy man*. If wee doe know *vices* in men, I thinke wee can ſcarce ſhew our ſelues in a *nobler vertue*, then in the *charity* of concealing them: ſo it bee not a *flattery*, perſwading to *continuance*. And if it bee in *abſence*, euen ſometime that which is *true*, is moſt vnbeſeeming the report of a *Man*. VVho will not condemne him as a *Traitor* to *reputation* and *ſociety*, that tells the *priuate fault* of his *friend*, to the *publike* & *deprauing World*? VVhen *two friends* part, they ſhould locke vp one anothers *ſecrets*, and enterchange their *keyes*. The *honeſt man* will rather bee a *graue* to his *neighbours*

failes,

failes, then any way *vncurtiane* them. I care not for his *humour*, that loues to clippe the wings of a *loftie fame*. The Counſell in the *Satyre* I doe well approue of.

—— Abſentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendet alio culpante, ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamq; dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caueto.

——VVho bites his abſent Friend,
Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along
With mens looſe laughter, and each *praters* tongue,
That feines what was not, and diſcloaks a *ſoule*;
Beware him, *Noble Romane*, hee is foule.

And for the moſt part, hee is as *dangerous*, in another *vice* as this. Hee that can *detract vnworthily*, when thou canſt not anſwer him, can *flatter* thee as *vnworthily*, when thou canſt not chuſe but *heare* him. 'Tis vſuall with him to *ſmooth* it in the *Chamber*, that keepes a *railing tongue* for the *Hall*. And beſides all this, it imployes a kinde of *cowardice*: for who will iudge him otherwiſe, that but then vnbuttons his tumour'd *breſt*, when hee findes none to oppoſe the bigneſſe of his *lookes* and *tongue*? The *valiant mans tongue*, though it neuer boaſteth vainely, yet is euer the greateſt *Coward* in *abſence*: but the *Coward* is neuer *valiant* but then: and then too, tis without his *heart*, or *ſpirit*. There is nothing argues *Nature* more *degenerate*, then her ſecret

cret repining at anothers *transcendencie*. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this *folly*, that by this *act*, shee is able lesse to *discerne*. Hee that *pretending vertue*, is busie in the *staines* of men, is like to him that seekes *lost gold* in *ashes*, and blowing them about, hides that more, which hee better might haue found with *stilnesse*. To *ouer-commend* a man, I know is not good: but the *Detractor* wounds *three*, with the *one Arrow* of his *viperous tongue*. Indeed tis hard to speake a *man* true, as hee is: but howsoeuer, I would not depraue the fame of the *absent*: 'Tis then a time for *praises*, rather then for *reprehension*. Let *prayse* be voyced to the *spreading Ayre*; but *chidings* whisper'd in the *kissed eare*: Which action teaches vs, euen while we *chide*, to *loue*. If there be *Vertues*, and I am call'd to speake of him that ownes them, I will tell them foorth *vnpartially*. If there bee *vices* mixt with those, I will be content the *World* shall know them by some *other tongue* then *mine*.

LI.

Against Compulsion.

AS nothing preuailes more then *Courtesie*: so *compulsion* often is the way to *lose*. Too much *importunity*, does but teach men how to *deny*. The more wee desire to *gaine*, the more doe others desire that they may not *lose*. *Nature* is euer iealous of her owne *supremacie*: and when shee sees that others

thers would *vnder-tread* it, ſhe cals in all her *powers*, for *reſiſtance*. Certainely, they worke by a wrong *Engine*, that ſeeke to gaine their *ends* by *conſtraint*. Croſſe *two Louers*, and you knit but their *affection* ſtronger. You may *ſtroake* the *Lyon* into a *bondage*: but you ſhall ſooner *hew him to pieces*, then *beate* him into a *chaine*. The *Foxe* may *prayſe* the *Crowes* meate from her *Bill*: but cannot with his *ſwiftneſſe* ouertake her *wing*. *Eaſie Nature*, and *free liberty*, will ſteale a man into a *winy exceſſe*: when *vrged healths* doe but ſhew him the way to *refuſe*. The *nobleſt Weapon* wherewith *Man* can conquer, is *loue*, and *gentleſt courteſie*. How many haue loſt their *hopes*, while they haue ſought to *rauiſh* with too rude a hand? *Nature* is more apt to bee led by the ſoft motions of the *muſicall tongue*, then the ruſticke threſhings of a *ſtriking arme*. *Loue of life*, and *Iollities*, will draw a man to more, then the feare of *death*, and *torments*. No doubt, *Nature* meant *Cæſar* for a *Conquerour*, when ſhee gaue him both ſuch *courage*, and ſuch *courteſie*; both which put *Marius* into a *muze*. They which durſt ſpeake to him, (hee ſaid) were *ignorant of his greatneſſe*; and they which durſt not, were ſo of his *goodneſſe*. They are men the *beſt compoſed*, that can bee *reſolute*, and *remiſſe*. For, as *fearefull Natures* are wrought vpon, by the ſterneneſſe of a *rough comportment*: ſo the *valiant* are not gain'd on, but by *gentle affabilitie*, and a ſhew of *pleaſing liberty*. *Little Fiſhes* are twitched vp with the violence of a *ſudden pull*; when the like action crackes the *line*, whereon a *great one* hangs.

I haue knowne *denyals*, that had neuer beene giuen, but for the *earneſtneſſe* of the *requeſter*. They teach the *petitioned* to be *ſuſpicious*; and *ſuſpition* teaches him to *hold* and *fortifie*. Hee that comes with *You muſt haue mee*, is like to proue but a *fruiteleſſe Wooer*. Vrge a *grant* to ſome men, and they are *inexorable*; *ſeeme careleſſe*, and they will force the thing vpon you. *Auguſtus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giuing him a *ſecond life*, whereas his *death* could at beſt but haue remou'd an *Enemy*. Heare but his *exiled Poet*.

Flectitur obſequio curuatus ab arbore ramus:
Franges, ſi vires experiere tuas.
Obſequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere poſſis
Flumina, ſi contra quam rapit vnda nates.
Obſequium Tygres domat, tumidoſq; Leones:
Ruſtica paulatim taurus aratra ſubit.

The *Trees* crookt branches, gently bent, grow right;
When as the hands full vigor breakes them quite.
Hee ſafely ſwimmes, that vvaues along the Flood,
While croſſing ſtreames is neither ſafe nor good.
Tygers and *Lyons*, *mildneſſe* keepes in avve:
And, gently vſ'd *Buls* yoakt, in *Ploughs* vvill dravv.

Certainely, the *faire way* is the beſt, though it bee ſomething the further *about*. 'Tis leſſe ill for a *Iourney* to be *long*, then *dangerous*. To vexe other men, I vvill thinke, is but to tutor them; hovv they ſhould again *vex* me. I vvill neuer vviſh to purchaſe ought vnequally: What is got againſt *reaſon*, is for the

the most part wonne, by the meeting of a *Foole* and *Knaue*. If ought bee sought with *reason*, that may come with *kindnesse*; for then *Reoson* in their owne *bosomes*, will become a *pleader* for mee: but I will bee content to lose a little, rather then bee drawne to obtaine by *violence*. The *trouble* and the *hazzard* wee auoyd, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a *slender losse*. *Constraint* is for *extremities*, when all waies else shall faile. But in the *generall*, *Faireneſſe* ha's preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the *desire*; yet this does the like, and purchaseth *loue*; when that, onely leaues a *loathsome hate* behind it.

LII.

Of Dreames.

D*Reames* are notable *meanes* of discouering our owne *inclinations*. The *wise man* learnes to know himselfe as well by the *nights blacke mantle*, as the *scarching beames* of *day*. In *sleepe*, we haue the naked and naturall thoughts of our *soules*: *outward obiects* interpose not, either to shuffle in *occasionall cogitations*, or hale out the *included fancy*. The *minde* is then shut vp in the *Burrough* of the *body*; none of the *Cinqueports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open to in-let any strange *disturbers*. Surely, how we fall to *vice*, or rise to *Vertue*, wee may by obseruation finde in our *dreames*. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his *dreames*.

For then, the *ſoule* ſtated in a deepe *repoſe*, bewrayed her true *affections*: which in the buſie *day*, ſhee would eyther *not ſhew*, or *not note*. It was a cuſtome among the *Indians*, when their *Kings* went to their *ſleepe*, to pray with *piping acclamations*, that they might haue *happy dreames*; and withall conſult well for their *Subiects* benefit: as if the *night* had beene a time, wherein they might grow *good*, and *wiſe*. And certainely, the *wiſe man* is the wiſer for his *ſleeping*, if hee can *order well* in the *day*, vvhat the *eye-leſſe night* preſenteth him. Euery *dreame* is not to bee counted of: nor yet are *all* to bee caſt away with *contempt*. I would neither bee a *Stoicke*, *ſuperſtitious* in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, *conſiderate* of none. If the *Phyſician* may by them iudge of the *diſeaſe* of the *body*, I ſee not, but the *Diuine* may doe ſo, concerning the *ſoule*. I doubt not but the *Genius* of the *ſoule* is *waking*, and *motiue* euen in the faſteſt *cloſures*, of the *impriſoning eye-lids*. But to *preſage* from theſe thoughts of *ſleepe*, is a *wiſedome* that I would not reach to. The beſt *vſe* wee can make of *dreames*, is *obſeruation*: and by that, our owne *correction*, or *incouragement*. For 'tis not *doubtable*, but that the *minde* is working, in the *dulleſt depth of ſleepe*. I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

Omnia quæ ſenſu voluuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno, reddit amica quies.
Venator, defeſſa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſiluas, & ſua luſtra redit.

Iudicibus

Iudicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta canetur equis.
Furto gaudet amans; permutat nauita Merces:
Et vigil elapsas quærit auarus opes.
Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus agris,
Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,
Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.

Day thoughts, transwinged frõ th' industrious breſt,
All ſeeme re-acted in the nights dumbe reſt.
When the tyr'd Huntſman, his repoſe begins,
Then flyes his minde to woods, & wild beaſt dens.
Iudges dreame caſes: Champions ſeeme to run,
With their night Courſers, the vain bounds to ſhun
Loue hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.
The Miſer thinkes hee ſome loſt treaſure findes.
And to the thirſty ſicke, ſome potion cold,
Stiffe flattering ſleepe, inanely ſeemes to hold,
Yea, and in th'age of ſilent reſt, euen I
Troubled with *Arts* deepe muſings, nightly lye.

Dreames doe ſometimes call vs to a recognition of our *inclinations*, which *print* the deeper in ſo *vndiſturbed times*. I could *wiſh* men to *giue* them their *conſideration*, but not to *allow* them their *truſt*, though ſometimes 'tis eaſie to picke out a *profitable Morall*. *Antiquitie* had them in much more *reuerence*, 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 *Cæsar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*; and almost euery *Prince* among them, had his *Fate* shewed in *interpreted dreames*. *Galen* tels of one, that *dream'd* his *thigh* was turn'd to *stone*, when soone after it was strooke with a *dead Palsie*. The aptnesse of the *humours* to the like *effects*, might suggest something to the *minde*, then apt to receiue. So that I doubt not but either to *preserue health*, or amend the *life*, *dreames* may, to a *wise obseruer*, be of *speciall benefit*. I would neither depend vpon any, to incurre a *preiudice*, nor yet cast them all away, in a *prodigall neglect* and *scorne*. I finde it of one that hauing long beene *troubled* with the *paining spleene*: that hee dream'r, if he opened a certaine *veine*, betweene two of his *fingers*, he should be *cured*: which he *awaked*, did, and *mended*. But, indeed I would rather *beleeue* this, then be drawne to *practize* after it. These *plaine predictions* are more rare *Foretellings*, vsed to bee lapp'd in more *obscure foldes*: and now that *Art* lost, *Christianity* hath settled vs to lesse *inquisition*; 'tis for a *Romane Soothsayer* to reade those *darker spirits* of the night, and tell that still *Dictator*, his *dreame* of *copulation* with his *mother*, signified his *subiecting* of the *world* to *himselfe*. 'Tis now so out of vse, that I thinke it not to bee *recouered*. And were it not for the *power* of the *Gospell*, in *crying* downe the *vaines* of men, it would appeare a wonder, how a *Science* so pleasing to *humanity*, should fall so quite to *ruine*.

Of

LIII.

Of Bounty.

THere is such a *Royalty* in the *minde*, as betrayes a man to *basenesse*, and to *poverty*. Excesses, for the most part, haue but ill *conclusions*. There is a *dunghill mischiefe*, that awaites euen the *man of the bounteous soule*: and they that had store of a *native goodnesse*, grow at last to the *practice* of the *foulest villanies*. They are free as the *descending raine*, and *powre a plenty* on the *generall World*. This *Munificence* consumes them, and brings them to the *miseries* of an *emptied Minde*. Yet in this *fall* of their *melted demeanes*, they grow *ashamed* to bee publikely seene come short of their wonted *reuelling*. So, rather then the *world* shall see an *alteration*, they leaue no *lewdnesse* priuately *vnpractized*. 'Tis a noted *truth* of *Tacitus*, *Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supply'd by wickednesse*. *Ærarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit*. 'Tis pitty, that which beares the name of *Noble*, should be *parent* of such hated *vilenesse*. What is it *Ambition* will not *practize*, rather then let her *port* decline? *Vaine glory* ends in *lewdnesse*, and *contempt*. The *lauish minde* loues any *indirection* better then to *slag* in *state*. A fond *popularity* bewitches the *soule*, to *strow* about the *wealth*, and *meanes*: and to *feede* that *dispersiue humour*, all waies shall bee trodden, though they neuer so much *vnworthy* the man.

Surely, wee nickname this same *floudding man*, when wee call *him* by the name of *Brauer*. His striuing to bee like a *God in bounty*, throwes him to the *lowest estate of Man*. 'Tis for none but him that has *all*, to giue to all *abundantly*. Where the carrying *streame* is greater, then the bringing *one*, the *bottome* will bee quickly *waterlesse*; and then what *commendation* is it, to say there is a *plenty* wasted? He has the best *Fame*, that keepes his *estate* vnniggardly: The others *fluxe*, is meerely out of *weaknesse*. Hee ouervalues the *drunken* and *reeling* loue of the *vulgar*, that buyes it with the *ruine* of *himselfe*, and his *family*. Hee feares he is not *lou'd*, vnlesse that hee bee loose and *scattering*. They are *fooles* that thinke their *mindes* ill woueu, vnlesse they haue *allowance* from the *popular stampe*. The *wise man* is his owne both *world* anp *Iudge*; hee giues what hee knowes is fit for his *estate*, and him, without euer caring how the *wauing Tumult* takes it. To *weake minds*, the *People* are the greatest *Parasites*: they *worship* and *knee* them to the spending of a faire *inheritance*; and then they crush them with the *heauy loade of Pitty*. 'Tis the *inconsiderate Man*, that *rauels* out a *spacious Fortune*. Hee neuer thinketh how the *heape* will *lessen*, because hee looses, but by *graines*, and *parcels*. They are ill *Stewards*, that so *showre* away a *large Estate*. Sayes *Democritus*, when hee saw one *giuing* to all, and that would want *Nothing* which his *Minde* did *craue*; Mayest thou *perish vnpittied*, for making of the *Virgin Graces*, *Harlots*. Hee made his *liberalitie*, like a *Whore*, to *court* the *Publique*, when

when indeed shee ought to *winne* by *modestie*. For, as the *Harlots* offers, doe but procure the *goodmans hate*: So when *bounty* proues a *Curtezan*, and offers too vndecently, it failes of gaining *loue*, and gets but the *dislike* of the *wise*. Hee does *bounty* iniury, that shewes her so much, as hee makes her but bee *laugh'd* at. Who giues or spends too much, must *fall*, or else desist, with *shame*. To liue well of a *little*, is a great deale more *honour*, then to spend a great deale *vainely*. To know both when, and what to part withall, is a *knowledge* that befits a *Prince*. The best *obiect of bounty*, is either *necessity*, or *desert*. The best *motiue*, thy owne *goodnesse*: And the limit, is the safety of thy *state*. For this I will constantly thinke; The best *bounty* of man, is not to bee too *bountifull*. It is not good to make our *kindnesse* to others, to bee *cruelty* to our *selues* and *ours*.

LIIII.

Of Man's inconstancy.

NO *Weathercocke* vnder *Heauen*, is so *variable* as *inconstant Man*. Euery breath of *wind*, fannes him to a *various shape*: As if his *minde* were so neere akinne to *Ayre*, as it must with euery *motion*, bee in a *perpetuall change*. Like an *instrument* cunningly *plaid on*, it does *rise*, and *fall*, and *alter*, and all on a *sudden*. VVee are *Feathers* blowne in the *bluster* of our owne loose *passions*, and are meerely the

the *dalliance* of the flying *winds*. How many in an instant haue *murthered* the *men* they haue *lou'd*: as if *accident* were the *Fate* of things, and the *Epicure* had barked *truth*. How ardently can wee *affect* some, euen beyond the desire of *dying* for them; when immediately one sudden *Ebullition* of *Choller*, shall tender them extremely *offensiue*? nay, *steepe* them in our *hate*, and *curses*? Behold the *hold* which *Man* doth take of *Man*! 'tis lost in a *moment*, with but the *clacking* of the *tongue*, a *nod*, or *frowne*, or any such like *nothing*. Wee cancell *leagues* with *friends*, make new ones with our *enemies*, and breake them ere *concluded*. Our *Fauorites* with the places alter. And our *hate* hath wings to *alight*, and *depart*. In our *dyet*, how infinitely does the *variation* of *humours* disrellish the *ill tasting pallate*? what to *day* we *rauen* on, is the *rise* of the next *dayes stomacke*. In our *recreations* how inconstantly *louing*? sometimes *affecting* the *noisefull bound*; sometimes the stiller *sport* of the *wing*; though euer ingaged to a *giddy variety*. In our apparell how *mutable*? as if *fashion* were a *god*, that needes would bee ador'd in *changes*. Our whole *life* is but a greater, and longer *child-hood*. What *man liuing* would not dye with *anguish*, were he bound to follow another, in all his *vnsteadfast motions*, which though they bee euer *turning*, yet are neuer *pleasing*, but when they proceede from the *natiue freedome* of the *soule*? which argues her *change* not more out of *obiect*, then her *selfe*, and the *humors* wherewith shee is *compassed*. They first *flowing* to incite *Desire*, then *powred* out vpon an *obiect*, dye in their

their *birth*, while more succeede them. Like *Souldiers* in a running *skirmish*, *come vp*, *discharge*, *fall off*, *flye*, and *reinforce* themselues. Onely *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 *Motiue*, and the *Earth* least of all, which is yet *basest*: yet are they neuer mutable, but as the *obiect* that they fixe on makes them, nor doe they euer wander from that *qualitie*, wherewith *Nature* did at first *inuest* them. But *man*, had hee no *obect*, hee would *change* alone; and euen to such things, as *Nature* did not once intend him. *Mindes* thus temper'd, wee vse to call *too light*, as if they were *vnequally* mixt, and the two nimble *Elements* had gotten the *predominance*. Certainely, 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 *wilfulnesse*, when it will not admit of a lawfull *change*, to the better. Therefore *Constancy* without *Knowledge*, cannot bee alwaies good. In things ill, 'tis not *vertue*, but an absolute *Vice*. In all *changes*, I will haue regard to these three things: *Gods approbation*, my *owne benefit*, & the *not-harming of my Neighbour*. Where the *change* is not a *fault*, I will neuer thinke it a *disgrace*; though the great *Exchange*, the *World*, should iudge it so. Where it is a *fault*, I would bee *constant*, though outward things should wish my *turning*. Hee hath but a weake *warrant* for what hee does, that hath onely the *fortune* to finde his bad *actions* plausible.

Of

LV.

Of Logicke.

NOthing hath ſpoyl'd *Truth* more then the *Inuention of Logicke.* It hath found out ſo many *diſtinctions*, that it inwraps *Reaſon* in a *miſt of doubts.* 'Tis *Reaſon* drawne into too fine a *thread*; tying vp *Truth* in a twiſt of *words*, which being hard to *vnlooſe*, carry her away as a *priſoner.* 'Tis a *net* to *intangle* her, or an *art inſtructing* you, how to tell a reaſonable *lye.* When *Diogenes* heard *Zeno* with ſubtile *Arguments*, prouing that there was no *Motion*: he ſuddenly *ſtarts vp*, and *walkes. Zeno* askes the *cauſe*? Saies he againe, *I but confute your reaſons.* Like an ouercurious *workeman*, it hath ſought to make *Truth* ſo *excellent*, that it hath marr'd it. *Viues* ſayes, Hee doubts not but the *Deuill* did inuent 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 *Conceiteſt*, it hath laide on ſo many *colours*, that the *counterfeit* is more *various* then the *patterne.* It giues vs ſo many *likes*, that we know not which is the *ſame.* *Truth in Logicall arguments*, is like a *Prince* in a *Maſque*, where are ſo many other *preſented* in the ſame *attire*, that we know not which is *hee.* And as wee know there is but one *Prince*, ſo wee know there is but one *Truth*; yet by *reaſon* of the *Maſque*, *Iudgement is diſtracted*, and *deceiued.* There might be a double *reaſon*, why the

the *Areopagitæ* banish't *Stilpo*, for prouing by his *Sophistry*, *Minerua* was no *Goddesse*. One, to shew their *dislike* to the *Art*: another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to *wanton* with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoeuer men might first *inuent* it, for the helpe of *truth*, it hath *prou'd* but a helpe to *wrangle*: and a thing to set the *minde* at *iarre* in it selfe: and doing nothing but confound *conceit*, it growes a *toy* to *laugh* at. Let me giue you but one of our *owne*.

Nascitur in tenebras animal, puer, inscius, infans,
Conferat Oxonium se, citò fiet homo.

A thing borne blinde, a child, and foolish too,
Shall be made man, if it to *Oxford* goe.

Aristarchus his *Quip*, may fall vpon our *Times*: Heretofore (saies he) there were but *seuen wise men*; and now it is hard to find the number of *fooles*. For euery *man* will be a *Sophister*, and then hee thinkes hee's *wise*; though, I doubt, some will neuer bee so, but by the helpe of *Logicke*. *Nature* her selfe makes euery man a *Logician*: they that brought in the *Art*, haue *presented* vs with one that hath *ouer-acted* her: and something *strain'd* her beyond her *genuine plaineneße*. But I speake this of *Logicke* at large, for the pure *Art* is an *excellency*. Since all is in *vse*, 'tis good to retaine it, that wee may make *it* defend *vs*, against it *selfe*. There is no way to secure a *Mine*, but to *countermine*. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I thinke it spoyles the *Naturall*. How can it bee otherwise, when the *Inuention of Man*, shall striue

ſtriue with the *inueſtigation of ſupreme Nature?* In matters of *Religion*, I will make *Faith* my meanes to *aſcertaine*, though not *comprehend* them: For other *matters*, I will thinke ſimple *Nature* the beſt *Reaſon*, and naked *reaſon* the beſt *Logicke*. It may helpe me to *ſtrip off doubts*, but I would not haue it helpe to *make* them.

LVI.

Of thoughtfulneſſe in miſery.

THe *vnfortunate mans wiſedome*, is one of his greateſt *miſeries*. Vnleſſe it be as well able to *coquer*, as *diſcerne*, it onely ſhewes him but the *blacker face of mourning*. 'Tis no *commendation*, to haue an *inſight* deepe in *Calamity*. It can ſhew him *miſchiefe* which a *Foole* ſees not; ſo helpe him to *vexation*, which he cannot tell how to *cure*. In *Temporall* things, 'tis one great *happineſſe* to bee free from *miſeries*: A next to *that*, is not to bee *ſenſible* of *them*. There is a *comfort*, in ſeeing but the *ſhell of ſorrow*. And in my *opinion*, hee does *wiſely*, that when griefe *preſents her ſelfe*, lets her weare a *vizor*, fairer, then her *naked skinne*. Certainely, 'tis a *felicity* to be an *honeſt foole*, when the piercing *eye* of his *ſpirit*, ſhall not ſee into the *bowels* of his *attendant trouble*. I beleeue, our *eyes* would bee euer *winterly*, if wee gaue them the *flowe* but for euery iuſt *occaſion*. I like of *Solon's courſe*, in *comforting* his conſtant *friend*: when taking him vp to the top of a *Turret*, ouer-looking all

all the *piled buildings*, he bids him thinke, hovv many *Discontents* there had beene in those *houses* since their *framing*, hovv many *are*, and hovv many *will be*. Then, if he can, to leaue the *worlds calamities*, and *mourne* but for his *owne*. To *mourne* for none else, vvere *hardnesse*, and *iniustice*. To *mourne* for *all*, vvere *endlesse*. The best vvay is, to *vncontract* the *brow*, and let the *worlds* mad *spleene* fret, for that vvee smile in *woes*. *Sorrowes* are like *putri'd graues*, the *deeper* you digge, the *fuller* both of *stench*, and *horrour*. Though *consideration* and a *foole* bee *contraries*, yet nothing increaseth *misery* like it. Who euer knevv a *Foole* dye of a discontenting *melancholy*? So poore a *condition* is *Man falne to*, that euen his *glory* is become his *punishment*: and the *rayes* of his *wisedome*, light him but to seed those *anguishes*, vvhich the darknesse of his *mind* vvould couer. *Sorrowes* are not to bee entertain'd vvith hugges, and lengthned *complements*; 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 vvas not spoken vvithout some *reason*, That *fortunate*, is better then *wise*; since vvhosoeuer is *that*, shall bee thought to be *this*. For *vulgar eyes* iudge rather, by the *euent*, then the *intentiō*. And he that is *vnfortunate*, though he be *wise*, shall find many, that vvill devv him, vvith at least supposed *folly*. This only is the *wise mans benefit*; as he sees more *mischiefes*: So he can curbe more *passions*: and by this *meanes* hath *wit* enough, to endure his *paines* in *secrecy*. I vvould *looke* so farre into *crosses*, as to cure the *present*, and preuent the *future*: But vvill neuer care for *searching* further,

ther, or indearing cares by thoughtfulnesse. They are like *Charons Caue* 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 farre into *tempestuous Seas*.

LVII.

Of ill Company.

WE haue no *enemie* like *base Company*: it kils both our *fame*, and our *soules*. It giues vs *wounds*, which neuer will admit of *healing*: and is not onely *disgracefull*, but *mischieuous*. Wer't thou a *King*, it would rob thee of thy *Royall Maiesty*; who would reuerence thy *sway*, when like *Nero*, thou should'st *Tauerne* out thy time with *Wantons*, triumph with *Minstrels* in thy *Chariot*, and *present* thy selfe vpon a *Common Stage*, with the buskin'd *Tragedian*, and the *Pantomime*? 'Tis like a *ship* new *trimmed*, wheresoeuer you but *touch*, it *soyles* you: and though you be *cleane*, when you enter, euen a little *motion* will fill you with *defiled badges*. And then the *whiter* the *Swan* is, the more is the *blacke apparent*. How many haue died *ignominiously*, and haue vsed their last *breath*, onely to *complaine* of this; as the *Witch* that had *inchanted* them, to the *euils* that they now must *smart* for? 'tis an *Engine* vvherevvith the *Deuill* is euer *practizing*, to lift *Man* out of *Vertues seate*. 'tis the *spirituall Whore*, vvhich *toyes* the

the good *man* to his *ſoules vndoing*. Certainely, if there be any *Dàlilah* vnder *Heauen*, it is in bad *Society*. This will *binde vs*, *betray vs*, *blinde vs*, *vndoe vs*. Many a man had beene *good* that is not, if hee had but kept *good company*. When the *Achates* of thy *life* ſhall bee *ill*, who will not *imagine* thy *life* to bee ſo too? euen *waters* change their *vertues*, by running thorow a *changed veine*. No *man* but hath both *good* and *bad* in his *nature*, either of which, *fortifie*, as they meete with their *like*; or *decline*, as they finde a *contrary*. When *Vice* runnes in a ſingle *ſtreame*, 'tis then a *paſſable ſhallow*: but when many of theſe ſhall fall into *one*, they ſwell a deeper *channell* to bee *drown'd* in. *Good* and *wiſe aſſociates*, are like *Princes* in defenſiue *Leagues*; one defends the other againſt *deuices* of the common *Foe*. Lewd ones are like the *miſtaken Lanthorne* in 88. which vnder *pretence* of guiding, will draw vs vnto *hazzard*, and loſſe among our *Enemies*. Nor was the *fiction* of the *Syrens* any other in the *Morall*, then pleaſant wits, vitiated in *accuſtom'd lewdneſſe*, who for that, were feigned to be *Monſters* of a parted *Nature*, and with ſweete tunes, intice men to *deſtruction*. Could my name be *ſafe*, yet my *ſoule* were in danger; could my *ſoule* 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 euer laid at the *ſtake*. I know, *Phyſicians* may conuerſe with *ſicke ones*, *vninfected*: but then, they muſt haue *ſtronger Antidotes*, then their *nature* giues them: elſe they themſelues ſhall ſoone *ſtand in need*, of what themſelues *once were*, *Phyſicians*.

One *rotted Apple*, will *infect* the *floore*. The *putri'd Grape*, corrupts the whole ſound *Cluſter*. Though I be no *Hermite*, to ſit away my dayes in a *dull Cell*; yet will I *chuſe* rather to haue no *Companion*, then a *bad one*. If I haue found any *good*, I will *cherriſh* them, as the *choyſe of men*: or as *Angels*, that are ſent for *Guardians*. If I haue any *bad ones*, I will *ſtudy* to loſe them: leſt by keeping them, I loſe my *ſelfe* in the *end*.

LVIII.

That no man alwaies ſinnes vnpuniſht.

WHen *Dauid* ſaw the *delights* of the *wicked*, he is forced to flie to the *ſtop*, with a, *Fret not thy ſelfe, O my ſoule*! The *Iollities* of the *villanous man*, *ſtagger the religious minde*. They *liue*, as if they were *paſsing* thorow the *world* in *ſtate*: and the ſtreame of *proſperitie* turning it ſelfe, to *rowle* with their applauded *waies*: When if we doe but looke to deſpiſed *vertue*, how *miſerable*, and how *ſtormy* is her *Sea*? Certainely, for the *preſent*, the *good man* ſeemes to be in the diſgrace of *Heauen*; He *ſmarts* and *pines*, and *ſadneth* his incombred *ſoule*, and *liues* as it were, in the *frowne*, and the *nod* of the *traducing world*. When the *Epicure* conſidered this, it made him to exclude the *Prouidence*. And ſurely to view the *vertuous*, with but *Natures* eyes, a man would thinke, they were things that *Nature enuied*, or that the whole *world* were *deluded*, with a *poyſonous* lye, in

in making onely the *vertuous happy*. 'Tis onely the *daring ſoule*, that *digeſting vice* in groſſe, climbes to the ſeat of *Honour*. *Innocence* is become a *ſtaire* to let others riſe to our *abuſe*, and not to raiſe our *ſelues* to *greatneſſe*. How rare is it to finde one raiſed for his *ſober worth* and *vertue*? What was it but *Ioſephs* goodneſſe, that brought him to the *ſtockes*, and *Irons*? Whereas if he had coap'd with his *Inticer*, 'tis like hee might haue *ſwamme* in *Gold*, and liu'd a lapling to the *ſilke*, and *dainties*. The *world* is ſo much *Knaue*, that 'tis growne a *vice* to be *honeſt*. Men haue remoued the *Temple of honour*, and haue now ſet it, like an *arbour* in a *Wilderneſſe*, where vnleſſe we trace thoſe *deuious waies*, there is no *hope* of finding it. Into what a *ſad complaint*, did theſe thoughts driue the weighty *Tragedian*?

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

Bent to worſe, all humane waies
Quite at randome, *Fortune* ſwaies,
Her looſe *fauours* blindly throwing.

Cruell *luſt* the *good man* kils:
Fraud the *Court* triumphant fils;
People *honours* ill beſtowing.
Then they hate, euen thoſe they kiſſe.
Sad worth ill rewarded is;
And the *chaſte* are poore, while *Vice*
Lords it by *Adulteries*.

VVere theſe *Ages* chain'd to *ours?* Or why complaine wee that the *World* is *worſe*, when fifteene hundred yeeres ſpace cannot (for ought I ſee) alter the *condition?* But, what is paſt, we *forget*; what is to come, we *know not*: ſo we onely take a ſpleene at the *preſent*. 'Tis true, *Vice* braues with a *boldned face*, and would make one thinke, it were onely ſhe that the *doting World* had choſe, to make a *Fauorite* on. But, if wee haue time for *obſeruation*, we ſhall ſee her *halting* with a *Crutch*, and *ſhame*. Haue we not ſeene the *vices* of the *aged Father*, puniſht in the *Sonne* when hee hath been *aged* too? I am perſwaded there be few *notorious vices*, but euen in this *world* haue a certaine *puniſhment*, although wee cannot know it. *God* (for the moſt part) doth neither *puniſh*, nor *bleſſe* at once, but by *degrees*, & *warnings*. The *world* is ſo full of *changings*, that 'tis *rare* for one *man*, to ſee the *compleated race* of another. We liue not long enough to obſerue how the *Iudgements* of the *Iuſteſt God*, doe walke their rounds in *ſtriking*. Neither alwaies are wee able. Some of *Gods corrections* are in the *night*, and *cloſetted*. Euery *offence* meets not with a *Market laſh*. Priuate *puniſhments* ſometimes gripe a *man* within, while men

men looking on the outer *face* of *things*, ſee not how they ſmart in *ſecret*. And ſometimes thoſe are deepe *wounds* to one *man*, that would bee *balme* and *Phyſicke* to another. There are no *Temporall bleßings*, but are ſometimes had in the *nature* of *peruerted curſes*. And ſurely all thoſe *creatures* that *God* hath put *ſubordinate* to Man, as they (like inferiour ſeruants) obey him while he is a *true Steward*: ſo when hee growes to iniure his great *Maſter*, they ſend vp *complaints* againſt him, and forſake him; chuſing rather to bee true to their *Maker*, *God*; then aſſiſting to the *vileneſſe* of his *falſeſt Steward*, *Man*. So that though men by *lewd waies*, may ſtart into a ſhort *preferment*, yet ſure there is a ſecret *chaine* in *Nature*, which drawes the *Vniuerſall* to reuenge a *vice*. Examples might be infinite; euery *Story* is a *Chronicle* of this *Truth*, and the whole *World* but the *practice*. How many *Families* doe we daily ſee, wherein a *whipping hand* ſcourgeth the ſtreame of all their *lineall blood*? As if there were *curſes hereditary* with the *Lands* their *Fathers* left them. I confeſſe, they haue a *valour* beyond mine, that dare forrage in the wildes of *vice*. Howſoeuer I might for a while, in my ſelfe, *ſleepe* with a *dumbe conſcience*; yet I cannot thinke, the *All of Creatures* would ſo much croſſe the *current* of their *natures*, as to let me goe vnpuniſhed. And, which is more then this, I finde a *ſoule* within my *ſoule*, which tels me, that I doe *vnnobly*, while I loue *Sinne* more for the *pleaſure* of it, then I doe *Vertue*, for the *animall ſweetneſſe* that ſhe yeelds in her ſelfe.

LIX.

Of Opinion.

NOt any *Earthly pleasure* is so essentially *full* in it selfe, but that euen *bare conceit* may returne it much *distastfull*. The *World* is wholy set vpon the *Gad* and *wauing*: meere *Opinion* is the *Genius*, and as it were, the *foundation* of all *temporall happinesse*. How often doe wee see men pleased with *Contraries*? As if they parted the *fights* and *frayes* of *Nature*; euery one maintaining the *Faction* which hee liketh. One delighteth in *Mirth*, and the *friskings* of an *Ayrie soule*: another findeth *something amiable* in the saddest looke of *Melancholy*. This man loues the *free* and *open-handed*; that, the *grasped fist*, and *frugall sparing*. I go to the *Market*, & see one *buying*, another *selling*, both are exercised in things *different*, yet either pleas'd with his *owne*; when I standing by, thinke it my *happinesse*, that I doe not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames *Content* so much as *Imagination*. *Opinion* is the *shop* of *pleasures*, where all *humane felicities* are forged, and receiue their *birth*. Nor is their *end* vnlike their *beginning*: for, as they are begot out of an *ayerie phantasme*; so they dye in a *fume*, and disperse into *nothing*. Euen those things which in them carry a shew of *reason*, and wherein (if *Truth* bee Iudge) wee may discerne *solidity*, are made *placide* or *disgustfull*, as *fond Opinion* catches them. *Opinion* guides all our *passions* and *affections*, or at least,

leaſt, begets them. It makes vs *loue*, and *hate*, and *hope*, and *feare*, and *vary*: for, euery thing wee light vpon, is as wee apprehend it. And though wee know it bee nothing, but *An vncertaine preiudgement of the Minde*, miſ-informed by the *outward ſences*; yet wee ſee it can worke *wonders*. It hath *vntongued* ſome on the ſudden: and from ſome hath ſnatcht their *naturall abilities*. Like *Lightening*, it can ſtrike the *childe* in the *wombe*, and kill it ere 'tis worlded: when the *Mother* ſhall remaine vnhurt. It can caſt a man into *ſpeedy diſeaſes*, and can as ſoone *recure* him. I haue knowne ſome, but *conceiting* they haue taken a *Potion*, haue *found* the *operation*, as if they had taken it *indeede*. If wee beleeue *Plinie*, it can change the *Sex*: who reports himſelfe to haue ſeene it; and the *running Montaigne* ſpeakes of ſuch another. Nor is it onely thus powerfull, when the *obiect* of the *minde* is at *home* in our *ſelues*; but alſo when it lights on things *abroad*, and *apart*. *Opinion* makes *Women faire*, and *Men louely*: *Opinion* makes *Men wiſe*, *valiant*, *rich*, nay, *any thing*. And whatſoeuer it can doe on one ſide to *pleaſe*, and *flatter* vs; it can doe the ſame on the other ſide, to *moleſt* and *grieue* vs. As if euery man had a *ſeuerall ſeeming truth* in his *ſoule*, which if hee followes, can for a time render him, either *happy*, or *miſerable*. Heere lies all the *difference*; If wee light on things but *ſeeming*, our *felicitie* fades; if on things *certaine* and *eternall*, it *continues*. 'Tis ſure, we ſhould bring all *opinions* to *Reaſon*, and *true Iudgement*, there to receiue their *doome* of *admittance* or *eiection*: but euen that, by

the former is often *seduced*, and the grounds that wee follow, are *erroniens*, and *false*. I will neuer therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with *particular affections*, to things *seculiary*. There are not more *obiects* of the *minde*, then *dispositions*. Many things I may *loue*, that I can yeeld no *reason* for: or if I doe, perhaps *Opinion* makes me coine that for a *reason*, which another will not assent vnto. How vaine then are those, that assuming a *liberty* to themselues, would yet tie all men to their *Tenents*? Coniuring 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 bee *Gods*, and haue their *Iudgements* absolute. If I haue liberty to hold things as my *minde* informes mee, let me neuer desire to take away the like from *another*. If *faire arguments* may perswade, I shall with quiet shew what *grounds* doe leade mee. If those cannot satisfie, I thinke I may wish any man to satisfie his *owne conscience*. For that, I suppose, will beare him out, in the things that it iustly approoues. Why should any man be *violent* for *that*, which is more diuerse, then the *wandring Iudgements* of the *hurrying vulgar*, more changing then the *loue of inconstant women*: more *multiuarious* then the *sports* and *playes* of *Nature*, which are euery 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 *Bookes*, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as *discourses* but of *priuate men*, that must bee iud-

ged

ged by *Religion*, and *Reason*; so not to tie me, vnlesse *these* and my *conscience* ioyne, in the *Consent* with them.

LX.

That we are gouern'd by a power aboue vs.

THat which wee either *desire* or *feare*, I obserue, doth *seldome happen*: but something that wee thinke not on, doth for the most part *interuene*, and *conclude*: or if it doe fall out as wee expect, it is not till wee haue giuen ouer the *search*, and are almost out of thought of *finding* it. *Fortunes* befall vs *vnawares*, and *mischiefes* when wee thinke them *scaped*. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had beene *King of the Boyes*, hee thought the *predictions* of his *rule* fulfilled, and that he now might sit and *sleepe* in his *Throne*; when suddenly hee was awaked to *ruine*. So, *Sarah* was *fruitfull*, when shee could not *beleeue* it: and *Zacharie* had a *Sonne*, when he was stooped into *yeeres*, and had left *hoping* it. When *Diocletian* thought himselfe *diluded* by the *Prophecy*, hauing kil'd many *wilde Bores*, at last hee lights on the right *Aper*, after whose *death* hee obtained the *Empire*. As if *God*, in the *generall* would teach, that wee are not wise enough to chuse for our *selues*, and therefore would leade vs to a *dependancie* on *him*. Wherein hee does like *wise Princes*, who feede not the *expectations* of *Fauorites* that are apt to *presume*; but often *crosse* them in their *hopes* and *feares*: there-

by

by to tye them faſter in their *duty* and *reuerence*, to the *hand* that giueth. And certainely, wee ſhall findethis *infallible* : Though *God* giues not our *deſires*, yet hee alwayes imparts to our *profits*. How infinitely ſhould vvee intangle our ſelues, if we could *ſit downe*, and obtaine our *wiſhes* ? Doe vvee not often wiſh that, vvhich vve after ſee would bee our *confuſion* ? and is not this, becaùſe vvee ignorantly follovv the *fleſh*, the *body*, and the *blinded appetite*, vvhich looke to nothing, but the *ſhell* and *out-ſide* ? VVhereas *God* reſpecteth the *Soule*, and diſtributeth his *fauour*, for the good of *that*, and his *glory*. *God ſees* and *knowes* our *hearts*, and things to come in *certainty* : *Wee*, but onely by our *weake collections*, vvhich doe often *faile* of finding *truth*, in the *Cloud* of the *Worlds occaſions*. No man would be more *miſerable*, then hee that ſhould cull out his *owne wayes*. VVhat a *ſpecious ſhew* carried *Mydas* his *wiſh* with it, and how it paid him with *ruine* at laſt ! Surely, *God* will worke alone, and *Man* muſt not be of his *counſell*. Nothing puls *deſtruction* on him ſooner, then when he preſumes to part the *Empire* with *God*. If we can bee *patient*, *God* will bee *profitable* : but the *time* and *meanes* we muſt leaue to him, not challenge to our ſelues. Neither muſt our owne *indeuours* vvholly bee layd in the *couch* to *laze*. The *Morall* of the *Tale* is a kinde of an *inſtructiue Satyre*, when the *Carter* praied in vaine to *Iupiter*, becauſe he did not put his *ſhoulder* to the *Wheele*. Doe thy part vvith thy *induſtry*, and let *GOD* point the *euent*. I haue ſeene *matters* fall out ſo *vnexpectedly*, that they haue tutor'd mee in all

affaires,

affaires, neither to *despaire*, nor *presume*: Not to *despaire*; for *God* can *helpe mee*: Not to *presume*: for *God* can *crosse* mee. It is said *Marius*, that *one day* made him *Emperour*; the next saw him *rule*; and the third he was *slaine* of the *Souldiers*. I will neuer *despaire*, 'cause I haue a *God*: I will neuer *presume*, 'cause I am but a *Man*. *Seneca* ha's *counsell*, which I hold is worth the *following*.

Nemo confidat nimium secundis,
Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;
Miscet hæc illis, prohibetq; Clotho
stare fortunam:

Let none falne, despaire to rise,
Nor trust too much prosperities.
Clotho mingling both, commands
that neither stands.

LXI.

Of Misery after Ioy.

AS it is in *Spirituall proceedings*, better neuer to haue beene *righteous*, then after *righteousnesse*, to become *Apostate*: So in *temporall*, it is better neuer to haue beene *happy*, then after *happinesse*, to bee drown'd in *calamities*. Of all *obiects* of *sorrow*, a *distressed King* is the most *pittifull*; because it presents vs most the *frailty* of *Humanity*; and cannot but most midnight the *soule* of him that is falne.

The

The *sorrowes* of a *deposed King*, are like the *distorquements* of a *darted Conscience*; which none can know, but hee that hath lost a *Crowne*. VVho would not haue *wept*, with our *Second Edward*, when his *Princely teares* were all the *warme water*, his *Butchers* would allow to *shaue* him with: when the *hedge* was his *cloth of State*; and his *Throne*, the *humble*, though the *honour'd ground*. *Misery* after *Ioy*, is killing as a *sudden Dampe*; terrible, as *fire* in the *night*, that startles vs from a *pleasing repose*. *Sudden Changes*, though to *good*, are *troublesome*, especially if they be *extreme*: but when they plunge vs into *worse*, they are then the *Strapadoes* of a *humane soule*. A *palpable darkenesse* in a *Summers day*, would bee a dismall thing. *Diseases*, when they doe happen, are most violent in the *strongest constitutions*. Hee that meets with *plagues* after a *long prosperitie*, hath beene but *fatted*, like a *beast*, for *slaughter*: he is more *mollified*, onely to make the paines and pangs of *Death* more *sensible*: as if we should first *supple* a *limme* with *oyles* and *vnguents*; and then dab it with *aqua fortis*, *toothed waters*, and *corroding Minerals*. It is better neuer to haue beene *faire*, then after a *rare beauty*, to grow into *vglinesse*. The *memory* of thy *blessednesse*, makes thy *miserie* more deplorable; which like *dead Beere*, is neuer more distastefull, then after a *Banquet* of *sweet-meates*. Nor is their *misery* meerely *opinionate*, but truly argued from the measure of *pitty*, that it meetes with from *others*. For you may *period vpon this*; That where there is the *most pitty* from *others*, there is the *greatest miserie* in the *partie pittied*. Toward those

those that haue beene *alwaies poore*, *pitty* is not so *passionate*: for they haue had no *eleuation* to make their *depression* seeme the *greater wonder*. The *tann'd Slaue*, that hath euer tugg'dat the *Oare*, by a long vse, hath mingled *misery* with *Nature*; that he can now endure it vncomplaining. But when a *soft Wanton* comes to the *Galley*, euery *stroake* is a *wounding Speare* in the *side*. I wonder not to heare *deposed Dionysius* say, *They are happy, that haue beene vnblest 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 onely a *present impotency*, but also a remembrance of a *passed youth*, gaue addition. Euen the absence alone of foregone *ioy*, is troublesome: how much more, when they winde downeward, into *smartfull extremities*? *Death* and *Darkenesse* both are but *Priuations*; yet wee see how deepe they terrifie. *Waxe*, when it takes a *second impression*, receiues it not without a *new passion*, and more *violence*: so the *minde*, retaining the *prints* of *Ioy*, suffereth a new *Creation*, in admitting a *contrary stampe*. For *Baiazet* to change his *Seraglio* for a *Cage*; for *Valerian* to become a *Foote-stoole* to his *proud foe*; are *Calamities* that challenge the *tributes* of a *bleeding eye*. I shall pitty any man that meetes with *miserie*; but they that finde it after continuall *blessednesse*, are so much the more to bee bewailed, by how much they are vnacquainted with the gloominesse of *downefalls*. That which *Sophonisba* return'd, when her *Husband* sent her *poyson*, the day after her *Wedding*, as it shew'd *resolution* in her, so it

it incites *compaſsion* in others: *Hoc nuntia, melius me moriturum fuiſſe, ſi non in funere meo nupſiſſem. Tell him, I had dyde more willingly, if I had not met my Graue 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 waues*: How he *tumbles*, and *roares*, and *fomes*, when they in their furie trouble him! Sometimes the *Weſt* of *pleaſure*, fanning in *luxurious gales*: ſometimes the *madded South*, *ſorrowfull*, and full of *Teares*: ſometimes the *ſharpe Eaſt*, piercing with a *teſty ſpleene*: ſometimes the violent and *bluſtering North*, ſwelling the *cheeke*, with the *Anger's boyling blood*. Any of theſe, in *extremes*, make it become *vnnauigable*, and full of *danger* to the *Veſſell* that ſhall coaſt vpon it. When theſe are too lowd, 'tis *perillous*: but when againe they are all laid in the ſtilneſſe of an immotiue *Calme*, 'tis *vſeleſse*: and though it be not ſo ready to hurt, yet it is farre from *auailing*, to the *profit* of a *Voyage*: and the *paſsengers* may ſooner *famiſh*, by being *becalmed*, then *coaſt* it ouer for the *aduantage* of their *Mart*. Surely, the man that is alwaies *ſtill* and *repoſed* in his *owne thoughts*, though they bee *good*, is but a peece of *deadned charitie*. I care not for the *planed Stoicke*, there is a *Sect* betweene him and the *Epicure*. An *vnmoued man*, is

is but a *motiue statue*; harmelesse and vnprofitable. Indeed *furie* is farre the *worser extreme*; for, besides the trouble it puts on the *companie*, it alwaies deliuers the *author* into *successiue mischiefes*. He that is *raging* in one thing, seedes his businesse with many *inconueniencies*. *Furie* is like *false position* in a *Verse*, at least nine *faults* together.

Sayes *Claudian*,

——*Caret euentu nimius furor*: ——

——*Rage* knowes not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a *deuouring Storke*, nor a *Iupiters Log*. *Man* is not fit for *conuersation*, neither when his *passions* hurry him in a *hideous distemper*; nor when they are all laid in a *silent* and *vnstirring calme*. The *Sea* is best in a pretty *pleasant Gale*: and so is *Man*, when his *passions* are aliue, without *raging*. *GOD* implanted *passions* in the *Soule*, as hee gaue his *Talents* in the *Gospell*, neither to be *lauisht* out impetuously, nor to bee *buried* in *Napkins*. Wee may warme vs at these *fires*, though we burne not. *Men* without any, is no better then a *speaking Stone*. *Cato's* best *Emperour* was, *qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. *Moderate passions*, are the most *affable expressions* of *humanity*: without which, the *Soule* findes nothing like it selfe to *loue*. 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 *indur'd* by no *man*.

man. One will suffer none to *backe him*; the other admits each childe to *abuse him.* A *good temper* is a sure *expression* of a *well-compos'd Soule.* Our *wilde passions* are like so many *Lawyers*, wrangling and bauling at a *Barre*; *Discretion* is the *Lord-Keeper of Man*, that sits as *Iudge*, and moderates their *contestations.* Too great a *spirit* in a man borne to *poore meanes*, is like a *high-heeld shoo*, to one of meane *stature*: It aduanceth his *proportion*, but is ready to fit him with *falls.* The *flat sole* walkes more sure, though it abates his *gracefulnesse*: yet, being too *low*, it is subiect to bemyre the *foote.* A little *eleuation*, is the best *mediocrity*: 'tis both raised from the *Earth*, and sure: and for his *tallnesse*, it disposeth it to an equall *competencie.* I will neither walke so *lifted*, as to occasion *falling*; nor so *deiected*, as at euery step to take *soyle.* As I care not for being *powder*, or the *cap of the Companie*; so I would not be *Earth*, or the *Fooles Foot-ball.*

LXIII.

That Religion is the best Guide.

NO man liues *conueniently*, vnlesse he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his *actions.* There must bee something for him to flye to, beyond the reach of his *cauelling senses*, and *corrupted Reason*: otherwise, hee shall wauer in his waies, and euer bee in a *doubtfull vnsettlednesse.*

If

If he takes *policie*, that is both *endlesse* and *vncertaine*: and many times depends more vpon the *circumstance*, then the *maine Act*. What to day is *good*, is to morrow *vnsauing*: when *benefits one*, may be the *vndoing of another*; though to an *eye* that is not *curious*, the matter may appeare the *same*. How like the *Asse* it show'd, what hee thought by leaping in his *Masters lap*, to be made much on, because hee had seene the *Dogge* doe the like, before him? Besides, *Policie* is not a *Flowre* growing in euery mans *Garden*. All the *World* is not *wit* and *Stratagem*. If it were, *Policie* is but a *fight of wit*, a *braine Warre*: and in all *Warres*, how doubtfull, how inconstant is *Victory*? *Oedipus* his cunning in resoluing the *Sphinxes Riddle*, did but betray him to the fatall *marriage* of his *Mother*. *Palamedes* found out *Vlysses fained madnesse*; and *Vlysses* after, by *hidden gold*, and *forged Letters*, found *meanes* to haue him *stoned*, euen while hee made shew of *defending* him. No man has a *Monopoly* of *craft* alone. Againe, in *priuate men* it is infinitely *shorten'd*; both in respect of *meanes* and *lawfulnesse*. Euen those that haue allowed *deceit* lawfull in *Princes*, haue yet condemn'd it as *vicious* in *priuate persons*. And beleeue it, *Policy* runnes smoothest, when it turnes vpon a *golden hinge*: without the supply of *meanes*, 'tis but like a *Clocke* without a *weight* to set it going: *Curious workemanship*, but it wants a *mouer*. If a man takes *Nature*, shee is both *obscure* and *insufficient*: and will with a *pleasing breath*, waft vs into *Mare mortuum*. Nay, *she* that before *Man* fell, was his sufficient *Genius*, is since become his *Parasite*, that

ſmoothing his *ſenſes*, ſerues them, as the *tyrannous Emperour* did his *ſeruants*, let them fall into a *chamber* fill'd with *Roſes*; that being *ſmother'd* in them, they might meet the *bitterneſſe* of *Death*, in *ſweeteneſſe*. Nor is *Nature* for the moſt part, without the ouer-bearing of *predominant humours*. *Cicero* is in one place doubtfull, whether ſhee bee a *mother*, or a *ſtep-dame*; ſhee is ſometimes ſo weighing a man to *extremities*. Nor, if ſhee were able, could wee haue her *pure* alone. *Cuſtome* hath ſo mingled her with *Art*, that wee can hardly ſeuer her: if wee doe, wee ſhall ſo differ from the *World*, as wee ſhall but by it, make our ſelues a *prey* to the *nature* that is *arted* with the ſubtilties of *time* and *practice*. Eyther of theſe are but *ſinking floores*, that will faile vs, 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 aboue the *cauills* of *Imagination*, and ſo ſubiecteth both the other to *it*. This being aboue *all*, is that onely, which giuing *limits* to all our *actions*, can confine vs to a *ſettled reſt*. *Policy* gouernes the *World*; *Nature*, *Policy*: but *Religion*, *All*. And as we ſeldome ſee thoſe *Kingdomes* gouern'd by *Vice-roy's*, flouriſh like thoſe where the *Prince* is preſent in *perſon*: So, wee neuer finde *Policie* or *Nature*, to keepe a man in that quiet, which *Religion* can. The two firſt I may vſe as *Councellours*: heare what they ſay, and weigh it: but the *laſt* muſt bee my *Soueraigne*. They are to *Religion*, as *Apocrypha* to the *Bible*: They are *good things*, may bee *bound vp*, and *read* with

with it: but must bee reiected, when they crosse the *Text Canonicall*. *GOD* is the *Summit* of *Mans happinesse*: *Religion* is the *Way*. Till wee arriue at *him*, wee are but *vapours*, transported by *vnconstant Winds*.

LXIIII.

Of the Soule.

HOw infinitely is *Man* distracted about *himselfe*? Nay, euen about that which makes him capable of that *distraction*; his *Soule*? Some haue thought it of the nature of *fire*, a hot subtill *body*, dispersing it selfe into *rayes*, and *fiery Atomes*; as *Democritus*, and some of the *Stoickes*. Others haue thought it *ayre*; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a *Spirit*, mixt of *fire* and *ayre*. Some would haue euery *Element* a *parent* of a *Soule* separately: so euery *Man* should haue many distinct *Soules*, according to the *Principles* of his *composition*. Some haue call'd it *an vndermined vertue*; some, *a selfe-moouing number*; some, *a Quint-essence*. Others haue defin'd it to bee nothing but a *Harmony*, conflated by the most euen composure of the *foure Elements* in *man*. And for this, one might thus argue: The *Body* is before the *soule*; and till the *Body* bee perfect, the *Soule* appeares not: as if the perfection of the *body*, in his euen *contemperation*, were the *generation* of the *soule* within it. The *soule* also changeth with the *body*: Is it not childish

in *Infancie*, luxurious and vnbounded in *Youth*, vigorous and discerning in the *strength of Man*, froward and doting in the *declining age* of his *life*? For, that which in *old men* we call *transcending wisdome*, is *more correction* by *long obseruation*, and *experience* of things without them, then the genuine vigour of *Iudgement* in themselues. Hence some wise *Princes* haue beene carefull, neither to chuse a *greene head*, nor one that is worne with *age*, for *Councell*. Next, we see the *soule* following the temperature of the *body*; nay, euen 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 *excesse*: Doth not the distemper of the *body* insaniate the *soule*? What is *madnesse*, but *Mania*, and the exuberancie and pride of the *blood*? And when againe they meane to cure the *soule*, doe they not beginne with *Doses*, and *Potions*, and *Prescriptions* to the *body*? *Iohannes de Combis* cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancie to it selfe, the shape of whatsoeuer appeares. But for all these, I could neuer meete with any, that could giue it so in an *absolute Definition*, that another or himselfe could conceiue it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure *immortall* and *transcending*, infus'd from a supernall *Power*. *Cicero* is their *diuine*, where he sayes, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where hee sayes againe, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, viuere: cum exissent ex ijs, emori*: *I could neuer thinke*

soules

soules to liue in mortall bodies, to dye when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and askes, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quàm Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem? What other canst thou thinke it, but a God, Inning in the flesh of Man?* The *Conscience*, the *Caracter* of a *God* stampt in it, and the apprehension of *Eternitie*, doe all proue it a *shoot of euerlastingnesse*. For though I doubt whether I may bee of their opinion, who vtterly take away all *reason* from *Beasts*: yet I verily beleeue, these are things, that were neuer *instincted* in them. *Man* hath these things in *grant* onely: whereby the *soule* doth seeme *immortall*; and by this seeming, is proued to bee so indeed: Else *seeming* should bee better then *certainety*; and *falshood* better then *Truth*; which cannot bee. Therefore they which say the *Soule* is not immortall; yet that 'tis, good men should thinke it so, thereby to bee awed from *vice*, and incited to *vertue*; euen by that *Argument*, argue against themselues. They that beleeue it not, let them doe as *Philosophers* wish *them* to doe, that deny the *fire* to bee hot, because they see not the meanes that make it so: let them be *cast into it*, and then heare if they will *deny*: so let them that *deny* the *immortality of the Soule*, bee immerged in the horrours of a *vulned conscience*, then let them tell mee what they *beleeue*. 'Tis certaine, *Man* hath a *Soule*; and as certaine, that it is *immortall*. But *what*, and *how* it is, in the *perfect nature* and *substance* of it; I confesse, my *humane reason* could neuer so informe mee, as I could fully explaine it to my owne *apprehension*. O my GOD! what a *clod*

of *mouing ignorance* is *Man*! when all his *industry* cannot instruct him, what himselfe is; when hee knowes not *that*, whereby hee knowes that he does not know it. Let him studie, and thinke, and inuent, and search the very *inwards* of obscured *Nature*; he is yet to seeke, how to define this *inexplicable*, *immortall*, *incorporeall Wonder*: this *Ray* of *Thee*; this *emanation* of thy *Deitie*. Let it then bee sufficient, that *GOD* hath giuen me a *Soule*, and that my *eternall welfare* depends vpon it: though hee bee not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I thinke both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say truest, when they are of opinion, that *Man* cannot know what the *Soule* is. Nor indeede neede any man wonder at it: Since hee may know, whatsoeuer is created by a *Superiour Power*, suffers a *Composure*, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it selfe was: *Man*, though hee 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* 'tis intended for. How then can *Man* thinke to know *himselfe*, when both his *Materials* and *Composure*, are both created and formed by a *supreme Power*, that did it without his *cooperation*? Why should I striue to *know that*, which I *know* I cannot *know*? Can a man dissect an *Atome*? can hee graspe a *flame*? or hold and seize on *Lightenings*? I am sure I haue a *Soule*: and am commanded to keepe it from *sinne*. O Thou, the *GOD* of that *little God* within mee, my *Soule*! let mee doe *that*, and I know, thou art not such an *Enemie* to *ignorance* in *Man*, but that thou art better pleased

with

with his *admiration* of thy *Secrets*, then his *search* of them.

LXV.

Of Courteſies.

NOthing inſlaueth a *gratefull Nature*, like a *free benefit*. Hee that conferres it on mee, ſteales mee from my *ſelfe*: and in one and the ſame *Act*, makes me his *Vaſſaile*, and himſelfe my *King*. To a *diſpoſition* that hath *worth* in it, 'tis the moſt tyrannicall Warre in the *World*: for, it takes the *minde* a *priſoner*: and till the *Ranſome* bee paid by a like *returne*, 'tis kept in *fetters*, and conſtrained to *loue*, to *ſerue*, and to be *ready*, as the *Conquerer* deſires it. Hee that hath requited a *Benefit*, hath redeemed himſelfe out of *priſon*: and, like a man out of debt, is *free*. For, *Courteſies* to *Noble mindes*, are the moſt extreme *extortions* that can bee. *Fauours* thus imparted, are not *Gifts*, but *Purchaſes*, that buy men out of their *owne liberty*. *Violence* and *compulſion*, are not halfe ſo dangerous. Theſe beſiege vs openly, giue vs leaue to looke to our ſelues, to collect our *forces*, and re-fortifie, where wee are ſenſible of our owne *weakeneſſes*: nay, they ſometimes befriend vs, and raiſe our *fortitude* higher, then their higheſt *braues*. But the other, vndermine vs, by a fawning *Stratagem*: and if wee be *Enemies*, they make vs lay downe our *Weapons*, and take vp *Loue*. Thus the *Macedonian* proued himſelfe a better *Phyſician*

for *calumny*, by his *bounties*; then his *Philosophers*, by their *gray aduisements*. They make of an *Enemie*, a *Subiect*; of a *Subiect*, a *Sonne*. A *Crowne* is safer kept by *benefits*, then *Armes*. *Melius beneficijs Imperium custoditur quàm Armis*. The *golden Sword* can conquer more then *steele* ones: and when *these* shall cause a *lowder cry*, *that* shall silence the *barking tongue*. There is nothing addes so much to the *greatnesse* of a *King*, as that he hath wherewith to make *friends* at his pleasure. Yet euen in this, hee playes but the *Royall Merchant*, that putting no condition in his *Bargaine*, is dealt with in the same way: so for a *petty Benefit*, hee often gets an *inestimable friend*. For, *Benefits* binding vp our *bodies*, take away our *soules* for the *giuer*. I know not that I am euer sadder, then when I am forced to accept *courtesies*, that I cannot requite. If euer I should affect *in-iustice*, it should bee in this, that I might doe *courtesies*, and receiue none. What a braue height doe they flye in, that like *Gods*, can binde *all* to them, and they be tyed to *none*! But indeed, it is for a *God* alone. How *heroicall* was it in *Alexander Seuerus*, who vsed to chide those hee had done nothing for, for not asking: demanding of them, if they thought it fit, hee should bee still in their *debt*: or that they should haue cause to *complaine* of him when hee was gone. Certainely, as it is a *transcending happinesse* to bee able to *shine* to all; so, I must reckon it one of the *greatest miseries* vpon *Earth*, wholy to depend vpon *others fauours*: and a next to this, is to *receiue* them. They are *graines* cast into *rich ground*, which makes it selfe sterile,

ſterile, by yeelding ſuch a *large increaſe*. *Gifts* are the greateſt *Vſurie*; becauſe a two-fold *retribution* is an *vrged effect*, that a *Noble nature* prompts vs to. And ſurely, if the *generous man* conſiders, hee ſhall finde hee payes not ſo much for any thing, as hee does for what is giuen him. I would not if I could, receiue *fauours* of my *friends*, vnleſſe I could re-render them. If I muſt, I will euer haue a *ready minde*, though my *hand* bee ſhortned. As I thinke there bee many, will not haue all they may: So I thinke there are few, can requite all they haue: and none, but ſometimes muſt receiue ſome. *God* hath made none *Abſolute*. The *Rich* depends vpon the *Poore*, as well as does the *Poore* on him. The *World* is but a more *magnificent building*: all the *ſtones* are graduately *concimented*, and there is none that ſubſiſteth alone.

LXVI.

Of a Mans ſelfe.

WEe euer carry our *greateſt enemie* within vs. There was neuer a ſounder *truth*, than *Nemo læditur niſi à ſeipſo*. Had wee the true reynes of our owne *paſsions* and *affections*, *outward occaſions* might exerciſe our *vertues*, but not iniure them. There is a way to bee *wiſe* and *good*, in ſpight of *occaſions*. Wee goe abroad, and fondly complaine, that wee meete with *wrongs*; as if wee could croſſe the *Prouerbe*, and proue, that they may be offered to a

willing

willing preparednesse. Others cannot draw vs into *inconueniences*, if wee helpe not our selues forward. 'Tis our *inside* that vndoes vs. Therefore sayes *Machiauell*, *A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that hee may fit them with baits, and winde them to his owne ends.* A *Curtezan* cannot hurt thee, vnlesse there lyes a *Letcher* in thy *heart.* When men *plot* vpon vs, to *intrappe* and *snare* vs, they doe but second our *owne inclinations*: and if they did not see a kinde of *inuitement* from our selues, they would neuer dare to beginne. When *Cyrus* besought the *Lacedemonians* to enter *League* with *him*, rather then *Artaxerxes*: hee onely tels them, he had a *greater heart* then his *Brother*, and could beare his *drinke* better: For hee knew, they loued men *generous* and *hardy*: so by making himselfe like them, hee t ought to winne their *liking*. When men happen vpon things that goe against the *Genius* of the *minde*, then they worke in vaine: but when others *flatteries* shall ioyne with the *great Flatterer*, a *mans selfe*; hee is then in the way to bee wrought vpon. 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a *selfe-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 worthy his magnifying. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens.* Otherwise, it is wee onely, that ruine our selues: if not *totally*, yet *primarily*. If we doe *ill compulsiuely*, we are cleered by the *violence*. In the iudgement of an *vpright Soule*, a man is not *guiltie* of that which he cannot *auoid*, (I meane, in *Cuiill matters.*) There is no *mischiefe* that wee fall into, but that

that wee our ſelues are at leaſt a *coadiutiue cauſe*, and doe helpe to further the *thing*. A mans *owne heart* is as arch a *Traitor*, as any hee ſhall meete withall: wee *truſt* it too much, and *know* it too little: and while wee thinke it *ſure-footed*, it *ſlides*, and does *deceiue* vs. That wee are the *Authors* of our owne *ill*, the *ſucceſſe* will tell vs: For, *Conſcience* is alwaies *iuſt*, and will not chide vs wrongfully: and when wee haue done an *ill*, though by *others procurement*, yet ſhee rates vs euen to a *loathing* of our ſelues. Sayes the *Comicke*,

——Iam aderit tempus, cum ſe etiam
ipſe oderit.

The day will come, when he ſhall hate himſelfe.

The wiſe man ſhould euer therefore keepe a double *watch*; one to keepe his *heart* from *extrauagancies*; the other, to keepe the *Enemie* from *approaches*. *Occaſion*, and *our Nature*, are like two *inordinate Louers*: they ſeldome *meet*, but they *ſinne* together. If we keepe them aſunder, the *harme* is preuented: or if they doe meete, 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 *Theefe* haue his *purſe*, when hee can doe no other. In the old *Law*, the *rauiſhed woman* was to bee free'd: for, ſayes the *Text*, *There is in her no cauſe of Death. Qui volens iniuſte agit, malus eſt: qui verò ex neceſsitate, non dico prorſus malum.* 'Tis not the neceſsitated, but the willing ill that ſtaines.

staines. Euen *Actuall sinnes* haue so farre dependancie on the *hearts approbation*, as *that* alone can *vitiate* or *excuse the Act*. While we keepe *that* steddy, our *Enemies* can much lesse hurt vs. The reason is, it is not in *Man* to compell it. The *minde* of *Man*, from *Man*, is not capable of a *violation*: and who then can I taxe for mine owne *yeelding*, but my *selfe*? No man hath power ouer my *minde*, vnlesse I my *selfe* doe giue it him. So that this I shall thinke certaine; *No man falles 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 *coniecture* may iniure *Innocence* it selfe. In matter of *censure*, nothing but a *certaine knowledge*, should make vs giue a *certaine Iudgement*. *Fame and Ayre* are both too weake *foundations* for *vnspotted Truth* to build on: onely *deedes* are lyable to the *downe-right Taxe*: Because they carry the *heart* along: which in euery action is a *witnesse*, either for or against vs. Surely *Man* is his owne *Deuill*, and does oftentimes tempt himselfe. All the precepts of *moderation* wee meete with, are but giuen vs to beware our selues: and vndoubtedly, hee that can doe it, is rising toward *Deitie*. Harke but to the *Harpe* of *Horace*.

Latius regnes, auidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas, & vterq; Pœnus
seruiat vni:

By

By curbing thy insatiate minde,
Thou shalt sway more, then couldst thou bind
Farre *Spaine* to *Libya*: or to thee
cause either *Carthage* subiect bee.

One eye I will sure haue for *without*; the other I will hold *within* mee: and lest I see not enough with that, it shall euer be my *prayer*, that I may bee deliuered from *my selfe*. *A me me salua Domine!* shall be one *petition* I will adde to the *Letany* of my *beseechings*.

LXVII.

Of the worst kinde of perfidie.

THe *Dead*, the *Absent*, the *Innocent*, and *him that trusts me*, I will neuer *deceiue* willingly. To all these wee owe a *Nobler Iustice*; in that they are the most certaine trials of *humane equity*. As that *Griefe* is the truest, which is without a *witnesse*; so is that *honesty* best, which is for it *selfe*, without *hope* of *reward*, or *feare* of *punishment*. Those *vertues* that are *sincere*, doe value *applause* the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some *internall defect*, that wee looke out for *others approbations*. Certainely, the *World* cannot tempt the man that is *truly honest*. And hee is certainely a *true man*, that will not *steale*, when hee may, without being *impeached*. The two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my *iniurie*; and *deceit* to them is not without *cowardice*, throwing

throwing *Nature* into the lowest degree of *basenesse*. To wrong the third, is *sauage*; and comes from the *Beast*, not *Man*. It was an *Act* like *Nature* in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued *Sparrow* flew into his bosome, to *cherish*, and *dismisse* it. How blacke a *heart* is that, which can giue a *stabbe*, for the *innocent smiles* of an *Infant*? Surely *Innocence* is of that *purity*, that it hath more of the *God* in it, then any other *qualitie*; it intimates a freedome from *generall Vice*. And this is it, which makes the *iniurie* to it so detestable: and sometimes giues the *owners* a diuine and miraculous force: as wee may reade in the *Turkish Storie*, of a *Childe* that strooke an *intending Murtherer* into a *swoune*, with offering to imbrace 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 hee was *kinder*, in making mee *master of himselfe*. 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 magnifie him: so shee hath made the contrary appeare 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 læsus non esset, nisi credidisset. None but the most villanous man, will deceiue him that had beene safe, but for trusting.*

Against

LXVIII.

Against Insultation.

IT cannot bee safe to insult ouer any. As there is no *Creature* so little, but may doe vs a *Mischiefe*: so is no *Man* so low, but may occasion our smart. The *Spider* can *impoyson*, the *Ant* can *sting*, euen the *Fly* can *trouble our patience*. Into all *sensitiue Creatures, Nature* hath put a kinde of a *vindictiue iustice*; that in some measure they are able to returne an *Iniury*. If they doe not alwaies, 'tis onely because they are not *able*. *Man* hath both a more *able*, and more *impatient soule*: and though *Reason* teaches him not to be *furious*, yet withall, it teaches him not bee *dull*. Extremities of *Iniury*, often awake extremities of *Reuenge*: especially, if we meet with *contempt* from *others*, or finde *despaire* in our *selues*: for *Despaire* makes a *Coward bold* and *daring*. Nor stands it but with *reason*, that a *strong patience* vrged beyond it selfe, should turne into the *strongest rage*. The *Bow* that is hardest to bend, sends out an *Arrow* with most *force*. *Neglect* an *Enemy*, but *contemne* him not. *Disdaine* will banish *Patience*, and bring in *Fury*: which is many times a *greater Lord*, then hee that rules a *Kingdome*. *Contempt* vnbridles *Feare*, and makes vs both to *will*, to *dare*, and to *execute*. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, & efficit, vt non velis solùm, sed audeas & tentes*. It is not good too farre to pursue

sue a *Victory*. *Sigismund* said true, *He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies flie*: wee may beate them to a *desperate resistance*, that may ruine vs. Hee is the wrong way high, that scornes a man below him, for his *lowlinesse*. They are but puft mindes, that bubble thus aboue *Inferiours*. Wee see, 'tis the *froth* onely, that gets to the top of the VVater. *Man* cannot be so much aboue *Man*, as that his *difference* should legitimate his *scorne*. Thou knowest not what may shew it selfe, when thy *Contempt* awakes the *Lyon* of a *sleeping minde*. All *disdaine* but that of *Vice*, detracteth from the worth of *Man*. *Greatnesse* in any man, makes not his *Iniury* more *lawfull*, but more *great*. And as hee that suffers, thinkes his *disgrace* more noted for the others *Eminency*: so he thinkes his owne *honour* will bee the more, when hee hath accomplisht his *Reuenge*; whereby, in some kinde, hee hath raised himselfe to be his *Superiours equall*. *Man* is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subiect himselfe to anothers *commands*, yet he will not endure his *braues*. A *lash* giuen to the *Soule*, will prouoke more, then the *Bodies cruell torture*. *Derision* makes the *Peasant* braue the *Prince*. When *Augustus* saw one like himselfe, and ask'd him in a *scoffe*, if his *Mother* were neuer at *Rome*: The *Boy* answers, *No*; but his *Father* was. When *Iulian* in a *mocke*, ask'd the *reuerend* and *aged*, *blinde Ignatius*, why he went not into *Galile*, to recouer his sight: Sayes he, *I am contentedly blinde, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art*. We are all heere *fellow-seruants*: and we know not how our *grand Master* will brooke *Insolencies*

lencies in his *Family*. How dareſt thou, that art but a *piece of Earth*, that *Heauen* ha's blowne into, preſume thy ſelfe, into the *impudent vſurpation* of a *Maieſty vnſhaken*? Thou canſt not ſit vpon ſo high a *Cog*, but may with *turning*, proue the *loweſt* in the *Wheele*: and therefore thou maiſt thinke, the *meaſure* that thou would'ſt then haue giuen *mee*. If wee haue *Enemies*, 'tis better wee deſerue to haue their *friendſhip*, then either to *deſpiſe*, or *irritate* them. No mans *weakeneſſe* ſhall occaſion my *greater weakeneſſe*, in *proudly contemning* him. Our *Bodies*, our *Soules* haue both the like originall *Compoſure*: If I haue any thing beyond him, 'tis not my *goodneſſe*, but *Gods*: and he by *time* and *meanes*, may haue as much, or more. Take vs alone, and we are but *Twinnes* of *Nature*. Why ſhould any deſpiſe another, becauſe hee is better furniſht with *that* which is none of his owue?

LXIX.

Of Aſſimilation.

THorow the *whole World* this holds in generall, and is the end of *all*; That euery thing labours to make the thing it meets with, *like* it *ſelfe*. *Fire* conuerts all to *fire*. *Ayre* exſiccates and drawes to it *ſelfe*. *Water moiſtens*, and reſolueth what it meets withall. *Earth* changeth all that wee commit to her, to *her owne nature*. The *World* is all *viciſſitude* and *conuerſion*. Nor is it onely true in *Materials* and

Substances; but euen in *Spirits*, in *Incorporeals*; nay, in these there is more *aptnesse*; they mixe more *subtilly*, and passe into one another with a *nimbler glide*. So wee see *infection* sooner taken by *breath* then *contaction*: and thus it is in *dispositions* too: The *Souldier* labours to make his *Companion valiant*. The *Scholler* endeauours to haue his *Friend learned*. The *bad Man* would haue his *company* like himselfe. And the *good Man* striues to frame others *vertuous*. Euery Man will be busie in dispending that *quality*, which is predominant in him. Whence this *Caueat* may well become vs, to beware both whom and what wee chuse to liue with all. We can conuerse with nothing, but will worke vpon vs; and by the vnperceiued stealth of *Time*, assimilate vs to it selfe. The choyce therefore of a mans *Company*, is one of the most weighty *Actions* of our *liues*: For, our future well or ill being, depends on that *Election*. If wee chuse *ill*, euery day declines vs to *worse*: wee haue a perpetuall *weight* hanging on vs, that is euer sinking vs downe to *Vice*. By liuing vnder *Pharaoh*, how quickly *Ioseph* learned the *Courtship* of an *Oath*! *Italy* builds a *Villaine*: *Spaine superbiates*: *Germany* makes a *Drunkard*, and *Venice*, a *Letcher*. But if wee chuse well, wee haue a *hand of Vertue*, gently lifting vs to a continuall *rising Nobleness*. *Antisthenes* vsed to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an *earthen Dish*, to see that it had no *crackes*, nor *inconueniences*, and yet would bee careless in the choyce of *Friends*; so take them with the flawes of *Vice*. Surely, a mans *Companion* is a second *Genius*,

nius, to ſway him to the *white*, or *bad*. A *good Man* is like to the *Day*, enlightening and warming all he *ſhines* on, and is alwaies raiſing vpward, to a *Region* of more conſtant *purity*, then that wherein it finds the *Obiect*. The *bad Man* is like the *night*, *darke*, obtruding *feares*, and dimitting vnwholſome *vapours*, vpon all that reſt beneath. *Nature* is ſo farre from making any thing abſolutely *idle*, that euen to *ſtones*, and *dulleſt Meddals*, ſhee hath giuen an *operation*: they *grow*, and *ſpread*, in our *generall Mothers veines*: and by a cunning way of *incroachment*, coozen the *Earth* of it ſelfe: and when they meet a Brother'd Conſtitution, they then *vnite* and *fortifie*. Hence growes the *height of friendſhip*, when two *ſimiliary Soules* ſhall blend in their *commixions*. This cauſes, that we ſeldome ſee different *diſpoſitions* be entirely *louing*.

Oderunt hillarem triſtes, triſtemque iocoſi:
Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnauumque remiſſi:
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula. ——

Sad men hate *mirth*: the *pleaſant ſadneſſe* ſhunne:
Swift men, the *ſlow*; the *ſlothfull* thoſe that *runne*.
Who drinkes at midnight, old *Falernian Wine*,
Scornes him that will not take his *Cups*. ——

It is *likeneſſe that makes* the *true-loue-knot* of *Friendſhip*. VVhen we finde another of our owne *diſpoſition*, what is it, but the *ſame Soule*, in a *deuided Body*? What finde we, but our ſelues intermutually *transposed*,

posed, each into other? And *Nature*, that makes vs *loue* our selues, makes vs with the same reason, *loue* those that are *like* vs. For this, is a *Friend* a more *sacred name* then a *Brother*. What auailes it to haue the *Bodies* from the same *Originall*, when the *Soules* within them differ? I beleeue, that the *applause* which the *Ancients* gaue to *equall friendship*, was to bee vnderstood of the likenesse of *mindes*, rather then of *estate*, or *yeeres*: for wee finde no *season*, nor no *degree* of *Man*, but hath beene *happy* with this *Sunne* of the *World*, *Friendship*: Whereas in *iarring dispositions*, we neuer as yet found it true. Nay, I thinke, if the *mindes* bee *consonant*, the best *friendship* is betweene *different fortunes*. He that is *low*, lookes *vpward* with a greater *louing reuerence*: and he that is *high*, looks *downeward* more *affectionately*, when hee takes it to be for his *honour*, to fauour his *Inferiour*, whom he cannot chuse but *loue* the more for *magnifying him*. Something I would looke to *outwards*; but in a *friend*, I would especially chuse him full of *Worth*, that if I be not so my *selfe*, hee yet may worke me like him. So for *company*, *Books*, or whatsoeuer, I would, if I haue *freedome*, chuse the *best*: though at first I should not fancy them, *continuall vse* will alter me, and then I shall gaine by their *graces*. If *iudgement* direct mee right in my *choyse*, *custome* winning vpon my *will*, will neuer faile in time to draw that after it.

Of

LXXI.

Of Poets and Poetrie.

SVrely hee was a little *wanton* with his *leisure*, that first inuented *Poetrie*. 'Tis but a *Play*, which makes *Words dance*, in the euennesse of a *Cadencie*: yet without doubt, being a *Harmonie*, it is neerer to the *minde* then *Prose*: for that it selfe is a *Harmonie* in height. But the *Words* being rather the *drossy part*, *Conceit* I take to bee the *Principall*. And here though it disgresseth from *Truth*, it flies aboue her, making her more rare, by giuing *curious rayment* to her *nakednesse*. The *Name* the *Grecians* gaue the men that *wrote* thus, shew'd how much they *honour'd* it: They call'd them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their *Conceits* in *Act*, how neere would they haue come to *Deitie*? And for the *vertues* of men; they rest not on the bare *demeanour*, but slide into *imagination*: so proposing things aboue vs, they kindle the *Reader* to *wonder* and *imitation*. And certainely, *Poets* that write thus, *Plato* neuer meant to banish. His owne *practice* shewes, hee excluded not *all*. He was content to heare *Antimachus* recite his *Poem*, when all the *Herd* had left him: and hee himselfe wrote both *Tragœdies*, and other *pieces*. Perhaps he found thē a little too busie with his *gods*: and he being the first that made *Philosophie Diuine*, and *Rationall*, was *modest* in his owne *beginnings*. Another *Name* they

had of *honour* too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish betweene the *Prophets* and *Poets* of *Israel*: VVhat is *Ieremies Lamentation*, but a kinde of *Saphicke Elegie*? *Dauids Psalmes* are not onely *Poems*; but *Songs*, *snatches* and *raptures* of a *flaming spirit*. And this indeed I obserue to the *honour* of *Poets*; I neuer found them *couetous*, or *scrapingly-base*. The *Iewes* had not two such *Kings* in all their *Catalogue*, as *Salomon*, and his *Father*; *Poets* both. There is a largenesse in their *Soules*, beyond the narrownesse of other men: and why may we not then thinke, this may imbrace more, both of *Heauen*, and *God*? I cannot but coniecture this to bee the reason, that they, most of them, are *poore*: They finde their mindes so solaced with their owne flights, that they neglect the studie of *growing rich*: and this, I confesse againe, I thinke, turnes them to *vice*, and *vnmanly courses*. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty louers of their *Pallates*; and this is knowne an *impouerisher*. *Antigonus*, in the *Tented Field*, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himselfe. And they *all* are *friends* to the *Grape* and *Liquor*: though I think, *many*, more out of a *ductible Nature*, and their loue to *pleasant Company*, then their affection to the *iuice* alone. They are all of *free Natures*; and are the truest *Definition* of that *Philosophers Man*, which giues him, *Animal risibile*. Their *grossest fault* is, that you may conclude them *sensuall*: yet this does not touch them *all*. *Ingenious* for the most part they are. I know there be some *Riming fooles*; but what haue they to doe with *Poetrie*? VVhen *Salust* would tell

tell vs, that *Sempronia's wit* was not ill; sayes hee, —— *Potuit Versus facere, & iocum mouere:* Shee could *make a Verse*, and *breake a Iest*. Something there is in it, more then ordinary: in that it is all in such *measured Language*, as may bee marr'd by *reading*. Ilaugh heartily at *Philoxenus* his *Iest*, who passing by, and hearing some *Masons*, mis-sensing his *lines*, (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking their *Bricks* amaine: They aske the *cause*, and hee replyes, They spoyle *his worke*, and he *theirs*. Certainely, a *worthy Poet* is so farre from beeing a *foole*, that there is some *wit* required in him that shall bee able to *reade* him well: and without the *true accent*, *numbred Poetrie* does lose of the *glosse*. It was a *speech* becomming an able *Poet* of our owne, when a *Lord* read his *Verses crookedly*, and he beseecht his *Lordship*, not to murder him in his *owne lines*. He that speakes *false Latine*, breakes *Priscians head*: but he that repeates a *Verse* ill, puts *Homer* out of *ioynt*. One thing commends it beyond *Oratorie*: it euer *complieth* to the sharpest *Iudgements*. He is the best *Orator* that pleaseth *all*; euen the *Crowd* and *Clownes*. But *Poetrie* would be *poore*, that they should all approue of. If the *Learned* and *Iudicious* like it, let the *Throng* bray. These, when 'tis *best*, will like it the *least*. So, they contemne what they *vnderstand not*: and the *neglected Poet* falls by *want*. *Calphurnius* makes one complaine the *misfortune*.

Frange puer calamos, & inanes desere Musas:
Et potius glandes, rubicundaq; collige corna.

Duc ad mulctra greges, & lac venale per Vrbem
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his Scopulis ventosa remurmurat Eccho.

Boy, breake thy *Pipes*, leaue, leaue thy *fruitlesse Muse*:
Rather the *Mast*, and blood-red *Cornill* chuse.
Goe leade thy *Flockes* to milking; sell and cry
Milke through the *Citie*: VVhat can *Learning* buy,
To keepe backe *hunger*? None my *Verses* minde,
But *Eccho* babbling from these *Rockes* and *Winde*.

Two things are commonly blamed in *Poetrie*: nay, you take away *That*, if *Them*: and these are *Lyes*, and *Flatteries*. But I haue told them in the *worst words*: For, 'tis onely to the *shallow insight* that they appeare thus. *Truth* may dwell more cleerely in an *Allegorie*, or a *moral'd Fable*, than in a bare *Narration*. And for *Flatterie*, no man will take *Poetrie litterall*: since in *commendations*, it rather shewes what men *should be*, then what they *are*. If this were not, it would appeare *vncomely*. But wee all know, *Hyperbole's* in *Poetrie*, doe beare a *decency*, nay, a *grace* along with them. The greatest *danger* that I finde in it, is, that it *wantons* the *Blood*, and *Imagination*; as carrying a man in too high a *Delight*. To preuent these, let the *wise Poet* striue to bee *modest* in his *Lines*. First, that hee *dash* not the *Gods*: next, that hee iniure not *Chastity*, nor corrupt the *Eare* with *Lasciuiousnesse*. VVhen these are declined, I thinke a *graue Poem* the *deepest kind of Writing*. It wings the *Soule* vp higher, then

then the *slacked pace* of *Prose*. *Flashes* that doe follow the *Cup*, I feare me, are too *spritely* to be *solid*: they run smartly vpon the *loose*, for a *Distance* or two; but then being *foule*, they giue in, and *tyre*. I confesse, I loue the *sober Muse*, and *fasting*: From the other, *matter* cannot come so cleere, but that it will be misted with the *fumes* of *Wine*. *Long Poetry* some cannot be friends withall: and indeede, it palles vpon the reading. The wittiest *Poets* haue beene all *short*, and changing soone their *Subiect*; as *Horace*, *Martiall*, *Iuuenall*, *Seneca*, and the two *Comœdians*. *Poetry* should be rather like a *Coranto*, *short*, and *nimbly-loftie*; than a *dull Lesson*, of a day long. Nor can it but bee *deadish*, if *distended*: For, when 'tis *right*, it centers *Conceit*, and takes but the *spirit* of *things*: and therefore *foolish Poesie*, is of all *writing* the *most ridiculous*. VVhen a *Goose dances*, and a *Foole versifies*, there is *sport* alike. Hee is twice an *Asse*, that is a *riming one*. Hee is something the *lesse vnwise*, that is *vnwise* but in *Prose*. If the *Subiect* bee *Historie*, or *contexted Fable*, then I hold it better put in *Prose*, or *Blanks*: for *ordinarie discourse* neuer shewes so well in *Meeter*, as in the *straine* that it may seeme to bee spoken in: the *commendation* is, to doe it to the *life*: Nor is this any other, then *Poetry* in *Prose*. Surely, though the *World* thinke not so, hee is happy to himselfe, that can play the *Poet*. Hee shall vent his *passions* by his *Pen*, and ease his *heart* of their weight: and hee shall ofter raise himselfe a *ioy* in his *Raptures*, which no man can perceiue, but *hee*. Sure, *Ouid* found a *pleasure* in't, euen when hee writ his *Tristia*. It gently

gently deliuers the *mind* of *distempers*; and workes the thoughts to a *sweetnesse*, in their *searching conceit*. I would not loue it for a *Profession*: and I would not want it for a *Recreation*. I can make my selfe *harmelesse*, nay, *amending Mirth* with it; while I should perhaps bee trying of a *worser Pastime*. And this I beleeue in it further, Vnlesse *Conuersation* corrupts his *easinesse*, *it* lifts a man to *Noblenesse*; and is neuer in any *rightly*, but it makes him of a *Royall* and *capacious Soule*.

LXXII.

Of Feare and Cowardice.

THey that are made of *fearefull dispositions*, of all others, may seeme the least beholding to *Nature*. I know not any thing, wherein they can bee more *vnfortunate*. They enioy nothing without a *frighted minde*; no, not so much as their *sleepes*. They doubt what they *haue done*, lest it may *hurt them*: they *tremble* at the *present*; and *Miseries* that but *may come*, thy *anticipate*, and send for, and inferre in a more *horrid habit*, then any *Enemie* can deuise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but *feare more miseries*, then the *bolder people*: But it plainely appeares, that the *Coward* really *meetes more dangers*, than the *valiant man*. Euery *base Nature* will bee ready to offer *iniuries*, where they thinke they will not be *repaid*. Hee will many times *beate* a *Coward*, that would not dare to strike him, if

if hee thought him *valiant*. When the *Passenger* gallops by, as if his *feare* made him speedy; the *Curre* followes him with an open mouth, and *swiftnesse*: let him *walke by*, in a *confident neglect*; and the *Dogge* will neuer stirre at him. Surely, 'tis a *weakenesse*, that euery *Creature* (by a natiue instinct) takes aduantage of: and *Cowards* haue *soules* of a *courser mixture*, then the common *spirits* of *men*. *Euils* that must bee, they meete with before their *time*: as if they striued to make themselues *miserable*, sooner, then *God* appoynted them. *Euils* that are but *probable*, they *ascertaine*. They that by an euen *poize*, might sit safe, in a *Boate* on a rough *Sea*, by rising vp to auoyd *drowning*, are *drowned*. For this is sure; It coozens the *weake minde* infinitely both in making of her *falsely* beleeue, shee may auoyde dangers by *flying*, and in *counterfetting* whatsoeuer is *ill*. All *diseases* are belyed by *feare*, and *conceit*: and we know some, out of feare of *Death*, haue *dy'd*. In a *Battell* wee see the *valiant man* escapes oft safe, by a *constant* keeping his *ranke*; when the *Coward*, shifting dangers, runnes by *auoiding one*, into the seuerall *walkes* of many, *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali*. Certainely, I haue studied in *vaine*, in thinking what a *Coward* may bee good for. I neuer heard of any *Act* becomming *vertue*, that euer came from any. All the *Noble deeds* that haue beat their *Marches* through succeeding *Ages*, haue all proceeded from *men* of *courage*. And I beleeue many times, their *confidence* kept them safe. An *vnappalled* looke does *daunt* a base *attempter*. And oftentimes, if a

Man has nothing but a *couragious eye*, it protects him. The *braue ſoule* knowes no *trembling*. *Cæſar* ſpake like *Cæſar*, when hee bade the *Mariners* feare nothing; for they carried him and his *Fortunes*. And indeed *valour* caſts a kinde of *honour* vpon *God*; in that wee ſhew that wee beleeue his *goodneſſe*, while we truſt our ſelues in *danger*, vpon his care onely: VVhereas the *Coward* eclipſes his ſufficiencie, by *vnworthily doubting*, that *God* will not bring him off. So *vniuſtly* accuſing either his *power*, or his *will*, hee would make himſelfe his owne *Sauiour*, and becomes his owne *confounder*. For when man miſtruſts *God*, 'tis iuſt with *God* to leaue *Man*. *Marcus Antonius* would not *beleeue*, that *Auidius Craſſus* could euer haue *depoſed him*: and his *reaſon* was, The *Gods* had greater care of him, then to let *Craſſus* wrong him vndeſeruedly. And this *winning* him loue, eſtabliſht him: whereas, *Feare* on the other ſide *fruſtrates* a ſufficient *defence*. *Themiſtocles* compar'd a *Coward* to the *Sword-fiſh*, which hath a *weapon*, but wants a *heart*. And then what vſe can the *quaking hand* put it to? Nay, when hee may flye, *cowardize* hinders him from playing the *Coward*: He would runne away, and *feare* arreſts him with a ſenceleſſe *amazement*, that *betrayes* him, to the purſuit of his *foes*. No armour can *defend* a fearefull *heart*. It will kill it ſelfe, within. *Cleomenes* was ſo farre out of *charity* with this pale *paſſion*, as the *Spoyles* he wanne 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

ther *paſsions*. *Loue*, *Anger*, *Sorrow*, and the like, are but for a *time*, and then ouer: but this is *perpetuall*: A *diſeaſe* of a *life* long, which euery day *ſlaues* a man to whatſoeuer ill hee meetes with. It *vaſſailes* him to the *world*, to *beaſts*, and *men*. And like a ſurly *Tyrant*, inforceth whatſo'ere it propoſeth. For this, does *Martiall* Epigram vpon it.

Quid ſi me Tonſor cùm ſtricta nouacula ſupra eſt,
Tunc libertatem, Diuitiaſque 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 aske *wealth*, and *liberty*;
I'd promiſe ſure. The *Barber* askes not this,
No, 'tis a *Theefe*, and *feare* imperious is.

Next, whereas other *paſsions* are grounded vpon things that are, as *Enuie* vpon *Happineſſe*, *Rage* vpon *Iniury*, *Loue* vpon *Beauty*, and ſo the reſt. This is as well vpon *things* that are not: It coynes *miſchiefes* that neither be, nor can be. Thus hauing no *obiect* to *bound* it, it runnes in *infinitum*, and cannot be *ſecured* by any *condition of life*. Let the *Coward* haue a guard, and he *feares* that: Let him haue none, and he will *feare* for want of it. I haue knowne ſome as *happy* as the *world* could make them; and their owne needleſſe *feares*, haue made their *liues* more *ſowre*, then his that hath beene *ſtreighted* in all. I haue pittied them; to thinke that a *weake*, *vexati-*

ous,

ous, and *vnprofitable paßion* ſhould quite *ruine* the bleſſings of a faire *eſtate*. Some things I may doubt, and endeauour to *ſhunne*: but I would neuer feare them to a *ſeruility*. If I can keepe but *reaſon Lord*, *feare* will ſerue, and *benefit* mee: but when that gets the *Throne*, it will domineere *inſultingly*. Let me rather haue a minde *confident*, and *vndaunted* with ſome *troubles*; then a *Pulſe* ſtill beating *feare*, in the fluſh of *Proſperity*.

LXXII.

That Man is neither happy, nor miſerable, but by compariſon.

THere is not in this *world*, either perfect *miſery*, or perfect *happineſſe*. *Compariſon* more then *Reality*, makes men *happy*, and can make them *wretched*. VVhat ſhould we account *miſerable*, if we did not lay it in the *ballance* with ſome thing, that hath more *felicity*? If we ſaw not ſome men *vaulting*, in the gay trimme of *Honour*, and *Greatneſſe*, wee ſhould neuer thinke a *poore eſtate* ſo *lamentable*. Were all the *world* vgly, *Deformity* would bee no *Monſter*. In thoſe *countries* where all goe *naked*, they neither *ſhame* at their being *vncouered*, nor *complaine* that they are expos'd to the *violence* of the *Sunne*, and *windes*. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes *gazing* at others aboue, caſt vs into a *ſhade*, which before that time, wee met not with. VVhatſoeuer is not *paine*, or *ſufferance*, might well bee borne without

without *grumbling*: did not other *obiects* fuller of *contentednesse*, draw away our *Soules* from that wee haue, to those things which wee see, wee haue not. 'Tis *Enuy*, and *Ambition* that makes vs farre more *miserable*, then the constitution which our *liberall Nature* hath *allotted* vs. Many neuer finde themselues in *want*, till they haue *discouered* the *abundance* of some others. And many againe, doe beare their *want* with ease, when they finde others below themselues in *happinesse*. It was an answer bewraying a *Philosopher*, which *Thales* gaue to one, that asked him how *Aduersity* might best bee borne? By seeing our *Enemies* in *worse estate* then our *selues*. Wee picke our owne *sorrowes*, out of the *ioyes* of other men: and out of their *sorrowes*, likewise, wee assume our *ioyes*. When I see the *toyling Labourer* sweat thorow both his *skinnes*, yet can scarce get so much, as his *importunate belly* consumes him; I then looke vpon my *selfe* with *gladnesse*. But when I *eye* the *Distributors* of the *Earth*, in their *royalty*: when I thinke of *Nero* in his *Iourney*, with his thousand *chariots*, and his *Mules* all shod with *siluer*; then what a poore *Atome* doe I count my *selfe*, compar'd with these huge *piles* of *State*?

Tolle felices, remoueto multo
Diuites auro, remoueto centum
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus,
Pauperi surgent animi iacentes.
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.

Void

Void the bleſt, and him that *flowes*
With weighty *gold*, and fifty *Ploughes*
Furrowing wealthy *paſtures* goes.
Poore *mindes* then will *ſpring*. For none
Is poore but by *compariſon*.

It was *compariſon*, that firſt kindled the *fire* to burne *Troy* withall. *Giue it to the fairest*, was it, which *iarr'd* the *Goddeſſes*. *Paris* might haue giuen the *Ball* with leſſe offence, had it nor beene ſo *inſcribed*. Surely, *Iuno* was content with her *beauty*, till the *Troian* Youth caſt her, by aduancing *Venus*. The *Roman Dame* complained not of her husbands *breath*, while ſhee knew no *kiſſe*, but his. While wee ſpy no *ioyes* aboue our *owne*, we in quiet count them *bleſſings*. Wee ſee, euen a few *companions* can lighten our *miſeries*: by which we may gueſſe the effect of a *generalitie*. *Blackeneſſe*, a *flat Noſe*, *thicke Lips*, and *goggle Eyes*, are *beauties*, where nor *ſhapes* nor *colours* differ. He is much *impatient*, that refuſeth the *generall Lot*. For my ſelfe, I will reckon that *miſery*, which I finde hurts mee in my ſelfe; not that which comming from another, I may auoyd, if I will. Let mee examine whether that I *enioy*, bee not enough to *felicitate* mee, if I ſtay at home. If it be, I would not haue anothers better *fortune* put me out of *conceit* with my owne. In *outward things*, I will looke to thoſe that are *beneath* me; that if I muſt build my ſelfe out of others, I may rather raiſe *content* then *murmur*. But for *accompliſhment of the minde*, I will euer fixe on thoſe aboue me: that I may, out of an honeſt *emulation*,

lation, mend my selfe, by continuall striuing to imitate their *Noblenesse*.

LXXIII.

Of Pride and Choler.

THe *Proud man* and the *Cholericke*, seldome arriue at any height of *vertue*. *Pride* is the *choler* of the *minde*; and *choler* is the *pride* of the *Body*. They are sometimes borne to good parts of *Nature*, but they rarely are known to adde by *industry*. 'Tis the milde and suffering *disposition*, that oftenest doth attaine to *Eminencie*. *Temper* and *Humility* are aduantagious *Vertues*, for businesse, and to *rise* by. *Pride* and *Choler* make such a noise, that they awake *dangers*; which the other with a soft *tread*, steales by vndiscouered. They *swell* a man so much, that he is too bigge to passe the *narrow way*. *Temper* and *Humility*, are like the *Foxe* when hee went into the *Garner*; he could creepe in at a little hole, and arriue at *Plenty*. *Pride* and *Choler* are like the *Foxe* offering to goe out, when his *belly* was full; which inlarging him bigger then the *passage*, made him stay and bee taken with *shame*. They that would come to *preferment* by *Pride*, are like them that ascend a paire of *Staires* on *horsebacke*; tis ten to one, but both their *Beasts* will cast them, ere they come to tread their *Chamber*. The mindes of *proud men*, haue not that cleerenesse of discerning, which should make them iudge aright of

themselues, and others 'Tis an vncharitable *vice*, which teaches men how to *neglect* and *contemne*. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it selfe: and by this *depression* angers them, that they *bandy* against it, till it meetes with the *losse*. One thing it hath more then any *Vice* that I know: It is an *Enemie* to it selfe. The *proud man* cannot indure to see *pride* in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*: though indeed 'tis rare to finde it in *men* so qualified. The maine thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the *Reprehension of a Friend*. *Pride* scornes a *Corrector*, and thinkes it a *disparagement* to *learne*: and *Choler* admits no *counsell* that *crosses* him; *crossing angers* him, and *anger blindes* him. So if euer they heare any *fault*, it must either bee from an *Enemie* in *disdaine*, or from a *Friend*, that must resolue to lose them by't. *M. Drusus*, the *Tribune* of the *People*, cast the *Consull*, *L. Philippus*, into *prison*, because he did but interrupt him in his speech. Other *Dispositions* may haue the *benefits* of a *friendly monitor*; but these by their *vices* doe seeme to giue a *defiance* to *Counsell*. Since, when men once knew them, they will rather bee *silent*, and let them rest in their *folly*, then by *admonishing* them, runne into a *certaine Brawle*. There is another thing shewes them to bee both *base*: They are both most *awed* by the most *abiect passion* of the *minde*, *Feare*. We dare neither be *proud* to one that can *punish* vs; nor *chollericke* to one much *aboue* vs. But when wee haue to deale with such, we clad our selues in their *contraries*; as knowing they are habits of more *safety*, and better *liking*. Euery man flyes from the *burning house*:

house: and one of these hath a *fire* in his *heart*, and the other discouers it in his *face*. In my opinion, there bee no *vices* that incroach so much on *Man* as these: They take away his *Reason*, and turne him into a *stone*: and then *Vertue* her selfe cannot boord him, without danger of *defamation*. I would not liue like a beast, pusht at by all the world for *loftinesse*: nor yet like a *Waspe*, stinging vpon euery *touch*. And this moreouer shall adde to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of *strife* among *Brethren*.

LXXIIII.

That great benefits cause ingratitude.

AS the *deepest hate*, is that which springs from the most *violent Loue*; So, the *greatest Discourtesies* oft arise from the *largest fauours*. *Benefits* to *good Natures*, can neuer bee so *great*, as to make *thankes* blush in their tendering: but when they bee *weighty*, and light on ill ones, they then make their *returne* in *Ingratitude*. *Extraordinarie fauours* make the *giuer* hated by the *Receiuer*, that should *loue* him. *Experience* hath proued, that *Tacitus* wrote *Truth*: *Beneficia vsque adeò læta sunt, dum videntur posse exolui, vbi multum anteuenere, pro gratia, odium redditur.* *Benefits* are so long *gratefull*, as wee thinke wee can repay them: but when they challenge more, our *thankes* conuert to *hate*. It is not good to make men owe vs more then they are able to pay: ex-

cept it bee for *vertuous deserts*, which may in some sort challenge it. They that haue found *transcending courtesies*, for *Offices* that haue not beene *sound*; as in their first *actions* they haue beene *strained*, so in their *progresse* they will proue *vngratefull*: For when they haue serued their turne of his *benefits*, they seldome see their *Patron* without *thraldome*, which (now by his *gifts* being lifted into happinesse) they grieue to see, and striue to bee quit of. And if they bee *defensiue fauours*, for matter of *fact*, they then with their *thraldome*, shew them their *shame*: and this prickes them forward to winde out themselues, though it bee with incurring a *greater*. The *Malefactor* which thou saueſt, will, if hee can, *condemne* thee. Some haue written, that *Cicero* was slaine by one, whom his *Oratorie* had defended, when he was accused of his *Fathers murther*. I knew a *French Gentleman* inuited by a *Dutch* to his House; and according to the *vice* of that *Nation*, hee was welcom'd so long with *full Cups*, that in the end the *drinke* distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giuing him thankes, hee quarrels with his *Host*, and *strikes* him. His *friend* blaming him, he answered, It was his *Hosts* fault, for giuing him *liquour* so strong. It pass'd for a *Iest*: but certaine, there was something in it more. Men that haue beene thus beholding to vs, thinke wee know too much of their *vilenesse*: and therefore they will rather free themselues by their *Benefactors ruine*; then suffer themselues to be had in so low an *esteeme*. When *kindnesses* are such as hinder *Iustice*, they seldome yeeld a fruit that is *commendable*:

dable: as if *vengeance* followed the *Bestower*, for an iniurie to *equity*, or for not suffering the *Diuine Edicts* to haue their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robb'st the *Law* of a *Life*, to giue it to an *ill-deseruing man*. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater then the benefit that thou dost conferre vpon him. Such *pitty* wounds the *Publike*, which is often reuenged by him thou didst bestow it vpon. *Benefits* that are good in themselues, are made ill by their being *misplaced*. Whatsoeuer fauours thou imparteſt, let them be to those of *desert*. It will be much for thy *Honour*, when by thy *kindnesse*, men shall see that thou affecteſt *Vertue*: and when thou layest it on one of *worth*, grudge not that thou hast plac'd it there: For, beleeue it, he is much more *Noble* that *deserues* a *benefit*, then he that *bestowes* one. *Riches*, though they may *reward Vertues*, yet they cannot *cause* them. If I shall at any time doe a *courtesie*, and meete with a *neglect*, I shall yet thinke I did *well*, because I did *well intend it*. *Ingratitude* makes the *Author worse*, but the *Benefactor* rather the *better*. If I shal receiue any *Kindnesses* from others, I will think, that I am tyed to *acknowledge*, and also to *returne* them, small ones, out of *Courtesie*, and great ones out of *duty*. To neglect them, is *inhumanitie*; to requite them with *ill*, *Satanicall*. 'Tis onely in *rancke grounds*, that much *raine* makes *weeds* spring: where the *soyle* is cleane, and well planted, there is the more *fruit* return'd, for the *showres* that did fall vpon it.

LXXV.

Of Vertue and Wisedome.

THere are no such *Guards* of *Safety*, as *Vertue* and *Wisedome*. The one secures the *Soule*; the other, the *Estate* and *Body*. The one defends vs against the *stroke of the Law*; the other, against the *mutability of Fortune*. The *Law* has not power to strike the *vertuous*: nor can *Fortune* subuert the *Wise*. Surely, there is more *Diuinitie* in them, then wee are aware of: for, if wee consider rightly, wee may obserue, *Vertue* or *goodnesse* to bee *habituall*, and *Wisedome* the *distributiue* or *actuall* part of the *Deitie*. Thus, all the *Creatures* flowing from these two, they appeared to bee *valdè bona*, as in the *Text*. And the *Sonne of Sirach* couples them more plainely together: for hee sayes, *All the workes of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandements are done in due season*. These onely *perfect* and *defend* a man. VVhen vniust *Kings* desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay *traines* to make them fall into *Vice*: or at least, giue out, that their *Actions* are already *criminall*: so rob them of their *Vertue*; and then let the *Law* seize them. Otherwise, *Vertues garment* is a *Sanctuarie* so *sacred*, that euen *Princes* dare not strike the man that is thus *roabed*. 'Tis the *Liuery* of the *King of Heauen*: and who dares *arrest* one that weares his *Cloth?* This protects vs when wee are vnarmed: and

and is an *Armour* that wee cannot, vnlesse wee be *false* to our selues, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himselfe with this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his *Statues*, yet they could not extinguish his more *pyramidicall vertues*, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the *Diuine Law*, which should be the *square* of all our *Actions*. *Vertue* is the *Tenure*, by which wee hold of *Heauen*: without this wee are but *Out-lawes*, which cannot claime *protection*. Sure, *Vertue* is a *Defendresse*, and valiants the *heart* of *man*. *Horace* reports a *wonder*, which hee imputes to his *integritie*.

Innocent and spotlesse hearts,
Need nor *Moorian* Bow nor Darts:
Quiuers cram'd with *poison'd shot*,
O *Fuscus*! they need not.

n

Boyling *Sands*, vnnauigable,
Scythia's Mount inhospitable,
Media, *Inde*, and *Parthea*, they
Dare passe, without dismay.

For, when I prais'd my *Lalage*,
And carelesse walk'd beyond my way,
A fierce *Wolfe* from a *Sabine* VVood,
Fled mee, when nak'd I stood.

Integer vitæ, scelerisq; purus,
Non eget Mauri Iaculis nec Arcu,

Nec venenatis grauida Sagittis,
Fusce pharetra.

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

Namq; me sylua Lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & vltra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

If sometimes *Vertue* giues not *freedome*, shee yet giues such *Cordials*, as frolicke the *heart*, in the presse of *aduersitie*. She beames forth her selfe to the *gladding* of a *bruised soule*: and by her *light* the *dungion'd prisoner* dances. Especially she is braue, when her *Sister Wisedome'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* haue subiected to *Wisedome*. 'Tis shee that giues vs a *Safe-conduct* thorow all the *various casualties* of *Mortality*. And therefore when *Fortune* meanes to *ruine* vs, shee *flatters* vs first from this *Altar*: shee cannot hurt vs, till wee be stript of these *Habiliments*: then shee doth both *wound* and *laugh*. 'Tis rare to see a man decline in *Fortune*, that hath not declin'd in *Wisedome* before. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere:

Fortune

Fortune first *fooles* the *Man* she meanes to *foile*.

She dares not, she cannot hurt vs while wee continue *wise*. *Discretion* swayes the *Starres*, and *Fate*: for *Wealth*, the *Philosophers foresight* of the scarcitie of *oyle*, shewes it can helpe in that *defect*. For *Honour*, how many did it aduance in *Athens*, to a renown'd *Authority*? VVhen all is done, The *wise man* onely is the cunning'st *Fencer*. No man can either *giue* a blow so *soone*, or *ward* himselfe so *safely*. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summ'd him.

Take all; There's but one *Ioue* aboue him. Hee
Is *Rich*, *Faire*, *Noble*, *King* of *kings*, and free.

Ad summum. Sapiens vno minor est Ioue. Diues, Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher; Rex: deniq; Regum.

Surely, *GOD* intended we should *value* these *two* aboue our *liues*; to *liue*, is common; to bee *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, *Vertue*, *VVisedome*. I finde not a *Man* that the *World* euer had, so plentifull in all things, as was *Salomon*. Yet wee know, his request was but one of *these*; though indeed it includeth the *other*. For without *Vertue*, *Wisedome* is not, or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a *cunning way* of *vndoing* our selues at the *last*.

Of

LXXVI.

Of Moderation.

NOthing makes *Greatnesse* last, like the *Moderate* vse of *Authority*. *Haughty* and *violent mindes*, neuer blesse their *owners* with a *settled peace*. Men come downe by *domineering*. Hee that is lifted to *sudden preferment*, had neede be much more carefull of his *actions*, then hee that hath *inioy'd* it *long*. If it be not a *wonder*, it is yet *strange*; and all strangers wee obserue more *strictly*, then wee doe those that haue dwelt among vs. Men obserue *fresh Authority*, to informe themselues, how to trust. It is good that the aduanced *Man* remember to retaine the same *Humility*, that hee had before his *Rise*: and let him looke backe, to the good *intentions* that *soiourn'd* with him in his low *estate*. Commonly, wee thinke then of *worthy deedes*; which wee promise our selues to doe, if wee had but *meanes*. But when that *meanes* comes, wee forget what wee thought, and *practise* the contrary. VVhosoeuer comes to *place* from a *meane being*, had neede haue so much more *vertue*, as will make good his want of *Blood*. *Nobility* will *checke* at the leape of a *Low man*. *Salust* has obserued of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for *Consul*: That, *Pleraq; Nobilitas, inuidia æstuabat, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebat, si eum, quamuis egregius, homo nouus, adeptus foret*. To auoyd this, it is *good* to be *iust* and *plausible*.

A round

A round *heart* will faſten *friends*; and linke men to thee, in the *chaines of Loue*. And beleeue it, thou wilt finde thoſe *friends* firmeſt, (though not moſt) that thy *vertues* purchaſe thee. Theſe will *loue* thee when thou art but *man* againe: VVhereas thoſe that are wonne without *deſert*, will alſo bee loſt without a *cauſe*. Smoothneſſe declineth *Enuie*. It is better to deſcend a little from *State*, then aſſume any thing, that may ſeeme aboue it. It is not *ſafe* to tenter *Authority*. *Pride* increaſeth *enemies*: but it puts our *friends* to *flight*. It was a iuſt *Quip*, that a *proud Cardinall* had from a *friend*, that vpon his *Election* went to *Rome*, on purpoſe to ſee him: where finding his *behauiour ſtretched all to Pride*, and *State*, departs, and makes him a *Mourning Sute*; wherein next day he comes againe to *viſit* him: who asking the *cauſe* of his *blacks*, was anſwered, it was for the *death* of *Humility*, which dy'd in him, when hee was *Elected Cardinall*. *Authority* diſplayes the *Man*. Whatſoeuer *opinion* in the *world*, thy former *vertues* haue gained thee, is now vnder a *Iury*, that will condemne it, if they *ſlacke* heere. The way to make *Honour* laſt, is to doe by it, as men doe by *rich Iewels*; not incommon them to the *euery day eye*: but *caſe* them vp, and *weare* them but on *Feſtiuals*. And, be not too *glorious* at firſt; it will ſend men to too much *expectation*, which when they faile of, will turne to *neglect*. Thou hadſt better ſhew thy ſelfe by a *little* at once; then in a *windy oſtentation*, powre out thy *ſelfe* together. So, that *reſpect* thou gaineſt, wil be more permanent, though it be not *got* in ſuch *haſte*.

Some

Some *profit* thou mayeſt make of *thinking* from whence thou *cameſt*. *He* that beares that ſtill in his *minde*, will bee more wary, how hee trench vpon thoſe, that that were once *aboue* him.

With Earthen Plate, *Agathocles* (they ſay)
Did vſe to meale: ſo ſeru'd with *Samo's Clay*.
When *Iewell'd* Plate, and rugged *Earth* was by,
He ſeem'd to mingle *wealth*, and *pouerty*.
One ask'd the *cauſe*; he anſwers: I that am
Sicilia's King, from a poore *Potter* came.
Hence learne, thou that art rais'd from meane
To ſudden *riches*, to be *Temperate*. (*eſtate*,

Fama eſt, fictilibus cænaſſe Agathoclea Regem;
Atque abacum Samio ſæpe oneraſſe luto:
Fercula gemmatis cùm poneret Horrida vaſis,
Et miſceret opes, pauperiemque ſimul:
Quærenti cauſſam, reſpondit: Rex ego qui ſum
Sicaniæ, figulo ſum genitore ſatus.
Fortunam reuerenter habe; quicunque repentè
Diues ab exili progrediere loco.

It was the *Admonition* of the *dying Otho*, to *Cocceius*: neither too much to *remember*, nor altogether to *forget*, that *Cæſar* was his *Vncle*. When wee looke on our ſelues in the *ſhine of proſperitie*, wee are apt for the *puffe* and *ſcorne*. VVhen we thinke not on't at all, we are likely to bee much *imbaſed*. An *eſtate* euened with theſe *thoughts*, indureth: Our *aduancement* is many times from *Fortune*, our *moderation* in it, is that, which ſhe can neither *giue*, nor *de-*

priue

priue vs of. In what *condition* soeuer I *liue*, I would neither *bite*, nor *fawne*: Hee does well that subscribes to him that *writ*,

Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatue maior.

LXXVII.

Of Modestie.

THere is *Modestie*, both a *Vertue*, and a *Vice*, though indeede, when it is *blameable*, I would rather call it a *foolish bashfulnesse*. For then it *betrayes* vs to all *inconueniencies*. It brings a *foole* in Bonds, to his *vtter vndoing*: when out of a weake flexibility of *Nature*, hee has not *courage* enough to deny the request of a *seeming friend*. One would thinke it strange at first, yet it is *prouedly* true: That, *Modestie vndoes a Maid*. In the *face*, it is a *Lure* to make euen *lewd men* loue: which they oft expresse with *large gifts*, that so worke vpon her *yeelding nature*, as she knowes not how to *deny*: so rather then bee *vngratefull*, she oft becomes *vnchaste*: Euen *blushing* brings them to their *Deuirgination*. In *friendship*, 'tis an odious *vice*, and lets a *man* run on in *absurdities*; for feare of displeasing by telling the *fault*. 'Tis the *foole* onely, that puts *Vertue* out of *countenance*. *Wise men* euer take a freedome of *reprooving*, when *vice* is *bold*, and *daring*. How plaine was *Zeno* with *Nearchus*? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander*? How serious *Seneca* with the sauage

Nero?

Nero? A Spirit *modestly* bold, is like the *Winde*, to purge the *Worlds* bad *ayre*. It dispersses *Exhalations* from the *muddy Earth*, which would, vnstirr'd, *infect it*. Wee often let *Vice* spring, for wanting the *audacity* and *courage* of a *Debellation*. Nay, wee many times forbeare good *Actions*, for feare the *world* should *laugh* at vs. How many men, when others haue their *store*, will *want* themselues, for shaming to demand their *owne?* And sometimes in *extremes* wee *vnwisely* stand vpon poynts of *insipid Modesty*. But, *Rebus semper pudor absit in actis*. In all *extremes* flye *Bashfulnesse*. In any good *Action*, that must needs bee bad, that hinders it: of which *straine*, many times, is the *fondnesse* of a *blushing shamefastnesse*. But to *blush* at *Vice*, is to let the *world* know that the *heart* within, hath an *inclination* to *Vertue*. *Modestie* a *vertue*, is an excellent *curbe* to keepe vs from the *stray* and *offence*. I am perswaded, many had beene bad that are not; if they had not beene *bridled* by a *bashfull nature*. There are diuers that haue *hearts* for *vice*, which haue not *face* accordingly. It chides vs from *base company*, restraines vs from *base enterprizes*; from *beginning all*, or *continuing* where wee *see it*. It teaches to loue *vertue* onely: and directs a man rather to mixe with a *chaste soule*, then to care for pressing of the *ripened bosome*. It awes the *vnciuill tongue*: chaines vp the *licentious hand*; and with a silent kinde of *Maiestie*, (like a watch at the *dore* of a *Thieves Den*) makes *Vice* not dare peepe out of the *heart*, wherein it is lodged. It with-holds a man from *vaine boasting*: and makes a *wise man* not to scorne a *foole*.

Surely

Surely the *Graces* soiourne with the *blushing man*. And the *Cynicke* would needes haue *Vertue* bee a *Blush-colour*. Thus *Aristotles* daughter shew'd her selfe a better *Moralist*, then *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 neerer *Heauen* then the *brazed forehead*. For it is a branch of *Humilitie*, & when that dyes, *vertue* is vpon the vanish. *Modesty* in *Women*, is like the *Angels flaming sword*, to keep *vile men* out of the *Paradise* of their *chastity*. It was *Liuia's modesty*, that tooke *Augustus*: and she that wanne *Cyrus* from a *Multitude*, was a *modest* one. For though it bee but *exterior*, and *face-deepe* onely, yet it inuites *affection* strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such *commodities*;

Meritricem pudorē gerere magis decet, quàm purpuram,
Magis quidē meritricē pudorē quàm aurū gerere cōdecet.

Euen in a *Whore*, a *Modest* looke, and fashion,
Preuailes beyond all *gold*, and *purple dyes*.

If that bee good which is but *counterfeit*, how excellent is that which is *reall*? Those things that carry a iust *infamy* with them, I will iustly bee *asham'd* to bee seene in. But in *actions* either *good*, or not *ill*, it may as well be a *Crime*. 'Tis feare and *Cowardize*, that puls vs backe from *goodnesse*. That is *base blood*, that *blushes* at a *vertuous action*. Both the *action*, and the *morall* of *Agesilaus* was good: when in his *Oblations* to *Pallas*, a *Lowse* bit, and hee

puls

puls it out, and *kils* it before the *People*, saying: *Trespasses* were euen at the *Altar* to be set vpon. I know, things *vnseemely*, though not *dishonest*, carry a kinde of *shame* along. But sure, in *resisting villanie*, where *Courage* is asked, *Bashfulnesse* is at *best*, but a *weake*, and a *treacherous vertue*.

LXXVIII.

Of Suspicion.

Suspicions are sometimes out of *Iudgement*. Hee that knowes the *World* bad, cannot but *suspect*, it will be so still: but where men *suspect* by *iudgement*, they will likewise by *iudgement*, keepe that *suspect* from hurting them. *Suspicion*, for the most part, proceeds from a *selfe-defect*: and then it gnawes the *minde*. They that in *priuate* listen others, are commonly such as are *ill themselues*. The *wise*, and *honest*, are neuer *fooled* with this *quality*. Hee that knowes he deserues not *ill*, why should hee *imagine* that others should *speake* him so? We may obserue how a *man* is disposed, by gathering what he *doubts* in others. Saint *Chrysostome* has giuen the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est*. *Nero* would not beleeue, but all men were most *foule Libidinists*. And we all *know*, there was neuer such a *Roman Beast* as he. *Suspecting* that we see not, we intimate to the *world*, either what our *acts* haue beene, or what out *Dispositions* are. I will be warie in

in *suspecting* another of *ill*, left by so doing, I proclaime my *selfe* to be guilty: but whether I bee, or not, why should I *striue* to heare my *selfe* ill spoken of? *Iealousie* is the worst of *madnesse*. We *seeke* for that, which wee would not *finde*: or if wee doe, what is it wee haue *got*, but *matter of vexation*? which wee came so *basely* by, as we are *asham'd* to take notice of it. So wee are forced to keepe it *boyling* in our *brests*: like *new wine*, to the hazzard of the *Hogshead*, for want of *venting*. *Iealousie* is a ginne that wee set to catch *Serpents*, which as soone as wee haue caught them, *sting vs*. Like the *foole*, that finding a boxe of *poyson*, *tastes*, and is *poyson'd* indeede. Are wee not *mad*, that being quiet, as wee are, must needes goe search for *discontentments*? So farre should wee be from *seeking them*, as to bee often *carelesse* of those wee *finde*. *Neglect* will kill an *iniury*, sooner then *Reuenge*. Sayd *Socrates*, when he was told that one *rail'd* on him; *Let him beate me too, so I bee absent, I care not*. He that will *question* euery *disgraciue* word, which hee heares is spoken of him, shall haue few *friends*, little *wit*, and much *trouble*. One told *Chrysippus*, that his *friend* reproached him *priuately*. Saies hee, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will doe as much in publike*. Wee shall all meete with *vexation* enough, which wee cannot auoyd. I cannot thinke any man loues *sorrow* so well, as out of his *discretion*, to *inuite* it to *lodge* in his *heart*. *Pompey* did well to commit those *Letters* to the *fire*, before he read them, wherein hee expected to finde the cause of his *griefe*. I will neuer vndertake an *vnwor-*

thy Watch for that which will but trouble. Why ſhould wee not bee aſhamed to doe that, which we ſhall be aſhamed to be taken in? Certainely, they that ſet *Spies* vpon others; or by *listening*, put the baſe office of *Intelligencer* vpon themſelues, would bluſh to bee diſcouered in their *Proiects*: and the beſt way to auoyd the *diſcouery*, is at firſt to auoyd the *Act*. If I heare any thing by *accident*, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take onely the *good*: but I will neuer lye in waite for mine *owne abuſe*; or for others that concerne me not. Nor will I *flame* at euery *vaine tongues puffe*. Hee has a *poore Spirit*, that is not planted aboue *petty wrongs*. *Small iniuries* I would either not *heare*, or not *minde*: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the *Author*: for by this, I may *mend my ſelfe*, and neuer *malice* the *perſon*.

LXXIX.

Of Fate.

CErtainely, there is a *Fate* that hurries *Man* to his *end* beyond his *owne intention*. There is *vncertainety* in *Wiſedome*, as well as in *folly*. When *Man plotteth* to ſaue himſelfe, that *plotting* deliuers him into his *ruine*. *Decrees* are paſt vpon vs: and our owne *wit* often hunts vs into the *ſnares*, that aboue all things we would ſhunne. What we *ſuſpect*, and would *fly*, we cannot: what we *ſuſpect not*, we *fall into*. That which ſau'd vs now, by and by *kills* vs.

Wee

Weevse meanes of *Preseruation*, and they proue *destroying ones*. Wee take courses to ruine vs, and they proue meanes of *safety*. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her *woman* thought to *saue her selfe*, by assuming of her *Mistris name*: and that onely was the *cause* of her *killing*. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam prælio error dedit*: an *errour* in the *fight*, gaue *victorie*. How many haue, flying from *Danger*, met with *Death*? and on the other side, found *protection*, euen in the very *Iawes of mischiefe*?

Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena iuuant.

And when *Fate* lists, a doubled *poyson* saues.

Some men in their *sleep* are cast into *Fortunes lap*: while others with all their *industrie*, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a *Rescue* from the *sackage* of an *Enemie* had that *Citie*, that by the *Leaders* crying *Backe, backe*, when hee wanted roome for the fetching of his *blow*, to breake a *Chaine* that hinder'd him, was by *misapprehending* the *Word*, put backe in a *violent flight*? There is no doubt, but *Wisedome* is better then *Folly*, as *light* is better then *darkenesse*. Yet, I see, saith *Salomon*, *it happens to the wise and foole alike*. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates misery*, that hee had made himselfe *vnpoysonable*. All *humane wisedome* is defectiue: otherwise it might helpe vs, against the *flash* and *storme*. As it is, it is but lesser *folly*; which preseruing sometimes, failes vs often. *Graue directions*

doe not alwaies prosper: nor does the *Fooles bolt* euer misse. *Domitian's reflectiue Galleries*, could not guard him from the *skarfed arme*. Nor did *Titus* his freenesse to the two *Patrician aspirers*, hurt him: For, his *confidence* was, That *Fate* gaue *Princes Soueraignety*. *Man* is meerely the *Ball of Time*: and is sometimes taken from the *Plow* to the *Throne*; and sometimes againe from the *Throne* to a *Halter*: as if wee could neither auoyd being *wretched*, or *happy*, or both.

Non solicitæ possunt curæ
Mutare rati stamina fusi.
Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.
Seruatq; suæ decreta Colus
Lachesis: dura reuoluta manu,
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;
Primúsq; dies, dedit extremum.

Our most thoughtfull *cares* cannot
Change establisht *Fates* firme *plot*.
All we suffer, all we proue,
All we act, comes from aboue.
Fates Decrees still keepe their *course*:
All things strictly by their force,
Wheele in vndisturbed waies;
Ends are set in our first dayes.

Whatsoeuer *Man* thinkes to doe in *contrariety*, is by GOD turned to be a helpe of hastening the *end* he hath appoynted him: It was not in the *Emperours*

power

power to keepe *Ascletarius* from the *Dogges*, no though it was foretold him: and he bent himselfe to *crosse* it. Wee are gouern'd by a *Power*, that we cannot but *obey*: our *mindes* are wrought against our *mindes*, to alter vs. *Man* is his owne *Traitor*, and maddeth to vndoe *himselfe*. Whether this be *Nature* order'd and relinquisht; or whether it bee *accidentall*; or the operating *power* of the *Starres*; or the *eternall connexion* of *causes*; or the *execution* of the *will of God*; whether it takes away all *freedome* of *will* from *Man*; or by what meanes we are thus wrought vpon, I dispute not. I would not thinke any thing, that should derogate from the *Maiesty* of *God*. I know, there is a *Prouidence* ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, *Man* is not able to render a *reason*. Wee may beleeue S. *Ierome*, *Prouidentia Dei omnia gubernantur; & quæ putatur pœna, Medicina est*. But the secret *progressions*, I confesse, I know not. I see, there are both *Arguments* and *obiections* on euery side. I hold it a kinde of *Mundane predestination*, writ in such *Characters*, as it is not in the wit of *man* to reade them. In vaine wee murmur at the things that *must bee*: in vaine wee mourne for what wee cannot *remedy*. Why should wee *raue*, when wee meete with what wee looke not for? Tis our *ignorance* that makes vs wonder our selues to a *dull stupefaction*. When we consider but how little wee know, wee neede not bee disturbed at a new *euent*.

Regitur Fatis, mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest

Firmum, & ſtabile: perq; caſus
Voluitur varios, ſemper nobis
Metuenda Dies.

All *Mankinde* is rul'd by *Fate*,
No man can propoſe a *ſtate*
Firme and ſtable: various *Chance*,
Alwaies rowling, doth aduance
That *Something* which wee feare.

Surely out of this, we may raiſe a *Contentment Royall*, as knowing wee are alwaies in the hands of a *Noble Protector*; who neuer giues ill, but to him that has deſeru'd *ill*. VVhatſoeuer befals mee, I would ſubſcribe to with a *ſquared Soule*. It were a *ſuperinſaniated follie*, to ſtruggle with a *power*, which I know is all in *vaine* contended with. If a faire *endeauour* may free me, I will practiſe it. If that cannot, let me waite it with a *calmed minde*. VVhatſoeuer happens as a *wonder*, I will *admire* and *magnifie*, as the *Act* of a *Power* aboue my *apprehenſion*. But as it is an *alteration* to *Man*, I will neuer thinke it *maruellous*. I euery day ſee him ſuffer more *changes*, then is of himſelfe to imagine.

LXXX.

Of Oſtentation.

VAine-*glory*, at beſt, is but like a *Window Cuſhion*, ſpecious without, and garniſhed with the *ta-*

ſted

sled pendant: but within, nothing but *hey*, or *toaw*, or some such *trash*, not worth looking on. VVhere I haue found a *Flood* in the *tongue*, I haue often found the *heart empty*. 'Tis the *hollow Instrument* that sounds loud: and where the *heart* is *full*, the *tongue* is seldome *liberall*. Certainely, he that *boasteth*, if he be not *ignorant*, is *inconsiderate*, and knowes not the *slides* and *casualties* that hang on *Man*. If he had not an *vnworthy heart*, hee would rather stay till the *World* had found it, then so vndecently bee his owne *Prolocutor*. If thou beest *good*, thou maist 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 owne *worth*, in drawing of it vp by so vnseemely a *Bucket*, as thine owne *tongue*. The *honest man* takes more pleasure in *knowing* himselfe *honest*, then in knowing that all the *World* approues him so. *Vertue* is built vpon her *selfe*. *Flourishes* are for *Networkes*: better *Contextures* need not any other *additions*. *Phocion* call'd *bragging Laosthenes*, *The Cypresse Tree*: which makes a faire *show*, but seldome beares any *fruit*. VVhy may he not be emblem'd by the *coozening Fig-tree*, that our *Saiuiour* curst? Tis he that is conscious to himselfe of an *inward defect*, which by the *brazen Bell* of his *Tongue*, would make the *Wrold* beleeue, that hee had a *Church* within. Yet *foole* that he is! this is the way to make men thinke the *contrarie*, if it were so. *Ostentation* after ouerthrowes the *Action*, which was *good*, and went before: Or at least

it argues that *Good* not done well. Hee that does *good* for *Praiſe* onely, failes of the right end. A *good worke* ought to propound, Hee is vertuous, that is ſo for *vertues* ſake. To *doe well*, is as much *applauſe* as a *good man* labours for. VVhatſoeuer *good worke* thy *hand* builds, is againe pull'd downe by the *folly* of a *boaſting tongue*. The *blazings* of the *proud* will goe out in a *ſtench* and *ſmoke*: Their *braggings* will conuert to ſhame. Saint *Gregorie* has it wittily: *Sub hoſte quem proſternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam ſuperat eleuatur.* Hee both loſeth the *good* he hath done, and hazzardeth for *ſhame* with men: For *Clouds* of *Diſdaine* are commonly raiſed by the *wind* of *Oſtentation*. Hee that remembers too much his owne *Vertues*, teacheth others to obiect his *Vices*. All are *Enemies* to *aſſuming Man*. When hee would haue *more* then his *due*, hee ſeldome findeth ſo *much*. Whether it bee out of *Iealouſie*, that by *promulgating* his *Vertues*, wee vainely thinke he ſhould rob vs of the *Worlds loue*; or whether wee take his *exalting himſelfe*, to bee our *depreſſion*; or whether it bee our *enuie*; or that wee are *angry*, that he ſhould ſo vndervalue *goodneſſe*, as deſpiſing her inward *approbation*, hee ſhould ſeeke the *vncertaine warrant* of *Men*: or whether it bee an *Inſtinct* inſtampt in *Man*, to diſlike them; 'Tis certaine, no man can endure the *puffes* of a *ſwelling minde*. Nay though the *Vaunts* bee true, they doe but awaken *ſcoffes*: and in ſtead of a *clapping hand*, they finde a *checke* with *ſcorne*. VVhen a *Souldier* brag'd too much of a great *skarre* in his *forehead*, he was asked by *Auguſtus*, if hee did not get it, when hee

he looked backe, as hee *fled*? Certainely, when I heare a *vanting man*, I ſhould thinke him like a *Peece* that is charged but with *powder*; which neere-hand giues a *greater Report*, then that which hath a *Bullet* in't. If I haue done any thing *well*, I will neuer thinke the *World* is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to *eſſentiall vertue*, by the hoarſe clamour of the *blundering Rabble*. If I haue done *ill*, to boaſt the contrarie, I will thinke, is like *painting* an *old face*, to make it ſo much more *vgly*. If it bee of any thing *paſt*, the *World* will *talke* of it, though I be *ſilent*. If not, 'tis more *Noble* to neglect *Fame*, then ſeeme to *beg* it. If it bee of ought to *come*, I am fooliſh, for ſpeaking of that which I am not ſure to *performe*. VVe diſgrace the worke of *Vertue*, when wee goe about any way to ſeduce *voices* for her *approbation*.

LXXXI.

Of Hope.

H*Vmane life* hath not a *ſurer friend*, nor many times a *greater enemie*, then *Hope*. 'Tis the *miſerable mans god*, which in the hardeſt *gripe* of *calamitie*, neuer failes to yeeld him *beames of comfort*. 'Tis the *preſumptuous mans Deuill*, which leades him a while in a *ſmooth way*, and then makes him breake his *necke* on the ſudden. *Hope* is to *Man*, as a *Bladder* to a *learning Swimmer*; it keepes him from *ſinking*, in the boſome of the waues; and by that

that helpe he may attaine the *exercise*: but yet it many times makes him venter beyond his *height*, and then, if that *breakes*, or a *storme rises*, hee *drownes* without *recouerie*. How many would dye, did not *Hope* sustaine them? How many haue dy'de, by hoping too much? This *wonder* wee may finde in *Hope*; that she is both a *Flatterer*, and a *true friend*. Like a *valiant Captaine*, in a *losing Battell*, it is euer incouraging *Man*, and neuer leaues him, till they both *expire together*. VVhile *breath* pants in the *dying Body*, there is *Hope* fleeting in the *wauing Soule*. 'Tis almost as the *Aire*, by which the *minde* does liue. There is one thing which may adde to our *value* of it: that it is *appropriate vnto Man alone*: For surely, *Beasts* haue not *hope* at all; they are onely capable of the *present*; whereas *Man*, apprehending *future things*, hath this giuen him, for the *sustentation* of his *drooping Soule*. VVho would liue rounded with *calamities*, did not *smiling Hope* cheere him, with expectation of *deliuerance*? The *common one* is in *Tibullus*:

Iam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam
Spes fouet, & melius cras fore semper ait,
Spes alit agricolas: spes sulcis credit aratris
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 sonat ferro, sed canit itner opus.

Hope

Hope flatters *Life*, and sayes shee'l still bequeath
Better; else I had cur'd all *ills* by *Death*.
She blythes the *Farmer*, does his *graine* commit
To *Earth*, which with large vse replentieth it.
She snares the *Birds*: and *Fishes* as they glide,
Strikes with small *hooks*, that *coozning baits* do hide:
She cheeres the shackled *Prisner*, and while's *thigh*
Rings with his *Chaine*, he workes, & sings on high.

There is no *estate* so *miserable*, as to exclude her *comfort*. *Impriſon*, *vexe*, *fright*, *torture*, shew *Death* with his *horridest brow*: yet *Hope* will dart in her *reuiuing rayes*, that shall *illumine* and *exhilerate*, in the *tumour*, in the *swell* of these. Nor does shee more friend vs with her *gentle shine*, then shee often *fooles* vs with her sleeke *delusions*. Shee dandles vs into *killing Flames*: *sings* vs into *Lethargies*: and like an ouerhasty *Chyrurgion*, skinneth *dangers*, that are *full*, and *foule* within. Shee coozens the *Theefe* of the *Coine* hee steales: and cheates the *Gamester* more then euen the *falsest Dye*. It abuseth *vniuersall Man*, from him that stoopes to the *lome wall*, vpon the *naked Common*, to the *Monarch* in his *purpled Throne*. It vndoes the *melting Prodigall*: it deliuers the *Ambitious* to the *edged Axe*, and the *rash Soldier*, to the shatterings of the *fired Vomit*. VVhatsoeuer *good* we see, it tels vs wee may obtaine it: and in a little time, tumble our selues in the *Downe* of our *wishes*: but it often performes like *Domitian*, promising all with *nothing*. 'Tis (indeed) the *Rattle* which *Nature* did prouide, to still the froward crying of the *fond childe*, *Man*. Our *Life* is but a *Runne*,

after

after the *Drag* of ſomething that doth itch our *ſenſes*: which when wee haue hunted home, we finde a *meere deluſion*. VVe thinke we ſerue for *Rachel*, but are deceiu'd with *bleare-ey'd Leah*. *Iacob* is as *Man*, *Laban* is the *churliſh*, *enuious*, *vngratefull World*: *Leah* is the *pleaſure* it payes vs with: blemiſht in that which is the *life of beauty*, periſht euen in the *Eye*; emblem'd too by the *Sexe* of *Frailetie*, *Woman*. VVe ſee a *Box*, wherein we beleeue a *Pardon*; ſo we are merry in the brinke of *Death*. VVhile wee are *dancing*, the *Trapdoore* falls vnder vs, and *hope* makes vs *iocund*, till the *ladder turnes*, and then it is too late to *care*. Certainely, it requires a great deale of Iudgement, to *balance* our *hopes* euen. He that hopes for *nothing*, will neuer attaine to *any thing*. This good comes of ouer-hoping, that it ſweetens our *paſſage* thorow the *World*, and ſometimes ſo ſets vs to *worke*, as it produces *great actions*, though not alwaies pat to our ends. But then againe, hee that hopes *too much*, ſhall coozen himſelfe at laſt; eſpecially, if his *induſtrie* goes not along to *fertile* it. For, *hope* without *Action* is a *barren vndooer*. 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 bee content, my *hope* ſhould *trauile* beyond *Reaſon*; but I would not haue her *build* there. So by this, I ſhall reape the benefit of her *preſent Seruice*, yet preuent the *Treaſon* ſhee might beguile me with.

That

LXXXII.

That ſufferance cauſeth Loue.

IN *Noble Natures*, I neuer found it faile, but that thoſe who ſuffered for them, they euer *lou'd intirely*. 'Tis a *Iuſtice* liuing in the *Soule*, to indeare thoſe that haue *ſmarted* for our ſakes. Nothing ſurer tyes a *friend*, then freely to *ſubhumerate* the *burthen* which was his. Hee is vnworthy to be freed a ſecond time, that does not pay both *affection* and *thanks*, to him that hath vndergone a *miſchiefe* due to himſelfe. Hee hath in a ſort made a *purchaſe* of thy *Life*, by ſauing it: and though hee doth forbeare to call for it, yet I beleeue, vpon the like, thou oweſt him. Sure, *Nature* being an enemie to all *iniuſtice*, ſince ſhee cannot recall a thing done, labours ſome other way, to recompence the *paſſed iniurie*. It was *Darius* his *confeſſion*, that he had rather haue one whole *Zopirus* then tenne ſuch *Babylons* as his mangling wanne. *Volumnius* would needs haue dy'de vpon *Lucullus corps*, becauſe hee was the cauſe of his vndertaking the *Warre*. And *Achilles* did alter his purpoſe of refraining the *Grecian Campe*, to reuenge *Patroclus* his *Death*, when he heard that hee was ſlaine in his *borrowed Armour*. Sure, there is a *Sympathie of ſoules*; and they are ſubtilly mixed by the *Spirits* of the *Ayre*; which makes them ſenſible of one anothers *ſufferances*. I know not by what hidden way; but I finde, that

loue

loue increaseth by *aduersitie*. *Ouid* confesses it:

——*Aduerso tempore creuit Amor.*

—— *Loue* heightens by depression.

Wee often finde in *Princes*, that they loue their *Fauorites*, for being *Skreens*, that take away the *enuie* of the *People*, which else would light on them: and we shall see this *loue* appeare most, when the *People* beginne to lift at them: as if they were then ty'de to that, out of *Iustice* and *Gratitude*, which before was but matter of *Fauour*, and in the way of *Courtesie*. To make two *friends* intire, wee neede but plot, to make one *suffer* for the others sake. For this is alwaies in a *worthy mind*, it grieues more at the trouble of a *friend*, then it can doe for it selfe. Men often know in themselues how to manage it, how to entertaine it: in another they are vncertaine how it may worke. This *feare* troubles *loue*, and sends it to a neerer search, and *pitty*. All *creatures* shew a *thankefulnesse* to those that haue befriended them. The *Lion*, the *Dogge*, the *Storke*, in *kindnesses* are all *returners*: whole *Nature* leanes to *mutuall requitals*: and to pay with numerous *vse*, the fauours of a *free affection*. And if wee owe a *Retribution* for vnpainefull *Courtesies*, how much should wee reflow, when they come arrayed in *sufferings*? Though it be not to our selues a benefit of the *largest profit*; yet it is to them a seruice of the *greatest paines*: and it is a great deale more *Honour* to recompence after their *Act*, then our *Receipt*.

ceipt. In *Courtesies*, 'tis the most *Noble*, when we receiue them from others, to *prize* them after the *Authors intention*, if they bee *meane*; but after their *effect*, if they bee great: and when we *offer* them to others, to *value* them lesse good, but as the *sequell* proues them to the *Receiuer*. Certainely, though the *World* hath nothing worth *louing*, but an *honest man*: yet this would make one loue the *man* that is *vile*. In this *case* I cannot *exempt* the *ill one* out of my *affection*: but I will rather wish hee may still be *free*, then I in *bonds* to *lewdnesse*, nor will I, if my *industrious* care may void it, euer let any indure a *torment* for me: because it is a *courtesie*, 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 receiue *fauours*, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those Bonds are *cruell* tyes, which make man euer *subiect* to *debt*, without a *power* to cancell them.

LXXXIII.

That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.

AS *Policy* is taken in the *generall*, wee hold it but a kinde of crafty *wisedome*, which boweth euery thing to a *selfe-profit*. And therefore a *Polititian* is one of the worst *sorts* of *men*, to make a *friend* on. Giue me one, that is vertuously *wise*, not cunningly *hid*, and twined to himselfe. *Policy* in friendship,

ſhip, is like *Logicke* in truth: ſomething too *ſubtill* for the *plainenesse* of diſcloſing *hearts*. And whereas this works euer for *appropriate* ends; *Loue* euer takes a *partner* into the *Benefit*. Doubtleſſe, though there be that are ſure, & ſtrait, to their *friend*: yet in the *generall*, he is reckon'd, but a kinde of *poſtpoſitum*: or an *Heire* that muſt not claime till after. Wee haue found out an *adage*, which doubles our loue to our ſelues; but withall, it robs our *neighbour*. *Proximus ipſe mihi*, is vrged to the ruine of *friendſhip*. They that loue themſelues ouer-much, haue ſeldome any expreſſiue *goodneſſe*. And indeede, it is a *quality* that fights againſt the *twiſt of friendſhip*. For what *loue* ioynes, this diuides, and diſtanceth. *Scipio* would not beleeue it was euer the ſpeech of a *wiſe man*, which wils vs ſo to *loue*, as if we were to *hate* immediately. The *truth of affection* proiecteth *perpetuity*. And that *loue* which can preſently leaue, was neuer well begunne. Hee that will not in a *time* of need, halue it with a ſtreighted *friend*, does but *vſurpe* the *name*, and *iniure* it. Nor is hee more to be regarded, that will kicke at euery faile of his *friend*: A *friend* inuited *Alcibyades* to *ſupper*: Hee refuſed; but in the middle of their *meale*, he ruſhes in with his *ſeruants*, and commands them to catch vp the *Wine*, and carry it *home* to his houſe: they did it, yet *halfe* they left *behind*. The *Gueſts* complained of this *vnciuill* violence: but his *friend* with this milde *ſpeech*, excuſed him, ſaying: He did *courteouſly*, to take but *halfe*, when *all* was at his *ſeruice*. Yet in theſe *lenities* I confeſſe *Polititians* are moſt *plauſible*. There are that will

doe

doe as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in *small matters*, that they may be trusted, and *deceiue* in greater, and of *grauer* consequence. But these are to bee *banisht* the *League*. The politicke *heart* is too full of *crankes* and *angles*, for the *discouery* of a plaine *familiar*. It is vncertaine finding of him, that vseth often to *shift* his *habitation*: and so it is a *heart*, that hath *deuices*, and inuersions for it *selfe* 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 mans *selfe* great. The *end* of *loue*, is to aduance another. For a *friend* to *conuerse* withall, let mee rather meet with a sound *affection*, then a craftie *braine*. One may faile me by *accident*, but the other will doe it out of *foreintent*: And then there is nothing more *dangerous*, then studied *adulation*; especially, where it knowes 'tis trusted. The soundest *affection*, is like to be betweene those, where there cannot bee expectation of *sinister* ends. Therefore haue your *Poets* feigned, the *intirest* loue, among humble *Shepheards*: where *wealth* and *honour* haue had no *sway* in their *vnions*.

LXXXIV.

Of Drunkennesse.

SAid *Musaus*, *The reward of Vertue, is perpetuall Drunkennesse*. But he meant it, of *celestiall exhillaration*: and surely so, the *good man* is full of *gladding*

ding viuifications, which the *World* does neuer reach vnto. The other *drunkennesse*, arising from the *Grape*, is the *floating* of the *Sternelesse Sences in a Sea*, and is as great a *Hydra*, as euer was the *Multitude*. That *dispositions* differ, as much as *faces*; *Drinke* is the clearest prouer. The *Cup* is the betrayer of the *minde*, and does *disapparell* the *soule*. There is but one thing which *distinguisheth Beast*, and *Man*; *Reason*. And this it *robs* him of: Nay, it goes further, euen to the subuerting of *Natures Institution*. The *thoughts* of the *heart*, which *God* hath secluded from the very *Deuill*, and *Spirits*, by this doe suffer a *search*, and *denudation*. *Quod in corde sobrij, in lingua ebrij*. Hee that would *Anatomize* the *soule*, may doe it *best*, when *Wine* has num'd the *sences*. Certainely, for *confession*, there is no such racke as *Wine*; nor could the *Deuill* euer finde a cunninger *bait* to *angle* both for *actes*, and *meaning*: Euen the most benighted *cogitations* of the *soule*, in this *floud*, doe 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 excessiue *draughts* to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this *barrennesse*, that the *impertinencies* of *drinke*, and *smoake*, were first tane in at *meetings*. It were an *excellent* way, for men of *quality*, to *conuert* this *madnesse*, to the *discussion* and *practice* of *Arts*, either *Military*, or *Ciuill*. Their *places* of *resort* might be so fitted with *instruments*, as they might bee like *Academies* of *instruction*, and *proficiencie*. And these they might

might sweeten, with the adding of *illasiue Games*. What seuerall *Playes* and *exercise*, had their continuall vse with the *flourishing Romans*? was there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scænicos*, *Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as *Schooles* to their *Youth*, of *Vertue*, *Actiuenesse*, or *Magnanimity*: and how quickely, and how *eagerly*, were their *Bacchanalia* banished, as the *teachers* onely of *detested vice*? Indeed, *Drunkennesse* besots a *Nation*, and *beastiates* euen the braueſt *spirits*. There is nothing which a man that is soked in *drinke* is fit for, no not for *sleepe*. When the *Sword* and *Fire* rages, 'tis but *man* warring against *man*: when *Drunkennesse* reignes, the *Diuell* is at war with *man*, and the *Epotations* of *dumbe liquor* damne him. *Macedonian Philip* would not warre against the *Persians*, when hee heard they were such *Drinkers*: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doubtlesse, though the *Soule* of a *Drunkard* should bee so drowned, as to bee *insensate*; yet his *Body*, me thinkes, should irke him to a *penitence* and *discession*. VVhen like an impoysoned *bulke*, all his *powers* mutiny in his distended *skinne*, no question but he must be pained, till they come agayne to *settling*. What a *Monster Man* is, in his *Inebriations*! a *swimming Eye*; a *Face* both *roast* and *sod*: a *temulentiue Tongue*, clammed to the *roofe* and *gummes*; a *drumming Eare*; a *feauered Body*; a *boyling Stomack*; a *Mouth* nasty with *offensiue fumes*, till it sicken the *Braine* with *giddy verminations*; a *palsied hand*, and *legs* tottering vp and downe their *moystened burthen*. And whereas we eate our *dishes* seuerall, because their *mixture* would loath the *taste*, the *eye*,

and *smell*; this, when they are halfe made *excrement*, reuerts them, mashed in an odious *vomit*. And very probable tis, that this was the *poyson*, which kil'd the *valiant Alexander*. *Proteus* gaue him a *quaffe* of *two gallons*, which set him into a *disease* he dyed of. Tis an *ancient Vice*; and *Temperance* is rare. *Cato* vs'd to say of *Cæsar*, that *He alone came sober, to the ouerthrow of the State*. But you shall scarce finde a man much addicted to *drinke*, that it ruin'd not. Either it dotes him into the *snares of his Enemies*, or ouerbeares his *Nature*, to a finall *sinking*. Yet there bee, whose delights are onely to *tunne in*: and perhaps as *Bonosus*, they neuer straine their *bladder* for't. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the *Countries fat*. That 'tis practis'd most of the meanest people, proues it for the *baser vice*. I knew a *Gentleman* that followed a *Noble Lady*, in this *Kingdome*, who would often complaine, that the greatest inconuenience hee found in *Seruice*, was, his being vrged to *drinke*. And the better hee is, the more hee shall find it. The eyes of many are vpon the *Eminent*: and *Seruants*, especially those of the *ordinary ranke*, are often of so meane *breeding*, as they are ignorant of any other *entertainement*. Wee may obserue, it euer takes footing first in the most *Barbarous Nations*. The *Scythians* were such louers of it, as it grew into their *name*: and vnlesse it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of *wit* and *manners*? The *Grecians*, I confesse, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in braine. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most

ciuilized,

ciuilized, I finde 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 bee matter of *dishonour*, and *mockes*: As his *troupe* of *furied Women*: his *Chariot* drawne with the *Linx* and *Tyger*: and the *Beasts* sacred to him, were onely the *Goat* and *Swine*. And such they all proue, that frequently honour him with excessiue *draughts*. I like a *Cup*, to *briske* the *spirits*; but *continuance* dulls them. It is lesse labour to *plow*, then to *pot it*: and *vrged Healths* doe infinitely adde to the *trouble*. I will neuer drinke but *Liberties*, nor euer those so long, as that I lose mine owne.

——Deare *Bacchus*, Ile not heaue
The shak'd *Cup* 'gainst my *stomacke*: nor yet reaue
Ope' arbor'd *Secrets*. Let thy *Tymbrels* fierce,
And *Phrygian Horne* be mute: blind *selfe-loues* curse,
Braues without braine; *Faith's* closetings, alas!
Doe follow thee, as if but cloath'd with *Glasse*.

Horace reades it thus: ---*Non ego te candide Bassareû!*
Inuitum quatiam: nec varijs obsita frondibus
Sub Diuûm rapiam. Sæua tene Berecynthio
Cornu tympana; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcaniq; fides Prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

Let mee rather bee disliked for not being a *Beast*, then bee *good-fellowed* with a *hug*, for beeing one. Some *laugh* at mee, for being *sober*: and I *laugh* at

them for being *drunke*. Let their *pleasures* crowne them, and their *mirth* abound: the next day they will sticke in *mud*. *Bibite, & pergræ camini ô Cimmerij! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, & 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 *VVorld* is contracted in a *Bed*: and without this, like the *Head* and *body* parted, eyther would consume, without a possibility of *reuiuing*. And though wee finde many *enemies* to the name of *Marriage*; yet 'tis rare to finde an *Enemie* to the *vse* on't. Surely hee was made *imperfect*, that is not tending to *propagation*. *Nature* in her true worke, neuer made any thing in vaine. Hee that is *perfect*, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a *contempt* against *Nature*; as disdaining to make vse of her *endowments*. Nor is that which the *Turkes* hold, without some colour of *Reason*: They say, Hee that *marries* not at fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of fiue and twenty yeeres) is not *iust*, nor pleaseth not *God*. I beleeue it is from hence, that the *Vow* of *Chastitie* is many times accompanied with such *inconueniences* as wee see ensue. I cannot thinke *God* is pleased with that, which crosseth his first *Ordination*, and

and the *current* of *Nature*. And in themselues, it is a harder matter to roote out an inseparable *sway* of *Nature*, then they are aware of. The best *chastitie* of all, I hold to bee *Matrimoniall chastitie*: when *Paires* keepe themselues in a moderate *intermutualnesse*, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to *vnion*, and continuance of the *World* in *posterity*. And 'tis fit euen in *Nature* and *Policy*, that this *propriety* should be inuiolable: First, in respect of the impurenesse of *mixt Posterity*. Next, in respect of *peace* and *concord* among *Men*. If many *Men* should bee interessed in one *Woman*, it could not bee, but there would infinite *Iarres* arise. Some haue complained of *Christian Religion*, in that it tyes men so strictly in this poynt, as when *matches* happen ill, there is no meanes of *remedy*. But surely if liberty of *change* were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a *gap* to many *mischiefes*, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are *digested*, and made straight againe. Those I obserue to agree best, which are of *free natures*, not subiect to the fits of *choller*. Their *freedome* shuts out *Iealousie*, which is the *canker* of *wedlocke*; and withall, it diuideth both *ioy* and *sorrow*. And when *hearts* alike disclose, they euer linke in loue. Nay, whereas small and *domesticke Iarres*, more fret *marriages*, then *great ones* and *publike*; these two will take them away. *Freedome* reueales them, that they rancklenot the *Heart* to a *secret loathing*: and *Mildnesse* heares them, without *Anger*, or *bitter words*: so they cloze againe after *discussion*, many times in a *straighter*

Tye. Pouerty in *Wedlocke*, is a great decayer of *loue* and *contentation*; and *Riches* can finde many waies, to diuert an *inconuenience*: but the *minde* of a *man* is all. Some can bee *seruile*, and fall to those *labours* which another cannot stoope to. Aboue all, let the *generous minde* beware of *marrying poore*: for though he cares the least for *wealth*, yet hee will bee most galled with the *want* of it. *Selfe-conceited people* neuer agree well together: they are wilfull in their *brawles*, and *Reason* cannot reconcile them. VVhere either are onely *opinionately wise*, *Hell* is there: vnlesse the other bee a *Patient* meerely. But the worst is, when it lights on the *VVoman*: she will thinke to *rule*, because shee hath the *subtiller braine*: and the *Man* will looke for't, as the *priuiledge of his Sex*. Then certainly, there will bee *madworke*, when *Wit* is at warre with *Prerogatiue*. Yet againe, where *Marriages* prooue vnfortunate, *a Woman* with a *bad Husband*, is much worse, then a *Man* with a bad *VVife*. *Men* haue much more freedome, to court their *Content* abroad. There are, that account *Women* onely as *Seed-plots* for posteritie: others worse, as onely *quench* for their *fires*. But surely there is much more in them, if they be *discreete* and good. They are *Women* but in *body* alone. Questionlesse, a *Woman* with a *wise Soule* is the fittest Companion for *Man*: otherwise *God* would haue giuen him a *Friend* rather then a *Wife*. A wise *Wife* comprehends both *Sexes*: she is *Woman* for her *body*, and shee is *Man* within: for her *soule* is like her *Husbands*. It is the *Crowne of Blessings*, when in one

one *Woman* a *Man* findeth both a *Wife* and a *Friend*. *Single life* cannot haue this *happinesse*; though in some mindes it hath many it preferres before it. This hath fewer *Cares*, and more *Longings*: but *marriage* hath fewer *Longings*, and more *Cares*. And as I thinke *Care* in *Marriage* may bee *commendable*; so I thinke *Desire* in *Single life*, is not an euill of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a *thing* that accompanies *Nature*, and *Man* cannot auoid it. Some things there are, that *conscience* in *generall Man* condemnes, without a *Litterall Law*: as *Iniustice*, *Blasphemy*, *Lying*, and the like: But to curbe and quite beate downe the *desires of the flesh*, is a worke of *Religion*, rather then of *Nature*. And therefore sayes Saint *Paul*, *I had not knowne Lust to haue beene a sinne, if the Law had not sayd, Thou shalt not lust. Votiue Abstinence*, some *cold constitutions* may endure with a great deale of *vexatious penitence*. To liue *chaste* without *vowing*, I like a great deale better: nor shall wee finde the *Diuell* so busie to tempt vs to a single sinne of *vnchastity*; as he will, when it is a *sinne* of *vnchastity* and *periurie* too. I finde it *commended*, but not *imposed*. And when *Iephtha's* Daughter dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'de a *Maid*. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day doe (in honour of *marriage*) priuiledge the *wedded*. And though the *Romans* had their *Vestals*, yet after their thirty yeeres continuance, the cruelty of *inforced Chastitie* was not in force against them. *Single life* I will like in some, whose mindes can suffer *continency*: but should *all* liue

thus,

thus, a hundred yeeres would make the *world* a *Desart*. And this alone may *excuse* mee, though I like of *Marriage* better. One tends to *ruine*, the other to increasing of the *glory* of the *world*, in multitudes.

LXXXVI.

Of Charitie.

CHaritie is communicated *goodnesse*, and without this, *Man* is no other then a *Beast*, preying for himselfe alone. Certainely, there are more men liue vpon *Charity*, then there are, that do *subsist* of themselues. The *World*, which is *chained* together by intermingled *loue*, would all *shatter*, and fall to pieces, if *Charity* should chance to *dye*. There are some secrets in it, which seeme to giue it the *chaire* from all the rest of *vertues*. With *Knowledge*, with *Valour*, with *Modesty*, and so with other particular *Vertues*, a man may bee *ill* with some contrarying *vice*: But with *Charity* we cannot be *ill* at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothie*; *The end, or consummation of the Law, is loue out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest*, said Saint *Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other *vertues* are *restrictiue*, and looking to a mans selfe: This takes all the *world* for it's *obiect*: and nothing that hath *sense*, but is better for this *Displayer*. There bee among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this

beauty,

beauty, that they will with a *price* redeeme *ingaged* 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 deseruing by it, makes it as a *Superstitious folly*: and in *Materials*, they are nothing so *zealous*. Indeed, nothing makes vs more like to *God*, then *Charitie*. As all things are filled with his *goodnesse*, so the *Vniuersall* is partaker of the *good mans spreading Loue*. Nay, it is that which giues life to all the *Race* of other *vertues*. It is that which makes them to appeare in *Act*. *VVisedome* and *Science* are worth nothing, vnlesse they be *distributiue*, and declare themselues to the *VVorld*. *VVealth* in a *Misers* hand is *vselesse*, as a *lockt-vp Treasure*. 'Tis *charity* only, that maketh *riches* worth the owning. Wee may obserue, when *charitable men* haue ruled, the *VVorld* hath *flourished*, and enioyed the blessings of *Peace*, and *prosperitie*: the *times* haue been more *pleasant* & *smooth*: nor haue any *Princes* sate more secure or firme in their *Thrones*, then those that haue bin *clement* & *benigne*: as *Titus*, *Traian*, *Antonine*, & others. And we may obserue againe, how *rugged*, and how full of *brackes* those *times* haue been, wherein *cruell ones* haue had a power. *Cicero* sayes of *Sylla's time*, ——*Nemo illo inuito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam, retinere potuerit*. And when the *Senate* in *Councell*, was frighted at the cry of seuen thousand *Romans*, which hee had sent to *execution* at once; hee bids them minde their businesse, for it was onely a few *Seditiaries*, that hee had commanded to bee slaine. No question but there are, which delight to see a

Rome

Rome in flames and like a *ruiſht Troy*, mocking the abſent *day* with earthly *fires*, that can linger *Men* to *Martyrdome*, and make them dye by *piecemeale*. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be *quickly kill'd*, that he was not yet his *friend*. And *Vitellius* would needs ſee the *Scriuiner* dye in his *preſence*, for hee ſaid hee would feed his *eyes*. But I wonder, whence theſe men haue their *minds*. *God*, nor *Man*, nor *Nature* euer made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the *Wilderneſſe*, from the imboaſted *Sauage*, and from *tormenting ſpirits*. When the *Legge* will neither beare the *Body*, nor the *Stomach* diſperſe his receit, nor the *Hand* bee ſeruiceable to the directing *Head*, the whole muſt certainely *languiſh*, and dye: So in the *body* of the *world*, when *Members* are ſullen'd, and *ſnarle* one at another, downe falls the *frame* of all.

Quod mundus, ſtabili fide,
Concordes variat vices:
Quod pugnantia ſemina
Fœdus perpetuum tenent:
Quod Phœbus roſeum diem,
Curru prouehit aureo:
Vt quas duxerit Heſperus,
Phœbe noctibus imperet:
Vt fluctus auidum mare
Certo fine coerceat,
Ne terris liceat vagis
Latos tendere terminos:
Hanc rerum ſeriem ligat,
(Terras, ac Pelagas regens,
Et Cœlo imperitans) Amor.

That

That the *world* in constant force,
Varies his concordant course:
That seeds iarring, *hot* and *cold*,
Doe the *Breed* perpetuall hold:
That the *Sunne* in's golden *Car*.
Does the *Rosie Day* still rere.
That the *Moone* sways all those *lights*,
Hesper vshers to *darke nights*.
That *alternate Tydes* be found,
Seas high-prided *waues* to bound,
Lest his *fluid waters* Mace,
Creeke broad *Earths* inuallyed face.
All the *Frame* of things that be,
Loue (which rules *Heauen*, *Land*, and *Sea*)
Chaines, keepes, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boëtius*. The *world* containes nothing, but there is some *quality* in it, which *benefits* some other *creatures*. *The Ayre* yeelds *Fowles*: the *Water Fish*, the *Earth Fruit*. And all these yeeld something from themselues, for the vse and behalfe, not onely of *Man*, but of each other. Surely, hee that is *right*, must not thinke his *charity* to one in need a *courtesie*: but a *debt*, which *Nature* at his first being, *bound* him to *pay*. I would not *water* a strange *ground*, to leaue mine owne in *drought*: yet I thinke to euery thing that hath *sense*, there is a kinde of *pitty owing*. *Salomons* good *Man*, is mercifull to his *Beast*: nor take I this to bee onely *intentionall*: but expressiue: *God* may respect the *minde*, 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*.

Of

LXXXVII.

Of Trauaile.

A *Speech* which often came from *Alexander*, was; that hee had *discouered* more with his *eye*, then other *Kings* did comprehend in their *thoughts*. And this hee spake of his *Trauaile*. For indeed, *Men* can but guesse at *places* by *relation* onely. There is no *Map*, like the view of the *Countrey*. *Experience* is the best *Informer*. And one Iourney will shew a man more, then any *descriptions* can. Some would not allow a man to moue from the *shell* of his owne *Countrey*. And *Claudian* mentions it as a *happinesse*, for *birth*, *life*, and *buriall*, to bee all in a *Parish*. But surely, *Trauaile fulleth* the Man, he hath *liu'd* but *lockt* vp in a large *Chest*, which hath neuer seene but one *Land*. A Kingdome to the *World*, is like a *Corporation* to a *Kingdome*: a *man* may liue in't like an vnbred *man*. He that searcheth *forraine Nations*, is becomming a *Gentleman* of the *World*. One that is *learned*, *honest*, and *trauail'd*, is the best *compound* of *man*; and so *corrects* the *Vice* of one *Countrey*, with the *Vertues* of another, that like *Mithridate*, he growes a perfect *mixture*, and an *Antidote*. *Italy*, *England*, *France*, and *Spayne*, are as the *Court* of the *VVorld*. *Germany*, *Denmarke*, and *China*, are as the *Citie*. The rest are most of them *Countrey*, and *Barbarisme*: who hath not seene the best of these, is a little lame in *knowledge*. Yet I thinke it not fit that

euery

euery man ſhould *trauaile*. It makes a *wiſe man* better, and a *foole* worſe. This gaines nothing but the *gay ſights*, *vices*, *exoticke geſtures*, and the *Apery* of a *Countrey*. A *Trauailing foole* is the *ſhame* of all *Nations*. Hee *ſhames* his *owne*, by his *weakeneſſe* abroad: He *ſhames* others, by bringing home their *follies* alone. They onely blab abroad *domeſticke vices*, and import them that are *tranſmarine*. That a man may better himſelfe by *Trauaile*, hee ought to obſerue, and comment: noting as well the *bad*, to auoyd it, as taking the *good*, into vſe. And without *Regiſtring* theſe things by the *Pen*, they will ſlide away *vnprofitably*. A man would not thinke, how much the *Charactering* of a *thought* in *Paper*, faſtens it. *Littera ſcripta manet*, has a large *ſence*. He that does this, may, when hee pleaſeth, *reiourney* ouer all his *voyage*, in his *Clozet*. Graue *Natures* are the beſt *proficients* by *Trauaile*: they are not ſo apt to take a *Soyle*; and they obſerue more; but then they muſt put on an *outward freedome*, with an *inquiſition* ſeemingly *careleſſe*. It were an *excellent* thing in a *State*, to haue alwaies a *ſelect* number of *Youth*, of the *Nobility*, and *Gentry*; and at yeeres of ſome *Maturity*, ſend them abroad for *Education*. Their *Parents* could not better diſpoſe of them, then in *dedicating* them to the *Republike*. They themſelues could not bee in a *fairer way* of *preferment*: and no queſtion but they mought prooue mightily *ſeruiceable* to the *State*, at home; when they ſhall returne well verſed in the *World*, languaged and well read in men; which for *Policy*, and *Negotiation*, is much better then any booke-learning, though ne-

uer

uer ſo deepe, and knowing. Being abroad, the *beſt* is to conuerſe with the *beſt*, and not to chuſe by the *eye*, but by *Fame*. For the *State*, inſtruction is to be had at the *Court*. For *Traffique*, among *Merchants*. For *Religious Rites*, the *Clergie*; for *Gouernement*, the *Lawyers*; and for the *Countrey*, and *rurall knowledge*, the *Boores* and *Peaſantry*, can beſt helpe you. All *rarities* are to bee ſeene, eſpecially *Antiquities*; for theſe ſhew vs the *ingenuity* of elder times in *Act*: and are in one, both *example*, and *precept*. By theſe, comparing them with *Moderne Inuention*, vvee may ſee how the *World* thriues in *ability*, and *brayne*. But aboue all, ſee *rare men*. There is no *Monument*, like a worthy *man* aliue. VVee ſhall bee ſure to finde ſomething in him, to kindle our *ſpirits*, and inlarge our *mindes* with a worthy *emulation* of his *vertues*. *Parts* of extraordinary *note*, cannot ſo lye hid, but that they will *ſhine forth*, through the *tongue* and *behauiour*, to the inlightning of the *rauiſht beholder*. And becauſe there is leſſe in this, to take the *ſenſe* of the *eye*, and things are more readily taken from a liuing *patterne*; the *Soule* ſhall more eaſily draw in his *excellencies*, and improoue it *ſelfe* with greater *profit*. But vnleſſe a man has *iudgement* to order theſe *aright*, in *himſelfe*, at his *returne*, all is in *vaine*, and loſt labour. Some men, by *Trauell* will be changed in nothing: and ſome againe, will *change* too much. Indeed, the *morall* outſide, wherefoeuer we be, may ſeeme beſt, when ſomething fitted to the *Nation* we are in: but wherefoeuer I ſhould goe, or ſtay, I would euer keepe my *God*, and *Friends* vnchangeably.

ably. Howſoere hee returnes, he *makes* an *ill Voyage*, that changeth his *Faith* with his *Tongue*, and *Garments*.

LXXXVIII.

Of Muſicke.

D*iogenes* ſpake right of *Muſicke*, when hee told one that bragg'd of his *skill*; that *Wiſedome* gouern'd *Cities*; but with *Songs*, and *Meaſures*, a houſe would not be order'd well. Certainely, it is more for *pleaſure*, then any *profit* of *Man*. Being but a *ſouud*, it onely workes on the *minde* for the *preſent*; and leaues it not *reclaimed*, but *rap't* for a while:& then it returnes, forgetting the onely *eare-deepe warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Ayre*, and the *Titillation* of that *ſpirited Element*. We may ſee this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Inſtruments*, which gather in the ſtirred *Ayre*, and ſo cauſe a *ſound* in the *Motion*. The *aduantage* it gaines vpon the *Minde*, is in reſpect of the neereneſſe it hath to the *ſpirits compoſure*, which being *Æthereall*, and *harmonious*, muſt needs delight in that which is like them. Beſides, when the *ayre* is thus moued, it comes by degrees to the *eare*, by whoſe *winding entrance*, it is made more *pleaſant*, and by that *in-eſſent Ayre*, carried to the *Auditorie nerue*, which *preſents* it to the *common ſenſe*, and ſo to the *intellectuall*. Of all *Muſicke*, *that* is beſt which comes from an *articulate voyce*. Whether it bee that *man* cannot make an *Inſtrument* ſo *melodi-*

ous, as that which *God* made, liuing *Man*: or, because there is something in this, for the *rationall part*, as well as for the *eare* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a careless *freenesse*, and a kinde of a neglectiue *easinesse*; *Nature* being alwaies most *louely*, in an *vnaffected*, and *spontaneous flowing*. A *dexterious Art*, shewes *cunning*, and *industry*; rather then *iudgement*, and *ingenuity*. It is a kind of *disparagement*, to bee a cunning *Fiddler*. It argues his *neglect* of better *imployment*, and that hee hath spent much *time* vpon a thing *vnnecessarie*. Hence it hath beene counted ill, for great *Ones* to *sing*, or *play*, like an *Arted Musician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if hee were not *ashamed*, that hee *sang* so *artfully*. And indeed, it softens the *minde*; The *curiosity* of it, is fitter for *VVomen* then *Men*, and for *Curtezans* then *Women*. Among other descriptions of a *Romane Dame*; *Salust* puts it downe for one, that shee did —*Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quàm necesse est probæ*. But yet againe 'tis pitty, that these should be so *excellent*, in that which hath such *power* to *fascinate*. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helpes of *wooing*. Many a *minde* hath beene *angled* vnto *ill*, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that tooke *Mithridates* with a *Song*. For as the *Notes* are *framed*, it can *draw*, and *incline* the *minde*. Liuely *Tunes* doe lighten the *minde*: Graue ones giue it *Melancholy*. Lofty ones raise it, and *aduance* it to aboue. VVhose *dull blood* will not caper in his *veines*, when the very *ayre* hee breathes in, *frisketh* in a *tickled motion*? VVho can but fixe his *eye*, and *thoughts*, when hee heares the sigh, and *Dying* groanes,

groanes, gestur'd from the *mournefull Instrument*? And I thinke hee hath not a *minde* well temper'd, whose zeale is not inflamed by a *heauenly Anthem*. So that indeed, *Musicke* is *good*, or *bad*, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did meane it *excellent*, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wisedome*, to bee *God of Musicke* also. But it may be the *Ægyptians*, attributing the *inuention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingnesse*, made them so to *honour* him. As the *Spartans* vsed it, it serued still for an *excitation to Valour*, and *Honourable Actions*: but then they were so carefull of the *manner* of it, as they finde *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the post, for beeing too *inuentiue*, in adding a *string* more then vsuall: Yet had hee done the *State* good seruice, for hee appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetrie*. Sometimes light *Notes* are vsefull; as in times of generall *Ioy*, and when the *minde* is pressed with *sadnesse*. But certainely, those are best, which inflame *zeale*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *grauity*. One is for *Religion*; so the *Iewes*. The other for *Warre*; so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace*, and *Moralitie*: Thus *Orpheus* ciuilized the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of some *excellency*, that 'tis vsed onely of the most *aeriall creatures*; loued, and vnderstood by *Man* alone; the *Birds* next, haue *variety* of *Notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia*, which are of grosser *composition*, haue onely *silence*, or vntuned *sounds*. They that *despise* it wholy, may well bee *suspected*, to bee something of a *Sauage Nature*. The *Italians* haue somewhat a *smart censure*, of those that *affect*

it not: They ſay, *God* loues not him, whom hee hath not made to loue *Muſicke*. *Ariſtotles conceit*, that *Ioue* doth neuer *Harpe*, nor *ſing*, I doe not hold a diſpraiſe. Wee finde *in Heauen* there bee *Halleluiahs* ſung. I beleeue it, as a helper both to *good*, and *ill*; and will therefore *honour* it, when it *mooues* to *Vertue*, and beware it, when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.

LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

HEe that will not *repent*, ſhall *ruine*, nor is *hee* to bee pittied in his *ſufferings*, that may eſcape a *torment*, by the *compunction* of a *heart*, and *teares*. Surely, that *God is merciſull*, that will admit offences to be expiated, by the *ſight*, and fluxed *eyes*. But it is to be wondred at, how *Repentance* can againe infauour vs with an *offended God*; ſince when a *ſinne* is paſt, *griefe* may leſſen it, but not *vnſinne* it. That which is done, is *vnrecallable*; becauſe a *ſinne* does intend in *infinitum*. *Adultery* once committed, maugre all the *teares* in *man*, for the *Act*, remaines *Adultery* ſtill: yea, though the *guilt*, and *puniſhment* be remitted: nor can a *Man vnact* it againe. When a *Maid* is robbed of her *Virgin honour*, there may be ſome *ſatisfaction*, but no *reſtitution*. Certainely, there are *ſecret* walkes of *goodneſſe*, and *Puritie*; whereby all things are *reuolued* in a *conſtant way*, which by the *ſupreme power of God*, they were at firſt

inueſted

inuested in. And when *Man* strayes from this *Instinct*, the whole course of *Nature*, is against him, till hee bee *reduced* into his first ranke, and order. And this, I thinke, may excuse *God* of *changeablenesse*, when we say hee turnes to *Man*, vpon his *Penitence*: for indeed, 'tis *Man* that *changes*, *God* is still the *vn-altered* same. And the first *Immutability* of things, neuer leaues a man, till he bee either *setled* againe in his *place*, or quite cut off from troubling of the *Motion*. And as hee is not rightly *reinserted*, till he does *Coöperate* with the *Noble reuolution* of all: so hee is not truly *penitent*, that is not progressiue, in the *Motion* of *aspiring goodnesse*. When hee is once thus againe, though hee were a *straggler* from the *Round*, and like a wry *Cog* in the *wheele*, yet now, hee is streighted, and set againe in his *way*, as if hee had neuer beene out. Sayes the *Tragedian*:

Remeemus illuc, vnde non decuit prius
abire.

Returne we, whence it was a shame to stray:
and presently after,

Quem pœnitet peccasse, pœnè est innocens.

He that *repents*, is well-neere *innocent*.

Nay, sometimes a *failing* and *returne*, is a prompter to a *surer hold*. Saint *Ambrose* obserues, that *Peters* Faith was stronger after his *fall*, then before: so as

he doubts not to *say*, that, by *his fall*, he found more *grace*, then he *lost*. A man shall beware the *steps* he once hath *stumbled* on. The *Diuell* sometimes coozens himselfe, by *plunging man* into a *deepe offence*. A sudden *ill Act*, growes abhorred in the *minde* that did it. He is mightily *carelesse*, that does not grow more *vigilant*, on an *Enemy* that hath once *surprized* him. A *blow* that *smarts*, will put vs to a *safer ward*. But the danger is, when wee *glide* in a *smoothed way*: for then, wee shall neuer returne of our *selues* alone. Questionlesse, *Repentance* is so *powerfull*, that it cannot bee but the gift of *Deitie*. Said the *Roman Theodosius*: That *liuing* men *dye*, is *vsuall*, and *naturall*: but that dead men *liue* againe by *Repentance*, is a *worke* of *Godhead* onely. How farre, how secure, should we runne in *Vice*, did not the *power* of *goodnesse*, checke vs in our full-*blowne saile*? Without *doubt*, that is the best *life*, which is a little *sprinkled* with the *salt* of *Crosses*. The other would bee quickly *rancke* and *tainted*. There are whose *paths* are *washt* with *Butter*, and the *Rose-bud crownes* them: but doubtlesse, 'tis a *misery* to liue in *oyled vice*, when her *wayes* are made *slippery* with her owne *slime*: and the *bared tracke* inuiteth to a *ruinous race*. *Heauen* is not had without *repentance*; and *repentance* seldome meetes a man in *iollity*, in the *careere* of *Lust*; and the *bloods loose ryot*. A *Father* said of *Dauid*; Hee *sinned* as *Kings* vse to doe; but he *repented*, *sighed*, and *wept*, as *Kings* haue vsed not to doe. I would not bee so *happy*, as to want the *meanes* whereby I might bee *penitent*. I am sure no man can *liue* without *sinne*: and I am sure no *sinner* can

can bee *saued* without it. Nor is this in a mans *owne choyce*, to take it vp when hee *please*. Surely, *Man* that would neuer *leaue* to *sinne*, would neuer of himselfe begin to *repent*. It were *best*, if *possible*, to *liue* so, as wee might not *neede* it: But since I can neither not *need* it, nor giue it my *selfe*, I will pray him to giue it mee, who after hee hath giuen mee this, will giue me both *release* and *glory*.

XC.

Of Warre and Souldiers.

AFter a long *Scene of Peace*, *Warre* euer enters the *Stage*; and indeed, is so much of the *Worlds Physicke*, as it is both a *Purge*, and *blood-letting*. *Peace*, *Fulnesse*, *Pride*, and *Warre*, as the foure *Fellies*, that being let into one another, make the *wheele*, that the *Times* turne on. As we see in *Bees*, when the *Hyue multiplies*, and *fils*, *Nature* hath alwaies taught it a way of *ease*, by *swarmes*: So the *World* and *Nations*, when they grow ouer *populous*, they *discharge* themselues by *Troupes*, and *Bands*. 'Tis but the *distemper* of the body *Politicke*, which (like the *Naturall*) Rest, and a full *dyet* hath burthen'd with *repletion*: and that heightens *humours*, either to *sicknesse*, or *Euacuations*. When 'tis eased of these, it subsides againe to a *quiet rest*, and *temper*. So *Warre* is begotten out of *Peace* graduately, and ends in *Peace* immediately. Betweene *Peace*, and *Warre*, are two *Stages*; *Luxury*, *Ambition*: betweene *Warre* and

Peace, none at all. The causes of all *Warres*, may be reduced to fiue heads: *Ambition*, *Auarice*, *Reuenge*, *Prouidence*, and *Defence*. The two first, were the most vsuall causes of *Warre* among the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd *Pride*, and *Couetousnesse*; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* were taught by their high *bloods*, to call, *Honour* and increase of *Empire*, The originall of all, *Tibullus* will needs haue *gold*.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quàm ferus, & verè ferreus ille fuit?
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata,
Tunc breuior diræ mortis aperta via est.
At nihil ille miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,
Vertimus, in sæuas quod dedit ille feras.
Diuitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt,
Faginus adstabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.

Of killing *Swords* who might first *Author* be?
Sure, a *steele minde*, and *bloudy* thought had he.
Mankinds destruction; *Wars*, were thē made knowne,
And shorter waies to *death*, with terrour showne.
Yet (curs'd) hee's not i'th *fault*; wee madly bend
That on our selues, hee did for *beasts* intend.
Full *gold's* i'th *fault*: no *Wars*, no *iarres* were then,
When *Beech* bowles onely were in vse with men.

That which hath growne from the *propagation* of *Religion*, was neuer of such *force*, as since the *Mahumetan* Law, and *Catholike* cause, haue ruffled among the *Nations*. Yet questionlesse to lay the

foundation

foundation of *Religion* in *bloud*, is to *condemne* it, before we teach it; The *Sword* may force *Nature*, and destroy the *Body*, but cannot make the *minde* beleeue that *Lawfull*, which is begun in *vnlawfulnesse*: Yet without doubt in the *enterprizers*, the opinion has *animated* much: wee see how it formerly fired the *Turke*, and is yet a strong *motiue* to the *Spanish attempts*. Vnlesse hee throwes abroad this to the *world*, to blanch his *Rapine* and his *cruelty*. For that of *Reuenge*; I see not but it may bee *lawfull* for a *Prince*, euen by *Warre*, to *vindicate* the *honour* of himselfe, and *People*. And the *reason* is, because in such cases of *iniury*, the whole *Nation* is interessed: and many times the *recompence*, is more due to the *Subiects*, then the *Soueraigne*. That of *Prouidence* may well haue a *passe*: as when *Princes* make *Warre* to auoyd *Warre*: or when they see a *storme* ineuitably falling, 'tis good to *meet it*, and breake the *force*: should they euer sit still while the *blow* were giuen them, they might very well *vndoe themselues* by *Patience*; wee see in the *body*, men often *bleed* to preuent an imminent *sicknesse*. For that of *Defence*, both *Religion*, and all the *Rules* of *Nature* plead for't. The *Commanders* in *Warre* ought to be *built* vpon these three *Vertues*; they should be *Wise*, *Valiant*, *Experienc'd*. *Wisedome* in a *Generall*, many times ends the *Warre* without *VVarre*. Of all *Victories*, the *Roman* thought that best, which least was *stain'd* with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when hee had not fought. In these *times*, it is especially *requisite*, since *Stratagems* and *Aduantages* are more in vse, then the open

open and the daring *valour*. Yet *valiant* hee must be; else he growes *contemptible*, loses his *command*, and by his owne *feare*, *infects* his *Troupes* with *cowardice*. To the *eternall* honour of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his *commands* of the *Field*, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Veni*: as if hee scorn'd in all his *Onsets*, to be any thing, but still a *Leader*. Alwaies teaching by the *strongest Authority*, his owne *forwardnesse*, his owne *examples*. And though these bee *Excellencies*, they bee all, without *Experience*, lame. Let him bee neuer so *learned*, his Bookes cannot limit his *designes* in seuerall: and though he be *perfect* in a *Paper-plot*, where his *eye* has all in *view*; he will faile in a *Leaguer*, where he sees but a *limme* at once: Besides, *Experience* puts a *credit* on his *Actions*, and makes him farre more prompt in *vndertakings*. And indeed, there is a great deale of *reason*, why wee should *respect* him, that with an *vntainted valour*, has growne old in *Armes*, and hearing the *Drumme beat*. When euery *minute*, Death seemes to passe by, and shunne him, hee is as one that the supreme *God* has car'd for, and, by a particular *Guard* defended in the *Haile of Death*. 'Tis true, 'tis a life tempting to *exorbitancy*; yet this is more in the *common* sort, that are pressed as the *reffuse*, and *burthen* of the *Land*, then in those that by a *Nobler breeding*, are abler to *command*. *Want*, *Idlenesse*, and the *desperate* face of *blood*, hath hardened them to *Out-rages*. Nor may we wonder, since euen their life is but an order'd *Quarrell*, raised to the *feud* of *killing*. Certainely, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of *charity*.

Nulla

Nulla fides, Pietasq; viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, vbi maxima merces.

Nor *Faith*, nor *Conscience*, common *Souldiers* carry.
Best *pay*, is *right*: their hands are *Mercenary*.

For the *weapons* of *Warre*, they differ much from those of *ancient times*: and I beleeue, the *inuention* of *Ordnance* hath mightily saued the *liues* of men. They *command* at such *distance*, and are so *vnresistable*, that men come not to the *shocke* of the *Battell*, as in former *Ages*. We may obserue, that the greatest *numbers*, haue fallen by those *weapons*, that haue brought the *Enemies* neerest together. Then the *pitched field* was the *triall*, and men were so ingaged that they could not come *off*, till *blood* had decided *victory*. The same *Aduantages* are still, and rather greater now, then of old: The *Winde*, the *Sunne*, the better *Ground*. In former *Warres*, for all their *Armes*, the *Ayre* was euer *cleere*: but now their *Peeces* mist, and thicken it, which beaten vpon them by *disaduantages*, may soone indanger an *Armie*. Surely *Warres* are in the same *nature* with *offences*, *Necesse est vt veniant*. They must be; yet *Va inducenti*, They are mightily in *fault* that *cause* them: Euen *reason* teaches vs to cast the *blood* of the *slaine*, vpon the vniust *Authors* of it. That which gines the *minde* security, is a *iust cause*, & a *iust deputation*. Let me haue these, and of all other, I shall thinke this, one of the *noblest*, and most *manly* waies, of *dying*.

Of

XCI.

Of Scandall.

TIs *vnhappineſſe* enough to himſelfe, for a man to be *rotten* within. But when by being *falſe*, he ſhall pull a *ſtaine* on a whole *Society*, his *guilt* will *gnaw* him with a ſharper *tooth*. Euen 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 *gratifie* and *glad* their *friends*: onely he that *ſcandals* a *Church*, or *Nation*, makes his *friends mourne*, and his *Enemies* reioyce. They ſigh for his iuſt *ſhame*, vniuſtly flung on them: theſe ſmile, to ſee an *aduerſary* falne, and the *blow* giuen to thoſe that would *vphold* him. And though the *Author* liues where hee did, yet his *ſoule* has beene *Traytor*, and helped the *contrary ſide*. One *ill man* may *diſcountenance* euen the *warranted*, and maintained *cauſe* of a *Nation*; eſpecially if he has beene good. *Blots* appeare *fouler* in a *ſtrict life*, then a looſe one; no man wonders at the *Swines* wallowing: but to ſee an *Ermine* myr'd, is *Prodigie*. Where doe *Vices* ſhew ſo foule, as in a *Miniſter*, when hee ſhall bee heauenly in his *Pulpit* alone? Certainely, they wound the *Goſpell*, that preach it to the *World*, and liue, as if they thought to goe to *Heauen* ſome other way then that they teach the *people*. How vnſeemely is it, when a *graue Caſſocke*, ſhall bee lin'd with a *wanton Reueller*, and with

with *crimes*, that make a *loose one odious?* Surely, *God* will bee seuerest against those, that will weare his *Badge*, and seeme his *seruants*, yet inwardly side with the *Deuill*, and *Lusts*. They spot his *Honour*, and cause *prophane ones* iest at his *Holinesse*. We see, the *Prince* suffers in the *failes* of his *Ambassadour*: and a *seruants ill action* is some *touch* to his *Masters reputation*: nor can hee *free himselfe*, but by deliuering him vp to *Iustice*, or *discarding* him: otherwise, he would be iudg'd to *patronize* it. *Other offences God* may punish, this, he *must*, least the *enemies of his Truth* triumph against him. *Dauid* had his *whip* for this: Because by this hee had caused the *Enemies of God to blaspheme*, the *Child* must dye. When hee that had *Anthem'd* the *purenesse of the God of Israel*, and proclaimed the *Noble Acts* hee did of old; and seem'd as one indear'd to the *Almighties Loue*: how would the *Philistims* reioyce, when hee should thus become *Apostate*, and with a *mild licenciousnesse*, mix his *lust* with *murther* and *ingratitude?* Surely, the *Vices* of *Alexander* the sixth, did mightily discolour *Papacie*: til then, *Princes* were afraid of *Bulls* and *excommunications*: but it was so vsuall with him, to *curse* vpon his owne *displeasure*, and for aduancing of his *spurious Race*: that it hath made them slighted, euer since his *passions* so impublik'd them. VVhat a *staine* it was to *Christendome*, that the *Turke* should pull a *Christian Kings* violated *Couenant* from his *bosome*, in the *War*, and present it the *Almighty*, as an Act of those, that profess'd themselues his *Seruants?* Beware how thy *Actions* fight against thy *Tongue* or *Penne*.

One

One *ill life* will pull downe more, then many *good Tongues* can build. And doubtlesse, *GOD*, that is *iealous* of his *Honour*, will vindicate these *soiles*, with his most *destructiue arme*. Take heed, not of *strictnesse*, but of *falling foulely* after it. As hee that frames the strongest *Arguments* against himselfe, and then does fully *answer* them, does the best defend his *Cause*: So hee that liues *strictest*, and then forgoes his hold, does the worst disgrace his *Patron*. *Sinnes* of this nature, are not *faults* to our selues alone, but by a kinde of *argumentatiue way*, dishonour *GOD* in the *consequent*. And euen all the *Church* of sincerest *good men*, suffer in a *seeming-good mans* fall. This is to be *religiously lewd*. If thou beest vnsound within, soyle not the glorious *Roabe* of *Truth*, by putting it vpon thy *beastlinesse*. VVhen *Diogenes* saw a *wanton* vaunting in a *Lions skinne*, hee calls vnto him, that hee should forbeare to make *Vertues garment* blush. And indeed, *Vertue* is ashamed, when shee hath a *Seruant vile*. VVhen those that should bee *Sunnes*, shall bee eclipsed, the *lesser Starres* will lose their light and splendour. Euen in the *Spaniards Conquest* of the *Indians*, I dare thinke, their *crueltie* and *bloodinesse*, haue kept more from their *faith*, then all their force haue wonne them. Some would not beleeue, *Heauen* had any *blessednesse*, because they heard there were some *Spaniards* there. So hatefull can *detected Vice* make that which is euen *goodnesse* it selfe: and so excellent is a *soule* of *integritie*, that it frights the *lewd* from *luxurie* to *reuerence*. The beastly *Floralians* were abash'd and ceas'd at the vpright

Cato's

Cato's presence. A second to *eternall goodnesse*, is, a wise *man*, vncorrupt in *life*: his *soule* shines, and the beames 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 neuer professe, what I will not striue to *practise*: and will thinke it better to bee but *crooked timber*, then a *straite blocke*, and after lye to stumble *men*.

XCII.

That Diuinity does not crosse Nature, so much as exceed it.

THey that are *Diuines* without *Philosophie*, can hardly maintaine the *Truth* in *disputations*. 'Tis possible they may haue an infused faith, sufficient for themselues: but if they haue not *Reason* too, they will scarce make others capable of their *Instruction*. Certainely, *Diuinity* and *Morality* are not so auerse, but that they well may liue together: for, if *Nature* bee *rectified* by *Religion*; *Religion* againe is *strengthened* by *Nature*. And as some hold of *Fate*, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ aboue in the *Stars*, onely wee haue not skill to finde it: so, I beleeue, there is nothing in *Religion*, contrarie to *Reason*, if we knew it rightly. For conuersation among men, and the *true happinesse* of *Man*: *Philosophy* hath agreed with *Scripture*. Nay, I thinke I may also adde, for defining of *God*, excepting the *Trinity*, as neere as *Man* can conceiue

ceiue him. How exact hath it made *Iustice?* How busie to finde out *Truth?* How rightly directed *loue?* exalting with much earnestnesse, all those *Graces*, that are any way amiable. Hee that seekes in *Plato*, shall finde him making *God* the *Solum summum Bonum*; to which a pure and vertuous life is the *way*. For defining *God*, my *opinion* is, that *Man*, neither by *Diuinity* nor *Philosophy*, can, as they say, *Quidditatiuè*, tell what hee is. It is fitter for *Man* to *adore* and *admire* him, then in vaine to study to *comprehend* him. *God* is for *Man* to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and *drossie Soule*, can neuer sound him, who is the *vnimmaginable Fountaine* of *Spirits*; and from whom, all things, by a *graduate Deriuation*, haue their *light*, *life*, and *being*. In these things they agree; but I finde three other things, wherein *Diuinity* ouer-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 *Philosophie* could euer reach at that which *Moses* taught vs. Heere the *Humanists* were all at a *stand* and *Iarre*: all their *coniectures* being rather *witty*, and *conceit*, then *true* and reall. Some would haue all things from *Fire*; some, from *Ayre*; some, from *Water*; some, from *Earth*; some, from *Numbers*; some, from *Atomes*; from *Simples*, some; and some, from *Compounds*. *Aristotle* came the neerest, in finding out the truest *Materia Prima*: but because hee could not beleeue this made of *nothing*, hee is content to erre, and thinke it was *eternall*. Surely, this *Conceit* was as farre from *Reason*, as the other: his

his *Reason* might haue fled vnto *Omnipotencie*, as well as to *Eternity*. And so indeed, when *Philosophie* hath gone as farre as shee is able, shee arriueth at *Almightinesse*, and in that *Abisse* is lost: where not knowing the *way*, shee goeth but by guesse, and cannot tell when she is or *right* or *wrong*. Yet is she rather *subordinate*, then *contrarie*. *Nature* is not *crosse*, but runnes into *Omnipotencie*: and like a *petty Riuer*, is swallowed in that *boundlesse Maine*. For the *Redemption* of *Man*, euen the *Scripture* calls it a *Mystery*: and all that *Humanity* could euer reach of this, was, onely a flying to the generall name of *Mercy*, by the vrgings of the *Conscience*. They all knew they had *failed*, and falne. Their owne *bosomes* would tell them thus: but the way how they might bee restored, neuer fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a worke that GOD declared onely to his owne *Peculiar*, by the immediate *Reuelation* of his *VVord* and *VVill*. For the *Manner* how *God* would bee *worshipped*, no *Naturalist* could euer finde it out, till hee himselfe gaue 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 *VVorkes*: but for their *ignorance* in this he sayes, The *wrath* of *GOD* is reuealed against them: Because that when they knew *God*, they glorified him not as *God*, but turned the *Glory* of the incomparable *God*, to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible *Man*, and of *Birds*, and of foure-footed *Beasts*, and of *creeping things*. And these three things the *Scripture* teacheth vs: which else wee could neuer haue learned,

from all the *Bookes* in the *World*. Thus wee ſee for *moralitie*, *Nature* ſtill is ſomething *pert* and *vigorous*: but in the things of *God* it is confirmed, that ſhee is *thicke-ſighted*, and cannot ſee them. Can a *Fly* comprehend *man*, vpon the top of *Monarchy*? no more can *Man* comprehend *God*, in the height of *Omnipotencie*. There are as well *Myſteries* for *Faith*, as *Cauſes* for *Reaſon*. This may guide mee, when I haue to deale with *Man*; but in *Diuine affaires*, *Reaſon* ſhall waite on *Faith*, and ſubmit to her *Prerogatiue*. The *Conſcience* is great; but *God* is farre greater then it.

XCIII.

Of tedioufneſſe in Diſcourſe.

A *Prating Barber* came to trimme *King Archelaus*, and asked him, *Sir, how will you pleaſe to haue mee cut your haire?* Sayes the *King*, *Silently*. And certainely, though a *Man* ha's nothing to do, but to *heare* and *anſwer*; yet a *limetleſſe tongue* is a ſtrange *vnbitted Beaſt*, to worry one with. And the miſerie is, they that ſpeake *much*, ſeldome ſpeake *well*: for they that know how to *ſpeake* aright, know not how to dwell in *Diſcourſe*. It cannot bee but *ignorance*, when they know not, that *long ſpeeches*, though they may pleaſe the *ſpeaker*, yet they are the *torture* of the *hearing eare*. I haue pittied *Horace*, when hee was put into his *ſweat*, and almoſt ſlaine in the *via ſacra*, by the accidentall

accidentall detention of a *Babblers tongue*. There is nothing tyres one, like the *sawing* of ones *eares*, when *words* shall *clatter*, like a *window* loose, in *wind*. A *talkatiue Fellow* is the *vnbrac'd Drumme*, which beates a *wise man* out of his wits. Surely, *Nature* did not guard the *tongue* with the double fence of *teeth* and *lips*, but that shee meant it should not moue too nimbly. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a *Scholler* full of *words*, hee asked a *double Fee*: one, to learne him to *speake well*; another, to teach him to *hold his peace*. They which talke too much to others, I feare me, seldome speake with thēselues enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their owne *bosomes*, they may well be mistaken, and present a *Foole* to the *People*, while they thinke themselues are *wise*. But there are, and that seuerally, that bee much troubled with the disease of *speaking*. For, assuredly, *Loquacity* is the *Fistula* of the *minde*; euer running, and almost incurable. Some are *blabs* of *secrets*; and these are *Traytours* to *Societie*: they are *Vessels* vnfit for vse; for they bee boared in their *bottomes*. Some will boast the *fauours* they haue found: and by this meanes, they often bring *goodnesse* into suspect, lose *loue*, and iniure *Fame*.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset Coruus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, inuidiæq;.

But could the *Crow*, be silent fed, his *diet*
Might dainty er be, lesse enuied, and more quiet.

You shall finde too, that will cloy you with their

owne *Inuentions*: and this is a fault of *Poets*, which vnlesse they meete with those that loue the *Muses*, is as a *dainty Oration*, deliuer'd to one in a *Language* that hee vnderstands not. His *Iudgement* found this fault, that made his *Epigram* inuiting his *Friend* to *supper*, promise, that he

—— no *Verses* would repeate.

Some will *preamble* a *Tale* impertinently: and cannot be deliuered of a *Iest*, till they haue trauailed an houre in *Triuials*; as if they had taken the *whole Tale* by *Stenography*, and now were putting on it out at *large*: thus they often spoyle a *good Dish*, with improper *Sawce*, and vnsauorie *farcements*. Some haue a veine in *counselling*; euen till they stop the *eare*, they powre it in. *Tedious Admonitions* dull the *Aduised*, and make the giuer *contemptible*. 'Tis the *short reproofe*, that stayes like a *stab* in the *Memorie*: and many times, *three words* doe more good, then an *idle Discourse of three houres*. Some haue *varieties* of *Stories*, euen to the tyring of an *Auditor*; and these are often, euen the graue *follies* of *Age*: whose vnwatcht *tongues* stray into the *waste of words*, and giue vs cause to blame their *memories*, for retaining so much of their *Youth*. There are too, that haue a leaping *Tongue*, to *Iigge* into the tumult of *discourse*; and vnlesse you haue an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deepe *vexation*. A *Rooke-yard* in a *Spring* morning, is neither so ill nor noisefull, as is one of these. But this is commonly a *feminine*. Doubtlesse, the

the best way for *speech*, is to be *short, plaine, materiall.* Let me heare one *wise man* sentence it, rather then twenty *Fooles*, garrulous in their lengthened *tattle.* *Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia. Hugo Victorinus.*

XCIIII.

Of Liberty, and Restraint.

IT was but a *Flourish* of *Cicero's Oratory*, when hee said, *Ad Decus & Libertatem nati sumus.* The greatest *Prince* that euer was produc'd by *Woman*, comes *insanguin'd* into the *World*, and is a poore resistlesse *Slaue*, to the first *arme* that hee falls into. But if he meant it of the *Noble spirit* of *Man*, then I thinke 'tis true: for it still aduanceth to that *Sunne*, from whence it hath both *life* and *vigour.* And thus, wee see all things doe aspire to *libertie*, and the affecting of an vncontrolled *Freedome.* Euery *Creature* is prompted by *Nature*, to be like that, from whence it is deriued. Looke ouer all the *World*, and you shall finde, that euery thing, as farre as the *Ability* will giue it *Line*, does *Snaile* it after *Deitie*, and with a kinde of *rising Emulation*, slowly *Apes Almightinesse.* But this *Liberty* of *Humane spirit*, is that which cannot be restrained, and therefore the restraint of the *Body*, is that which we will speake of. This is commonly by *Imprisonment*, or by *Seruice.* That of *Imprisonment*, is nothing

thing ſuch a *miſchiefe*, as the moſt doe thinke it. The greateſt is, in that, the *Eye* is debarred the delight of the *Worlds Variety*. Nor indeede is this *totall*, but in part, and *locall* onely. In this, a *blinde man* is the moſt *miſerable Priſoner* of all: VVhatſoeuer place does hold him, he is ſtill in the *VVorlds Dungeon*, wandering in the *Nights vncomfortable ſhade*. And indeede, the moſt burthenſome *impriſonment*, is to be *Priſoner* to a *Diſeaſe*; as the *Gout*, the *Palſey*, and the like: becauſe, for the moſt part, theſe hold vs, not without *paine*, and the mighty trouble of our *friends* about vs. For the other, I ſee not, but a *locall reſtraint*, without *want*, and *inforced imployment*, may very eaſily bee conuerted to a *happineſſe*: vnleſſe *Men* will let their *mindes* long againſt the *Tyde* of *Reaſon*. It is no other but a place of *retyring*, and *ſequeſtration* from the *World*, which many of the wiſeſt haue voluntarily put vpon themſelues. *Demoſthenes* would ſhaue his *Beard* by halfe, to keepe himſelfe within, by a willing *neceſsity*. *Diocleſians* two and twenty *Yeeres Empery*, could not put him out of loue with his *retyring place*: Nor *Charles* the Fifth, his many *Kingdomes*. There are Examples of *extraordinary gaine*, that *Men* haue made of ſuch *Confinements*. Aſſuredly, while a *Man* is toſſed among *Men*, and *buſineſſe*, hee cannot ſo enioy himſelfe, as when hee is ſomething ſecluded from both of theſe. And it is a *Miſery*, when a *man* muſt ſo apply himſelfe to *others*, as he cannot haue leaſure to account with *himſelfe*. Beſides, be he neuer ſo at large; hee does but runne ouer the ſame things; hee ſees but the

like

like *World* in another place. If hee ha's but *light*, and any *prospect*, hee may see by that, what the rest is, and enioy it, by his boundlesse *Minde*. For the *Restraint* by *Seruice*, if it bee with imposed *Toyle*, then is it farre worse, then the being *circum-mured* onely: This *Man* differeth not in the act of his *life* from a *Beast*: Hee must ply his *Taske*, and haue his *Foode*, but onely to make him fit for his *Taske* againe: hee is like one that is *Surety* for a *Bankrupt*. The *gods* sell all for *labour*; and hee has entred *Couenant*, to worke for one that *playes*: so is become a *Principall* for another mans *debt*, and payes it. This surely is the greatest *Captiuity*, the greatest *Slauery*. The attendant *Seruices* of *Nobility*, are farre easier to the *Man* and *Minde*: though the perpetuall sight of *full Estates* aboue them, may well endanger those mindes that haue not *Ballast* in them. To see *Heauen*, and come no neerer, then to waite at the *doore*, is a terrible *Torment* to the *Spirit*. A *naked Beauty* seene, would tempt one *chaste*, to erre. Yet withall, 'tis something like *Loue*, a kinde of *bitter-sweet*, it both *pleaseth* and *displeaseth* the *Minde* at once: it is pleased to see it: but 'tis displeased, that it cannot *enioy* it. Besides, if there be *toyle*, a *wise man* may take lesse of it: and an *honest man*, by the plea of his *duty*, makes his minde content in *dispatches*. *Courage* and *Ability*, make *businesse* much the easier. One asked the *Cynicke*, how he could liue a *Seruant* to *Zeniades*? but he returnes; That a *Lyon* does not serue his *Keeper*, but his *Keeper* him. Yet for all this, *Nature* pleades for *Liberty*: and though *Commands* may be often easie,

easie, yet they sometimes *grate*, and *gall*. So that if wee appeale to the *minde* of *Man*, that will say, It is better being a *King*, though but in a *Tub*; then to bee a *Seruant* in thee *roofed Palace*. There are helps, that may abate *Inconueniencies*: but *Libertie* will ouer-sway with *Man*. VVhen one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went *braue*, and dined with the *King*; *Diogenes* replyes, That for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes*, when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this bee not rather *opinionatiue* then *reall*, it is questionlesse an vnhappinesse to *serue*. If I haue my *liberty*, I would rest in the *priuiledges* that accrue it. If I want it, I would ioy in the *benefits* that accrue the *want*: so in either estate, I may finde *Content* my *Play-fellow*.

XCV.

Of the causes that make men different.

HOmo homini quid præstat? was the former times iust *Wonder*: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the *spirits* of *Men*. I hath beene a *Question*, whether all *Soules* are *equall* at their first *Infusion*: and if it be of that *Soule* 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 *vncorrupt*. But because the sensitiue part in *Man*, beares a great sway; many times falls out, that by the deficiencie

cie of the *Organicall parts*, the *Soule* is *eclipsed* and *imprisoned* so, as it cannot appeare in the *vigour* it would shew, if the *Bodies* composition were perfect, and open. A *perfect Soule*, in an *imperfect Body*, is like a *bright Taper*, in a *darke Lanthorne*: the fault is not in the *Light*, but in the *Case*, which *curtaines* it with so dull an *outside*, as will not let the *shine* be transparent. And wee may see this, euen in those that we haue knowne both *able* and *ingenious*; who after a hurt receiued in some *vitall part*, haue growne *mopish*, and almost *insensible*. When the *vitall passages* of the *sensitiue* and *vegitatiue* are *imperfect*, though they extinguish not the *intellectuall*, because it is impossible, that a thing *mortall*, should destroy a thing *immortall*: yet their defect keepes it so vnder, as it appeareth not to the *outward apprehension*. Not that *Man* hath three distinct *Soules*: for the *intellectuall* in *Man*, containeth the other *two*: and what are different in *Plants*, *Beasts*, and *Man*; are in *Man* one, and *co-vned* together. Otherwise, hee were a *Plant*, and seuerally, a *brute*, and *rationall*. But as the solid *christalline Heauen*, and *first Mouer*, containes the *Region* of the *Fire*, and *Ayre*; and the *Region* of the *Fire* and *Ayre*, the *Globe* of the *Earth* and *VVaters*; yet all make but one *VVorld*: So the *Intellectuall* containes the *Sensitiue*, and the *Sensitiue* the *Vegitatiue*; yet all in *Man*, make but one *Soule*. But the differences of *Men* may all bee referred to two causes; either *Inward*, or *outward*: *Inward*, are defects in *Nature*, and *Generation*: either when the *Actiue part*, the *Seed*, is not *perfect*, or when the *nutrimentall* and

Passiue

Passiue powers faile of their *sufficiencie*, are two *abundant*, or *corrupted*. And when *Man* is of himselfe, from the *wombe*, the *malignity* of some *humour* may interpose the true operation of the *spirits internall*. Certainely, those men that we see mounting to the *Nobleness* of *Minde*, in *Honorable Actions*, are pieces of *Natures truest worke*; especially in their *inward Faculties*. *Externall defects*, may be, and yet not alwaies hinder the *internall powers*: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest *parts*, else they are often causes of *debillitation*. And these are cõmonly, from the *Temperature* of the *Ayre*, from *Education*, from *Dyet*, and from *Age*, and *Passion*. From the *Aire*, we see the *Southerne* people are *lightsome*, *ingenious*, and *subtill*, by reason of the *heat*, that *rarifies* the *spirits*. The *Northerne*, are *flower*, and more dull, as hauing them *thickned* with the *chill colds condensation*.

Temperie Cœli, Corpusque, Animusque iuuatur.

Both *Soule* and *Body*, change, by change of *Ayre*.

Education hath his *force* seene in euery place; if you *trauaile* but from *Court*, to the *Country*: or but from a *Village*, to an *Academie*: or see but a horse well *manag'd*, and another *Resty*, in his owne *fiercenesse*. *Dyet*, no question alters much; euen the giddy *Ayrinesse* of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their *Dyet* of *VVine*, and wild *Fowle*, then to the difference of their *Clime*, it being so neere an adioyner to ours. And in *England*, I beleeue our much vse of *strong Beere*, and *grosse Flesh*, is a great occasi-

on

on 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 growes from *ſenſe* to *reaſon*: and then againe declines to *Dotage*, and to *Imbecillity*. *Youth* is too young in *braine*; and *Age* againe, does draine away the *ſpirits*. *Paſſion* blunts the *edge* of *conceit*: and where there is much *ſorrow*, the *minde* is dull, and vnperceiuing. The *Soule* is oppreſſed, and lies languiſhing in an *vnſociable lonelineſſe*, till it proues *ſtupid*, and *inhumane*. Nor doe theſe more alter the *Minde*, then the *Body*. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

Iam mihi deterior canis aſpergitur ætas:
Iamque, meos vultus ruga ſenilis arat.
Iam vigor, & quaſo languent in corpore vires:
Nec Iuueni Luſus, qui placuere, iuuant.
Nec me, ſi ſubito videas, cognoſcere poſſis,
Ætatis facta eſt tanta ruina meæ.
Confiteor, ſacere hoc annos: ſed & altera cauſa eſt;
Anxietas animi, continuuſq; Labor.

Now, colder yeeres, with *ſnow* my *haires* enchaſe:
And now the *Aged wrinkle* plowes my *Face*.
Now through my *trembling iornts*, my *vigour* failes,
Mirth too, that cheer'd my *Youth*, now nought auailes.
So *ruin'd*, and ſo *alterd* am I growne,
That at firſt *ſight*, I am not to be knowne.
Age one cauſe is: but that which more I finde,
Is *paine perpetuall*, and a *troubled minde*.

Certainely,

Certainely, the *best* is, to *weigh* euery man, as his *meanes* haue beene: a man may *looke* in vaine for *Courtship*, in a *Plowman*; or *Learning* in a *Mechanicke*. Who will *expect* a *lame man* should be *swift* in running: or, that a *sicke man* should deliuer an *Oration*, with a *grace*, and *cheerefulnesse*? If I finde any man failing in his *Manners*, I will first consider his meanes, before I *censure* the man. And one that is short of what he might bee, by his *sloth* and *negligence*, I will thinke as iustly *blameable*, as hee that out of *industry* has adorn'd his *behauiour*, aboue his *meanes*, is *commendable*.

XCVI.

Of Diuination.

WHat is it *Man* so much *couets*, as to pry into *Natures Closet*, and know not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall finde it a *profitable Prouidence*, which hath set our *estate in future*, something in *darke* and *shade*. If *Man* doubted not of what *Death* would deliuer him to, he would (I thinke) either liue more *lewdly*, or more *vnhappily*. If wee knew *Death* were onely an end of *Life*, and no more; euery man for his owne ends, would bee a *disturber* of the *Worlds peace*. If wee were certaine of *Torment*; *Thought* and *Feare*, would make our *present Life* a *Death continuall*, in the *Agitations* of a *troubled Soule*. If wee were sure of *Ioy* and *Glory*, wee should bee carelesse of our *liuing*

ning well. Certainely, *God* hath made *Man* to dwell in *doubt*, that hee might bee awed to *Good*, by *Feare* and *Expectation.* We are led along by *Hope*, to the *Ends* that are appointed vs: and by an *vncertaine way*, wee come at last to a *certaine End*; which yet wee could neither *know*, nor *auoyd.* The *great Creator* wisely put *things to come*, in the *Mist* and *Twilight*, that we might neither bee ouerioyed with the certainety of *good*; nor ouer-much terrified with the assurance of an *vnauoydable ill.* Though *Præscience*, and *Diuination* be a *God-like Quality*, yet, because it can onely *tell* of *danger*, and not *preuent* it, the *wiser sort* haue euer had the *Art* in *neglect*, in *dislike.* If *Fate* be *certaine*, it can be no good to *know* it, because wee cannot *preuent* it. If it be *vncertaine*, wee search in vaine to finde out that which *may bee.* So, either way wee hazzard for *vnhappinesse.* *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non possunt, amat præscire.* I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that hee wondered how *South-sayers* could forbeare *Laughter*, when they met one another; they knew they vsed so to *gull* the *People.* One thing there is, that (if it were *certaine*) doth mightily *disparage* it; and this is, That it sets a *Man* ouer to *second Causes*, and puts him off from *Prouidence.* But it cannot be *certaine* and *determinate.* *Man* is not wise enough, to *scent* out the *abstruce steps* of *Deitie.* It is obserued by one, that what *Nigidius* vsed for defence of his *Art*, by turning of a *Wheele*, and marking it twice with *Inke*, hath cast it all into a *vast incertainetie.* And indeed, the minute of *Generation*, *Conception*, and *Production*, are so hard to know iustly; the

Point

Point of *place* so hard to finde: the *Angles*, the *Aspects*, and the *Coniunctions* of the *Heauens* so impossible to bee cast right in their *influences*, by reason of the *rapid* and *Lightning-like Motion* of the *Spheares*; that the whole *Art*, thorowly searched and examined, will appeare a meere *fallacie* and *delusion* of the *wits* of *Men*. If their *Calculations* bee from the seuen *Motiue Spheares* onely, how is there such difference in the liues of *Children* borne together, when their oblique *motion* is so slow, as the *Moone*, (though farre more speedy then any of the rest) is yet aboue seuen and twenty daies in her *course*? If their *calculations* be by their *diurnall Motion*, it is impossible to collect the *various influences*, which euery tittle of a *minute* giues. Besides, in close *Roomes*, where the *Windowes* are clozed, the *Fire*, *Perfumes*, concourse of *People*, and the *parentall humours*, barre their operation from the *Child*. But suppose there were a *Fate* transfer'd from the *Starres* to *Man*; who can reade their *significations*? Who hath told their particular *predictions*? Are they not all meerely the *vncertaine coniectures* of *Men*, which rarely *hit*, and often *faile*? So in *Beasts*, in *Birds*, in *Dreames*, and all *viary Omens*, they are onely the gessiue *interpretations* of dimey'd *Man*: full of *doubt*, full of *deceit*. How did the *Tuscane Southsayers*, and the *Philosophers* that were with *Iulian*, differ about the *wounded Lyon*, presented him, when hee went to inuade the *Persians*? How, about the *Lightning* that slew *Iouinianus*, and his two *horses*? Yet of the rest, I beleeue there is more from the *Stars*, then these other *obseruations*:

but

but this is then for *generall inclinations*, not for *particular Euents*: Those are sure in the hands and *Cabinet* of the *Almighty*: and none but *Prophets* that he inspires, are able to reueale them. The securest way is to *liue well*: then we may bee sure of a *faire end*, and a *passable way*. Hee that liues *vertuously*, needs not doubt of finding a *happy Fate*. Let my *life* please *God*, and I am sure, the *successe* shall please mee. *Vertue* and *Vice* are both *Prophets*; the one, of *certaine good*; the other, or of *Paine*, or *Penitence*.

XCVII.

That 'tis best increasing by a little at once.

THere is no such *preualent workman*, as *sedulity* & *diligence*. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which haue beene done by *degrees*, and gentle *augmentations*. And yet there are, that are ouer-ready in the wayes of *pleasing* and *labour*. When *Diligence* reaches to *humour*, and *flattery*, it growes *poore*, and *vnnoble*: 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 seuen yeeres, in drawing *Ialysus*, and his *Dogge*: And a King of *Persia*, would needs for a *Present*, *adulterate Roses* with an *artfull smell*. When these two are *auoyded*, *Diligence*, and *Moderation* are the best *steps*, whereby to climbe to any *excellency*.

cellency. Nay, it is *rare* if there be any other way. The *Heauens* ſend not downe their *raine* in *floods*, but by *drops*, and *dewy diſtillations*. A man is neither *good*, nor *wiſe*, nor *rich* at once: yet ſoftly *creeping* vp theſe *hils*, he ſhall euery *day* better his *proſpect*; till at laſt, hee *gaines* the *top*. Now he learnes a *Vertue*, and then he damnes a *Vice*. An *houre* in a *day* may much *profit* a man in his *Study*; when hee makes it *ſtint* and *cuſtome*. Euery yeere ſomething laid vp, may in time make a *Stocke* great. Nay, if a man does but *ſaue*, hee ſhall *increaſe*; and though when the *graines* are ſcatter'd, they bee next to nothing: yet together, they will ſwell the *heape*. A *poore man* once found the *tagge of a Poynt*, and put it in the *lap* of his *skirt*: one asked him, what hee could doe with it? He anſweres, What I finde all the *yeere*, (though it be neuer ſo little) I lay it vp at home, till the yeere ends; and with all together, I euery *New-yeeres day*, adde a *Diſh* to my *Cupboord*. Hee that ha's the patience to attend *ſmall profits*, may quickly grow to thriue and *purchaſe*: they be eaſier to accompliſh, and come thicker. So, hee that from euery thing collects *ſomewhat*, ſhall in time get a *Treaſurie* of *Wiſedome*. And when all is done, for *Man*, this is the beſt way. It is for *God*, and for *Omnipotencie*, to doe *mighty things* in a *moment*: but, *degreeingly* to grow to *greatneſſe*, is the courſe that he hath left for *Man*. And indeede, to gaine any thing, is a double worke. For, firſt, it muſt remoue the *hinderances*; next, it muſt aſſume the *aduantage*. All good things that concerne *Man*, are in ſuch a *declining Eſtate*, that without perpetuall

perpetuall *vigilancie*, they will reſide, and fall away. But then there is a *Recompence*, which euer followes *Induſtrie*: it euer brings an *Income*, that ſweetens the *toyle*. I haue often found *hurt* of *Idleneſſe*; but neuer of a *lawfull buſineſſe*. Nay, that which is not profitable in it ſelfe, is yet made ſo, by being *imployment*: and when a *Man* has once accuſtomed himſelfe to *buſineſſe*, he will thinke it *pleaſure*, and be aſhamed of *Eaſe*. *Polemon*, ready to *dye*, would needs bee laid in his *Graue aliue*: and ſeeing the *Sunne* ſhine, hee cals his *friends* in haſte to hide him; leſt (as he ſaid) it ſhould ſee him *lying*. Beſides, when we gaine this way, *Practice* growes into *Habit*: and by doing ſo a while, we grow to do ſo for euer. It alſo conſtitutes a *longer laſtingneſſe*. Wee may obſerue, thoſe *Creatures* that are longeſt in attaining their *height*, are longeſt in *declining*. *Man* is *twenty yeeres* increaſing, and his life is *foureſcore*: but the *Sparrow*, that is fledge in a *moneth*, is dead in a *yeere*. Hee that *gets* an *Eſtate*, will *keepe* it better, then he that *findes* it. I will neuer thinke to be perfect at once. If I finde my ſelfe a *gainer* at the *yeeres end*, it ſhall ſomething comfort mee, that I am proceeding. I will euery day labour to doe ſomething that may mend mee, though it be not much, it will be the ſurer done. If I can keepe *Vice* vnder, and winne vpon that which is *good*, (though it bee but a little at once) I may come to be better in time.

XCVIII.

Of God, and the Ayre.

FOr *Man* to pray aright, is *needfull*: but how to pray so, is *difficult*. We must neither mis-conceiue of *God*, nor are wee able rightly to conceiue him. Wee are told, hee is a *Spirit*: and who can tell what a *Spirit* is? Can any man tell *that*, which no man euer saw? *Man* is able onely to comprehend *visible Substances*; what is *inuisible*, and *spirituall*, hee can but *guesse* and *roue* at. *Spirit* is a word found out, for *Man* to maske his *Ignorance* in: and what hee does not know, he calles it by that name. When we speake of *God*, we are to beleeue an *vbiquity*: but then, how are we able to conceiue that this *vbiquity* is? I speake to *Reason*, not *Faith*: for I know, *this* beleeueth what it sees not: yet something to helpe *Nature* and *Reason*, I would wish a man to consider the *Ayre*. It is euery where: not a *vacuum* in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot euade it: Digge the most condensed *Earth*, and it is at the poynt of your *Spade*: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the *Ayre*; and yet this *Ayre*, although you know, you cannot see. It is also *inuiolable*: cast a *Stone*, and you make no *hole* in't: nay, an *Arrow* cannot pierce it: it clozeth againe, and there is no tracke left. Nay, there bee *Philosophers* that will tell you, the *progressiue Motion* of a *stone* cast, when the *hand* ha's

ha's left it, is from the *Ayre* it selfe: that shutting suddenly after, and *Nature* impatient of a *vacuity*, it does with a *coactiue power*, thrust it still forward, till it passes against *institutiue Nature*, who made it, to incline to the *Center*. Nor is it *corruptible*. We speake falsly, when wee say, the *Ayre infecteth*. They are vnwholsome *Vapours*, and *Exhalations*, that *putri'd things* breathe out; and these, beeing carryed by the *motiue Winde* and *Ayre*, flye about, and *infect*, through their rarity and *thinnesse*. The *Ayre* it selfe euer *clarifies*: and is alwaies working out that *taint*, which would mix with it. Next, wee can doe nothing, but the *Ayre* is priuy to't: euen the acts of *lightlesse Clozets*, and the *thick-curtain'd Beds*, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a *Woman* bow so much to the *Altar*, as shee left her *backe-parts bare*; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the *gods* behinde her. Nay, our very *thoughts*, which the *Deuill* (though hee be the subtillest of all *maleuolent Spirits*) cannot know, are not framed without this *Ayre*. Euery *breath* wee take, it goes vnto our *heart*, to coole it. Our *Veines*, our *Arteries*, our *Nerues*, our inmost *Marrow*, are all viuified by their participation of *Ayre*: and so indeed is euery thing that the *World* holds; as if this were the *Soule* that gaue it *liuelihood*. *Fishes*, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet wee see, the want of *Ayre* kills them: as when a *long Frost* shuts vp a *Pond* in *Ice*. Euen *Plants*, which are but *Vegetatiues*, will not grow in *Caues*, where the *motiue* and *stirring Ayre* is barred from them. Wee may often obserue,

moreouer, that *Heat* and *Moiſture* is the onely cauſe of all *Generation*: and theſe are the qualities proper to the *Ayre* 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 *eminencie*, let him in his *Soule* ſet *God* aboue, and ſee if by this way, hee climbe not neerer *Deitie*, then he ſhall by any other. If this bee ſo vniuerſall, why may hee not by this, thinke of a *Spirit* more diffuſiue and vbiquiarie? That which *Ouid* writ of *Poets*, may be applyed to all the *wiſe*, and come ſomething neere this purpoſe.

Eſt Deus in nobis, ſunt & commercia Cœli,
Sedibus Æthereis, Spiritus ille, venit.

In vs *God* dwels, *Heauen* our acquaintance is,
His *Spirit* flowes through *Ayry influences.*

Certainely by this way, it is not ſo difficult for *Reaſon* to conceit an *Omnipreſence*: and if wee haue this, wee may by it peere at his *Omniſcince* and *Omnipotence* too: for the one is as hard to conceiue, as the other. Saint *Auguſtine*, when he has told vs, that *God* is not an *Obiect* perceiueable by any of the *Outward ſenſes*, ſayes; *Tamen aliquid eſt, quod ſentire facile eſt, explicare non poſsibile.* So the *waies of God*, in *Scripture*, are compared to the flight of an *Eagle* in the *Ayre*, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when wee are to ſpeake to him, the beſt is, humbly to intreat his

his *Spirit* to inſpire ours in the way, and apprehenſion that may beſt pleaſe him. Hee is beſt able, by his ſecret *immiſsion*, to direct vs the way hee does beſt approue of. And this cannot chuſe but comfort the *Good*, when they know, the *Searcher* of the *heart* and *reynes* is with them, and beholds them. From this, I will learne to cheere my ſelfe in *ſufferings*, and to refraine from *ill*, euen in *priuate*. How can man thinke to act his *ill* vnſeene, when GOD ſhall, like the *Ayre*, be *circumſpicious* round about him? It is not poſſible, that ſuch a *Maieſty* ſhould either not defend the *Innocent*, or permit an *ill* vnpuniſhed.

XCIX.

Of Contentment.

THey that *preach Contentment* to *All*, doe but teach *ſome* how to dwell in *miſerie*: vnleſſe you will grant *Content Deſire*, and chide her but for *murmuring*. It is not a fault to ſtriue to better our *Eſtates*: which yet wee ſhould neuer doe, if wee reſted fully content with what wee enioyed for the preſent. *God* hath alotted *Man* a *motiue minde*, which is euer climbing to more *perfection*, or falling into a *lower Vice*. Certainely, that *Content* which is without deſiring more, is a kinde of fault in any. *Perfection* is ſet in that height, that 'tis impoſſible *mortall bodied man*, ſhould euer reach the *Crowne*: Yet hee ought ſtill to be aiming at it, and

with an *industrious prosecution*, perseuere in the rising way. Wee cannot be too couetous of *Grace*; wee may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawfull wayes, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawfull to desire to *increase*, euen in *temperall wealth*. Certainely, a man should be but a dull *Earth*, to sit still and take the present: without either *Ioy* or *Complaint*: without either *feare*, or *appetite*. In this, I like not *Aristippus* his *Doctrine*, who is hot in perswading men, neither to be troubled at what is *past*; nor to thinke of what is *to come*. This were quite to vilifie *Prouidence*: who is one of the *Principall Guards* of *Man*. For, though it be true, that nothing is so *certaine*, but that it may sometimes faile: yet, wee see, it seldome does: and euen *Probability* is almost certaine. Let not *Man* so sleepe in *Content*, as that he neglect the *meanes* to make himselfe *more happy* and *blessed*: nor yet when the contrary of what hee look't for comes, let him *murmure* or *repine* at that *prouidence*, which dispos'd it to crosse his *expectation*. I like the man, that is neuer *content* with what hee does enioy: but by a *Calme* and faire *Course*, has a *Mind* still rising to a *higher happinesse*: but I like not him, that is much *discontent*, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the *present patiently*, *ioyfully*, *thankefully*. But let him still be soberly in *Quest* for better: and indeed, it is impossible to finde a *life* so happy heere, as that wee shall not find something, we would *adde*; something, wee would *take away*. The *world* it selfe, is not a *Garden*, wherein all the *Flowers* of *Ioy* are growing: nor

can

can one man inioy them, if it were, that all were heere: we may, questionlesse conclude; that there is no *absolute contentment* here below. Nor can wee in *reason* thinke there should be: since whatsoeuer is *created*, was *created* tending to *some end*; and till it ariues at that, it cannot bee fully at *rest*. Now we all know, *God* to bee the end, to which the *soule* tends: and till it be dismanacled of the *clogging flesh*, it cannot approach the *presence* of such *puritie*, such *glory*: when it meets with *God*, and is vnited to him, who is the *Spring*, and *Source* of all *true happinesse*; then it may be *calme*, and *pleas'd*, and *quiet*: till then, as *Physicians* hold of *health*, that the best is but *Neutrality*: So it is of *Happinesse*, and *Content*, in the *Soule*: Nay, the most absolute *Content man* can enioy, in his *corruptible ragges* of *earth*, is indeed, but lesser *discontentment*: That which wee finde here most perfect, is rather meere *Vtopian*, and *Imaginatiue*, then *reall*, and *substantiall*: and is sooner found falling from a *Poets* pen, then any way truly enioyed by him, that swimmes in the deepest streame of *pleasure*; and of these, in stead of many, you may take that one of *Martials*:

Things that can blesse a *Life*, and please,
Sweetest *Martiall*, they are these:
A *store* well left, not gain'd with *toyle*:
A *house* thine owne, and pleasant *soyle*:
No *strife*, small *state*, a *minde* at *peace*:
Free *strength*, and *limbs* free from disease,
Wise *Innocence*, *friends*, like and good,
Vnarted-meat, *kind neighbourhood*,

No *drunken rest*, from *cares* yet *free*:
No sadning *spouse*, yet *chaste* to thee:
Sleeps, that long *nights* abbreuiate,
Because 'tis, liking, thy wish't *State*:
Nor *fear'd*, nor *ioy'd*, at *death* or *fate*.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Iucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta:
Non Ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, Salubre Corpus,
Prudens Simplicitas, pares amici,
Conuictus facilis sine arte mensa,
Nex non ebria, sed soluta Curis:
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breues tenebras.
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilq; malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

But where shall you finde a man thus seasoned? if he be for a while, it lasts not: but by one, or other *accident*, hee is tossed in the wauing *World*. And this made *Diogenes* resolue; vnto *Fortune*, to oppose his *confidence*, and *resolution*; to the *Law*, *Nature*; and to his *affections*, *Reason*. This was *good*, but not *well*: wee haue *Grace*, and *Scripture* for a better guide then *Nature*. I would bee so *content* with what I haue, as I would euer thinke the *present* best: but then I would thinke it best, but for the *present*: because, whensoeuer I looke forward, I still see better; to arriue at which my *Soule* will long,

long, and *couet*. The *Soule* that by but halfe an *eye* sees *GOD*, will neuer bee but winging, till shee alights on *him*.

C.

How he must liue, that liues well.

WHosoeuer neglects his *duety* to *himselfe*, his *neighbour*, or his *God*; halts in something, that should make life *commendable*. For our *selues*, we need order: for our *neighbour*, *Charity*; and for our *God*, our *Reuerence*, and *Humility*: and these are so certainely linked one to another, as he that liues orderly, cannot but bee acceptable, both to *GOD*, and the *world*. Nothing iarres the *Worlds Harmony*, like men that breake their rankes. One *turbulent Spirit* will dissentiate euen the *calmest Kingdome*. Wee may see the beauty of *order*, in nothing more, then in some *princely Procession*, and though indeed, the *circumstances*, and *complements* belonging to *State*, bee nothing to better *gouernements*; yet by a *secret working* in the *mindes* of men, they adde a *Reuerence* to *State*: and awe, the (else loose) rabble. See a *King* in *Parliament*, and his *Nobles* set about him: and see how *mad* hee showes that wildly *dances* out of his *roome*. Such is *Man*, when hee *spurnes* at the *Law*, he liues vnder: Nay, when hee giues himselfe leaue to *transgresse*, hee must needes put others out of their way, and hee that disorders *himselfe* first, shall trouble all the

Company.

Company. Did euery *Man* keepe his owne *life*; what a *Concord* in *Musicke* would a *World*, a *Kingdome*, a *City*, a *Family* bee? But being so infinitely disioynted, it is necessary some should helpe it, and bee charitable. If no man should repaire the *breaches*, how soone would all lye flatted in *Demolishments*? *Loue* is so excellent, that though it be but to ones selfe alone, yet others shall partake, and finde the *benefit*. *Posterity* will be the better, for the *Bagges* that the *Couetous* hoorded vp for himselfe. But when a man shall be euer striuing to doe the *World* a *courtesie*, his *Loue* is so much the more thankeworthy, 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 doe in the *World*. How pleasant can good *company* make his life beneath? Certainely, if there bee any thing *sweet* in meere *Humanity*, it is in the *intercourses* of *beloued Society*, when euery one shall bee each others *Councellour*, each others *friend*, and *Mine*, and *solace*. And such a *pleasant life* as this, I take to be best pleasing, both to *God* and *Man*. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, vnlesse a *Man* bee carefull to giue to *GOD* the *honour* that hee owes him. When a *Man* shall doe these, and performe his duety to his *Maker*; he shall finde a *Peace* within, that shall fit him for whatsoeuer falls. He shall not feare himselfe: for hee knowes his course is *Order*. He shall not feare the *World*: for he knowes he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of *Heauen*; for he knowes, hee there shall finde the fauour of a *Seruant*, of a *Sonne*: and bee

bee protected against the *Malice* and the *Spleene* of *Hell*. Let me liue thus, and I care not, though the *World* should *flout* my *Innocence*; I wish but to obey Saint *Bernard*, then I know I cannot but bee *happy*, both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatione es, benè viue, ordinabilitèr, sociabilitèr, & humilitèr: ordinabilitèr tibi, sociabilitèr proximo, humilitèr Deo.*

(***)

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.

RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

BY

OVV. FELLTHAM.

The ſecond *Centurie*.

AT LONDON,

Imprinted by *Tho: Purfoot*, for *Henry Seile*, at the *Tygers Head*, in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1631.

TO THE MOST VERTVOVS, DISCREET, AND NOBLE; THE LADY DOROTHY CRANE, *Daughter to the Right Honourable, and Religious* the Lord HOBART.

Madame,

IF euer *Resolutions* were needfull, I thinke they bee in this Age of looseneſſe; wherin 'twere ſome vnhappineſſe to bee *good*, did not the conſciouſneſſe of her owne worth, ſet *Vertue* firme, againſt all diſ-hartnings. This makes her of ſo ſpecious a glory, that though ſhe need not the applauſe of any, to adde to her happineſſe; yet ſhe attracts the hearts of all that know her, to *Loue, Seruice, Admiration.* That I haue ſacred this offertory of my thoughts to your *Ladyſhip*, this is reaſon inough; if not, your Loue to my

deareſt

deareſt Friend may ſecond it. To apparell any more in theſe Paper veſtments, I ſhould multiply impertinents; and perhaps diſpleaſe. For I haue euer found face-commendatiõ to die *Wiſedoms* cheeke of a bluſh-colour. Diſcreet Nature is alway modeſt; and deſeruing beſt, loues leaſt to heare on't. This onely I will truly adde: that I know not a thing of that value, that ſhould make me ſhrine vp a *Worke* of this nature, to any, in whom I could obſerue the poſſibilitie of a faile in *Vertue*. Such a Dedication were to put *Vertue* to a Stepdame, that would not nurſe, but ſtifle her. With *Your goodneſſe*, I am ſure, ſhee ſhall finde the tenderneſſe of a *maternall Loue*. And if in theſe weake extractions, your Iudicious Eye light you to ought, increaſing that affection, (all by-reſpects put away,) my next Petition will be, that it may pleaſe you to command

Your immutable Seruant,

OVV. FELLTHAM.

TO THE PERVSER.

TO begin with Apologies, and intreate a kind Censure, were to disparage the Worke, and begge partialitie: equall with Ostentation I ranke them both. If thou bee'st wise, pleasing words cannot blinde thy iudgement from discerning errors, wheresoeuer they appeare. If thou bee'st foolish, they can neither blanch thy folly, nor make thee thinke better, then thy indiscretion leades thee to. Request from others, may sway our words, or actions; but our minds will haue their owne free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internall iudgement is not easily peruerted. In what thou shalt heere meete with, vse the freedome of thy natiue opinion: Et Lectorem, et Correctorem liberum volui. *I shall euer professe my selfe his debtor, that greets me with reprehensions of Loue. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldnesse in the notifying of errors. Hee that tells me of a fault, ayming at my good; I must thinke him wise and faithfull: wise, in spying that which I see not: faithfull, in a plaine admonishment, not tainted with flattery. That I haue made it publique, I pleade not the importunity of friends: that were to play a* Hazzard *for folly, if it prooue not. I writ it without incouragement from another; and as I writ it, I send it abroade.* Rare,

I know it is not: Honest, *I am sure it is: Though thou findest not to admire, thou maist to like. What I aime at in it, I confesse hath most respect to my selfe; That I might out of my owne Schoole take a lesson, and should serue mee for my whole* Pilgrimage: *and if I should wander from these rests, that my owne* Items *might set mee in heauens direct way againe. We doe not so readily run into crimes, that from our owne mouth haue had sentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Physician can be so abstemious, as to follow strictly all his owne prescriptions: So I thinke there is no Christian so much his mindes Master, as to keepe precisely all his* resolutions. *They may better shew what he would be, then what he is. Nature hath too slow a foot, to follow Religion close at the heele. Who can expect, our dull flesh should wing it with the flights of the soule? Hee is not a good man that liues* perfect: *but he that liues as well as he can, and as humane fraileties will let him. He that thus far striues not, neuer began to be vertuous; nor knowes hee those transcending ioyes, that continually feast in the* noble-minded man. *All the externall pleasures that mortality is capable of, can neuer enkindle a flame, that shall so brauely warme the soule, as the loue of vertue, and the certaine knowledge of the rule wee haue ouer our owne wilde passions. That I might curbe those, I haue writ these: and if in them, thou find'st a line may mend thee: I shall thinke I haue diuulg'd it to purpose. Reade all, and vse thy mindes liberty; how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not: For* it was not so much to please others, as to profit my selfe.

Farewell.

RE-

RESOLVES: DIVINE, MORALL, POLITICALL.

I.

Of Idle Bookes.

IDle Bookes are nothing elſe, but corrupted tales in Inke and Paper: or indeed, Vice ſent abroad with a Licence: which makes him that reads them, conſcious of adouble iniurie: they being in effect, like that ſinne of brutiſh Adulterie. For if one reades, two are catched: he that angles in theſe waters, is ſure to ſtrike the *Torpedo*, that in ſtead of being his food, confounds him. Beſides the time ill ſpent in them, a twofold reaſon ſhall make me refraine: both in regard of my *loue* to my owne ſoule, and *pitty* vnto 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 giue an account for't, because I am corrupted by his bad *example* which he leaues behind him; So I become guilty by receiuing, and he by thus conueying this lewdnesse vnto me: He is the thiefe, I the receiuer; and what difference makes our Law betwixt them? If one be but off, the other dyes; both I am sure perish alike. *I will write none*, lest I hurt them that come after me. *I will reade none*, lest I augment his mulct that is gone before mee: neither write, nor reade, lest I proue a foe to my selfe. *A lame hand is better then a lewde pen*: while I liue, I sinne too much; Let me not continue longer in wickednesse, then life. If I write ought, it shall bee both on a good subiect, and from a deliberate pen: for *a foolish sentence drop't vpon paper, sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make infamie eternall.*

II.

Of Humilitie.

THe humble man is the sureſt Peace-maker: of all morall vertues, *Humility* is the most beautifull; shee both shunnes Honour, and is the way to it: shee rockes *Debate* asleepe, and keepes *Peace* waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a *story* of two Goates, that met at once, on a very narrow Bridge, vnder which there glided a deepe, and violent streame: being both met, the straightnesse gaue deniall to their Iourney;

Iourney; get backe they could not, the planke was ſo narrow, for their returning turne: ſtand ſtill they might, but that could neither bee continuall, nor to purpoſe: and to fight for the way in ſo perillous a place, was either to put a wilfull period to their liues, or extremely hazzard them. That they may therefore both paſſe in ſafety, the one lyes downe, and the other goes ouer him: ſo while their paſſage is *quiet*, their liues are *ſecure*, from death, from danger. I haue euer thought it idle to continue in *ſtrife*; if I get the victory, it ſatisfies my minde, but then, ſhall I haue his malice too, which may endamage me more: ſo my gaine will bee leſſe then my hinderance: If I bee ouercome vnwillingly, then is the diſgrace mine, and the loſſe: and though I haue not his *malice*, yet ſhall I not want his *ſcorne*. I will (in things not weighty) ſubmit freely: *The pureſt gold is moſt ductible: 'tis commomly a good blade that bends well.* If I expect diſaduantage, or miſdoubt the Conqueſt, I thinke it good wiſedome, to giue in ſooneſt; ſo ſhall it bee more honour to doe that willingly, which with ſtiffeneſſe I cannot but hazard vpon compulſion. *I had* rather be accounted too much *humble*, then eſteemed a little *proud*: the Reede is better that bends, and is whole: then the ſtrong Oake, that not bending, breakes: If I muſt haue one, giue me an vnconuenience, not a miſchiefe: the lighteſt burthen, is the eaſieſt borne.

III.

To Perfection, what is most necessarie.

TO make a perfect man, there is requisite both *Religion* and *Nature*. *Nature* alone wee know too loose: *Religion* alone will seeme too hard; some for *Religion* haue I knowne formall, strict; yet haue so wanted the pleasing parts of a good nature, as they haue bin feared, but not loued: for being of a fiery spirit, euen slender occasions haue made way to the diuulging of their owne imperfections: either by too seuere a reprehension, or else by too soone sudden Contempt: both which make much for the harbouring of hate against themselues, by making them esteemed either rash *Censurers*, or angry *proud ones*: and wee all know, that as *Iudgement* is neuer shott suddenly, but from a fooles bow; so blinde choller broke into expression, is the true marke of an intemperate minde; others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to chatter of their owne merits, and they cannot lay an egge, but they must cackle, or like the boasting *Pharisee*, trumpet out the report of their owne praises: if not out of an affected *singularitie*, and an ouerweening opinion of their owne excellence; yet for lacke of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their obseruation to bee busied at home. And this is that makes the world disdaine, contemne them: *selfe-commendation* is an arrow

with

with too many feathers: which, wee leuelling at the marke, is taken with the wind, and carried quite from it. Some againe for *Nature*, I haue found rarely qualified: ennobled with ſuch a milde affabilitie, ſuch a generous ſpirit, and ſuch ſweetneſſe of diſpoſition, and demeanour, that their *humble* and courteous carriage haue preuailed much in the affection of thoſe with whome they haue had commerce: yet becauſe they haue wanted *Religion*, (that like a good ſubiect ſhould make an elaborate worke rare) they haue, onely in a ſuperficiall applauſe, wonne the approbation of the vnſteady multitude: who loue them more for ſuffering their rudeneſſe, then for any noble worth that's obuious to their vndiſcerning iudgements. But in all this, they haue got no reuerence, no reſpect at all. Thus *Religion* without *Nature* (in men meerely naturall) begets a certaine forme of awfull regard: but to them, 'tis like a tyrannicall *Prince*, whom the people obey more for feare of an auſtere rebuke, then for any true affection they beare to his perſon. Now *Nature* without *Religion*, oft wins loue: and this is like a Maſter too familiar with his ſeruant, that in the beginning gaines loue, but ſhall in the end finde contempt: and his toleration will be made an allowance of ill. Both together are rare for qualification. *Nature* hath in her ſelfe treaſure enough to pleaſe a man; *Religion* a Chriſtian: the laſt begets feare, the other loue, together, admiration, *reuerence*. I will like, I will loue them ſingle; but conioyn'd, I will affect and honour.

IIII.

Of Lyes and Vntruthes.

I Finde, to him that the tale is told, beliefe onely makes the difference betwixt a *truth*, and *lyes*: for a *lye* beleeued, is true: and *truth* vncredited, a *lye*; vnlesse he can carry his probation in's pocket, or more readily at his tongues end: for as hee that tels a smooth *lye*, is iudged to speake *truth*, till some step forth to contradict his vtterance: so hee that tels an vnlikely *truth*, is thought to broach a *lye*, vnlesse hee can produce conuincing reason to proue it; onely the guilt, or iustice of the thing rests in the knowing conscience of the Relator. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault: 'tis easie to be deceiued, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the iudgement that passeth on them, bee both honest, wise, apprehensiue, and cleere. In the teller, iustly; if it be a *lye*, there needs no text to confute it; if it seeme so, and hee cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no *lyes*, lest I be false to my selfe: no *improbable truths*, lest I seeme so to others: If I heare any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speake; what I but think, shall rest with my selfe; I may as well bee too *suspicious*, as ouer-credulous.

Three

V.

Three things aggrauate a Miſerie.

THree things are there which aggrauate a miſerie, and make an euill ſeeme greater then indeed it is. *Inexpectation, Vnacquaintance, want of Preparation. Inexpectation,* when a miſhap comes ſuddenly, and vnlooked for: it diſtracteth the minde, and ſcarres both the faculties and affections from their due conſultation of remedy: whereas an euill foreſeene is halfe cured, becauſe it giueth warning to prouide for danger. Thus the falling of a *houſe* is more perillous then the riſing of a *flood*: for, while of the former, the hurt is more vnauoidable, by reaſon both of the violence, and precipitation: The latter, through the remiſſeneſſe of comming, is leſſe dangerous, leſſe preiudiciall; there being time either to auoyd the place, or to countermure. If this ſuffice not: thinke but how odious treaſon would ſhew in a deare *friend*, from whom wee onely expected the ſweete embraces of *loue*: the conceit onely is able to kill, like a mad Dogg's biting, that not onely wounds the body, but inſaniates the ſoule. Secondly, *Vnacquaintance. Familiarity takes away feare,* when matters not vſuall, proue inductions to terror. The firſt time the *Foxe* ſaw the *Lion*, he feared him as death: the ſecond, hee feared him, but not ſo much: the third time he grew more bold, and paſſed by him without

without quaking. The Imbellicke peasant, when he comes first to the field, shakes at the report of a *Musket*: but after he hath rang'd thorow the fury of two or three *Battels*, hee then can feareless stand a breach; and dares vndaunted gaze Death in the face. Thirdly, *want of preparation*. When the Enemie besiegeth a *Citie*, not prepared for Warre, there is small hope of euasion, none at all to conquer, none to ouercome. How much more hard is the winter to the *Grashopper*, then the *Pismire*, who before, hauing stor'd her Garner, is now able to withstand a famine? Lest then, I make my *death* seeme more terrible to me, then indeed it is; I will first daily *expect* it: that when it comes, I may not bee to seeke to entertaine it: if not with ioy, as being but flesh: yet without sorrow, as hauing a soule. 2. I will labour to bee *acquainted* with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: so when I know it better, I shall better sustaine it: with lesse feare, without terrour. 3. I will *prepare* for it, by casting vp my accounts with *God*, that all things euen and streight betwixt vs, whensoeuer hee shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay downe my life, as leaue a prison. Thus shall I make my death lesse dreadfull, and finish my life before I die. *He that dyes daily, seldome dyes deiectedly.*

Of

VI.

Of Good and Bad Ends.

A Good *beginning* haue I often ſeene conclude *ill.* Sin in the bud is faire, ſweet, pleaſing: but the fruit is death, horror, *hell.* Something will I reſpect in my *way*, moſt in my *Concluſion*: in the one, to preuent all wilfull errors; in the other, to inſure a *Crowne. For* as Iudgement hath relation to the manner of dying, ſo hath Death dependance on the courſe of liuing. Yet the good end hath no bad beginning; it once had. A good conſequence makes the premiſes ſo eſteemed of, and a ſweet rellish at the leauing off, makes the draught delightfull, that at the firſt did taſte vnpleaſant. 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? ſorrowes ouer-blowne, are pleaſant; that which hath beene hard to ſuffer, is ſweet to remember. *I will not much care what my beginning bee, ſo my end be happy.* If my Sunne ſet in the new *Ieruſalem*, I haue liu'd *well*, how-euer afflictions haue ſometimes clouded my courſe.

Extreme

VII.

Extreme Longings ſeldome ſeene to ſucceede well.

E*Xtreme longings* in a Chriſtian, I ſeldome ſee ſucceed well: ſurely *God* meanes to temper his, as hee would not haue their affections *violent*, in the ſearch of a temporall bleſſing: or elſe hee knowes our frailetie ſuch, as wee would bee more taken with the *fruition* of a benefit, then the *Author*. *Proſperities are ſtrong pleaders for ſinne: Troubles bee the ſureſt Tutors of goodneſſe.* How many would haue died ill, if they had liu'd merrily? *God* hath ſeuerall waies to reduce *his* to his owne orders; among which, I am perſwaded, none is more powerfull, then *reſtraint of our wills*. It ſends the ſoule to meditation, whereby ſhee ſees the worlds follies in ſuch true colours of vanity, that no ſound diſcretion can thinke them worth the doting on: and though our diſcontentments ſo tranſport vs, as wee ſee not the good wee reape by a *Depriuation*: yet ſure wee are happier by this want: for wee are like women with Child, if wee had the things we long for, how ſoone ſhould wee eate and ſurfet? When *nature* findes her ardent deſires fulfilled, ſhe is rauenous, and greedy, yea then ſhee hath ſo little moderation, as 'tis not ſafe to ſatisfie her. If I can, I will neuer extremely couet: ſo though I meete with a *Croſſe*, it ſhall neither diſtemper nor diſtract mee: but if my deſires out-ſtrip my intention, I will

will comfort my ſelfe with this, that the enioyment might haue added to my content, and endangered my ſoule: but the want ſhall in the end bee a meanes to embetter them both. *Gods Saints* ſhall with ioy ſubſcribe to his will: though heere for a time it may ſeeme to thwart them.

VIII.

Of Silence. Of Babbling.

A Worthy Act hath hee done, that hath learned to refraine his *tongue*: and ſurely much euill hath he preuented, if hee knowes when to bee well *ſilent*. Vnkindneſſes breed not ſo many Iarres, as the *multiplying of words* that follow them. How ſoone would theſe coales dye, if the *tongue* did not enkindle them? *Repentance* often followes *ſpeaking*; *ſilence* either ſeldome, or *neuer*: for while our words are many, *ſinne* is in ſome, in moſt. Goe to the *Crane*, thou *Babbler*, reade her ſtorie, and let her informe thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, puts little ſtones in her mouth, leſt by her owne garrulity ſhe bewray her ſelfe as a prey to the *Eagles* of the mountaine *Taurus*: which, with this policie, ſhee flyes ouer in ſafety: euen ſilence euery where is a ſafe ſafeguard: If by it I offend, I am ſure I offend without a *witneſſe*: while an vnruly *tongue* may procure my ruine, and proue as a ſword to cut the thrid of my life in two: 'tis good alwayes to ſpeake well, and in ſeaſon: and is it not as

ſafe

ſafe ſometimes to ſay nothing? hee that ſpeakes little, may mend it ſoone: and though hee ſpeakes moſt faults, yet hee exceeds not: for his wordes were *few*. To ſpeake too much, bewrayes *folly*; too little, an vnperceiuing *ſtupiditie*: I will ſo ſpeake, as I may be free from babbling *Garrulitie*: ſo be ſilent, as my Spectators may not account me blockiſhly *dull*. *Silent* and *ſpeech* are both as they are vſed, either tokens of *Indiſcretion*, or badges of *Wiſedome*.

IX.

Of Prayer.

TIs a hard thing among men of inferiour ranke, to ſpeake to an earthly *Prince*: no *King* keepes a *Court* ſo open, to giue admittance to all commers: and though they haue, they are not ſure to *ſpeed*; albeit there bee nothing that ſhould make their petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how priuiledged is then a *Chriſtian*? who though he often liues heere in a ſlight eſteeme, yet can he freely conferre with the *King* of *Heauen*, who not onely heares his intreaties, but delights in his requeſts, inuites him to come, and promiſeth a happy *welcome*; which hee ſhewes in fulfilling his deſires, or better, fitter for him. In reſpect of whom, the greateſt *Monarch* is more baſe, then the baſeſt vaſſaile in regard of the moſt mighty and puiſſant *Emperour*. *Man* cannot ſo much exceed a beaſt,

as

as *God* doth him: what if I bee not knowne to the *Nimrods* of the world, and the Peeres of the earth? I can speake to their better, to their *Master*; and by *prayer* be familiar with him: importunity does not anger him; neither can any thing but our sins make vs goe away *empty*; while the game is playing, there is much difference betweene the *King* and the *Pawne*: that once ended, they are both shuffled into the bag: and who can say whether was most happy, saue onely the *King* had many *checks*, while the Pawne was free, and *secure*? My comfort is, my excesse to heauen is as free as the Princes: my departure from earth not so grieuous: for while the world smiles on him, I am sure I haue lesse reason to loue it then hee. *Gods* fauour I will chiefely seeke for; *mans*, but as it falls in the way to it: when it proues a hinderance, I hate to be loued.

X.

A Vertuous Man is a Wonder.

THe *Vertuous* man is a true *wonder*: for it is not from himselfe, that hee is so. But that I see so many wicked, I maruell not. 'Tis easier running downe the hill, then climing it. They that are this way giuen, haue much the aduantage of them that follow *goodnesse*. Besides those inclinations that sway the soule to vice, the way is broader, more ready: he that walkes thorow a large field, hath

hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either ſide, what a wide roome hee hath to wander in? Euery *vertue* hath two vices, that cloze her vp in curious limits: and if ſhee ſwerues, though but a little, ſhee ſuddenly ſteps into errour. *Fortitude* hath *Feare* and *Raſhneſſe*: *Liberality*, *Auarice* and *Prodigality*: *Iuſtice* hath *Rigor* and *Partiality*. Thus euery good miſtreſſe hath two bad ſeruants: which hath made ſome to define *vertue* to be nothing but *a meane betweene two vices*, whereof one leades to *exceſſe*, the other to *defect*: making her like the roofe of a Church, on whoſe top, we ſcarce finde roome to turne a foot in: but on either ſide a broad road to ruine: in which, if we once be falling, our *ſtay* is rare, our *recouerie* a miracle. The man that is *rare* in vice, I will neuer admire: if hee goes but as he is driuen, hee may ſoone bee witty in euill: but the *good man* I will worthily magnifie: hee it is can ſaile againſt the wind, make the thorny way pleaſant, and vnintangle the incumbrances of the *World*.

XI.

Of Veniall Sinnes.

VVHat ſinne is there, that we may account or *little*, or *veniall*, vnleſſe comparatiuely; ſeeing there is none ſo ſmall, but that (without repentance) is able to ſinke the ſoule in eternall *Damnation*? VVho will thinke That a ſlight wound, which

which giues a ſudden inlet to *Death*? But ſhould wee grant this errour, yet theſe of all other, I obſerue the moſt dangerous, both for their *frequencie* and *ſecrecie*: the one increaſing them to a large heape, the other ſo couering them, as wee ſee not how they wrong vs. The *raine* that falls in ſmalleſt drops, moyſtens the earth, makes it mire, ſlimy, and durty: whereas a hard ſhowre, that deſcends violently, waſhes away, but ſoakes not in. Euen the *ſmalleſt letters* are more hurtfull to the ſight, then thoſe that are written with a text pen. *Great* ſinnes, and *publike*, I will auoyd for their *ſcandall* and *wonder*: *leſſer* and *priuate*, for their *danger* and *multitude*: both, becauſe my *God* hates them. I cannot, if I loue him, but abhorre what hee *loathes*.

XII.

Of Memorie and Forgetfulneſſe.

M*Emorie* and *Forgetfulneſſe*, are both in friendſhip neceſſary. Let me *remember* thoſe kindneſſes my friend hath done to mee, that I may ſee his loue, and learne gratitude. Let me forget thoſe benefits I haue performed to him, leſt they ſhuffle out the effect of my loue, and tell me, he is requited. Thus may wee together increaſe our friendſhip and comforts: otherwiſe, a man may haue many acquaintances, but no *friends*; though vnthankefulneſſe baniſheth loue, *Gratitude* obtaines a *repeale*.

XIII.

A Christians Valour and True Fidelity.

I Obserue, 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 *iust quarrell*: for if his cause be naught, there is none more timorous then he; and indeed to shew much Courage, in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, then any badge of a *magnanimous* minde; but in a *iust cause*, he is bold as a *Lyon*. Nothing can daunt his euer vn-daunted minde. Not *Infamy*; for he knowes in this, his share is not worse then his *Masters*; and while it is for his Names sake, he knowes he is in it, *blessed*. If there be any *Nectar* in this life, 'tis in sorrowes we indure for goodnesse. Besides, hee weighes not how hee falls to the world and men; so he may stand firme to his heauenly *Father*. That *God* wee fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not *afflictions*; how many did *Iob*, and the *Apostles* wade thorow with *Courage*, with *Content*? These he knowes are here but for a time, transient, and momentany; neither shall the *Israelites* liue alwaies vnder the tyranny of *Pharaoh*, or the trauels of the *Wilderness*: He knowes also, the more abundant in sorrowes heere, the more abundant in ioyes hereafter; His teares shall returne in smiles, his weepings in a streame of pleasures. *God* doth

doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; hee ſhall finde his ioyes as an ouer-flowing Sea; and his glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not *Death*; for he knowes, That will bee his happieſt day, and his *Bridge* from *woe*, to *glory*. Though it bee the wicked mans *ſhipwracke*, 'tis the good mans putting into *harbour*; where ſtriking *Sayles*, and eaſting *Anchor*, he returnes his lading with aduantage, to the Owner; that is, his ſoule to *God*; leauing the bulke ſtill mored in the *Hauen*; who is vnrigg'd, but onely to be new built againe, and fitted for an eternall voyage. Had not *Chriſtians* had this ſolace: how ſhould the *Martyrs* haue dyed ſo merrily, leaping for ioy, that they were ſo neere their home, and their heauen; dying often like *Samſon* among his enemies, more victory attending their end, then proceedings? Ah peereleſſe *Valiance*! vnconquerable *Fortitude*! Secondly, in *Fidelity*. There is no friendſhip like the friendſhip of *Faith*. *Nature*, *Education*, *Benefits*, cannot altogether tye ſo ſtrong as this. *Chriſtianity* knits more ſure, more indiſſoluble. This makes a knot that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as grace in her ſelfe is farre aboue *nature*, ſo likewiſe is ſhee, in her effects: and therfore vnites, in a farre more durable bond. And a *Chriſtian*, though he would reſolue with himſelfe, to deale double; yet if he be ſincere, in ſpight of his reſolution, his conſcience will rate him, checke him, and deny him to doe it; nay, though he would, hee cannot reſolue. He that is borne of *God*, ſinnes not: and the Spirit of Sanctification will not let him reſolue vpon ill. This is that *Fidelity* that we

finde, and admire in many, that haue chosen rather to embrace the flame, and dye in silence, then to reueale their Companions, and Brethren in *Christ*. Tyrants will sooner want inuention for torments, then they with tortures bee made trecherous. The *League* that heauen hath made, hell wants power to breake. Who can separate the coniunctions of the *Deitie?* Againe, as well in reproofe, as in kindnesse, doth his *loue* appeare. For howsoeuer he conceales his friends faults, from the eye of the world; yet he affectionately tels him of them, in priuate: not without some sorrow on his owne part, for his brothers fall. *He scornes to be so base as to flatter: and hee hates to bee so currish as to bite.* In his reprehensions, he mingles *Oyle* and *Vineger*: he is in them, plaine, and louing. *Inuiolable amitie! Inualuable loue!* Heere is met *Courage* and *Constancie*; one to withstand an *Enemy*, another to entertaine a *Friend*. Giue me any *Foe*, rather then a *resolued Christian*: No friend, vnlesse a man *truly honest*. *A father is a ready treasury; a brother an infallible comfort; but a friend is both.*

XIIII.

In Losses what to looke to.

I Will in all *losses*, looke both to what I haue *lost*, and to what I haue *left*. To what I haue *lost*: that if it may be, and be good, I may recouer it: if not, that I may know what I haue forgone. To what I haue

haue *left*: that if it be much, I may bee thankefull, that I *lost* no more, hauing so much, that I might haue beene depriued of: if little, that I may not repine; because I haue yet something: if nothing but my life, that I may then be glad: because that will be the next thing I shall lose. Which whensoeuer it happens, will with double ioy recompence all the rest. *Gods* presence is abundant plenty: hauing that, I know nor *want*, nor *losse*, nor *admission of ill.*

XV.

How to establish a troubled Gouernment.

A Man that would establish a troubled Gouernment, must first *vanquish* all his foes. *Factious heads*, must be higher by a Pole then their bodies. For how will the *Folds* be quiet, while yet among them there be some *Wolues*? Hee that would rule ouer many, must fight with many, and conquer: and be sure, either to cut off those that raise vp *tumults*: or by a Maiesticke awe, to keepe them in a strict subiection. *Slackenesse* and *conniuence*, are the ruines of vnsettled *Kingdomes*. My *passions* and *affections* are the chiefe disturbers of my *Ciuill State*: What peace can I expect within mee, while these *Rebels* rest vnouercome? If they get a head, my *Kingdome* is diuided, so it cannot *stand*. *Separations* are the wounds of a *Crowne*: whereby (neglected) it will *bleed* to death. Then will I striue to subdue.

If I cut them not off, I will yet restraine them. 'Tis no cruelty to deny a Traytor liberty. I will haue them be my *subiects*, not my *Prince*: they shall *serue* me, and I will *sway* them. If it cannot bee without much striuing; I am content with a hard combate, that I may haue a happy raigne. 'Tis better I endure a short skirmish, then a long siege: hauing onee wonne the field, I will hope to keepe it.

XVI.

Death is the beginning of a Godly mans Ioy.

DEath to a righteous man, whether it commeth soone or late, is the beginning of ioy, and the end of sorrow. I will not much care, whether my life be *long* or *short*. If *short*; the fewer my dayes be, the lesse shall be my misery, the sooner shall I be happy. But if my yeeres be *many*, that my head waxe gray, euen the long expectation of my happinesse, shall make my ioy more welcome.

XVII.

Of doing Good with Labour, and Euill with Pleasure.

'TWas anciently said, That whatsoeuer *good* worke a man doth with *labour*, the *labour* vanisheth, but the *good* remaines with him that wrought

wrought it. And whatſoeuer *euill* thing hee doth with *pleaſure*, the *pleaſure* flyes, but the *euill* ſtill reſteth with the Actor of it: goodneſſe making *labour* ſweet; euill turning *pleaſure* to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how *honeſt*, not how pleaſurable, but how good my actions bee. If it could be, let me be good without pleaſure; rather then lewd with much ioy. For though my good bee at firſt tedious; I am ſure in time it will yeeld me *content*: whereas the euill that now is delightfull, cannot but proue a *woe* to my ſoule. The ſweeteſt liquor is not alwaies the moſt wholſome. The *Lymon* is more tart, yet excelleth the *Orenge* that delighteth the taſte: Poyſon may a while ſeeme pleaſant, and a weake ſtomacke thinke a Cordiall fulſome.

XVIII.

Of being the Worlds Fauorite without Grace.

WHat if I were the Worlds chiefeſt *Fauorite*? endowed with the chiefeſt ornaments her Treaſurie could afford me, *adorned* with beauty, *imbelliſht* with a faire proportion, in policie *ſubtill*, in alliance *great*, in reuenue *large*, in knowledge *rich*, famed with *honour*, and honoured with attendants; and to all theſe, had adioyned the prolonged yeeres of *Methuſelah*, yet if I wanted *grace*, they would all turne to my greater diſgrace and

confusion. Good parts imployed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our owne defence, we madly turne their edges, and *wound* our selues: they might make mee faire in show, but in substance more polluted: they would bee but as a saddle of gold to the backe of a gall'd Horse; adorne mee they might, better me they could not. *Grace* onely can make a man *truly happy*: what she affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast roomes of the minde: without her all are nothing: with her, euen the smallest is true *sufficiencie*: how fully can shee bee rich in the penurie of these outward Royalties? something indeed they adde to her *ornament*, but 'tis from *her* that they assume their *goodnesse*. For though *Heauen* hath made them so in their owne nature, yet it is from her that they proue so to me. Doe wee not oftner finde them lights, to *blinde* vs, then to *direct* vs? I will neuer thinke my selfe neerer *Heauen*, for hauing so much of *Earth*. A weake house with a heauie roofe is in most danger. He that gets *Heauen*, hath plenty enough, though the *Earth* scornes to allow him any thing: he that failes of *that*, is truely-miserable, though shee giues him all shee hath. *Heauen*, without *Earth*, is perfect: *Earth* without *Heauen*, is but a little more cheerefully *hell*. Who haue beene more splendent in these externall flourishes, then *Heathen*? but in the other, 'tis the *Christian* onely can challenge a *felicitie*. Hauing these, I might win *applause* with *men*; but the other wanting, I shall neuer gaine *approbation* with *God*. And what will all their allowance auaile,

when

when the *Earths Creator* ſhall Iudge & Condemne? *'Tis a poore reliefe in Miſerie, to bee onely thought well of by thoſe that cannot helpe mee.*

XIX.

Humanitie and Miſerie, are Paralells.

IS not a man borne to *trouble*, as the ſparkes flye vpward? is not his time *ſhort*, and *miſerable*, his dayes *few* and *euill*? What madneſſe then were it in me, to hope for a freedome from *ſorrowes*, or to thinke my ſelfe exempt from the common appoyntment of the moſt *High*? It hath beene cenſured as *phrenſie*, to vndertake to expell *nature*; what ſhall I thinke it, to hope to fruſtrate the deſignement of the *Lord* of *Nature*? *Humanity* and *Miſery*, are alwaies *paralels*: ſometimes *indiuiduals*: and therefore when wee would put *Sorrow* in an *Embleme*, we paint him in a *Man*. If I haue but few *Croſſes*, I will truly then account my ſelfe fauoured: if I haue *many*, and bee ſometimes free; Ile thinke I eſcape well, being ſo vntoward. If I haue *nothing* but troubles, yet may I not complaine: becauſe my *ſinne* hath deſeru'd *more* then heere I can be able to ſuffer. Had I but a beeing, though full of woe, yet were I beholding to God for it. His very leaſt, and meaneſt *gift*, exceedeth much, enen all, my beſt *deſert*. I doe infinitely want, how to merit a *permiſsion* to liue.

of

XX.

Of Reputation: Or, A good Name.

TO haue euery man ſpeake *well* of mee, is impoſſible: becauſe howſoeuer I carry my ſelfe, ſome *Cynicke* will barke at my courſe. Who can ſcape the laſh of *Cenſure*? If I ſhould be *vicious* and *profuſe*, I ſhould be loued of *ſome*; but not the *beſt*, not the *good*. If I ſhould, *Camelion*-like, change my ſelfe to euery *obiect*, if I were not extraordinarie wearie, I might ſoone counterfet ſome mans humour falſe, and that would bane my *drift*. For both to *Vertue* and to *Vice*, is *Flattery* a *falſe Glaſſe*, making the one ſeeme *greater*, the other *leſſe* then it is: and if it lights on a noble *diſcretion*, it is euer ſo vnhappy, as to beget the *ruine of it ſelfe*. But imagine I could doe it with ſuch exactneſſe, that euen the eye of *Lyncæus* could not eſpy it: yet when one ſhould commend mee for one thing, and another for the contrary; what would the *World* thinke of mee, that could thus in one, be *hot* and *cold*? Should I not be cenſured as a *Tymoriſt*? Yes ſurely, and that *iuſtly*: neither could it but be iuſt with *God*, at laſt to vnmaske my *Flattery*, and vnrippe my *folly*, in the view of the *multitude*. *Priuate ſinnes* are puniſht with a *publike ſhame*. A ſuppoſed *honeſt man* found *lewd*, is hated as a growne *Monſter*, diſcouered by the blabbe of *Time*. Sinne is a concealed *fire*, that euen in *darkeneſſe* will ſo worke, as to bewray it ſelfe. If I liue *vertuouſly* and with *pie-*

tie,

tie, the *World* will hate mee, as a *Separatist*: and my *Reputation*, will be traduced by the Ignominious aspersion of *maleuolent tongues*. To be *good*, is now thought too neere a way to *contempt*: That which the *Ancients* admired, we laugh at. A good *honest man* is a *foole*. What then? shall *I*, to please a *man*, displease a *Christian*? I had rather liue *hated* for *goodnesse*, then be loued for *Vice*. He does better that pleaseth one *good man*, then hee that contents a thousand *bad ones*. I would, if it could bee, please *all*: yet I would winne their loues with *honesty*: otherwise let their *hate* wound me, rather then their *loue* embrace. What care I for his friendship that affects not *vertue*? hauing his *hate*, hee may hurt me outwardly: but enioying his *loue*, I will iustly suspect my soule of some ill. For if his *affection* bee towards me, 'tis sure because hee sees something in me that pleaseth himselfe: but while he sees euery thing *vnlike* him; how is't possible I should be *beloued* of him? since *diuersities breede nothing but dis-vnion: and sweet Congruity is the Mother of Loue*.

XXI.

Sinne brings Sorrow.

VVHo admires not the Wisedome of *Demosthenes*, in the answer he returned to *Corinthian Lais* [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainely, had he not knowne it from a selfe-experience, 'tis not possible

possible a *Heathen* should haue spoke so *diuinely*. All our *dishonest actions*, are but *earnests* laid downe for *griefe*. *Vice* is an infallible forerunner of wretchednesse. Let the *Worldling* tell me, if he findes it not true, that all his vnwarrantable *aberrations*, wherein he hath dilatedly tumbled himselfe, end at last, either in *anguish* or *confusion*; *Sinne* on the best condition brings *repentance*: but for *sinne* without *repentance*, is prouided *Hell*. 'Tis not folly, but madnesse, euen the *highest*, that makes a man buy his vexation. I will force my selfe to want that willingly, which I cannot enioy without future distaste. Though the *Waspe* falls into the *honey*, that after drownes her: yet the *Bee* chuseth rather to goe to the *Flowre* in the field, where she may lade her thighs securely, and with leasure, than to come to the shop of the *Apothecarie*, where shee gets more, but makes her life hazzardable.

XXII.

Of Workes without Faith, and of Faith without Workes.

Workes without *Faith*, are like a *Salamander* without *fire*, or a *Fish* without *water*: In which, though there may seeme to be some quick actions of *life*, and symptomes of *agilitie*: yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their *end*, and the very presages of *Death*. *Faith* againe without *Works*, is like a *Bird* without *wings*: who, though she may hoppe

hoppe with her companions here vpon *earth*; yet if ſhe liue till the world ends, ſhee'l neuer fly to *heauen*. But when both are ioyn'd together, then doth the *ſoule* mount vp to the *Hill* of eternall *Reſt*: theſe can brauely 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 *ſelfe-coozenage*; the *laſt* without the *former*, is meere *hypocriſie*: together, the excellencie of *Religion*. *Faith* is the *Rocke*, while euery 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 coniunction makes them good. Chiefly will I labour for a ſure *Foundation*, *Sauing Faith*; and equally I will ſeeke for ſtrong *Walls*, *Good Workes*. For as man iudgeth the *houſe* by the *edifice*, more then by the *foundation*: ſo, not according to his *Faith*, but according to his *Workes*, ſhall *God* iudge *Man*.

XXIII.

A rare thing to ſee a Rich Man Religious.

'TIs 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* allowes them ſuch *ioyes*, 'tis their *Heauen*; and they looke for no other: Their *pleaſures* are ſufficient vnto them,

them, both for *honour*, *solace* and *wealth*: who wonders to see them careless of the *better*, when they dote vpon the *worse*? neither the *minde*, nor *affection* can be seriously diuided at once. Againe, euen low *Commons* whom they thinke meanely of, are *higher* often in *vertues* of the minde; are *dearer* vnto *God* then they: and shall sit in *heauen* aboue them. Are there not many *seruants*, that in their life time haue borne the burthen, now crowned with vnending *Ioyes*, while their *Masters* are either in a lower degree *glorious*, or excluded that *cœlestiall society*? I dare make it a part of my *Faith*, yet auouch my selfe no *Hereticke*. Euen in the meanest things, *God* shewes his mighty *power*: *Impossibilities* are the best aduancers of his *Glory*. For what wee *least* beleeue can be *done*, we most admire, being *done*. Yet in this obserue the *mercy* of *God*, that though the *Worldling* hath not *pietie* in his thoughts, yet *God* giues him all these *good things* that he hath no right to: albeit by his owne *ill*, he, like *enuy*, extracts *euill* out of *good*: so they proue in the end, nothing but *paper pillers*, and *painted fruit*. Let all men blesse *God* for what they enioy: they that haue wealth, for their *riches*: I will praise him that he hath kept them from *me*. I haue now what is good for mee: and when my time comes, my *ioy* shall abound.

What

XXIIII.

What a Vertuous Man is like, in the Puritie of a Righteous Life.

A *Vertuous Man*, ſhining in the puritie of a *righteous life*, is a *Light-houſe* ſet by the *Sea-ſide*, whereby the *Mariners* both ſaile aright, and auoyd danger: but he that liues in noted *ſinnes*, is a falſe *Lanthorne*, which ſhipwrackes thoſe that truſt him. The *vertuous man* by his good carriage winnes more to *godlineſſe*, and is the occaſion of much good, yea it may be, ſo long as the *Moone* renewes: For his *righteouſneſſe* dyes not with him: thoſe good *examples* which hee liued in, and thoſe pious *workes* which he leaues behind him, are imitated and followed of *others*, both remaining and ſucceeding. So they are conueyed from one *generation* to another: and *hee*, next *God*, is a primary cauſe of a great deale of the *good* they atchiue. So wee cannot but grant, that while here his *memory* weares out, his *Glory* in a better World augments daily: either by his *good preſidents*, his *pious inſtitutions*, his *charitable deedes*, or his *godly workes*: each of which, with *Gods bleſſing*, are able to kindle ſome heate in the cold zeale of poſterity. *Examples* are the beſt and moſt laſting *lectures*; *Vertue* the beſt *example*. Happy man that hath done theſe things in *ſincerity*: Time ſhall not out-liue his worth: he liues truly after death, whoſe *pious actions* are his

pillers

pillars of remembrance: though his flesh moulders to drosse in the graue, yet is his happinesse in a perpetuall growth: no day but addes some *graines* to his *heape* of *glory*. *Good workes* are *seedes*, that after *sowing* returne vs a continuall *harueſt*. A man liues more renowned by some glorious deeds, then euer did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean monument*. On the contrary, what a wofull course hath he runne, that hath *liued* lewdly, and *dyes* without repentance? his example infects others, and they spread it abroad to more: like a man that dyes on the *Plague*, hee leaues the infection to a whole *Citie*: so that euen the sinnes of thousands, he must giue an account for. What can we thinke of such as haue beene the inuentors of vnlawfull *Games* and *callings* that are now in vse? sure they haue much to answer for, that thus haue occasioned so much ill: yea better had it beene they had not *beene* at all, then *being*, to bee loaden with the sinne of so many. Miserable man! that when thy owne burthen is insupportable, thou yet causest others to adde to thy weight; as if thou wouldest be sure desperately to make thy *rising* irrecouerable: are the *waters* of thy owne sinnes so low, that thou must haue *streames* from euery place, to runne into thy *Ocean*: Who can without a showre of *teares*, thinke on thy deplorable state; or without *mourning*, meditate thy sad condition? Oh! Let me so liue, as my life may be *beneficiall*, not hurtfull to other. Let my *glory* increase, when my *life* in done: I am sure, *satiety* in *Heauen* is not capable of either *complaint* or *discontent*: but as for spoyling others

thers by my owne *confusion*, *sinne*, I should thinke *Death* a faire *preuention*. I loue not that *life* which makes *death* eternall. I haue sinne enough of mine *owne*, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourne for: I neede not make *others* mine by my owne bad actions. A *little* of this is too *much*; yea, hee hath *enough* that hath *none*; he hath too *much*, that hath *any* at all.

XXV.

Of being Proud, by being Commended.

HEe deserues not *commendation*, that for being *commended* growes *proud*: euery *good thing* a *good man* speakes of me, shall, like the blast of a *Trumpet* in *warre*, incite and encourage mee, to a closer pursuit of more nobler *vertue*: not like *Bucephalus* trappings, blow me vp in a higher conceit of ouerprizing my own weakenesse: So while some speake well, let my deeds exceed their tongue. *I had rather men should see more then they expect, then looke for more then they shall finde.*

XXVI.

Of Secresie in Proiecting ought.

WHen a man hath the *proiect* of a course in his minde, 'tis good wisedome to resolue of *secresie*, till the time his intent bee fulfilled: neither

 can

can he chuſe but be fooliſh, that *brags* much, either of what he *will doe*, or what hee *ſhall haue*: For if what he ſpeakes of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world *mocke* him with *deriſion* and *ſcorne*: and oftentimes his *liberall tongue*, may be an occaſion of ſome ones ſudden intercepting his *aime*: divulged intentions ſeldome proceed well: multitudes make a iarre in buſineſſes; their opinions or *Councels* either diſtract *Iudgement*, or diuert *reſolution*: But howſoeuer, if what we boaſted of commeth to paſſe, yet ſhall we be reputed *vaine-glorious*, *boaſters*, *vnwiſe*. *Braggers* lift vp *expectation* ſo high, that ſhee ouerthinks the birth: and many times the *childe* which indeed is *faire*, wee thinke not ſo, becauſe we were poſſeſt with hopes of finding it *rare*. *Secreſie* is a neceſſary part of *policie*: things *vntold*, are yet *vndone*, then to ſay nothing, there is not a leſſe labour. I obſerue, the *Fig-tree* whoſe *fruit* is moſt pleaſant, *bloomes* not at all: whereas the *Sallow* that hath glorious *palmes*, is continually found *barren*. I would *firſt* be ſo wiſe, as to be my owne *Councellor: next*, ſo ſecret, as to be my owne *Councell-keeper*.

XXVII.

A Rule in reading Authors.

SOme men reade *Authors* as our *Gentlemen* vſe *Flowers*, onely for delight and ſmell, to pleaſe their *fancie*, and refine their *tongue*. Others like the *Bee*,

Bee, extract onely the *honey*, the *wholesome precepts*, and this alone they beare away, leauing the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for *both*, though for the *last*, *most*: the one serues to instruct the minde; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pitty it is, they should be deuided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot expresse it, is a *chest* keeping a rich *Iewell*, and the *key* lost. Concealing *goodnesse*, is *vice*; *Vertue* is better by being communicated. A good *stile*, with *wholesome matter*, is a *faire woman* with a *vertuous soule*, which attracts the eyes of *all*; The *good man* thinkes chastly, and loues her *beauty* for her *vertue*; which he still thinkes more *faire*, for dwelling in so *faire* an out-side. The *vicious man* hath lustfull thoughts; and he would for her *beauty* faine destroy her *vertue*: but comming to solicit his purpose, findes such *Diuine Lectures* from her *Angels* tongue, and those deliuer'd with so sweet a pleasing *modesty*, that he thinkes *vertue* is dissecting her *soule* to him, to rauish man with a *beauty* which he dream'd not of. So he could now curse himselfe for *desiring that* lewdly, which he hath learn'd since onely to *admire* and *reuerence*: Thus he goes away *better*, that came with an intent to be *worse*. Quaint Phrases on a good subiect, are *baits* to make an *ill* man *vertuous*: how many *vile* men seeking *these*, haue found themselues *Conuertites*? I may *refine* my speech without harme: but I will indeuour more to *reforme* my life. 'Tis a good grace both of *Oratory*, or the *Penne*, to speake or write proper: but that is the best worke, where the *Graces* and the *Muses* meet.

XXVIII.

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

WE ſee in the *Moone* a threefold condition; her *Wane*, her *Increaſe*, her *Full*: all which I liuely ſee resembled in a *Chriſtian*, three cauſes working them: *Sinne*, *Repentance*, *Faith*. *Sinne*; which after the Act, when hee once conſiders, it makes him like the *Moone* 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 *Moone* in her lateſt ſtate of *Diminution*, hee ſeemes quite gone, reſting for a time like a *man* in a trance, like a *tree* in Winter, or as *fire* buried in conceaſing *Embers*, without either *ſence*, or *ſhew*, of either *light* or *heat*. But then comes *Repentance*, and caſts water in his face, bedewes him with teares, rubbes vp his benummed ſoule; that there is to bee ſeene ſome tokens, both of *life* and *Recouery*: This makes him *Spring*, cauſes him to begin to *bud* againe, vnburies his *loſt light*, and by little and little, recollects his decayed ſtrength of the apprehenſion of *Gods Spirit*: ſo ſets him in the way to ioy, and renewed courſes. But laſtly, *Faith* appeares, and *perfects* what *Repentance* began, and could not finiſh: ſhee cheeres vp his drooping hopes, brings him againe to his wonted ſolace, ſpreads out his *leaues*, blowes

vp

vp his fainting *fire* to a bright *flame:* makes him like the *Moone* in her full glory, indues him with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the *Almighty*, and neuer leaues him till hee be resettled in his *full ioy, contentment, happinesse*. Thus while he *sinnes*, he is a *Decressant*; when hee *repents*, a *Cressant*; when his *faith* shines cleere, *at full*. Yet in all these, while hee liues heere, he is subiect to *change:* sometime like a *Beacon* on a *Hill*, hee is seene afarre off, and to *all:* sometime like a *Candle* in a *house*, neerer hand, and onely to his *familiars:* sometimes like a *Lampe* vnder a *bushell*, hee is obscur'd to *all*; yet in *all* hee burnes: though in *some*, insensibly: and is neuer without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the *Moone* when she is *least visible*, is a *Moone* as well as when wee see her in her *full proportion*; onely the *Sunne* lookes not on her with so *full an aspect*, and shee reflects no more, then she receiues from him: So a *Christian* in his lowest *ebbe* of sorrow, is the *Child of God*, as well as when he is in his greatest *flow* of comfort, onely the *Sunne of Righteousnesse* darts not the beames of his *loue* so plentifully, and he shewes no more then *God* giues him. When *God* hides his face, *Man* must languish: his *with-drawings*, are our *miseries:* his *presence*, our *vnfailing Ioy*. *Sinne* may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay mee: 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 *condemne:* Though *God* depriue me of his *presence* for a time, he will one day re-inlighten me, pollish me, and crowne me for euer: where

the *Moone* of my inconſtant ioy ſhall change to a *Sunne*, and that *Sunne* ſhall neuer ſet, beclouded, or eclipſed.

XXIX.

A Rule for Spending and Sparing.

IN expences I would bee neither *pinching* nor *prodigall*: yet if my meanes allow it not, rather thought too *ſparing*, then a little *profuſe*: 'tis no diſgrace to make my *ability* my Compaſſe of ſaile, and line to walke by. I ſee what I may doe; others, but what I doe: they looke to what I ſpend, as they thinke me able; I muſt looke to what my eſtate will beare: nor can it bee ſafe to ſtraine it at all: 'tis fit I ſhould reſpect my owne *abilitie*, before their forward *expectation*. Hee that, when hee ſhould not, ſpends *too much*, ſhall when hee would not, haue *too little* to ſpend. 'Twas a witty reaſon of *Diogenes*, why hee asked a halfe-penny of the *thrifty* man, and a pound of the *prodigall*; the firſt, hee ſaid, might giue him *often*, but the other ere long, would haue *none* to giue. Yet ſay, I had to diſpend *freely*; as to be *too neere*, hauing enough, I eſteeme *ſordid*: ſo to ſpend *ſuperfluouſly*, though I haue *abundance*, I account one of *Follies* deepeſt *ouer-ſights*. There is *better* vſe to bee made of our *talents*, then to caſt them away in *waſte*: *God* gaue vs *them*, not to ſpend *vainely*, but to imploy for *profit*, for *gaine*.

Of

XXX.

Of a Christians Settledneſſe in his Sauiour.

AS the *Needle* in a *Diall* remoued from his *point*, neuer leaues his quiuering *motion*, till it *ſettles* it *ſelfe* in the *iuſt* place it alwaies ſtands in: So fares it with a *Chriſtian* in this world; nothing can ſo *charme* him, but he will ſtill *minde* his *Sauiour*: all that put him out of the *queſt* of *Heauen*, are but *diſturbances*. Though the *pleaſures*, *profits*, and *honours* of this *life*, may ſometimes *ſhuffle* him out of his vſuall *courſe*; yet hee *wauers* vp and downe in *trouble*, runnes to and fro like *Quickſiluer*, and is neuer *quiet* within, till hee returnes to his wonted *life*, & inward *happineſſe*: there he *ſets* downe his *reſt*, in a *ſweet*, *vnperceiued*, *inward content*: which though *vnſeene* to others, hee eſteemes more then all that the world cals by the name of *felicity*, they are to him as *May-games* to a *Prince*; fitter for children, then the *Royalty* of a *Crowne*. It ſhall not more *grieue* me to *liue* in a continued *ſorrow*, then it ſhall *ioy* mee to finde a *ſecret perturbation* in the worlds choiſeſt *ſolaces*. If I finde my *ioy* in them without *vnquietneſſe*, that will proue a burthenſome *mirth*: For finding my affections *ſettle* to them without *reſiſtance*, I cannot but *diſtruſt* my ſelfe, of *truſting* them *too much*. A full *delight* in earthly things, argues a *neglect* of heauenly. I can hardly thinke him *honeſt*, that loues a *Harlot* for her *brauery*, more

then his *Wife* for her *vertues*. But while an *inward distaste* shewes mee these *Cates* vnsauory, if my *ioy* be vncompleate in these *terrene felicities*, my *inward vnsettlednesse* in them, shall make my *content* both *sufficient* and *full*.

XXXI.

The Worlds inchantment, when shee smiles on vs.

STrange is the *inchantment* that the world workes on vs, when shee *smiles* and lookes *merrily*: 'tis iustly matter of *amazement*, for a man to grow *rich*, and retaine a *minde* vnaltered: yet are not all men *changed* alike, though all in something admit *variation*. The *Spider* kils the *man*, that cures the *Ape*. *Fortunes effects* are *variable*, as the natures *shee* works vpon: *some*, while their *baskets* grow more full, their *mindes* are higher, and rise: they now know not those *friends*, that were lately their *companions*: but as a *Tyrant* among his *Subiects*, growes *haughty* and *proud*: so *they*, among their *familiars*, *scorne* and *contemne*: spurning those with *arrogant* disdaine, which but of late, they thought as *worthy* as themselues, or better: *high fortunes* are the way to *high mindes*: *pride* is vsually the *child* of *riches*. *Contempt* too often sits in the seat with *Honour*. Who haue wee knowne so imperious in *Office*, as the man that was borne to *Beggery*? As *these* rise, so *some* fall: and that which should satiate their *desire*, increaseth it: which is euer accompanied with this

this *vnhappineſſe*, that it will neuer bee *ſatisfied*: this makes them *baſer*, by being *wealthier*: *Profit* (though with drudgery) they *hugge* with cloſe *armes*. All *vices* debaſe man, but this makes a *maſter* a ſlaue to his *ſeruant*, a *drudge* to his *ſlaue*; and him that *God* ſet ouer all, this puts vnder all. Pittifull! that *Man* when *good things* are preſent, ſhould ſearch for *ill*: that he ſhould ſo care for riches, as if they were his *owne*: yet ſo vſe them, as if they were *anothers*: that when hee might bee *happy* in ſpending them, will be *miſerable* in keeping them: and had rather *dying* leaue wealth with his *enemies*, then being *aliue* relieue his *friends*. Thus as one *aſpires*, the other *deſcends*: both extremes, and iuſtly blameable. If my *eſtate* riſe not, I hope my *mind* will be what it is, not *Ambitious*, nor *Auaricious*. But if the *Diuine prouidence* ſhall, beyond either my deſert or expectation, *bleſſe* mee, I will thinke, to grow *proud*, is but to *riſe* to *fall*: and to proue *couetous*, onely to poſſeſſe wealth, that the *Nobler minds* may hate and ſcorne me. For what is there they eſteeme more *ſordid*, then for a mans minde to bee his moneys *Mercenarie*?

XXXII.

The Chriſtians Life what.

A Weake Chriſtians life, is almoſt nothing but a *viciſſitude* of ſinne, and ſorrow. Firſt, hee *ſinnes*, and then hee *laments* his folly: like a negli-

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gent *Schoole-boy*, hee *displeaseth* his *Master*, and then *beseecheth* his remission with teares. Our owne *corruptions* are diseases incurable: while we liue, they will breake out vpon vs, we may *correct* them, vvee cannot *destroy* them: they are like the *feathers* in a *Fowle*: cut them, they will come againe: breake them, they will come againe: plucke them out, yet they will come againe: onely kill the *Bird*, and they will grow no more. VVhile *blood* is in our *veynes*, *sinne* is in our *nature*: since I cannot *auoyde* it, I will learne to lament it: and if through my offences my *ioy* bee made *obscure*, and *vanish*; that *sorrow* shall new beget my *ioy*, not because I haue beene sinfull, but because for *sinne* I finde my selfe *sorrowfull*. All other *sorrowes* are either foolish, fruitlesse, or beget *more*: onely this darke *Entry* leades the way to the faire *Court of happinesse*. *God* is more mercifull in giuing *repentance* to the *Delinquent*, then in granting *remission* to the *Repentant*: He hath promised pardon to the *Penitent*, no *Repentance* to the *Peccant*.

XXXIII.

A good Rule for chusing a Friend.

IN *chusing friends*, there be *two sorts* of men, that I would for euer auoyd: 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 meerely *mad*, hee speakes not a word

word by *reason*, but by *brutish passions*: not vpon premeditated termes, but whatsoeuer his *memory* on the sudden catches, his violent *passion* driueth out, be it knowne, or hidden: so oft in a brawle hee blabs out *that*, which being cooled, hee much repents to haue named: committing that in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soule will tremble to thinke of. *Anger* is the *feauer* of the *soule*, which makes the *tongue* talke idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot heare what *Counsell* speakes: 'tis a raging *Sea*, a troubled *water*, that cannot bee wholsome for the vse of any: and if it be true which *Hippocrates* tels, that those *diseases* are most *dangerous* that alter the habit of the *patients* countenance: this must needs be most *perillous*, that voyce, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if *fury* dispossessing *reason*, had set a new *Garrison* in the *Citadell* of *Man*. This he knew, that gaue vs that Precept, *Make not friendship with an angry man*. The *other* hath no *memorie* at all: For the abundance of *wine* hath drown'd vp that noble *Recorder*: and while *Bacchus* is his chiefe god, *Apollo* neuer keepes him company: *Friends* and *foes*, *familiars* and *strangers* are then all of equall esteeme: so hee forgetfully speakes of that in his *cups*, which if hee were *sober*, should be buried in silence. First hee speakes he knowes not *what*, nor after, can he remember *what* that was he spake. He *speakes* that he should *forget*, and *forgets* that which hee did *speake*. *Drunkennesse* is the *funerall* of all intelligible *man*, whom onely *time* and *abstinence* can resuscitate. A *Drunkards minde* and *stomacke* are alike; neither

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can retaine what they receiue. I would be loth to admit of a *familiar* so infectious as either; more vnwillingly to reueale my selfe to any so open. VVhat *friend* soeuer I make choice of, I will be sure he shall haue these two properties, *Mildnesse*, *Temperance*: otherwise, 'tis better to want companions, then to bee annoyed with either a *mad-man*, or *foole*. *Clitus* was slaine by a *drunken Master*, the *Thessalonians* massacred by an *angry Emperour*; and the deaths of either lamented by the *Agents*.

XXXIIII.

Liberty makes Licentious.

I See, *liberty* makes *licentious*, and when the *reines* are giuen too loosely, the *affections* runne wildely on, without a *guide*, to ruine: For mans *will*, without *discretion*, that should adde *limits*, is like a blind *horse* without a *bridle*, that should guide him aright: he may goe fast, but runnes to his owne ouerthrow, and while he mends his *pace*, he hastens his owne *mischiefe*. Nothing makes vs more wretched, then our owne vncontrolled *wills*. A loose *will* fulfilled, is the way to worke out a *woe*. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when like a *Bowle* running downe a *Hill*, he is euer most violent, when hee growes neerest his *Center* and *Period* of his aime. These follies are prettily shaddowed in the sports of *Actæon*, that while hee suffer'd his eye

eye to roue at *pleasure*, and beyond the pale of expedience, his *Hounds*, euen his owne *affections*, ceaze him, teare him, proue his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curbe my beginning *desires*, that they may not wander beyond *moderation*; if my owne *will* be a blind conductor, *good precepts* to an ingenious nature, are *bits* that restraine, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing *fancy*, cannot be but ridiculously *ill*: and this inconuenience besides haue I seene, that he which *may* doe more then is *fit*, *will* in time doe more then is *lawfull*. He that now exceeds the *measure*, will ere-long exceede the *manner*. *Vice* is a *Peripateticke*, alwaies in *Progression*.

XXXV.

That All secrets should not be imparted to the faithfullest Friend.

EVen betweene two *faithfull friends*, I thinke it not conuenient that *all secrets* should bee imparted: neither is it the part of a *friend*, to fish out *that*, which were better concealed. Yet I obserue some, of such *insinuating dispositions*, that there is nothing in their *friends* heart, that they would not themselues know with him: and *this*, if I may speake freely, I count as a *fault*. For many times by too farre vrging, they wring *blood*, from whence onely *milke* should flow: knowing That by their *importunitie*, which not onely breedes a dislike in them to heare; but also when their conference is ended,

ended, begets a *repenting ſorrow* in him that told it: and makes him wiſh, he had lockt vp his *lips* in *ſilence*, rather then haue powred out his *heart* with ſuch *indiſcretion*. How many haue bewayled the vntimely diſcloſures of their *tongue*? how many haue ſcrew'd out *ſecrets*, that would haue giuen thouſands to haue return'd them vnknowne? If I haue a *friend* that I care not to looſe, I will neuer ingage my ſelfe *ſo much*, as to be beholding to him to know *all*. If I haue one that is *faithfull*, I will not wrong him ſo much, as to wreſt *that* from him, ſhould cauſe him be *ſorrowfull*. If he reueales ought vn-vrged, my aduice is faithfull, and free: otherwiſe, to preſſe out a *ſecret* that may proue preiudiciall, I eſteeme as the beginning of the breach of *Amity*, and the primary breeder of a *ſecret diſlike*.

XXXVI.

What loſſe comes by the gaining either of the Pleaſure or Profit of the World.

WEe know 'tis ſometimes better to ſound a *retreate*, and ſo *retyre*, then 'tis to ſtay in the *Field* and *conquer*: becauſe it may ſo fall out, that the *prize* we win, cannot counteruaile the *loſſe*, that by this *Warre* wee ſhall ſuſtaine: ſo like the fooliſh *Mariner*, that ſeeing a *Fiſh* in the *Sea*, leapes into the water to catch *that*, which together with his *life* he loſeth. We often loſe an eternall *Kingdome*, for the gaine of *toyes* and *vanities*. Who is there that

that hazzards not his *soule* for the *pleasures* or *profits* of *sinne?* which when they haue, what haue they got, but *shaddowes* or *vexations?* The wealthy man is like a *powder-master*, who hath prouision against an *Enemie*, but is euer in danger of being *blowne vp*. As for *pleasure*, 'tis at best but a hilded *vessell*; which though it please the palate for a *cup* or two; yet the *Lees* are at hand, and they marre it: a little *disturbance* turnes it into *distaste*. What a *Foole* were I, to cast away my *soule* on such transitorie *trifles?* which when I haue, I am neither sure to *enioy*, nor to finde *commodious*: what I cannot *keepe* without *danger*, I will neuer earnestly *seeke*. To lose a *Crowne* of gold for a *counterfeit*, is more thē a childish fondnesse. I had better *sit still*, and be quiet in *peace*, then *rise* to conquer a petty *Village*, when my losse is a *large Citie*.

XXXVII.

Of vsing Meanes.

CHRIST healed *Diseases* three manner of waies; *with meanes*, as the *Leper* in the eighth of *Matthew*; *without meanes*, as the ten *Lepers* in the seuenteenth of *Luke*; *against meanes*, as the man borne blinde, in the ninth of *Iohn*. I will looke to *meanes*, as being more ordinary, more reuealed: but if my blinde eye see not that present succour, my feare is not more, nor my griefe. 'Tis as easie to God to worke *without meanes*, as *with* them: & *against* them, as

as by either: 'Tis all one to him, *Bee cleane*, or, *Goe wash*: Yea, though euery Argument concludes danger, let not my hopes faile me yet, his *omnipotency* is beyond that feeble stay of the soule: nor yet will I so depend on His *will hidden*, as I neglect to practise his *will reuealed*. For as to dis-regard his appointed *meanes*, is a supreme contempt; so to depend too much on things vnsearchable, is rather a badge of rash *presuming*, then any notable courage of *faith*. I must looke to *my way*, and let him alone in *his*.

XXXVIII.

The Misery of being old and Ignorant.

'TIs a *Capitall misery* for a man to be at once both *old* and *ignorant*. If he were onely *old*, and had some *knowledge*, he might abate the tediousnesse of decrepit age, by the diuine raptures of *Contemplation*. If he were *young*; though he knew nothing, yet his yeeres would serue him to *labour* and *learne*: whereby in the *Winter* of his time, hee might beguile the wearinesse of his *pillow* and *chaire*. But now his *body* being withered by the stealing length of his dayes, and his limbes wholly disabled, for either motion, or exercise: *these* together with a minde vnfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired *Science*, cannot but delineate the portraicture of a *man* wretched. A *gray head* with a *wise minde*, is a *treasurie* of *graue precepts*, *experience*,

experience, and *iudgement*: But foolish *old age*, is a barren *Vine* in *Autumne*: or an *Vniuersity* to study folly in: euery *action* is a patterne of *infirmitie*: while his *body* sits still, he knowes not how to finde his *minde* action: and tell me, if there be any life more irkesome then *idlenesse*. I haue numbred yet but a few *dayes*; and those, I know, I haue neglected: I am not sure they shall bee *more*, nor can I promise my *head*, it shall haue a snowie *haire*. What then? *Knowledge* is not hurtfull, but helps a good minde: any thing that is *laudable*, I desire to *learne*. If I dye to morrow, my life to day shall bee somewhat the sweeter for *knowledge*: and if my *day* prooue a *Summer* one, it shall not be amisse, to haue prouided something, that in the euening of my *Age* may make my mind my *Companion*. Notable was the answer that *Antisthenes* gaue, when hee was asked what fruit hee had reaped of all his *studies*? By them, saith he, I haue learned, both to liue, and to talke with my selfe.

XXIX.

A two-fold way to Honour.

THere is a two-fold way to Honour: *Direct*, when *God* calls: *indirect*, when *man* seekes it, without the *Lords* warrant: *David* went the first, and his *Crowne* departed not from his head, till *Nature* had payed her debt, and his *life* dissolued: and when he is gone, his *Issue* succeedes him. *Absalon*

went the *other*, but his ſinnes pulled him downe with vengeance, and onely a dumbe *Pillar* ſpeakes his memory. *God* cannot endure the aſpiring *ſpirit*, that would climbe the hill of preferment without his leaue. *Theeues of Honour* ſeldome finde *ioy* in their purchaſes, *ſtability*, neuer. Beſides, I obſerue, the *man* that is fit for a *place* of note, neuer ſeekes it ſo much, as he is ſought for, for it: whereas euer the *Bramble*, that is low and worthleſſe, cries out aloud, *Make mee a King*: tis incident to a weake minde to ouer-value it ſelfe. How many would bee *Magiſtrates*, that know not how to bee *men*? *Moſes* obiects much, when *God* himſelfe impoſeth a charge: for a man of vnderſtanding knowes that 'tis better to liue in the *Valley*, where the times *tempeſts* blow ouer him; then to haue his ſeat on the *Mountaines* top, where euery *blaſt* threatens both his *ruine* and *fall*: howſoeuer others meaſure him, hee knowes his owne height, and will not exceed it. Yet being placed by an *Almighty hand*, He that ſet him there, can keepe him ſecure. But hee muſt then beware, that hee makes not that his *King*, that ſhould be his *Subiect*: that hee giues not the *reines*, where hee ſhould vſe the *checke*: and that hee playes not the *Ape* too much, either by too idle *imitation*, or by doting too fondly on his *darling Honour*. Thus cautelous, may hee liue ſafe: When hee that reacheth *promotion* without *Gods* calling him, may flouriſh a while, but not thriue. In aſcents, thoſe are the *ſafeſt*, that are *broadeſt*, and leaſt *ſudden*, and where the *light* is open: how ſoone is a fall caught in thoſe *ſtayres* that

are

are *darke*, *narrow*, and *quickly rising*? I will as well looke to the *way*, as the *thing*: There is no path to *happy preferment*, but that which *Vertue* treades: which was well noted by the *Heathen*, when they built the *Temple* of *Honour* so, that none could enter it, but they must first passe thorow that of *Vertue*. I had rather liue *honestly*, though *meanely*; then by vnlawfull practices vsurpe a *Crowne*.

XL.

Cowardice worthlesse.

NOthing more dis-worths a man, then *Cowardice*; and a base *feare* of *danger*: the smooth way it makes difficult, the difficult inaccessible. The *Coward* is an vnfinisht man; or else one which *Nature* made lesse then others: If euer he did any thing well, *Fortune* was his guide, not *Wisedome*. His *feare* in him begets *delay*, and *delay* breedes that he feares, *danger*: the *Souldier* that dares not fight, affoords the *Enemie* too much aduantage for his *preparement*; both for directing his *Souldiers*, plotting his *Stratagems*, strengthening his *Files*, ordering his *Campe*, or doing any thing may turne disaduantage vpon his *Foe*: when as the *Valorous Warriour* giues most discomfiture in his suddenest *onset*, where he takes away the time for *fortification*. If it bee by speech a man is to *act* his *part*, feare puts an Ague in his *tongue*, and often leaues him, either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For the

too ſerious apprehenſion of a poſſible *ſhame*, makes him forget *that*, ſhould helpe him againſt it: I meane, a *plaine boldneſſe*, bequeathing a dilated *freedome* to all his faculties and ſences: which now with a cold *feare*, are frozen and congealed. If not *this*, out of an vnmeaſured care to doe well, it driues a man into *affectation*: and that, like misſhapen *apparell*, ſpoiles the beauty of a well-limb'd *body*: For *Nature* will not endure the *racke*: when you ſet her too high, ſhee prooues *vntuneable*, and in ſtead of a ſweet *cloze*, yeelds a *cracke*: ſhee euer goes beſt in her owne free pace: I will neither ſtay her ſo long, as to meete delay: nor run her ſo farre, as to doe ought affectedly, *I had rather be confidently bold, then fooliſhly timorous: hee that in euery thing feares to doe well, will at length doe ill in all.*

XLI.

Of Lamenting the loſſe of Trifles.

MAny haue much lamented the loſſe of *trifles*, when they might haue gained by ſuch *damages*, had they not with them, loſt *themſelues*: I meane, their *quiet mindes*, and *patience*. Vnwiſe ſo to debarre themſelues of *reſt*, when their vexation cannot yeeld them *profit*: if *teares* could either recouer a *loſſe*, or recall time, then to *weepe* were but to purpoſe; but things paſt, though with *prudence* they may bee *corrected*, yet with greateſt griefe they cannot bee *recalled*: make them better wee may,

may, but to make them not to bee at all, requires more then a *humane* ſtrength, or a *finite* power. Actions once done, admit a *correction*, not a *nullity*. Although I will endeuour to amend what is gone by *amiſſe*, yet will I labour neuer to *grieue* for any thing *paſt*, but *ſinne*: and for *that* alwayes. A ſmall *loſſe* ſhall neuer trouble mee: neither ſhall the greateſt *hinderance* make my heart not mine owne. Hee ſpeake well, that ſaid, *Hee which hath himſelfe, hath loſt nothing.*

XLII.

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

SOme men are of ſo *Noble* and free a *diſpoſition*, that you cannot, being a *friend*, aske ought, to receiue a *deniall*: it being one part of their happineſſe, to pleaſure the *man* they *loue*. Yet *theſe* in the end, and theſe *times*, are the onely *vnhappy* men. For being exhauſted by the neceſſities of others, and their baſe working on a *free nature*, an vnwelcome *want*, at once vndoes *them*, and the goodneſſe of their *diſpoſition*. Pitty ſuch willing *courteſies* ſhould be caſt away in ſuch vngratefull *ground*; that like an vnbottomed *Gulfe*, ſwallowes, but returnes not: or that a mans firme loue ſhould make him do that, ſhould *kill* himſelfe in future. Contrary to theſe, you haue another ſort as faſt and holding: and though ſometimes they might pleaſure a *friend*, without a ſelfe-preiudice: yet their inbread

crabbednesse reserues *all*, with a close hand. And while the other ruines with a *faire affection*, hee thriues with a *vulgar hate*, and *curses*; such as the *first*, are best to *others*: such as the *last*, to *themselues*. I will so serue *others*, as I iniure not my *selfe*; so my *selfe*, as I may helpe *others*.

XLIII.

Sinne by but Once committing, gaines a Pronenesse to Reiteration.

AS there is no feat of *Actiuitie* so difficult, but beeing once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time: so there is no *sinne* at first so hatefull, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone for a *reiteration*. For there is more desire of a knowne *pleasure*, then of that which onely our eares haue heard report of. So farre is *Ignorance* good, that in a calme it keepes the *minde* from *distraction*; and *Knowledge*, as it breeds desire in all things, so in *sinne*. Bootlesse therefore shall euer be that cunning fetch of *Satan*, when he would induce mee once to make a triall of *sinne*, that I might thereby know more, and bee able to fill vp my mouth with discourse, my minde with fruition; bearing mee in hand, I may at my pleasure giue it the hand of *parting*, and a finall *farewell*. Too often (alas) haue I beene deceiued with this beguiling perswasion, of a power to leaue, and a *will* to returne at my *will*. Henceforth

forth ſhall my care bee to refraine from *once*. If I grant *that*, ſtronger perſwaſions will pleade for a *ſecond* action: 'tis eaſier to deny a *Gueſt* at firſt, then to turue him out, hauing ſtayed a while. Thou knoweſt not, ſenceleſſe man, what *ioyes* thou loſeſt, 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 neuer againe be able to recouer. A minde not conſcious of any foule *enormities*, is a faire *temple* in a durty *ſtreet*: at whoſe doore, *Sinne*, like a throng of rude *plebeians*, knockes inceſſantly: while the *doore* is *ſhut*, 'tis eaſie to keepe it ſo, and them out; *open* that, but to let in one, thouſands will ruſh in after him: and their tramplings will for euer ſoile that vnſtained *floore*: while thy conſcience is vnſpotted, thou haſt *that* can make thee ſmile on the *Racke*, and *flames*; 'tis like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can baniſh the *ſadneſſe* of the *minde*. But when thou woundeſt *that*, thou burieſt thy *ioyes* at once: and throweſt a *Iewell* from thee, is richer then the wealth of *Worlds*. *Foole* that thou art, that wandring in a darke *wilderneſſe*, doſt wilfully put out thy *candle*, and thinkeſt cold water can ſlacke thy thirſt, in the burning fit of an *Ague*; when it onely breedes in thee a deſire to powre in more. Hee that neuer taſted the pleaſures of *ſinne*, longs leſſe after thoſe banefull *diſcontenting contents*. What *ſweets* of *ſinne* I know not, I deſire ſtill to bee vnexperienc'd in. I had rather not *knowe*, then by *knowledge* bee *miſerable*. This *Ignorance* will teach mee *Knowledge*, of an vnknowne *Peace*. Let mee

rather be outwardly *maimed*, and want discourse; then bee furnisht of that, and possesse a *wound* that bleedeth within.

XLIV.

Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts.

TIs foolish, and sauours not of common policy, to purchase *Friends* with large *gifts*: because hauing once vsed them to *rewards*, they will still expect more: and *custome* that pleaseth, is seldome omitted without either *discontent* or *danger*. If then our *loues tokens* shall seeme to *diminish*, *friendship* likewise will *decrease*: and if not quite *consume*, yet easily bee drawne to allow harbour to base *dis-respect*: which what a thorne it is to an *affectionate minde*, I desire rather to know by iudicious *obseruation*, then by reall *experience*: but sure I am, it no way can be *small*: yet most true must it needs bee, that *friendship* wonne by large *gifts*, resembles but the *straw fire*, that hauing matter to feede vpon, burnes brightly: but let new *fewell* bee neglected, it dyes, consumes, and quite *goes out*. Nor further can this *amity* be euer approued, or sure, or sincere. For hee that loues mee for my *gifts* sake, loues my *gifts* aboue my *selfe*: and if I should happen to light on *aduersity*, I should not finde him then to appeare: there being no hope of a gainefull *requitall*. If I giue any thing, it shall bee because he is my *friend*; not because I would haue him so: not so much that

that I *may haue* his *loue*; but that already hee *hath* mine. I will vse them sometimes to continue *friendship*, neuer to begin it. *I do not hold him worthy thanks, that professeth me kindnesse for his owne ends.*

XLV.

Iust Shame in a good man, saddens his soule.
Of Credit or Good Name,
vid. pag. 346.

NOthing more *saddens* the soule of a good man, then the *serious* apprehension of a *iust shame*. If it were *false*, his owne *cleerenesse* would be a *shield* strong enough to repell the darts of *slander*. For man is neuer *miserable*, till *Conscience* turnes his *Enemy*. If it were but the losse of *riches*, there were a *possibility* of a *recouery*: if of *friends*, he might find more, or content himselfe with the knowledge of their *happinesse*, in that glorious *Mansion* of the *Saints*: if of *corporall* anguish, a *quiet* minde might mitigate his paines, or industry with time take a *truce* with sorrowes: but this misery is immedicable. *Credit* once lost, is like water so diffusiuely spilt, that 'tis not in *humanity* to recollect *it*. If it be, it hath lost the *purity*, and will for euer after, be full of *soile*: and by how much his *honesty* was more noted; by so much will his *shame* bee more, and his *griefe*. For see what a *horrour* hee hath before him; all will be now ready to *brand* him with the *odious*, and *stigmaticall* name of an *Hypocrite*. His Reputa-

Reputation (which though it bee not dearer then his *soule*, yet he prizeth aboue his *life*) will be blacked with an eternall *staine*: which nor *absence*, *time*, *endeuour*, nor *Death*, can wash away. If he *liues*, and could in himselfe *forget it*: yet the *enuious* world will keepe it vpon *Record*: and when he mindes it not, rub it on his *galled* soule. If he could flye from his *Countrey*, that would like a *Bloud-hound* follow him: if he dyes, that will suruiue him, and make his very *graue* contemptible: nay, so farre will it spread, as somewhat to infect his friends: and though haply in himselfe he may bee bettered, by so rash a fall: yet the *cruell*, and *vncharitable* world will euer thinke him worse. In this I dare not follow *it*: in doing that may cause this, I hope I shall not. I will *first* striue to bee voyd of the *act* might bring shame, *next*, not to cast it in the *dish* of the penitent. If my sufferings bee *vniust*, I am sure in the *end* I shall finde them *comfortable*. If *God* hath pleas'd to remit *offences*, why should I commemorate *them*? A good *life* is a fortresse against *shame*: and a good man's *shame* is his *benefit*: the one keepes it *away*; the other when it *comes*, makes it proue *profitable*.

XLVI.

The Will accepted with God for the Deed.

THe *will* for the *deed*, is oft with *God* accepted: and hee that is a thankefull *Debtor*, restores a *benefit*.

benefit. Many *benefits*, nay, all I possesse, *O Lord*, from thee I know I haue receiued: *requite* them I cannot, *returne* them I may not, and to rest *ingratefull*, were a sinne *inexcusable*. Since then I cannot retaliate thy *loue*, or rettribute thy *fauours*: yet *Lord*, will I *owe* them, with a desire to *pay*.

XLVII.

Concealed Grudges the Gangrene of Friendship.

THere is not any thing *eates* out friendship, sooner then *concealed* grudges. Though *reason* at *first* produceth opinion, yet opinion, *after*, seduceth *Reason*. *Conceits* of vnkindnesse harboured and beleeued, will worke euen a *steady* loue, to hatred. And therefore, reserued *dispositions*, as they are the best keepers of *secrets*: so they are the worst increasers of *loue*. Betweene friends it cannot *be*, but discourtesies will *appeare*: 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 reuealed 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* betweene two *Louers*. Sometimes *mistakes* set the minde in a *false* beliefe. Sometimes *iealousies*, that flow from loue, *imprint* suspition in the thoughts. All which may finde ease in the *vttering*: so their discouery being *mild*.

mildneſſe; otherwiſe, choller caſts a *miſt* before the eyes of the *minde*, and when it might ſee *cleerely*, will not let it. If betweene my *friend*, and my *ſelfe*, a priuate thought of vnkindneſſe ariſe, I will preſently tell it, and be *reconciled*: if he be *cleere*, I ſhall like him the better when I ſee his *integrity*: if *faulty*, confeſſion gaines my pardon, and *bindes* mee to loue him: and though we ſhould in the diſcuſſion *iarre* a little, yet will I be ſure to *part* friendly. Fire almoſt *quench't*, and laid abroad, *dyes* preſently: put together, it will *burne* the better. Euery ſuch breach as this, will vnite *affection* faſter: a little ſhaking prefers the *growth* of the tree.

XLVIII.

Of Affecting an high ſeate of Honour.

I Haue ſometimes *wiſh't* my ſelfe in ſome high ſeate of *honour*: with what *folly*, I haue after ſeene, and beene *diſpleaſed*, with my *ſelfe*, with my *deſires*: ſo vnbefitting *wiſedome*, ſo diſſonant from *Chriſtianitie*. For what can a high *place* conferre vnto me, that can make my life more truly happy? if it addes to my *ioyes*, it increaſeth my *feare*; if it augments my *pleaſure*, my *care* is more, and my *trouble*. But perhaps I ſhall haue *reuerence*, weare *rich apparell*, and fare *deliciouſly*: alas! cold *flames*, wet *rayment*. Haue I not knowne ſome inioying *all*, and neuer found other *fruit*; but *enuy*, *beggery*, and *diſeaſe*? ſo haue in the end, wiſhed to change, for

lower

lower honours, for *meaner* dignities, accounting themselues as the *flag* on the top of a *shipmast*, as more high, and more visible; so more, and euer open, to the *wind*, and *stormes*: being as a worthy *Iudge* once answered one, that gaue him his title of *Honour*: True, *Honourable* seruants: to poast through the *toyles* of a circuit, and thinke on any mans businesse but their owne. Ah Tissue *couer*, to a straw *Cushion*! But I shall haue more *meanes*, so shall I doe the more *good*: I grant; but may I not doe as *much* good, with *lesse* meanes? 'Tis a question who shall haue more *reward*, of him that does most in *quantitie*, or most according the *proportion* of his meanes; If *Christ* may be admitted as *arbitrator*, the *poore* Widdow gaue more, then all the *rich* ones. I feare, if I had *more*, I should spend *more* in waste: sure I am, I should haue *more* to answer for. Besides, who knowes what a change *wealth* might worke in mee? what a *snare* hath *it* proued to many, that like the *Sunne*, haue in the *morning* of their time, *mounted* themselues to the highest *pitch* of *perspicuity* and *brightnesse*: which when they haue once *attained*, they *decline*, *fall*, *vanish* and are *gone*; leauing nothing behinde them, but *darke* night, *blacke* reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather like a *Spunge*, to bee *squeezed* out againe, by some *grinding* oppressor? So bee more *vexed* with an vnexpected *losse*, then *pleased* with my short *inioyment*. The Thiefe that meets with a full *purse*, takes away *it*, and returnes a *stabbe*; while the empty *pocket* makes the life *secure*: then perhaps we could wish to be *poore*, but

but cannot: that so wee might lessen our *griefe*, by the *sorrow* for our *losse*. Tell me then, *O my soule!* what should make thee wish to *change?* I liue in a *ranke*, though not of the *highest*, yet affording as much *happinesse*, more *freedome*: as beeing exempt from those *suspicious cares*, that pricke the *bosome* of the *wealthy* man: 'tts such as might content my better, and such as heauen smiles on, with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be *faire* and *honest*; and without *these*, who is well? I haue *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 sacksfuls, euen my *Mite* is beyond the superfluity of *wealth*: and my *pen*, my *tongue*, and my *life*, shall (I hope) helpe some to better *treasure* then the *earth* afford them. I haue food *conuenient* for mee: and I sometimes finde *exercise* to keepe my *body* healthfull: when I doe, I make it my *recreation*, not my *toyle*. My rayment is not *worst*, but *good*; and then *that*, let me neuer haue better. I can bee as warme in a good *Kersey*, as a Prince in a *Scarlet robe*. *I liue* where is much meanes of true saluation: my liberty is mine owne, *I can* both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. *I haue* a minde can bee pleased with the *present*; and if time turnes the wheele, can endure the change, without desiring it. *I want* nothing but abundance; and this *I need* not, because want herein, *I account* much better then reall possession: if it had beene fit for mee, *I know*, my God would haue bestowed it on me. He neuer was so careless of a childe of his, as to let him

him misse *that*, hee knew might make for his *good*. Seeing then, he sees it *inconuenient*, it shall bee my ioy to liue without it; and henceforth, will I not long any more to *change*. Hee is not a compleat *Christian*, that cannot be contented with *that* hee inioyes. I will rather settle my minde to a *quiet rest*, in that I finde: then let her wander in a wearied sollicitude, after *vngotten plenty*. That estate that *God* giues me, euer will I esteeme best: though I could not thinke it so, I am sure it is so: and to *thinke* against knowledge, is a *foolish* suspition.

XLIX.

Of Iealousie of an Other.

'TIs a *precept* from a perfidious minde, that bids vs thinke all *knaues* wee deale with: so by distrusting, to hinder deceit: *I dare* not giue my mind that liberty, lest I iniure *charity*, and runne into *errour*. *I will* thinke all *honest*, if strangers: for so I'm sure they should be; onely let me remember, they are but *men*: so may vpon *temptation*, fall with the *time*; otherwise, though they want *Religion*, *Nature* hath implanted a morall *iustice*, which vnperuerted, will deale square. *Christs* Precept was found in the mouthes of *Heathen*: *Doe not to another, what thou wouldest not haue done to thy selfe.*

The

L.

The great Euill that Neglect brings both to Body and Soule.

THough the *bodies excretions* grow but insensibly, yet vnlesse they be daily taken away, wee see they make men *monstrous*: as *Nebuchadnezzars haires* were like *Eagles feathers*, and his *nailes* like *birds clawes*, in his seuen yeeres *beastialitie*. So that those things which *Nature* with due ordering, hath made for vse and *ornament*; with a carelesse neglect, grow to mischiefe and *deformitie*. In the *soule* I finde it yet worse: and no *Vice* so soone steales on vs, as the abuse of *things* in themselues *lawfull*: For *Nature*, euer since her first depriuation, without a corrigible *hand* to restraine her, runnes into wide extremities. I know, 'tis good the *Vine* should flourish; but let it alone, and it *ruines* it selfe, in superfluous *branches*. Our *pleasures* we see, are sometimes the enliuenings of a drooping *soule*: yet how easily doe they steale away our *mindes*, and make vs with a mad affection, *dote* vpon them, none suspecting in so faire a semblance, a *Sinon*, that should gull vs with such dilusiue postures? but because wee know them lawfull, wee boldly and heedlessely vse them: and as *Prouidence* is the mother of *happinesse*: so *Negligence* is the Parent of *misery*. I will euer bee more circumspect in things veyled with either *goodnesse* or *sweetnesse*.

Nothing

Nothing ſtealeſ more *ſoules* from *God*, then *lewd courſes* that are outwardly glorious. *Reaſon* hath not ſo dull an eye, but ſhee may ſee thoſe things that are apparently *ill*: but thoſe that are ſo, onely by their accident, haue power to blinde her ſight: ſo require more care, more *vigilancie*. I'le only vſe them, to make me better: when they leaue *that*, I'le leaue them: and deale with'vm, in a wiſe diſcretion, as the Emperour *Commodus* did with his ſeruants, in a *wicked ieſt*, baniſh them: not for the *ill* they *haue done* me; but for the *harme* they *may doe*. Since all my *goodneſſe* cannot make one ſinne *good*: why ſhould an accidentall *ſinne* ſpoyle *that*, which is *good* in it *ſelfe*?

LI.

Of Solitarineſſe and Companionſhip.

THere is no man that liues well, but ſhall be ſuſpected for *ſelfe-conceited*, vnleſſe he can liue like an *Hermite*, in a *Cell*: or like ſome *Satyre*, in an vnfrequented *Deſart*. He cannot for his life ſo carry himſelfe, but hee ſhall ſometimes light on *lewd* company: ſuch as he neither *loues*, nor cares for. If he continues *ſociety* with them, hee endangers his *ſoule*: either by *participating* of their *bad actions*, or elſe by *conniuing* at thoſe *offences*, he ſees they delight in: either of which, not onely caſt a preſent *guilt* on the *ſoule*, but euen worke it to ſuch a *temper*, as makes it apt to receiue the impreſſion of

any *ill*; So *secretly* insinuating, till it come from *toleration*, to *Allowance*, *Action*, *Custome*, *Delight*. Bad *Companions* are like *Traitors*, with whom if we *act*, or *conceale*, wee are *guiltie*: this *Pitch* will defile a man. If he shall out of an honest care of his *soules* wel-fare, and his loue to *Religion*, labour to auoid such *bad associates*: or being *vnhappily* fallen among them, seeke for a *present escape*: Then *pride*, and a high *conceit* of himselfe is guessed the onely *motiue* of his *bodies* departure: when indeed 'tis only goodnesse that *importunes* his absence. But tell me now, is't not better I leaue them, and be thought *proud* wrongfully: then stay vvith them, and be knowne *bad* certainely? He's a foole that will sell his *soule*, for a few *good* words, from a mans tongue. VVhat is't to me, hovv others *thinke* me, when I *know* my intent is *good*, and my waies warrantable? A good conscience cares for no *witnesse*: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the worlds *Calumnies*, worke a *change* in a *minde resolued*. Howsoeuer here my *Reputation* should bee soiled vnvvorthily, yet the *time* is not farre off, when a freedome from *sinne* vvill be more vvorth, then a *perpetuated fame* from *Adam*, till *Doomes-day*. While *heauen* & my *Conscience* see me *Innocent*, the worlds suppositions cannot make me *culpable*. He that is *good*, and *ill* spoken of, shall reioyce for the *wrong* is done him by others. He that is *bad*, and well reported, shall griure for the *iniurie* he does himselfe. In the *one*, they would make me what I am not: in the *other*, I make my selfe what I should not. Let mee rather *heare* ill, and doe *well*: then doe *ill*, and be *flattered*.

Better

LII.

Better to suffer Iniuries then offer them.

FOr *iniuries*, my *opinion* is with *Socrates*: 'Tis better to *suffer*, then to *offer* them. *Hee* may be *good* that beares them: he must be *ill* that proffers them. *Saul* would *slay Dauid*, when himselfe onely is *vicious*, and *ill*. *Vice* is accompanied with *iniustice*; *Patience* is an attendant on *Vertue*.

LIII.

Gouernement and Obedience, the two causes of a Common Prosperitie.

IN all *Nations*, *two things* are *causes* of a common prosperity: Good *Gouernment*, and good *Obedience*: A good *Magistrate*, ouer a *peuerse people*, is a *sound head*, on a *surfeted body*. A good *Communalty*, and a bad *Ruler*, is a healthfull *body*, with a *head* aching: either are occasions of *ruine*: both sound *preseruatiues*. A good *Gouernour*, is a skilfull *Shipmaster*, that takes the *shortest*, and the *safest* course: and continually so *steeres*, as the *Rockes*, and *Shelues* which might *shipwracke* the *state*, be auoyded: and the *voyage* euer made, with the *soonest speed*, *best profit*, most *ease*. But a wicked *Magistrate* is a *Wolfe* made leader of the *fold*: that both *satiates* his cruel-

ty, and betrayes them to danger. To whom if you adde but *ignorance*, you may vpon certaine grounds prophesie *destruction*. *The Iudges insufficiencie, is the Innocents calamity*. But if the *Common-wealth* bee obedient, and the *Ruler* worthy, how durable is their *felicitie* and *ioy*? *Solon* might well say, That *Citie* was safe, whose *Citizens* were obedient to the *Magistrates*, and *Magistrates* to the *Lawes*. What made the *Maior Scipio* so victorious, but his *wisedome* in *directing*, and his *Souldiers willingnesse* in *obeying*, when hee could shew his Troops, and say, *You see not a man among all these, but will, if I command him, from a Turret throw himselfe into the Sea*? The inconuenience of *stubbornenesse*, that *Counsell* 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 serue their true *Prince*, but haue a *Gouernour* compleatly perfect. *Criticisme* it selfe, cannot finde in *God* to cauill at. Hee is both *iust* and *mercifull*, in the *Concrete*, and the *Abstract*, he is both of them. Who can taxe him with either *crueltie* or *partialitie*? though my *obedience* cannot answer his *perfection*, yet will I endeuour it: If *Christ* be not my *King* to gouerne, hee will neither be my *Prophet* to forewarne, nor my *Priest* to expiate. If I cannot come neere it, in effect, as being *impossible*: I will in desire, as being *conuenient*: so though *lesse*, yet if *sincere*, I know, he will accept it: not as *meritorious*, but respecting his *promise*.

Of

LIIII.

Of a Fruiteleſſe Hearers danger.

TIs an *Aphoriſme* in *Phyſicke*, that they which in the beginning of ſickeneſſe *eate* much, and *mend* not, fall at laſt to a generall loathing of *food*. The *Morall* is true in *Diuinitie*. He that hath a ſicke *conſcience*, and liues a hearer vnder a fruitfull *Miniſtry*, if hee growes not *ſound*, hee will learne to deſpiſe the *Word*. Contemned *bleſſings* leaue roome for *curſes*. Hee that neglects the *good* he may haue, ſhall finde the *euill* he would not haue. Iuſtly hee ſits in *darkeneſſe*, that would not light his *Candle* when the *fire* burned cleerely. He that needs *counſell*, and will not heare it, deſtines himſelfe to miſerie, and is the willing *Author* of his owne *woe*. Continue at a ſtay hee cannot long: if hee could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the *ſoule*, as the other to the *body*. Pittifull is his eſtate, that hates the thing ſhould helpe him: if euer you ſee a drowning man refuſe *helpe*, conclude him a *wilfull murtherer*. VVhen *God* affoords mee plentifull *meanes*, woe bee to me if they prooue not profitable: I had better haue a *deafe eare*, then heare to *neglect* or *hate*: to the burying of ſuch *treaſures* there belongs a *curſe*; to their miſſpending, *Iudgements*.

LV.

Of Gods gifts which are common to All, and Peculiar to the Elect onely.

GOD giues three kindes of Gifts; *Temporall*, *Spirituall* and *Eternall*; *Temporall*, as *Wealth*, *Pleasure*, *Honour*, and such like. *Spirituall*, as *Sauing faith*, *Peace of conscience*, and *assurance of Saluation*. *Eternall*, as *Glory*, and *Happinesse* in Heauen for euer. 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 fauour with the *world* as they? They *liue*, become *old*, and are mighty in *power*; as *Iob* speakes in his 21. yet all these *sweetes* passe away like a *vapour*, and though they reuell out their dayes in mirth, yet in a moment they goe downe to the *Graue*. The two other, *God* bestowes onely vpon his *Elect*: all that heere hee often giues them, is onely one of these, some *spirituall fauours* he bestowes vpon them, the other hee reserues for them, when *Earth* cannot call them her *Children*. *One* hee giues them not, till they bee gone from hence; the *other*, when they haue it, the *World* sees it not. What difference can a blinde man perceiue betweene a sparkling *Diamond*, and a worthlesse *peble*? or what can a naturall man spie in an humble *Christian*, that euer he thinkes may make him bee happy? *Afflictions* heere are the *Lot* of the righteous, and they dimme those splendid beauties, that speake

ſpeake them faire in the eye of the *Almighty*: they are ſports of the *priuie Chamber*, that theſe *Kings* ioy in: the vnciuill Vulgar ſee not the pleaſures of their *Crowne*: Wheras the *wicked* and God-forſaken man, ſpreades out his plumes, and ſeemes euen to checke the Sunne in his glory. *Vice* loues to ſeeme glorious, yea more to ſeeme, then to bee. What a Luſtre theſe *Glow-wormes* caſt in darkeneſſe, which yet but touched, are extinct? A poore reckoning alas in the end! when all theſe counterfeit *Iewels* ſhall be ſnatched from him, and hee anſwer for all ſtrictly, at the vnauoydable Barre of the laſt *Iudgement*. They had need haue ſome pleaſure heere, that can haue nothing but woe heareafter. *Fleſh*, rebellious *fleſh*, would ſometime ſet me to murmur at their proſperitie; but when my minde in her *Clozet* reuolues their fickle eſtate, and findes all their good in preſent and outward, I ſee nothing may bee a mid-wife to the leaſt repining enuy. When my ſoule ſolaceth her ſelfe in thoſe rauiſhing delights that exhilerate a *Chriſtians* mind, how poorely can I thinke of thoſe lamentable *ioyes*? The ſpirituall man lookes on the flouriſhes of this life with *pitty*, not *deſire*. If *God* giues the wicked one, and mee two, why ſhould I complaine? but when the leaſt of mine is infinitely better then his all, let mee neuer grudge him ſo poore and ſo ſhort a heauen. If *God* affords me his Childrens fauours, (though oppreſſed with pouerty) I am richer then all their *gawdy adulations* can make mee: becauſe I haue already the earneſt of a *World* of *Ioy*, which the *wicked* ſhall neuer obtaine.

LVI.

Of Libelling against them that are falne.

I VVonder what *spirit* they are indued withall, that can basely *libell* at a man that is *falne*! If they were *heauenly*, then would they with him condole his *disasters*, and drop some teares in pittie of his *follie* and *wretchednesse*: If but *humane*, yet *Nature* neuer gaue them a minde so cruell, as to adde *weight* to an ouer-charged *Beame*. VVhen I heare of any that fall into *publike disgrace*, I haue a minde to commiserate his *mis-hap*, not to make him *more disconsolate*. To inuenome a *name* by *libels*, that already is openly tainted, is to adde *stripes* with an *Iron rod*, to one that is flayed with *whipping*: and is sure in a *minde* well temper'd, thought *inhumane*, *diabolicall*.

LVII.

The vanity and shortnesse of mans Life.

OVr *yeeres* at full are *fourescore and tenne*: much *time* compared to a *day*; but not a *minute* in respect of *eternitie*: yet how few liue to tell so large a succession of *time*? One dyes in the *bud*; another in the *bloome*; some in the *fruite*; few like the *sheafe*, that come to the *barne* in a full age: and though a man

man liues to enioy *all*, ſee but how little hee may call as his *owne*. He is firſt *Puer*, then *Iuuenis*, next *Vir*, and after, *Senex*; the *firſt* hee rattles away in *toyes* and *Fooleries*, and ere he knowes where he is, ſpends a great part of his precious *time*: he playes as if there were no *ſorrow*; and *ſleepes*, as if there would neuer be *ioy*. The *next*, *pleaſures* and *luxury* ſhorten and haſten away: vnchecked *heate* makes his nimble *ſpirits* boyle; hee dares then *doe* that, which after he dares not *thinke* of: hee does not then *liue*, but *reuell*; and cares not ſo much for *life*, as for that which ſteales it away, *Pleaſure*. Hee hath then a *ſoule* that thinkes not of it ſelfe, but ſtudies onely to content the *body*: which with her beſt *indulgence*, is but a piece of *actiue earth*: when ſhe leaues it, a *lumpe* of *naſtineſſe*. The third *Cares of the world*, and *poſteritie*, debarre of a *ſollid content*: and now when hee is mounted to the *height* of his *way*, hee findes more *miſerie*, then the beginning told him of. VVhat *iarres*, what *toyles*, what *cares*, what *diſcontentments*, and what vnexpected *diſtractions*, ſhall he light vpon? If *poore*, hee's *miſerable* and *ridiculous*: if *rich*, *fearefull* and *ſollicitous*: this being all the difference betweene them; the *firſt* labours how to *liue*; the *other* ſtudies how to *continue liuing*. In the laſt, *nature* growes weake & irkeſome to her ſelfe, venting her diſtaſte with *Salomon*, and mournes that now ſhee findes her *dayes* that bee vnpleaſing. Hee that liues long, hath onely the happineſſe to take a larger taſte of *miſerie*: what before hee thought hurled about with more then a *ſphericall* ſwiftneſſe, he now thinkes more tedious then

then a tyred *Hackney* in foule waies: *Time*, that before he hath wooed to ſtay for him, now hee could on his knee ſue to, to haſte him away. But if (that *honey* of all *humanitie*) *Learning*, hath taught him a way to coozen his *ſorrowes*, hee could then with old *Themiſtocles*, finde in his heart to weepe, that he muſt then *leaue life*, when he begins to *learne wit*. Thus all Man's *ages* are ſo full of troubles, that they filtch away his time of *liuing*. The *firſt* is full of *folly*: the *ſecond*, of *ſinne*: the *third*, of *labour*: the *laſt*, of *griefe*. In *all*, he is in the *Court* of this *world*, as a Ball bandyed betweene two Rackets, *Ioy* and *Sorrow*: If either of them ſtrike him ouer, hee may then *reſt*: otherwiſe his time is nothing but a conſtant motion in *calamity*. I haue onely yet run thorow the *firſt*, and paſſed my *Puerilia*; whether my *life* or my *youth* ſhall be ended firſt, I neither *know* nor *care*. I ſhall neuer bee ſorrowfull for leauing too ſoone, the *tempeſts* of this tumbling *Sea*. But if I ſee my *Summer* paſt, I hope in *Autumne God* will ripen me for himſelfe, and hather mee: if my *Maker* and *Maſter* ſaw it fit, I could bee content neither to ſee it, nor *Winter*, I meane the *winter* of *Age*: but if hee ſhall appoynt mee ſo large a time, I ſhall willingly pray, as my *Sauiour* hath taught mee, *His will bee done*: though I wiſh not the full fruition of all, yet doe I deſire to borrow a *letter* from each: ſo in ſtead of *Puer*, *Iuuenis*, *Vir*, & *Senex*; giue mee the foure firſt *letters*, which will make me *Pius*.

LVIII.

A good Rule in wearing of Apparell.

TWo things in my *apparrell* I will onely aime at; *Commodiousnesse*, *Decencie*: beyond these, I know not how ought may bee commendable; yet I hate an *effeminate spruceneſſe*, as much as a *phantasticke disorder*. A neglectiue *comlineſſe* is a mans beſt *ornament*. *Sardanapalus* was as baſe in his *feminine veſtures*, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when hee wore *Shooes* of *Gold*, and *Rings* of *Leather*: the one ſhew'd much *pride*, the other more *wantonneſſe*: let mee haue *both theſe* excluded, and I am pleaſed in my *Garments*.

LIX.

The good vſe of an Enemie.

THough an *Enemie* be not a thing neceſſary; yet is there much good vſe to bee made of *him*: yea, ſometimes hee doth a man a greater *pleaſure*, then a *dearer friend*. For, whereas a *friend*, out of a feare to diſpleaſe, and a kinde of conniuing *partiality*, ſpeakes onely *Placentia*, and ſuch as he thinkes, may not giue a *diſtaſte*; an *Enemie* vtters his opinion boldly; and if any *act*, misbeſeeming *vertue*, ſpring from a man, he will be ſure to finde it, and blow it abroad.

abroad. So that if a man cannot knowe by his *friends*, wherein hee *offends*; his *enemie* will be ſo much his *friend*, as to ſhew him his *folly*, and how hee failes. 'Twas a good ſpeech of *Diogenes*, *We haue need of faithfull friends, or ſharpe enemies*. Euery man hath vſe of a *monitor*: yet I ſee in all, ſuch a naturall and wilfull blindneſſe through ſelfe-loue, that euery man is *angry* when his *enemy* reuiles him, though iuſtly: and all *pleaſed*, when a *friend* commends, though his *Encomion* be falſe, and deſertleſſe. I will entertaine both with an equall *welcome*: neither, without ſome meditation and good vſe. If one *praiſe* mee for the thing *I haue not*, my firſt following indeuour ſhall bee to get what hee commends me for; leſt when the time comes that I ſhould ſhew it, hee reape diſgrace by reporting *vntruths*, and I loſe my *credit*, by wanting that, I am ſuppoſ'd to poſſeſſe. If for that I *haue*: I will ſtriue to attaine it in a meaſure more latge: ſo ſhall his *words* bee truth, and my *deedes* proue them. If my *enemie* vpbraides mee, let me ſee if it be *iuſtly*. It was an argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when hee was told *Nicanor* rayled on him) ſay, *I beleeue he is honeſt, and feare I haue deſerued it*. If it be ſo, I will labour to ſhake off that *corruption*, and be glad I haue ſo diſcouer'd it. But if iniuriouſly he reports foule, it ſhall be my ioy to beare contentedly, the vniuſt *aſperſions* of malicious *Cenſure*: who euer was, that was not ſlandered? Though he ſhould be *beleeued* a while: yet at laſt my *actions* would out-weigh his *words*, and the *diſgrace* reſt with the *intender* of the

ill.

ill. So that *webbe* of *ſcandall*, they would iniect vpon mee, my *life* ſhall make a *garment* for themſelues to weare. That *ſtone* that *iniurie* caſts, euer in the end lights on *her ſelfe*.

LX.

Inward Integritie and outward Vprightneſſe ought to bee reſpected, whilſt we liue heere.

TWo *things* a man ought to reſpect while he liues heere; his *inward integritie*, and his *outward vprightneſſe*: his *piety* toward *God*, and his *reputation* among *men*. The one is by performance of *religious duties*; the other by obedience to the *lawes publike*: the one makes his *life* famous; the other, his *death* happy: ſo both together, bring credit to the *name*, and felicity to the *ſoule*. I will ſo be alone, as I may bee with *God*: ſo with *company*, as I may pleaſe the *godly*; that, report from *good men* may ſpeake me *vertuous*. Thus whenſoeuer my *breath* ſhall be made but *ayre*, they ſhall beleeue, and I know my ſelfe to be bleſſed. The death of a *good man* is like the putting out of a *wax perfumed Candle*; hee recompences the *loſſe of light*, with the ſweete *odour* he leaues behind him.

LXI.

Of the danger of Neglecting the duty of Prayer.

AS it fareth betweene tvvo *friends*, that haue beene ancient *familiars*, yet dwelling asunder; the one, out of a carelesse neglect, forgets and omits his vsuall duty of *visitation*, and that so long, that at last hee forbeares to goe at all: so their *loues* decay and diminish: not proceeding from any *Iarre*, but onely out of a *stealing neglect*, of renuing their *loues*: Euen so it falls out betweene *God*, and the carelesse *Christian*: who when hee hath omitted the duety of *Prayer*, and perhaps hath some small motiues of a happie returne; the *Deuill* askes him with what face he can novv repaire vnto Him, hauing beene so long a stranger, both to him, and to that *holy duety*. *Dis-respect* is the vvay to lose a *friend*: he that would not continue a *friend*, may *neglect* him, and haue his aime. Experience hath taught me how dangerous *negligence* hath beene, hovv preiudiciall: how soone it breedes *custome*; how easily and insensibly *Custome* creepes into *Nature*; which much labour and long endeuour cannot alter, or extirpate. In this cause there is no remedy but violence, and the seasonable acceptance of opportunity: The vigilant *Mariner* sailes with the first *winde*, and though the *gale* blow somewhat aduersely, yet once lanched forth, he may either finde

finde the *blaſt*, to wombe out his *ſailes* more fully, or elſe helpe himſelfe, by the aduantage of *Searoome*: whereas he that rides ſtill *anchor'd* in the *Riuer*, and will *ſaile* with none, but a *winde* faire, may either lie till he loſe his *voyage*, or elſe rot his *Barke* in the *Harbour*. If a *ſupine neglect*, runne me on theſe *ſands*, a *violent blaſt* muſt ſet me afloat againe. In things that muſt bee, 'tis good to be *reſolute*. I know not whether I ſhall haue a ſecond *call*, or whether my firſt motion ſhall dye *Iſſueleſſe*. I am ſure I muſt returne, or periſh: and therefore *neceſſity* ſhall adde a *foote* to my weake *deſires*; yet I will ſtriue more to preuent this, by frequent *familiaritie*; then being an eſtranged *friend*, to renue old loues: not that after *errour*, I would not returne; but that I would not *ſtray* at all.

LXII.

A good mans Ioy in his many ſorrowes.

THe *good man* hath many ſorrowes, that the *wicked man* neuer knowes of: his *Offences*, the *ſinnes* of the *Time*, the diſhonour of *God*, the daily increaſing of *Satans* kingdome, and the preſent miſery of his *Fathers* children: So that many times, when the *prophane man* is belching out his *blaſphemies*, he inwardly drops a teare in his *ſoule*, and is then petitioning Heauen for his *pardon*. But to ſtrengthen him vnder the burthen of all theſe, he hath one *ioy* (that vvere all his ſorrowes doubled) could make him

him *lightly* beare *them*: and this is the truth of *Gods* promiſes. If I haue more troubles then another, I care not; ſo I haue more ioyes. *God* is no Tyrant, to giue mee more then my *load*. I am *well* in the midd'ſt of *all*, while I haue *that*, which can vphold me in *all*. Who deſerues moſt *honour*, of the *ſluggard* that hath kept his *bed warme*, or the man that hath *combated* a *monſter*, and maſter'd *him*? *Iob* was not ſo *miſerable* in his *afflictions*, as hee was *happy* in his *patience*.

LXIII.

Enuie a Squint-ey'd foole.

THe *enuious man* is a *ſquint-ey'd foole*; and muſt needs *want* both *wit* and *honeſty*: for as the *wiſe man* hath alwaies his minde fixed moſt on his owne affaires: ſo on the contrary, hee obſerues other mens; while thoſe that are *proper* and *pertaining* to himſelfe, inioy the leaſt of his *counſell* and *care*. He *ſees* others, and is *blind* at home; he *lookes* vpon others, as if they were his, and *neglects* his owne, as if they were anothers. Againe, that which he intends for *miſchiefe*, and a ſecret *diſgrace*; euer addes ſome *ſplendor* to the *brightneſſe* of his worth, he doth ſo *vniuſtly* maligne: as if wiſhing him *infamous*, he would labour to make him *famous*: or deſiring to *kill* him, would preſcribe him a *Cordiall*. *Enuy*, like the worme, neuer runnes but to the *faireſt* and the *ripeſt fruit*: as a cunning *Blood-hound*, it ſingles

ſingles out the fatteſt *Deere* of the *Herd*: 'tis a *pitchy ſmoake* which wherefoeuer we finde, we may bee ſure there is a *fire of vertue*. *Abrahams riches* were the *Philiſtines enuy*. *Iacobs bleſſing* bred *Eſaus hate*. Hee's a *man* of a ſtrange conſtitution, whoſe *ſickeneſſe* is bred by anothers *health*; as if *nature* had made him an *Antipathite* to *vertue*; If he were good, or meritorious, he would neuer grieue to haue a companion: but being bad, and ſhallow himſelfe, he would damme vp the *ſtreame*, that is *ſweete* and *ſilent*: ſo by enuying another, for his *radiant luſtre*, he giues the world notice, how *darke* and *obſcure* he is in himſelfe. Yet to all theſe *blurres*, if it were a *vice*, that could adde but a *dramme* of *content*, there might ſomething be ſpoken in way of *Apologie*; But whereas all other *vices* are retained, either for *pleaſure* or *profit*; this onely like a *barren field*, brings forth nothing but *bryers*, and *thornes*: nothing but a *meager leaneneſſe* to the *pined corps*, accompanied with *griefe, vexation, madneſſe*. If another excell me in goodneſſe, Ile make him my *example* to *imitate*: not my *blocke* to *ſtumble on*. If in *wealth*, I ſhall with him bleſſe *God* for his plenty, neuer grudge at thoſe faire fauours of heauen: *God* hath enough both for *me*, and *him*: but if hee deſerues *better*, let me applaud the *diuine Iuſtice*, not *taxe* it. If the *vice* it ſelfe ſhall not cauſe me to ſhunne it; yet the *folly* of it ſhall awe me ſo much, as not to *ſhake hands* with a *Serpent* ſo *foule*: 'tis onely the *weake-ſighted*, that cannot endure the *light*. A ſtrong *eye* can vnhurt gaze the *Sunne*.

LXIIII.

Gods Law our Looking-glasse.

THe *counsell* the *Philosopher* gaue the young *men* of *Athens*, may with much *profit*, be applied by a *Christian*: *viz. That they should often view themselues in a glasse, that if they were faire, and well featured, they should doe such things as should be beseeming their amiable shape: but if foule, and ill fauoured, that then they should labour to salue the bodies blemishes, by the beauties of a minde, accoutred with the ornaments of vertue, and good literature.* The *Law* is the *Christians looking-glasse*; which will shew all, without either *flattery*, or *partialitie*. 'Tis a *globe* hung in the midd'st of the *roome*, which will shew thee euery *durty corner* of thy soule. If thou hast wandred in a *darke way*, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee againe into *true path*. In it will I often behold my selfe: that if I be *free* from the outward actuall violation of it, any thing faire, or haue some beauties, I may study dayly, how to maintaine *them*, how to increase *them*. But if I finde my selfe like a *Leopard* in his spots, or an *Ethiopian* in his hiew *naturall*, *blacke* and *deformed* (as I cannot bee otherwise in my selfe) it shall yet make me see my *defects*, and striue to *mend them*. Knowne *deformities* incite vs to search for *remedy*: The knowledge of the *disease*, is halfe the *cure*.

The

LXV.

The Maiestie of Goodnesse.

THere is no man so *badly* inclin'd, but would gladly be thought *good*: no man so *good* already, but would bee accounted somewhat *better*: which hath oft made mee sit downe with *wonder*, at the choise excellency of *religious vertue*; that euen those which in heart contemne this *Princesse*; yet cannot but thinke it an honour, to bee counted as attendants to *her*. Such a *diuine*, and *amazing* Maiestie there is in *Goodnesse*, that all desire to weare her *Liuery*, though few care to performe her seruice: Like proud *Courtiers*, they would faine be *Fauorites*, but scorne to attend. If then they cannot but *affect* her, that are her *enemies*; how should they *loue* her that ioy 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 my selfe *better*, then haue the vnconstant deeme *me*, either *rare* or *excellent*.

LXVI.

The true cause of a wicked mans short Life.

IT was *well said* of *Dauid*, *The wicked man shall not liue out halfe his dayes*: for by his *intemperancy*, hee

puls on himselfe either *diseases* or *iudgements*; which *cut* him downe before he be fully *growne*. And though his *dayes* be *multiplyed*, he makes them seeme much *shorter*, then indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by *vntimely accidents*, there be *two things* that seeme to contract *time*, in a more compendious *scope*. Either *excessiue* and *secure ioy*: or else a sure *expectation* of *ill*. One of these in euery 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 sleepe, that it feeles not those *priuy* and *perillous wounds*; that *sinne* impaires it withall. All is *frollicke*, *iocond*, *merry*: and he swimmes in the fullest *delights* inuention can procure him: his eye's *inchanted* with *lasciuious obiects*; his eares *charmed* with *scurrilous talke*; his taste *glutted* with *luxurious ryots*; his smell *filled* with *artificiall perfumes*; and his armes *heated* with the *wanton Imbraces of lust*: euery sence hath his seuerall subiect of *solace*: and while in all these, his *affections* are wholly taken vp 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 giue him leisure, to *meditate* a little on this, he might be so much himselfe, as to know how his *time posteth*: But letting it passe, as a thing vnthought of, his end steales on him *vnlookt for*, *vnwelcome*, *vnawares*: and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein in his *lifetime*, he imbathed himselfe: now seeme as a day that is past, whose *Sunne* declin'd at noone. But if otherwise,

otherwiſe, this *ſenſualitie* blindes him not, or that his *conſcience* bee awake already: then alas! how timorous and terrifi'd hee is, with the expectation of his *doome*, and finall *confuſion?* wiſhing that he were either ſome ſenceleſſe ſtone, that the bitter *throes* and *pangs* of *deſpaire* might not freely pierce *him*; or elſe that hee had ſuch wings, as could procure his eſcape from *Death*, and marrow-ſearching *Iudgement*. So like a condemned man, that knowes the date of his *dayes*, he lies telling the *clocke*, and counting the *houre*; which hee ſpends, in wiſhing euery *day* a *yeere*, euery *houre* a *day*, euery *minute* an *houre*, that ſtill he might a while enioy the *ſweet poſſeſſion* of his deare and beloued *life*. Thus either while *his ſoule* cleaues to the midd'ſt of his mirth, his *way* beguiles *him*: or elſe while he *quiuers* with the *conſideration* of the *ſhame* that attends him, hee *ſayles* with ſuch *feare*, that he minds not his *voyage*; ſo is ſuckt into *Gulfe*, ere euer hee bee *aware*. A full ſwinge in *pleaſure*, is the *way* to make man *ſenceleſſe*: A confident perſwaſion of vnauoydable *miſery*, is a ready path to *deſpaire*. Thoſe *potions* that are good but *taſted*, are mortall *ingurgitated*. *Pleaſure* taken as *Phyſicke*, is like a *cordiall* to a weakened *body*: and an expedient thought of our diſſolution, may be as a *corraſiue plaiſter* to eate away the deadneſſe of the *fleſh*. Both are commendably vſefull. I will neither bee ſo *Iouiall*, as to forget the *end*; nor ſo *ſad*, as not to remember the *beginning* of life, *God*.

LXVII.

Prayer more needfull in the Morning, then Euening.

THough *Prayer* ſhould be the *key* of the *day*, and the *locke* of the *night*: yet I hold it more needfull in the *morning*, then when our *bodies* doe take their *repoſe*. For howſoeuer *ſleepe* bee the *Image* or *ſhaddow* of *Death*, and when the *ſhadow* is ſo neere, the *ſubſtance* cannot bee farre: yet a *man* at reſt in his *chamber*, is like a *ſheepe* impenn'd in the *fold*; ſubiect onely to the vnauoydable, and more immediate hand of *God*: whereas in the day, when hee roues abroad in the open and wide *paſtures*, hee is then expoſed to many more vnthought of accidents, that contingently and caſually occurre in the *way*: *Retiredneſſe* is more ſafe then *buſineſſe*: who beleeues not a ſhip ſecurer in the *Bay*, then in the middeſt of the boyling *Ocean*? Beſides, the *morning* to the *day*, is as *youth* to the *life* of a man: if that bee begun well, commonly his age is vertuous: otherwiſe, *God* accepts not the latter *ſeruice*, when his enemie ioyes in the firſt *diſh*. Hee that loues *chaſtitie*, will neuer marry *her* that hath liued a *Harlot* in youth: Why ſhould *God* take thy *dry* bones, when the deuill hath ſuckt the *marrow* out?

The

LXVIII.

The three bookes, in which God may bee easily found.

GOD hath left *three bookes* to the *World*, in each of which *hee* may easily be found: The *Booke* of the *Creatures*, the *Booke* of *Conscience*, and *his written Word*. The *first* shewes his *Omnipotencie*. The *second* his *Iustice*: The *third* his *Mercy* and *Goodnesse*. So though there be none of them so *barren* of the rudiments of *knowledge*, but is sufficient to leaue all without *excuse*, *apologies*: yet in them all, I finde all the good, that euer either the *Heathen*, or the *Christian* hath publisht abroad. In the *first*, is all *Naturall Philosophie*: in the *second*, all *Morall Philosophie*: in the *third*, all true *Diuinitie*. To those admirable *Pillars* of all humane *learning*, (the *Philosophers*) *God* shew'd himselfe in his *Omnipotencie* and *Iustice*, but seemed, as it were, to conceale his *Mercy*: to vs *Christians* hee *shines* in that which *out-shines* all his *Workes*, his *Mercy*: Oh! how should wee regratulate his *fauours* for so *immense* a *benefit*, wherein secluding himselfe from others, hee hath wholly *imparted* himselfe to vs? In the *first* of these I will admire his *workes*, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the *Creatures*. In the *second*, I will reuerence his *Iustice*, by the secret and inmost *checkes* of the *conscience*. In the *third* imbrace his *Loue*, by laying hold on those promises, wherein hee

hath not onely left me meanes to *know* him, but to *loue him*, *rest in him*, and *inioy him for euer*.

LXIX.

The praise of Learning, yet without Grace, it is a Mischiefe.

IF the *fault* bee not in the *misapplication*, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of *Learning*; That, *It makes young men sober, old men happy, poore men rich, and rich men honourable.* Yet in any without *grace*, it proues a double *mischiefe*; there is nothing more *pestilent*, then a ripe *wit* applyed to *lewdnesse*. Because hee that knowes himselfe to be *quicke* and *acute*, relies on his owne *braine*, for euasion from all his *villanies*; and is drawne to the practice of much *vice*, by the too much presuming on his *owne* dexterity. *Ability* and a wicked *will* is *fuell* to burne the world with; *wit* and *wantonnesse* are able to intice a *chaste one*. *Resolution* aud *policie* can cast broyles in *Christendome*, and put ciuill *men* into ciuill *warres*; if you beleeue not this, examine the *Iesuite*. On the contrary, where *grace* guides *knowledge*, and *Religion* hath the reines of *Art*: there, though on *earth*, the man is made *heauenly*; and his life is truly *Angelicall*. Hee does good by the instinct of *Grace*, and that good hee doth well, by the skilfull direction of *Learning*: *Religion* is as *Grammar*, that shewes him the *word*, and the *ground*: while *knowledge*, like *Rhetoricke*, doth pollish it with beseeming

ing *ornaments*. He that giues almes, does *good*, but he that giues willingly to the needy, and in ſeaſon, does *better*. I will ſet my ſelfe to attaine both: for as hee can neuer be a good *Orator*, that wants either *Grammar* or *Rhetoricke*: So there is no man can be a compleate *Chriſtian*, without *Grace*, and ſome *knowledge*. *Vzzah* intended well, but did not know ſo: and want of goodnes ſpoyled *Achitophels* counſell. How can we either *deſire* or *loue* him that wee doe not know? ſince *affectus motus eſt Cordis, à notitia & cognitione obiecti exercitatus*.

LXX.

A Couetous Man can be a friend to None.

THe *couetous* man cannot bee a true or faithfull *friend* to any: for whiles he loues his *mony* better then his *friend*, what expectation can there be of the extent of his *liberality*? In aduerſity, and the time of *tempeſt*, when he ſhould be a *Hauen* to reſt in, and an *Alter Idem*: hee will either like the *Crocodile* ceaze on him in the fall, and take the aduantage of his neceſſities: or elſe out of a lothneſſe to loſe any thing by his diſburſement, rather ſee him macerated by a conſuming *want*, then any way ſend him a ſalue for *diſtreſſe*. *Words* from a *dead man*, and *deedes of charitie* from *a man couetous*, are both alike *rare*, and hard to come by. 'Tis a miracle if hee ſpeakes at all: but if hee doth breake ſilence, 'tis not without *terror* and *amazement* to the *hearers*.

A *couetous mans kindnesse* is like the *Fowlers shrape*, wherein he casts *meate*, not out of *charitie* to *relieue* them; but *treacherie* to *insnare* them. *He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shewes it: but keepes a stone in the other, and hides it.* If yet his *courtesies* were without *danger*, I would rather endure some *extremitie*, then be beholding to the *almes* of *Auarice*. He that ouer-values his *benefit*, neuer thinkes he hath *thanks* sufficient. I had better shift hardly, then owe to an insatiable *Creditor*.

LXXI.

The folly of contemning the Poore in Christ. Magnanimitie and Humilitie Cohabitants.

I Haue seene some high-minded *Roysters*, scornefully contemne the lowly *poore* of *Christ*: as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of *Iudgement*, or thought it an impossibility, euer to stand in neede of the *helpe* of such *humble shrubbs*. *Fooles*, so to contemne those, whose ayde they may after want: 'tis no badge of *Nobilitie* to despise an *inferiour*. *Magnanimitie* and *Humility* are *Cohabitants*: *Courtesie* is one of the fairest *Iemmes* in a *Crowne*: 'twas *Cæsars* glory, to saue his *Country-men*, which liues still in that speech, which sayes, *Hee pardoned more then he ouercame*: *True Honour* is like the *Sun*, that shines as well to the *Peasant* in the *field*, as the *Monarch* in his *Throne*: hee that with-holds his

his *clemency*, because the *subiect* is base, denyes a *remedy* to his *wounded foot*; because 'tis an *inferiour part*: so hee may iustly after complaine and want it. When the *Lyon* was catched in a snare, 'twas not the spacious *Elephant*, but the little *Mouse*, that restor'd him his wonted libertie: though the *head* guides the *hand*, the *hand* defends the *head*.

LXXII.

Sudden Occasion of Sinne dangerous.

AS *sudden passions* are most violent; so *sudden occasions* of sinne are most dangerous: for while the senses are set vpon by vnthought of *obiects*, *Reason* wants time to call a *Counsell*, to determine how to resist the *Assault*: 'tis a *faire booties* makes many a *Thiefe*, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps haue liu'd honestly. *Opportunity* is a *wooer*, that none but *heauen* can conquer. *Humanity* is too weake a *spell* for so powerfull a *charme*: she casts a fury into the *blood*, that will teare out a way, though the *soule* be lost by it. The *Racke* is easier then her importunity; *flames* are *Snow-balls* to it: sure, if the *Deuill* would change his properties, he would put himselfe into this *subtill thing*: shee puls vs with a thousand chaines; at euery *nerue* shee hangs a *poize* to draw vs to her *sorcery*: and many times in our *gaine*, we are *lost* for euer. What *tortures* cannot force vs to, shee will smoothly perswade: she breakes all *bonds*, *lawes*, *resolutions*, *othes*.

Wise

Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius* his *Daughters*; lest their beauty should incite him to *folly*: shee runnes vs into *errours*, and makes vs so desperate, as to dare any thing: If shee offer me her seruice to *ill*, Ile either *kicke* her as a *Bawd* to *Vice*; or else *winke* when shee shewes me her *painting*. *Occasion* is a *Witch*, and I'le be as heedfull in auoyding *her*; as I will be warie to eschew a *sinne*. But if I be constrained to heare the *Syren* sing, *Vlisses* was wise, when he tyed himselfe to the *Mast*.

LXXII.

Of being Vices Friend, and Vertues Enemy.

MY *hatred* to my *Enemy* shall bee but *in part*, my *loue* to my *friend*, *whole* and *intire*: for howsoeuer I may *hate* my *Enemies vices*, and his ill *conditions*; yet will I *loue* his *person*, both as hee is a *man*, and my *brother*. His *detestation* is too deepe, that will burne his *linnen*, because 'tis *foule*; they may both returne to their former *purity*, & then to *hate*, is sinfull. But as for my *friend*, I will loue 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 *Goodnesse*; nor so *loue*, as to foster *Iniquitie*: 'Tis a question which is the worst of the two, to be *Vices Friend*, or *Vertues Enemie*.

Next

LXXIV.

Next God, the good man is the onely Friend.

NExt *God*, the *good man* is the onely *friend:* for when all other ſlinke out of the way, he onely is a ſecure *Harbour* for a *ſhipwrackt ſoule* to ride in; if hee be *vpright* that is in fallen in diſtreſſe, he then relieues him, as a *brother*, as a *member*: If *lewd*, yet neceſſity induceth a *commiſeration*; and ſeeing the glorious *Impreſe* of the *Almighties Image* in him, hee cannot, but for his *Fathers* ſake, affect him. If he be *poore*, of *Gods* making, by the vnauoydable *deſignement* of a *ſupreme prouidence*, *Nature* incites a *reliefe:* For he knowes not how ſoone, a like *lot* may fall in his owne *ground*. The ſame *Sunne* ſaw *Iob* both *rich* and *poore* to a *Prouerbe*. If his owne ill courſes haue 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 midd'ſt of *diſaſters:* hoping that his *charity* may either worke his *returne*, or ſtay him from ſpeedy *ruine*. If he be *ill*, he is a *Magiſtrate*, to correct and reclaime him: if *good*, he is a *Father*, to vphold and loue him: if *rich*, he reades him a Lecture of *moderation*, and *diſcreet diſpoſure:* tels him, not *poſſeſſion*, but *vſe*, diuitiates a man more truely: if *poore*, he ſets him to *Schoole* with *Paul*, there to learne, *Content is plenty*; tel's how that *Pagan Cynicke* could laugh at *riches*, when hee call'd them nothing but

fortunes

fortunes vomit; if *wise*, he is his *delight* and *solace*; euen the *Garner*, where hee leaues his *load*, and lockes his *store*: if *ignorant*, he *instructs* him with the *Oracles* of *God*; *dictitates Sentences* vnto him, and speakes all, *tanquam ex tripode*. Euery way I find him so *beneficiall*, that the *pious* will not liue but *with him*; and the *bad man* cannot liue *without* him. Who had salu'd the offending *Israelites*, had not *Moses* stood vp to intercede? It shall more ioy mee to liue with *Christians*, then *men*.

LXXV.

The hard-hearted man hath Misery almost in Perfection.

THe hard-hearted man hath *miserie* almost in *perfection*: and there is none more *wretched*, then a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high way to *ruine*; but he, as he goes, buildes a *wall* at his backe, that he cannot retire to the *Tent*. Neither *Mercies*, nor *Iudgements*, winne him at all. Not *Mercies*: those, his *pride* makes him thinke but his *due*; and while they are but common ones, they passe away with his common thoughts. *Benefits* seldome sinke deepe in *obdurate mindes*: 'tis the *soft nature* that is sooneſt taken with a *courtesie*. Not *Iudgements*; for either he *reuerberates* them backe, before they *pearce*, as a *wall* of *steele* doth a *blunt-headed Arrow*: or if they doe perhaps finde entrance, like the *Elephant*, with the convulsion of his *nerues*, and his *bodies* contraction;

ction; he casts out the *shaft* that stickes within him: so still he rests vnmollified, for all this *raine* and *haile*. *Warnings* to *peruerse dispositions*, are the meanes to make them *worse*: Those *plagues* and *wonders* that would haue *melted* a *milder soule*, onely reduced *Pharaoh's* to a more hard and desperate *temper*. Strange! that he should locke out of his *owne good*, with so strange a *key*, so sure a *Ward*; when euery *Vice* that defiles the minde, finds both ready and free welcome. If I liue in *sinne*, *Gods* first call is *mercy*; I had better goe willingly, then bee led by constraint: 'tis fit he should know the smart of *torture*, that nothing will cause to confesse but the *Racke*: If I finde *God* whippes me with any sensible *stroke*, I will search the *cause*, then seeke the *cure*: such blowes are the Physicke of a bleeding *Soule*: but neglected, my sinne will be more, and my punishment: 'Tis in vaine to be stubborne with *God*: hee can crushvs to *nothing*, can turne vs to *any thing*: let me rather returne speedily, and preuent *Iudgements*, then stay obstinately, and pull downe *more*: as 'tis a happy *feare*, which preuents the *offence*, and the *Rod*: so that is a miserable *valour*, which is bold to dare the *Almighty*.

LXXVI.

Of Censure and Calumnie.

SOme mens *Censures* are like the blasts of *Rammes Hornes*, before the Walles of *Iericho*: all the strength

ſtrength of a mans *vertue* they lay *leuell* at one vtterance: when all their *ground* is only a *conceited fancy*, without any certaine *baſis* to build on. What religious minde will not with amazement ſhudder, at the *peremptorie conclusions*, where they haue ſet their *period?* Wondring, *Man* that knowes ſo *little*, ſhould yet ſo ſpeake, as if hee were priuy to *All.* I confeſſe, a man may roue by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that *Philoſopher* did more wiſely, that ſeeing a *faire face*, with a *tongue* ſilent, bade him *ſpeake, that he might ſee him.* For the *cheeke* may be dimpled with a pleaſing ſmile, while the *heart* throbs with vndiſcerned *dolours*: and as a *cleere face* ſhewes not alwayes a *ſound body*: no more is an *ingenious looke*, alwaies the Enſigne of a *minde vertuous.* I will only walke in *Chriſts* path, and learne *by their fruit to know them*: where I want experience, *charitie* bids me thinke the *beſt*; and leaue what I know not, to the *Searcher of hearts.* *Miſtakes*, *Suſpect* and *Enuie*, often iniurie a cleere fame: there is leaſt danger in a charitable conſtruction.

In part hee's guilty of the wrong that's done,
Which doth beleeue thoſe falſe reports that runne.

I will neither *beleeue* all I *heare*, nor *ſpeake* all I *beleeue*; A mans good *name* is like a milke-white *ball*, that will infinitely gather ſoyle in toſſing. The act of *Alexander* in this cauſe, merits an eternall memory; that hauing read a *Letter* with his Fauourite *Hephæſtion*, wherein his Mother calumniated *Antipater*,

Antipater, tooke his *Signet* from his finger, and appressed his lips with it: Coniuring as it were, the strict silence of anothers 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 *roote*: *Malice* and *basenesse* euer dwell with *calumnie*. I will iudge *well* of euery man, whom his owne bad *life* speakes not *ill* of: if he be bad, Ile hope *well*; what know I how his end may prosper? I had better labour to amend him to *himselfe*, then by publishing his *vices*, make him odious to *others*. If he be good, and belongs to *God*, how can I chuse but offend much, when I speake ill of a *childe* that is indeared to such a *Fathers* affection? *God* loues his owne tenderly; and whosoeuer offers a disgrace to them, shall bee sure to pay for't, either by *teares* or *torment*.

LXXVII.

Three things that a Christian should specially know.

THere are three things especially that a *Christian* should know: *His owne miserie*; *Gods Loue*; *His owne thankfull Obedience*. His *Misery*, how iust; *Gods loue*, how free, how vndeserued; his owne *thankefulnesse*, how due, how necessarie. *Consideration* of *one*, successiuely begets the *apprehension* of *all*: Our *miserie* shewes vs his *Loue*: his *loue* cals for

our acknowledgement. *Want* makes a *bountie* weightier: if we thinke on our *needs*, wee cannot but admire his *mercies*: how dull were wee, if wee should not value the reliefe of our necessities? hee cannot but esteeme the *benefit*, that vnexpectedly helpes him in his deepest distresse: That *Loue* is most to be prized, whose onely motiue is *goodnesse*. The thought of *this*, will forme a disposition gratefull: who can meditate so vnbottomed a *loue*, and not study for a thankefull demeanour? His minde is crosse to *Nature*, that requites not *affection* with *gratitude*. All *fauours* haue this successe, if they light on good ground, they bring forth *thankes*. Let mee first thinke my *misery* without my Saiours *mercy*: next, his *mercy* without my *merits*: and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thankes will spring. Though I cannot conceiue 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 vnfained and zealous *thanksgiuing*. That time is well spent, wherein wee studie *thankefulnesse*.

LXXVIII.

Fooles great esteeme of outward beautie.

THough the *fooles* of the World thinke *outward beauty* the onely *Iewell* that deserueth wearing; yet the *wise man* counts it but an accident; that can neither adde nor diminish, to the worth of *Vertue*, as

as ſhee is in herſelfe: ſo as hee neuer eſteemes her more or leſſe, but as he finds her accompliſht with *diſcretion*, *honeſty*, and *good parts*. If my friend bee *vertuous*, and *nobly-minded*, my *ſoule* ſhall loue him, howſoeuer his *body* bee framed: and if *beauty* make him amiable, I needes muſt like him much the better: The *Sunne* is more glorious in a cleere *Sky*, then when the *Horizon* is clouded. *Beauty* is the *wit* of *Nature* put into the *Frontiſpice*. If there bee any humane thing may teach *Faith* reaſon, this is it: in other things we *imagine* more then we *ſee*: in this wee *ſee* more then wee can *imagine*. I haue ſeene (and yet not with a partiall eye) ſuch *features*, and ſuch *mixtures*, as I haue thought impoſſible for either *Nature* to frame, or *Art* to counterfet: yet in the ſame *face*, I haue ſeene that, which hath outgone them both, the *Countenance*. Oh! if ſuch glory can dwell with *corruption*, what celeſtiall excellencies are in the *Saints* aboue? Who would not gaze himſelfe into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a *treaſure* in ſo pure a *Cabinet*, vnmatched *vertue*, in matchleſſe *beauty*? But if my Friends *body* hath more *comelineſſe*, then his *ſoule goodneſſe*; I like him the worſe, for beeing but outwardly faire. *Wickedneſſe* in *beauty*, is a *Traytour* of the *Bedchamber*: poyſon in ſweet meates. A vicious *ſoule* in a beautifull *body*, I account as a *Ieſuite* in the Robes of a *Courtier*: or ſomewhat more fitly, a *Papiſt*, that will goe to *Church*.

LXXIX.

Of Beeing, and Seeming to be.

AS I thinke, there are many worse then they seeme; so I suppose there are some, better then they shew: and these are like the growing *Chesnut*, that keepes a sweet and nutrimentall kernell included in a rough and prickely huske. The other, as the *Peach*, hold a rugged and craggie stone, vnder the couer of a Veluet *Coate*. I would not deceiue a good man either way: both offer a wrong to *vertue*: The *one* shewes her worse then she is; dulling her *beauty* with dimme colours, and presenting her with a harder *fauour* then her owne: The *other* doth varnish ouer the rottennesse of *Vice*, and makes *goodnesse* but the vizor of *hypocrisie*. Eyther are condemnable: painting the *face*, is not much worse then wilfull soyling it. Hee is as well a *murtherer*, that accuseth himselfe falsly, as he that did the act, and denyes it. *One* would obscure *goodnesse*, with *Vice*: the other would palliate *Vice*, with *Goodnesse*. *Fraud* is in both: and I am sure no *Pleasure* can make *Deceit* allowable. I will therefore striue to auoyde both: and with *Chrysostome*, either *seeme* as I am, or *bee* as I *seeme*. But if I should erre on one side, I had rather resemble a plaine *Country-man*, that goes in *Russet*, and is rich in *Reuenues*; then a *riotus Courtier*, that weares *glorious apparell*, without *money* in his *purse*.

Sanctitie

LXXX.

Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.

A *Christians* voyage to *Heauen*, is a *Sentence* of three *Stops*; *Comma, Colon, Periodus*. Hee that *repents*, is come to the *Comma*, and beginnes to speake sweetly, the language of *Saluation*: but if he leaues there, *God* vnderstands not such abrupt *speeches*: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leaue his theft, and serue his *Countrey*, e're his *Prince* will receiue him to *fauour*. 'Tis *he that confesseth and forsakes his sinne*, that *shall finde mercy*: 'tis his leauing his *wickednesse*, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to *heauen*. Yet heere also is the *Clause* vnperfect, vnlesse hee goes on to the *practice of righteousnesse*, which as a *Period* knits vp all, and makes the *Sentence* full. *Returne* and *penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soueraignes* Banner; he must first doe some *valiant act*, before by the Law of *Armes*, hee can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helps not, when *sinne* is renewed; nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit euill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot bee sure of *compleate Glorie*. If I did all strictly, I were yet *vnprofitable*; and if *God* had not appointed my faith to perfect me, *miserable*.

If he were not full of *mercies*, how vnhappy a creature were *man?*

LXXXI.

The great Good of Good order.

EVen from naturall reason, is the *wicked man*, prou'd to be *sonne* vnto *Satan*, and *heyre* of *Hell*, and *torments*. For not to speake of *Heauen*, (where the *blessed* are happy, and all things beyond apprehension excellent,) euen in the *Firmament*, wee see how all things are preserued by a glorious *order*: the *Sunne* hath his appointed circuit, the *Moone* her constant change, and euery *Planet* and *Starre* their proper course & place. For as they are called *fixed Starres*, not because they mooue not at all, but because their *motion* is insensible, and their distances euer 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 moue in an vncertaine *irregularity*; but because those seuen inferiour *Orbes*, wherein they are set, are diuersly carried about; which makes them appeare sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, yet euer in the settled place of their owne *Orbe*, whose *Reuolutions* also, are in most strict, and euer certaine times. The *Earth* likewise hath her vnstirred *Station*; the *Sea* is confin'd in *limits*; and in his ebbings and flowings, dances as it were after the influence, and aspect of the *Moone*; whereby it is both kept from

from *putrifaction*, and by ſtruggling with it ſelfe, from ouer-flowing the *Land*. In this World, *Order* is the life of *Kingdomes*, *Honours*, *Arts*: and by the excellencie of it, all things flouriſh and thriue. Onely in *Hell* is *confuſion*, *horrour*, and *amazing diſorder*. From whence the wicked man ſhewes himſelfe ſprung; for there is nothing that like him liues ſo irregular, and out of *compaſſe*. *Diſorder* is a Bird of the *Deuils* hatching: I feare leſt thoſe that rent the *Church* for *Ceremonie*, haue ſome effinitie with that Prince of miſ-rule: we oft finde the *parents* diſpoſition, though not propagated to the *childe*, yet followed by him. I doe not *cenſure*, *but doubt*. VVe haue ſeldome knowne him *good*, that refuſeth to obey *good orders*. VVho can expect a fruitfull *crop*, when the *field* is ſometimes blaſted with *Lightening*, ſometimes drenched with *inundations*, but neuer cheriſhed with a kindly *Sunne*? things vncapable of a true forme, are euer mending, yet euer vnperfect: when the *rankes* are broken, the *victorie* is in hazzard. One bad *voice*, can put twenty good ones out of tune. I will firſt order my minde by good *reſolution*; then keepe it ſo by a ſtrong *conſtancy*. Thoſe *Souldiers* dyed brauely, that where they ſtood to *fight*, they fell to *death*.

LXXXII.

Three things encounter our Consideration, and these three haue three Remedies.

IN euery man there bee three things that encounter our Consideration; *The Minde*, the *Behauiour*, the *Person*. A grosse blemish in any of which, stickes some disgrace on the vnhappy owner. If the *Minde* be vicious, though the carriage be faire, and the *Person* comely; *Honesty* esteemes not outward parts, where inward *Grace* is wanting. If his *minde* be good, and *carriage* clownish, his outwatd bad *demeanour* makes his inward *worth* ridiculous: and admit hee hath *both* deseruing *applause*; yet a surfeited and diseased *body*, makes all dis-regarded, while the approach of his presence may prooue preiudiciall, infectious, noysome. To remedy the defects of all these, I finde three noble Sciences: *Diuinity*, *Philosophie*, *Physicke*: *Diuinity*, for the *Soule*; to preserue that vnstain'd and holy; as also to indue it with vnderstanding: for *God* with his *Graces* instils *Knowledge*: it was the keeping of his *Law*, made *Dauid* wiser then those that taught him. *Diuine Knowledge* is not without *humane*: when *God* giues the first, in some measure he giues both: and therefore wee seldome finde the ignorant man *honest*: if he be *mentally*, yet he failes *expressiuely*. *Philosophie*, for his manners and demeanours, in the many

many contingent things of this life; to fit him both with decent *Complements*, and sufficient *staidnesse*: neither sauoring of *Curiosity*, nor *rusticity*: Nor was euer *Religion* found of a foe to *good manners*; For she shines brightest in a braue *behauiour*, so it be free from *affection*, *flattery*. *Philosophy* is the *salt* of *life*; that can dry vp the crude humours of a *Nouice*: and correct those *pestilent qualities* wherewith *Nature* hath infected vs: which was ingenuously confest by *Socrates*, when *Zopyrus* by his *Phisiognomie* pronounced him fouly vicious. *Physicke*, to know the state of the *body*; both to auoyde distempers in *health*, and to recouer *health* in wearying *diseases*; 'tis the restitution of decaying *Nature*: when she is falling, this giues her a hand of *sustenance*: it puts away our *blemishes*, restores our *strength*, and rids vs of *that*, vvhich vvould rid vs of our *liues*. In all these though a man bee not *so Learned*, as to *teach* them to *others*; yet in *all* I would know *so much*, as might serue to direct me in mine *owne occasions*. 'Tis commendable to know any thing that may beare the title of *Good*; but for these so *pleasing Sciences*, I will rather study with some paines, then want experience in things so necessarie. Thus shall I fit my *minde* for *God*, my *body* to my *minde*, my *behauiour* to both, and my *friends*.

How

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 faire hopes, dyes in a deiected *scorne*; which meetes with nothing in the end, but *beggery*, *basenesse*, and *contempt*. To see how the *world* is mistaken in *opinion*, to suppose those *best* that are *wealthiest*. To see how the *World* thinkes to appall the minde of *Noblenesse* with *misery*; while true *resolution* laughs at their poore *impotency*, and slights euen the vtmost spight of *tyranny*. To see how men buy *Offices* at high rates, which when they haue, proue *ginnes* to catch their *soules* in, and snare their *estates* and *reputations*. To see how foolishly men coozen themselues of their *soules*, while they thinke they gaine, by their cunning defrauding another. To see how the *proiectors* of the *World*, like the spoke of the *Wheele* of *Sesostris Chariot*, are tumbled vp and downe, from *beggery*, to *Worship*; from *worship*, to *honour*; from *honour*, to *basenesse* againe. To see what idle *Complements* are currant among some that affect the *Phantasticke garbe*: as if *friendship* were nothing but an *Apish salute*, glossed ouer with nothing but the *varnish* of a *smooth tongue*. To see a *strutting Prodigall* ouer-looke a *Region*, with his *wa-*

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uing plume; as if he could as easily shake *that*, as his *Feather*; yet in priuate will creepe like a *crouching Spaniell*, to his base muddy *Prostitute*. To see how *Pot-valour* thunders in a *Tauerne*, and appoynts a *Duell*, but goes away, and giues *money* to haue the *quarrell* taken vp vnder-hand. *Mad* on the other side, to see how *Vice* goes trapped with *rich furniture*, while poore *Vertue* hath nothing but a *bridle* and *saddle*, which onely serue to increase her *bondage*. To see *Machiauels Tenents* held as *Oracles*; *Honesty* reputed *shallownesse*; *Iustice* bought and sold; as if the *World* went about to disprooue *Zorobabel*, and would make him confesse, *money* to be stronger then *Truth*. To see how *flattery* creepes into *fauour* with *Greatnesse*, while *plaine-dealing* is thought the enemy of *State* and *Honour*. To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their owne Religion) inuent *lyes*, and *print* them; that they may not onely coozen the *present age*, but gull *posterity*, with *forged actions*. To see how well-meaning *simplicity* is *foot-ball'd*. To see how *Religion* is made a *Politicians vizor*; which hauing helpt him to his *purpose*, he casts by, like *Sunday apparell*, not thought on all the *weeke* after. And, which would *mad* a man more then all, to *know* all this, yet not *know* how to helpe it. These would almost distract a man in himselfe. But since I finde they are *incurable*; I'le often pray for their amendment in priuate; neuer *declaime*, but when I am call'd to't. Hee loseth much of his comfort, that without a iust *deputation*, thrusts himselfe into *danger*. Let me haue *that* once, and it shall neuer grieue me to dye in a *warrantable Warre*.

To

LXXXIV.

To reuenge wrongs, what it ſauours of.

TO *reuenge* a *wrong*, is both *eaſie* and *vſuall*; and as the *World* thinkes, ſauours of ſome *nobleneſſe*: But *Religion* ſayes the contrary, and tels vs, 'tis better to *neglect* it, then *requite* it. If any man ſhall *willingly* offer mee an *iniurie*, he ſhall *know*, I can *ſee* it, but withall, he ſhall *ſee*, I *ſcorne* it: vnleſſe it bee ſuch, as the bearing is an offence. What neede I doe that, which his owne *minde* will doe for mee? If hee hath done ill, my *reuenge* is within him: if not, I am too blame in ſeeking it. If *vnwillingly* he wrongs mee, I am as ready to *forgiue*, as he to *ſubmit*: for I know, a good *minde* will bee more *ſorrowfull*, then I ſhall be *offended*: *With his owne hand he rebateth his honour, that kills a priſoner humbly yeelding*: VVho but a *Deuill*, or a *Pope*, could trample on a proſtrate *Emperour*?

LXXXV.

Who is moſt ſubiect to Cenſure.

I Obſerue none more lyable to the *Worlds* falſe cenſure, then the *vpright nature*, that is *honeſt* and *free*. For many times, while he thinkes no *ill*, hee cares not though the *World* ſees the worſt of his

actions;

actions; ſuppoſing he ſhall not be iudged *worſe* then he knowes himſelfe: but the *World* being *bad* it ſelfe, gueſſes at *others* by his *owne*: ſo concludes *bad* of thoſe that are not. Some haue I knowne thus iniur'd, that out of a *minde* not acquainted with *ill*, haue by a *free demeanour*, had infinite *ſcandals* caſt vpon them; when I know, the *ignorant* and *ill World* is much *miſtaken*, and coniectures falſe. I will neuer *cenſure*, till I ſee *grounds* apparent: hee that *thinkes ill* without this, I dare pawne my *ſoule*, is either *bad*, or would be ſo, if *opportunitie* but ſeru'd him. In things vncertaine, a *bad conſtruction* muſt needs flow from a *bad minde*: who could imagine *priuate vice* which they doe not ſee, by a *harmeleſſe carriage* which they doe ſee, vnleſſe either their owne *ill practice*, or *deſires* had prompted them? *Vice* as it is the *Deuils iſſue*; ſo in part it retaines his *qualities*; and *deſiring* others bad, *beleeues* them ſo. But *Vertue* had a more *heauenly breeding*: ſhe is warie, leſt ſhee cenſure raſhly: and had rather *ſtraine* to *ſaue*, then *erre* to *condemne*. If my life be free from *villany*, and *baſe deſignes*, I know, the *good* will ſpeake no *worſe* then they ſee: as for thoſe that are *lewd*, their *blacke tongues* can neuer ſpot the faire of *Vertue*: onely I could ſometimes grieue, to ſee how they *wrong themſelues* by *wronging others*:

Contem

LXXXVI.

Content makes Rich.

EVery man either *is rich*, or *may bee so*; though not all in one and the same *wealth*. Some haue *abundance*, and *reioyce in't*: some *a competencie*, and are *content*: some hauing *nothing*, haue a minde desiring *nothing*. He that hath *most*, wants *something*: he that hath *least*, is in something *supplied*; wherein the minde which maketh *rich*, may well possesse him with the thought of store. Who *whistles* out more *content*, then the low-fortun'd *Plow-man*, or *sings* more *merrily*, then the abiect *Cobler* that sits vnder the stall? *Content* dwels with those, that are out of the *eye* of the world, whome shee hath neuer *train'd* with *her gaudes*, *her toyles*, *her lures*. *Wealth* is like *Learning*, wherein our greater *knowledge* is onely a larger *sight* of our *wants*. *Desires* fulfilled, teach vs to desire more: so *wee* that at first were pleased, by remouing from that, are now growne *insatiable*. *Wishes* haue neither *End*: nor *end*. So in the midd'st of *affluency*, we complaine of *penury*: which not finding, we make. For to possesse the whole world with a grumbling *mind*, is but a little more specious *pouerty*. If I be not outwardly *rich*, I will labour to bee *poore* in crauing desires; but in the vertues of *the minde*, (the best *riches*) I would not haue a man exceed *mee*. Hee that hath a *minde* contentedly *good*, inioyeth in it boundlesse *possessi-*

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ons. If I bee pleas'd in my ſelfe, who can adde to my *happineſſe?* as no man liues ſo *happy*, but to ſome his *life* would be *burdenſome*: ſo wee ſhall finde none ſo *miſerable*, but wee ſhall heare of another, that would change *calamities*.

LXXXVII.

The Condition of things, which the world yeeldes.

TO *haue beene happy, is wretched*; to be *happy, momentany*; to may be *happy, doubtfull*. All that the world yeelds, is either vncertainely *good*, or certainely *ill*. Euen his beſt *cordials*, haue ſome bitter ingredients in *them*; leſt fooliſh *ſenſualitie* ſhould catch them with too greedy a *hand*. Wee ſhould ſurfeit with their *honey*, if there were not *gall* intermingled. The reaſon of defect I finde in the *obiect*, which being earthly, muſt be *brittle, fading, vaine, imperfect*: ſo though it may *pleaſe*, it cannot *ſatisfie*. *Earth* can giue vs but a taſte of *pleaſure*, not fill vs. What ſhee affords, let mee lawfully vſe; truſt to, neuer. Hee onely that hath beene, is, and ſhall bee for euer, can make my *paſt happineſſe*, preſent; my *future*, certaine; and my *preſent* continue, if not as 'tis, *better*, and then *for euer*.

Good

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 faire *beatitude*. 'Tis the hardest both to *get*, and *keepe*: like a *glasse* of most curious workemanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many *vertues*, is by one short *vicious action*, lost for euer. Nay if it could only vanish in this sort, it would then by many bee kept vn-tainted: If it could not be lost but vpon *certainties*; If it were in our owne *keeping*; or if not in our owne, in the *hands* of the *wise* and *honest*; how possible were it to preserue it *pure*? But alas! this is the *misery*, that it rests vpon *probabilities*, which as they are hard to *disproue*, so they are ready to *perswade*: That it is in the hands of *others*, not our *selues*: in the custody not of the *discreet* and *good* onely, but also of *Fooles*, *Knaues*, *Villaines*: who though they cannot make vs *worse* to our *selues*; yet how vile may they render vs to *others*? To *vindicate* it from the tongues of these, there is no *remedie*, but a constant *carefull discretion*. I must not only *be good*, but not *seeme ill*. *Appearance* alone, which in good is *too little*, is in euill *too much*. Hee is a wilfull *murtherer* of his owne *fame*, that willingly

ly appeares in the *ill action* hee did not. 'Tis not enough to be *well-lyu'd*, but *well-reported*. When we know *good fame* a *blessing*, we may easily in the contrary, discerne a *curse*: whereof wee are iustly seized, while wee labour not to auoyd it. I will care as well to be *thought honest*, as to *bee so*: my *friends* know me by the actions they *see*; *strangers* by the things they *heare*: the agreement of *both*, is the confirming of my *goodnesse*. The one is a good *complexion*, the other a good *countenance*: I deny not but they may bee seuerall; but they are then most *gracefull*, when both are seated together. It had beene well spoken of *Cæsar*, if hee had not put her away, when after *triall*, and the *crime cleered*, he said, Cæsars *Wife should not onely bee free from sinne, but from suspition*. An *ill name* may bee free from *dishonesty*, but not from some *folly*. Though *slanders* rise from *others*, wee *our selues* oft giue the occasion. The *first* best way to a *good name*, is a *good life*: the *next*, is a *good behauiour*.

LXXXIX.

Earthly delights sweeter in Expectation then in Enioyment.

ALl *earthly delights* I finde sweeter in the *expectation*, then the *inioyment*: All *spirituall pleasures*, more in *fruition* then *expectation*. Those *carnall contentments* that heere we ioy in, the *Diuell* shewes vs through a *prospectiue glasse*; which makes them

ſeeme both greater, and neerer hand: when hee tooke *Chriſt* to the *Mountaine*, hee ſhewed him all the *Kingdomes*, and the *glory* of them; but neuer mentions the *troubles*, *dangers*, *cares*, *feares*, *vigilancies*, which are as it were the *thornes* wherewith a *Crowne* is lined. Oh! what mountaines of *ioy* doe we caſt vp, while we thinke on our earthly *Canaan*? whatſoeuer *temporall felicity* we apprehend, we cull out the *pleaſures*, and ouerprize them; the *perils* and *moleſtations* we either not ſee or not thinke of: like the fooliſh man, that at a deare rate buyes a *Monopoly*, wherein he counts the *gaines*, and ouercaſts them; but neuer weighes the *charges*, nor the *caſualtie*, in making him liable both to the *hatefull curſe* of the *People*; and the ſeuere *cenſure* of a *Parliament*. Heerein wee are all *fooles*, that ſeeing theſe *Bladders*, wee will blow them beyond their compaſſe. 'Tis *Satan's* craft to ſhew vs the inticing *ſpots* of this *Panther*, concealing the torvitie of her *countenance*. But when againe we looke at *heauenly things*, like a *cunning Iuggler*, hee turnes the *glaſſe*; ſo detracts from thoſe *faire proportions*, the chiefe of their *beauty* and *worth*; thoſe, wee beleeue both *leſſe*, and more *remote*; as if hee would carry vs in *Winter* to ſee the pleaſures of a *Garden*. Thus the *heart* informed by *abuſed ſences*, is content to *ſaile* as they *ſteere*; ſo either tombes her ſelfe in the boſome of the *waues*; or cuts thorovv the way to her *Enemies Country*; where ſhe is quickly *taken ranſack't*, and *rifl'd all*. If this were not, how could wee bee ſo heartleſſe in purſuit of *Celeſtiall prizes*; or what could breede ſo ſoone a loathing of *that*, which moſt wee haue coueted,

ueted, and ſweat to obtaine? If my minde grow enamoured on any *ſublunarie happineſſe*, I will coole it with this *knowledge*: and withall tell her, ſhee is happier in apprehending the *taſte* without the *Lees*; then in drinking the *Wine*, that is yet vnfined. That *felicity* which *experience* findes lame, and halting, *Thought* and *ſuſpition* giue a perfect ſhape. But if the motions of my *ſoule* wheele toward any Diuine *ſweet*, my ſtrongeſt arguments ſhall perſwade a *proceeding*. Heere *Imagination's* darke eye is too dimme, to fixe vpon this *Sun*. VVhen I come to it, I am ſure I ſhall find it tranſcending my thoughts: Till then, my *Faith* ſhall bee aboue my *Reaſon*, and perſwade me to more then I know. Though *fruition* excludes *faith*, yet *beliefe* makes bleſſed. So I will *beleeue*, what yet I cannot *enioy*.

XC.

How the Minde and Deſire make Actions either Tedious or Delightfull.

EVery mans *actions*, are according to his minde, *tedious* or *delightfull*. For be it neuer ſo laborious and painefull, if the *minde* entertaines it with *delight*, the *body* gladly vndergoes the *trouble*, and is ſo farre at the *mindes* ſeruice, as not to complaine of the burthen. And though it bee neuer ſo full of *pleaſure*, that might ſmooth the *ſences*; yet if the *mind* diſtaſtes it, the *content* turnes to *vexation*, *toyle*. *Deſire* is a *Wind*, that againſt the *Tyde* can carry vs

merrily; with it, make vs *flye*. How pleasant would our *life* bee, if wee had not *crosse gales* to thwart vs, *various Tydes* to checke vs? With these, how full of *distresse*? yet in them we often increase our *sorrowes*, by vainely striuing against *vnconquerable Fate*; when if wee could but perswade our *minde*, we might much ease both it and our *body*. That which is *bad*, though neuer so *pleasurable*, Ile striue to make my *minde* dislike; that my *body* also may be willing to forgoe that, which my *minde* hates. That which is *good*, and should be done, Ile learne to *affect* and *loue*; howsoeuer my *body* refuse. As my *minde* is better then it, so my care shall be more to content it: but most to make it content with *goodnesse*; otherwise I had better crosse it, then let it settle to *vnlawfull solaces*. I preferre this *vnquietnesse*, before the other *peace*. That which is *easie*, I'le easily doe; that which is not, my *mind* shall make so. My *life* as it is full enough of *trauell*; why should I by my *minds loathing*, make it seeme more *difficult*?

XCI.

That we cannot know God as he is.

I Cannot *know God* as he is; If I could, I were *vnhappy*, and hee not *God*. For then must that *eternall Omnipotencie* of his be *finite* and *comprehensible*; else how could the fleet dimensions of the *minde* of *Man* containe it? I admire the definition of *Empedocles*,

pedocles, who said, *God was a Spheare, whose Center was euery where, and circumference no where.* Though his full light bee inaccessible, yet from this *ignorance* springs all my *happinesse*, and strongest *comfort*. VVhen I am so ingulfed in misery, as I know no way to escape; God, that is so infinite aboue mee, can send a *deliuerance*, when I can neither *see* nor *hope* it. Hee needs neuer despaire, that knowes hee hath a *Friend*, which at all assaies can helpe him.

XCII.

Of the Minde of man after the conquest of a strong Temptation.

IF I were so punisht as to liue here perpetually, I would wish to haue alwaies such a *mind*, as I finde after the conquest of a *strong temptation*: then haue I as much *happinesse*, as can bee found in this lifes moueables. The tryall first bewrayes the danger, then the escape vshers in succeeding ioy: and all know, the *Sunne* appeares more lustrous to a *prisoner* that comes out of a *Dungeon*, then to him that daily beholds his *brightnesse*. When is *Wine* so pleasant as after a long *thirst*? Besides, the soule withdrawne from *God*, returnes in the end with comfort, and againe sweetly clozeth with her *Maker*; whose goodnesse she knowes it is, to make her so victorious. We are neuer so glad of our *friends* company, as when hee returnes after tedious ab-

ſence. All the *pleaſures* that we haue, reliſh better when we come from *miſeries*: Then, what a glory is it to a Noble ſpirit, to haue *endur'd* and *conquer'd*: there being ſome ſweetnes in a *hard victorie*, where we come off faire; then in the neglected pleaſures of a continuall *peace*. Thoſe *Fowles* taſte beſt, that we kill our ſelues *birding*: What *bread* eates ſo well, as that which we earne with *labour?* And indeed 'tis the way to make vs perfect: for as he can neuer be a good *Souldier*, that hath not felt the toile of a *Battell*: ſo he can neuer be a ſound *Chriſtian*, that hath not felt *temptations buffets*. Euery fire refines this *gold*. If I did finde none, I ſhould feare, I were *Vices* too much: or elſe that *God* ſaw mee ſo weake, as I could not hold out the *encounter*: but ſeeing I doe, the pleaſantneſſe of the *Fruit* ſhall furniſh mee with *patience*, to abide the precedent *bitterneſſe*; This gone, I ſhall finde it a felicity to ſay, *I haue beene wretched*.

XCIII.

Of Nobilitie ioyned with Vertue, how Glorious.

EArth hath not any thing more glorious then *ancient Nobility*, when 'tis found with *vertue*. What barbarous minde will not reuerence that *blood*, which hath vntainted run thorovv ſo large a ſucceſſion of *generations?* Beſides, *vertue* addes a new *ſplendor*, which together with the *honour* of his

Houſe,

Heuse, challengeth a *respect* from all. But *bad Greatnesse* is nothing but the *vigour of Vice*, hauing both minde and *meanes* to be vncontrollably *lewd*. A debauched sonne of a *Noble Family*, is one of the *intolerable burthens* of the *Earth*, and as hatefull a thing as *Hell*: for all know, he hath had both *example* and *precept*, flowing in his *education*; both which are power full enough to obliterate a natiue illnesse: yet these in him are but auxiliaries to his shame, that with the *brightnesse* of his *Ancestors*, make his ovvne *darkenesse* more *palpable*. *Vice* in the Sonne of an *Ancient Family*, is like a *clownish Actor* in a *stately Play*; he is not onely ridiculous in himselfe, but disgraces both the *Plot* and the *Poet*: wheras *vertue* in a man of obscure Parents, is like an vnpollisht *Diamond*, lying in the way among *pebbles*; which howsoeuer it bee neglected of the *vnciuill Vulgar*; yet the wise *Lapidarie* takes it vp, as a *Iewell* vnualuable; it being so much the more glorious, by how much the other were *baser*. Hee that is *good* and *great*, I would sell my life to *serue him* nobly: otherwise, being *good*, I loue him better, whose *Father* expired a *Clowne*, then he that being *vicious*, is in a lineall descent from him, that was Knighted with *Tubal-Cains Fauchion*, which hee made before the *Flood*.

XCIIII.

Of Extreme Paßion.

I Finde ſome men *extremely paßionate* : and theſe, as they are more taken with a *ioy* ; ſo, they taſte a *diſaſter* more heauily. Others are free from being affected ; and as they neuer *ioy* exceſſiuely, ſo they neuer *ſorrow* immoderately : but haue together, *leſſe mirth*, and *leſſe mourning* : like patient *Gameſters*, winning, and loſing, are one. The *latter* I will moſt labour for. I ſhall not loſe more *contentment* in apprehending *ioyes*, then I ſhall *griefe* in finding *troubles*. For wee are more ſenſible of *paine* then *delight* ; the one contracting the *ſpirits*, the other dilating them. Though it were not ſo, liuing heere, *vexations* are more ordinary ; *Ioy* is a thing for heereafter. *Heauen* cannot be found vpon *Earth*. Many great *ioyes* are not ſo *pleaſant*, as one *torment* prooues *tedious*. The *Father* ſighes more at the *death* of one *Sonne*, then hee ſmiles at the *birth* of many.

XCV.

How knowledge of our ſelues, and the things wee intend, make vs doe well.

IN waighty affaires, wee can neuer doe *well*, vnleſſe we know both *our ſelues*, and the thing wee intend. *Truth* falls into hazzard, when it findes either a *weake Defender*, or one that knowes not her *worth*. How can he guide a *buſineſſe*, that needeth a *guide* for himſelfe? Haue wee not knowne many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, ruſh vpon *matters* that haue proou'd their ouerthrow? *Raſh preſumption* is a *Ladder* that will breake our neckes. If we thinke *too well* of our ſelues, wee ouer-ſhoote the *marke*: If not *well enough*, we are ſhort of it. And though wee know *our ſelues*, yet if ignorant in the *thing*, wee expoſe our ſelues to the ſame *miſchiefe*. VVho is ſo vnwiſe as to wade thorow the *Riuer* he hath not ſounded, vnleſſe hee can either *ſwimme* well, or haue *helpe* at hand? hee that takes vpon him what hee cannot doe, rides a *Horſe* which hee cannot rule: hee can neither *ſit* in ſafety, nor *alight* when hee would. Whatſoeuer I vndertake, I will firſt ſtudy *my ſelfe*, next, the *thing* that I goe about: being to ſeeke in the former, I cannot proceed well; vnderſtanding *that*, I ſhall know the other the better: if not the *particulars*, I may caſt it in the *generall*; ſomething vnſeene, wee muſt leaue to a *ſudden diſcretion*, either to *order* or *auoyd*. 'Tis not for

for *man* to ſee the euents, further then *nature*, and probabilities of *reaſon* leade him. Though wee know not what *will bee*, 'tis good wee prepare for that which *may bee*: wee ſhall brooke a checke the eaſier, while wee thought on't, though we did not expect it. But if knowing both aright, I finde my ſelfe vnable to *performe* it; I will rather deſiſt from *beginnings*, then run vpon *ſhame* in the *ſequell*. I had better keepe my *ſelfe* and *ſhip* at home, then carry her to *Sea*, and not know how to guide her.

XCVI.

What man would do, if he ſhould alwaies proſper.

WHat an *ellated Meteor* would *Man* grow to, did *proſperitie* alwaies caſt ſweetning *dewes* in his *face*? Sure hee would once more with *Ouids Gyants*, fling *Mountaines* on heapes, to pull downe *God* from his Throne of *Maieſtie*; forgetting all *felicitie*, but that *aiery happineſſe* hee is blinded with. Nothing feeds *Pride* ſo much, as a *proſperous abundance*. 'Tis a wonder to ſee a *Fauourite* ſtudy for ought, but *additions to his greatneſſe*: If I could bee ſo vncharitable, as to wiſh an *enemies ſoule* loſt, this were the onely way: Let him liue in the height of the *worlds blandiſhments*. For how can hee loue a ſecond *Miſtreſſe*, that neuer ſaw but one *beauty*, and ſtill continues deepely *enamoured* on it? Euery man hath his deſires intending to ſome peculiar thing:

God

God ſhould be the end we aime at; yet wee often ſee, nothing carries vs ſo farre from him, as thoſe *fauours* he hath imparted vs: 'tis dangerous to bee outwardly bleſſed. If *plenty* and *proſperitie* were not hazzardous, what a ſhort cut ſhould ſome haue to *Heauen*, ouer others? 'Tis the *miſerie* of the *Poore*, to be neglected of *men*: 'tis the *miſerie* of the *Rich*, to neglect their *God*. 'Tis no ſmall abatement to the bitterneſſe of *aduerſities*, that they teach vs the way to *Heauen*. 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 *Heauen* more dearely. He that hath experienc'd the *Seas* tumultuous perils, will euer after commend the *Lands* ſecuritie. Let me ſwimme a riuer of *boyling Brimſtone*, to liue eternally *happy*; rather then dwell in a *Paradiſe*, to be damn'd after death.

XCVII.

Pride and crueltie, makes any more odious, then any ſinne beſides.

EVery *Vice* makes the Owner *odious*, but *Pride* and *Crueltie* more then any beſide. *Pride* hath no friend: his thoughts ſet his *worth* aboue *himſelfe*, all others vnder it. He thinkes nothing ſo diſgracefull as want of *reuerence* and *familiaritie*. There is a kinde of *diſdaining ſcorne* writ in his brow and geſture; wherein all may reade, *I am too good for thy*

thy company. So 'tis iust *all* ſhould deſpiſe him, becauſe hee contemneth *all*. Hee that hath firſt *ouerprized* himſelfe, ſhall after bee *vnder-valued* by *others*; vvhich his arrogancy thinking vniuſt, ſhall ſwell him to *anger*, ſo make him *more hate-full*. *Pride* is euer diſcontentiue: It both occaſions more then any, and makes more then it doth occaſion. As *Humility* is the way to get *loue* and *quietneſſe*: ſo is *Pride* the cauſe of *Hatred* and *Warre*. Hee hath angred others, and others will vexe him. No man ſhall heare more *ill* of himſelfe, then hee that thinkes hee deſerues moſt *good*. It was a iuſt *quip* of that wiſe *King* to that proud *Phyſician*, who writing thus, *Menecrates Iupiter*, *Regi Ageſilao ſalutem*, was anſwered thus *Rex Ageſilaus*, *Menecrati ſanitatem*: indeed he might well wiſh his wits to him, that was ſo vnwiſe as to thinke himſelfe *God*. *Ariſtotle*, when hee ſaw a *Youth* proudly ſurueying himſelfe, did iuſtly *wiſh to be as he thought himſelfe; but to haue his enemies ſuch as hee was*. I dare boldly ſay, *Neuer proud perſon was well beloued*. For as nothing vnites more then a reciprocall exchange of affection: ſo there is nothing hinders the knot of friendſhip more, then apparent neglect of courteſies. *Cruelty* is a *Curre* of the ſame litter. 'Tis *Natures* good care of her ſelfe, that warnes vs from the Den of this *Monſter*. VVho will euer conuerſe with him, that hee hath ſeene deuoure another before him? A *Tyrant* may *rule*, while he hath power to *compell*; but when he hath loſt that, the *hatred* hee hath got, ſhall ſlay him. VVho wonders to heare yong *Cato* aske his Schoolemaſter how *Silla* liu'd

ſo

ſo long, when he was ſo hated for his crueltie? It was a diuelliſh ſpeech that *Caligula* borrowed of the Poet, *Oderint dum metuant* : I am content if they feare mee, that they ſhould hate mee. And ſure if any man tooke the courſe for't, hee did when he bade his executioners *ſo ſtrik, as they might feele that they were a dying*. Hee that makes *Crueltie* his delight, ſhall bee ſure to haue *Hate* his beſt recompence. *Deteſtation* waites vpon *vnmercifulneſſe*. Who would not helpe to kill the *Beaſt*, that ſuckes the blood of the *Fold?* What hath made ſome Nations ſo odious as thoſe two, *Pride*, and *Crueltie?* The proud *will haue* no friend; and the cruell man *ſhall haue* none. VVho are more miſerable then they that want *company?* I *pitty* their eſtate, but *loue* it not. VVere I *Lord* of the whole *Globe*, and muſt liue alone, I had vnhappineſſe enough to make my *commands* my *trouble*. The one turn'd *Angels* out of *Heauen*; the other *Monarks* from their *Thrones* : both I am ſure, are able to turne vs to *Hell*: it is better being a beaſt, then dying a man, with either vnpardoned.

XCVIII.

Whether Likeneſſe be the cauſe of Loue, or, Loue the cauſe of Likeneſſe.

I Know not whether is more true, that *Likeneſſe is the cauſe of Loue*, or *Loue the cauſe of Likeneſſe*. In agreeing diſpoſitions, the firſt is certaine: in thoſe that

that are not, the latter is euident. The first is the *easier loue*; the other the more *worthy*. The one hath a *lure* to draw it; the other without respect, is *voluntary*. Men loue vs for the similitude we haue with themselues; *God* meerely from his goodnesse, when yet we are contrary to him. Since hee hath *lou'd* mee, when I was not *like* him, I will striue to bee *like* him, because hee hath *loued* me. I would be *like* him being my *friend*, that *lou'd* mee, when I was his *enemie*. Then only is *loue* powerfull, when it frames vs to the will of the *Loued*. *Lord*, though I cannot *serue* thee as I ought, let mee *loue* thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall serue thee the better.

XCIX.

Loue and feare doe easily draw vs to Beliefe.

WHat we either *desire*, or *feare*, wee are easily drawne to beleeue. Tell the *Prodigall*, his *Kinsman's* dead, should leaue him an estate to swagger with, hee'le quickly giue credit to't. The *Mother* of a *sicke infant*, if shee but heares *death* whisper'd, shee is confident her *childe* is gone: either of them transport the mind beyond her selfe, and leaue her open to *inconueniences*. How many haue shortned their dayes, by sudden false *apprehensions*, that haue beene help'd forward by one of these two; or else so discouered their mindes, as they haue made way for themselues, to bee wrought

wrought vpon by *flattery*, by *ſeducement?* In the one, *Nature* is couetous for her owne *good*; ſo dilates her ſelfe, and as it were ſtretcheth out the *armes* of her *ſoule*, to imbrace that, which ſhe hath an opinion may pleaſure her: and this is in all ſenſitiue creatures; though I know, the deſire of only *rationall* and *intelligible things*, is peculiar to *Man*: who by vertue of his *intellectual ſoule*, is made deſirous of things *incorporeall* and *immortall*. Thus hee that would be well ſpoken of, beleeues him, that falſly tels him ſo. In the other, *Nature* is prouident for her owne *ſafety*: ſo all the *ſpirits* ſhrinke in, to guard the *heart*, as the moſt *noble part*: whereby the exteriour parts, being left without *moyſture*, the *haire* is ſometimes ſuddenly turned *gray*: the *heart* thus contracted, and wrought vpon by it ſelfe, more eaſily then admits any thing, that is brought her by the *outward ſences*. Thus if the *miſerable man* heares a *fire* hath been in the *Towne* wherein his *houſe* is, hee cryes *Vndone*, though his owne were neuer in danger. In either of theſe, how might *perſwaſion* worke and *betray* vs? What *Nature* hath infuſed, I cannot *caſt out*; *correct* I may. If I muſt *deſire* and *feare*, I will doe it ſo moderately, as my *iudgement* and *reaſon* may be ſtill cleere. If vnavvares I be ouertaken, I vvill yet bee carefull to conceale my ſelfe: ſo, though my ovvne *paſsions* bee ouer-ſtrong, others ſhall not ſee them to take mee at aduantages. As many haue been ſpoyled by being ſoothed in their plauſible *deſires*: ſo haue many beene abuſed, by beeing malleated, in their troubleſome feare.

Though

C.

Though Resolutions change, yet Vowes should know no Varietie.

R*Esolutions* may often *change*; sometimes for the *better*; and the last euer stands firmest. But *vowes* well made, should know no variance: For the first should bee sure without *alteration*. Hee that violates their *performance*, failes in his dutie, and euery breach is a wound to the *Soule*. I will *resolue* oft, before I *vow* once; neuer *resolue* to *vow*, but what I may *keepe*; neuer *vow*, but what I both *can* and will *keepe*.

FINIS.

DEO

Authoris Votum.

O H *Thou* euery-where, *and* good of All! *whatsoeuer I doe, remember, I beseech* thee, *that I am but* Dust: *but as a* Vapour *sprung from* Earth, *which euen thy smallest* Breath *can scatter. Thou hast giuen mee a* Soule, *and* Lawes *to gouerne it. Let that* Eternall Rule, *which thou didst first appiont to sway* Man, *order mee. Make me carefull to poynt at thy* Glory *in all my waies; and where I cannot rightly* know Thee, *let me rightly* admire Thee: *that not onely my* vnderstanding, *but by* ignorance, *may* honour Thee. *Thou art* All *that can be* perfect: *besides* Thee, *nothing* is. *Oh, streame thy* selfe *into my* soule, *and flow it with thy* Grace, *thy* Illumination. *Make mee to depend on* Thee. *Thou delightest, that* Man *should account* Thee *as his* Royall Protector: *and cast himselfe, as an* Honourer *of* Thee *at thy feet. O establish my* Confidence *in* Thee: *for thou art the* Fountaine *of all* Bounty, *and canst not but bee* mercifull. *Nor canst thou deceiue the humbled* Soule *that trusts* Thee. *And because I cannot bee defended by* thee, *vnlesse I liue after thy* Lawes; *Keepe me, O my* Soules Soueraigne! *in the* obedience

of thy vvill: *and that I wound not my* conſcience, *with the killing ſoiles of* Vice: *for this, I know, will deſtroy me within, and make thy cheering* Spirit *leaue mee. I know, I haue already infinitely ſwerued, from the Tendings of that* Diuine Guide, *which thou haſt planted in* the *minde of* Man. *And for this I am a ſad Proſtrate, and a* Penitent *at the foot of thy* Throne. *I appeale onely to the abundance of thy* Remiſſions, *and the waies thou haſt appointed for the buoying vp of* drowned Man. *O my God, my God, I know it is a* Myſterie *beyond the vaſt* Soules *apprehenſion*; *and therefore deepe enough for* Man *to reſt in ſafety in. O thou* Beeing of all Beings! *cauſe me to rowle my ſelfe to* thee, *and into the receiuing armes of thy* Paternall Mercies, *throw my ſelfe. For* outvvard things, *I beleeue thou wilt not ſee mee* vvant: *they are but the* Adiectamenta *of thy richer* Graces: *& if it were not for my* Sinnes, *it would be ſome diſtruſt to begge them. The* Mines *and* depriuation, *are both in thy hands. I care not what* Eſtate *thou giueſt mee, ſo thou* ray *thy ſelfe into my* Soule, *and giueſt mee but a* heart to pleaſe thee. *I beg no more, then may keepe me* vncontemnedly, *and* vnpittiedly-honeſt. *Saue me from the* Deuill, Luſts, *and* Men: *and for thoſe fond dotages of* Mortality, *which would weigh down my* Soule, *to Lowneſſe, and* Debauchment; *Let it bee my* Glory (*planting my ſelfe in a Noble* height *aboue them*) *to* contemne *them. Take* me *from my* ſelfe, *and* fill *mee, but with* thee. *Summe vp thy* bleſſings *in theſe two, that I may bee rightly* good *and* wiſe. *And theſe for thy eternall* Truths *ſake grant, and make mee gratefull.*

FINIS.

A full Alphabeticall Table, by R. L. containing the chiefe Heads of these *Centuries of Resolues.*

A

ABsent-Good: *Of our sense of it.* 77

Acception of Persons: *Not to* Accept Persons *in regard of good* Counsell. 110.

Action: *'Tis it that keepes the Soule both* sweete *and* sound. 151. *it is the* Fattening food *of the Soule. ibid*

Admiration: *Of the Worship of* Admiration. 42. *How things* Admirable *on* earth *should carry the* Soule *to* Heauen. *ibid. that* Contemplatiue Admiration, *is a large part of the worship of the* Deitie. 44

Aduersity: Friendship *in't prettily discouered.* 29. 30.

Affections: *of the temper of* Affections. 190

Ages: *the foure* Ages. 393. 3.

All: *That no man can be good to* All. 80. 168

Ambition: *What it will practise rather then let* Port *decline.* 167

Anger: *That we must beware of making either an* Angry *man or a* Drunkard *to bee our* Friend. 362

Apparell. *A good rule in wearing it.* 395

Application: *That* Misapplication, *makes Passion ill.* 141

Arrogancy: 17. *It is neuer in a* Noble nature. *ibid.*

Assimilation: 209. *How euery thing labours for a* Like. *ibid.* 210. *It is* Assimulation, *that makes the* True-Loue-knot *of* friendship. 211

Authors: *A rule of Reading them.* 354

Ayre: *Of* God *and* Good Ayre. 306. *an aduice giuen to consider the* Ayre. *ibid.* & 307

B

Babbling, *Compared to a Crane.* 333. *It is the* Fistula *of the mind.* 291. *Of* Silence *and* Babbling. 333.
Beauty: *Fooles greatly esteem of outward* Beauty. 418
Beeing: *Of* Beeing, *and* Seeming *to* be. 420
Benefits: *vid* Courtesies. 199 *That great* Benefits *cause* Ingratitude. 227. *Nothing so enslaues good natures, as a free* benefit. 199. *A Crowne is safer kept by* Benefits *then by* Armes. 200. Benefits *that are* good *in* themseleus, *are made* ill *by their being* misplaced. 229
Bookes: *Of* Idle Bookes. 323 *A Rule of* Reading Books 354. Three books *in which* God *may bee easily found.* 407
County: 167. *It cannot extend to* All *abundantly.* 168 *Of inconsiderate* County. *ibid.* Counties *best obiect.* 169

C

Censure. 136. *Of it, and* Calumnie. 415. Malice *and* Baseneſſe, *euer dwell with it.* 417. Censurers *seeming* Wise, *are the veriest* Fooles. 136. *Two things to bee examined before wee* Censure. 137. *Who is most subiect to* Censure. 428. *He that steeres by the gale of* Censure, *is euer in danger of* Wracke. 6. *How* Philoxenus *serued a company of* Masons, *that* Censured *his* Pouerty. 215
Change: *No estate exempted from* Mutability. 145 Change *is the great* Lord *of the world. ibidem. In all* Changes *to regard three things.* 171.
Charity, 266. *without it,* Man *is no better then a* Beast. *ibid. It is That onely that giues life to other vertues.* 267. Charity *a* Debt, *and not a* Courtesie. 269
Chastity: *That the best* Chastity, *is* Matrimonial Chastity. 263. *vide* Marriage.
Christian: *Compared to the* Moone *in a threefold condition.* 356. *His Constancie*

cie compared to a Needle in *a* Dial. 359. *His life nothing but a vicissitude of* Sin *and* Sorrow, 361. *His voyage to Heauen, is a sentence of three stops,* 421. *Three things that a* Christian *should specially know.* 417.
Choller: *Of it and* Pride, 225 Pride *and* Choller *compared to the* Fox *at* Full, 225. Choller *admits no* counsell *that crosses him,* 226. Pride *and* Choller *compared to a* Burning house. 226. 227.
Commendations: *Of being* Proud, *by being* Commended. 353.
Company: *Of it and* Solitarinesse, 385. *That a wise man may gaine by* Any companie, 33. *Of* Ill company; *the gaine by it,* 34 35. 176. *A rule for it: the vse both of* good *and* bad Company, 36. *No enemy like ill* Company, 176. *'Tis like a* new trimmed ship, 176. *The cōplaints made of it in the end of our life. ib.* Company: *Ill* Company *is euery mans* Delilah, 177. *Euery part of man is endangered by* Ill Company, *ib. 'Tis wisedome rather to haue* no Companion *then* a bad one, 178. *The choice of our* Company *is one of the weightest actions of our liues.* 210. 211.
Compellation: *The bitternes of* Reprehension *is* sweetened *with the pleasingnesse of* compellations. 21
Compulsion: *Against it,* 160 *vide* Importunity. *They work with a wrong* Engine, *that seeke to gaine their ends by* constraint. 161
Conceit: Misconceite *hath ruinated many a man.* 96
Conscience: *A example of a guilty* conscience. 87
Consideration: *Three things encounter it, and Three Remedies for it.* 424
Constancy: *The* Constancy *of a Christian compared to a* Needle *in a* Diall. 359
Contemplatiō: *Nothing can carry vs so neere* Heauen *and* God *as it,* 44. *So that it be ioyned with* Action. *ibid.*
Content, 309. *That there is no absolute* content *here below,* 311. *It makes* Rich. 430
Couetousnesse: *A* couetous *man can be a friend to none.* 409
A base slaue. 361
Counsell: *That good* counsell

should not bee valued by the person that giues it. 110
Courtesies: 199. *vid. Benefit. How* Courtesie *conquers.* 161. *Nothing so inslaues a gratefull nature as* Courtesies. 199
Court: *A* Plaine Heart *in* Court, *is but growne a better word for a* Foole. 134 135
Cowardize: 371. *Of it and* Feare. 218. *vide* Feare, *Whether a* Coward *may be good for ought.* 219. *A* Coward eclipseth *Gods* Sufficiencie. 220. Cleomenes *vncharitablenesse towards a* Coward. 220
Craft: *That sin is more* Crafty *then* Violent. 116
Credit: *vide* Reputation.
Crowne: *It is safer kept by* Benefits *then by* Armes. 200
Curiositie: *Of* Curiositie *in* knowledge. 91. *How it fills the World with* Brawles. 92
Custome: *Of the difference of* Custome *in* sin *and the* First Act. 67. *Of* Custome *in aduancing* Money. 113.

D

Death: *of Mans vnwillingnes to* Dye, 37. *Two sorts of mens differing much in their conceits of* Death, 39. *That it might not seeme* terrible, *we should daily expect it,* 330. *It is the* beginning *of a godly mans* Ioy, 342. *Man is neuer quieted, till he hath conquered the* feare of Death, 40. *The* feare of death *kils vs often. ibid. It argues an euil man. ibid. Of whom* Death *is easily welcomed,* 41. *Of* praise, *or* dispraise *after* Death, *what how little auaileable,* 45. *Of* Death, 147. *No spectacle more profitable, more terrible, ibid.* 148. Scaligers *definition of* Death, 149. *A fine and full description of* Death. 149, 150.
Deceit: *It is* Dissimulations dresse. 134
Delight: *Earthly* delight *may be sweeter in* Expectation *then in* Enioyment, 433. *How the* minde *and* Desire *make* actions *either* tedious *or* delightfull. 432.
Denials: *Of them and* Petitions. 59

Derision

Derision: *It makes the* Peasant *braue the* Prince. 208
Desire: *How it makes actions either more or lesse* tedious *or* delightsome. 435
Detraction: 137. *It can endure nothing but* Selfe-excellency, *ibid. A detractors stab*, 158. *Whence bred, ibid. A* Detractor *where he findes not faults, he deuiseth some, ibid. The* Detractor *wounds three at once.* 160
Differ: *Of the causes that make men* differ. 296
Diligence: *Vide* Industry: *It hath a kinde of* good Angel *waiting on her.* 152
Discontent. 118
Discourse: *Of* tedious discourse, 290. *In* discourse *tis better to speake* Reason *then* Authors. 140
Discretiõ: *It is the* key *of the minde*, 139. *It is Mans* Lord-keeper. 192
Disgrace: *The desire of* disgracing *another man, cannot spring from a good roote* 417
Dissimulation: 133. *Whether it be in it* self, *a* Vice *or no, ibid.* Deceit, *is* Dissimulations dresse, 134. *A dispute about it*, 134. *The best way to auoyde it.* 136
Diuination: 300. *It is a* God-*like quality.* 301. *One euill in it. ibid.*
Diuinity: *It* crosseth *not nature, so much as it* exceedeth *it.*
Dreames: 163. *They are a notable meanes to discouer our owne* inclinations, *ib. A man may bee collected what hee is, by telling his* Dreames, *ibidem. Euery* Dreame *is not to bee counted of, nor to be cast away*, 164. *It is good to giue* Dreames *our* consideration, *but not our* trust. 165. *to obserue* Dreames, *what may be the benefit.* 166
Drunkards *and* Drunkennes: *We must beware of trusting a* Drunkard *to bee our* friend, 362. *A* Drunkard *prettily pictured*, 259. *Hee is surely* drunke *himselfe, that so prophanes* Reason, *as to vrge it to a* drunken *man.* 20
A notable good Tricke of a Dutch Drunkard, 228
Drunkennesse *is the betrayer of the minde, and doth disapparrell the Soule*, 258. *It robs vs of* Reason, *ibidem.* Drunkennesse *doth* Anatomize

tomize *the Soule, ibidem.* Drunkennes *beastiates the braueſt ſpirits,* 259. *What a* Monſter *Man is in his* Inebriations. *ibid. A wonder to ſee a* Drunkard *not ruinated.* 260

E

Education: *Of its force,* 298
Elect: *Of Gifts proper to the* Elect *onely.* 390
Encreaſe: *'Tis beſt increaſing by* Little at Once, 303 304
End: *Of good and bad End,* 331
Enemie: *When a* Friend *or* Enemie *is moſt dangerous,* 7. *An* Enemie *is a perpetu, all ſpie, &c.* 74. *He is further deſcribed,* 74. 75. *Of a reconciled* Enemie, 74. Enemies *like Miners,* 76 *The good vſe of an* Enemie, 395
Enuie: *Is a* Squint-ey'd Foole. 400
Euill: *Of the* Euill *of Man, from himſelfe and Occaſions,* 64. *Of doing* Good *with* Labour, *&* Euill *with* Pleaſure. 342
Exceſſes: *They haue for the moſt part ill Concluſions,* 167

F

Fall: *That all things haue a like* Progreſſion *&* Fall, 154. *That Religion ſuffers in a* Seeming-Good mans Fall. 286
Falling: *Of* Libelling *againſt them that are* Fallen, 292
Fame: 45. *Of mens deſire of* Fame after death. *ibid.* 47. Fame *neuer dyes,* 48 *A reaſon of* Fames *eager purſuite among the Heathen, ibid. Vertue had a kind of* Miſerie, *if* Fame *onely were all the Garland that did Crowne her. ibid.*
Familie: *It is like a* Plume *of* Feathers, 17
Fate: 242
Fauorite: *Of being the* Worlds Fauorite *without Grace,* 334. Fauorites *are* Princes Skreenes, 354
Faith: *Of it without* workes, *and of* Workes *without it,* 248 *That no* Friendſhip *is like to that of* Faith, 347
Feare: *Of it and* Cowardize, 218. *The* Coward *meetes with more dangers then the* Valiant man, *ibid.* Feare *fruſtrates a ſufficient defence,*

fence, 220. *No Armour can defend a* feareful heart, *ibid.*
Flatterie: *It is a false Glasse both to* Vertue *and* Vice, 346. *How it falls into fauour with* Greatnesse, 427
Fooles: *Their esteeme of* Outward Beautie, 418. *A plaine heart in* Court, *is but growne a better word for a* Foole, 135
Forgetfulnes: *Of it and* Memory, 337
Fortune: *vide* Fate. 242
Fraud: *It is threefold*, 135
Friend: *when a* Friend *and an* Enemy *is most dangerous*, 7. *In chusing of a* Friend, *we must take heed of an* Angry man *and a* Drunkard, 362. *Of purchasing* Friends *with large* Gifts, 376. *That all* Secrets *should not be reuealed to the* faithfullest Friend, 365. *A* Couetous man *can bee a* Friend *to* None, 406. *Next to* God, *the* Good man *is the onely* Friend, 413. *How to make* God our Friend, 32. *Hee that is but a* base Foe, *will hardly be but a* false friend, 76
Friendship: *None like that of* Faith, 339. *A triall of true* Friendship, 29. *That* Friendship *and* Policie *are scarce compatible*, 255. *Concealed grudges are the Gangrene of* Friendship, 379. *Our Common* Friendship *in these times described*, 426. *The best* Friendship *is betweene different* Fortunes, 212. *Of hauing* friendship *with him that hath not* vertue, 347. *A Practice, with a Rule of* Friendship, 373

G

Gaine: Ill-gotten Gaine *farre worse then* Losses *with* Preserued Honestie, 88
Gifts: *Of purchasing* Friends *with large* Gifts, 376. *Of* Gods Gifts *that are common to* All, *and particular to the* Elect *only*, 390. Gifts *the greatest vsury*, 201
God: *Of* Him, *and the* Ayre, 306. God *not to be defined*, 288. *Three Bookes in which* He *may be easily found*, 407 *That wee cannot know him as he is*, 436.
Good: *and* Goodnesse: *Its* Maiestie, 463. *Of our sense of* absent Good, 77, 78, 79.

That no man can bee Good to All, 80. *That no man ought to be* Excessiue good 83. Good *is* Generatiue, 84. Communicatiue, 85. *Next* God *the* good man *is the onely* Friend, 413
Gospell: *The* Law & Gospell *how giuen,* 141
Gouernement: *That wee are* Gouerned *by a Power that is from* Aboue vs, 185 *How to establish a troubled* Gouernement, 341. Gouernment *and* Obedience, *the two causes of* Prosperity, 387
Grace: *Of being the* Worlds Fauorite *without* Grace, 343. Grace *onely can make a man* happy, 344
Grudge: *Concealed* Grudges *are the* Gangrene *of true* Friendship, 379
Guile: *It is threefold,* 135

H

Happinesse: *That no mans* Happinesse *is* perfect, 131 *Better neuer to haue beene* Happy, *then afterward to be drowned in* Calamities, 187, 188. *Examples, ibid.* & 189.
Hard-Heartednesse, *That the* Hard-Hearted *man hath* Miserie *almost in* Perfection, 414
Heart: *Mans owne* Heart *is the greatest* Traytour, 203
Hearer: *The danger of a* fruitlesse Hearer. 389
Heauen: *How to make the* Earth *a step towards* Heauen, 42
Honest: *It is now a* Vice *to be* Honest, 179
Honor: *A twofold way to* Honour, 369. *Of affecting an high state of* Honour, 370, 380. Honour *compared to a* Noble Virgin, 13, 14 *Of* Fooles *and* Clownes *lifted vp to* Honour, 14. *How to make* Honour *lasting.* 235.
Hope: 249. *The miserable mans* god, *ibid. The presumptuous mans* deuill, *ibi. Both a* Flatterer & *a* True Friend, 250.
Humanity: *That and* Misery *are* Paralells. 345
Humble: *Of* Humility, 324 *The* Humble man *is the* Best Peace-maker. Magnanimity & Humility *are Concomitants. An* Humble *man compared of all trees to the* Vine, 14
Hypocrisie: *Of* Beeing *and* Seeming to Be, 420

I

Idleneſſe: *Of it*, 150. *An* Idle man *is a* Barren *piece of* Earth, *ibidem. How all the Creatures are kept out of* Idleneſſe, *ibid.* 151. *The Idle man what like*, 151. *By* Idleneſſe *men learne to doe* Ill, *ibidem. The root of all Vice*, 152. *Of idle Bookes*, 323

Iealouſie: *Of it*, 383. *It is the worſt of* Madneſſe, 241. *It is like a* Ginne *that wee ſet to catch* Serpents. *ibid*

Ieſts: *Of* Truth *and* Bitterneſſe *in* Ieſts, 124. *Nothing dents deeper into a generous mind then* Ieſts in Scorne, 126

Ignorant: *Of the Miſerie of being* Old *and* Ignorant, 368

Imperfection: *Of* Mans Imperfection, 88. *Notably delineated in many particulars*, 89

Imperiouſnes: *what it turnes to*, 18

Importunitie: *Too much* Importunity *teaches a man to deny*, 160

Inconſtancy: *Of Mans* Inconſtancie, 169, 170

Induſtry: *It is neuer vnfruitfull*, 152

Infidelity: *What it cauſes*, 31

Ingratitude: *That great Benefits cauſe it*, 227

Iniuries: *vide Wrongs: Better to* Suffer *then to* Offer Iniuries, 387

Innocencie: *It hath more of* God *in it, then any other* Qualitie, 206

Inſultation: 207. *It is not ſafe to* Inſult *ouer any, no not the meaneſt*, 207. *What a laſh* Inſultation *is to the* Soule, 208. *examples, ibid.*

Integrity: *how to be reſpected*, 397

Ioy: *Of* Miſery *after* Ioy, 187 *Death is the beginning of a* Godly mans Ioy, 342. *A good mans* Ioy *amidſt his* Sorrowes. 399

K

Knowledge: *Of curioſity in it* 91. *The three things which a mã ſhould ſpecially* know 417. *How the knowledge of our* ſelues, *and the things we* intend, *make vs to* doe well. 441

Knowledge *is the* Treaſure *of the* minde, *but* diſcretion *is the* key. 139

L

Lawe: *Gods* Law *our* Looking-glasse. 402
Learning: *It without* grace, *is but a* mischiefe, 418. Learning *compared to a* Riuer. 91
Libelling: *Of* Libelling *against thē that are fallen.* 392
Liberty: *Of t and* restraint, 393. *It makes* Licenciousnesse. 364
Life: *Of its* vncertainety, 108 *How hee must* liue, *that* liues *well*, 313. *A Christian mans life nothing else but a vicissitude of* sinne *and* sorrow, 361. *The vanity and shortnesse of mans* life, 392. *Of the foure ages in it.* 393. *Two things that ought to be respected of vs whilest wee* liue, 397. *The true cause of a* wicked mans short life, 403. 404. *Hee that thinkes of* Lifes *casualties, cannei-ther be* carelesse, *nor* couetous. 109
Likenesse: *It is* likenesse *that makes the* True-loues knot *of* Friendship, 211. *vide.* Assimilatiō, *whether* likenesse *bee the cause of* loue, *or* loue *the cause of* likenesse. 445
Little: *Tis best increasing by* little *at once.* 303
Logicke: *Of it*, 172. *Tis Reason drawne into too fine a thred. ibid. Its pure Art is* Excellency. 173.
Longing: *Extreme* longing *seldome seene to succeede well.* 332
Losses: *Of the* losse *of things* loued, 104. *In them what to looke to*, 340. *Of the lamenting of the* losse *of trifles.* 372
Loue: *That*, That loue *is most to be prized, whose onely motiue is* goodnesse, 418. *Whether* loue *bee the cause of* likenesse, *or* likenesse *of* loue, 445. *That* loue *and* feare *doe easily draw vs to* beliefe, 446. *Enduring* loue *is euer built on* vertue. 7
Lying: *Of it and* vntruthes, 328. *How* Plato *held a* Lye *lawfull*, 135. Lyes *of three sorts.* *ibid.*

M

Man: *Of* Mans imperfection, 88. *Of the euill of* Man, *from* himselfe, *and* occasion, 64. *Of his imperfection*, 88, *Of* Man *ouer-valued*, 93. *Of his inconstancy*

of himselfe, 202. *That a* Man *is neither* happy *nor* miserable, *but by* comparison. 22. Man *compared to a Vast* Sea. 190. *When best*, 191. *Of* Mans selfe, 201. *Tis the inside of* Man *that does vndoe him*. 202. Mans *owne heart the greatest Traytor*, 203. Man *is meerely the* Ball *of* Time. 244

Marriage: *Of it, and* Single-life, 262. *It perfects* Creation, *ibid. That* Matrimoniall Chastity *is the* best, 363. *The Reasons why it should bee kept inuiolable, ibid. What sorts agree best in this estate, ibid. What* Pouerty *and* Riches *doe in* Marriage, 264. *The comparison of* Marriage *and* Single life. 265

Meanes: *Of vse of it*, 367. *A pretty story of it*. 286

Memory: *Of it, and* Forgetfulnesse. 337

Mercy: *It in a* Martiall man, *how shining a* vertue, 142. *Hee shall conquer both in* Peace *and* Warre. *ibidem*

Minde: *How the* Mind *makes* Actions *either tedious or delightsome*, 435. *Of the* Minde *of* Man *after the Conquest of a strong Temptation*. 437

Minister: *Of a* Scandalous Minister, 284. 285. *See this finely amplified*. 286.

Money: *Of Custome in aduancing* Money, 113. Money *is a generall man*. 114

Modesty, 237. *Its both a* vice *and* vertue, *ibid*. 238. *An excellent curbe to keepe vs from straying, ibid*. Modesty *in women what like*. 239

Misery: *Of* Care *in it*, 164. *Of* Misery *after* Ioy, 187. *It is like a sudden dampe*, 188. *Three things aggrauate it*. 329. Humanity *and* Misery *are Paralells*. 345

Moderation, 234. *It makes* Greatnesse *lasting, ibidem* 235. *A pretty example of* Moderation. 236

Moone: *A Christian man compared to it in a threefold condition*. 356.

Musicke, 273. *More for* pleasure *then for* profit *of man*, 273. *Its description*, 273. *Which is the best, ibid. The curiosity of it fitter for* women *the for* Men, 274 Musicke *is both good and bad, according to the End wherto it tends*, 275. *The strange vses and effect of it, ibid*.

N

Name: *Of a* good Name, 346. *It is the* best *and* brittlest *thing that is.* 432.
Nature: *That* Diuinity *doth not so* crosse Nature *as it* exceedes *it*, 287. *how commended of* Natures *recompencing wrongs*, 121. Nature, *whether a* Mother *or a* Stepdame. 194
Neglect: *The great euill that it brings both to* Body *and* Soule. 384
Nobility: *When it is to ioyned with* vertue, *how* glorious *it is.* 438

O

Occasion: *Of the euill of man from* Occasion, 64. *Sudden* occasion *of sinne is dangerous*, 411. Occasion *and* Nature *are like two inordinate* Louers. 203
Old: *The misery of being* old *and ignorant.* 368
Once: *Sinne but* once *committed, gets a proneuesse to* reiteration. 374
Opinion: 182. *The foundation of all temporall happinesse.* 182. 183.
Order: *The great good of Good* order. 422
Ostentation: 246. *Great Workes vndertaken for* ostentation, *misse of their* end, *and turne to the Authors* shame. 144. *Clouds of* disdaine *are commonly raised by the wind of* ostentation. 248.

P

Passion: *Of extreme* passion, 440. *What it is to admonish a man in the height of his* passion, 21. *Violent* passion *what like*, 21 Misse application *makes* passion *ill.* 141
Perfection: *That Religion & Nature is necessary to* perfection. 326
Petitions: *Of them, and denialls*, 56. *Much danger in them both, ibid. A rule in answering a* friends petition. *ibid. A rule in making* Petitions, 57. 58. *What to doe in a friends denying our* petition. *ibid.*
Plaine: *To be* plaine *and* pleasing *in speaking, what it argues.* 22. *A* plaine Heart *in* Court, *is but growne a* better Word *for a* Foole. 134. 135.

Pleasures:

Pleasures: *What losse comes by gaining the* pleasures *and* profits *of this world*, 366. *Earthly* pleasures *sweeter* in *the expectation then in the enioyment*. 433
Poets: *and* Poetry, 213. *A play that makes wordes dance, ibid. They are called Makers, ibid. And Vates*, 214. *A coniecturall reason of Poets pouerty, ibid. They are all of free natures*, 214. *A difference to be put betweene Poets & Rimers*, 214, 215. *Two things blamed in Poetry*, 216. *The things that Poets should bee wary of in their Rimes, ib. It should be short*, 217
Policie: *That it and Friendship are scarce compatible*, 255
Policie *is a circumstantiall Dissembling*, 134. Policie *is not a Flowre growing in euery mans Garden*, 193 *It is but a Braine-warre, ibid. When it runnes smoothest, ibidem.* Policie *in Friendship like Logicke in Truth*, 255, 256. *The different end of* Policie *and* Loue, 257
Poore: *and* Pouerty, *of it*, 59. *The* Worlds *folly in contemning the Poore in Christ*, 410
The Poore are the first that must stand the Shocke of Extremity, 59, 60. *Vertue how valued in a Poore man or woman*, 60, 61. *Extreme Pouerty is a Lanthorne that lights vs to all misery*, 61. *The Poore is the proper obiect of pitty*, 64
Posteritie: *How to be prized and vsed*, 84
Prayer: 334. *By it we speake to* God. *Of the danger of the neglect of the duty of Prayer*, 398. *More needfull in the Morning then in the Euening*, 406
Prayses: *He that loueth them, is called an* Ayre-monger, 49
Preaching: 69. *The Excesse of it in its defect, hath made the Pulpit slighted, ibidem. A wonder to heare men preach at once So Little & So Long, ibidem. A pretty reason why men are so vsually sleepy at a Sermon, and so vigilant at a Play*, 70 *A sharpe inuectiue not against Plaine, but Rude Preaching*, 70, 71. *A good Preacher should bee as a good Orator*, 71. *A Quip for*

for hastie Preachers, 71. *against sluttish Preachers*. 73
Pride: *Of it and Choller*. 225 *It is neuer in a Noble Nature*, 13. *Of being Proud, by being commended*. 353. *That Pride and Crueltie makes any man more odious then any sinne besides*, 443. *A Proud person neuer well beloued*, 444. *Pride and Crueltie are Curres of the same Littour, ibid. Pride being in fashion, brings Humility out of countenance*. 6
Pride *and* Choller *compared to a Fox, at the full*. 225 *A pretty Censure of such as would come to preferment by Pride, ibid. It is an vncharitable vice*, 226. *What Pride and Choller wants, ibid. These two are compared to a burning house*, 227
Proiectors: *Of being a secret* Proiector *of ought*. 353.
Prosperitie: *Of sudden* Prosperitie, 1. Gouernement *and* Obedience *the two causes of a Common* Prosperity, 387. *What man would doe, if he should alwaies prosper*. 442
Punishment: *That no man s sinnes are alwaies vnpunished*, 178, 180. 181.
Puritan: 10. *Why none of them will owne their owne name, ibid. in finem. The various acceptation of it*, 11, *in principibus. He is a Church-Rebel, ibid. What kinde of* Puritan *is both to bee loued and hated*, 12

R

Railing: *A pretty vse of one that* Rayles *on a man*, 396.
Reading: *A Rule in reading of Authors*, 354
Reconciliation: *Of Reconciling Enemies*, 74.
Religion: *Of its Choyce*, 50. *That it is our best Guide*, 192. *A rare thing to see a Rich man Religious*, 349. *It is no foe to good manners, The Rule or Domination of Religion*. 51. *The Submissiō of Reason to Religion, ibidem. The Protestant Religion commended*, 53. *That Religion gouernes All, euen the World, Nature, and Policie*, 194.
Repentance: *Without comes Ruine*, 279. *How Repētance infauours vs againe with God, ibid. all things against a man*,

a man, whilst he liues impenitently, 277. *Repentance after Failing, is a* Prōpter *to a surer hold*, 277. 278.
Reprehension: 19. *A Friends loue therein manifested, ibi. A rule for it, ibid.* 19. 20. 23. *Publike* Repentance *what like, ibid. A pretty comparison to manifest a meane in Reprehension*, 22. *An argument drawne from the vnboned tongue, ibid. A good Rule, and shrewd Checke for a Reproner, ib. &* 23. *Against rough* Reprehension. 161
Reputation: *vide Goodname*, 346
Resolution: *Of sudden* Resolution, 4. *It is the most fortifying armour a man can weare, ibid. Fortunes* Resolution *necessarie to insafe vs from the Thefts and Wiles of Prosperitie*, 5. *Thogh* Resolutiōs *change, yet vowes should know no variety.* 448
Restraint: *That all things haue their Rest*, 130. *Of it and Libertie*, 293
Reuenge: *To reuenge Wrongs what it sauours of*, 428. *Whilest wee thinke to Reuenge a wrong, we oft begin one*, 127
Reward: *Of it and* Seruice, 16
Riches: *How aduanced by* Custome, 113. *vide* Encrease, 303. *A rare thing to see a* Rich man *Religious* 349. *Content makes Rich*, 430

S

Sanctitie: *It is a Sentence of three stops*, 421
Scandall: *Its fault and fruit*, 284. *Of Scandalous Ministers, ibid.* 285
Science: *Of it and Wisedome*, 138. *It comes short of wisedome, ibid.*
Sea: *Euery man is a* Vast Sea, 190
Secresie: *It ought to be in Projecting ought*, 353. *That all Secrets should not bee imparted to the faithfullest Friend*, 365 *What two friends should doe with their Secrets, when they depart one from another*, 158
Seruant: *The good of a discreet Seruant*, 16. *Good to vse a Seruant sometimes like a Friend*, 17. *but this should not make him saucie*, 18. *A*

18. *A good rule betweene Master and Seruant, ibid. Seruants vsually are our Best Friends or worst Foes.* 112
Shame: *Iust Shame saddens a good mans Soule,* 377
Silence: *Of Silence and Babbling,* 333. *A pretty example of enioying Silence,* 416. 417.
Sinne: *That sinne is more* Crafty *then* Violent. 116 *The horror that it leaues behind,* 86, 87. *That no mans Sinne goes alwayes vnpunished,* 178. *Of Veniall Sinne,* 336. *Sinne brings Sorrow,* 347. *Sinne but Once committed, begets a proneness to Reiteration,* 374. *The sudden occasion of Sinne most dangerous,* 411
Solitarinesse: *Of it and* Companionship, 385
Sorrow: *That Sinne brings it,* 347. Sorrowes *are like putrid Graues,* 175. *Of all obiects of Sorrow, a Distressed King is the most pittifull,* 187, 188.
Soule: *Of it,* 195. *Of the manifold distractions about it, ibid. Whether it followes the temperature of the body,* 196
Souldier: *Of* Him & warre, 279. *A* Souldier *should haue in him both* Courage *and* Compassion, 143. *A Souldiers life is a life tempting to exorbitancie,* 282. *Their life but an ordered Quarrell, ibid.*
Speech: *Of Speeches bewraying,* 416. *Reasons of giuing a deafe eare to euill speaking,* 241
Spending: *Of it and* Sparing, 358
Speede: *Times continuall* Speede, 23
Stedfastnesse: *A Christians* Stedfastnes *in his* Sauiour, *compared to a* Needle *in a* Diall, 359
Sudden: *Of sudden Resolutions,* 4
Suite: *vide* Petitions, 56, 57.
Sufferance: *That it causeth Loue,* 253.
Suspition: *vide* Iealousie, *Of it,* 240. *Whence it proceeds most commonly, ibid.*

T

Temptation: *Of the minde of a man after the Conquest of a strong* Temptation, 417

Time

Time: *Its continuall* speed, 23. *A thing in* time *promiseth good* successe, 21. *Of the waste and change of* time, 144. Time *is* changes agent, 145. Man *is but* times Ball, 244. *An example of vaine spent* time, 303. *How the distempers of these* times *affect the* wise, 426. Trauell, *a rule for conuerse in* Trauell, 272.
Trauell, 270. *A* trauelling foole *is the shame of all* Nations, 271. *How to better our selues by* trauell. *ib.*
Traitor: *Mans owne heart the greatest* traytor. 203.
Treachery, *Its worst kinde.*
Trifles: *Of lamenting the* losse *of* trifles. 372
Troubles: *They are the best* tutors *to* goodnesse. 332.

V

Valour: *A Christians* valour *and true* fidelity, 338. Valour, *when best tempered* 142
Value: *Of being* ouer-valued 93. *There is no* detraction *worse, then to* ouer-value *men,* 96
Variety: *Though pleasing, yet* troublesome. 50.
Vertue: *Of the end of* vertue *and* vice, 8. *Of it and* wisedome, 230. *A* Vertuous man *is a wonder,* 335. *Euery* Vertue *hath two* Vices *clogging her,* 336. *What a* Vertuous *Man in the purity of his life is like,* 351. *Of being* Vertues *friend, &* vices *foe,* 412. vertue *and* vice *compared,* 438. 439. vertue *and* vices large attendants, 24, 25. *When a Man is rightly* vertuous, 123 *and when vpright, ibidem.* Vertue *is* Natures enuie, 178. 179. vertues *garment how* sacred, 230. *Of* Nobility *ioyned with* vertue, *how glorious.* 438
Vice: *Of the end of* vice *and* vertue, 8. Vices *path, ibid. A painted* Harlot, 9. *when most dangerous,* 129. *Its flourishing and decay,* 426 Vices *attendants,* 25. *Tis now a* vice *to bee* honest, 179. vices *braue bold face,* 180. *It hath a punishment, though secret.* 180. 181.
Vicissitude: *All temporall things haue their* vicissitude, 131. *This* vicissitude *maintaines the* World. 132.

Vine: Humility *compared to the* Vine. 14
Violence. *Of it and* eagernesse, 27. *It oft prospers, but seldome is blessed, ibid. examples in the Couetous, ibidem, and others by many pretty similies, ibidem. & 28. The Authors conclusion from the premises.* 29
Vowes: *Though* resolutions *change, yet* vowes *should know no* variety. 448
Vprightnesse: *Inward* integrity, *& outward* vprightnesse *ought to be respected.* 397

W

Warre: *Of it, and* Souldiers, 279. *A* Souldier *should haue in him both* courage *and* compassion, 143. War *is the* blood-letting *of a* body Politicke, 279. *The causes of* Warre *reduced into fiue heads*, 280. *It is lawfull for* Princes *by* Warre *to vindicate the honour of* themselues *and their* people, 281. *Three vertues which ought to bee in euery* Commander *of* Warre, *ibidem.* Warre *is one of the offences with* woe. 283.
Watches: *A wise Man will keepe a double* watch. 203.
Will: *That it is accepted with God for the* deede. 378
Wife: *What the comfort of a wise* Wife *is.* 264. 265.
Wisedom: *Of* ouer-valuing *our* wisedome, 93. *Of it, and* Science, 138. *Of it, and* vertue, 230. *They are the* gards *of* safety. *ibid.*
Woman: *Of her.* 100. Man, *why made her* master, 101. *Of a* Woman *with a* wise Soule. 264.
Word: *The* Word *of* God our looking-glasse, 402 *A word in* season, *compared to striking in time.* 21
Workes: *Of* them *without* Faith, *and of* Faith *without* them, 348. *Great* works *vndertaken for* ostentation, *misse of their* end, *and turne to the Authors* shame, 144. *Examples of it. ibid.*
World: *Of being the* worlds fauorite *without* Grace, 334. *Its enchantment when it smiles on vs*, 360. *What gaine comes by the* profit

profit *and* pleasure *of the* World, 366. *The condition of the* Worlds *things.* 431

Wrongs: *Of* Natures *recompencing* wrongs, 121. *Of apprehension in* wrongs 126. *To reueng* wrongs, *what it sauours of,* 428. *Whilest wee thinke to* reuenge *a* wrong, *we oft begin it,* 127. *Tis a Princely thing to disdaine a* wrong. 128.

FINIS.