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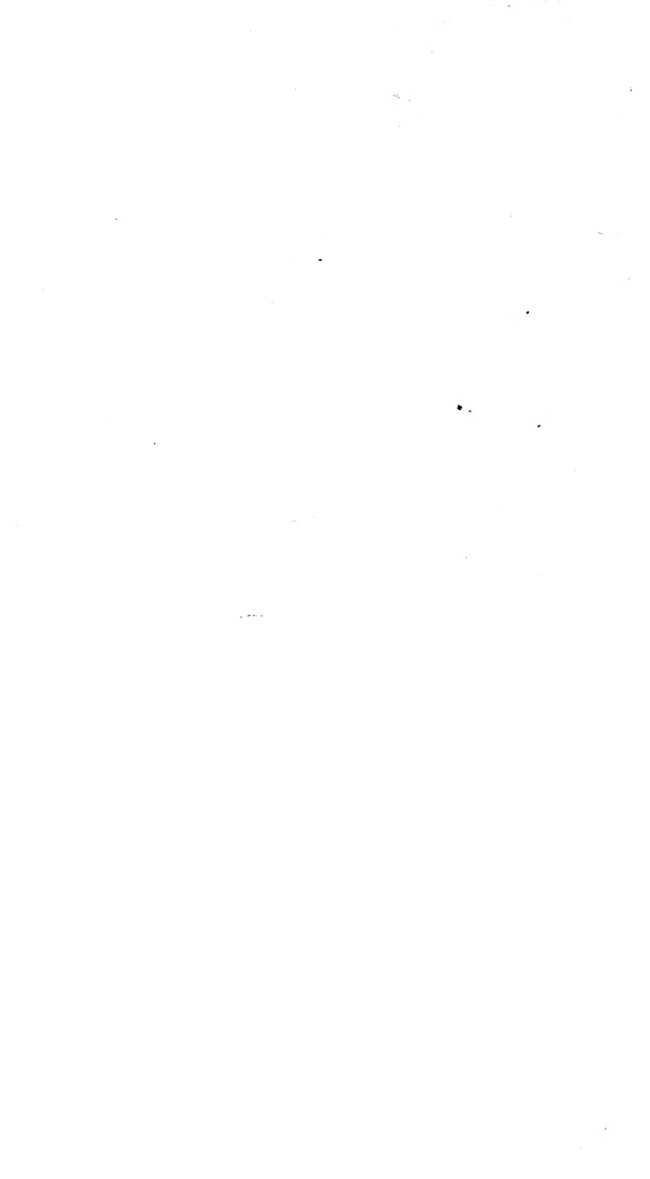


W . G . Johnston !
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A SELECTION

FROM THE

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WRITINGS OF JOSEPH HALL, D. D.

SOMETIME CHAPLAIN TO KING JAMES THE FIRST; BISHOP
OF EXETER, OF NORWICH, ETC.

WITH

OBSERVATIONS OF SOME SPECIALITIES IN HIS LIFE,

WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND.

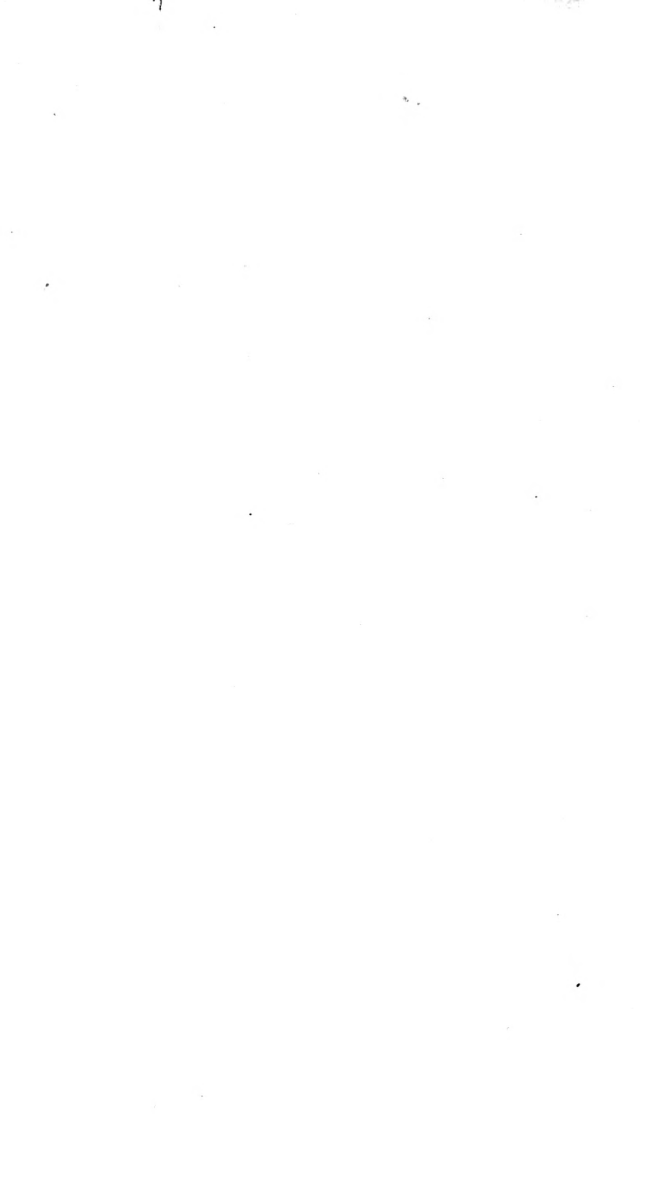
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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE EDITOR of this volume has but little to say, in presenting it to the reader. The merits of Bishop Hall's writings are too apparent to need a trumpeter, and the faults of his style—which are the faults of the best writers of his age, and not of ours—will not be lessened by any attempt at extenuation. Let them rather stand side by side, to offer their own encouragements and warnings to the writers who come after.

The Editor believes, with one who has gone before him in a similar work, that 'few men with pen in hand are more innocently'—and he will add, more profitably—'employed, than he who is engaged in re-editing a good old book.' Bacon must have had his eye on our times when he said, 'The opinion of plenty is among the causes of want, and the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than lack; which surcharge, nevertheless, is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books, which, as the serpent of Moses, might devour the serpents of the enchanter.'

A good book is here offered to the public.

The Scholar who reads it, will find a style which has called forth the admiration of the learned and judicious, from the time of Hall's earliest publications to the present day, and which has justly ranked him among the best of

English authors. In precision, terseness, and condensed energy of style, he has, perhaps, no superior. Even his faults may teach to some of the diffuse and pointless writers of these days, a valuable lesson.

The Christian who reads it, will find, on every page, the glowing fruits of a ripe religious experience; food for thought; and 'aids to reflection,' which shall tend to build up his spirit, and fit him for life's duties and for heaven.

It is an evil sign of the times, that while our christian libraries are flooded with weak dilutions of religion-made-easy, no American edition of the works of this sterling author has ever been issued; and the only specimen of his writings to be obtained in this country, is a mangled copy of some of his 'Contemplations.'

This selection from his devotional and practical writings, is published for the purpose of partially supplying the deficiency, and as a sample of the almost inexhaustible treasure which may be dug from the same mine. Should its reception be such as to warrant the undertaking, another volume may be expected, containing treatises of a somewhat different character.

It only remains, to assure the reader that these 'selections' are not mutilations. Each treatise and epistle is given entire, from the London folios of 1621 and 1634, published in the life-time of the author. The 'Specialities' is taken entire, from the London folio of 1662, published six years after the bishop's death. There has been no resort to the more modern English editions, but the originals have been strictly adhered to. From them each of the selections has been carefully transcribed; the folios have been collated, and the evident errors of the press corrected. Aside from these errors, not a word has been knowingly altered,

save in its orthography. This, and the punctuation have been so modernized as to take away that uncouth appearance of the 'Old English,' the repulsiveness and illegibility of which have prevented many an intelligent Christian from reading 'books which are books.'

For the convenience of young readers and of those who will wish the obsolete expressions had not been retained, a list is given of some words and usages which are of rare occurrence in more modern writings.

The Editor, in justice to his own feelings, cannot pass by this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to PROFESSOR E. A. PARK, for the kind advice and encouragement which he has so often given, during the preparation of this volume.

With the prayer that these treatises, in their new dress, may be blessed—as they were in the old—to the spiritual growth of many souls, and may promote the advancement of pure religion in the world, this book is commended to the serious attention of the christian reader.

A. H. C.

*Theol. Seminary, Andover,
August 1st, 1845.*

A LIST

OF SOME UNUSUAL WORDS, AND WORDS IN UNUSUAL SENSES,
FOUND IN THIS VOLUME.

Affect	passim	for to love, desire.
assays	page 166	“ efforts, endeavors.
oppose	“ 211, 319	“ to question.
anachoret	“ 312	“ a hermit, recluse.
at (an equal)	“ 49	“ from.
bewray	passim	“ expose to view.
bittour	page 213	“ the bittern.
barrator	“ 226	“ an encourager of lawsuits.
conscience	passim	“ consciousness.
“	page 149, etc.	“ conscientious regard.
challenge	passim	“ demand.
composition	page 33	“ mixture.
chirurgion	passim	“ surgeon.
censure	“	“ opinion
contentation	“	“ contentment.
characterism	“	“ delineation of character.
characterly	“	“ “ “
closure	page 210	“ grasp.
cratch	“ 255	“ crib, manger.
eremitish	“ 36	“ hermit-like.
ebber	“ 45	“ more shallow.
entire	“ 52, etc.	“ very intimate.
entireness	“ 157, etc.	“ intimate friendship.
“	“ 279	“ complete possession.
enow	“ 206	“ plural of enough.
fetch	“ 5	“ stratagem.
fautors	“ 151	“ favorers.
forslow	“ 298	“ retard, hinder.
glosses	“ 187, 199, etc.	“ specious explanations.
hearten	“ 6	“ to encourage.
hale	“ 12	“ pull, drag.
honest	“ 64	“ to adorn, grace.
husband	“ 280	“ economist, manager.

inchoate	page 51, 291, etc.	for begun.
infinite	" 27, 93, etc.	" numberless.
interested	passim	" interested.
leese	"	" lose.
list	"	" choose.
let	page 163, 274	" hinderance.
luting	" 229	" cementing.
luxation	" 275	" dislocation.
middest	passim	" midst.
motion	"	" impulse, emotion.
manuary	page 145	" performed by hand.
meddled	" 267	" mingled.
naturalist	" 51	" an unregenerate person.
neezeth	" 213	" sneezeth.
overly	" 305, 317	" careless, negligent.
point	" 21	" appoint.
prank	" 152	" to dress showily.
parieting	" 226	" repairing the wall.
rids	" 116	" dispatches.
raught	" 234	" reached.
set by	" 13	" respected.
slubbered up	" 25	" carelessly written.
sith	" 156	" since.
streaking	" 222	" stretching.
sharp (the)	" 266, 268	" the rapier.
thorough	passim	" through.
tentation	"	" temptation, trial.
traduced	page 14	" handed down.
unconscionable	" 64, etc.	" not guided by conscience.
unkembed	" 223	" unkembed.
wasters	" 266	" cudgels.
whenever	" 282	" if ever.

ERRATUM.

Page 131, end of fifth line, insert 'locally,' so as to read 'personally and locally in the throng,' etc.

OBSERVATIONS

OF SOME SPECIALITIES IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL,
BISHOP OF NORWICH.

WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND.

NOT out of a vain affectation of my own glory—which I know how little it can avail me when I am gone hence—but out of a sincere desire to give glory to my God, whose wonderful providence I have noted in all my ways, I have recorded some remarkable passages of my fore-past life. What I have done, is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God hath done for me, is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory.

I was born, July 1, 1574, at five of the clock in the morning, in Bristow Park, within the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, a town in Leicestershire—of honest and well-allowed parentage. My father was an officer under that truly honorable and religious Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, President of the North; and under him had the government of that market-town wherein the chief seat of that earldom is placed. My mother, Winifred, of the house of the Bambridges, was a woman of that rare sanctity, that—were it not for my interest in nature—I durst say that neither Aleth, the mother of that just honor of Clairval, nor Monica, nor any other of those pious matrons anciently famous for devotion,

need to disdain her admittance to comparison. She was continually exercised with the affliction of a weak body, and oft a wounded spirit, the agonies whereof as she would oft recount with much passion—professing that the greatest bodily sicknesses were but flea-bites to those scorpions—so from them all at last she found an happy and comfortable deliverance, and that not without a more than ordinary hand of God. For, on a time, being in great distress of conscience, she thought, in her dream, there stood by her a grave personage in the gown and other habits of a physician, who inquiring of her estate and receiving a sad and querulous answer from her, took her by the hand and bade her be of good comfort, for this should be the last fit that ever she should feel of this kind; whereto she seemed to answer, that upon that condition she would well be content for the time, with that or any other torment: reply was made to her, as she thought, with a redoubled assurance of that happy issue of this her last trial, whereat she began to conceive an unspeakable joy; which yet, upon her awaking, left her more disconsolate, as then conceiting her happiness imaginary, her misery real; when, the very same day, she was visited by the reverend, and in his time famous, divine, Mr. Anthony Gilby, under whose ministry she lived; who, upon the relation of this her pleasing vision, and the contrary effects it had in her, began to persuade her that dream was no other than divine, and that she had good reason to think that gracious premonition was sent her from God himself, who, though ordinarily he keeps the common road of his proceedings, yet sometimes in the distresses of his servants, he goes unusual ways to their relief. Hereupon she began to take heart, and by good counsel and her fervent prayer, found

that happy prediction verified to her; and upon all occasions in the remainder of her life, was ready to magnify the mercy of her God in so sensible a deliverance;—what with the trial of both these hands of God, so had she profited in the school of Christ, that it was hard for any friend to come from her discourse no whit holier. How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification! Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety; neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own. Temptations, Desertions, and Spiritual Comforts, were her usual theme. Shortly—for I can hardly take off my pen from so exemplary a subject—her life and death were saint-like.

My parents had from mine infancy devoted me to this sacred calling, whereto, by the blessing of God, I have seasonably attained. For this cause, I was trained up in the public school of the place. After I had spent some years not altogether indiligently—under the ferule of such masters as the place afforded, and had near attained to some competent ripeness for the university, my school-master, being a great admirer of one Mr. Pelset, who was then lately come from Cambridge to be the public preacher of Leicester—a man very eminent in those times for the fame of his learning, but especially for his sacred oratory—persuaded my father that if I might have my education under so excellent and complete a divine, it might be both a nearer and easier way to his purposed end, than by an academical institution. The motion sounded well in my father'

ears, and carried fair probabilities; neither was it other than fore-compacted betwixt my school-master and Mr. Pelset, so as on both sides it was entertained with great forwardness.

The gentleman, upon essay taken of my fitness for the use of his studies, undertakes within one seven years to send me forth no less furnished with arts, languages, and grounds of theoretical divinity, than the carefullest tutor in the strictest college of either university; which that he might assuredly perform, to prevent the danger of any mutable thoughts in my parents or myself, he desired mutual bonds to be drawn betwixt us. The great charge of my father—whom it pleased God to bless with twelve children—made him the more apt to yield to so likely a project for a younger son. There, and now, were all the hopes of my future life upon blasting: the indentures were preparing, the time was set, my suits were addressed for the journey. What was the issue? O God, thy providence made and found it. Thou knowest how sincerely and heartily in those my young years [in the fifteenth year of my age,] I did cast myself upon thy hands; with what faithful resolution I did in this particular occasion resign myself over to thy disposition, earnestly begging of thee in my fervent prayers to order all things to the best, and confidently waiting upon thy will for the event! Certainly, never did I, in all my life, more clearly roll myself upon thy divine providence, than I did in this business; and it succeeded accordingly. It fell out, at this time, that my elder brother, having some occasions to journey into Cambridge, was kindly entertained there by Mr. Nathaniel Gilby, Fellow of Emanuel College, who, for that he was born in the same town with me, and had conceived some good opinion of

my aptness to learning, inquired diligently concerning me; and hearing of the diversion of my father's purposes from the university, importunately dissuaded from that new course, professing to pity the loss of so good hopes. My brother, partly moved with his words, and partly won by his own eyes, to a great love and reverence of an academical life, returning home, fell upon his knees to my father, and after the report of Mr. Gilby's words and his own admiration of the place, earnestly besought him that he would be pleased to alter that so prejudicial a resolution, that he would not suffer my hopes to be drowned in a shallow country-channel, but that he would revive his first purposes for Cambridge; adding, in the zeal of his love, that if the chargeableness of that course were the hindrance, he did then humbly beseech him rather to sell some part of that land which himself should in course of nature inherit, than to abridge me of that happy means to perfect my education.

No sooner had he spoken these words, than my father no less passionately condescended, not without a vehement protestation, that whatsoever it might cost him, I should—God willing—be sent to the university: neither were those words sooner out of his lips, than there was a messenger from Mr. Pelset knocking at the door to call me to that fairer bondage, saying that the next day he expected me with a full dispatch of all that business: to whom my father replied, that he came some minutes too late, that he had now otherwise determined of me, and with a respective message of thanks to the master, sent the man home empty; leaving me full of the tears of joy, for so happy a change:—indeed, I had been but lost if that project had succeeded, as it well appeared in the experience of him

who succeeded in that room which was by me thus unexpectedly forsaken. O God, how was I then taken up with a thankful acknowledgment and joyful admiration of thy gracious providence over me! And now I lived in the expectation of Cambridge, whither ere long I happily came, under Mr. Gilby's tuition, together with my worthy friend, Mr. Hugh Cholmley, who as we had been partners of one lesson from our cradles, so were we now for many years partners of one bed. My two first years were necessarily chargeable above the proportion of my father's power, whose not very large cistern was to feed many pipes besides mine. His weariness of expense was wrought upon by the counsel of some unwise friends, who persuaded him to fasten me upon that school as master, whereof I was lately a scholar. Now was I fetched home¹ with an heavy heart, and now this second time had my hopes been nipped in the blossom, had not God raised me up an unhop'd benefactor, Mr. Edmund Sleigh, of Derby—whose pious memory I have cause ever to love and reverence. Out of no other relation to me save that he married my aunt, pitying my too apparent dejectedness, he voluntarily urged and solicited my father for my return to the university, and offered freely to contribute the one half of my maintenance there till I should attain to the degree of Master of Arts,—which he no less really and lovingly performed. The condition was gladly accepted: thither was I sent back with joy enough, and ere long chosen scholar of that strict and well-ordered college. By that time I had spent six years there, now the third year of my Bachelorship should at once both make an end of my maintenance, and, in respect of standing, give me a

¹ A. D. 1591.—CHALMERS.

capacity of farther preferment in that house, were it not that my country excluded me; for our Statute allowed but one of a shire to be Fellow there, and my tutor being of the same town with me must therefore necessarily hold me out. But, O my God, how strangely did thy precious providence fetch this business about! I was now entertaining notions of remove; a place was offered me in the island of Guernsey, which I had in speech and chase. It fell out that the father of my loving chamber-fellow, Mr. Cholmley, a gentleman that had likewise dependence upon the most noble Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, having occasion to go to York, unto that his honorable lord fell into some mention of me, that good earl—who well esteemed my father's service—having belikely heard some better words of me than I could deserve, made earnest inquiry after me, what were my courses; what my hopes; and hearing of the likelihood of my removal, professed much dislike of it; not without some vehemence demanding why I was not chosen Fellow of that College, wherein, by report, I received such approbation. Answer was returned that my country debarred me, which being filled with my tutor, whom his lordship well knew, could not by the Statute admit a second. The earl presently replied, that if that were the hinderance, he would soon take order to remove it: whereupon his lordship presently sends for my tutor, Mr. Gilby, unto York, and with proffer of large conditions of the chaplainship in his house, and assured promises of better provisions, drew him to relinquish his place in the College to a free election. No sooner was his assent signified, than the day was set for the public—and indeed exquisite—examination of the competitors. By that time two days of the three allotted to this trial

were past, certain news came to us of the unexpected death of that incomparably religious and noble earl of Huntingdon; by whose loss my then disappointed tutor must necessarily be left to the wide world unprovided for. Upon notice thereof, I presently repaired to the Master of the College, Mr. Dr. Chaderton, and besought him to render that hard condition to which my good tutor must needs be driven if the election proceeded; to stay any farther progress in that business; and to leave me to my own good hopes wheresoever, whose youth exposed me to less needs and more opportunities of provision. Answer was made me that the place was pronounced void however, and therefore that my tutor was divested of all possibility of remedy, and must wait upon the providence of God for his disposing elsewhere, and the election must necessarily proceed the day following. Then was I, with a cheerful unanimity, chosen into that society, which if it had any equals, I dare say had none beyond it, for good order, studious carriage, strict government, austere piety—in which I spent six or seven years more, with such contentment as the rest of my life hath in vain striven to yield.¹ Now was I called to public disputations often, with no ill success; for never durst I appear in any of those exercises of scholarship, till I had from my knees looked up to heaven for a blessing, and renewed my actual dependence upon that Divine hand. In this while, two years together was I chosen to the rhetoric-lecture in the public school, where I was encouraged with a sufficient frequency of auditors; but finding that well-applauded work somewhat out of my way, not without a secret blame of myself

¹ In 1596, he took his degree of Master of Arts, and acquitted himself on every public trial with great reputation.—CHALMERS.

for so much excursion, I fairly gave up that task, in the midst of those poor acclamations, to a worthy successor, Mr. Dr. Dod; and betook myself to those serious studies which might fit me for that high calling whereunto I was destined;¹ wherein after I had carefully bestowed myself for a time, I took the boldness to enter into sacred orders—the honor whereof having once attained, I was no niggard of that talent which my God had entrusted to me; preaching often as occasion was offered both in country-villages abroad, and at home in the most awful auditory of the university. And now I did but wait where and how it would please my God to employ me.² There was at that time a most famous school erected at Tiverton in Devon, and endowed with a very large pension, whose good fabric was answerable to the reported maintenance, the care whereof was, by the rich and bountiful founder, Mr. Blundel, cast principally upon the then Lord Chief Justice Popham. That faithful observer having great interest in

¹ Fuller says in his 'Worthies of England' that "he passed all his degrees with great applause. First, noted in the university for his ingenious maintaining—be it truth or paradox—that 'mundus senescit'—the world groweth old. Yet, in some sort, his position confuteth his position, the wit and quickness whereof did argue and increase rather than a decay of parts in this latter age."—JONES.

² He had resided at College in the whole about thirteen years.—JONES.

It was while in College, during the years 1597—99, that he published his Satires, which won for him great fame as a poet, and the title of 'the first legitimate English Satirist.'—'The Satires of Hall exhibit a very minute and curious picture of the literature and manners, the follies and vices of his times; they amply prove the wit, the sagacity and the elegance of his muse.' Warton wrote a fine analysis of these Satires. Hall wrote also in other styles of poetry, and in later years versified some of the Psalms.

the master of our house, Dr. Chaderton, moved him earnestly to commend some able, learned, and discreet governor to that weighty charge—whose action would not need to be so much as his oversight. It pleased our master, out of his good opinion, to tender this condition unto me, assuring me of no small advantages and no great toil, since it was intended the main load of the work should lie upon other shoulders. I apprehended the motion worth the entertaining: in that severe society, our times were stinted; neither was it wise or safe to refuse good offers. Mr. Dr. Chaderton carried me to London, and then presented me to the Lord Chief Justice with much testimony of approbation. The Judge seemed well appaid for the choice; I promised acceptance; he, the strength of his favor. No sooner had I parted from the Judge, than in the street a messenger presented me with a letter from the right virtuous and worthy lady, of dear and happy memory, the Lady Drury, of Suffolk, tendering the rectory of her Halsted, then newly void, and very earnestly desiring me to accept of it. Dr. Chaderton, observing in me some change of countenance, asked me what the matter might be. I told him the errand and delivered him the letter, beseeching his advice; which when he had read, ‘Sir,’ quoth I, ‘methinks God pulls me by the sleeve, and tells me it is his will I should rather go to the east than to the west.’ ‘Nay,’ he answered, ‘I should rather think that God would have you go westward, for that he hath contrived your engagement before the tender of this letter, which therefore coming too late, may receive a fair and easy answer.’ To this I besought him to pardon my dissent; adding that I well knew that Divinity was the end whereto I was destined by my parents, which I had so constantly proposed

to myself, that I never meant other than to pass through this western school to it; but I saw that God, who found me ready to go the further way about, now called me the nearest and directest way to that sacred end. The good man could no further oppose, but only pleaded the distaste which would hereupon be justly taken by the Lord Chief Justice, whom I undertook fully to satisfy—which I did with no great difficulty, commending to his lordship, in my room, my old friend and chamber-fellow, Mr. Cholmley, who finding an answerable acceptance, disposed himself to the place: so as we two, who came to the University, now must leave it, at once. Having then fixed my foot in Halsted,¹ I found there a dangerous opposite to the success of my ministry, a witty and bold atheist, one Mr. Lilly,² who by reason of his travels and abilities of discourse and behaviour, had so deeply insinuated himself into my patron, Sir Robert Drury, that there was small hopes, during his entireness, for me to work any good upon that noble patron of mine, who by the suggestion of this wicked detractor was set off from me before he knew me. Hereupon, I confess, finding the obdurateness and hopeless condition of that man, I bent my prayers against him; beseeching God daily that he would be pleased to remove, by some means or other, that apparent hinderance of my faithful labors;—who gave me an answer accordingly. For this malicious man going hastily to London to exasperate my patron against me, was then and there swept away by the pestilence, and never returned to do any further mischief. Now the coast was clear before me, and I gained every day of the good opinion and favorable

¹ December 2, 1601.—SIR T. CULLUM.

² Probably John Lilly, the Dramatic writer.—JONES.

respects of that honorable gentleman and my worthy neighbors. Being now therefore settled in that sweet and civil county of Suffolk, near to St. Edmunds-Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life and the extreme incommodity of that single house-keeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me: for walking from church, on Monday, in the Whitsun-week, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding-dinner; and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' When I further demanded an account of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it—advising me not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to that motion as sent from God; and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years.¹ I had not passed two years in this estate, when my noble friend, Sir Edmund Bacon, with whom I had much entireness, came to me, and earnestly solicited me for my company in a journey by him

¹ They had several children; of whom two at least, Robert and George, were clergymen, and Doctors of Divinity.

projected to the Spa in Ardenna, laying before me the safety, the easiness, the pleasure, and the benefit, of that small extravagance, if opportunity were taken of that time when the earl of Hertford passed in embassy to the archduke Albert of Brussels. I soon yielded; as for the reasons by him urged, so specially for the great desire I had to inform myself ocularly of the state and practise of the Romish church; the knowledge whereof might be of no small use to me in my holy station. Having therefore taken careful order for the supply of my charge, with the assent and good allowance of my nearest friends, I entered into this secret voyage.¹ We waited some days at Harwich for a wind, which we hoped might waft us over to Dunkirk, where our ambassador had lately landed; but at last, having spent a day and half a night at sea, we were forced for want of favor from the wind, to put in at Queenborough, from whence coasting over the rich and pleasant country of Kent, we renewed our shipping at Dover, and soon landing at Calais, we passed, after two days, by wagon to the strong towns of Gravelines and Dunkirk, where I could not but find much horror in myself to pass under those dark and dreadful prisons, where so many brave Englishmen had breathed out their souls in a miserable captivity. From thence we passed through Winoxberg, Ypres, Ghent, Courtray, to Brussels, when the ambassador had newly sat down before us. That noble gentleman in whose company I traveled was welcome with many kind visitations: among the rest there came to him an English gentleman, who having run himself out of breath in the Inns of Court, had forsaken his country and therewith his religion, and was turned both bigot and physician—resid-

¹ A. D. 1605.

ing now in Brussels. This man, after few interchanges of compliment with Sir Edmund Bacon, fell into a hyperbolic prediction of the wonderful miracles done newly by our Lady at Zichem or Sherpen-heavell, that is, Sharp-Hill, by Lipsius Apricollis; the credit whereof when that worthy knight wittily questioned, he avowed a particular miracle of cure wrought by her upon himself. I, coming into the room in the midst of this discourse—habited not like a divine, but in such color and fashion as might best serve my travel—and hearing my countryman's zealous and confident relations, at last asked him this question: 'Sir,' quoth I, 'put case this report of yours be granted for true, I beseech you teach what difference there is betwixt these miracles which you say are wrought by this Lady, and those which were wrought by Vespasian, by some vestals, by charms, and by spells;—the rather for that I have noted, in the late published report of their miracles, some patients prescribed to come upon a Friday, and some to wash in such a well before their approach, and divers other such charm-like observations.' The gentleman, not expecting such a question from me, answered, 'Sir, I do not profess this kind of scholarship, but we have in the city many famous divines, with whom if it would please you to confer, you might sooner receive satisfaction.' I asked him whom he took for the most eminent divine of that place. He named to me Father Costerus, undertaking that he would be very glad to give me conference if I would be pleased to come up to the Jesuits' College. I willingly yielded. In the afternoon, the forward gentleman prevented his time to attend me to the Father—as he styled him—who, as he said, was ready to entertain me with a meeting. I went alone with him.

The porter shutting the door after me, welcomed me with a 'Deo gratias.' I had not staid long in the Jesuits' Hall, before Costerus came in to me; who, after a friendly salutation, fell into a formal speech of the unity of that church out of which is no salvation; and had proceeded to leese his breath and labor, had not I—as civilly as I might—interrupted him with this short answer;—'Sir, I beseech you, mistake me not. My nation tells you of what religion I am: I come not hither out of any doubt of my professed belief, or any purpose to change it; but moving a question to this gentleman concerning the pretended miracles of the time, he pleased to refer me to yourself for an answer; which motion of his I was the more willing to embrace, for the fame that I have heard of your learning and worth; and if you can give me satisfaction herein, I am ready to receive it.' Hereupon we settled to our places at a table in the end of the Hall, and buckled to a farther discourse. He fell into a poor and imperfect account of the difference of Divine miracles and diabolical, which I modestly refuted. From thence, he slipped into a choleric invective against our church, which as he said, could not yield one miracle; and when I answered that in our church we had manifest proof of the ejection of devils by fasting and prayer, he answered that if it could be proved that ever any devil was dispossessed in our church, he would change his religion. Many questions were instantly traversed by us; wherein I found no satisfaction given me. The conference was long and vehement: in the heat whereof, who should come in but Father Baldwin, an English Jesuit, known to me—as by my face, after I came to Brussels—so much more by fame. He sat down upon a bench at the farther end of the table, and heard no small

part of our dissertation, seeming not too well appaid. that a gentleman of his nation—for still I was spoken to in that habit by the style of ‘*dominatio vestra*’—should depart from the Jesuits’ College no better satisfied. On the next morning, therefore, he sends the same English physician to my lodging with a courteous compellation, professing to take it unkindly that his countryman should make choice of any other to confer with than himself, who desired both mine acquaintance and satisfaction. Sir Edmund Bacon, in whose hearing the message was delivered, gave me secret signs of his utter unwillingness to give way to any farther conferences, the issue whereof—since we were to pass further, and beyond the bounds of that protection—might prove dangerous. I returned a mannerly answer of thanks to Father Baldwin; but for any further conference, that it were bootless: I could not hope to convert him, and was resolved he should not alter me; and therefore both of us should rest where we were.

Departing from Brussels, we were for Namur and Liege. In the way, we found the good hand of God in delivering us from the danger of freebooters and of a nightly entrance, amidst a suspicious convoy, into the bloody city. Thence we came to the Spadane waters; where I had good leisure to add a second Century of ‘*Meditations*,’¹ to those I had published before my journey. After we had spent a just time at these medicinal wells, we returned to Liege, and in our pass up the river Mosa,² I had a dangerous conflict with a Sorbonist, a prior of the Carmelites, who took occasion, by our kneeling at the receipt of the eucharist, to persuade all the company of our acknowledgment of a transubstantiation. I satisfied the cavil; showing upon what

¹ Published in 1605.—SANFORD.

² The Maes.

ground this meet posture obtained with us. The man grew furious upon his conviction, and his vehement associates began to join with him in a right down railing upon our church and religion. I told them they knew where they were; for me, I had taken notice of the security of their laws, inhibiting any argument held against their religion established, and therefore stood only upon my defence, not casting any aspersion upon theirs, but ready to maintain our own; which though I performed in as fair terms as I might, yet the choler of those zealots was so moved, that the paleness of their changed countenances begun to threaten some perilous issue, had not Sir Edmund Bacon, both by his eye and his tongue, wisely taken me off. I subdued myself speedily from their presence, to avoid further provocation. The prior began to bewray some suspicions of my borrowed habit, and told them that himself had a green satin suit once prepared for his travels into England; so as I found it needful for me to lie close at Namur; from whence traveling the next day towards Brussels in the company of two Italian captains, Signor Ascamo Nigro and another whose name I have forgotten—who inquiring into our nation and religion, wondered to hear that we had any baptism or churches in England—the congruity of my Latin, in respect of their perfect barbarism, drew me and the rest into their suspicion; so as I might overhear them muttering to each other that we were not the men we appeared. Straight the one of them boldly expressed his conceit, and together with this charge, began to inquire of our condition. I told him that the gentleman he saw before us was the grandchild of that renowned Bacon, the great Chancellor of England, a man of great birth and quality: and that myself and my other compan-

ion traveled in his attendance to the Spa, from the train, and under the privilege of our late ambassador—with which just answer, I stopped their mouths.

Returning through Brussels, we came down to Antwerp—the paragon of cities—where my curiosity to see a solemn procession on St. John Baptist's day, might have drawn me into danger—through my willing unreverence—had not the hulk of a tall Brabanter, behind whom I stood in a corner of the street, shadowed me from notice. Thence, down the fair river of Scheldt, we came to Flushing, when upon the resolution of our company to stay some hours, I hastened to Middleburgh, to see an ancient colleague. That visit lost me my passage. Ere I could return, I might see our ship under sail for England. The master had, with the wind, altered his purpose, and called aboard with such eagerness that my company must either away or undergo the hazard of too much loss. I looked long after them in vain; and sadly returning to Middleburgh, waited long for an inconvenient and tempestuous passage.

After some year and a half, it pleased God unexpectedly to contrive the change of my station. My means were but short at Halsted; yet such as I often professed if my then patron would have added but one ten pounds by year—which I held to be the value of my detained due—I should never have removed. One morning as I lay in my bed, a strong motion was suddenly glanced into my thoughts, of going to London. I arose and betook me to the way. The ground that appeared of that purpose, was to speak with my patron, Sir Robert Drury, if by occasion of the public preachership of St. Edmunds-Bury, then offered me upon good conditions, I might draw him to a willing yieldance

of that parcel of my due maintenance which was kept back from my not over-deserving predecessor; who, hearing my errand, dissuaded me from so ungainful a change, which, had it been for my sensible advantage, he would have readily given way unto—but not offering the expected encouragement of my continuance. With him I staid and preached on the Sunday following. That day, Sir Robert Drury, meeting with the Lord Denny, fell belike into the commendation of my sermon. That religious and noble Lord had long harbored good thoughts concerning me, upon the reading of those poor pamphlets which I had formerly published, and long wished the opportunity to know me. To please him in his desire, Sir Robert willed me to go and tender my service to his lordship, which I modestly and seriously deprecated; yet upon his earnest charge, went to his lordship's gate, where I was not sorry to hear of his absence. And being now, full of cold and distemper, in Drury Lane, I was found by a friend in whom I had formerly no great interest—one Mr. Gurrey, tutor to the earl of Essex. He told me how well my Meditations were accepted at the Prince's court, and earnestly advised me to step over to Richmond and preach to his highness.¹ I strongly pleaded my indisposition of body and my unpreparation for any such work, together with my bashful fears and utter unfitness for any such a presence. My averseness doubled his importunity: in fine, he left me not till he had my engagement to preach the Sunday following at

¹ Prince Henry, eldest son of James I. He was an ardent lover of piety and religion and of all good men. Several of the Bishop's works are dedicated to this prince. He died Nov. 6, 1612, and at the breaking up of his household, Dr. Hall preached an eulogistic sermon, deeply lamenting his loss.

Richmond. He made way for me to that awful pulpit, and encouraged me by the favor of his noble lord, the earl of Essex. I preached through the favor of my God. That sermon was not so well given as taken; insomuch as that sweet prince signified his desire to hear me again the Tuesday following—which done, that labor gave more contentment than the former; so as that gracious prince both gave me his hand and commanded me to his service.¹ My patron seeing me, upon my return to London, looked after by some great persons, began to wish me at home, and told me that some or other would be snatching me up. I answered that it was in his power to prevent; would he be pleased to make my maintenance but so competent as in right it should be, I would never stir from him. Instead of condescending, it pleased him to fall into an expostulation of the rate of competences, affirming the variableness thereof, according to our own estimation and our either raising or moderating the causes of our expenses. I showed him the insufficiency of my means; that I was forced to write books to buy books. Shortly, some harsh and displeasing answer so disheartened me, that I resolved to embrace the first opportunity of remove. Now while I was taken up with these anxious thoughts, a messenger—it was Sir Robert Wingfield of Northampton's son—came to me from the Lord Denny, now earl of Norwich, my after most honorable patron, entreating me from his lordship to speak with him. No sooner came I thither, than after a glad and noble welcome, I was entertained with the noble, earnest offer of Waltham. The conditions were, like the mover,

¹ Wood says that on Oct. 30, 1611, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, upon the promotion of Dr. John King to the See of London. Wood's Ath. Vol. I. Fasti. 155.—CHALMERS.

free and bountiful. I received them as from the munificent hands of my God, and returned, full of the cheerful acknowledgments of a gracious Providence over me.¹ Too late now did my former noble patron relent, and offer me those terms which had before fastened me forever. I returned home happy in a new master and in a new patron: betwixt whom I divided myself and my labors, with much comfort and no less acceptance. In the second year of mine attendance on his highness, when I came for my dismissal from that monthly service, it pleased the prince to command me a longer stay; and at last upon my allowed departure, by the mouth of Sir Thomas Challoner, his governor, to render unto me a motion of more honor and favor than I was worthy of; which was, that it was his Highness' pleasure and purpose to have me continually resident at the court as a constant attendant, while the rest held on their wonted vicissitudes; for which purpose, his Highness would obtain for me such preferments as would yield me full contentment. I returned my humblest thanks, and my readiness to sacrifice myself to the service of so gracious a master; but being conscious to myself of my unanswerableness to so great expectation, and loth to forsake so dear and noble a patron, who had placed much of his heart upon me, I modestly put it off and held close to my Waltham; where in a constant course I preached a long time—as I had done also at Halsted before—thrice in the week; yet never durst I climb into the pulpit to preach any sermon, whereof I had not before, in my poor and plain fash-

¹ About the same time (1612) he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.—CHALMERS.

About the year 1610, he wrote his 'Apology against the Brownists.'—JONES.

ion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it; although in the expression, I listed not to be a slave to syllables.

In this while, my worthy kinsman, Mr. Samuel Barton, arch-deacon of Gloucester, knowing in how good terms I stood at court and pitying the miserable condition of his native church of Wolverhampton, was very desirous to engage me in so difficult and noble a service as the redemption of that captivated church; for which cause he importuned me to move some of my friends to solicit the dean of Windsor—who by an ancient annexation is patron thereof—for the grant of a particular prebend when it should fall vacant in that church. Answer was returned me that it was fore-promised to one of my fellow-chaplains. I sat down without further expectation. Some year or two after, hearing that it was become void, and meeting with that fellow-chaplain of mine, I wished him much joy of that prebend. He asked me if it were void. I assured him so; and telling him of the former answer delivered unto me in my ignorance of his engagements, wished him to hasten his possession of it. He delayed not. When he came to the dean of Windsor for his promised dispatch, the dean brought him forth a letter from the prince, wherein he was desired and charged to reverse his former engagement—since that other chaplain was otherwise provided for—and to cast that favor upon me. I was sent for—who least thought of it—and received the free collation of that poor dignity. It was not the value of the place—which was but nine nobles per annum—that we aimed at; but the freedom of a goodly church, consisting of a dean and eight prebendaries competently endowed, and many thousand souls, lamentably swallowed up by wilful recusants,

in a pretended fee-farm forever. O God, what an hand hadst thou in the carriage of this work! When we set foot in this suit—for another of the prebendaries joined with me—we knew not wherein to insist nor where to ground our complaint; only we knew that a goodly patrimony was by sacrilegious conveyance detained from the church. But in the pursuit of it, such marvelous light opened itself unexpectedly to us, in revealing of a counterfeit seal found in the ashes of that burned house of a false register; in the manifestation of rasures and interpolations and misdates of unjustifiable evidences; that after many years' suit, the wise and honorable Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, upon a full hearing, adjudged these two sued-for prebends clearly to be returned to the church, until by common law they could—if possibly—be revicted. Our great adversary, Sir Walter Leveson, finding it but loss and trouble to strive for litigious sheaves, came off to a peaceable composition with me of forty pounds per annum; for my part whereof, ten should be to the discharge of my stall in that church, till the suit should, by course of common law, be determined. We agreed upon fair wars. The cause was heard at the King's Bench bar, where a special verdict was given for us. Upon the death of my partner in the suit—in whose name it had been brought—it was renewed; a jury empaneled in the county; the foreman—who had vowed he would carry it for Sir Walter Leveson howsoever—was before the day stricken mad and so continued. We proceeded with the same success we formerly had. Whiles we were thus striving, a word fell from my adversary that gave me information that a third dog would perhaps come in and take the bone from us both: which I finding to drive at a supposed conceal-

ment, happily prevented; for I presently addressed myself to his majesty, with a petition for the renewing the charter of that church and the full establishment of the lands, rights, liberties, thereunto belonging—which I easily obtained from those gracious hands. Now Sir Walter Leveson, seeing the patrimony of the church so fast and safely settled, and misdoubting what issue those his crazy evidences would find at the common law, began to incline to offers of peace; and at last drew him so far as that he yielded to those two many conditions, not particularly for myself, but for the whole body of all those prebends which pertained to the church:—First, that he would be content to cast up that fee-farm which he had of all the patrimony of that church, and disclaiming it, receive that which he held of the said church by lease from us the several prebendaries, from term, whether of years, or, which he rather desired, of lives. Secondly, that he would raise the maintenance of every prebend—whereof some were but forty shillings, others three pounds, others four, etc.—to the yearly value of thirty pounds for each man, during the said term of his lease: only for the monument of my labor and success herein, I required that my prebend might have the addition of ten pounds per annum above the fellows. We were busily treating of this happy match for that poor church; Sir Walter Leveson was not only willing, but forward; the then dean, Mr. Antonius de Dominus, Archbishop of Spalata, gave both way and furtherance to the dispatch; all had been most happily ended, had not the scrupulousness of one or two of the number deferred so advantageous a conclusion. In the meanwhile, Sir Walter Leveson dies, leaving his young orphan, ward to the king. All our hopes were now blown up. An office was found of all those

lands; the very wonted payments were denied; and I called into the court of wards, in fair likelihood to forego my former hold, and yielded a possession; but there it was justly awarded by the lord treasurer, then master of the wards, that the orphan could have no more, no other right than the father. I was therefore left in my former state; only upon public complaint of the hard condition wherein the orphan was left, I suffered myself to be over-entreated to abate somewhat of that evicted composition. Which work having once firmly settled, in a just pity of the mean provision, if not the destitution of so many thousand souls, and a desire and care to have them comfortably provided for in the future, I resigned up the said prebend to a worthy preacher, Mr. Lee, who should constantly reside there and painfully instruct that great and long-neglected people; which he hath hitherto performed with great mutual contentment and happy success.

Now during this twenty-two years¹ which I spent at Waltham, thrice was I commanded and employed abroad by his Majesty in public service. First, in the attendance of the Right Honorable the earl of Carlisle, then Lord Viscount Doncaster, who was sent upon a noble embassy, with a gallant retinue, into France; whose interment there the annals of that nation will tell to posterity. In the midst of that service was I surprised with a miserable distemper of

¹ He is said by all his biographers to have retained the living of Waltham for twenty-two years, and this assertion is founded on his own words in his 'Specialities;' but as he expressed the time in numerals there may be a mistake in the printing—for if he remained at Waltham twenty-two years, he must have kept that living after he was Bishop of Exeter, which is not very probable, especially as we find there were three incumbents on the living of Waltham before the year 1637.—CHALMERS.

body, which ended in a diarrhoea biliosa, not without some beginnings and further threats of a dysentery; wherewith I was brought so low, that there seemed small hopes of my recovery. M. Peter Moulin, to whom I was beholding for his frequent visitations, being sent by my lord ambassador to inform him of my estate, brought him so sad news thereof, as that he was much afflicted therewith, well supposing that his welcome to Waltham could not but want much of the heart without me. Now the time of his return drew on, Dr. Moulin kindly offered to remove me, upon his lordship's departure, to his own house—promised me all careful tendance. I thanked him, but resolved if I could but creep homewards, to put myself upon the journey. A litter was provided; but of so little ease, that Simeon's penitential lodging or a malefactor's stocks had been less penal. I crawled down from my close chamber into that carriage 'In qua videbaris mihi efferrī tanquam in sandapila,'¹ as Mr. Moulin wrote to me afterward. That misery had I endured all the long passage from Paris to Dieppe—being left alone to the surly muleteers—had not my good God brought me to St. Germain's upon the very minute of the setting-out of those coaches which had staid there upon that morning's entertainment of my lord ambassador. How glad was I, that I might change my seat and my company! In the way, beyond all expectation, I began to gather some strength; whether the fresh air or the desires of my home revived me, so much and so sudden reparation ensued as was sensible to myself, and seemed strange to others. Being shipped at Dieppe, the sea used us hardly, and after a night and a great part of the day following, sent us back well wind-beaten to that bleak

¹ 'In which you seem to me to be borne as on a bier.'—ED.

haven whence we set forth, forcing us to a more pleasing land-passage through the coasts of Normandy and Picardy; towards the end whereof, my former complaint returned upon me, and landing with me, accompanied me to and at my long-desired home.

In this my absence, it pleased his Majesty graciously to confer upon me the deanery of Worcester;¹ which being promised me before my departure, was deeply hazarded whiles I was out of sight, by the importunity and underhand working of some great ones. Dr. Field, the learned and worthy dean of Gloucester, was by his potent friends put in such assurances of it, that I heard where he took care for the furnishing that ample house. But God fetched it about for me, in that absence and nescience of mine; and that reverend and better-deserving divine was well satisfied with greater hopes, and soon after exchanging this mortal estate for an immortal and glorious. Before I could go down, through my continuing weakness, to take possession of that dignity, his Majesty pleased to design me to his attendance into Scotland;² where the great love and respect that I found, both for the ministers and people, wrought me no small envy from some of our own. Upon a commonly received supposition that his Majesty would have no further use of his chaplains after his remove from Edinburgh—forasmuch as the divines of the country, whereof there is great store and worthy choice, were allotted to every station—I easily obtained, through the solicitation of my ever-honored Lord of Carlisle, to return with him before my fellows. No sooner was I gone, than sug-

¹ A. D. 1616.—SANFORD.

² “Where he exerted himself in support of Episcopacy against Presbyterianism.”—LIFE, in Edinb. Brit. Poets.

gestions were made to his Majesty of my over-plausible demeanor and doctrine to that already prejudicate people; for which his Majesty, after a gracious acknowledgment of my good service there done, called me upon his return to a favorable and mild account; not more freely professing what informations had been given against me than his own full satisfaction with my sincere and just answer—as whose excellent wisdom well saw that such winning carriage of mine could be no hinderance to those his great designs. At the same time, his Majesty having secret notice that a letter was coming to me from Mr. W. Struther, a reverend and learned divine of Edinburgh, concerning the Five Points then proposed and urged to the church of Scotland,¹ was pleased to impose upon me an earnest charge to give him

¹ The Scots ministers understanding that the king designed to bring about an uniformity between the churches of England and Scotland, appointed one Mr. Wm. Struthers, a divine of Edinburgh, to preach against such a proceeding; who in his sermon in the principal church of Edinburgh, not only condemned the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, but prayed God to save Scotland from the same.—[Heylin's *Life of Laud*, p. 73, Ed. 1688].

The following five points or articles were then proposed and urged to the kirk, as a step towards producing uniformity:—1. That the holy sacraments should be received kneeling. 2. That ministers were to administer the sacrament in private houses to the sick, if desired. 3. That ministers were to baptize children privately at home, in cases of necessity. 4. That ministers should bring such children of their parishes as could say the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, to the Bishop to be confirmed. 5. That the festivals of Christmas, Easter, Whitsunday, and the Ascension, were to be commemorated in the kirk of Scotland.—JONES.

Mr. Chalmers, in a note to his 'Life of Hall,' has confounded these with certain other 'five points,' somewhat famous; but about which there was, in this case, no dispute.—ED.

a full answer to those modest doubts, and at large to declare my judgment concerning those required observations; which I speedily performed, with so great approbation of his Majesty that it pleased him to command a transcript thereof, as I was informed, publicly read in their most famous university; the effect whereof his Majesty vouchsafed to signify afterwards unto some of my best friends, with allowance beyond my hopes.

It was not long after, that his Majesty, finding the exigence of the affairs of the Netherlandish churches to require it, both advised them to a synodical decision, and by his incomparable wisdom promoted the work. My unworthiness was named for one of the assistants of that honorable, grave and reverend meeting; where I failed not of my best service to that woful, distracted church.¹ By that time I had staid some two months there, the unquietness of the nights in those garrison-towns, working upon the tender disposition of my body, brought me to such weakness through want of rest, that it began to disable me from attending the synod; which yet as I might—I forced myself unto, as wishing that my zeal could have discountenanced my infirmity: where, in the mean time it is well worthy of my thankful remembrance that, being in an afflicted and languishing condition for a fortnight together, with that sleepless distemper, yet it pleased God, the very night before I was to preach the Latin sermon to the synod,² to bestow upon me such a comfortable refreshing of sufficient sleep as whereby my spirits were revived, and I was enabled with much vivacity to perform that service; which was no sooner done, than my former complaint renewed

¹ “ This Synod continued from Nov. 13, 1618, to May 29, 1619.”

² Preached Nov. 29, 1618, from Eccl. 7: 16.

upon me, and prevailed against all the remedies that the council of physicians could advise me unto; so as after long strife, I was compelled to yield unto retirement—for the time—to the Hague, to see if change of place and more careful attendance—which I had in the house of our right honorable ambassador, the Lord Carleton, now viscount Dorchester,—might recover me. But when, notwithstanding all means, my weakness increased so far as that there was small likelihood left of so much strength remaining as might bring me back into England, it pleased his gracious majesty—by our noble ambassador's solicitation—to call me off, and to substitute a worthy divine, Mr. Dr. Goade, in my unwilling-forsaken room. Returning by Dort, I sent in my sad farewell to that grave assembly; who, by common vote, sent to me the President of the synod and the assistants, with a respective and gracious valediction: neither did the deputies of my Lords the States neglect—after a very respectful compliment sent from them to me, by Daniel Heinsius—to visit me; and after a noble acknowledgment of more good service from me than I durst own, dismissed me with an honorable retribution, and sent after me a rich medal of gold—the portraiture of the synod—for a precious monument of their respects to my poor endeavours; who failed not, whiles I was at the Hague, to impart unto them my poor advice concerning that synodical meeting. The difficulties of my return, in such weakness, were many and great; wherein, if ever, God manifested his special providence to me, in overruling the cross accidents of that passage, and after many dangers and despairs, contriving my safe arrival.

After not many years' settling at home, it grieved my soul to see our own church begin to sicken of the same dis-

ease which we had endeavored to cure in our neighbors.¹ Mr. Montague's tart and vehement assertions of some positions near akin to the Remonstrants of Netherland,² gave occasion of no small broil in the church; sides were taken; pulpits every where rang of these opinions: but parliament took notice of the division, and questioned the occasioner. Now as one that desired to do all good offices to our dear and common mother, I set my thoughts on work, how so dangerous a quarrel might be happily composed; and finding that mis-taking was more guilty of this dissention than mis-believing—since it plainly appeared to me that Mr. Montague meant to express not Arminius but B. Overall,³ a more moderate and safe author, however he sped in delivery of him—I wrote a little project of pacification; wherein I desired to rectify the judgment of men concerning this misapprehended controversy; showing them the true parties in this unseasonable plea. And because B. Overall went a midway betwixt the two opinions, which he held extreme, and must needs therefore differ somewhat in the commonly received tenet in these points, I gathered out of B. Overall on the one side, and out of our English divines at Dort on the other, such common propositions concerning these five busy articles as wherein both

¹ Popery now began to gain ground in many places; and against this the good Bishop's holy zeal was always more excited than even against "the anarchical fashion of independent congregations."—ED.

² Mr. Richard Mantague of Essex, in 1623, wrote 'A New Gag for an old Goose'—a satirical reply to a papist book entitled 'A new Gag for the old Gospel.' He was not an easy man to manage, but was finally silenced by the superior powers.—ED.

³ He was one of the most profound school divines of the English nation. He was employed in the translation of the Bible, and wrote the sacramental part of the church catechism.—JONES.

of them were fully agreed ; all which, being put together, seemed unto me to make up so sufficient a body of accorded truth, that all other questions moved hereabouts, appeared merely superfluous, and every moderate Christian might find where to rest himself without hazard of contradiction. These I made bold, by the hands of Dr. Young, the worthy dean of Winchester, to present to his excellent Majesty ; together with a humble motion of a peaceable silence to be enjoined to both parts, in those other collateral and needless disquisitions, which, if they might befit the schools of academical disputants, could not certainly sound well from the pulpits of popular auditories. Those reconciliatory papers fell under the eyes of some grave divines on both parts. Mr. Montague professed that he had seen them, and would subscribe to them very willingly : others, that were contrarily minded, both English, Scottish, and French divines, proffered their hands to a no less ready subscription ;—so as much peace promised to result out of that weak and poor enterprise, had not the confused noise of the misconstructions of those who never saw the work—crying it down for the very name's sake—meeting with the royal edict of a general inhibition, buried it in a secure silence. I was scorched a little with this flame which I desired to quench ; yet this could not stay my hand from thrusting itself into an hotter fire.

Some insolent Romanists, Jesuits especially, in their bold disputations—which in the time of the treaty of the Spanish match, and the calm of that relaxation, were very frequent—pressed nothing so much as a catalogue of the professors of our religion, to be deduced from the primitive times ; and with the peremptory challenge of the impossibility of this pedigree, dazzled the eyes of the simple ;

whiles some of our learned men, undertaking to satisfy so needless and unjust a demand, gave, as I conceive, great advantage to the adversary. In a just indignation to see us thus wronged by misstating the question betwixt us, as if we, yielding ourselves of another church, originally and fundamentally different, should make good our own erection upon the ruins, yea the nullity, of theirs; and well considering the infinite and great inconveniences that must needs follow upon this defence, I adventured to set my pen on work; desiring to rectify the opinions of those men whom an ignorant zeal had transported to the prejudice of our holy cause; laying forth the damnable corruptions of the Roman church, yet making our game at the outward visibility thereof, and by this means putting them to the probation of those newly-obtruded corruptions which are truly guilty of the breach betwixt us:—the drift whereof being not well conceived by some spirits that were not so wise as fervent, I was suddenly exposed to the rash censures of many well-affected and zealous Protestants; as if a remission to my wonted zeal to the truth attributed too much to the Romish church, and strengthened the adversaries' hands and weakened our own. This envy I was fain to take off by my speedy Apologetical Advertisement, and after that by my Reconciler, seconded with the unanimous letters of such reverend, learned, sound divines, both bishops and doctors,¹ as whose undoubtable authority was able to bear down calumny itself. Which done, I did by a seasonable moderation provide for the peace of the church, in silencing both my defendants and challengers in this unkind and ill-raised quarrel. Immediately before the publishing of this tractate—which did not a little aggra-

¹ Bishops Morton and Davenant, Drs. Prideaux and Primrose.

vate the envy and suspicion—I was by his Majesty raised to be Bishop of Exeter;¹ having formerly, with much humble deprecation, refused the see of Gloucester, earnestly proffered unto me.² How beyond all expectation it pleased God to place me in that western charge, which, if the Duke of Buckingham's letters—he being then in France—had arrived some hours sooner, I had been defeated of; and by what strange means it pleased God to make up the competency of that provision by the unthought-of addition of the rectory of St. Breok within that diocese; if I should fully relate the circumstances would force the confession of an extraordinary hand of God in the disposing of these events. I entered upon that place, not without much prejudice and suspicion on some hands; for some that sat in the stern of the church had me in great jealousy for too much favor of puritanism. I soon had intelligence who were set over me for espials: my ways were curiously observed and scanned. However, I took the resolution to follow those courses which might most conduce to the peace and happiness of my new and weighty charge. Finding therefore some factious spirits very busy in that diocese, I used all fair and gentle means to win them to good order, and therein so happily prevailed, that—saving two of that numerous clergy who, continuing in their refractoriness, fled away from censure—they were all perfectly reclaimed: so as I had not one minister professedly opposite to the anciently received orders—for I was never guilty of urging any new impositions—of the church, in that large diocese. Thus we went on comfortably together, till some persons of note in the cler-

¹ 1627; consecrated Dec 23.—CHALMERS.

² By King James, in 1624.—LIFE, Ed. Br. Po.

gy, being guilty of their own negligence and disorderly courses, began to envy our success; and finding me ever ready to encourage those whom I found conscionably forward, and painful in their places, and willingly giving way to orthodox and peaceable lectures in several parts of my diocese, opened their mouths against me, both obliquely in the pulpit and directly at the court; complaining of my too much indulgence of persons disaffected, and my too much liberty of frequent lecturing within my charge. The billows went so high that I was three several times upon my knee to his Majesty, to answer these great criminations: and what contestation I had with some great Lords concerning these particulars, it would be too long to report—only this, under how dark a cloud I was hereupon, I was so sensible, that I plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury¹ that rather than I would be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his misinformers, I would cast up my rochet:² I knew I went right ways, and would not endure to live under undeserved suspicions. What letters of caution I had from some of my wary brethren, and what expostulatory letters I had from above, I need not relate. Sure I am, I had peace and comfort at home, in that happy sense of that general unanimity and loving correspondence of my clergy, till in the last year of my presiding there, after the synodical oath was set on foot—which yet I did never tender to any one minister of my diocese—by the incitation of some busy interlopers of the neighbor county, some of them began to enter into an unkind contestation with me about the election of clerks for the convocation; whom they secretly, without ever acquainting me with their desire or purpose—as driving to that end which

¹ Laud.

² i. e. surplice.

we see now accomplished—would needs nominate and set up in competition to those whom I had—after the usual form—recommended to them. That they had a right to free voices in that choice, I denied not; only I had reason to take it unkindly, that they would work underhand, without me and against me; professing that if beforehand they had made their desires known to me, I should willingly have gone along with them in their election. It came to the poll: those of my nomination carried it: the parliament begun. After some hard tugging there, returning home upon a recess, I was met by the way, and cheerfully welcomed with some hundreds. In no worse terms, I left that my once dear diocese; when, returning to Westminster, I was soon called by his Majesty—who was then in the north—to a remove to Norwich:¹ but how I took the tower in my way,² and how I have been dealt with since my repair hither, I could be lavish in the sad report; ever desiring my good God to enlarge my heart in thankfulness to him for the sensible experience I have had of his fatherly hand over me in the deepest of all my afflictions, and to strengthen me for whatsoever other trials he shall be pleased to call me unto—that being found faithful unto the death, I may obtain that crown of life which he hath ordained for all those that overcome!

Thus far the good Bishop's own account of himself;—meagre, indeed, from an excessive modesty that would

¹ Nov. 15, 1641.—CHALMERS.

² Bishop Hall was one of the twelve prelates sent to the tower Dec. 30, 1641, on a charge of high treason, for issuing a 'protest against the validity of such laws as should be made during their compelled absence from parliament.'—ED.

not record many of those events of his life which have reflected great honor on himself, and conferred lasting benefit on his age and the world. His 'Specialities' is republished, with a few explanatory notes—rather than a compiled sketch of his life—both for its intrinsic interest, and for the characteristic traits it reveals of its author.

The limits of this volume do not admit of a fuller memoir. The reader who would know more of him is referred to a very circumstantial account of the man and of the part he took in the stirring events of his latter years, entitled "Bishop Hall,—his Life and Times; by the Rev. John Jones." London 1826. From this work has been drawn some of the matter contained in the notes to the 'Specialities,' and to it, mainly, are we indebted for the few particulars which follow.

Bishop Hall was confined in the tower, with the exception of one short interval, until May 5th, 1642; and was then released only on giving bail for five thousand pounds. In the mean time parliament had issued an order for the forfeiture of all his spiritual revenues, save only four hundred pounds a year; which, with wonderful magnanimity, was allowed for the maintenance of himself and family: but of a great part even of this, he was defrauded by the violence and cupidity of his persecutors. In the tower, he preached and wrote with his usual industry; and on his release, immediately recommenced preaching in Norwich to crowded audiences. This he continued till near the beginning of April, 1643, when the order was passed by parliament for sequestering the property of certain 'notorious delinquents,' among whom Bishop Hall was included by name. The rents due from his tenants were not allowed to be paid him; his dwelling was violently entered; his goods ransacked and

plundered by disorderly soldiers; and it was only by the kind interposition of personal friends—who generously advanced the sum at which they were valued—that he retained his household furniture, his library, or even the portraits of his children. The amount advanced, he afterwards repaid out of the ‘poor pittance of fifths’ allowed for the maintenance of his family.

After this, his house was several times assaulted by rioters, and on the tenth of June 1644, the cathedral church ‘bordering upon it’ was finally demolished ‘by authority’; with its fine painted windows, its organ, its monuments, and the various apparatus of episcopal service. After a little time passed in fear, anxiety, and real danger, the Bishop and his family were, on some frivolous pretence, driven from his dwelling; ‘so as’—he complains in his ‘Hard Measure’—‘we might have lien in the street for aught I know, had not the providence of God so ordered it that a neighbor in the close, one Mr. Gostlin, a widower, was content to void his house for us.’

After the publication of his ‘Hard Measure,’ May, 1647—which enlightened the public as to his unjust treatment and severe sufferings—a little more favor seems to have been shown him; but he never returned to his family mansion.

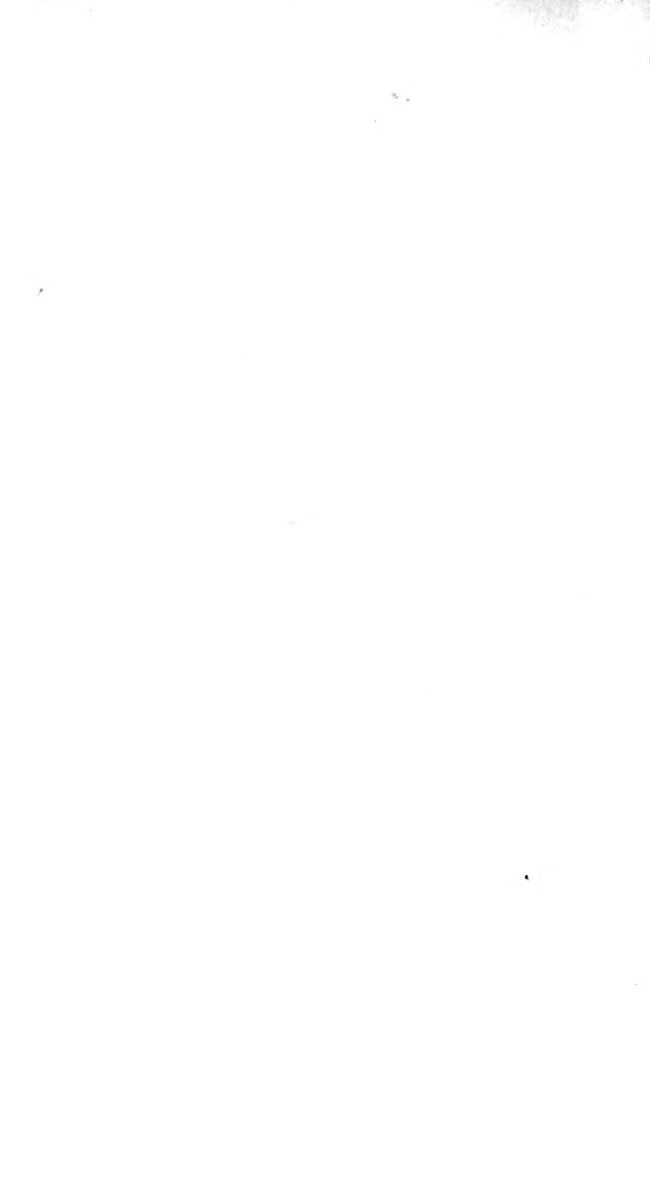
The remaining years of his life were passed in a small house which he rented, at Higham, one of the suburbs of Norwich. He continued to preach in Norwich and the vicinity, at least until he entered on his eightieth year; and after that was ‘as diligent a hearer as he had been a preacher.’ To the last, he was remarkable for his mental vigor, his industry, his charity, his humility and fervent piety. He died Sept. 8, 1656, at the good old age of eighty-two.

MEDITATIONS AND VOWS,

DIVINE AND MORAL:

SERVING FOR DIRECTION IN CHRISTIAN AND CIVIL PRACTICE.

THREE CENTURIES.



MEDITATIONS AND VOWS.

CENTURY I.

I.

IN meditation, those which begin heavenly thoughts and prosecute them not, are like those which kindle a fire under green wood, and leave it so soon as it but begins to flame; leeing the hope of a good beginning for want of seconding it with a suitable proceeding. When I set myself to meditate, I will not give over till I come to an issue. It hath been said by some that the beginning is as much as the middest;—yea, more than all. But I say the ending is more than the beginning.

II.

There is nothing but man that respecteth greatness. Not God, not death, not judgment. Not God; he is no acceptor of persons. Not nature; we see the sons of princes born as naked as the poorest; and the poor child as fair, well-favored, strong, witty, as the heir of nobles. Not disease, death, judgment; they sicken alike, die alike, fare alike after death. There is nothing besides natural men, of whom goodness is not respected. I will

honor greatness in others ; but for myself, I will esteem a dram of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.

III.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance ; in not prying into God's ark ; not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need and all that I may : I leave God's secrets to himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of his court, though not of his council.

IV.

As there is no vacuity in nature, no more is there spiritually. Every vessel is full ; if not of liquor, yet of air. So is the heart of man ; though, by nature, it is empty of grace, yet it is full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Now as it is filled with grace, so it is empty of his evil qualities : as in a vessel, so much water as goes in, so much air goes out. But man's heart is a narrow-mouthed vessel and receives grace but by drops ; and therefore takes a long time to empty and fill. Now as there be differences in degrees, and one heart is nearer to fullness than another, so the best vessel is not quite full while it is in the body ; because there are still remainders of corruption. I will neither be content with that measure of grace I have, nor impatient of God's delay ; but every day I will endeavor to have one drop added to the rest ; so my last day shall fill up my vessel to the brim.

V.

Satan would seem to be mannerly and reasonable ; making as if he would be content with one half of the

heart, whereas God challengeth all or none : as indeed he hath most reason to claim all, that made all. But this is nothing but a crafty fetch of Satan ; for he knows that if he have any part, God will have none ; so the whole falleth to his share alone. My heart, when it is both whole and at the best, is but a strait and unworthy lodging for God. If it were bigger and better, I would reserve it all for him. Satan may look in at my doors by a tentation, but he shall not have so much as one chamber-room set apart for him to sojourn in.

VI.

I see that in natural motions, the nearer anything comes to his end the swifter it moveth. I have seen great rivers, which, at their first rising out of some hill's side, might be covered with a bushel ; which, after many miles, fill a very broad channel, and drawing near to the sea, do even make a little sea in their own banks. So the wind, at the first rising, as a little vapor from the crannies of the earth, and passing forward about the earth, the further it goes the more blustering and violent it waxeth. A Christian's motion, after he is regenerate, is made natural to God-ward ; and therefore the nearer he comes to heaven, the more zealous he is. A good man must not be like Hezekiah's sun, that went backward ; nor like Joshua's sun, that stood still ; but David's sun that like a bridegroom comes out of his chamber, and as a champion rejoiceth to run his race : only herein is the difference, that when he comes to his high noon, he declineth not. However, therefore, the mind in her natural faculties follows the temperature of the body, yet in these supernatural things she quite crosses

it. For with the coldest complection of age is joined, in those that are truly religious, the ferventest zeal and affection to good things; which is therefore the more revered and better acknowledged, because it cannot be ascribed to the hot spirits of youth. The devil himself devised that old slander of early holiness—"A young Saint, an old Devil." Sometimes young devils have proved old saints; never the contrary; but true saints in youth do always prove angels in their age. I will strive to be ever good; but if I should not find myself best at last, I should fear I was never good at all.

VII.

Consent hearteneth sin, which a little dislike would have daunted at first. As we say "There would be no thieves if no receivers:" so would there not be so many open mouths to detract and slander, if there were not so many open ears to entertain them. If I cannot stop another man's mouth from speaking ill, I will either open my mouth to reprove it, or else I will stop mine ears from hearing it; and let him see in my face that he hath no room in my heart.

VIII.

I have oft wondered how fishes can retain their fresh taste, and yet live in salt waters; since I see that every other thing participates of the nature of the place wherein it abides. So the waters passing thorough the channels of the earth vary their savor with the veins of soil through which they slide. So brute creatures, transported from one region to another, alter their former quality and degenerate by little and little. The like

danger I have seen in the manners of men conversing with evil companions in corrupt places. For besides that it blemisheth our reputation, and maketh us thought ill though we be good, it breeds in us an insensible declination to ill ; and works in us, if not an approbation, yet a less dislike of those sins to which our ears and eyes are so continually inured. I may have a bad acquaintance : I will never have a wicked companion.

IX.

Expectation, in a weak mind, makes an evil greater and a good less ; but in a resolved mind, it digests an evil before it come, and makes a future good long before present. I will expect the worst, because it may come ; the best, because I know it will come.

X.

Some promise what they cannot do ; as Satan to Christ. Some, what they could, but mean not to do ; as the sons of Jacob to the Shechemites. Some, what they meant for the time, and after retract ; as Laban to Jacob. Some, what they do also give, but unwillingly ; as Herod. Some, what they willingly give, and after repent them ; as Joshua to the Gibeonites. So great distrust is there in man, whether from his impotence or faithlessness. As in other things, so in this, I see God is not like man ; but in whatever he promises, he approves himself most faithful both in his ability and performances. I will therefore ever trust God on his bare word ; even with hope, besides hope, above hope, against hope ; and onwards I will rely on him for small matters of this life. For how shall I hope to trust him

in impossibilities, if I may not in likelihoods? How shall I depend on him for raising my body from dust and saving my soul, if I mistrust him for a crust of bread towards my preservation?

XI.

If the world would make me his minion, he could give me but what he hath. And what hath he to give? But a smoke of honor, a shadow of riches, a sound of pleasures, a blast of fame. Which when I have had in the best measure, I may be worse,—I cannot be better: I can live no whit longer, no whit merrier, no whit happier. If he profess to hate me, what can he do, but disgrace me in my name, impoverish me in my estate, afflict me in my body? In all which, it is easy not to be ever the more miserable. I have been too long beguiled with the vain semblances of it: now, henceforth, accounting myself born to a better world, I will, in a holy loftiness, bear myself as one too good to be enamoured of the best pleasures, to be daunted with the greatest miseries, of this life.

XII.

I see there is no man so happy as to have all things; and no man so miserable as not to have some. Why should I look for a better condition than all others? If I have somewhat, and that of the best things, I will in thankfulness enjoy them, and want the rest with contentment.

XIII.

Constraint makes an easy thing toilsome, whereas again

love makes the greatest toil pleasant. How many miles do we ride and run, to see one silly beast follow another, with pleasure ! which if we were commanded to measure, upon the charge of a superior, we should complain of weariness. I see the folly of the most men, that make their lives miserable and their actions tedious, for want of love to that they must do. I will first labor to settle in my heart a good affection to heavenly things : so, Lord, thy yoke shall be easy and thy burden light.

XIV.

I am a stranger even at home : therefore, if the dogs of the world bark at me, I neither care nor wonder.

XV.

It is the greatest madness in the world, to be an hypocrite in religious profession. Men hate thee, because thou art a Christian, so much as in appearance. God hates thee double, because thou art but in appearance : so, while thou hast the hatred of both, thou hast no comfort in thyself. Yet if thou wilt not be good as thou seemest, I hold it better to seem ill as thou art. An open wicked man doth much hurt with notorious sins, but an hypocrite doth, at last, more shame goodness by seeming good. I had rather be an open wicked man than an hypocrite ; but I had rather be no man than either of them.

XVI.

When I cast down mine eyes upon my wants, upon my sins, upon my miseries, methinks no man should be worse, no man so ill as I ;—my means so many, so forcible and al-

most violent ; my progress so small and insensible : my corruptions so strong ; my infirmities so frequent and remediless ; my body so unanswerable to my mind. But when I look up to the blessings that God hath enriched me withal, methinks I should soon be induced to think none more happy than myself. God is my friend and my father ; the world not my master, but my slave ; I have friends not many, but so tried that I dare trust them ; an estate not superfluous, not needy, yet nearer to defect than abundance ; a calling, if despised of men, yet honorable with God ; a body, not so strong as to admit security—but often checking me in occasion of pleasure, —nor yet so weak as to afflict me continually ; a mind, not so furnished with knowledge that I may boast of it, nor yet so naked that I should despair of obtaining it. My miseries afford me joy ; mine enemies, advantage ; my account is cast up for another world. And if thou think I have said too much good of myself, either I am thus, or I would be.

XVII.

The worldling's life is, of all other, most discomfortable. For that which is his God doth not always favor him ; that which should be, never.

XVIII.

There are three messengers of death,—Casualty, Sickness, Age. The two first are doubtful, since many have recovered them both. The last is certain. The two first are sudden ; the last, leisurely and deliberate. As for all men, upon so many summons, so especially for an old man, it is a shame to be unprepar-

ed for death : for where other see they may die, he sees he must die. I was long ago old enough to die ; but if I live till age, I will think myself too old to live longer.

XIX.

I will not care what I have, whether much or little. If little, my account shall be less ; if more, I shall do the more good and receive the more glory.

XX.

I care not for any companion but such as may teach me somewhat or learn somewhat of me. Both these shall much please me—one as an agent, the other as a subject to work upon : neither know I whether more. For though it be an excellent thing to learn, yet I learn but to teach others.

XXI.

If earth, that is provided for mortality and is possessed by the Maker's enemies, have so much pleasure in it that worldlings think it worth the account of their heaven ; such a sun to enlighten it, such an heaven to wall it about, such sweet fruits and flowers to adorn it, such variety of creatures for the commodious use of it ;—what must Heaven needs be, that is provided for God himself and his friends ? How can it be less in worth than God is above his creatures, and God's friends better than his enemies ? I will not only be content, but desirous to be dissolved.

XXII.

It is commonly seen that boldness puts men forth before their time, before their ability. Wherein we have seen many that, like lapwings and partridges, have run away with some part of their shell on their heads: whence it follows that as they began boldly, so they proceed unprofitably, and conclude not without shame. I would rather be haled by force of others to great duties, than rush upon them unbidden. It were better a man should want work, than that great works should want a man answerable to their weight.

XXIII.

I will use my friend as Moses did his rod. While it was a rod, he held it familiarly in his hand; when once a serpent, he ran away from it.

XXIV.

I have seldom seen much ostentation and much learning met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; at midday, when he is at highest, none at all. Besides that, skill when it is too much shown, loseth the grace; as fresh-colored wares, if they be often opened, lose their brightness and are soiled with much handling. I had rather applaud myself for having much that I show not, than that others should applaud me for showing more than I have.

XXV.

An ambitious man is the greatest enemy to himself of any in the world besides; for he still torments himself

with hopes and desires and cares, which he might avoid if he would remit of the height of his thoughts and live quietly. My only ambition shall be, to rest in God's favor on earth and to be a saint in heaven.

XXVI.

There was never good thing easily come by. The heathen man could say, God sells knowledge for sweat; and so he doth honor, for jeopardy. Never any man hath got either wealth or learning with ease. Therefore the greatest good must needs be most difficult. How shall I hope to get Christ, if I take no pains for him? And if, in all other things, the difficulty of obtaining whets the mind so much the more to seek, why should it in this alone daunt me? I will not care what I do, what I suffer, so I may win Christ. If men can endure such cutting, such lancing and searing of their bodies, to protract a miserable life yet a while longer, what pain should I refuse for eternity!

XXVII.

If I die, the world shall miss me but a little; I shall miss it less. Not it me, because it hath such store of better men. Not I it, because it hath so much ill and I shall have so much happiness.

XXVIII.

Two things make a man set by;—dignity and desert. Amongst fools, the first without the second is sufficient: amongst wise men, the second without the first. Let me deserve well, though I be not advanced. The

conscience of my worth shall cheer me more in others' contempt, than the approbation of others can comfort me, against the secret check of my own unworthiness.

XXIX.

The best qualities do so cleave to their subjects that they cannot be communicated to others. For, whereas patrimony and vulgar account of honor follow the blood in many generations, virtue is not traduced by propagation, nor learning bequeathed by our will to our heirs; lest the givers should wax proud and the receivers negligent. I will account nothing my own but what I have gotten; nor that my own, because it is more of gift than desert.

XXX.

Then only is the church most happy, when Truth and Peace kiss each other; and then miserable, when either of them balk the way, or when they meet and kiss not. For truth without peace, is turbulent; and peace without truth, is secure injustice. Though I love peace well, yet I love main truths better. And though I love all truths well, yet I had rather conceal a small truth than disturb a common peace.

XXXI.

An indiscreet good action is little better than a discreet mischief. For in this, the doer wrongs only the patient; but in that other, the wrong is done to the good action: for both it makes a good thing odious,—as many good tales are marred in telling,—and besides it prejudices

a future opportunity. I will rather let pass a good gale of wind and stay on the shore, than launch forth when I know the wind will be contrary.

XXXII.

The world teacheth me that it is madness to leave behind me those goods that I may carry with me : Christianity teacheth me that what I charitably give alive I carry with me dead : and experience teacheth me that what I leave behind, I lose. I will carry that treasure with me, by giving it, which the worldling loseth by keeping it : so, while his corpse shall carry nothing but a winding-cloth to his grave, I shall be richer under the earth than I was above it.

XXXIII.

Every worldling is an hypocrite ; for while his face naturally looks upward to heaven, his heart grovels beneath on the earth. Yet if I would admit of any discord in the inward and outward parts, I would have an heart that should look up to heaven in an holy contemplation of the things above, and a countenance cast down to the earth in humiliation. This only dissimilitude is pleasing to God.

XXXIV.

The heart of man is a short word, a small substance ; scarce enough to give a kite one meal, yet great in capacity ;—yea, so infinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it. When it desires more, and cries Give, Give, I will set it over to that infinite Good, where the more it hath, it may de-

sire more, and see more to be desired. When it desires but what it needeth, my hands shall soon satisfy it. For if either of them may contain it when it is without the body, much more may both of them fill it while it is within.

XXXV.

With men it is a good rule to try first, and then to trust. With God, it is contrary. I will first trust Him,—as most wise, omnipotent, merciful,—and try Him afterwards. I know it is as impossible for him to deceive me, as not to be.

XXXVI.

As Christ was both a Lamb and a Lion, so is every Christian. A lamb, for patience in suffering and innocence of life; a lion, for boldness in his innocency. I would so order my courage and mildness, that I may be neither lion-like in my conversation, nor sheepish in the defence of a good cause.

XXXVII.

The godly sow in tears and reap in joy. The seed-time is commonly waterish and lowering. I will be content with a wet spring, so I may be sure of a clear and joyful harvest.

XXXVIII.

Every man hath an heaven and an hell. Earth is the wicked man's heaven; his hell is to come. On the contrary, the godly have their hell upon earth, where they are vexed with tentations and afflictions, by Satan and

his complices. Their heaven is above, in endless happiness. If it be ill with me on earth, it is well my torment is so short and so easy. I will not be so covetous to hope for two heavens.

XXXIX.

Man on his death-bed hath a double prospect, which in his life-time the interposition of pleasure and miseries debarred him from. The good man looks upward, and sees heaven open, with Stephen and the glorious angels ready to carry up his soul. The wicked man looks downward, and sees three terrible spectacles,—Death, Judgment, Hell; one beyond another, and all to be passed thorough by his soul. I marvel not that the godly have been so cheerful in death that those torments, whose very sight hath overcome the beholders, have seemed easy to them. I marvel not that a wicked man is so loth to hear of death, so dejected when he feeleth sickness, and so desperate when he feeleth the pangs of death; nor that every Balaam would fain die the death of the righteous. Henceforth, I will envy none but a good man; I will pity nothing so much as the prosperity of the wicked.

XL.

Not to be afflicted, is a sign of weakness. For therefore God imposeth no more on me, because he sees I can bear no more. God will not make choice of a weak champion. When I am stronger, I will look for more. And when I sustain more, it shall more comfort me that God finds me strong, than it shall grieve me to be pressed with a heavy affliction.

XLI.

That the wicked have peace in themselves, is no wonder. They are as sure as tentation can make them. No prince makes war with his own subjects. The godly are still enemies; therefore they must look to be assaulted, both by stratagems and violence. Nothing shall more joy me, than my inward quietness. A just war is a thousand times more happy than an ill-conditioned peace.

XLII.

Goodness is so powerful that it can make things simply evil—namely our sins—good to us: not good in nature, but good in the event; good when they are done, not good to be done. Sin is so powerful that it can turn the holiest ordinances of God into itself. But herein our sin goes beyond our goodness, that sin defiles a man or action otherwise good. But all the goodness of the world cannot justify one sin;—as the holy flesh in the skirt makes not the bread holy that toucheth it, but the unclean touching an holy thing, defileth it. I will lothe every evil for its own sake: I will do good, but not trust to it.

XLIII.

Fools measure good actions by the event, after they are done: wise men, beforehand, by judgment, upon the rules of reason and faith. Let me do well,—let God take charge of the success. If it be well accepted, it is well; if not, my thank is with God.

XLIV.

He was never a good man, that amends not. For if he were good, he must needs desire to be better. Grace is so sweet, that whoever tastes of it must needs long after more: and if he desire it, he will endeavor it; and if he do but endeavor, God will crown it with success. God's family admitteth of no dwarfs—which are unthriving and stand at a stay,—but men of measures. Whatever become of my body or my estate, I will ever labor to find somewhat added to the stature of my soul.

XLV.

Pride is the most dangerous of all sins. For both it is most insinuating—having crept into heaven and paradise,—and most dangerous where it is. For where all other tentations are about evil, this alone is conversant only about good things; and one dram of it poisons many measures of grace. I will not be more afraid of doing good things amiss, than of being proud when I have well performed them.

XLVI.

Not only commission makes a sin. A man is guilty of all those sins he hateth not. If I cannot avoid all, yet I will hate all.

XLVII.

Prejudice is so great an enemy to truth that it makes the mind incapable of it. In matters of faith, I will first lay a sure ground, and then believe though I can-

not argue ; holding the conclusion in spite of the premises. But in other less matters, I will not so forestall my mind with resolution, as that I will not be willing to be better informed. Neither will I say in myself, I will hold it, therefore it shall be the truth : but, this is truth, therefore I will hold it. I will not strive for victory, but for truth.

XLVIII.

Drunkenness and Covetousness do much resemble one another. For the more a man drinks, the more he thirsteth ; and the more he hath, still the more he coveteth. And for their effects—besides other,—both of them have the power of transforming a man into a beast ; and, of all other beasts, into a swine. The former is evident to sense. The other, though more obscure, is no more questionable. The covetous man, in two things plainly resembleth a swine ;—that he ever roots in the earth, not so much as looking towards heaven ;—that he never doth good till his death. In desiring, my rule shall be necessity of nature or estate. In having, I will account that my good, which doth me good.

XLIX.

I acknowledge no Master of requests in heaven, but one—Christ my mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need him, nor so miserable that he should contemn me. I will always ask, and that of none but where I am sure to speed ; but where there is so much store that when I have had the most, I shall leave no less behind. Though numberless drops be in the sea, yet if one be taken out of it, it hath so much the less, though insensible. But God, because he is infi-

nite, can admit of no diminution. Therefore are men niggardly, because the more they give, the less they have ; but thou, Lord, mayest give what thou wilt, without abatement of thy store. Good prayers never came weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.

L.

I see that a fit booty many times makes a thief ; and many would be proud, if they had but the common causes of their neighbors. I account this none of the least favors of God—that the world goes no better forward with me. For I fear if my estate were better to the world, it might be worse to God. As it is an happy necessity that enforceth to good, so is that next happy that hinders from evil.

LI.

It is the basest love of all others, that is for a benefit ; for herein we love not another so much as ourselves. Though there were no heaven, O Lord, I would love thee. Now there is one, I will esteem it, I will desire it ; yet still I will love thee for thy goodness' sake. Thyself is reward enough, though thou broughtest no more.

LII.

I see men point the field, and desperately jeopard their lives—as prodigal of their blood,—in the revenge of a disgraceful word against themselves ; while they can be content to hear God pulled out of heaven with blasphemy, and not feel so much as a rising of their blood.

Which argues our cold love to God, and our over-fervent affection to ourselves. In mine own wrongs, I will hold patience laudable ; but in God's injuries, impious.

LIII.

It is an hard thing to speak well ; but it is harder to be well silent,—so as it may be free from suspicion of affection or sullenness, or ignorance : else loquacity and not silence, would be a note of wisdom. Herein, I will not care how little, but how well. He said well for this—not that which is much, is well ; but that which is well, is much.

LIV.

There is nothing more odious than fruitless old age. Now—for that no tree bears fruit in Autumn, unless it blossom in the Spring—to the end that my age may be profitable and laden with ripe fruit, I will endeavor that my youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.

LV.

Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer ; as we see in the foolish bee—though in all other things commendable, yet herein the pattern of fond spitefulness—which in her anger envenometh the flesh and loseth her sting, and so lives a drone ever after. I account it the only valor, to remit a wrong ; and will applaud it to myself as right noble and Christian, that I might hurt and will not.

LVI.

He that lives well, cannot choose but die well. For if he die suddenly, yet he dies not unpreparedly: if by leisure, the conscience of his well-led life makes his death more comfortable. But it is seldom seen that he which liveth ill, dieth well. For the conscience of his former evils, his present pain, and the expectation and fear of greater, so take up his heart that he cannot seek God. And now it is just with God, not to be sought or not to be found, because He sought to him in his lifetime, and was repulsed. Whereas therefore there are usually two main cares of good men—to live well, and die well,—I will have but this one, to live well.

LVII.

With God, there is no free man but his servant, though in the gallies: no slave but the sinner, though in a palace: none noble but the virtuous, if never so basely descended: none rich but he that possesseth God, even in rags: none wise, but he that is a fool to himself and the world: none happy, but he whom the world pities. Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy, to God: I pass not what I am to the world.

LVIII.

When the mouth prayeth, man heareth; when the heart, God heareth. Every good prayer knocketh at heaven for a blessing; but an importunate prayer pierceth it—though as hard as brass,—and makes way for itself into the ears of the Almighty. And as it ascends lightly up, carried with the wings of faith, so it comes ever

laden down again upon our heads. In my prayers, my thoughts shall not be guided by my words, but my words shall follow my thoughts.

LIX.

If that servant were condemned of evil that gave God no more than His own, which he had received, what shall become of them that rob God of His own? If God gain a little glory by me, I shall gain more by Him. I will labor so to husband the stock that God hath left in my hands, that I may return my soul better than I received it, and that He may take it better than I return it.

LX.

Heaven is compared to an hill, and therefore is figured by Olympus among the heathen, by Mount Zion in God's book: hell, contrariwise, to a pit. The ascent to the one is hard therefore, and the descent to the other, easy and headlong. And so as if we once begin to fall, the recovery is most difficult; and not one of many stays till he comes to the bottom.

I will be content to pant, and blow, and sweat, in climbing up to heaven; as, contrarily, I will be wary of setting the first step downward towards the pit. For as there is a Jacob's ladder into heaven, so there are blind stairs that go winding down into death, whereof each makes way for other. From the object is raised an ill suggestion; suggestion draws on delight; delight, consent; consent, endeavor; endeavor, practice; practice, custom; custom, excuse; excuse, defence; defence, obstinacy; obstinacy, boasting of sin; boasting, a reprobate sense.

I will watch over my ways; and do thou, Lord, watch

over me, that I may avoid the first degrees of sin. And if those overtake my frailty, yet keep me that presumptuous sins prevail not over me. Beginnings are with more ease and safety declined, when we are free, than proceedings when we have begun.

LXI.

It is fitter for youth to learn than teach, and for age to teach than learn; and yet fitter for an old man to learn, than to be ignorant. I know I shall never know so much that I cannot learn more, and I hope I shall never live so long as till I be too old to learn.

LXII.

I never loved those salamanders that are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. I will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one: I will suffer a hundred rather than return one; I will suffer many ere I will complain of one and endeavor to right it by contending. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is furious; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

LXIII.

The praise of a good speech standeth in words and matter:—matter, which is as a fair and well-featured body; elegance of words, which is as a neat and well-fashioned garment. Good matter slubbered up in rude and careless words, is made lothsome to the hearer; as a good body misshapen with unhandsome clothes. Elegancy, without soundness, is no better than a nice vanity. Although therefore the most hearers are like bees,

that go all to the flowers,—never regarding the good herbs that are of as wholesome use, as the other of fair show,—yet let my speech strive to be profitable; plausible, as it happens. Better the coat be misshapen than the body.

LXIV.

I see that as black and white colors to the eyes, so is the vice and virtue of others to the judgment of men. Vice gathers the beams of the sight in one, that the eye may see it and be intent upon it: virtue scatters them abroad, and therefore hardly admits of a perfect apprehension.

Whence it comes to pass that—as judgment is according to sense—we do so soon espy, and so earnestly censure a man for one vice; letting pass many laudable qualities undiscerned, or at least unacknowledged. Yea, whereas every man is once a fool and doth that, perhaps, in one fit of his folly, which he shall at leisure repent of—as Noah in one hour's drunkenness uncovered those secrets which were hid six hundred years before—the world is hereupon ready to call in question all his former integrity, and to exclude him from the hope of any future amendment. Since God hath given me two eyes, the one shall be busied about the present fault that I see, with a detesting commiseration; the other, about the commendable qualities of the offender, not without an impartial approbation of them. So shall I do God no wrong in robbing him of the glory of his gifts, mixed with infirmities; nor yet in the meantime, encourage vice; while I do distinctly reserve for it a due proportion of hatred.

LXV.

God is above man ; the brute creatures under him ; he set in the midst. Lest he should be proud that he hath infinite creatures under him, that One is infinite degrees above him. I do therefore owe awe unto God ; mercy to the inferior creatures : knowing that they are my fellows in respect of creation, whereas there is no proportion betwixt me and my Maker.

LXVI.

One said “ It is good to inure thy youth to speak well, for good speech is many times drawn into the affection.” But I would fear that speaking well without feeling, were the next way to procure an habitual hypocrisy. Let my good words follow good affections, not go before them. I will therefore speak as I think ; but withal I will labor to think well, and then I know I cannot but speak well.

LXVII.

When I consider my soul, I could be proud to think of how divine a nature and quality it is ; but when I cast down mine eyes to my body,—as the swan to her black legs—and see what lothsome matter issues from the mouth, nostrils, ears, pores and other passages ; and how most carrion-like of all other creatures it is after death ; I am justly ashamed, to think that so excellent a guest dwells but in a mere cleanly dunghill.

LXVIII.

Every worldling is a madman. For—besides that he preferreth profit and pleasure to virtue, the world to

God, earth to heaven, time to eternity,—he pampers the body and starves the soul. He feeds one fowl a hundred times that it may feed him but once ; and seeks all lands and seas for dainties, not caring whether any, or what repast he provideth for his soul. He clothes the body with all rich ornaments, that it may be as fair without as it is filthy within ; whilst his soul goes bare and naked, having not a rag of knowledge to cover it. Yea, he cares not to destroy his soul to please the body, when for the salvation of the soul he will not so much as hold the body short of the least pleasure. What is, if this be not, a reasonable kind of madness ? Let me enjoy my soul no longer than I prefer it to my body. Let me have a deformed, lean, crooked, unhealthful, neglected body ; so that I may find my soul sound, strong, well-furnished, well-disposed both for earth and heaven.

LXIX.

Asa was sick but of his feet far from the heart ; yet because he sought to the physicians, not to God, he escaped not. Hezekiah was sick to die ; yet because he trusted to God, not to physicians, he was restored. Means, without God, cannot help : God without means, can and often doth. I will use good means, not rest in them.

LXX.

A man's best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise, by the cost of senseless stone—when the passenger shall only say, Here lies a fair stone and a filthy carcass.

That only can report thee rich ; but for other praises, thyself must build thy monument alive, and write thy own epitaph in honest and honorable actions. Which are so much more noble than the other, as living men are better than dead stones : nay, I know not if the other be not the way to work a perpetual succession of infamy, while the censorious reader, upon occasion thereof, shall comment upon thy bad life : whereas in this, every man's heart is a tomb and every man's tongue writeth an epitaph upon the well-behaved. Either I will procure me such a monument to be remembered by, or else it is better to be inglorious than infamous.

LXXI.

The basest things are ever most plentiful. History and experience tell us that some kind of mouse breedeth one hundred and twenty young ones in one nest, whereas the lion or elephant beareth but one at once. I have ever found the least wit yieldeth the most words. It is both the surest and wisest way, to speak little and think more.

LXXII.

An evil man is clay to God, wax to the devil. God may stamp him into powder or temper him anew, but none of His means can melt him. Contrariwise, a good man is God's wax and Satan's clay : he relents at every look of God, but is not stirred at any tentation. I had rather bow than break, to God ; but for Satan or the world, I had rather be broken in pieces with their violence than suffer myself to be bowed unto their obedience.

LXXIII.

It is an easy matter for a man to be careless of himself, and yet much easier to be enamored of himself. For if he be a Christian, while he contemneth the world perfectly, it is hard for him to reserve a competent measure of love to himself: if a worldling, it is not possible but he must over-love himself. I will strive for the mean of both, and so hate the world that I may care for myself, and so care for myself that I be not in love with the world.

LXXIV.

I will hate popularity and ostentation as ever dangerous, but most of all in God's business. Which whoso affect, do as ill spokesmen, who, when they are sent to woo for God, speak for themselves. I know how dangerous it is to have God my rival.

LXXV.

Earth affords no sound contentment. For what is there under heaven not troublesome, besides that which is called pleasure?—and that, in the end, I find most irksome of all other. My soul shall ever look upward for joy, and downward for penitence.

LXXVI.

God is ever with me, ever before me. I know he cannot but oversee me always, though my eyes be held that I see him not; yea, he is still within me, though I feel him not; neither is there any moment that I can live without God. Why do I not therefore always live

with him? Why do I not account all hours lost, wherein I enjoy him not?

LXXVII.

There is no man so happy as the Christian. When he looks up unto heaven, he thinks 'That is my home; the God that made it and owes it is my Father; the angels, more glorious in nature than myself, are my attendants; mine enemies are my vassals.' Yea, those things which are the terriblest of all to the wicked, are most pleasant to him. When he hears God thunder above his head, he thinks 'This is the voice of my Father.' When he remembereth the tribunal of the last judgment, he thinks 'It is my Saviour that sits in it.' When death, he esteems it but as the angel set before paradise, which with one blow admits him to eternal joy. And—which is most of all—nothing in earth or hell can make him miserable. There is nothing in the world worth envying, but a Christian.

LXXVIII.

As man is a little world, so every Christian is a little church within himself. As the church therefore is sometimes in the wane through persecution, other times in her full glory and brightness; so let me expect myself sometimes drooping under tentations and sadly hanging down the head for the want of the feeling of God's presence, at other times carried with the full sail of a resolute assurance to heaven;—knowing that as it is a church at the weakest stay, so shall I, in my greatest dejection, hold the child of God.

LXXIX.

Tentations on the right hand are more perilous than those on the left, and destroy a thousand to the others' ten—as the sun more usually causeth the traveller to cast off his cloak, than the wind. For those on the left hand miscarry men but two ways, to distrust and denial of God,—more rare sins : but the other, to all the rest wherewith men's lives are so commonly defiled. The spirit of Christians is like the English jet, whereof we read that it is fired with water, quenched with oil. And these two, prosperity and adversity, are like heat and cold :—the one gathers the powers of the soul together, and makes them abler to resist by uniting them ; the other diffuses them, and by such separation makes them easier to conquer. I hold it therefore as praiseworthy with God for a man to contemn a proffered honor or pleasure for conscience' sake, as, on the rack, not to deny his profession. When these are offered, I will not nibble at the bait, that I be not taken with the hook.

LXXX.

God is Lord of my body also, and therefore challengeth as well reverent gesture as inward devotion. I will ever, in my prayers, either stand as a servant before my Master, or kneel as a subject to my Prince.

LXXXI.

I have not been in others' breasts ; but, for my own part, I never tasted of aught that might deserve the name of pleasure. And if I could, yet a thousand pleasures cannot countervail one torment ;—because the one

may be exquisite, the other not without composition. And if not one torment, much less a thousand. And if not for a moment, much less for eternity. And if not the torment of a part, much less of the whole. For if the pain but of a tooth be so intolerable, what shall the racking of the whole body be? And if of the body, what shall that be which is primarily of the soul? If there be pleasures that I hear not of, I will be wary of buying them so over-dear.

LXXXII.

As hypocrisy is a common counterfeit of all virtues, so there is no special virtue which is not, to the very life of it, seemingly resembled by some special vice. So devotion is counterfeited by superstition, good thrift by niggardliness, charity with vain-glorious pride. For as charity is bounteous to the poor, so is vain-glory to the wealthy; as charity sustains all for truth, so pride for a vain praise: both of them make a man courteous and affable. So the substance of every virtue is in the heart; which—since it hath not a window made into it by the Creator of it, but is reserved under lock and key for His own view—I will judge only by appearance. I had rather wrong myself by credulity, than others by unjust censures and suspicions.

LXXXIII.

Every man hath a kingdom within himself. Reason, as the princess, dwells in the highest and inwardest room; the senses are the guard and attendants on the court, without whose aid nothing is admitted into the presence; the supreme faculties—as will, memory, and so forth—

are the peers: the outward parts and inward affections are the commons; violent passions are as rebels, to disturb the common peace. I would not be a Stoic, to have no passions—for that were to overthrow this inward government God hath erected in me—but a Christian, to order those I have. And, for that I see that, as in commotions, one mutinous person draws on more, so in passions that one makes way for the extremity of another—as excess of love causeth excess of grief upon the loss of what we loved—I will do as wise princes use to those they misdoubt for faction,—so hold them down and keep them bare, that their very impotency and remissness shall afford me security.

LXXXIV.

I look upon the things of this life, as an owner, as a stranger. As an owner in their right, as a stranger in their use. I see that owning is but a conceit, besides using. I can use—as I lawfully may—other men's commodities as my own; walk in their woods, look on their fair houses, with as much pleasure as my own; yet again I will use my own as if it were another's; knowing that though I hold them by right, yet it is only by tenure at will.

LXXXV.

There are none like to Luther's three masters—prayer, tentation, meditation. Tentation stirs up holy meditation; meditation prepares to prayer; and prayer makes profit of tentation, and fetcheth all divine knowledge from heaven. Of others I may learn the theory of divinity; of these only, the practice. Other

masters teach me by rote, to speak parrot-like of heavenly things ; these alone, with feeling and understanding.

LXXXVI.

Affectation is the greatest enemy both of doing well and good acceptance of what is done. I hold it the part of a wise man, to endeavor rather that fame may follow him than go before him.

LXXXVII.

I see a number, which, with Shimei, whiles they seek their servant—which is riches—lose their souls. No worldly thing shall draw me without the gates within which God hath confined me.

LXXXVIII.

It is an hard thing for a man to find weariness in pleasure, while it lasteth ; or contentment in pain, while he is under it. After both, indeed, it is easy ; yet both of these must be found in both, or else we shall be drunken with pleasures and overwhelmed with sorrow. As those therefore which should eat some dish over-deliciously sweet, do allay it with tart sauce that they may not be cloyed ; and those that are to receive bitter pills—that they may not be annoyed with their displeasing taste—roll them in sugar ; so in all pleasures it is best to labor, not how to make them most delightful, but how to moderate them from excess ; and in all sorrows, so to settle our hearts in true grounds of comfort that we may not care so much for being bemoaned of others as how to be most contented in ourselves.

LXXXIX.

In ways we see travelers choose not the fairest and greenest, if it be either cross or contrary ; but the nearest, though miry and uneven. So in opinions, let me follow not the plausiblest but the truest, though more perplexed.

XC.

Christian society is like a bundle of sticks laid together, whereof one kindles another. Solitary men have fewest provocations to evil, but again fewest incitations to good. So much as doing good is better than not doing evil, will I account Christian goodfellowship better than an eremitish and melancholic solitariness.

XCI.

I had rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge. It is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to overreach in any thing.

XCII.

Sudden extremity is a notable trial of faith, or any other disposition of the soul. For, as in a sudden fear, the blood gathers to the heart for guarding of that part which is principal, so the powers of the soul combine themselves in a hard exigent, that they may be easily judged of. The faithful, more suddenly than any casualty, can lift up his heart to his stay in heaven : whereas the worldling stands amazed and distraught with evil, because he hath no refuge to fly unto. For, not being acquainted with God in his peace, how should

he but have Him to seek in his extremity? When therefore some sudden stitch girds me in the side, like to be the messenger of death; or when the sword of my enemy, in an unexpected assault threatens my body; I will seriously note how I am affected; so the suddenest evil, as it shall not come unlooked for, shall not go away unthought of. If I find myself courageous and heavenly minded, I will rejoice in the truth of God's grace in me; knowing that one dram of tried faith is worth a whole pound of speculative, and that which once stood by me will never fail me: if dejected and heartless, herein I will acknowledge cause of humiliation, and, with all care and earnestness, seek to store myself against the dangers following.

XCIII.

The rules of civil policy may well be applied to the mind. As therefore for a prince, that he may have good success against either rebels or foreign enemies, it is a sure axiom, **DIVIDE AND RULE**, but when once seated in the throne over loyal subjects, **UNITE AND RULE**; so in the regiment of the soul, there must be variance set in the judgment and the conscience and affections, that that which is amiss may be subdued; but when all parts are brought to order, it is the only course to maintain their peace; that—all seeking to establish and help each other—the whole may prosper. Always to be at war, is desperate; always at peace, secure and over-Epicure-like. I do account a secure peace a just occasion of this civil dissension in myself, and a true Christian peace the end of all my secret wars.

Which, when I have achieved, I shall reign with comfort ; and never will be quiet till I have achieved it.

XCIV.

I brought sin enough with me into the world to repent of all my life, though I should never actually sin ; and sin enough actually every day to sorrow for, though I had brought none with me into the world : but laying both together, my time is rather too short for my repentance. It were madness in me to spend my short life in jollity and pleasure—whereof I have so small occasion—and neglect the opportunity of my so just sorrow : especially since before I came into the world I sinned ; after I am gone out of the world, the contagion of my sin past shall add to the guilt of it—yet in both these estates I am incapable of repentance. I will do that while I may, which, when I have neglected, is unrecoverable.

XCV.

Ambition is torment enough for an enemy. For it affords as much discontentment in enjoying as in want ; making men like poisoned rats, which, when they have tasted of their bane, cannot rest till they drink, and then can much less rest till their death. It is better for me to live in the wise men's stocks, in a contented want, than in a fool's paradise to vex myself with wilful unquietness.

XCVI.

It is not possible but a conceited man must be a fool. For that overweening opinion he hath of himself excludes all opportunity of purchasing knowledge. Let a vessel

be once full of never so base liquor, it will not give room to the costliest; but spills beside whatsoever is infused. The proud man though he be empty of good substance, yet is full of conceit. Many men had proved wise if they had not so thought themselves. I am empty enough to receive knowledge enough. Let me think myself but so bare as I am, and more I need not. O Lord, do thou teach me how little, how nothing I have; and give me no more than I know I want.

XCVII.

Every man hath his turn of sorrow; whereby—some more, some less—all men are in their times miserable. I never yet could meet with the man that complained not of somewhat. Before sorrow come I will prepare for it; when it is come I will welcome it; when it goes I will take but half a farewell of it, as still expecting his return.

XCVIII.

There be three things that follow an injury so far as it concerneth ourselves,—for as the offence toucheth God it is above our reach—revenge, censure, satisfaction; which must be remitted by the merciful man. Yet not all at all times; but revenge always,—leaving it to Him that can and will do it; censure oft-times; satisfaction sometimes. He that deceives me oft, though I must forgive him, yet charity binds me not, not to censure him for untrusty; and he that hath endamaged me much, cannot plead breach of charity in my seeking his restitution. I will so remit wrongs as I may not encourage others to offer them, and so retain them as I may not induce God to retain mine to Him.

XCIX.

Garments that have once one rent in them, are subject to be torn on every nail and every brier ; and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken. Such is man's good name, once tainted with just reproach. Next to the approbation of God and the testimony of mine own conscience, I will seek for a good reputation amongst men : not by close carriage concealing faults, that they may not be known to my shame ; but avoiding all vices, that I may not deserve it. The efficacy of the agent is in the patient well-disposed. It is hard for me ever to do good, unless I be reputed good.

C.

Many vegetables and many brute creatures exceed man in length of age. Which hath opened the mouths of heathen philosophers to accuse nature as a step-mother to man, who hath given him the least time to live, that only could make use of his time in getting knowledge. But herein religion doth most magnify God in his wisdom and justice,—teaching us that other creatures live long and perish to nothing, only man recompenses the shortness of his life with eternity after it ; that the sooner he dies well, the sooner he comes to perfection of knowledge, which he might in vain seek below ; the sooner he dies ill, the less hurt he doth with his knowledge. There is great reason, then, why man should live long ; greater, why he should die early. I will never blame God for making me too soon happy, for changing my ignorance for knowledge, my corruption for immortality, my infirmities for perfection. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !

MEDITATIONS AND VOWS.

CENTURY II.

I.

A MAN under God's affliction is like a bird in a net; the more he striveth, the more he is entangled. God's decree cannot be eluded with impatience. What I cannot avoid, I will learn to bear.

II.

I find that all worldly things require a long time in getting, and afford a short pleasure in enjoying them. I will not care much for what I have; nothing for what I have not.

III.

I see natural bodies forsake their own place and condition for the preservation of the whole. But of all other creatures, man; and of all other men Christians, have the least interest in themselves. I will live as given to others, lent only to myself.

IV.

That which is said of the elephant—that being guilty of his deformity, he cannot abide to look on his own face in the water, but seeks for troubled and muddy channels—we see well moralized in men of evil conscience, who know their souls are so filthy that they dare not so much as view them, but shift off all checks of their former iniquity with vain excuses of good-fellowship. Whence it is that every small reprehension so galls them; because it calls the eye of the soul home to itself, and makes them see a glimpse of what they would not. So have I seen a foolish and timorous patient, which, knowing his wound very deep, would not endure the chirurgeon to search it: whereon what can ensue, but a festering of the part and a danger of the whole body? So I have seen many prodigal wasters run so far in books that they cannot abide to hear of reckoning. It hath been an old and true proverb, ‘Oft and even reckonings make long friends.’ I will oft sum my estate with God, that I may know what I have to expect and answer for. Neither shall my score run on so long with God that I shall not know my debts, or fear an audit, or despair of pardon.

V.

I account this body nothing but a close prison to my soul, and the earth a larger prison to my body. I may not break prison till I be loosed by death, but I will leave it not unwillingly when I am loosed.

VI.

The common fears of the world are causeless and ill placed. No man fears to do ill, every man to suffer ill; wherein—if we consider it well—we shall find that we fear our best friends. For my part, I have learned more of God and of myself in one week's extremity, than all my whole life's prosperity had taught me before. And, in reason and common experience, prosperity usually makes us forget our death; adversity, on the other side, makes us neglect our life. Now—if we measure both of these by their effects—forgetfulness of death makes us secure; neglect of this life makes us careful of a better. So much therefore as neglect of life is better than forgetfulness of death, and watchfulness better than security, so much more beneficial will I esteem adversity than prosperity.

VII.

Even grief itself is pleasant to the remembrance when it is once past, as joy is whiles it is present. I will not therefore, in my conceit, make any so great difference betwixt joy and grief; since grief past is joyful, and long expectation of joy is grievous.

VIII.

Every sickness is a little death. I will be content to die oft, that I may die once well.

IX.

Oft times those things which have been sweet in opinion, have proved bitter in experience. I will therefore

ever suspend my resolute judgment until the trial and event. In the meanwhile, I will fear the worst and hope the best.

X.

In all divine and moral good things, I would fain keep that I have and get that I want. I do not more lothe all other covetousness than I affect this. In all these things alone, I profess never to have enough. If I may increase them therefore, either by laboring or begging or usury, I shall leave no means unattempted.

XI.

Some children are of that nature that they are never well but while the rod is over them. Such am I to God. Let Him beat me, so He amend me ; let Him take all away from me, so He give me himself.

XII.

There must not be one uniform proceeding with all men in reprehension, but that must vary according to the disposition of the reprovèd. I have seen some men as thorns, which easily touched, hurt not, but if hard and unwarily, fetched blood of the hand ; others as nettles, which if they be nicely handled, sting and prick, but if hard and roughly pressed are pulled up without harm. Before I take any man in hand, I will know whether he be a thorn or a nettle.

XIII.

I will account no sin little, since there is not the least but works out the death of the soul. It is all one wheth-

er I be drowned in the ebber shore, or in the midst of the deep sea.

XIV.

It is a base thing to get goods to keep them. I see that God—which only is infinitely rich—holdeth nothing in his own hands, but gives all to his creatures. But if we will needs lay up, where should we rather repose it than in Christ's treasury? The poor man's hand is the treasury of Christ. All my superfluity shall be there hoarded up, where I know it shall be safely kept and surely returned me.

XV.

The school of God and nature require two contrary manners of proceeding. In the school of nature, we must conceive and then believe. In the school of God, we must first believe and then we shall conceive. He that believes no more than he conceives, can never be a Christian; nor he a philosopher that assents without reason. In nature's school, we are taught to bolt out the truth by logical discourse: God cannot endure a logician. In His school, he is the best scholar that reasons least and assents most. In divine things, what I may, I will conceive; the rest I will believe and admire. Not a curious head, but a credulous and plain heart is accepted with God.

XVI.

No worldly pleasure hath any absolute delight in it: but as a bee—having honey in the mouth, hath a sting in the tail. Why am I so foolish to rest my heart upon

any of them, and not rather labor to aspire to that one absolute Good, in whom is nothing savoring of grief, nothing wanting to perfect happiness?

XVII.

A sharp reproof I account better than a smooth deceit. Therefore when my friend checks me, I will respect it with thankfulness; when others flatter me, I will suspect it and rest in my own censure of myself, who should be more privy and less partial to my own deservings.

XVIII.

Extremity distinguisheth friends. Worldly pleasures, like physicians, give us over when once we lie a dying; and yet the death-bed had most need of comforts. Christ Jesus standeth by his in the pangs of death, and after death at the bar of judgment—not leaving them, either in their bed or grave.

I will use them therefore to my best advantage,—not trust them. But for thee, O my Lord, which in mercy and truth canst not fail me—whom I have found ever faithful and present in all extremities—kill me, yet will I trust in thee.

XIX.

We have heard of so many thousand generations passed, and we have seen so many hundreds die within our knowledge, that I wonder any man can make account to live one day. I will die daily. It is not done before the time, which may be done at all times.

XX.

Desire oft times makes us unthankful; for whose hopes for that he hath not, usually forgets that which he hath. I will not suffer my heart to rove after high or impossible hopes, lest I should in the mean time condemn present benefits.

XXI.

In hoping well, in being ill, and fearing worse, the life of man is wholly consumed. When I am ill, I will live in hope of better; when well, in fear of worse; neither will I at any time hope without fear, lest I should deceive myself with too much confidence—wherein evil shall be so much more unwelcome and intolerable, because I looked for good—nor again fear without hope, lest I should be over-much dejected; nor do either of them, without true contentation.

XXII.

What is man to the whole earth? What is earth to the heaven? What is heaven to his Maker? I will admire nothing in itself; but all things in God, and God in all things.

XXIII.

There be three usual causes of ingratitude upon a benefit received—envy, pride, covetousness. Envy looking more at others' benefits than our own; pride, looking more at ourselves than the benefit; covetousness looking more at what we would have than what we have. In good turns, I will neither respect the giver, nor my-

self, nor the gift, nor others; but only the intent and good will from whence it proceeded. So shall I requite others' great pleasures with equal good will, and accept of small favors with great thankfulness.

XXIV.

Whereas the custom of the world is to hate things present, to desire future, and magnify what is past, I will, contrarily, esteem that which is present, best; for both what is past was once present, and what is future will be present. Future things next, because they are present in hope; what is past, least of all, because it cannot be present—yet somewhat, because it was.

XXV.

We pity the folly of the lark, which while it playeth with the feather and stoopeth to the glass, is caught in the fowler's net: and yet cannot see ourselves alike made fools by Satan, who, deluding us by the vain feathers and glasses of the world, suddenly enwrappeth us in his snares. We see not the nets indeed; it is too much that we shall feel them, and that they are not so easily escaped after, as before avoided. O Lord, keep thou mine eyes from beholding vanity. And though mine eyes see it, let not my heart stoop to it, but lothe it afar off. And if I stoop at any time and be taken, set thou my soul at liberty, that I may say, My soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler—the snare is broken and I am delivered.

XXVI.

In suffering evil, to look to secondary causes without

respect to the highest, maketh impatience—for so we bite at the stone and neglect him that threw it. If we take a blow at our equal, we return it with usury; if of a prince, we repine not. What matter is it, if God kill me, whether he do it by an ague, or by the hand of a tyrant? Again, in expectation of good, to look to the first cause, without care of the second, argues idleness and causeth want. As we cannot help ourselves without God, so God will not ordinarily help us without ourselves. In both, I will look up to God, without repining at the means in one or trusting them in the other.

XXVII.

If my money were another man's, I could but keep it: only the expending shows it my own. It is greater glory, comfort and gain to lay it out well than to keep it safely. God hath made me not his treasurer, but his steward.

XXVIII.

Augustine's friend Nebridius, not unjustly, hated a short answer to a weighty and difficult question; because the disquisition of great truths requires time, and the determining is perilous. I will as much hate a tedious and far-fetched answer to a short and easy question. For as that other wrongs the truth, so this the hearer.

XXIX.

Performance is a binder. I will request no more favor of any man than I must needs. I will rather choose

to make an honest shift, than over-much enthrall myself by being beholding.

XXX.

The world is a stage ; every man an actor, and plays his part here, either in a comedy or tragedy. The good man is a comedian—which, however he begins, ends merrily : but the wicked man acts a tragedy, and therefore ever ends in horror. Thou seest a wicked man vaunt himself on this stage. Stay till the last act, and look to his end as David did, and see whether that be peace. Thou wouldst make strange tragedies if thou wouldst have but one act. Who sees an ox grazing in a fat and rank pasture, and thinks not that he is near to the slaughter?—whereas the lean beast, that toils under the yoke, is far enough from the shambles. The best wicked man cannot be so envied in his first shows, as he is pitiable in the conclusion.

XXXI.

Of all objects of beneficence, I will choose either an old man or a child ; because these are most out of hope to requite. The one forgets a good turn ; the other lives not to repay it.

XXXII.

That which Pythagoras said of philosophers, is more true of Christians ;—for Christianity is nothing but a divine and better philosophy. Three sorts of men come to the market—buyers, sellers, lookers on. The two first are both busy and carefully distracted about their

market: only the third live happily, using the world as if they used it not.

XXXIII.

There be three things which, of all other, I will never strive for;—the wall, the way, the best seat. If I deserve well, a low place cannot disparage me so much as I shall grace it; if not, the height of my place shall add to my shame, whiles every man shall condemn me of pride matched with unworthiness.

XXXIV.

I see there is not so much difference betwixt a man and a beast, as betwixt a Christian and a natural man. For whereas man lives but one life of reason above the beast, a Christian lives four lives above a natural man;—the life of inchoate regeneration by grace; the perfect life of imputed righteousness; the life of glory begun, in the separation of the soul; the life of perfect glory, in the society of the body with the soul in full happiness:—the worst whereof is better by many degrees than the best life of a natural man. For whereas the dignity of the life is measured by the cause of it—in which regard the life of the plant is basest, because it is but from the juice arising from the root, administered by the earth; the life of the brute creature better than it, because it is sensitive: of a man better than it, because reasonable—and the cause of this life is the spirit of God; so far as the spirit of God is above reason, so far doth a Christian exceed a mere naturalist. I thank God much that he hath made me a man; but more, that he hath made me a Christian:—without which, I know not

whether it had been better for me to have been a beast, or not to have been.

XXXV.

Great men's favors, friends' promises, and dead men's shoes, I will esteem, but not trust to.

XXXVI.

It is a fearful thing to sin ; more fearful to delight in sin ; yet worse than worst, to boast of it. If therefore I cannot avoid sin, because I am a man, yet I will avoid the delight, defence and boasting of sin, because I am a Christian.

XXXVII.

Those things which are most eagerly desired, are most hardly both gotten and kept—God commonly crossing our desires in what we are over-fervent. I will therefore account all things as too good to have, so nothing too dear to lose.

XXXVIII.

A true friend is not born every day. It is best to be courteous to all, entire with few. So may we, perhaps, have less cause of joy—I am sure, less occasion of sorrow.

XXXIX.

Secrecies, as they are a burden to the mind ere they be uttered, so are they no less charge to the receiver when they are uttered. I will not long after more inward secrets, lest I should procure doubt to myself and

jealous fear to the discloser : but as my mouth shall be shut with fidelity, not to blab them, so my ear shall not be too open to receive them.

XL.

As good physicians by one receipt make way for another, so is it the safest course in practice. I will reveal a great secret to none, but whom I have found faithful in less.

XLI.

I will enjoy all things in God, and God in all things ; nothing in itself : so shall my joys neither change nor perish. For however the things themselves may alter or fade, yet He in whom they are mine, is ever like himself, constant and everlasting.

XLII.

If I would provoke myself to contentation, I will cast down my eyes to my inferiors, and there see better men in worse condition : if to humility, I will cast them up to my betters ; and so much more deject myself to them, by how much more I see them thought worthy to be respected of others, and deserve better in themselves.

XLIII.

True virtue rests in the conscience of itself, either for reward or censure. If therefore I know myself upright, false rumors shall not daunt me : if not answerable to the good report of my favorers, I will myself find the first fault, that I may prevent the shame of others.

XLIV.

I will account virtue the best riches, knowledge the next, riches the worst: and therefore will labor to be virtuous and learned, without condition. As for riches, if they fall in my way, I refuse them not; but if not I desire them not.

XLV.

An honest word I account better than a careless oath. I will say nothing but what I dare swear, and will perform. It is a shame for a Christian to abide his tongue a false servant, or his mind a loose mistress.

XLVI.

There is a just and easy difference to be put betwixt a friend and an enemy, betwixt a familiar and a friend—and much good use to be made of all; but of all, with discretion. I will disclose myself no whit to my enemy, somewhat to my friend, wholly to no man—lest I should be more others' than mine own. Friendship is brittle stuff. How know I whether he that loves me, may not hate me hereafter?

XLVII.

No man but is an easy judge of his own matters; and lookers-on oftentimes see the more. I will therefore submit myself to others in what I am reprov'd, but in what I am praised, only to myself.

XLVIII.

I will not be so merry as to forget God, nor so sorrowful to forget myself.

XLIX.

As nothing makes so strong and mortal hostility as discord in religions, so nothing in the world unites men's hearts so firmly as the bond of faith. For whereas there are three grounds of friendship—virtue, pleasure, profit; and, by all confessions, that is the surest which is upon virtue, it must needs follow that what is grounded on the best and most heavenly virtue, must be the fastest: which as it unites man to God, so inseparably that no tentations, no torments, not all the gates of hell can sever him; so it unites one Christian soul to another so firmly that no outward occurrences, no imperfections in the party loved, can dissolve them. If I love not the child of God, for his own sake, for his Father's sake, more than my friend for my commodity, or my kinsman for blood, I never received any spark of true heavenly love.

L.

The good duty that is deferred upon a conceit of present unfitness, at last grows irksome, and thereupon altogether neglected. I will not suffer my heart to entertain the least thought of lothness towards the task of devotion, wherewith I have stinted myself; but violently break thorough any motion of unwillingness, not without a deep check to myself, for my backwardness.

LI.

Hearing is a sense of great apprehension, yet far more subject to deceit than seeing—not in the manner of apprehending, but in the uncertainty of the object. Words are vocal interpreters of the mind—actions, real: and therefore however both should speak according to the truth of what is in the heart, yet words do more belie the heart, than actions. I care not what words I hear, when I see deeds. I am sure what a man doth, he thinketh—not so, always, what he speaketh. Though I will not be so severe a censor that for some few evil acts I should condemn a man of false-heartedness, yet, in common course of life I need not be so mopish as not to believe rather the language of the hand than of the tongue. He that says well and doth well, is without exception, commendable; but if one of these must be severed from the other, I like him well that doth well, and saith nothing.

LII.

That which is said of the pelican—that when the shepherds, in desire to catch her, lay fire not far from her nest, which she finding and fearing the danger of her young, seeks to blow out with her wings, so long till she burn herself and makes herself a prey in an unwise pity to the young—I see morally verified in experience, of those which indiscreetly meddling with the flame of dissension kindled in the church, rather increase than quench it; rather fire their own wings than help others. I had rather bewail the fire afar off, than stir in the coals of it. I would not grudge my ashes to it, if those might abate the burning; but since I see this is daily increased

with partaking, I will behold it with sorrow, and meddle no otherwise than by prayers to God and entreaties to men; seeking my own safety and the peace of the church, in the freedom of my thought and silence of my tongue.

LIII.

That which is said of Lucilla's faction—that anger bred it, pride fostered it, and covetousness confirmed it—is true of all schisms, though with some inversion. For the most are bred through pride—whiles men, upon an high conceit of themselves, scorn to go in the common road, and affect singularity in opinion,—are confirmed through anger—whiles they stomach and grudge any contradiction,—and are nourished through covetousness,—whiles they seek ability to bear out their part. In some others, again, covetousness obtains the first place, anger the second, pride the last. Herein therefore I have been always wont to commend and admire the humility of those great and profound wits, whom depth of knowledge hath not led to by-paths in judgment, but, walking in the beaten path of the church, have bent all their forces to the establishment of received truths: accounting it greater glory to confirm an ancient verity than to devise a new opinion, though never so profitable, unknown to their predecessors. I will not reject a truth, for mere novelty:—old truths may come newly to light, neither is God tied to times for the gift of his illumination—but I will suspect a novel opinion of untruth; and not entertain it, unless it may be deduced from ancient grounds.

LIV.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers ; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If therefore the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be held bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous ; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.

LV.

It is a vainglorious flattery for a man to praise himself ; an envious wrong to detract from others. I will therefore speak no ill of others, no good of myself.

LVI.

That which is the misery of travelers—to find many hosts and few friends—is the estate of Christians in their pilgrimage to a better life. Good friends may not therefore be easily foregone : neither must they be used as suits of apparel ; which, when we have worn threadbare, we cast off, and call for new. Nothing but death or villainy shall divorce me from an old friend ; but still I will follow him so far as is either possible or honest, and then I will leave him with sorrow.

LVII.

True friendship necessarily requires patience. For

there is no man in whom I shall not mislike somewhat, and who shall not as justly mislike somewhat in me. My friend's faults therefore, if little, I will swallow and digest ; if great I will smother them. However, I will wink at them to others, but lovingly notify them to himself.

LVIII.

Injuries hurt not more in the receiving than in the remembrance. A small injury shall go as it comes ; a great injury may dine or sup with me ; but none at all shall lodge with me. Why should I vex myself, because another hath vexed me ?

LIX.

It is good dealing with that over which we have the most power. If my state will not be framed to my mind, I will labor to frame my mind to my estate.

LX.

It is a great misery to be either always, or never, alone. Society of men hath not so much gain as distraction. In greatest company, I will be alone to myself ; in greatest privacy, in company with God.

LXI.

Grief for things past that cannot be remedied, and care for things to come that cannot be prevented, may easily hurt, can never benefit me. I will therefore commit myself to God in both, and enjoy the present.

LXII.

Let my estate be never so mean, I will ever keep

myself rather beneath, than either level or above it. A man may rise, when he will, with honor ; but cannot fall without shame.

LXIII.

Nothing doth so befool a man as extreme passion. This doth both make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools that are so. Violent passions, if I cannot tame them that they may yield to my ease, I will at least smother them by concealment, that they may not appear to my shame.

LXIV.

The mind of man, though infinite in desire, yet is finite in capacity. Since I cannot hope to know all things, I will labor first to know what I needs must, for their use ; next, what I best may, for their convenience.

LXV.

Though time be precious to me—as all irrevocable good things deserve to be—and of all other things, I would not be lavish of it, yet I will account no time lost, that is either lent to, or bestowed upon, my friend.

LXVI.

The practices of the best men are more subject to error than their speculations. I will honor good examples ; but I will live by good precepts.

LXVII.

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so pa-

tience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents. I will remember evils past, to humble me, not to vex me.

LXVIII.

It is both a misery and a shame for a man to be a bankrupt in love; which he may easily pay, and be never the more impoverished. I will be in no man's debt for good will; but will at least return every man his own measure, if not with usury. It is much better to be a creditor than a debtor, in any thing, but especially of this. Yet of this, I will so be content to be a debtor, that I will always be paying it where I owe it; and yet never will have so paid it, that I shall not owe it more.

LXIX.

The Spanish proverb is too true—'Dead men and absent find no friends.' All mouths are boldly opened with a conceit of impunity. My ear shall be no grave, to bury my friend's good name. But as I will be my present friend's self, so will I be my absent friend's deputy, to say for him what he would, and cannot, speak for himself.

LXX.

The loss of my friend, as it shall moderately grieve me, so it shall another way much benefit me, in recompense of his want, for it shall make me think more often and seriously, of earth and of heaven. Of earth, for his body which is reposed in it; of heaven, for his soul which possesseth it before me; of earth, to put me in

mind of my like frailty and mortality ; of heaven, to make me desire and, after a sort, emulate his happiness and glory.

LXXI.

Variety of objects is wont to cause distraction ; when again a little one laid close to the eye, if but of a penny breadth, wholly takes up the sight, which could else see the whole half heaven at once. I will have the eyes of my mind ever forestalled and filled with these two objects—the shortness of my life ; eternity after death.

LXXII.

I see that he is more happy that hath nothing to lose, than he that loseth that which he hath. I will therefore neither hope for riches, nor fear poverty.

LXXIII.

I care not so much, in anything, for multitude as for choice. Books and friends I will not have many : I had rather seriously converse with a few, than wander amongst many.

LXXIV.

The wicked man is a very coward and is afraid of everything. Of God, because He is his enemy ; of Satan, because he is his tormentor ; of God's creatures, because they, joining with their Maker, fight against him ; of himself, because he bears about him his own accuser and executioner. The godly man, contrarily, is afraid of nothing. Not of God, because he knows Him his best friend and therefore will not hurt him ;

not of Satan, because he cannot hurt him ; not of afflictions, because he knows they proceed from a loving God and end to his own good ; not of the creatures, since the very stones of the field are in league with him ; not of himself, since his conscience is at peace. A wicked man may be secure, because he knoweth not what he hath to fear ; or desperate, through extremity of fear ; but truly courageous he cannot be. Faithlessness cannot choose but be false hearted. I will ever by my courage take trial of my faith. By how much more I fear, by so much less I believe.

LXXV.

The godly man lives hardly, and—like the ant—toils here during the summer of his peace, holding himself short of his pleasures, as looking to provide for an hard winter, which, when it comes, he is able to wear it out comfortably : whereas the wicked man doth prodigally lash out all his joys in the time of his prosperity, and—like the grasshopper—singing merrily all summer, is starved in winter. I will so enjoy the present, that I will lay up more for hereafter.

LXXVI.

I have wondered oft and blushed for shame, to read in mere philosophers—which had no other mistress but nature—such strange resolution in the contempt of both fortunes, as they call them ; such notable precepts for a constant settledness and tranquillity of mind ; and to compare it with my own disposition and practice—whom I have found too much drooping and dejected under small crosses, and easily again carried away with little

prosperity :—to see such courage and strength to contemn death, in those which thought they wholly perished in death : and to find such faint-heartedness in myself at the first conceit of death, who yet am thoroughly persuaded of the future happiness of my soul. I have the benefit of nature, as well as they ; besides infinite other helps that they wanted. Oh the dullness and blindness of us unworthy Christians ! that suffer heathens, by the dim candle-light of nature, to go further than we by the clear sun of the gospel—that an indifferent man could not tell by our practice, whether were the pagan. Let me never for shame account myself a Christian, unless my art of Christianity have imitated and gone beyond nature so far that I can find the best heathen as far below me in true resolution, as the vulgar sort were below them. Else, I may shame religion ; it can neither honest nor help me.

LXXVII.

If I would be irreligious and unconscionable, I would make no doubt to be rich. For if a man will defraud, dissemble, forswear, bribe, oppress, serve the time, make use of all men for his own turn, make no scruple of any wicked action for his advantage ; I cannot see how he can escape wealth and preferment. But for an upright man to rise is difficult ; while his conscience straightly curbs him in from every unjust action, and will not allow him to advance himself by indirect means. So riches come seldom easily to a good man, seldom hardly to the conscienceless. Happy is that man that can be rich with truth, or poor with contentment. I will not envy the gravel in the unjust man's throat. Of riches,

let me never have more than an honest man can bear away.

LXXVIII.

God is the God of order, not of confusion. As therefore in natural things, he useth to proceed from one extreme to another by degrees, through the mean, so doth he in spiritual. The sun riseth not at once to his highest, from the darkness of midnight ; but first sends forth some feeble glimmering of light in the dawning ; then looks out with weak and waterish beams ; and so by degrees ascends to the midst of heaven. So in the seasons of the year—we are not one day scorched with a summer heat, and on the next, frozen with a sudden extremity of cold. But winter comes on softly ; first by cold dews, then hoar frosts, until at last it descend to the hardest weather of all. Such are God's spiritual proceedings ; He never brings any man from the estate of sin to the estate of glory, but through the estate of grace. And as for grace, he seldom brings a man from gross wickedness to any eminence of perfection. I will be charitably jealous of these men, which, from notorious lewdness leap at once into a sudden forwardness of profession. Holiness doth not—like Jonah's gourd—grow up in a night. I like it better to go on soft and sure, than for an hasty fit to run myself out of wind, and after, stand still and breathe me.

LXXIX.

It hath been said of old—To do well and hear ill, is princely. Which, as it is most true, by reason of the envy which follows upon justice, so is the contrary no

less justified by many experiments. To do ill and to hear well, is the fashion of many great men. To do ill, because they are borne out with the assurance of impunity; to hear well, because of abundance of parasites, which as ravens to a carcass, gather about great men. Neither is there any so great misery in greatness as this, that it conceals men from themselves; and when they will needs have a sight of their own actions, it shows them a false glass to look in. Meanness of state—that I can find—hath none so great inconvenience. I am no whit sorry that I am rather subject to contempt than flattery.

LXXX.

There is no earthly blessing so precious as health of body: without which, all other worldly good things are but troublesome. Neither is there anything more difficult than to have a good soul in a strong and vigorous body; for it is commonly seen that the worse part draws away the better. But to have an healthful and sound soul in a weak, sickly body, is no novelty; whiles the weakness of the body is an help to the soul, playing the part of a perpetual monitor to incite it to good and check it for evil. I will not be over-glad of health, nor over-fearful of sickness. I will more fear the spiritual hurt that may follow upon health, than the bodily pain that accompanies sickness.

LXXXI.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind, than to do nothing. For besides the furtherance of our estate, the mind doth both delight and better itself with

exercise. There is but this difference then betwixt labor and idleness, that labor is a profitable and pleasant trouble; idleness, a trouble both unprofitable and comfortless. I will be ever doing something; that either God when he cometh, or Satan when he tempteth, may find me busied. And yet, since—as the old proverb is—better it is to be idle, than effect nothing, I will not more hate doing nothing, than doing something to no purpose. I shall do good but a while; let me strive to do it while I may.

LXXXII.

A faithful man hath three eyes—the first, of sense, common to him with brute creatures; the second, of reason, common to all men; the third, of faith, proper to his profession—whereof each looketh beyond other, and none of them meddleth with others' objects. For neither doth the eye of sense reach to intelligible things and matters of discourse; nor the eye of reason to those things which are supernatural and spiritual; neither doth faith look down to things that may be sensibly seen. If thou discourse to a brute beast, of the depths of philosophy, never so plainly, he understands not, because they are beyond the view of his eye, which is only of sense. If to a mere carnal man, of divine things, he perceiveth not the things of God; neither indeed can do, because they are spiritually discerned. And therefore no wonder if those things seem unlikely, incredible, impossible to him, which the faithful man—having a proportionable means of apprehension—doth as plainly see, as his eye doth any sensible thing. Tell a plain countryman that the sun, or some higher or lesser star, is much bigger

than his cart-wheel, or at least so many scores bigger than the whole earth; he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth. Yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth, as that his hand is bigger than his pen. What a thick mist, yea what a palpable and more than Egyptian darkness doth the natural man live in! What a world is there that he doth not see at all! And how little doth he see in this, which is his proper element! There is no bodily thing, but the brute creatures see as well as he—and some of them better. As for his eye of reason, how dim it is in those things which are best fitted to it! What one thing is there in nature, which he doth perfectly know? What herb, or flower, or worm that he treads on, is there, whose true essence he knoweth? No, not so much as what is in his own bosom—what it is, where it is, or whence it is, that gives being to himself. But for those things which concern the best world, he doth not so much as confusedly see them, neither knoweth whether they be. He sees no whit into the great and awful majesty of God. He discerns Him not in all His creatures, filling the world with His infinite and glorious presence. He sees not his wise providence, overruling all things, disposing all casual events, ordering all sinful actions of men to His own glory. He comprehends nothing of the beauty, majesty, power and mercy of the Saviour of the world, sitting in his humanity at his Father's right hand. He sees not the unspeakable happiness of the glorified souls of the saints. He sees not the whole heavenly commonwealth of angels, ascending and descending to the behoof of God's children, waiting upon him at all times in-

visibly—not excluded with closeness of prisons nor desolateness of wildernesses—and the multitude of evil spirits passing and standing by him to tempt him unto evil : but, like unto the foolish bird, when he hath hid his head that he sees nobody, he thinks himself altogether unseen ; and then counts himself solitary, when his eye can meet with no companion. It was not without cause that we call a mere fool, a natural. For however worldlings have still thought Christians God's fools, we know them the fools of the world. The deepest philosopher that ever was—saving the reverence of the schools—is but an ignorant sot to the simplest Christian. For the weakest Christian may, by plain information, see somewhat into the greatest mysteries of nature, because he hath the eye of reason, common with the best : but the best philosopher, by all the demonstration in the world, can conceive nothing of the mysteries of godliness, because he utterly wants the eye of faith. Though my insight into matters of the world be so shallow that my simplicity moveth pity, or maketh sport unto others, it shall be my contentment and happiness that I see further into better matters. That which I see not, is worthless, and deserveth little better than contempt. That which I see, is unspeakable, inestimable, for comfort, for glory.

LXXXIII.

It is not possible for an inferior to live at peace, unless he have learned to be contented. For the pride of his superiors and the malice of his equals and inferiors shall offer him continual and inevitable occasions of unquietness. As contentation is the mother of inward

peace with ourselves, so is humility the mother of peace with others. For if thou be vile in thine own eyes first, it shall the less trouble thee to be accounted vile of others. So that a man of an high heart, in a low place, cannot want discontentment; whereas a man of lowly stomach can swallow and digest contempt without any distemper. For wherein can he be the worse for being contemned, who out of his own knowledge of his deserts, did most of all contemn himself? I should be very improvident, if in this calling I did not look for daily contempt, wherein we are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and men. When it comes, I will either embrace it or contemn it—embrace it when it is within my measure; when above, contemn it. So embrace it, that I may more humble myself under it; and so contemn it, that I may not give heart to him that offers it, nor disgrace him for whom I am contemned.

LXXXIV.

Christ raised three dead men to life—one newly departed, another on the bier, a third smelling in the grave—to show us that no degree of death is so desperate that it is past help. My sins are many and great; yet if they were more, they are far below the mercy of him that hath remitted them, and the value of his ransom that hath paid for them. A man hurts himself most by presumption; but we cannot do God a greater wrong than to despair of forgiveness. It is a double injury to God; first, that we offend his justice by sinning; then, that we wrong his mercy with despairing and so forth.

LXXXV.

For a man to be weary of the world, through miseries that he meets with, and for that cause to covet death, is neither difficult nor commendable; but rather argues a base weakness of mind. So it may be a cowardly part, to contemn the utmost of all terrible things, in a fear of lingering misery; but for a man either living happily here on earth or resolving to live miserably, yet to desire his removal to heaven, doth well become a true Christian courage, and argues a noble mixture of patience and faith. Of patience, for that he can and dare abide to live sorrowfully; of faith, for that he is assured of his better being other-where, and therefore prefers the absent joys he looks for, to those he feels in present. No sorrow shall make me wish myself dead, that I may not be at all. No contentment shall hinder me from wishing myself with Christ, that I may be happier.

LXXXVI.

It was not for nothing, that the wise Creator of all things hath placed gold and silver and all precious minerals under our feet to be trod upon, and hath hid them low in the bowels of the earth, that they cannot without great labor be either found or gotten; whereas he hath placed the noblest part of his creation above our heads, and that so open to our view that we cannot choose but every moment behold them. Wherein, what did he else intend, but to draw away our minds from these worthless and yet hidden treasures—to which he foresaw we would be too much addicted—and to call them to the contemplation of those better things which

—beside their beauty—are more obvious to us, that in them we might see and admire the glory of their Maker and withal seek our own? How do those men wrong themselves and misconstrue God, who—as if he had hidden these things because he would have them sought, and laid the other open for neglect—bend themselves wholly to the seeking of these earthly commodities, and do no more mind heaven than if there were none! If we could imagine a beast to have reason, how could he be more absurd in his choice? How easy is it to observe, that still the higher we go, the more purity and perfection we find!—So earth is the very dross and dregs of all the elements; water somewhat more pure than it, yet also more feculent than the air above it; the lower air less pure than his uppermost regions; and yet these as far inferior to the lowest heavens; which again are more exceeded by the glorious and empyreal seat of God, which is the heaven of the just.—Yet these brutish men take up their rest, and place their felicity, in the lowest and worst of all God's workmanship; not regarding that which with its own glory can make them happy. Heaven is the proper place of my soul. I will send it up thither continually in my thoughts, whiles it sojourns with me, before it go to dwell there forever.

LXXXVII.

A man need not to care for more knowledge than to know himself; he needs no more pleasure than to content himself; no more victory than to overcome himself; no more riches than to enjoy himself. What fools are they that seek to know all other things, and are strangers in themselves; that seek altogether to satisfy

other men's humours, with their own displeasure; that seek to vanquish kingdoms and countries, when they are not masters of themselves; that have no hold of their own hearts, yet seek to be possessed of all outward commodities. Go home to thyself first, vain heart, and when thou hast made sure work there—in knowing, contenting, overcoming, enjoying thyself—spend all the superfluity of thy time and labor upon others.

LXXXVIII.

It was an excellent rule that fell from the epicure—whose name is odious to us, for the father of looseness—that if a man would be rich, honorable, aged, he should not strive so much to add to his wealth, reputation, years, as to detract from his desires. For certainly in these things which stand most upon conceit, he hath the most, that desireth least. A poor man that hath little and desires no more, is in truth richer than the greatest monarch, that thinketh he hath not what he should, or what he might, or that grieves there is no more to have. It is not necessity, but ambition, that sets men's hearts on the rack. If I have meat, drink, apparel I will learn therewith to be content. If I had the world full of wealth beside, I could enjoy no more than I use; the rest could please me no otherwise but by looking on. And why can I not thus solace myself while it is others'?

LXXXIX.

An inconstant and wavering mind, as it makes a man unfit for society—for that there can be no assurance of his words or purposes, neither can we build on them

without deceit—so, besides that it makes a man ridiculous, it hinders him from ever attaining any perfection in himself—for a rolling stone gathers no moss, and the mind, while it would be everything, proves nothing: oft changes cannot be without loss—yea, it keeps him from enjoying that which he hath attained. For it keeps him ever in work; building, pulling down, selling, changing, buying, commanding, forbidding. So, while he can be no other man's friend, he is the least his own. It is the safest course for a man's profit, credit and ease, to deliberate long, to resolve surely; hardly to alter; not to enter upon that whose end he foresees not answerable; and when he is once entered, not to surcease till he have attained the end he foresaw. So may he to good purpose begin a new work, when he hath well finished the old.

XC.

The way to heaven is like that which Jonathan and his armor-bearer passed, betwixt two rocks, one Bozez, the other Seneh—that is, foul and thorny—whereto we must make shift to climb on our hands and knees; but when we are come up, there is victory and triumph. God's children have three suits of apparel; whereof two are worn daily on earth, the third laid up for them in the wardrobe of heaven. They are ever either in black, mourning; in red, persecuted; or in white, glorious. Any way shall be pleasant to me, that leads unto such an end. It matters not what rags or what colors I wear with men, so I may walk with my Saviour in white, and reign with him in glory.

XCI.

There is nothing more easy than to say divinity by rote, and to discourse of spiritual matters from the tongue or pen of others; but to hear God speak it to the soul, and to feel the power of religion in ourselves, and to express it out of the truth of experience within, is both rare and hard. All that we feel not in the matters of God, is but hypocrisy; and therefore the more we profess, the more we sin. It will never be well with me, till in these greatest things I be careless of others' censures, fearful only of God's and my own; till sound experience have really catechised my heart, and made me know God and my Saviour otherwise than by words. I will never be quiet till I can see and feel and taste God. My hearing I will account as only serving to effect this, and my speech only to express it.

XCII.

There is no enemy can hurt us, but by our own hands. Satan could not hurt us, if our own corruption betrayed us not; afflictions cannot hurt us, without our own impatience; tentations cannot hurt us, without our own yieldance; death could not hurt us, without the sting of our own sins; sin could not hurt us, without our own impenitence. How might I defy all things, if I could obtain not to be my own enemy! I love myself too much, and yet not enough. O God, teach me to wish myself but so well as thou wishest me, and I am safe.

XCIII.

It grieves me to see all other creatures so officious

to their Maker in their kind ; that both winds and sea, and heaven, and earth, obey him with all readiness ; that each of these hears other, and all of them their Creator, though to the destruction of themselves ; and man only is rebellious ; imitating herein the evil spirits, who, in the receipt of a more excellent kind of reason, are yet more perverse. Hence it is that the prophets are oft times fain to turn their speech to the earth void of all sense and life, from this living earth informed with reason. That only which should make us more pliable, stiffeneth us. God could force us, if he pleased ; but he had rather incline us by gentleness. I must stoop to his power—why do I not stoop to his will? It is a vain thing to resist His voice, whose hand we cannot resist.

XCIV.

As all natural bodies are mixed, so must all our moral disposition : no simple passion doth well. If our joy be not allayed with sorrow, it is madness ; and if our sorrow be not tempered with some mixture of joy, it is hellish and desperate. If in these earthly things, we hope without all doubt, or fear without all hope, we offend on both sides. If we labor without all recreation, we grow dull and heartless ; if we sport ourselves without all labor, we grow wild and unprofitable. These compositions are wholesome, as for the body, so for the mind ; which, though it be not of a compounded substance, as the body, yet hath much variety of qualities and affections, and those contrary to each other. I care not how simple my heavenly affections are ; which, the more free they are from composition, are the nearer to God ; nor how compounded my earthly, which are easily sub-

ject to extremities. If joy come alone, I will ask him for his fellow; and evermore, in spite of him, couple him with his contrary; that so while each are enemies to other, both may be friends to me.

XCV.

Joy and sorrow are hard to conceal—as from the countenance, so from the tongue. There is so much correspondence betwixt the heart and tongue, that they will move at once. Every man therefore speaks of his own pleasure and care:—the hunter and falconer, of his games; the ploughman, of his team; the soldier, of his march and colors. If the heart were as full of God, the tongue could not refrain to talk of him. The rareness of Christian communication argues the common poverty of grace. If Christ be not in our hearts, we are godless; if he be there without our joy, we are senseless; if we rejoice in him and speak not of him, we are shamefully unthankful. Every man taketh, yea raiseth, occasion to bring in speech of what he liketh. As I will think of thee always, O Lord, so it shall be my joy to speak of thee often; and if I find not opportunity, I will make it.

XCVI.

When I see my Saviour hanging in so forlorn a fashion upon the cross; his head drooping down, his temples bleeding with thorns, his hands and feet with the nails, and side with the spear: his enemies round about him, mocking at his shame, and insulting over his impotence; how should I think any otherwise of him, than—as himself complaineth—forsaken of his Father?

But when again I turn mine eyes and see the sun darkened, the earth quaking, the rocks rent, the graves opened, the thief confessing, to give witness to his deity; and when I see so strong a guard of providence over him, that all his malicious enemies are not able so much as to break one bone of that body which seemed carelessly neglected; I cannot but wonder at his glory and safety. God is ever near, though oft unseen; and if he wink at our distress, he sleepeth not. The sense of others must not be judges of his presence and care, but our faith. What care I if the world give me up for miserable, whiles I am under his secret protection? O Lord, since thou art strong in our weakness, and present in our senselessness, give me but as much comfort in my sorrow, as thou givest me security, and at my worst I shall be well.

XC VII.

In sins and afflictions, our course must be contrary; we must begin to detest the greatest sin first, and descend to the hatred of the least; we must first begin to suffer small afflictions with patience, that we may ascend to the endurance of the greatest. Then alone shall I be happy, when, by this holy method, I have drawn my soul to make conscience of the least evil of sin, and not to shrink at the greatest evil of affliction.

XC VIII.

Prescription is no plea against the king; much less can long custom plead for error against that our supreme Lord, to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday:—yea, Time, which pleads voluntarily for continuance of

things lawful, will take no fee not to speak against an evil use. Hath an ill custom lasted long? It is more than time it were abrogated: age is an aggravation to sin. Heresy or abuse, if it be grey-headed, deserves sharper opposition. To say, I will do ill because I have done so, is perilous and impious presumption. Continuance can no more make any wickedness safe, than the author of sin, no devil. If I have once sinned, it is too much; if oft, woe be to me if the iteration of my offence cause boldness, and not rather more sorrow, more detestation: woe be to me and my sin, if I be not the better because I have sinned.

XCIX.

It is strange to see the varieties and proportions of spiritual and bodily diets. There be some creatures that are fatted and delighted with poisons; others live by nothing but air; and some, they say, by fire. Others will taste no water but muddy; others feed on their fellows, or, perhaps, on part of themselves; others, on the excretions of nobler creatures. Some search into the earth for sustenance, or dive into the waters; others content themselves with what the upper earth yields them without violence. All these, and more, are answered in the palate of the soul. There be some, yea the most, to whom sin,—which is of a most venomous nature—is both food and dainties; others, that think it the only life, to feed on the popular air of applause; others, that are never well out of the fire of contentions, and that wilfully trouble all waters with their private humors and opinions; others, whose cruelty delights in oppression and blood—yea, whose envy gnaws upon their own hearts; others, that take pleasure to revive the

wicked and foul heresies of the greater wits of the former times ; others, whose worldly minds root altogether in earthly cares ; or who, not content with the ordinary provision of doctrine, affect obscure subtilties, unknown to wiser men ; others, whose too indifferent minds feed on whatever opinion comes next to hand, without any careful disquisition of truth :—so some feed foul ; others, but few, clean and wholesome. As there is no beast upon earth which hath not his like in the sea, and which, perhaps, is not in some sort paralleled in the planets of the earth ; so there is no bestial disposition, which is not answerably found in some men. Mankind therefore hath within itself his goats, chameleons, salamanders, camels, wolves, dogs, swine, moles, and whatever sorts of beasts. There are but a few men amongst men. To a wise man, the shape is not so much as the qualities. If I be not a man within, in my choices, affections, inclinations, it had been better for me to have been a beast without. A beast is but like itself ; but an evil man is half a beast and half a devil.

C.

Forced favors are thankless and commonly with noble minds find no acceptation. For a man to give his soul to God, when he sees he can no longer hold it ; or to bestow his goods, when he is forced to part with them ; or to forsake his sin, when he cannot follow it ; are but unkind and cold obediences. God sees our necessity and scorns our compelled offers. What man of any generous spirit will abide himself made the last refuge of a craved, denied, and constrained courtesy ? While God gives me leave to keep my soul, yet then to

bequeath it to him ; and whiles strength and opportunity serve me to sin, then to forsake it ; is both accepted and crowned. God loves neither grudged, nor necessary gifts : I will offer betimes, that he may vouchsafe to take : I will give him the best, that he may take all.

O God, give me this grace, that I may give thee myself freely and seasonably ; and then I know thou canst not but accept me, because this gift is thine own.

MEDITATIONS AND VOWS.

CENTURY III.

I.

GOOD men are placed by God as so many stars in the lower firmament of the world. As they must imitate those heavenly bodies in their light and influence, so also in their motion. And therefore as the planets have a course proper to themselves, against the sway of the heaven that carries them about, so must each good man have a motion out of his own judgment, contrary to the customs and opinions of the vulgar; finishing his own course with the least show of resistance. I will never affect singularity, except it be among those that are vicious. It is better to do or think well, alone, than to follow a multitude in evil.

II.

What strange variety of actions doth the eye of God see at once round about the compass of the earth and within it! Some building houses; some delving for metals; some marching in troops, or encamping one

against another ; some bargaining in the market ; some traveling on their way ; some praying in their closets ; others quaffing at the tavern ; some rowing in the galleys ; others dallying in their chambers ; and in short, as many different actions as persons : yet all have one common intention of good to themselves—true in some, but in the most, imaginary. The glorified spirits have but one uniform work, wherein they all join—the praise of their Creator. This is one difference betwixt the saints above and below. They above, are free both from business and distraction : these below are free—though not absolutely—from distraction ; not at all from business. Paul could think of the cloak that he left at Troas, and of the shaping of his skins for his tents ; yet through these he looked still at heaven. This world is made for business. My actions must vary according to occasions : my end shall be but one, and the same now on earth that it must be one day in heaven.

III.

To see how the martyrs of God died, and the life of their persecutors, would make a man out of love with life, and out of all fear of death. They were flesh and blood as well as we ; life was as sweet to them as to us ; their bodies were as sensible of pain as ours ; we go to the same heaven with them. How comes it then that they were so courageous in abiding such torments in their death, as the very mention strikes horror into any reader, and we are so cowardly in encountering a fair and natural death ? If this valor had been of themselves I would never have looked after them in hope of imitation. Now I know it was He for whom they suffered,

and that suffered in them, which sustained them. They were of themselves as weak as I; and God can be as strong in me as he was in them. O Lord, thou art not more unable to give me this grace, but I am more unworthy to receive it: and yet thou regardest not worthiness, but mercy. Give me their strength, and what end thou wilt.

IV.

Our first age is all in hope. When we are in the womb, who knows whether we shall have our right shape and proportion of body—being neither monstrous nor deformed? When we are born, who knows whether with the due features of a man we shall have the faculties of reason and understanding? When yet our progress in years discovereth wit or folly, who knows whether with the power of reason we shall have the grace of faith to be Christians? And when we begin to profess well, whether it be a temporary and seeming, or a true and saving faith? Our middle age is half in hope for the future and half in proof for that is past. Our old age is out of hope and altogether in proof. In our last times, therefore, we know both what we have been and what to expect. It is good for youth to look forward, and still to propound the best things unto itself: for an old man, to look backward and to repent him of that wherein he hath failed and to recollect himself for the present. But in my middle age, I will look both backward and forward, comparing my hopes with my proof, redeeming the time ere it be all spent, that my recovery may prevent my repentance. It is both a folly and misery to say, This I might have done.

V.

It is the wonderful mercy of God, both to forgive us our debts to him in our sins, and to make himself a debtor to us in his promises. So that now both ways the soul may be sure; since he neither calleth for those debts which he hath once forgiven, nor withdraweth those favors and that heaven which he hath promised: but as he is a merciful creditor to forgive, so he is a true debtor to pay whatsoever he hath undertaken. Whence it is come to pass that the penitent sinner owes nothing to God but love and obedience, and God owes still much and all to him; for he owes as much as he hath promised, and what he owes by virtue of his blessed promise, we may challenge. O infinite mercy! He that lent us all that we have, and in whose debt-books we run hourly forward till the sum be endless, yet owes us more, and bids us look for payment. I cannot deserve the least favor he can give; yet will I as confidently challenge the greatest, as if I deserved it. Promise indebteth no less than loan or desert.

VI.

It is no small commendation to manage a little, well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a narrow room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

VII.

Many Christians do greatly wrong themselves with a dull and heavy kind of sullenness; who, not suffering

themselves to delight in any worldly thing, are thereupon oft times so heartless that they delight in nothing. These men, like to careless guests when they are invited to an excellent banquet, lose their dainties for want of a stomach, and lose their stomach for want of exercise. A good conscience keeps always good cheer. He cannot choose but fare well that hath it, unless he lose his appetite with neglect and slothfulness. It is a shame for us Christians not to find as much joy in God, as worldlings do in their forced merriments, and lewd wretches in the practice of their sins.

VIII.

A wise Christian hath no enemies. Many hate and wrong him, but he loves all men and all pleasure him. Those that profess love to him, pleasure him with the comfort of their society and the mutual reflection of friendship; those that profess hatred, make him more wary of his ways, show him faults in himself which his friends would either not have espied or not censured, send him the more willingly to seek favor above: and as the worst do bestead him, though against their wills, so he again doth voluntarily good to them. To do evil for evil—as Joab to Abner—is a sinful weakness: to do good for good—as Ahasuerus to Mordecai—is but natural justice: To do evil for good—as Judas to Christ—is unthankfulness and villainy. Only to do good for evil, agrees with Christian profession; and what greater work of friendship than to do good! If men will not be my friends in love, I will perforce make them my friends in a good use of their hatred. I will be their friend, that are mine and would not be.

IX.

All temporal things are troublesome : for if we have good things, it is a trouble to forego them ; and when we see they must be parted from, either we wish they had not been so good or that we never had enjoyed them. Yea, it is more trouble to lose them than it was before joy to possess them. If, contrarily, we have evil things, their very presence is troublesome ; and still we wish that they were good, or that we were disburdened of them. So good things are troublesome in event, evil things in their use ; they in the future, these in present : they, because they shall come to an end ; these, because they do continue. Tell me thy wife or thy child lies dying and now makes up a loving and dutiful life with a kind and loving parture :—whether hadst thou rather, for thy own part, she had been so good or worse ? Would it have cost thee so many hearty sighs and tears if she had been perverse and disobedient ? Yet, if in her lifetime I put thee to this choice, thou thinkest it no choice at all in such inequality. It is more torment, sayest thou, to live one unquiet month than it is pleasure to live an age in love. Or if thy life be yet dearer :—thou hast lived to grey hairs ; not hastened with care, but bred with late succession of years ; thy table was ever covered with variety of dishes ; thy back softly and richly clad ; thou never gavest denial to either skin or stomach ; thou ever favoredst thyself ; and health, thee. Now death is at thy threshold and unpartially knocks at thy door, dost thou not wish thou hadst lived with crusts and been clothed with rags ? Wouldst not thou have given a better welcome to death, if he had found thee lying upon a

pallet of straw and supping of water-gruel, after many painful nights and many sides changed in vain? Yet this beggarly estate thou detestest in health, and pitiest in others, as truly miserable. The sum is, a beggar wisheth he might be a monarch, while he lives; and the great potentate wisheth he had lived a beggar, when he comes to die; and if beggary be to have nothing, he shall be so in death, though he wished it not. Nothing therefore but eternity can make a man truly happy, as nothing can make perfect misery but eternity: for as temporal good things afflict us in their ending, so temporal sorrows afford us joy in the hope of their end. What folly is this in us—to seek for our trouble, to neglect our happiness! I can be but well; and this, that I was well, shall one day be grievous. Nothing shall please me, but that once I shall be happy forever.

X.

The eldest of our forefathers lived not so much as a day to God, to whom a thousand years is as no more. We live but as an hour to the day of our forefathers; for if nine hundred and sixty were but their day, our fourscore is but as the twelfth part of it. And yet of this our hour, we live scarce a minute to God: for take away all that time that is consumed in sleeping, dressing, feeding, talking, sporting, of that little time there can remain not much more than nothing: yet the most seek pastimes to hasten it. Those which seek to mend the pace of time spur a running horse. I had more need to redeem it with double care and labor, than to seek how to sell it for nothing.

XI.

Each day is a new life and an abridgment of the whole. I will so live as if I counted every day my first and my last; as if I began to live but then, and should live no more afterwards.

XII.

It was not in vain that the ancient founders of languages used the same word in many tongues to signify both honor and charge; meaning therein to teach us the inseparable connection of these two: for there scarce ever was any charge without some opinion of honor; neither ever was there honor without a charge: which two, as they are not without reason joined together in name by human institutions, so they are most wisely coupled together by God in the disposition of these worldly estates. Charge, without honor to make it amends, would be too toilsome; and must needs discourage and over-lay a man. Honor, without charge, would be too pleasant; and therefore both would be too much sought after, and must needs carry away the mind in the enjoying it. Now many dare not be ambitious because of the burden; choosing rather to live obscurely and securely; and yet on the other side those that are under it are refreshed in the charge with the sweetness of honor. Seeing they cannot be separated, it is not the worst estate to want both. They whom thou enviest for honor, perhaps envy thee more for thy quietness.

XIII.

He that taketh his own cares upon himself, loads him-

self in vain with an uneasy burden. The fear of what may come, expectation of what will come, desire of what will not come, and inability of redressing all these, must needs breed him continual torment. I will cast my cares upon God. He hath bidden me ; they cannot hurt him ; he can redress them.

XIV.

Our infancy is full of folly ; youth, of disorder and toil ; age, of infirmity. Each time hath his burden, and that which may justly work our weariness.—Yet infancy longeth after youth, and youth after more age, and he that is very old, as he is a child for simplicity, so he would be for years. I account old age the best of three ; partly, for that it hath passed thorough the folly and disorder of the others ; partly, for that the inconveniences of this are but bodily, with a bettered estate of the mind, and partly for that it is nearest to dissolution. There is nothing more miserable than an old man that would be young again. It was an answer worthy the commendations of Petrarch, and that which argued a mind truly philosophical of him, who—when his friend bemoaned his age appearing in his white temples, telling him he was sorry to see him look so old—replied, Nay, be sorry rather that ever I was young, to be a fool.

XV.

There is not the least action or event—whatever the vain epicures have imagined—which is not overruled and disposed by a providence : which is so far from detracting aught from the majesty of God, for that the things are small, as that there can be no greater honor

to him than to extend his providence and decree to them, because they are infinite. Neither doth this hold in natural things only, which are chained one to another by a regular order of succession, but even in those things which fall out by casualty and imprudence. Whence that worthy father, when as his speech digressed his intention to a confutation of the errors of the Manichees, could presently guess that in that unpurposed turning of it, God intended the conversion of some unknown auditor; as the event proved his conjecture true ere many days. When aught falls out contrary to that I purposed, it shall content me that God purposed it as it is fallen out. So the thing hath attained his own end, whiles it missed mine. I know what I would, but God knoweth what I should, will. It is enough that his will is done, though mine be crossed.

XVI.

It is the most thankless office in the world to be a man's pander unto sin. In other wrongs, one man is a wolf to another; but in this, a devil. And though, at the first, this damnable service carry away reward, yet in conclusion it is requited with hatred and curses. For as the sick man, extremely distasted with a lothsome potion, hateth the very cruse wherein it was brought him, so doth the conscience, once soundly detesting sin, lothe the means that induced him to commit it. Contrarily, who withstands a man in his prosecution of a sin while he doteth upon it, bears away frowns and heart-burnings for a time; but when the offending party comes to himself and right reason, he recompenseth his former dislike with so much more love and so many more thanks.

The frantic man returned to his wits, thinks him his best friend that bound him and beat him most. I will do my best to cross any man in his sins: if I have not thanks of him, yet of my conscience I shall.

XVII.

God must be magnified in his very judgments. He looks for praise not only for heaven, but for hell also. His justice is himself, as well as his mercy. As heaven then is for the praise of his mercy, so hell for the glory of his justice. We must therefore be so affected to judgments as the author of them is, who delighteth not in blood, as it makes his creature miserable, but as it makes his justice glorious. Every true Christian then must learn to sing that compound ditty of the psalmist—‘of mercy and judgment.’ It shall not only joy me to see God gracious and bountiful in his mercies and deliverances of his own, but also to see him terrible in vengeance to his enemies. It is no cruelty to rejoice in justice. The foolish mercy of men is cruelty to God.

XVIII.

Rareness causeth wonder, and more than that, incredulity, in those things which in themselves are not more admirable than the ordinary proceedings of nature. If a blazing star be seen in the sky, every man goes forth to gaze, and spends every evening some time in wondering at the beams of it. That any fowl should be bred of corrupted wood resolved into worms; or that the chameleon should ever change his colors and live by air; that the ostrich should digest iron; that the phoenix should burn herself to ashes, and from thence breed

a successor—we wonder, and can scarce credit. Other things more usual, no less miraculous, we know and neglect. That there should be a bird that knoweth and noteth the hours of day and night, as certainly as any astronomer by the course of heaven, if we knew not, who would believe? Or that the loadstone should by his secret virtue, so draw iron to itself as that a whole chain of needles should all hang by insensible points at each other, only by the influence that it sends down from the first,—if it were not ordinary, would seem incredible. Who would believe, when he sees a fowl mounted as high as his sight can descry it, that there were an engine to be framed which could fetch it down into his fist? Yea, to omit infinite examples, that a little despised creature should weave nets out of her own entrails, and in her platforms of building should observe as just proportions as the best geometrician, we should suspect for an untruth, if we saw it not daily practised in our own windows. If the sun should arise but once to the earth, I doubt every man would be a Persian and fall down and worship it; whereas now it riseth and declineth without any regard. Extraordinary events each man can wonder at. The frequency of God's best works causeth neglect; not that they are ever the worse for commonness; but because we are soon cloyed with the same conceit, and have contempt bred in us through familiarity. I will learn to note God's power and wisdom, and to give him praise of both in his ordinary works. So those things which are but trivial to the most ignorant, shall be wonders to me; and that not for nine days, but forever.

XIX.

Those that affect to tell novelties and wonders fall into many absurdities; both in busy inquiry after matters impertinent, and in a light credulity to whatever they hear; and in fictions of their own, and additions of circumstances to make their reports the more admired. I have noted these men not so much wondered at for their strange stories, while they are telling, as derided afterwards, when the event hath wrought their disproof and shame. I will deal with rumors as grave men do by strange fashions—take them up when they are grown into common use before. I may believe, but I will not relate them, but under the name of my author; who shall either warrant me with defence, if it be true; or if false, bear my shame.

XX.

It was a witty and true speech of that obscure Heraclitus, that all men awaking are in one common world; but when we sleep, each man goes into a several world by himself; which though it be but a world of fancies, yet is the true image of that little world which is in every man's heart. For the imaginations of our sleep show us what our disposition is awaking; and as many in their dreams reveal those their secrets to others which they would never have done awake; so all may and do disclose to themselves, in their sleep, those secret inclinations which, after much searching, they could not have found out waking. I doubt not therefore but as God heretofore hath taught future things in dreams,—which kind of revelation is now ceased,—so still he teacheth the

present estate of the heart this way. Some dreams are from ourselves,—vain and idle like ourselves. Others are divine, which teach us good or move us to good: and others devilish, which solicit us to evil. Such answer commonly shall I give to any temptation in the day as I do by night. I will not lightly pass over my very dreams. They shall teach me somewhat; so neither night nor day shall be spent unprofitably. The night shall teach me what I am; the day, what I should be.

XXI.

Men make difference betwixt servants, friends, and sons. Servants, though near us in place, yet for their inferiority, are not familiar. Friends, though by reason of their equality and our love they are familiar, yet still we conceive of them as others from ourselves; but children we think of affectionately as the divided pieces of our own bodies. But all these are one to God. His servants are his friends; his friends are his sons; his sons, his servants. Many claim kindred of God and profess friendship to him, because these are privileges without difficulty, and not without honor. All the trial is in service. The other are most in affection, and therefore secret, and so may be dissembled. This, consisting in action, must needs show itself to the eyes of others. ‘Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.’ Friendship with God is in service; and this service is in action. Many wear God’s cloth, that know not their Master, that never did good share in his service; so that God hath many retainers that wear his livery for a countenance—never wait on him—whom he will never own for servants, either by favor or wages:

few servants, and therefore few sons. It is great favor in God and great honor to me, that he will vouchsafe to make me the lowest drudge in his family : which place if I had not, and were a monarch of men, I were accursed. I desire no more but to serve ; yet, Lord, thou givest me more, to be thy son. I hear David say ‘ seemeth it a small matter to you to be the son in law to a king ? ’ What is it then, O what is it, to be the true adopted son of the King of glory ? Let me not now say as David of Saul, but as Saul’s grand-child to David, ‘ Oh what is thy servant that thou shouldst look upon such a dead dog as I am ? ’

XXII.

I am a stranger here below, my home is above. Yet I can think too well of these foreign vanities, and cannot think enough of my home. Surely that is not so far above my head as my thoughts ; neither doth so far pass me in distance as in comprehension ; and yet I would not stand so much upon conceiving, if I could admire it enough : but my strait heart is filled with a little wonder, and hath no room for the greatest part of glory that remaineth. O God, what happiness hast thou prepared for thy chosen ! What a purchase was this worthy of the blood of such a Saviour ! As yet I do but look towards it afar off, but it is easy to see by the outside how goodly it is within. Although, as thine house on earth, so that above, hath more glory within than can be betrayed by the outer appearance. The outer part of thy tabernacle here below is but an earthly and base substance, but within it is furnished with a living spiritual and heavenly guest ; so the outer heavens, though

they be as gold to all other material creatures, yet they are but dross to thee! Yet how are even the outmost walls of that house of thine beautified with glorious lights, whereof every one is a world for bigness and as an heaven for goodliness! O teach me by this to long after and wonder at the inner part, before thou lettest me come in to behold it.

XXIII.

Riches, or beauty, or whatever worldly good that hath been, doth but grieve us; that which is, doth not satisfy us; that which shall be, is uncertain. What folly is it to trust to any of them!

XXIV.

Security makes worldlings merry; and therefore are they secure, because they are ignorant. That is only solid joy which ariseth from a resolution, when the heart hath cast up a full account of all causes of disquietness, and findeth the causes of his joy more forcible; thereupon settling itself in a staid course of rejoicing. For the other, so soon as sorrow makes itself to be seen, especially in an unexpected form, is swallowed up in despair; whereas this can meet with no occurrence which it hath not prevented in thought. Security and ignorance may scatter some refuse morsels of joy sauced with much bitterness; or may be like some boasting housekeeper, which keepeth open doors for one day with much cheer, and lives starvedly for all the year after. There is no good ordinary, but in a good conscience. I pity that unsound joy in others and will seek for this sound joy in

myself. I had rather weep upon a just cause than rejoice unjustly.

XXV.

As love keeps the whole law, so love only is the breaker of it; being the ground, as of all obedience, so of all sin. For whereas sin hath been commonly accounted to have two roots—love and fear—it is plain that fear hath his original from love: for no man fears to lose aught but what he loves. Here is sin and righteousness brought both into a short sum; depending both upon one poor affection. It shall be my only care therefore to bestow my love well, both for object and measure. All that is good I may love, but in several degrees. What is simply good, absolutely; what is good by circumstance, only with limitation. There be these three things that I may love without exception—God, my neighbor, my soul:—yet so as each have their due place; my body, goods, fame, and so forth, as servants to the former. All other things, I will either not care for or hate.

XXVI.

One would not think that pride and base-mindedness should so well agree; yea, that they love so together that they never go asunder. That envy ever proceeds from a base mind, is granted of all. Now the proud man, as he fain would be envied of others, so he envieth all men. His betters he envies, because he is not so good as they. He envies his inferiors, because he fears they should prove as good as he; his equals, because they are as good as he. So under big looks he bears a base mind; resembling some cardinal's mule, which, to

make up the train, bears a costly portmanteau stuffed with trash. On the contrary, who is more proud than the basest? The Cynic tramples on Plato's pride, but with a worse; especially if he be but a little exalted: wherein we see base men so much more haughty, as they have had less before what they might be proud of. It is just with God, as the proud man is base in himself, so to make him basely esteemed in the eyes of others; and at last to make him base without pride. I will condemn a proud man, because he is base; and pity him because he is proud.

XXVII.

Let me but have time to my thoughts, but leisure to think of heaven, and grace to my leisure, and I can be happy in spite of the world. Nothing but God that gives it, can bereave me of grace; and he will not, for his gifts are without repentance. Nothing but death can abridge me of time, and when I begin to want time to think of heaven, I shall have eternal leisure to enjoy it. I shall be both ways happy, not from any virtue of apprehension in me which have no peer in unworthiness—but from the glory of that I apprehend; wherein the act and object are from the author of happiness. He gives me this glory. Let me give him the glory of his gift. His glory is my happiness; let my glory be his.

XXVIII.

God bestows favors upon some in anger, as he strikes other some in love.—The Israelites had better have wanted their quails, than to have eaten them with such sauce.—And sometimes, at our own instance, removing

a lesser punishment leaves a greater, though insensible, in the room of it. I will not so much strive against affliction as displeasure. Let me rather be afflicted in love than prosper without it.

XXIX.

It is strange that we men, having so continual use of God and being so perpetually beholding to him, should be so strange to him, and so little acquainted with him; since we account it a perverse nature in any man, that, being provoked with many kind offices, refuses the familiarity of a worthy friend, which doth still seek it and hath deserved it. So hence it comes that we are so loth to think of our dissolution and going to God; for naturally where we are not acquainted, we list not to hazard our welcome; choosing rather to spend our money, at a simple inn, than to turn in for a free lodging to an unknown host, whom we have only heard of, never had friendship with. Whereas to an entire friend, whose nature and welcome we know, and whom we have elsewhere familiarly conversed withal, we go as boldly and willingly as to our home; knowing that no hour can be unseasonable to such a one:—whiles on the other side, we scrape acquaintance with the world, that never did us good, even after many repulses. I will not live with God and in God without his acquaintance. Knowing it my happiness to have such a friend, I will not let one day pass without some act of renewing my familiarity with him; not giving over till I have given him some testimony of my love to him, and joy in him, and till he hath left behind him some pledge of his continued favor to me.

XXX.

Men, for the most part, would neither die nor be old. When we see an aged man that hath over-lived all the teeth of his gums, the hair of his head, the sight of his eyes, the taste of his palate, we profess we would not live till such a cumbersome age wherein we prove burdens to our dearest friends and ourselves. Yet, if it be put to our choice what year we would die, we ever shift it off till the next, and want not excuses for this prorogation rather than fail;—alleging we would live to amend, when yet we do but add more to the heap of our sins by continuance. Nature hath nothing to plead for this folly, but that life is sweet. Wherein we give occasion of renewing that ancient check, or one not unlike to it, whereby that primitive vision taxed the timorousness of the skinking confessors—‘Ye would neither live to be old nor die ere your age. What should I do with you?’ The Christian must not think it enough to endure the thought of death with patience, when it is obtruded upon him by necessity; but must voluntarily call it into his mind, with joy; not only abiding it should come, but wishing that it might come. I will not leave till I can resolve, if I might die to-day not to live till to-morrow.

XXXI.

As a true friend is the sweetest contentment in the world, so in his qualities he well resembleth honey,—the sweetest of all liquors. Nothing is more sweet to the taste, nothing more sharp and cleansing when it meets with an exulcerate sore. For myself I know I must have

faults, and therefore I care not for that friend that I shall never smart by. For my friends, I know they cannot be faultless, and therefore as they shall find me sweet in their praises and encouragements; so sharp also in their censure. Either let them abide me no friend to their faults or no friend to themselves.

XXXII.

In all other things, we are led by profit; but in the main matter of all, we show ourselves utterly unthrifty; and whiles we are wise in making good markets in these base commodities, we show ourselves foolish in the great match of our souls. God and the world come both to one shop and make proffers for our souls. The world like a frank chapman says 'all these will I give thee,'—showing us his bags and promotions and thrusting them into our hands. God offers a crown of glory, which yet he tells us we must give him day to perform, and have nothing in present, but our hope and some small earnest of the bargain. Though we know there is no comparison betwixt these two in value, finding these earthly things vain and unable to give any contentment, and those other of invaluable worth and benefit, yet we had rather take these in hand than trust God on his word for the future; while yet in the same kind, we choose rather to take some rich lordships in reversion, after the long expectation of three lives expired, than a present sum much under foot. As, contrarily, when God and the world are sellers, and we come to the mart, the world offers fine painted wares but will not part with them under the price of our torment. God proclaims, Come ye that want, buy for nought.

Now we thrifty men that try all shops for the cheapest penny worth, refuse God proffering his precious commodities for nothing, and pay an hard price for that which is worse than nothing,—painful. Surely we are wise for anything but our souls, and not so wise for the body as foolish for them. O Lord, thy payment is sure and who knows how present! Take the soul that thou hast both made and bought, and let me rather give my life for thy favor, than take the offers of the world for nothing.

XXXIII.

There was never age that more bragged of knowledge, and yet never any that had less soundness. He that knows not God knoweth nothing; and he that loves not God knows him not; for he is so sweet and infinitely full of delight, that whoever knows him cannot choose but affect him. The little love of God, then, argues the great ignorance even of those that profess knowledge. I will not suffer my affections to run before my knowledge, for then I shall love fashionably,—only because I hear God is worthy of love and so be subject to relapses; but I will ever lay knowledge as the ground of my love. So as I grow in divine knowledge, I shall still profit in an heavenly zeal.

XXXIV.

Those that travel in long pilgrimages to the Holy Land, what a number of weary paces they measure; what a number of hard lodgings and known dangers they pass; and, at last, when they are come within view of their journey's end, what a large tribute pay they, at the Pi-

san castle, to the Turks! And when they are come thither, what see they, but the bare sepulchre wherein their Saviour lay, and the earth that he trod upon,—to the increase of a carnal devotion? What labor should I willingly undertake in my journey to the true land of promise, the celestial Jerusalem, where I shall see and enjoy my Saviour himself! What tribute of pain or death should I refuse to pay for my entrance, not into his sepulchre, but his palace of glory; and that not to look upon but to possess it!

XXXV.

Those that are all in exhortation, no whit in doctrine, are like to them that snuff the candle, but pour not in oil. Again, those that are all in doctrine, nothing in exhortation, drown the wick in oil, but light it not;—making it fit for use, if it had fire put to it, but as it is, rather capable of good, than profitable in present. Doctrine without exhortation, makes men all brain, no heart. Exhortation without doctrine, makes the heart full, leaves the brain empty. Both together make a man: one makes a man wise; the other, good. One serves that we may know our duty; the other, that we may perform it. I will labor in both; but I know not in whether, more. Men cannot practice, unless they know; and they know in vain, if they practice not.

XXXVI.

There be two things in every good work,—honor and profit. The latter, God bestows upon us; the former, he keeps to himself. The profit of our works redoundeth not to God. ‘My well-doing extendeth not to thee.’

The honor of our work may not be allowed us. ‘My glory I will not give to another.’ I will not abridge God of his part, that he may not bereave me of mine.

XXXVII.

The proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbor; the angry man hath not himself. What can that man have that wants himself? What is a man better, if he have himself and want all others? What is he the nearer, if he have himself and others, and yet want God? What good is it then to be a man, if he be either wrathful, proud, or envious?

XXXVIII.

Man, that was once the sovereign lord of all creatures, whom they serviceably attended at all times, is now sent to the very basest of all creatures to learn good qualities. ‘Go to the pismire’ and so forth, and see, the most contemptible creature is preferred before him! ‘The ass knoweth his owner:’ wherein we, like the miserable heir of some great peer, whose house is decayed through the treason of our progenitors, hear and see what honors and lordships we should have had, but now find ourselves below many of the vulgar. We have not so much cause of exaltation, that we are men and not beasts, as we have of humiliation, in thinking how much we were once better than we are, and that now in many duties we are men inferior to beasts: so as those whom we contemn, if they had our reason might more justly contemn us; and as they are, may teach us by their examples, and do condemn us by their practice.

XXXIX.

The idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease ; who, as he is uncapable of any good, so he is fitly disposed for all evil motions. The standing water soon stinketh ; whereas the current ever keeps clear and cleanly, conveying down all noisome matter that might infect it, by the force of his stream. If I do but little good to others by my endeavors, yet this is great good to me, that by my labor I keep myself from hurt.

XL.

There can be no nearer conjunction in nature, than is betwixt the body and the soul ; yet these two are of so contrary disposition, that—as it falls out in an ill-matched man and wife, those servants which the one likes best, are most dispraised of the other—so here, one still takes part against the other in their choice : what benefits the one, is the hurt of the other. The glutting of the body pines the soul ; and the soul thrives best when the body is pinched. Who can wonder that there is such faction amongst others, that sees so much in his very self? True wisdom is to take, not with the stronger, as the fashion of the world is, but with the better ; following herein, not usurped power, but justice. It is not hard to discern whose the right is—whether the servant should rule, or the mistress. I will labor to make and keep the peace by giving each part his own, indifferently ; but if more be affected with an ambitious contention, I will rather beat Hagar out of doors than she shall over-rule her mistress.

XLI.

I see iron first heated red hot in the fire, and after beaten and hardened with cold water. Thus will I deal with an offending friend; first heat him with deserved praise of his virtue, and then beat upon him with reprehension. So good nurses, when their children are fallen, first take them up and speak them fair—chide them afterwards. Gentle speech is a good preparative for rigor. He shall see that I love him, by my approbation; and that I love not his faults, by my reproof. If he love himself, he will love those that mislike his vices; and if he love not himself, it matters not whether he love me.

XLII.

The liker we are to God, which is the best and only good, the better and happier we must needs be. All sins make us unlike him, as being contrary to his perfect holiness; but some show more direct contrariety.—Such is envy: for whereas God bringeth good out of evil, the envious man fetcheth evil out of good. Wherein also his sin proves a kind of punishment. For whereas, to good men, even evil things work together to their good; contrarily, to the envious, good things work together to their evil. The evil in any man—though never so prosperous—I will not envy, but pity. The good graces, I will not repine at, but holily emulate; rejoicing that they are so good, but grieving that I am no better.

XLIII.

The covetous man is like a spider; as in this, that he doth nothing but lay his nets to catch every fly, gaping only for a booty of gain; so, yet more, in that whiles he makes nets for these flies, he consumeth his own bowels; so that which is his life, is his death. If there be any creature miserable, it is he; and yet he is least to be pitied, because he makes himself miserable. Such as he is, I will account him; and will therefore sweep down his webs and hate his poison.

XLIV.

In heaven, there is all life and no dying; in hell, is all death and no life. In earth there is both living and dying; which as it is betwixt both, so it prepares for both. So that he which here below dies to sin, doth after live in heaven; and, contrarily, he that lives in sin upon earth, dies in hell afterwards. What if I have no part of joy here below, but still succession of afflictions! The wicked have no part in heaven, and yet they enjoy the earth with pleasure. I would not change portions with them. I rejoyce that, seeing I cannot have both, yet I have the better. O Lord, let me pass both my deaths here upon earth. I care not how I live or die, so I may have nothing but life to look for in another world.

XLV.

The conceit of propriety hardens a man against many inconveniences, and addeth much to our pleasure. The mother abides many unquiet nights, many painful

throes, and unpleasant savors of her child, upon this thought—it is my own. The indulgent father magnifies that, in his own son, which he would scarce like in a stranger. The want of this to God-ward makes us so subject to discontentment, and cooleth our delight in him, because we think of him aloof, as one in whom we are not interested. If we could think—It is my God that cheereth me with his presence and blessings, while I prosper; that afflicteth me in love, when I am dejected; my Saviour is at God's right hand; my angels stand in his presence;—it could not be but God's favor would be sweeter, his chastisements more easy, his benefits more effectual. I am not mine own while God is not mine; and while he is mine, since I do possess him, I will enjoy him.

XLVI.

Nature is of her own inclination froward, importunately longing after that which is denied her, and scornful of what she may have. If it were appointed that we should live always upon earth, how extremely would we exclaim of weariness and wish rather that we were not! Now it is appointed we shall live here but a while and then give room to our successors, each one affects a kind of eternity upon earth. I will labor to tame this peevish and sullen humor of nature; and will like that best that must be.

XLVII.

All true earthly pleasure forsook man when he forsook his Creator. What honest and holy delight he took before, in the dutiful services of the obsequious

creatures ; in the contemplation of that admirable variety and strangeness of their properties ; in seeing their sweet accordance with each other, and all with himself ! Now, most of our pleasure is to set one creature together by the ears with another ; sporting ourselves only with that deformity which was bred through our own fault ; yea, there have been that have delighted to see one man spill another's blood upon the sand, and have shouted for joy at the sight of that slaughter which hath fallen out upon no other quarrel but the pleasure of the beholders. I doubt not but as we solace ourselves in the discord of the inferior creatures, so the evil spirits sport themselves in our dissensions. There are better qualities of the creature, which we pass over without pleasure. In recreations, I will choose those which are of best example and best use ; seeking those by which I may not only be the merrier, but the better.

XLVIII.

There is no want for which a man may not find a remedy in himself. Do I want riches ? He that desires but little, cannot want much. Do I want friends ? If I love God enough, and myself but enough, it matters not. Do I want health ? If I want it but little and recover, I shall esteem it the more because I wanted. If I be long sick and unrecoverably, I shall be the fitter and willinger to die ; and my pain is so much less sharp by how much more it lingereth. Do I want maintenance ? A little and coarse will content nature. Let my mind be no more ambitious than my back and belly, I can hardly complain of too little. Do I want sleep ? I am going whither there is no use of

sleep; where all rest and sleep not. Do I want children? Many that have them wish they wanted: it is better to be childless than crossed with their miscarriage. Do I want learning? He hath none that saith he hath enough. The next way to get more, is to find thou wantest. There is remedy for all wants in ourselves, saving only for want of grace; and that a man cannot so much as see and complain that he wants, but from above.

XLIX.

Every virtuous action—like the sun eclipsed—hath a double shadow, according to the divers aspects of the beholders; one of glory, the other of envy. Glory follows upon good deserts; envy, upon glory. He that is envied may think himself well; for he that envies him, thinks him more than well. I know no vice in another, whereof a man may make so good and comfortable use to himself. There would be no shadow if there were no light.

L.

In meddling with the faults of friends, I have observed many wrongful courses;—what for fear, or self-love, or indiscretion. Some, I have seen like unmerciful and covetous churgeons, keep the wound raw,—which they might have seasonably remedied—for their own gain. Others, that have laid healing plasters to skin it aloft, when there hath been more need of corrosives to eat out the dead flesh within. Others, that have galled and drawn, when there hath been nothing but solid flesh, that hath wanted only filling up. Others, that have

healed the sore, but left an unsightly scar of discredit behind them. He that would do good this way must have fidelity, courage, discretion, patience: fidelity, not to bear with; courage, to reprove them; discretion, to reprove them well; patience, to abide the leisure of amendment—making much of good beginnings, and putting up many repulses; bearing with many weaknesses; still hoping, still soliciting; as knowing that those who have been long used to fetters, cannot but halt awhile when they are taken off.

LI.

God hath made all the world, and yet what a little part of it is his! Divide the world into four parts:—but one and the least containeth all that is worthy the name of Christendom; the rest, overwhelmed with Turcism and paganism: and of this least part, the greater half, yet holding aright concerning God and their Saviour in some common principles, overthrow the truth in their conclusions; and so leave the lesser part of the least for God. Yet lower;—of those that hold aright concerning Christ, how few are there that do otherwise than fashionably profess him? And of those that do seriously profess him, how few are there that in their lives deny him not, living unworthy of so glorious a calling. Wherein I do not pity God who will have glory even of those that are not his. I pity miserable men, that do reject their Creator and Redeemer and themselves in him: and I envy Satan, that he ruleth so large. Since God hath so few, I will be thankful that he hath vouchsafed me one of his; and be the more zealous of glorifying him, because we have but a few fellows.

LII.

As those that have tasted of some delicate dish find other plain dishes but unpleasant, so it fareth with those which have once tasted of heavenly things—they cannot but contemn the best worldly pleasures. As therefore some dainty guest, knowing there is so pleasant fare to come, I will reserve my appetite for it, and not suffer myself cloyed with the coarse diet of the world.

LIII.

I find many places where God hath used the hand of good angels for the punishment of the wicked; but never could yet find one wherein he employed an evil angel in any direct good to his children. Indirect I find many, if not all, through the power of him that brings light out of darkness and turns their evil to our good. In this choice, God would and must be imitated. From an evil spirit I dare not receive aught, if never so good. I will receive as little as I may from a wicked man. If he were as perfectly evil as the other, I durst receive nothing. I had rather hunger, than wilfully dip my hand in a wicked man's dish.

LIV.

We are ready to condemn others for that which is as eminently faulty in ourselves. If one blind man rush upon another in the way, either complains of other's blindness; neither, of his own. I have heard those which have had most corrupt lungs complain of the unsavory breath of others. The reason is, because the mind casteth altogether outward, and reflecteth not into

itself. Yet it is more shameful to be either ignorant of, or favorable to, our own imperfections. I will censure others' vices fearfully; my own, confidently, because I know them; and those I know not, I will suspect.

LV.

He is a very humble man that thinks not himself better than some others; and he is very mean, whom some others do not account better than themselves—so that vessel that seemed very small upon the main, seems a tall ship upon the Thames. As there are many better for estate than myself, so there are some worse; and if I were yet worse, yet would there be some lower; and if I were so low that I accounted myself the worst of all, yet some would account themselves in worse case. A man's opinion is in others; his being is in himself. Let me know myself, let others guess at me. Let others either envy or pity me; I care not, so long as I enjoy myself.

LVI.

He can never wonder enough at God's workmanship, that knows not the frame of the world; for he can never else conceive of the hugeness and strange proportion of the creature: and he that knows this, can never wonder more at anything else. I will learn to know, that I may admire; and by that little I know, I will more wonder at that I know not.

LVII.

There is nothing below but toiling, grieving, wishing, hoping, fearing; and weariness in all these. What fools are we, to be besotted with the love of our own

trouble and to hate our liberty and rest. The love of misery, is much worse than misery itself. We must first pray that God would make us wise, before we can wish he would make us happy.

LVIII.

If a man refer all things to himself, nothing seems enough. If all things to God, any measure will content him of earthly things: but in grace he is insatiable. Worldlings serve themselves altogether in God; making religion but to serve their turns, as a color of their ambition and covetousness. The Christian seeks God only in seeking himself; using all other things but as subordinately to him; not caring whether himself win or lose, so that God may win glory in both. I will not suffer mine eyes and mind to be bounded with these visible things, but still look through these matters at God which is the utmost scope of them; accounting them only as a thoroughfare to pass by, not as an habitation to rest in.

LIX.

He is wealthy enough, that wanteth not. He is great enough, that is his own master. He is happy enough, that lives to die well. Other things I will not care for; nor too much for these, save only for the last, which alone can admit of no immoderation.

LX.

A man of extraordinary parts makes himself, by strange and singular behaviour, more admired; which if a man of but common faculty do imitate, he makes himself ridiculous; for that which is construed as natural to

the one, is descried to be affected in the other:—and there is nothing forced by affectation can be comely. I will ever strive to go in the common road; so, while I am not notable, I shall not be notorious.

LXI.

Gold is the best metal,—and for the purity, not subject to rust as all others; and yet the best gold hath some dross. I esteem not that man that hath no faults. I like him well that hath but a few, and those not great.

LXII.

Many a man mars a good estate, for want of skill to proportion his carriage answerably to his ability. A little sail to a large vessel rides no way, though the wind be fair. A large sail to a little bark drowns it. A top-sail to a ship of mean burden in a rough weather is dangerous. A low sail in an easy gale yields little advantage. This disproportion causeth some to live miserably in a good estate, and some to make a good estate miserable. I will first know what I may do for safety; and then I will try what I can do for speed.

LXIII.

The rich man hath many friends; although in truth riches have them, and not the man. As the ass that carried the Egyptian goddess had many bowed knees, yet not to the beast, but to the burden; for separate the riches from the person, and thou shalt see friendship leave the man and follow that which was ever her object. While he may command, and can either give or control, he hath attendance and proffer of love at all

hands : but which of these dares acknowledge him, when he is going to prison for debt ? Then these wasps that made such music about this gallipot, show plainly that they came only for the honey that was in it. This is the misery of the wealthy,—that they cannot know their friends ; whereas those that love the poor man, love him for himself. He that would choose a true friend, must search out one that is neither covetous nor ambitious ; for such a one loves but himself in thee ; and if it be rare to find any not infected with these qualities, the best is, to entertain all and trust few.

LXIV.

That which the French proverb hath of sicknesses, is true of all evils,—that they come on horseback and go away on foot. We have oft seen a sudden fall, or one meal's surfeit, hath stuck by many to their graves ; whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses upon the spur. Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately ; knowing that the more they are made of, the longer they will continue : and for pleasures, because they stay not and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers, with slight respect. He is his own best friend, that makes least of both of them.

LXV.

It is indeed more commendable to give good example, than to take it ; yet imitation—however in civil matters it be condemned of servility—in Christian practice, hath his due praise ; and though it be more natural for beginners at their first imitation that cannot swim

without bladders, yet the best proficient shall see ever some higher steps of those that have gone to heaven before him, worthy of his tracing. Wherein much caution must be had that we follow good men, and in good: good men, for if we propound imperfect patterns to ourselves, we shall be constrained first to unlearn those ill habits we have got by their imitation, before we can be capable of good; so, besides the loss of labor, we are further off from our end: in good, for that a man should be so wedded to any man's person, that he can make no separation from his infirmities, is both absurdly servile and unchristian. He, therefore, that would follow well, must know to distinguish well betwixt good men and evil; betwixt good men and better; betwixt good qualities and infirmities. Why hath God given me education not in a desert alone, but in the company of good and virtuous men,—but that by the sight of their good carriage, I should better my own? Why should we have interest in the vices of men, and not in their virtues? And although precepts be surer, yet a good man's action is according to precept; yea, is a precept itself. The psalmist compares the law of God to a lantern:—good example bears it. It is safe following him that carries the light. If he walk without the light, he shall walk without me.

LXVI.

As there is one common end to all good men—salvation; and one author of it—Christ; so there is but one way to it—doing well and suffering evil. Doing well, methinks, is like the zodiac in the heaven, the highway of the sun, thorough which it daily passeth: suffering

evil, is like the ecliptic line that goes thorough the midst of it. The rule of doing well—the law of God—is uniform and eternal; and the copies of suffering evil, in all times, agree with the original. No man can either do well, or suffer ill, without an example. Are we sawn in pieces? So was Isaiah. Are we beheaded? So John Baptist. Crucified? So Peter. Thrown to wild beasts? So Daniel. Into the furnace? So the three children. Stoned? So Stephen. Banished? So the beloved disciple. Burnt? So millions of martyrs. Defamed and slandered? What good man ever was not? It were easy to be endless both in torments and sufferers; whereof each hath begun to other, all to us. I may not hope to speed better than the best Christians. I cannot fear to fare worse. It is no matter which way I go, so I come to heaven.

LXVII.

There is nothing beside life, of this nature, that it is diminished by addition. Every moment we live longer than other, and each moment that we live longer is so much more taken out of our life. It increaseth and diminisheth only by minutes, and therefore is not perceived. The shorter steps it taketh, the more slily it passeth. Time shall not so steal upon me, that I shall not discern it, and catch it by the forelocks; nor so steal from me, that it shall carry with it no witness of his passage, in my proficiency.

LXVIII.

The prodigal man, while he spendeth, is magnified; when he is spent, is pitied; and that is all his recom-

pense for his lavished patrimony. The covetous man is grudged while he lives, and his death is rejoiced at; for when he ends, his riches begin to be goods. He that wisely keeps the mean between both, liveth well, and hears well;—neither repined at by the needy, nor pitied by greater men. I would so manage these worldly commodities, as accounting them mine to dispose, others' to partake of.

LXIX.

A good name—if any earthly thing—is worth seeking, worth striving for. Yet to affect a bare name, when we deserve either ill or nothing, is but a proud hypocrisy; and to be puffed up with the wrongful estimation of others mistaking our worth, is an idle and ridiculous pride. Thou art well spoken of upon no desert. What then? Thou hast deceived thy neighbors, they one another, and all of them have deceived thee; for thou madest them think of thee otherwise than thou art; and they have made thee think of thyself as thou art accounted. The deceit came from thee, the shame will end in thee. I will account no wrong greater than for a man to esteem and report me above that I am: not rejoicing in that I am well thought of, but in that I am such as I am esteemed.

LXX.

It was a speech worthy the commendation and frequent remembrance of so divine a bishop as Augustine, which is reported of an aged father in his time; who, when his friends comforted him on his sick bed, and told him they hoped he should recover, answered, If I shall

not die at all, well ; but if ever, why not now ? Surely it is folly, what we must do, to do unwillingly. I will never think my soul in a good case, so long as I am loth to think of dying ; and will make this my comfort—not, I shall yet live longer ; but, I shall yet do more good.

LXXI.

Excesses are never alone. Commonly those that have excellent parts, have some extremely vicious qualities. Great wits have great errors, and great estates have great cares : whereas mediocrity of gifts or of estates hath usually but easy inconveniences ; else the excellent would not know themselves, and the mean would be too much dejected. Now those whom we admire for their faculties, we pity for their infirmities ; and those which find themselves but of the ordinary pitch, joy that as their virtues, so their vices, are not eminent. So the highest have a blemished glory, and the mean are contentedly secure. I will magnify the highest, but affect the mean.

LXXII.

The body is the case, or sheath of the mind, yet as naturally it hideth it, so it doth also many times discover it ; for although the forehead, eyes, and frame of the countenance, do sometimes belie the disposition of the heart, yet most commonly they give true general verdicts. An angry man's brows are bent together and his eyes sparkle with rage ; which, when he is well pleased look smooth and cheerfully. Envy hath one look, desire another ; sorrow yet another ; contentment a fourth, different from all the rest. To show no passion, is too

stoical ; to show all, is impotent ; to show other than we feel, hypocritical. The face and gesture do but write and make commentaries upon the heart. I will first endeavor so to frame and order that, as not to entertain any passion but what I need not care to have laid open to the world ; and therefore will first see that the text be good ; then, that the gloss be true ; and lastly, that it be sparing. To what end hath God so walled in the heart, if I should let every man's eyes into it by my countenance ?

LXXIII.

There is no public action which the world is not ready to scan. There is no action so private which the evil spirits are not witnesses of. I will endeavor so to live as knowing that I am ever in the eyes of mine enemies.

LXXIV.

When we ourselves, and all other vices are old, then covetousness alone is young and at his best age. This vice loves to dwell in an old ruinous cottage ; yet that age can have no such honest color for niggardliness and insatiable desire. A young man might plead the uncertainty of his estate, and doubt of his future need ; but an old man sees his set period before him. Since this humor is so necessarily annexed to this age, I will turn it the right way, and nourish it in myself. The older I grow the more covetous I will be ; but of the riches, not of the world I am leaving, but of the world I am entering into. It is good coveting what I may have, and cannot leave behind me.

LXXV.

There is a mutual hatred betwixt a Christian and the world ; for, on the one side, the love of the world is enmity with God, and God's children cannot but take their Father's part. On the other, the world hates you because it hated me first ; but the hatred of the good man to the wicked is not so extreme as that wherewith he is hated ; for the Christian hates ever with commiseration and love of that good he sees in the worst ; knowing that the essence of the very devils is good, and that the lowdest man hath some excellent parts of nature, or common graces of the Spirit of God,—which he warily singleth out in his affection. But the wicked man hates him for goodness, and therefore finds nothing in himself to moderate his detestation. There can be no better music in my ear than the discord of the wicked. If he like me, I am afraid he spies some quality in me like to his own. If he saw nothing but goodness, he could not love me and be bad himself. It was a just doubt of Phocion, who, when the people praised him, asked, 'What evil have I done?' I will strive to deserve evil of none ; but not deserving ill, it shall not grieve me to hear ill, of those that are evil. I know no greater argument of goodness, than the hatred of a wicked man.

LXXVI.

A man that comes hungry to his meal, feeds heartily on the meat set before him ; not regarding the metal or form of the platter wherein it is served ; who, afterwards, when his stomach is satisfied, begins to play with the dish, or to read sentences on his trencher. Those auditors

which can find nothing to do, but note elegant words and phrases in rhetorical colors, or perhaps an ill grace of gesture in a pithy and material speech, argue themselves full ere they came to the feast, and therefore go away with a little pleasure, no profit. In hearing others, my only intention shall be, to feed my mind with solid matter. If my ear can get aught by the way, I will not grudge it, but I will not intend it.

LXXVII.

The joy of a Christian in these worldly things is limited, and ever awed with fear of excess, but recompensed abundantly with his spiritual mirth; whereas the worldling gives the reins to his mind and pours himself out into pleasure, fearing only that he shall not joy enough. He that is but half a Christian, lives but miserably; for he neither enjoyeth God, nor the world. Not God, because he hath not grace enough to make him his own; not the world, because he hath some taste of grace, enough to show him the vanity and sin of his pleasures. So the sound Christian hath his heaven above; the worldling, here below; the unsettled Christian, nowhere.

LXXVIII.

Good deeds are very fruitful; and—not so much of their nature as of God's blessing—multipliable. We think ten in the hundred, extreme and biting usury. God gives us more than an hundred for ten; yea, above the increase of the grain which we commend most for multiplication; for out of one good action of ours, God produceth a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual.

Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant sufferings of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all successions of ages by their example ; for public actions of virtue—besides that they are presently comfortable to the doer—are also exemplary to others ; and as they are more beneficial to others, so are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommodious, I would seek after them for the conscience of their own goodness. How much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them, for that they are so profitable both to myself and to others, and to me in others. My principal care shall be that while my soul lives in glory in heaven, my good actions may live upon earth ; and that they may be put into the bank and multiply, while my body lies in the grave and consumeth.

LXXIX.

A Christian, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the noblest of all plants, the vine. Now as the most generous vine if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless ; so doth the best man, if he be cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than cut up to burn.

LXXX.

Those that do but superficially taste of divine knowledge, find little sweetness in it ; and are ready, for the unpleasant relish, to abhor it ; whereas if they would dive deep into the sea, they should find fresh water near to the bottom. That it savors not well at the first, is the

fault, not of it, but of the distempered palate that tastes it. Good metals and minerals are not found close under the skin of the earth, but below in the bowels of it. No good miner casts away his mattock because he finds a vein of tough clay, or a shelf of stone, but still delveth lower, and passing thorough many changes of soil, at last comes to his rich treasure. We are too soon discouraged in our spiritual gains. I will still persevere to seek, hardening myself against all difficulty. There is comfort even in seeking hope ; and there is joy in hoping good success ; and in that success is happiness.

LXXXI.

He that hath any experience in spiritual matters, knows that Satan is ever more violent at the last ; then raging most furiously, when he knows he shall rage but a while. Hence of the persecutions of the first church, the tenth and last, under Diocletian and Maximinian, and those other five tyrants, was the bloodiest. Hence this age is the most dissolute, because nearest the conclusion. And as this is his course in the universal assaults of the whole church ; so it is the same in his conflicts with every Christian soul. Like a subtil orator, he reserves his strongest force till the shutting up. And therefore miserable is the folly of those men who defer their repentance till then, when their onset shall be most sharp, and they through pain of body and perplexedness of mind, shall be least able to resist. Those that have long furnished themselves with spiritual munition, find work enough in this extreme brunt of temptation ; how then should the careless man, that with the help of all opportunities could not find grace to repent, hope to

achieve it at the last gasp, against greater force, with less means, more distraction, no leisure? Wise princes use to prepare ten years before for a field of one day. I will every day lay up somewhat for my last. If I win that skirmish, I have enough. The first and second blow begin the battle, but the last only wins it.

LXXXII.

I observe three seasons wherein a wise man differs not from a fool ;—in his infancy, in sleep, and in silence. For in the two former, we are all fools ; and in silence, all are wise. In the two former, yet there may be concealment of folly ; but the tongue is a blab. There cannot be any kind of folly, either simple or wicked, in the heart, but the tongue will bewray it. He cannot be wise that speaks much, or without sense, or out of season ; nor he known for a fool, that says nothing. It is a great misery to be a fool ; but this is yet greater, that a man cannot be a fool but he must show it. It were well for such a one if he could be taught to keep close his foolishness. But then there should be no fools. I have heard some—which have scorned the opinion of folly in themselves—for a speech wherein they have hoped to show most wit, censured of folly, by him that hath thought himself wiser ; and another, hearing his sentence again, hath condemned him for want of wit in censuring. Surely he is not a fool that hath unwise thoughts, but he that utters them. Even concealed folly is wisdom ; and sometimes wisdom uttered is folly. While others care how to speak, my care shall be how to hold my peace.

LXXXIII.

A work is then only good and acceptable when the action, meaning and manner, are all good; for to do good with an ill meaning—as Judas saluted Christ to betray him—is so much more sinful, by how much the action is better; which, being good in the kind, is abused to an ill purpose. To do ill in a good meaning—as Uzzah in staying the ark—is so much amiss, that the good intention cannot bear out the unlawful act; which, although it may seem some excuse why it should not be so ill, yet is no warrant to justify it. To mean well, and do a good action in an ill manner—as the Pharisee made a good prayer, but arrogantly—is so offensive, that the evil manner depraveth both the other. So a thing may be evil upon one circumstance; it cannot be good, but upon all. In whatever business I go about, I will inquire, what I do, for the substance; how, for the manner; why, for the intention: for the two first, I will consult with God; for the last, with my own heart.

LXXXIV.

I can do nothing without a million of witnesses. The conscience is as a thousand witnesses, and God is as a thousand consciences. I will therefore so deal with men, as knowing that God sees me; and so with God, as if the world saw me; so with myself and both of them, as knowing that my conscience seeth me; and so with them all, as knowing I am always overlooked by my accuser, by my Judge.

LXXXV.

Earthly inheritances are divided oftentimes with much inequality. The privilege of primogeniture stretcheth larger in many places now, than it did among the ancient Jews. The younger many times serves the elder ; and while the eldest aboundeth, all the latter issue is pinched. In heaven it is not so. All the sons of God are heirs, none underlings ; and not heirs under wardship and hope, but inheritors ; and not inheritors of any little pittance of land, but of a kingdom ; nor of an earthly kingdom, subject to danger of loss or alteration, but one glorious and everlasting. It shall content me here, that having right to all things, yet I have possession of nothing but sorrow. Since I shall have possession above, of all that whereto I have right below, I will serve willingly, that I may reign ; serve for a while, that I may reign forever.

LXXXVI.

Even the best things, ill used, become evils ; and contrarily the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue, used to deceit ; a good wit, used to defend error ; a strong arm, to murder ; authority, to oppress ; a good profession, to dissemble—are all evil. Yea, God's own word is the sword of the Spirit ; which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise—as poisons are used to wholesome medicine—afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful, as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings. O Lord, rather give me no favors, than not grace to use them. If I want them,

thou requirest not what thou dost not give ; but if I have them, and want their use, thy mercy proves my judgment:

LXXXVII.

Man is the best of all these inferior creatures ; yet lives in more sorrow and discontentment than the worst of them ; whiles that reason, wherein he excels them, and by which he might make advantage of his life, he abuses to a suspicious distrust. How many hast thou found of the fowls of the air, lying dead in the way for want of provision ? They eat and rest and sing and want nothing. Man, which hath far better means to live comfortably, toileth and careth and wanteth, whom yet his reason alone might teach that He which careth for these lower creatures made only for man, will much more provide for man, to whose use they were made. There is an holy carelessness, free from idleness, free from distrust. In these earthly things, I will so depend on my Maker, that my trust in him may not exclude all my labor ; and yet so labor—upon my confidence on him—as my endeavor may be void of perplexity.

LXXXVIII.

The precepts and practice of those with whom we live, avail much on either part. For a man not to be ill, where he hath no provocations to evil, is less commendable. But for a man to live continently in Asia—as he said—where he sees nothing but allurements to uncleanness ; for Lot to be a good man in the midst of Sodom ; to be abstemious in Germany ; and in Italy, chaste ; this is truly praiseworthy. To sequester our-

selves from the company of the world, that we may depart from their vices, proceeds from a base and distrustful mind ; as if we would so force goodness upon ourselves, that therefore only we would be good, because we cannot be ill. But for a man so to be personally and in the throng of the world, as to withdraw his affections from it ; to use it, and yet to condemn it at once ; to compel it to his service without any infection ; becomes well the noble courage of a Christian. The world shall be mine, I will not be his ; and yet so mine, that his evil shall be still his own.

LXXXIX.

He that lives in God, cannot be weary of his life, because he ever finds both somewhat to do, and somewhat to solace himself with ; cannot be over-loth to part with it, because he shall enter into a nearer life and society with that God in whom he delighteth. Whereas he that lives without him, lives many times uncomfortably here ; because partly he knows not any cause of joy in himself, and partly he finds not any worthy employment to while himself withal ; dies miserably, because he either knows not whither he goes, or knows he goes to torment. There is no true life, but the life of faith. O Lord, let me live out of the world with thee, if thou wilt ; but let me not live in the world without thee.

XC.

Sin is both evil in itself, and the effect of a former evil, and the cause of sin following ; a cause of punishment, and lastly a punishment itself. It is a damnable iniquity in man, to multiply one sin upon another ; but

to punish one sin by another, in God is a judgment, both most just and most fearful—so as all the storehouse of God hath not a greater vengeance. With other punishments, the body smarteth; the soul with this. I care not how God offends me with punishments, so he punish me not with offending him.

XCI.

I have seen some afflict their bodies with willful famine, and scourges of their own making. God spares me that labor; for he whips me daily with the scourge of a weak body, and sometimes with ill tongues. He holds me short many times of the feeling of his comfortable presence; which is in truth so much more miserable an hunger than that of the body, by how much the soul is more tender, and the food denied, more excellent. He is my Father; infinitely wise to proportion out my correction according to my estate; and infinitely loving, in fitting me with a due measure. He is a presumptuous child that will make choice of his own rod. Let me learn to make a right use of his corrections, and I shall not need to correct myself; and if it should please God to remit his hand a little, I will govern my body as a master, not as a tyrant.

XCII.

If God had not said ‘Blessed are those that hunger,’ I know not what could keep weak Christians from sinking in despair. Many times, all I can do is to find and complain that I want him and wish to recover him. Now this is my stay, that he in mercy esteems us not only by having, but by desiring also, and, after a sort,

accounts us to have that which we want, and desire to have; and my soul, assuming, tells me I do unfeignedly wish him, and long after that grace I miss. Let me desire still more, and I know I shall not desire always. There was never soul miscarried with longing after grace. O blessed hunger, that ends always in fullness! I am sorry that I can but hunger, and yet I would not be full; for the blessing is promised to the hungry. Give me more, Lord, but so as I may hunger more. Let me hunger more, and I know I shall be satisfied.

XCIII.

There is more in the Christian than thou seest; for he is both an entire body of himself, and he is a limb of another more excellent—even that glorious mystical body of his Saviour, to whom he is so united, that the actions of either are reciprocally referred to each other—for on the one side, the Christian lives in Christ, dies in Christ, in Christ fulfils the law, possesseth heaven; on the other, Christ is persecuted by Paul, in his members, and is persecuted in Paul afterwards by others. He suffers in us he lives in us, he works in and by us. So thou canst not do either good or harm to a Christian, but thou dost it to his Redeemer, to whom he is invisibly united. Thou seest him as a man, and therefore worthy of favor for humanity's sake. Thou seest him not as a Christian, worthy of honor for his secret and yet true union with our Saviour. I will love every Christian for that I see; honor him, for that I shall see.

XCIV.

Hell itself is scarce a more obscure dungeon in com-

parison of the earth, than earth is in respect of heaven. Here, the most see nothing, and the best see little; here, half our life is night, and our very day is darkness, in respect of God. The true light of the world, and the Father of lights dwelleth above. There is the light of knowledge to inform us, and the light of joy to comfort us, without all change of darkness. There was never any captive loved his dungeon, and complained when he must be brought out to light and liberty. Whence then is this natural madness in us men, that we delight so much in this unclean, noisome, dark and comfortless prison of earth, and think not of our release to that light-some and glorious Paradise above us, without grief and repining? We are sure that we are not perfectly well here. If we could be as sure that we should be better above, we would not fear changing. Certainly our sense tells us we have some pleasure here, and we have not faith to assure us of more pleasure above; and hence we settle ourselves to the present, with neglect of the future, though infinitely more excellent. The heart follows the eye, and unknown good is uncared for. O Lord, do thou break thorough this darkness of ignorance and faithlessness wherewith I am compassed. Let me but see my heaven, and I know I shall desire it.

XCV.

To be carried away with an affectation of fame, is so vain and absurd, that I wonder it can be incident to any wise man. For what a molehill of earth is it to which his name can extend, when it is furthest carried by the wings of report; and how short a while doth it continue where it is once spread! Time, the devourer of

his own brood, consumes both us and our memories. Not brass, nor marble, can bear age. How many flattering poets have promised immortality of name to their princes, who now together are buried long since in forgetfulness! Those names and actions that are once on the file of heaven, are past the danger of defacing. I will not care whether I be known, or remembered, or forgotten amongst men, if my name and good actions may live with God, in the records of eternity.

XCVI.

There is no man, nor no place, free from spirits; although they testify their presence by visible effects but in few. Every man is an host to entertain angels, though not in visible shapes, as Abraham and Lot. The evil ones do nothing but provoke us to sin, and plot mischiefs against us, by casting into our way dangerous objects, by suggesting sinful motions to our minds, stirring up enemies against us amongst men, by frightening us with terrors in ourselves, by accusing us to God. On the contrary, the good angels are ever removing our hinderances from good, and our occasions of evil; mitigating our tentations, helping us against our enemies, delivering us from dangers, comforting us in sorrows, furthering our good purposes, and at last carrying up our souls to heaven. It would affright a weak Christian, that knows the power and malice of wicked spirits, to consider their presence and number; but when, with the eyes of Elisha's servant, he sees those on his side as present, as diligent, more powerful, he cannot but take heart again; especially if he considers that neither of them is without God limiting the one the bounds of

their tentation, directing the other in the safe-guard of his children. Whereupon it is come to pass, that, though there be many legions of devils and every one more strong than many legions of men, and more malicious than strong, yet the little flock of God's church liveth and prospereth. I have ever with me invisible friends and enemies. The consideration of mine enemies shall keep me from security and make me fearful of doing aught to advantage them. The consideration of my spiritual friends shall comfort me against the terror of the other; shall remedy my solitariness; shall make me wary of doing aught indecently; grieving me rather that I have ever heretofore made them turn away their eyes, for shame of that whereof I have not been ashamed; that I have no more enjoyed their society; that I have been no more affected with their presence. What though I see them not; I believe them. I were no Christian, if my faith were not as sure as my sense.

XCVII.

There is no word or action, but may be taken with two hands,—either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion—and all things do so succeed as they are taken. I have noted evil actions well taken, pass current for either indifferent or commendable. Contrarily, a good speech or action, ill taken, scarce allowed for indifferent; an indifferent one, censured for evil; an evil one, for notorious. So favor makes virtues of vices, and suspicion makes virtues faults, and faults crimes. Of the two, I had rather my right hand should offend. It is always safer offending on the better part. To con-

strue an evil act well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit of myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong; to myself, the action, the author. If no good sense can be made of a deed or speech, let the blame light upon the author; if a good interpretation may be given, and I choose a worse, let me be as much censured of others, as that misconceit is punishment to myself.

XCVIII.

I know not how it comes to pass that the mind of man doth naturally both over-prize his own, in comparison of others', and yet contemn and neglect his own, in comparison of what he wants. The remedy of this latter evil is, to compare the good things we have, with the evils which we have not and others groan under. Thou art in health and regardest it not. Look on the misery of those which on their bed of sickness, through extremity of pain and anguish, entreat death to release them. Thou hast clear eyesight, sound limbs, use of reason, and passest these over with slight respect. Think how many there are which, in their uncomfortable blindness, would give all the world for but one glimpse of light; how many that deformedly crawl on all four, after the manner of the most lothsome creatures; how many that in mad phrensies are worse than brutish, worse than dead. Thus thou mightest be and art not. If I be not happy for the good that I have, I am yet happy for the evils that I might have had, and have escaped. I have deserved the greatest evil. Every evil that I miss, is a new mercy.

XCIX.

Earth, which is the basest element, is both our mother that brought us forth, our stage that bears us alive, and our grave wherein at last we are entombed ; giving to us both our original, our harbor, our sepulchre. She hath yielded her back to bear thousands of generations, and at last opened her mouth to receive them ; so swallowing that she still both beareth more, and looks for more ; not bewraying any change in herself, while she so oft hath changed her brood and her burden. It is a wonder we can be proud of our parentage or of ourselves, while we see both the baseness and stability of the earth, whence we came. What difference is there ? Living earth treads upon the dead earth, which afterwards descends into the grave, as senseless and dead, as the earth that receives it. Not many are proud of their souls, and none but fools can be proud of their bodies. While we walk and look upon the earth, we cannot but acknowledge sensible admonitions of humility, and while we remember them, we cannot forget ourselves. It is a mother-like favor of the earth, that she bears and nourishes me, and at the last entertains my dead carcass ; but it is a greater pleasure, that she teaches me my vileness by her own, and sends me to heaven, for what she wants.

C.

The wicked man carrieth every day a brand to his hell, till his heap be come to the height ; then he ceaseth sinning, and begins his torment ; whereas the repentant, in every fit of holy sorrow, carries away a whole faggot

from the flame, and quencheth the coals that remain, with his tears. There is no torment for the penitent; no redemption for the obstinate. Safety consisteth not in not sinning, but in repenting; neither is it sin that condemns, but impenitence. O Lord, I cannot be righteous, let me be repentant.

The estate of heavenly and earthly things is plainly represented to us, by the two lights of heaven, which are appointed to rule the night and the day. Earthly things are rightly resembled by the moon, which being nearest to the region of mortality is ever in changes, and never looks upon us twice with the same face; and when it is at the full, is blemished with some dark blots not capable of any illumination. Heavenly things are figured by the sun, whose great and glorious light is both natural to itself and ever constant. That other fickle and dim star is fit enough for the night of misery, wherein we live here below; and this firm and beautiful light is but good enough for that day of glory, which the saints live in. If it be good living here, where our sorrows are changed with joys, what is it to live above where our joys change not? I cannot look upon the body of the sun, and yet I cannot see at all without the light of it. I cannot behold the glory of thy saints, O Lord; yet without the knowledge of it, I am blind. If thy creature be so glorious to us here below; how glorious shall thyself be to us when we are above this sun! This sun shall not shine upward, where thy glory shineth. The greater

light extinguisheth the lesser. O thou Sun of righteousness—which shall only shine to me when I am glorified—do thou heat, enlighten, comfort me with the beams of thy presence, till I be glorified! Amen.

HOLY OBSERVATIONS:

ONE BOOK.

HOLY OBSERVATIONS.

I.

As there is nothing sooner dry than a tear, so there is nothing sooner out of season than worldly sorrow : which if it be fresh and still bleeding, finds some to comfort and pity it; if stale and skinned over with time, is rather entertained with smiles than commiseration. But the sorrow of repentance comes never out of time. All times are alike unto that eternity, whereto we make our spiritual moans :—that which is past, that which is future, are both present with him. It is neither weak nor uncomely, for an old man to weep for the sins of his youth. Those tears can never be shed either too soon or too late.

II.

Some men live to be their own executors for their good name, which they see—not honestly—buried, before themselves die. Some other, of great place and ill desert, part with their good name and breath at once. There is scarce a vicious man whose name is not rotten before his carcass. Contrarily, the good man's name is oftentimes heir to his life ; either born after the death of

the parent,—for that envy would not suffer it to come forth before,—or, perhaps, so well grown up in his lifetime, that the hope thereof is the staff of his age and joy of his death. A wicked man's name may be feared awhile; soon after, it is either forgotten or cursed. The good man either sleepeth, with his body, in peace, or waketh—as his soul—in glory.

III.

Ofttimes those which show much valor while there is equal possibility of life, when they see a present necessity of death, are found most shamefully timorous. Their courage was before grounded upon hope; that cut off, leaves them at once desperate and cowardly: whereas men of feebler spirits meet more cheerfully with death; because though their courage be less, yet their expectation was more.

IV.

I have seldom seen the son of an excellent and famous man, excellent. But that an ill bird hath an ill egg, is not rare—children possessing, as the bodily diseases, so the vices, of their parents. Virtue is not propagated: vice is, even in them which have it not reigning in themselves. The grain is sown pure, but comes up with chaff and husk. Hast thou a good son? He is God's, not thine. Is he evil? Nothing but his sin is thine. Help, by thy prayers and endeavors, to take away that which thou hast given him, and to obtain from God that which thou hast, and canst not give. Else thou mayest name him a possession, but thou shalt find him a loss.

V.

These things be comely and pleasant to see, and worthy of honor from the beholder:—a young saint, an old martyr, a religious soldier, a conscionable statesman, a great man courteous, a learned man humble, a silent woman, a child understanding the eye of his parent, a merry companion without vanity, a friend not changed with honor, a sick man cheerful, a soul departing with comfort and assurance.

VI.

I have oft observed in merry meetings solemnly made, that somewhat hath fallen out cross, either in the time or immediately upon it; to season, as I think, our immoderation in desiring or enjoying our friends: and again, events suspected have proved ever best—God herein blessing our awful submission with good success. In all these human things, indifferency is safe. Let thy doubts be ever equal to thy desires: so thy disappointment shall not be grievous, because thy expectation was not peremptory.

VII.

You shall rarely find a man eminent in sundry faculties of mind, or sundry manuary trades. If his memory be excellent, his fantasy is but dull: if his fancy be busy and quick, his judgment is but shallow: if his judgment be deep, his utterance is harsh:—which also holds no less in the activities of the hand. And if it happen that one man be qualified with skill of divers trades, and practice this variety, you shall seldom

find such one thriving in his estate. With spiritual gifts, it is otherwise ; which are so chained together, that who excels in one hath some eminence in more ; yea, in all. Look upon Faith—she is attended with a bevy of graces : he that believes, cannot but have hope ; if hope, patience. He that believes and hopes, must needs find joy in God : if joy, love of God : he that loves God, cannot but love his brother. His love to God breeds piety and care to please, sorrow for offending, fear to offend : his love to men, fidelity and Christian beneficence. Vices are seldom single, but virtues go ever in troops. They go so thick, that sometimes some are hid in the crowd ; which yet are, but appear not. They may be shut out from sight ; they cannot be severed.

VIII.

The heaven ever moves, and yet is the place of our rest : earth ever rests, and yet is the place of our trouble. Outward motion can be no enemy to inward rest ; as outward rest may well stand with inward unquietness.

IX.

None live so ill but they content themselves in somewhat : even the beggar likes the smell of his dish. It is a rare evil that hath not something to sweeten it, either in sense or in hope—otherwise men would grow desperate, mutinous, envious of others, weary of themselves. The better that thing is, wherein we place our comfort, the happier we live ; and the more we love good things, the better they are to us. The worldling's comfort,

though it be good to him because he loves it, yet because it is not absolutely and eternally good, it fails him : wherein the Christian hath just advantage of him ; while he hath all the same causes of joy, refined and exalted, besides more and higher which the other knows not of. The worldling laughs more, but the Christian is more delighted. These two are easily severed. Thou seest a goodly picture, or an heap of thy gold : thou laughest not, yet thy delight is more than in a jest that shaketh thy spleen. As grief, so joy, is not less when it is least expressed.

X.

I have seen the worst natures and most depraved minds, not affecting all sins : but still some they have condemned in others and abhorred in themselves. One exclaims on covetousness ; yet he can too well abide riotous good-fellowship. Another inveighs against drunkenness and excess, not caring how cruel he be in usury and oppression. One cannot endure a rough and quarrelsome disposition, yet gives himself over to unclean and lascivious courses. Another hates all wrongs, save wrongs to God. One is a civil atheist ; another a religious usurer ; a third an honest drunkard ; a fourth an unchaste justicer ; a fifth a chaste quarreler. I know not whether every devil excel in all sins. I am sure some of them have denomination from some sins more special. Let no man applaud himself for those sins he wanteth, but condemn himself rather for that sin he hath. Thou censurest another man's sin, he thine ; God curseth both.

XI.

Gold is the heaviest of all metals. It is no wonder that the rich man is usually carried downward to his place. It is hard for the soul, clogged with many weights to ascend to heaven. It must be a strong and nimble soul, that can carry up itself and such a load; yet Adam and Noah flew up thither, with the double monarchy of the world; the patriarchs with much wealth; many holy kings with massy crowns and sceptres. The burden of covetous desires, is more heavy to an empty soul, than much treasure to the full. Our affections give poise or lightness to earthly things. Either abate of thy load if thou find it too pressing—whether by having less or loving less—or add to thy strength and activity, that thou mayest yet ascend. It is more commendable, by how much more hard, to climb into heaven with a burden.

XII.

A Christian in all his ways must have three guides—truth, charity, wisdom. Truth, to go before him; charity and wisdom, on either hand. If any of the three be absent, he walks amiss. I have seen some do hurt by following a truth uncharitably; and others, while they would salve up an error with love, have failed in their wisdom, and offended against justice. A charitable untruth, and an uncharitable truth, and an unwise managing of truth or love, are all to be carefully avoided of him that would go with a right foot in the narrow way.

XIII.

God brought man forth at first, not into a wilderness, but a garden; yet then he expected the best service of him. I never find that he delights in the misery, but in the prosperity, of his servants. Cheerfulness pleases him better than a dejected and dull heaviness of heart. If we can be good with pleasure, he grudgeth not our joy; if not, it is best to stint ourselves; not for that these comforts are not good, but because our hearts are evil; faulting not their nature, but our use and corruption.

XIV.

The homeliest service that we do in an honest calling, though it be but to plough or dig, if done in obedience, and conscience of God's commandment, is crowned with an ample reward; whereas the best works for their kind—preaching, praying, offering evangelical sacrifices—if without respect of God's injunction and glory, are loaded with curses. God loveth adverbs; and cares not how good, but how well.

XV.

The golden infancy of some hath proceeded to a brazen youth, and ended in a leaden age. All human maturities have their period; only grace hath none. I durst never lay too much hope on the forward beginnings of wit and memory, which have been applauded in children. I knew they could but attain their vigor, and that if sooner, no whit the better; for the earlier is their perfection of wisdom, the longer shall be their witless age. Seasonableness is the best in all these things, which have

their ripeness and decay. We can never hope too much of the timely blossoms of grace, whose spring is perpetual, and whose harvest begins with our end.

XVI.

A man must give thanks for somewhat which he may not pray for. It hath been said of courtiers, that they must receive injuries, and give thanks. God cannot wrong his, but he will cross them. Those crosses are beneficial. All benefits challenge thanks; yet I have read, that God's children have with condition prayed against them, never for them. In good things, we pray both for them and their good use; in evil, for their good use, not themselves: yet we must give thanks for both, for there is no evil of pain which God doth not; nothing that God doth, is not good; no good thing but is worthy of thanks.

XVII.

One half of the world knows not how the other lives; and therefore the better sort pity not the distressed; and the miserable envy not those which fare better, because they know it not. Each man judges of others' conditions, by his own. The worst sort would be too much discontented, if they saw how far more pleasant the life of others is. And if the better sort—such we call those which are greater—could look down to the infinite miseries of inferiors, it would make them either miserable in compassion, or proud in conceit. It is good, sometimes, for the delicate rich man to look into the poor man's cupboard; and seeing God in mercy gives him not to know their sorrow by experience, to know it yet in spec-

ulation. This shall teach him more thanks to God, more mercy to men, more contentment in himself.

XVIII.

Such as a man's prayer is for another, it shall be in his extremity for himself: for though he love himself more than others, yet his apprehension of God is alike for both. Such as his prayer is in a former extremity, it shall be also in death: this way we may have experience even of a thing future. If God have been far off from thee in a fit of thy ordinary sickness, fear lest he will not be nearer thee in thy last. What differs that from this, but in time? Correct thy dullness upon former proofs; or else, at last, thy devotion shall want life before thy body.

XIX.

Those that come to their meat as to a medicine—as Augustine reports of himself—live in an austere and Christian temper, and shall be sure not to joy too much in the creature, nor to abuse themselves. Those that come to their medicine as to meat, shall be sure to live miserably and die soon. To come to meat, if without a gluttonous appetite and palate, is allowed to Christians. To come to meat as to a sacrifice unto the belly, is a most base and brutish idolatry.

XX.

The worst that ever were—even Cain and Judas—have had some fautors that have honored them for saints; and the serpent that beguiled our first parents, hath, in that name, had divine honor and thanks. Never any man

trod so perilous and deep steps, but some have followed and admired him. Each master of heresy hath found some clients—even he that taught all men's opinions were true. Again, no man hath been so exquisite but some have detracted from him, even in those qualities which have seemed most worthy of wonder to others. A man shall be sure to be backed by some, either in good or evil; and by some, shouldered in both. It is good for a man not to stand upon his abettors, but his quarrel; and not to depend upon others, but himself.

XXI.

We see thousands of creatures die for our use, and never do so much as pity them:—why do we think much to die once for God? They are not ours so much as we are his, nor our pleasure so much to us as his glory to him. Their lives are lost to us; ours, but changed to him.

XXII.

Much ornament is no good sign—painting of the face argues an ill complexion of body, a worse mind. Truth hath a face both honest and comely, and looks best in her own colors. But, above all, divine truth is most fair, and most scorneth to borrow beauty of man's wit or tongue. She loveth to come forth in her native grace, like a princely matron; and counts it the greatest indignity to be dallied with as a wanton strumpet: she looks to command reverence, not pleasure: she would be kneeled to, not laughed at. To prank her up in vain dresses and fashions, or to sport with her in a light and youthful manner, is most abhorring from her nature.

They know her not, that give her such entertainment; and shall first know her angry, when they do know her. Again, she would be plain, but not base, not sluttish. She would be clad, not garishly, yet not in rags. She likes as little to be set out by a base soil, as to seem credited with gay colors. It is no small wisdom to know her just guise, but more to follow it; and so to keep the mean, that while we please her, we discontent not the beholders.

XXIII.

In worldly carriage, so much is a man made of, as he takes upon himself; but such is God's blessing upon true humility, that it still procureth reverence. I never saw Christian less honored, for a wise neglect of himself. If our dejection proceed from the conscience of our want, it is possible we should be as little esteemed of others as of ourselves: but if we have true graces, and prize them not at the highest, others shall value both them in us and us for them, and with usury give us that honor we withheld modestly from ourselves.

XXIV.

He that takes his full liberty in what he may, shall repent him—how much more, in what he should not! I never read of Christian that repented him of too little worldly delight. The surest course I have still found in all earthly pleasures, to rise with an appetite, and to be satisfied with a little.

XXV.

There is a time when kings go not forth to warfare.

Our spiritual war admits no intermission: it knows no night, no winter; abides no peace, no truce. This calls us not into a garrison, where we may have ease and respite, but into pitched fields continually. We see our enemies in the face always, and are always seen and assaulted; ever resisting, ever defending—receiving and returning blows. If either we be negligent or weary, we die: what other hope is there, while one fights and the other stands still? We can never have safety and peace, but in victory. Then must our resistance be courageous and constant, where both yielding is death, and all treaties of peace, mortal.

XXVI.

Neutrality in things good or evil, is both odious and prejudicial; but in matters of an indifferent nature, is safe and commendable. Herein, taking of parts maketh sides, and breaketh unity. In an unjust cause of separation, he that favoereth both parts may perhaps have least love of either side, but hath most charity in himself.

XXVII.

Nothing is more absurd than that epicurean resolution, ‘Let us eat and drink; tomorrow we shall die’—as if we were made only for the paunch, and lived that we might live. Yet there was never any natural man that found savor in that meat which he knew would be his last: whereas they should say, ‘Let us fast and pray; tomorrow we shall die’—for to what purpose is the body strengthened, that it may perish?—whose greater strength makes our death more violent. No man be-

stows a costly roof on a ruinous tenement. That man's end is easy and happy, whom death finds with a weak body and a strong soul.

XXVIII.

Sometime, even things in themselves naturally good, are to be refused for those, which, being evil, may be an occasion to a greater good. Life is in itself good, and death evil: else David, Elias, and many excellent martyrs would not have fled to hold life and avoid death; nor Hezekiah have prayed for it; nor our Saviour have bidden us to flee for it; nor God promised it to his for a reward. Yet if, in some cases, we hate not life, we love not God nor our souls. Herein—as much as in anything—the perverseness of our nature appears, that we wish death, or love life upon wrong causes. We would live for pleasure, or we would die for pain:—Job for his sores, Elias for his persecution, Jonah for his gourd, would presently die, and will needs out-face God that it is better for him to die than to live:—wherein we are like to garrison-soldiers, that, while they live within safe walls and show themselves once a day, rather for ceremony and pomp than need or danger, like warfare well enough; but if once called forth to the field, they wish themselves at home.

XXIX.

Not only the least, but the worst, is ever in the bottom. What should God do with the dregs of our age? When sin will admit thee his client no longer, then God shall be beholden to thee for thy service. Thus is God dealt with in all other offerings:—the worst and least

sheaf must be God's tenth; the deformedst or simplest of our children must be God's ministers; the uncleanliest and most careless house must be God's temple; the idlest and sleepest hours of the day must be reserved for our prayers; the worst part of our age, for devotion. We would have God give us still of the best; and are ready to murmur at every little evil he sends us—yet nothing is bad enough for him of whom we receive all. Nature condemns this inequality, and tells us that he which is the Author of good, should have the best, and he which gives all, should have his choice.

XXX.

When we go about an evil business, it is strange how ready the devil is to set us forward; how careful that we should want no furtherances. So that if a man would be lewdly witty, he shall be sure to be furnished with a store of profane jests, wherein a loose heart hath double advantage of the conscionable. If he would be voluptuous, he shall want neither objects nor opportunities. The current passage of ill enterprises is so far from giving cause of encouragement, that it should justly fright a man to look back to the author; and to consider that he therefore goes fast, because the devil drives him.

XXXI.

In the choice of companions for our conversation, it is good dealing with men of good natures; for though grace exerciseth her power in bridling nature, yet—sith we are still men, at the best—some swing she will have in the most mortified. Austerity, sullenness, or strange-

ness of disposition, and whatsoever qualities may make a man unsociable, cleave faster to our nature, than those which are morally evil. True Christian love may be separated from acquaintance, and acquaintance from entireness. These are not qualities to hinder our love, but our familiarity.

XXXII.

Ignorance, as it makes bold—intruding men carelessly into unknown dangers—so also it makes men oftentimes causelessly fearful. Herod feared Christ's coming, because he mistook it. If that tyrant had known the manner of His spiritual regiment, he had spared both his own fright and the blood of other. And hence it is that we fear death—because we are not acquainted with the virtue of it. Nothing but innocency and knowledge can give sound confidence to the heart.

XXXIII.

Where are divers opinions, they may be all false; there can be but one true: and that one truth oftentimes must be fetched by piece-meal out of divers branches of contrary opinions. For it falls out not seldom that truth is, through ignorance or rash vehemency, scattered into sundry parts; and like to a little silver melted amongst the ruins of a burnt house, must be tried out from heaps of much superfluous ashes. There is much pains in the search of it; much skill in finding it: the value of it once found, requites the cost of both.

XXXIV.

Affectation of superfluity, is in all things a sign of

weakness :—as in words, he that useth circumlocutions to express himself shows want of memory and want of proper speech ; and much talk argues a brain feeble and distempered. What good can any earthly thing yield us, besides his use ? And what is it but vanity, to affect that which doth us no good ? And what use is it in that which is superfluous ? It is a great skill to know what is enough, and great wisdom to care for no more.

XXXV.

Good things which in absence were desired, now offering themselves to our presence, are scarce entertained ; or at least not with our purposed cheerfulness. Christ's coming to us, and our going to him, are in our profession well esteemed, much wished. But when he singleth us out by a direct message of death, or by some fearful sign giveth likelihood of a present return, we are as much affected with fear, as before with desire. All changes, although to the better, are troublesome for the time, until our settling. There is no remedy hereof, but inward prevention ; our mind must change before our estate be changed.

XXXVI.

Those are greatest enemies to religion, that are not most irreligious. Atheists, though in themselves they be the worst, yet are seldom found hot persecutors of others ; whereas those which in some one fundamental point be heretical, are commonly most violent in oppositions. One hurts by secret infection, the other by open resistance. One is careless of all truth ; the other, ve-

hement for some untruth. An atheist is worthy of more hatred; an heretic, of more fear: both, of avoidance.

XXXVII.

Ways, if never used, cannot but be fair: if much used, are made commodiously passable. If before oft used, and now seldom, they become deep and dangerous. If the heart be not at all inured to meditation, it findeth no fault with itself:—not for that it is innocent, but secure. If often, it findeth comfortable passage for his thoughts: if rarely, and with intermission, tedious and troublesome. In things of this nature, we only escape complaint, if we use them either always or never.

XXXVIII.

Our sensual hand holds fast whatsoever delight it apprehendeth; our spiritual hand easily remitteth; because appetite is stronger in us than grace: whence it is that we so hardly deliver ourselves of earthly pleasures which we have once entertained, and with such difficulty draw ourselves to a constant course of faith, hope, and spiritual joy, or to the renewed acts of them, once intermitted. Age is naturally weak, and youth vigorous; but in us the old man is strong; the new, faint and feeble. The fault is not in grace, but in us. Faith doth not want strength, but we want faith.

XXXIX.

It is not good in worldly estates, for a man to make himself necessary; for hereupon he is both more toiled and more suspected. But in the sacred commonwealth of the church, a man cannot be engaged too deeply by

his service. The ambition of spiritual well-doing, breeds no danger. He that doth best, and may worst be spared, is happiest.

XL.

It was a fit comparison of worldly cares, to thorns; for as they choke the word, so they prick our souls: neither the word can grow up amongst them, nor the heart can rest upon them: neither body nor soul can find ease while they are within or close to us. Spiritual cares are as sharp, but more profitable: they pain us, but leave the soul better. They break our sleep, but for a sweeter rest. We are not well, but either while we have them, or after we have had them. It is as impossible to have spiritual health without these, as to have bodily strength without the other.

XLI.

In temporal good things, it is best to live in doubt; not making full account of that which we hold in so weak a tenure: in spiritual, with confidence; not fearing that which is warranted to us by an infallible promise and sure earnest. He lives more contentedly, that is most secure for this world, most resolute for the other.

XLII.

God hath in nature given every man inclinations to some one particular calling; which if he follow, he excels; if he cross, he proves a non-proficient and changeable. But all men's natures are equally indisposed to grace, and to the common vocation of Christianity: we are all born heathens. To do well, nature must in the

first, be observed and followed ; in the other, crossed and overcome.

XLIII.

Good-man is a title given to the lowest ; whereas all titles of greatness, worship, honor, are observed and attributed with choice. The speech of the world bewrays their mind, and shows the common estimation of goodness, compared with other qualities. The world therefore is an ill herald, and unskillful in the true styles. It were happy that goodness were so common ; and pity that it either should not stand with greatness, or not be preferred to it.

XLIV.

Amongst all actions, Satan is ever busiest in the best, and most in the best part of the best—as in the end of prayer, when the heart should close up itself with most comfort. He never fears us but when we are well employed ; and the more likelihood he sees of our profit, the more is his envy and labor to distract us. We should love ourselves as much as he hates us ; and therefore strive so much the more towards our good, as his malice striveth to interrupt it. We do nothing, if we contend not when we are resisted. The good soul is ever in contradiction ; denying what is granted, and contending for that which is denied ; suspecting when it is gainsayed, and fearing liberty.

XLV.

God forewarns ere he try, because he would be prevented. Satan steals upon us suddenly, by temptations,

because he would foil us. If we relent not upon God's premonition, and meet not the lingering pass of his punishments to forestall them, he punisheth more, by how much his warning was more evident and more large. God's trials must be met when they come. Satan's must be seen before they come; and if we be not armed ere we be assaulted, we shall be foiled ere we can be armed.

XLVI.

It is not good to be continual in denunciation of judgment. The noise to which we are accustomed, though loud, wakes us not; whereas a less, if unusual, stirreth us. The next way to make threatenings contemned, is to make them common. It is a profitable rod that strikes sparingly, and frights somewhat oftener than it smiteth.

XLVII.

Want of use causeth disability; and custom, perfection. Those that have not used to pray in their closet, cannot pray in public, but coldly and in form. He that discontinues meditation, shall be long in recovering; whereas the man inured to these exercises—who is not dressed till he have prayed, nor have supped till he have meditated—doth both these well, and with ease. He that intermits good duties, incurs a double loss:—of the blessing that followeth good; of the faculty of doing it.

XLVIII.

Christianity is both an easy yoke, and an hard; hard to take up, easy to bear when once taken. The heart requires much labor, ere it can be induced to stoop under it: and finds as much contentment, when it hath

stooped. The worldling thinks religion servility ; but the Christian knows whose slave he was, till he entered into this service, and that no bondage can be so evil, as freedom from these bonds.

XLIX.

It is a wonder how full of shifts nature is ; ready to turn over all good purposes. If we think of death, she suggests secretly, ‘ Tush, it shall not come yet.’ If of judgment for sin, ‘ This concerns not thee ; it shall not come at all.’ If of heaven, and our labor to reach it, ‘ Trouble not thyself ; it will come soon enough alone.’ Address thyself to pray : ‘ It is yet unseasonable ; stay for a better opportunity.’ To give alms : ‘ Thou knowest not thine own future wants.’ To reprove : ‘ What needest thou thrust thyself into willful hatred?’ Every good action hath his let. He can never be good, that is not resolute.

L.

All arts are maids to Divinity ; therefore they both veil to her, and do her service ; and she, like a grave mistress, controls them at pleasure. Natural philosophy teacheth that of nothing can be nothing made ; and that from the privation to the habit, is no return. Divinity takes her up for these, and, upon supernatural principles, teaches her a creation, a resurrection. Philosophy teaches us to follow sense as an infallible guide. Divinity tells her that faith is of things not seen. Logic teaches us first to discourse, then to resolve : Divinity to assent without arguing. Civil law teacheth that long custom prescribeth : Divinity, that old things are passed. Moral philosophy, that tallying of injuries is justice : Divin-

ity, that good must be returned for ill. Policy, that better is a mischief than an inconvenience: Divinity, that we may not do evil that good may ensue. The school is well ordered, while Divinity keeps the chair; but if any other skill usurp it, and check their mistress, there can follow nothing but confusion and atheism.

LI.

Much difference is to be made betwixt a revolter and a man trained up in error. A Jew and an Arian both deny Christ's deity; yet this opinion is not in both punished with bodily death. Yea, a revolt to a less error, is more punishable than education in a capital heresy. Errors of judgment, though less regarded than errors of practice, yet are more pernicious: but none so deadly as theirs, that were once in the truth. If truth be not sued to, it is dangerous; but if forsaken, desperate.

LII.

It is an ill argument of a good action not well done, when we are glad that it is done. To be affected with the comfort of the conscience of well performing it, is good: but merely to rejoice that the act is over, is carnal. He never can begin cheerfully, that is glad he hath ended.

LIII.

He that doth not secret service to God with some delight, doth but counterfeit in public. The truth of any act or passion is then best tried, when it is without witness. Openly, many sinister respects may draw from us a form of religious duties:—secretly, nothing but

the power of a good conscience. It is to be feared God hath more true and devout service in closets than in churches.

LIV.

Words and diseases grow upon us with years. In age, we talk much, because we have seen much, and soon after shall cease talking forever. We are most diseased, because nature is weakest, and death—which is near—must have harbingers. Such is the old age of the world. No marvel if this last time be full of writing and weak discourse; full of sects and heresies, which are the sicknesses of this great and decayed body.

LV.

The best ground, untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds. Such are God's children—overgrown with security ere they are aware, unless they be well exercised both with God's plow of affliction, and their own industry in meditation. A man of knowledge, that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless.

LVI.

With us, vilest things are most common; but with God, the best things are most frequently given. Grace, which is the noblest of all God's favors, is unpartially bestowed upon all willing receivers; whereas nobility of blood, and height of place,—blessings of an inferior nature,—are reserved for few. Herein the Christian follows his Father:—his prayers, which are his richest

portion, he communicates to all; his substance, according to his ability, to few.

LVII.

God therefore gives, because he hath given; making his former favors arguments for more. Man therefore shuts his hand, because he hath opened it. There is no such way to procure more from God, as to urge him with what he hath done. All God's blessings are profitable and excellent; not so much in themselves, as that they are inducements to greater.

LVIII.

God's immediate actions are best at first. The frame of this creation, how exquisite was it under his hand!—afterward, blemished by our sin. Man's endeavors are weak in their beginnings, and perfecter by degrees. No science, no device, hath ever been perfect in his cradle, or at once hath seen his birth and maturity. Of the same nature are those actions which God worketh mediately by us, according to our measure of receipt. The cause of both is, on the one side, the infiniteness of his wisdom and power, which cannot be corrected by any second assays; on the other, our weakness, helping itself by former grounds and trials. He is an happy man that detracts nothing from God's works, and adds most to his own.

LIX.

The old saying is more common than true,—that those which are in hell, know no other heaven: for this makes the damned perfectly miserable, that out of their

own torment they see the felicity of the saints, together with their impossibility of attaining it. Sight, without hope of fruition, is a torment alone. Those that here might see God and will not, or do see him obscurely and love him not, shall once see him with anguish of soul and not enjoy him.

LXX.

Sometimes evil speeches come from good men, in their unadvisedness; and sometimes even the good speeches of men may proceed from an ill spirit. No confession could be better than Satan gave of Christ. It is not enough to consider what is spoken, or by whom; but whence, and for what. The spirit is often-times tried by the speech; but other times the speech must be examined by the spirit; and the spirit by the rule of an higher word.

LXI.

Greatness puts high thoughts and big words into a man; whereas the dejected mind takes carelessly what offers itself. Every worldling is base-minded, and therefore his thoughts creep still low upon the earth. The Christian both is, and knows himself truly great; and therefore mindeth and speaketh of spiritual, immortal, glorious, heavenly things. So much as the soul stoopeth unto earthly thoughts, so much is it unregenerate.

LXII.

Long acquaintance, as it maketh those things which are evil to seem less evil, so it makes good things which at first were unpleasant, delightful. There is no evil

of pain, nor no moral good action, which is not harsh at the first. Continuance of evil, which might seem to weary us, is the remedy and abatement of weariness; and the practice of good, as it profiteth, so it pleaseth. He that is a stranger to good and evil, finds both of them troublesome. God therefore doth well for us, while he exerciseth us with long afflictions; and we do well to ourselves, while we continually busy ourselves in good exercises.

LXIII.

Sometimes it is well taken by men, that we humble ourselves lower than there is cause. 'Thy servant Jacob,' saith that good patriarch to his brother, to his inferior. And no less well doth God take these submissive extenuations of ourselves: 'I am a worm, and no man; surely I am more foolish than a man, and have not the understanding of a man in me.' But I never find that any man bragged to God, although in a matter of truth, and within the compass of his desert, and was accepted. A man may be too lowly in his dealing with men, even unto contempt. With God, he cannot; but the lower he falleth, the higher is his exaltation.

LXIV.

The soul is fed as the body, starved with hunger as the body, requires proportionable diet and necessary variety as the body. All ages and statures of the soul bear not the same nourishment. There is milk for spiritual infants, strong meat for the grown Christian. The spoon is fit for one, the knife for the other. The best Christian is not so grown that he need to scorn

the spoon ; but the weak Christian may find a strong feed dangerous. How many have been cast away with spiritual surfeits, because, being but new born, they have swallowed down big morsels of the highest mysteries of godliness—which they never could digest—but together with them, have cast up their proper nourishment. A man must first know the power of his stomach, ere he know how with safety and profit to frequent God's ordinary.

LXV.

It is very hard for the best man in a sudden extremity of death, to satisfy himself in apprehending his stay, and reposing his heart upon it ; for the soul is so oppressed with sudden terror, that it cannot well command itself till it have digested an evil. It were miserable for the best Christian, if all his former prayers and meditations did not serve to aid him in his last straits, and meet together in the centre of his extremity ; yielding, though not sensible relief, yet secret benefit to the soul : whereas the worldly man in this case, having not laid up for this hour, hath no comfort from God, or from others, or from himself.

LXVI.

All external good or evil is measured by sense ; neither can we account that either good or ill, which doth neither actually avail nor hurt us. Spiritually, this rule holds not. All our best good is insensible ; for all our future—which is the greatest good—we hold only in hope, and the present favor of God we have many times, and feel not. The stomach finds the best diges-

tion even in sleep, when we least perceive it ; and whiles we are most awake, this power worketh in us, either to further strength or disease, without our knowledge of what is done within. And, on the other side, that man is most dangerously sick, in whom nature decays without his feeling, without complaint. To know ourselves happy, is good ; but woe were to us Christians, if we could not be happy and know it not.

LXVII.

There are none that ever did so much mischief to the church, as those that have been excellent in wit and learning. Others may be spiteful enough, but want power to accomplish their malice. An enemy that hath both strength and craft is worthy to be feared. None can sin against the Holy Ghost, but those which have had former illumination. Tell not me what parts a man hath, but what grace ; honest sottishness is better than profane eminence.

LXVIII.

The entertainment of all spiritual events must be with fear or hope ; but of all earthly extremities, must be with contempt or derision. For what is terrible, is worthy of a Christian's contempt ; what is pleasant, to be turned over with a scorn. The mean requires a mean affection betwixt love and hatred. We may not love them, because of their vanity ; we may not hate them, because of their necessary use. It is an hard thing to be a wise host, and to fit our entertainment to all comers ; which if it be not done, the soul is soon wasted

either for want of customers, or for the misrule of ill guests.

LXIX.

God and man build in a contrary order. Man lays the foundation first, then adds the walls, the roof last. God began the roof first, spreading out this vault of heaven, ere he laid the base of the earth. Our thoughts must follow the order of his workmanship. Heaven must be minded first—earth afterward; and so much more, as it is seen more. Our meditation must herein follow our sense. A few miles give bounds to our view of earth, whereas we may near see half the heaven at once. He that thinks most both of that which is most seen and of that which is not seen at all, is happiest.

LXX.

I have ever noted it a true sign of a false heart, to be scrupulous and nice in small matters, negligent in the main; whereas the good soul is still curious in substantial points, and not careless in things of an inferior nature; accounting no duty so small as to be neglected, and no care great enough for principal duties; not so tithing mint and cummin, that he should forget justice and judgment, nor yet so regarding judgment and justice, that he should contemn mint and cummin. He that thus misplaces his conscience, will be found either hypocritical or superstitious.

LXXI.

It argues the world full of atheists, that those offences which may impeach human society, are entertained with

an answerable hatred and rigor: those which do immediately wrong the supreme majesty of God, are turned over with scarce so much as dislike. If we conversed with God as we do with men, his right would be at least as precious to us as our own. All that converse not with God, are without God; not only those that are against God, but those that are without God, are atheists. We may be too charitable:—I fear not to say that these our last times abound with honest atheists.

LXXII.

The best thing, corrupted, is worst. An ill man is the worst of all creatures; an ill Christian, the worst of all men; an ill professor, the worst of all Christians; an ill minister, the worst of all professors.

LXXIII.

Naturally, life is before death, and death is only a privation of life. Spiritually, it is contrary. As Paul saith of the grain, so may we of man in the business of regeneration—he must die before he can live. Yet this death presupposes a life that was once, and should be. God chooses to have the difficultest first; we must be content with the pain of dying, ere we feel the comfort of life. As we die to nature, ere we live in glory, so we must die to sin, ere we can live to grace.

LXXIV.

Death did not first strike Adam, the first sinful man; nor Cain, the first hypocrite; but Abel, the innocent and righteous. The first soul that met with death, overcame death; the first soul that parted from earth,

went to heaven. Death argues not displeasure ; because he whom God loved best, dies first ; and the murderer is punished with living.

LXXV.

The lives of most are misspent only for want of a certain end of their actions ; wherein they do as unwise archers—shoot away their arrows, they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope ; whence they alter upon all change of occasions, and never reach any perfection ; neither can do other but continue in uncertainty, and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some—though fewer—level at the right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end, is idleness and folly. To live to a false end, is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end, and finds the way ; and as cunning politics have many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end, with a constant change of endeavors. Such one only lives to purpose, and at last repents not that he hath lived.

LXXVI.

The shipwreck of a good conscience, is the casting away of all other excellencies. It is no rare thing to note the soul of a willful sinner stripped of all her graces, and by degrees exposed to shame. So those whom we have known admired, have fallen to be level with their fellows ; and from thence beneath them, to a mediocrity ;

and afterwards to sottishness and contempt, below the vulgar. Since they have cast away the best, it is just with God to take away the worst; and to cast off them in lesser regards, which have rejected him in greater.

LXXVII.

It hath ever been counted more noble and successful to set upon an open enemy in his own home, than to expect till he set upon us, whiles we make only a defensive war. This rule serves us for our last enemy, death; whence that old demand of Epicure is easily answered, 'Whether it be better death should come to us, or that we should meet him in the way; meet him in our minds, ere he seize upon our bodies?' Our cowardliness, our unpreparation, is his advantage; whereas true boldness in confronting him, dismays and weakens his forces. Happy is that soul, that can send out the scouts of his thoughts beforehand, to discover the power of death afar off; and then can resolutely encounter him at unawares, upon advantage. Such one lives with security, dies with comfort.

LXXVIII.

Many a man sends others to heaven, and yet goes to hell himself; and not few, having drawn others to hell, yet themselves return by a late repentance, to life. In a good action, it is not good to search too deeply into the intention of the agent; but in silence to make our best benefit of the work. In an evil, it is not safe to regard the quality of the person, or his success; but to consider the action, abstracted from all circumstances, in his own kind. So we shall neither neglect good deeds,

because they speed not well in some hands, nor affect a prosperous evil.

LXXIX.

God doth some singular actions, wherein we cannot imitate him; some wherein we may not; most wherein he may and would fain be followed. He fetcheth good out of evil; so may we turn our own and others' sins to private or public good. We may not do evil for a good use; but we must use our evil, once done, to good. I hope I shall not offend to say, that the good use which is made of sins is as gainful to God, as that which arises from good actions. Happy is that man that can use either his good, well, or his evil.

LXXX.

There is no difference betwixt anger and madness, but continuance; for raging anger is a short madness. What else argues the shaking of the hands and lips; paleness, or redness, or swelling of the face; glaring of the eyes; stammering of the tongue; stamping with the feet; unsteady motions of the whole body; rash actions which we remember not to have done; distracted and wild speeches? And madness again is nothing but a continued rage; yea, some madness rageth not. Such a mild madness is more tolerable than frequent and furious anger.

LXXXI.

Those that would keep state, must keep aloof off; especially if their qualities be not answerable in height to their place: for many great persons are like a well-

wrought picture upon a coarse cloth; which afar off shows fair, but near hand the roundness of the thread mars the good workmanship. Concealment of gifts, after some one commended act, is the best way to admiration, and secret honor; but he that would profit, must vent himself oft and liberally, and show what he is, without all private regard. As therefore many times, honor follows modesty unlooked for; so contrarily, a man may show no less pride in silence and obscurity, than others which speak and write for glory. And that other pride is so much the worse, as it is more unprofitable; for whereas those which put forth their gifts, benefit others whiles they seek themselves; these are so wholly devoted to themselves, that their secrecy doth no good to others.

LXXXII.

Such as a man's delights and cares are in health, such are both his thoughts and speeches, commonly, on his death bed. The proud man talks of his fair suits; the glutton, of his dishes; the wanton, of his beastliness; the religious man, of heavenly things. The tongue will hardly leave that to which the heart is inured. If we would have good motions to visit us while we are sick, we must send for them familiarly in our health.

LXXXIII.

He is a rare man, that hath not some kind of madness reigning in him. One, a dull madness of melancholy; another, a conceited madness of pride; another, a superstitious madness of false devotion; a fourth, of ambition or covetousness; a fifth, the furious madness of anger:

a sixth, the laughing madness of extreme mirth ; a seventh, a drunken madness ; an eighth, of outrageous lust ; a ninth, the learned madness of curiosity ; a tenth, the worst madness, of profaneness and atheism. It is as hard to reckon up all kinds of madneses, as of dispositions. Some are more noted and punished than others—for that the madman in one kind as much condemns another, as the sober man condemns him. Only that man is both good, and wise, and happy, that is free from all kinds of phrensy.

LXXXIV.

There be some honest errors, wherewith I never found that God was offended. That an husband should think his own wife comely, although ill-favored in the eyes of others ; that a man should think more meanly of his own good parts than of weaker in others ; to give charitable, though mistaken, constructions of doubtful actions and persons ;—which are the effects of natural affection, humility, love,—were never censured by God. Herein alone, we err if we err not.

LXXXV.

No marvel if the worldling escape earthly afflictions. God corrects him not, because He loves him not. He is base-born and begot. God will not do him the favor to whip him. The world afflicts him not, because it loves him—for each one is indulgent to his own. God uses not the rod, where he means to use the sword. The pillory or scourge is for those malefactors which shall escape execution.

LXXXVI.

Weak stomachs, which cannot digest large meals, feed oft and little. For our souls, that which we want in measure, we must supply in frequency. We can never fully enough comprehend in our thoughts the joys of heaven, the meritorious sufferings of Christ, the terrors of the second death:—therefore we must meditate of them often.

LXXXVII.

The same thoughts do commonly meet us in the same places; as if we had left them there till our return. For that the mind doth secretly frame to itself memorative heads, whereby it recalls easily the same conceits. It is best to employ our mind there, where it is most fixed. Our devotion is so dull, it cannot have too many advantages.

LXXXVIII.

I find but one example in all Scripture, of any bodily cure which our Saviour wrought by degrees: only the blind man whose weak faith craved help by others, not by himself, saw men first like trees, then in their true shape. All other miraculous cures of Christ were done at once, and perfect at first. Contrarily, I find but one example of a soul fully healed—that is sanctified and glorified—both in a day: all other, by degrees and leisure. The steps of grace are soft and short. Those external miracles, he wrought immediately by himself; and therefore no marvel if they were absolute, like their author. The miraculous work of our regeneration, he works together with us. He giveth it efficacy; we give it imperfection.

CHARACTERISMS OF VIRTUES AND VICES:

TWO BOOKS.

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A PREMONITION:

OF THE TITLE AND USE OF CHARACTERS.

READER:—The Divines of the old heathens were their Moral Philosophers. These received the acts of an inbred law in the Sinai of nature, and delivered them, with many expositions, to the multitude. These were the overseers of manners, correctors of vices, directors of lives, doctors of virtue; which yet taught their people the body of their natural divinity—not after one manner. While some spent themselves in deep discourses of human felicity, and the way to it in common, others thought it best to apply the general precepts of goodness or decency to particular conditions and persons. A third sort, in a mean course betwixt the two other, and compounded of them both, bestowed their time in drawing out the true lineaments of every virtue and vice, so lively, that who saw the medals might know the face:—which art they significantly termed Charactery. Their papers were so many tables; their writings, so many speaking pictures, or living images, whereby the ruder multitude might even by their sense learn to know virtue, and discern what to detest. I am deceived if any course could be more likely to prevail; for herein the gross conceit is led on with pleasure, and informed, while it feels nothing but delight: and if pictures

have been accounted the books of idiots, behold here the benefit of an image without the offence!

It is no shame for us to learn wit of heathens; neither is it material in whose school we take out a good lesson—yea, it is more shame not to follow their good, than not to lead them better. As one, therefore, that in worthy examples hold imitation better than invention, I have trod in their paths, but with an higher and wider step; and out of their tablets have drawn these larger portraitures of both sorts. More might be said, I deny not, of every virtue, of every vice. I desired not to say all, but enough. If thou do but read or like these, I have spent good hours ill; but if thou shalt hence abjure those vices, which before thou thoughtest not ill-favored; or fall in love with any of these goodly faces of virtue, or shalt hence find where thou hast any little touch of these evils, to clear thyself; or where any defect in these graces, to supply it—neither of us shall need to repent of our labor.

BOOK I.

CHARACTERISMS OF VIRTUES.

THE PROEM.

Virtue is not loved enough, because she is not seen ; and vice loseth much detestation, because her ugliness is secret. Certainly, there are so many beauties and so many graces in the face of goodness, that no eye can possibly see it without affection, without ravishment : and the visage of evil is so monstrous, through lothsome deformities, that if her lovers were not ignorant, they would be mad with disdain and astonishment. What need we more than to discover these two to the world ? This work shall save the labor of exhorting and dissuasion. I have here done it as I could ; following that ancient master of morality, Theophrastus, who thought this the fittest task for the ninety-and-ninth year of his age, and the profitablest monument that he could leave for a farewell to his Grecians. Lo here, then, virtue and vice stripped naked to the open view ; and despoiled, one of her rags, the other of her ornaments ; and nothing left them but bare presence, to plead for affection :—see now whether shall find more suitors. And if still the vain minds of lewd men shall dote upon their

old mistress, it will appear to be, not because she is not foul, but for that they are blind and bewitched. And first behold the goodly features of Wisdom, an amiable virtue, and worthy to lead this stage : which, as she extends herself to all the following graces, so amongst the rest is for her largeness most conspicuous.

CHARACTER OF THE WISE MAN.

There is nothing that he desires not to know ; but most and first, himself ; and not so much his own strength as his weaknesses : neither is his knowledge reduced to discourse, but practice. He is a skilful logician, not by nature so much as use : his working mind doth nothing all his time, but make syllogisms and draw out conclusions. Everything that he sees and hears, serves for one of the premises : with these he cares first to inform himself, then to direct others. Both his eyes are never at once from home, but one keeps house while the other roves abroad for intelligence. In material and weighty points, he abides not his mind suspended in uncertainties ; but hates doubting, where he may, where he should be resolute : and first he makes sure work for his soul, accounting it no safety to be unsettled in the foreknowledge of his final estate. The best is first regarded : and vain is that regard which endeth not in security. Every care hath his just order ; neither is there any one either neglected or misplaced. He is seldom overseen with credulity ; for knowing the falseness of the world, he hath learned to trust himself always ; others, so far as he may not be damaged by their disappointment. He

seeks his quietness in secrecy ; and is wont both to hide himself in retiredness, and his tongue in himself. He loves to be guessed at, not known ; and to see the world unseen ; and when he is forced into the light, shows by his actions that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. His purposes are neither so variable as may argue inconstancy, nor obstinately unchangeable ; but framed according to his after-wits, or the strength of new occasions. He is both an apt scholar, and an excellent master ; for both everything he sees informs him, and his mind, enriched with plentiful observation, can give the best precepts. His free discourse runs back to the ages past, and recovers events out of memory ; and then preventeth Time, in flying forward to future things ; and comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well-near prophetic—wherein his conjectures are better than another's judgments. His passions are so many good servants, which stand in a diligent attendance, ready to be commanded by reason, by religion ; and if at any time, forgetting their duty, they be miscarried to rebel, he can first conceal their mutiny, then suppress it. In all his just and worthy designs, he is never at a loss ; but hath so projected all his courses, that a second begins where the first failed ; and fetcheth strength from that which succeeded not. There be wrongs which he will not see ; neither doth he always look that way which he meaneth ; nor take notice of his secret smarts when they come from great ones. In good turns, he loves not to owe more than he must ; in evil, to owe and not pay. Just censures he deserves not, for he lives without the compass of an adversary : unjust, he contemneth ; and had rather suffer false infamy to die alone, than lay hands

upon it in an open violence. He confineth himself in the circle of his own affairs, and lists not to thrust his finger into a needless fire. He stands like a centre unmoved, while the circumference of his estate is drawn above, beneath, about him. Finally, his wit hath cost him much; and he can both keep, and value, and employ it. He is his own lawyer; the treasury of knowledge; the oracle of counsel; blind in no man's cause; best-sighted in his own.

OF AN HONEST MAN.

He looks not to what he might do, but what he should. Justice is his first guide; the second law of his actions is expedience. He had rather complain than offend, and hates sin more for the indignity of it than the danger. His simple uprightness works in him that confidence which oftentimes wrongs him, and gives advantage to the subtil; when he rather pities their faithlessness, than repents of his credulity. He hath but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and were it not for discretion, he never thinks aught whereof he would avoid a witness. His word is his parchment; and his yea, his oath, which he will not violate for fear, or for loss. The mishaps of following events may cause him to blame his providence—can never cause him to eat his promise: neither saith he, 'This I saw not,' but, 'This I said.' When he is made his friend's executor, he defrays debts, pays legacies, and scorneth to gain by orphans, or to ransack graves; and therefore will be true to a dead friend, because he sees him not. All his dealings are square and above the board: he bewrays the fault of what he sells, and

restores the overseen gain of a false reckoning. He esteems a bribe venomous, though it come gilded over with the color of gratuity. His cheeks are never stained with the blushes of recantation; neither doth his tongue falter, to make good a lie with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses; and when his name is traduced, his innocency bears him out with courage: then, lo, he goes on the plain way of truth; and will either triumph in his integrity, or suffer with it. His conscience overrules his providence; so as in all things, good or ill, he respects the nature of the actions, not the sequel. If he see what he must do, let God see what shall follow. He never loadeth himself with burdens above his strength, beyond his will: and once bound, what he can, he will do; neither doth he will but what he can do. His ear is the sanctuary of his absent friend's name, of his present friend's secret; neither of them can miscarry in his trust. He remembers the wrongs of his youth, and repays them with that usury which he himself would not take. He would rather want than borrow; and beg, than not to pay. His fair conditions are without dissembling, and he loves actions above words. Finally, he hates falsehood worse than death; he is a faithful client of truth; no man's enemy; and it is a question, whether more another man's friend, or his own; and if there were no heaven, yet he would be virtuous.

OF THE FAITHFUL MAN.

His eyes have no other objects but absent and invisible; which they see so clearly, as that to them sense is blind. That which is present, they see not: if I may

not rather say that what is past or future, is present to them. Herein he exceeds all others, that to him nothing is impossible, nothing difficult, whether to bear or undertake. He walks every day with his Maker, and talks with him familiarly, and lives ever in heaven, and sees all earthly things beneath him. When he goes in to converse with God, he wears not his own clothes, but takes them still out of the rich wardrobe of his Redeemer; and then dare boldly press in and challenge a blessing. The celestial spirits do not scorn his company, yea his service. He deals in these worldly affairs as a stranger, and hath his heart ever at home. Without a written warrant, he dare do nothing; and with it, anything. His war is perpetual, without truce, without intermission, and his victory certain. He meets with the infernal powers, and tramples them under feet. The shield that he ever bears before him can neither be missed nor pierced; if his hand be wounded, yet his heart is safe; he is often tripped, seldom foiled; and if sometimes foiled, never vanquished. He hath white hands and a clean soul fit to lodge God in, all the rooms whereof are set apart for his holiness. Iniquity hath oft called at the door and craved entertainment, but with a repulse; or if sin of force will be his tenant, his lord he cannot. His faults are few; and those he hath, God will not see. He is allied so high that he dare call God, father; his Saviour, brother; heaven, his patrimony; and thinks it no presumption to trust to the attendance of angels. His understanding is enlightened with the beams of divine truth; God hath acquainted him with His will; and what he knows, he dare confess; there is not more love in his heart, than liberty in his tongue. If

torments stand betwixt him and Christ, if death, he contemns them ; and if his own parents lie in his way to God, his holy carelessness makes them his footsteps. His experiments have drawn forth rules of confidence, which he dares oppose against all the fears of distrust : wherein he thinks it safe to charge God with what He hath done, with what He hath promised. Examples are his proofs ; and instances, his demonstrations. What hath God given which He cannot give ? What have others suffered, which he may not be enabled to endure ? Is he threatened banishment ? There he sees the dear evangelist in Patmos. Cutting in pieces ? He sees Isaiah under the saw. Drowning ? He sees Jonah diving into the living gulf. Burning ? He sees the three children in the hot walk of the furnace. Devouring ? He sees Daniel in the sealed den amidst his terrible companions. Stoning ? He sees the first martyr under his heap of many grave-stones. Heading ? Lo, there the Baptist's neck, bleeding in Herodias' platter. He emulates their pain, their strength, their glory. He wearies not himself with cares ; for he knows he lives not of his own cost : not idly omitting means, but not using them with diffidence. In the midst of ill rumors and amazements, his countenance changeth not ; for he knows both whom he hath trusted, and whither death can lead him. He is not so sure he shall die, as that he shall be restored ; and out-faceth his death with his resurrection. Finally, he is rich in works, busy in obedience, cheerful and unmoved in expectation, better with evils, in common opinion miserable, but in true judgment more than a man.

OF THE HUMBLE MAN.

He is a friendly enemy to himself : for though he be not out of his own favor, no man sets so low a value of his worth as himself—not out of ignorance or carelessness, but of a voluntary and meek dejectedness. He admires everything in another, whiles the same or better in himself he thinks not unworthily contemned. His eyes are full of his own wants, and others' perfections. He loves rather to give than take honor ; not in a fashion of complimentary courtesy, but in simplicity of his judgment ; neither doth he fret at those on whom he forceth precedency, as one that hoped their modesty would have refused, but holds his mind unfeignedly below his place, and is ready to go lower, if need be, without discontent. When he hath but his due, he magnifieth courtesy, and disclaims his deserts. He can be more ashamed of honor than grieved with contempt ; because he thinks that causeless, this deserved. His face, his carriage, his habit, savor of lowliness without affectation, and yet he is much under that he seemeth. His words are few and soft, never either peremptory or censorious ; because he thinks both each man more wise, and none more faulty than himself ; and when he approacheth to the throne of God, he is so taken up with the divine greatness, that in his own eyes he is either vile or nothing. Places of public charge are fain to sue to him, and hale him out of his chosen obscurity ; which he holds off—not cunningly to cause importunity, but sincerely, in the conscience of his defects. He frequenteth not the stages of common resorts ; and then alone thinks him-

self in his natural element, when he is shrouded within his own walls. He is ever jealous over himself, and still suspecteth that which others applaud. There is no better object of beneficence ; for what he receives, he ascribes merely to the bounty of the giver, nothing to merit. He emulates no man in anything but goodness, and that with more desire than hope, to overtake. No man is so contented with his little, and so patient under miseries ; because he knows the greatest evils are below his sins, and the least favors above his deservings. He walks ever in awe, and dare not but subject every word and action to an high and just censure. He is a lowly valley, sweetly planted and well watered ; the proud man's earth whereon he trampleth ; but secretly full of wealthy mines, more worth than he that walks over them ; a rich stone set in lead ; and lastly, a true temple of God, built with a low roof.

OF A VALIANT MAN.

He undertakes without rashness, and performs without fear. He seeks not for dangers ; but when they find him, he bears them over with courage, with success. He hath ofttimes looked death in the face, and passed by it with a smile ; and when he sees he must yield, doth at once welcome and contemn it. He forecasts the worst of all events, and encounters them before they come, in a secret and mental war ; and if the suddenness of an unexpected evil have surprised his thoughts, and infected his cheeks with paleness, he hath no sooner digested it in his conceit, than he gathers up himself, and insults over mischief. He is the master of himself,

and subdues his passions to reason ; and, by this inward victory, works his own peace. He is afraid of nothing but the displeasure of the Highest, and runs away from nothing but sin. He looks not on his hands, but his cause ; not how strong he is, but how innocent ; and where goodness is his warrant, he may be over-mastered, he cannot be foiled. The sword is to him the last of all trials ; which he draws forth still as defendant, not as challenger, with a willing kind of unwillingness : no man can better manage it, with more safety, with more favor. He had rather have his blood seen than his back, and disdains life upon base conditions. No man is more mild to a relenting or vanquished adversary, or more hates to set his foot on a carcass. He had rather smother an injury than revenge himself of the impotent ; and I know not whether more detests cowardliness or cruelty. He talks little, and brags less ; and loves rather the silent language of the hand—to be seen than heard. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution, and will not be discovered but by death or danger. He is neither prodigal of blood, to misspend it idly, nor niggardly to grudge it, when either God calls for it, or his country : neither is he more liberal of his own life than of others. His power is limited by his will ; and he holds it the noblest revenge, that he might hurt and doth not. He commands without tyranny and imperiousness, obeys without servility, and changes not his mind with his estate. The height of his spirits overlooks all casualties, and his boldness proceeds neither from ignorance nor senselessness ; but first he values evils, and then despises them. He is so balanced with wisdom that he floats steadily in the midst

of all tempests. Deliberate in his purposes, firm in resolution, bold in enterprising, unwearied in achieving, and, howsoever, happy in success: and if ever he be overcome, his heart yields last.

OF A PATIENT MAN.

The patient man is made of a metal not so hard as flexible. His shoulders are large, fit for a load of injuries; which he bears, not out of baseness and cowardliness, because he dare not revenge, but out of Christian fortitude, because he may not. He hath so conquered himself that wrongs cannot conquer him; and herein alone finds that victory consists in yielding. He is above nature, while he seems below himself. The vilest creature knows how to turn again, but to command himself not to resist, being urged, is more than heroic. His constructions are ever full of charity and favor—either this wrong was not done, or not with intent of wrong; or if that, upon misinformation; or if none of these, rashness, though a fault, shall serve for an excuse. Himself craves the offender's pardon, before his confession; and a slight answer contents, where the offended desires to forgive. He is God's best witness; and when he stands before the bar for truth, his tongue is calmly free, his forehead firm, and he, with erect and settled countenance, hears his just sentence and rejoices in it. The jailors that attend him, are to him his pages of honor; his dungeon, the lower part of the vault of heaven; his rack or wheel, the stairs of his ascent to glory. He challengeth his executioners, and encounters the fiercest pains with strength of resolution; and while

he suffers, the beholders pity him, the tormentors complain of weariness, and both of them wonder. No anguish can master him, whether by violence or by lingering. He accounts expectation no punishment, and can abide to have his hopes adjourned till a new day. Good laws serve for his protection, not for his revenge; and his own power, to avoid indignities, not to return them. His hopes are so strong that they can insult over the greatest discouragements; and his apprehensions so deep, that when he hath once fastened, he sooner leaveth his life than his hold. Neither time nor perverseness can make him cast off his charitable endeavors, and despair of prevailing; but in spite of all crosses and all denials, he redoubleth his beneficial offers of love. He trieth the sea after many shipwrecks, and beats still at that door which he never saw opened. Contrariety of events doth but exercise, not dismay him; and when crosses afflict him, he sees a divine hand invisibly striking with these sensible scourges; against which he dares not rebel nor murmur. Hence all things befall him alike; and he goes, with the same mind, to the shambles and to the fold. His recreations are calm and gentle; and not more full of relaxation, than void of fury. This man only can turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use. He is the surest friend, the latest and easiest enemy, the greatest conqueror, and so much more happy than others, by how much he could abide to be more miserable.

OF THE TRUE FRIEND.

His affections are both united and divided—united to him he loveth, divided betwixt another and himself; and his one heart is so parted, that whiles he hath some, his friend hath all. His choice is led by virtue, or by the best of virtues, Religion—not by gain, not by pleasure; yet not without respect of equal condition, of disposition not unlike: which, once made, admits of no change, except he whom he loveth be changed quite from himself; nor that suddenly, but after long expectation. Extremity doth but fasten him; whiles he, like a well-wrought vault, lies the stronger by how much more weight he bears. When necessity calls him to it, he can be a servant to his equal, with the same will wherewith he can command his inferior; and though he rise to honor, forgets not his familiarity, nor suffers inequality of estate to work strangeness of countenance; on the other side, he lifts up his friend to advancement with a willing hand, without envy, without dissimulation. When his mate is dead, he accounts himself but half alive; then his love, not dissolved by death, derives itself to those orphans which never knew the price of their father; they become the heirs of his affection, and the burden of his cares. He embraces a free community of all things, save those which either honesty reserves proper, or nature; and hates to enjoy that which would do his friend more good. His charity serves to cloak noted infirmities, not by untruth, not by flattery, but by discreet secrecy; neither is he more favorable in concealment than round in his private reprehension.

sions; and when another's simple fidelity shows itself in his reproof he loves his monitor so much the more, by how much more he smarteth. His bosom is his friend's closet, where he may safely lay up his complaints, his doubts, his cares; and look, how he leaves, so he finds them—save for some addition of seasonable counsel for redress. If some unhappy suggestion shall either disjoint his affection or break it, it soon knits again, and grows the stronger by that stress. He is so sensible of another's injuries, that when his friend is stricken he cries out, and equally smarteth, untouched, as one affected not with sympathy, but with a real feeling of pain: and in what mischief may be prevented, he interposeth his aid, and offers to redeem his friend with himself. No hour can be unseasonable, no business difficult, nor pain grievous in condition of his ease; and what either he doth or suffereth, he neither cares nor desires to have known, lest he should seem to look for thanks. If he can therefore steal the performance of a good office, unseen, the conscience of his faithfulness herein is so much sweeter as it is more secret. In favors done, his memory is frail; in benefits received, eternal. He scorneth either to regard recompense, or not to offer it. He is the comfort of miseries, the guide of difficulties, the joy of life, the treasure of earth; and no other than a good angel clothed in flesh.

OF THE TRULY NOBLE.

He stands not upon what he borrowed of his ancestors, but thinks he must work out his own honor; and if he cannot reach the virtue of them that gave him

outward glory by inheritance, he is more abashed of his impotency, than transported with a great name. Greatness doth not make him scornful and imperious ; but rather, like the fixed stars, the higher he is, the less he desires to seem. Neither cares he so much for pomp and frothy ostentation, as for the solid truth of nobleness. Courtesy and sweet affability can be no more severed from him, than life from his soul ;—not out of a base and servile popularity, and desire of ambitious insinuation ; but of a native gentleness of disposition, and true value of himself. His hand is open and bounteous ; yet not so as that he should rather respect his glory than his estate : wherein his wisdom can distinguish betwixt parasites and friends, betwixt changing of favors and expending them. He scorneth to make his height a privilege of looseness ; but accounts his titles vain, if he be inferior to others in goodness ; and thinks he should be more strict, the more eminent he is—because he is more observed, and now his offences are become exemplar. There is no virtue that he holds unfit for ornament, for use ; nor any vice, which he condemns not as sordid and a fit companion of baseness ; and whereof he doth not more hate the blemish, than affect the pleasure. He so studies, as one that knows ignorance can neither purchase honor nor wield it ; and that knowledge must both guide and grace him. His exercises are, from his childhood, ingenuous, manly, decent, and such as tend still to wit, valor, activity ; and if, as seldom, he descend to disports of chance, his games shall never make him either pale with fear, or hot with desire of gain. He doth not so use his followers, as if he thought they were made for nothing but his servitude ; whose felicity were only to be com-

manded and please ; wearing them to the back, and then either finding or framing excuses to discard them empty ; —but upon all opportunities, lets them feel the sweetness of their own serviceableness and his bounty. Silence in officious service, is the best oratory to plead for his respect. All diligence is but lent to him, none lost. His wealth stands in receiving ; his honor in giving. He cares not either how many hold of his goodness, or to how few he is beholden ; and if he have cast away favors, he hates either to upbraid them to his enemy, or to challenge restitution. None can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succor ; and then most, where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital. He is equally addressed to war and peace ; and knows not more how to command others, than how to be his country's servant in both. He is more careful to give true honor to his Maker, than to receive civil honor from men. He knows that this service is free and noble, and ever loaded with sincere glory ; and how vain it is to hunt after applause from the world, till he be sure of Him that moldeth all hearts and poureth contempt on princes ; and, shortly, so demeans himself, as one that accounts the body of nobility to consist in blood, the soul in the eminence of virtue.

OF THE GOOD MAGISTRATE.

He is the faithful deputy of his Maker, whose obedience is the rule whereby he ruleth. His breast is the ocean whereinto all the cares of private men empty themselves ; which, as he receives without complaint and overflowing, so he sends them forth again by a wise

conveyance, in the streams of justice. His doors, his ears, are ever open to suitors; and not who comes first, speeds well, but whose cause is best. His nights, his meals, are short and interrupted; all which he bears well, because he knows himself made for a public servant of peace and justice. He sits quietly at the stern, and commands one to the top-sail, another to the main, a third to the plummet, a fourth to the anchor, as he sees the need of their course and weather requires; and doth no less by his tongue, than all the mariners with their hands. On the bench, he is another from himself at home: now all private respects of blood, alliance, amity, are forgotten; and if his own son come under trial, he knows him not. Pity—which in all others is wont to be the best praise of humanity, and the fruit of Christian love, is by him thrown over the bar, for corruption. As for favor, the false advocate of the gracious, he allows him not to appear in the court:—there only causes are heard speak, not persons. Eloquence is then only not discouraged, when she serves for a client of truth. Mere narrations are allowed in this oratory; not proems, not excursions, not glosses. Truth must strip herself and come in naked to his bar, without false bodies, or colors, without disguises. A bribe in his closet, or a letter on the bench, or the whispering and winks of a great neighbor, are answered with an angry and courageous repulse. Displeasure, revenge, recompense, stand on both sides the bench, but he scorns to turn his eye towards them; looking only right forward at equity, which stands full before him. His sentence is ever deliberate, and guided with ripe wisdom, yet his hand is slower than his tongue: but when he is urged by occa-

sion, either to doom or execution, he shows how much he hateth merciful injustice ; neither can his resolution or act be reversed with partial importunity. His forehead is rugged and severe, able to discountenance villainy ; yet his words are more awful than his brow ; and his hand, than his words. I know not whether he be more feared or loved, both affections are so sweetly con-tempered in all hearts. The good fear him lovingly, the middle sort love him fearfully, and only the wicked man fears him slavishly without love. He hates to pay private wrongs with the advantage of his office ; and if ever he be partial, it is to his enemy. He is not more sage in his gown than valorous in arms ; and increaseth in the rigor of discipline, as the times in danger. His sword hath neither rusted for want of use, nor surfeiteth of blood ; but, after many threats, is unsheathed as the dreadful instrument of divine revenge. He is the guard of good laws, the refuge of innocency, the comet of the guilty, the pay-master of good deserts, the champion of justice, the patron of peace the tutor of the church, the father of his country, and, as it were, another God upon earth.

OF THE PENITENT.

He hath a wounded heart and a sad face ; yet not so much for fear as for unkindness. The wrong of his sin troubles him more than the danger. None but he is the better for his sorrow ; neither is any passion more hurtful to others, than this is gainful to him. The more he seeks to hide his grief, the less it will be hid : every man may read it, not only in his eyes, but in his bones.

Whiles he is in charity with all others, he is so fallen out with himself, that none but God can reconcile him. He hath sued himself in all courts, accuseth, arraigneth, sentenceth, punisheth himself unpartially; and sooner may find mercy at any hand, than at his own. He only hath pulled off the fair visor of sin; so as that appears not, but masked, unto others, is seen of him, barefaced; and bewrays that fearful ugliness which none can conceive, but he that hath viewed it. He hath looked into the depth of the bottomless pit, and hath seen his own offence tormented in others, and the same brands shaken at him. He hath seen the change of faces in that evil one, as a tempter, as a tormentor; and hath heard the noise of a conscience; and is so frightened with all these, that he never can have rest till he have run out of himself to God, in whose face at first he finds rigor, but afterwards sweetness in his bosom. He bleeds first from the hand that heals him. The law of God hath made work for mercy: which he hath no sooner apprehended, than he forgets his wounds, and looks carelessly upon all these terrors of guiltiness. When he casts his eye back upon himself, he wonders where he was, and how he came there, and grants that if there were not some witchcraft in sin, he could not have been so sottishly graceless. And now in the issue Satan finds, not without indignation and repentance, that he hath done him a good turn in tempting him: for he had never been so good, if he had not sinned; he had never fought with such courage, if he had not seen his blood and been ashamed of his foil. Now he is seen and felt in the front of the spiritual battle, and can teach others how to fight, and encourage them in fighting. His heart was

never more taken up with the pleasure of sin, than now with care of avoiding it. The very sight of that cup wherein such a fulsome potion was brought him, turns his stomach. The first offers of sin make him tremble more now, than he did before at the judgments of his sin; neither dares he so much as look towards Sodom. All the powers and craft of hell cannot fetch him in for a customer to evil: his infirmity may yield once; his resolution, never. There is none of his senses or parts which he hath not within covenants for their good behaviour; which they cannot ever break with impunity. The wrongs of his sin he repays to men, with recompense, as hating it should be said he owes anything to his offence: to God, what in him lies, with sighs, tears, vows, and endeavors of amendment. No heart is more waxen to the impressions of forgiveness; neither are his hands more open to receive, than to give pardon. All the injuries which are offered to him, are swallowed up in his wrongs to his Maker and Redeemer, neither can he call for the arrearages of his farthings, when he looks upon the millions forgiven him. He feels not what he suffers from men, when he thinks of what he hath done and should have suffered. He is a thankful herald of the mercies of his God; which if all the world hear not from his mouth, it is no fault of his. Neither did he so burn with the evil fires of concupiscence, as now with the holy flames of zeal to that glory which he hath blemished; and his eyes are as full of moisture as his heart of heat. The gates of heaven are not so knocked at by any suitor, whether for frequency or importunity. You shall find his cheeks furrowed, his knees hard, his lips sealed up—save when he must accuse him-

self or glorify God—his eyes humbly dejected ; and sometimes you shall take him breaking off a sigh in the midst, as one that would steal an humiliation unknown, and would be offended with any part that should not keep his counsel. When he finds his soul oppressed with the heavy guilt of a sin, he gives it vent thorough his mouth into the ear of his spiritual Physician, from whom he receives cordials answerable to his complaint. He is a severe exactor of discipline, first upon himself, on whom he imposes more than one lent ; then upon others, as one that vowed to be revenged on sin wheresoever he finds it : and though but one hath offended him, yet his detestation is universal. He is his own task-master for devotion ; and if Christianity have any work more difficult or perilous than other, that he enjoins himself, and resolves contentment even in miscarriage. It is no marvel if the acquaintance of his wilder times know him not, for he is quite another from himself ; and if his mind could have had any intermission of dwelling within his breast, it could not have known this was the lodging. Nothing but an outside is the same it was ; and that altered more with regeneration, than with age. None but he can relish the promises of the gospel ; which he finds so sweet that he complains not his thirst after them is unsatiable ; and now that he hath found his Saviour, he hugs him so fast, and holds him so dear, that he feels not when his life is fetched away from him, for his martyrdom. The latter part of his life is so led, as if he desired to unlive his youth ; and his last testament is full of restitutions and legacies of piety. In sum, he hath so lived and died, as that Satan hath no such match, sin hath no such enemy, God hath no such servant, as he.

OF THE HAPPY MAN.

He is an happy man that hath learned to read himself more than all books, and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it: that knows the world, and cares not for it: that after many traverses of thoughts is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events: that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny; and so please it, that he makes it not a wanton: that in earthly things, wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious: that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity: that hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure: upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof; and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet he is sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is; no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage; because he knows contentment lies not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them. The powers of his resolution can either multiply or subtract, at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor or a palace when he lists; and his home-close, a large dominion; his stained cloth, arras; his earthen, plate; and can see state in the attendance of one servant—as one that hath learned, a man's greatness or baseness is in himself;

and in this, he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or, if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and strait cottage; and in all his costly furniture, he can see not richness but use; he can see dross in the best metal, and earth thorough the best clothes; and in all his troop, he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home, out of the noise of the world, and loves to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend; and hath as full scope to his thoughts, as to his eyes. He walks ever even, in the mid-way betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. He hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body; which that better part affects as a present servant and a future companion—so cherishing his flesh, as one that would scorn to be all flesh. He hath no enemies; not for that all love him, but because he knows to make a gain of malice. He is not so engaged to any earthly thing that they two cannot part on even terms—there is neither laughter in their meeting, nor in their shaking of hands, tears. He keeps ever the best company, the God of spirits, and the spirits of that God, whom he entertains continually in an awful familiarity; not being hindered either with too much light or with none at all.

His conscience and his hand are friends, and—what devil soever tempt him—will not fall out. That divine part goes ever uprightly and freely, not stooping under the burden of a willing sin, not fettered with the gyves of unjust scruples. He would not, if he could, run away from himself or from God; not caring from whom he

lies hid, so he may look these two in the face. Censures and applauses are passengers to him, not guests: his ear is their thoroughfare, not their harbor: he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence from his own breast. He doth not lay weight upon his own shoulders as one that loves to torment himself with the honor of much employment; but as he makes work his game, so doth he not list to make himself work. His strife is ever to redeem, and not to spend, time. It is his trade to do good; and to think of it, his recreation. He hath hands enow for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully in the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide or more smooth. Those very tentations whereby he is foiled, strengthen him: he comes forth crowned and triumphing out of the spiritual battles; and those scars that he hath, make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God in whom he is; and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for His own sake. His eyes stick so fast in heaven, that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time, and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have; and takes possession before-hand of his room amongst the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up, that now he looks down displeasably upon the earth as the region of his sorrow and banishment; yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evils, he holds it no great matter to live, and his greatest business to die; and is so well acquainted with his last guest, that he fears no unkindness from him: neither makes he any other of

dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart and a cheerful face. All his fellow creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God himself takes pleasure to converse with him, and hath sainted him afore his death, and in his death crowned him.

BOOK II.

CHARACTERISMS OF VICES.

THE PROEM.

I HAVE showed you many fair virtues. I speak not for them. If their sight cannot command affection, let them lose it. They shall please yet better, after you have troubled your eyes a little with the view of deformities: and by how much more they please, so much more odious and like themselves, shall these deformities appear. This light contraries give to each other, in the midst of their enmity,—that one makes the other seem more good or ill.

Perhaps in some of these—which thing I do at once fear and hate—my style shall seem to some less grave, more satirical. If you find me, not without cause, jealous, let it please you to impute it to the nature of those vices, which will not be otherwise handled. The fashions of some evils, are—besides the odiousness—ridiculous; which to repeat, is to seem bitterly merry. I abhor to make sport with wickedness; and forbid any laughter here, but of disdain.

Hypocrisy shall lead this ring; worthily, I think, because both she cometh nearest to virtue, and is the worst of vices.

CHARACTER OF THE HYPOCRITE.

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much as he acts the better part: which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within; and in the meantime laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder: in whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant: that hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul: whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee—worshiping that God which at home he cares not for,—while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and looking about with admiration, complains on our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church, he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to leese that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing: then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it; and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it; whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, en-

tertains with tedious good counsel, with good discourse,—if it had come from an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed because it is past, not because it was sinful—himself is now better but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom. All his speech returns to himself and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him and says ‘ Who sees me ? ’ No alms, no prayers, fall from him without a witness—belike lest God should deny that He hath received them : and when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury, he builds an hospital, and harbors them whom his extortion hath spoiled ; so while he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday, is more abomination to him than his neighbor’s bed. He abhors more not to uncover at the name of Jesus, than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy and persuades the press. There is nothing that he dislikes in presence, that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick bed of his step-mother, and weeps, when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street, with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face ; and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of ‘ When will you come ? ’—and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest ; yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome, and excuses his cheer,

when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well, and says well ; and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbor's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, a poppy in a corn-field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff—that in going out smells ill ; and an angel abroad, a devil at home ; and worse when an angel, than when a devil.

OF THE BUSY-BODY.

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs—yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door ; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows ; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question ; and rather than he shall leese the news, he rides back with him to appose him of tidings, and then to the next man he meets, he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale ; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unwearable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks them

if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders: and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbor's window and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries fire-brands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbor at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long and his eyes quick; but most of all to imperfections—which, as he easily sees, so he increaseth with intermeddling. He harbors another man's servant, and amidst his entertainment, asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests. And when he hath, by curious inquiries, extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new. He hates constancy, as an earthen dullness, unfit for

men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him; for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look, how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So then he labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say it was a pity he died no sooner.

OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

Superstition is godless religion, devout impiety. The Superstitious is fond in observation, servile in fear. He worships God but as he lists: he gives God what He asks not, more than He asks, and all but what he should give; and makes more sins than the ten commandments. This man dares not stir forth till his breast be crossed and his face sprinkled. If but an hare cross him the way, he returns; or if his journey began unawares on the dismal day; or if he stumble at the threshold. If he see a snake unkilld, he fears a mischief: if the salt fall towards him, he looks pale and red, and is not quiet till one of the waiters have poured wine on his lap; and when he neezeth, thinks them not his friends that uncover not. In the morning, he listens whether the crow crieth even or odd, and by that token presages of the weather. If he hear but a raven croak from the next roof, he makes his will; or if a bittour fly over his head by night: but if his troubled fancy shall second his thoughts with the dream of a fair garden, or green rush-

es, or the salutation of a dead friend, he takes leave of the world, and says he cannot live. He will never set to sea but on a Sunday; neither ever goes without an 'Erra Pater' in his pocket. Saint Paul's day, and Saint Swithune's, with the twelve, are his oracles; which he dares believe, against the almanac. When he lies sick on his death-bed, no sin troubles him so much as that he did once eat flesh on a Friday. No repentance can expiate that; the rest need none. There is no dream of his without an interpretation, without a prediction: and if the event answer not his exposition, he expounds it according to the event. Every dark grove and pictured wall strikes him with an awful, but carnal, devotion. Old wives and stars are his counsellors, his night-spell is his guard; and charms, his physicians. He wears Paracelsian characters for the tooth-ache, and a little hallowed wax is his antidote for all evils. This man is strangely credulous; and calls impossible things, miraculous. If he hear that some sacred block speaks, moves, weeps, smiles, his bare feet carry him thither with an offering; and if a danger miss him in the way, his saint hath the thanks. Some ways he will not go and some he dares not—either there are bugs or he feigneth them; every lantern is a ghost, and every noise is of chains. He knows not why, but his custom is to go a little about, and to leave the cross still on the right hand. One event is enough to make a rule: out of these he concludes fashions proper to himself; and nothing can turn him out of his own course. If he have done his task, he is safe; it matters not with what affection. Finally, if God would let him be the carver of his

own obedience, He could not have a better subject; as he is, He cannot have a worse.

OF THE PROFANE.

The superstitious hath too many gods: the profane man hath none at all, unless perhaps himself be his own deity, and the world his heaven. To matter of religion, his heart is a piece of dead flesh, without feeling of love, of fear, of care, or of pain from the deaf strokes of a revenging conscience. Custom of sin hath wrought this senselessness; which now hath been so long entertained, that it pleads prescription, and knows not to be altered. This is no sudden evil: we are born sinful, but have made ourselves profane. Through many degrees, we climb to this height of impiety. At first, he sinned and cared not: now, he sinneth and knoweth not. Appetite is his lord, and reason his servant, and religion his drudge. Sense is the rule of his belief; and if piety may be an advantage, he can at once counterfeit and deride it. When aught succeedeth to him, he sacrifices to his nets, and thanks either his fortune or his wit; and will rather make a false god, than acknowledge the true: if contrary, he cries out of destiny, and blames Him to whom he will not be beholden. His conscience would fain speak with him, but he will not hear it; sets the day but he disappoints it; and when it cries aloud for audience, he drowns the noise with good-fellowship. He never names God, but in his oaths; never thinks of Him, but in extremity; and then he knows not how to think of Him, because he begins but then. He quarrels for the hard conditions of his pleasure, for his future dam-

nation; and from himself, lays all the fault upon his Maker, and from his decree fetcheth excuses of his wickedness. The inevitable necessity of God's counsel makes him desperately careless; so with good food he poisons himself. Goodness is his minstrel; neither is any mirth so cordial to him as his sport with God's fools. Every virtue hath his slander and his jest, to laugh it out of fashion; every vice, his color. His usualest theme is the boast of his young sins, which he can still joy in, though he cannot commit; and, if it may be, his speech makes him worse than he is. He cannot think of death with patience, without terror; which he therefore fears worse than hell, because this he is sure of, the other he but doubts of. He comes to church as to the theatre—saying that not so willingly—for company, for custom, for recreation, perhaps for sleep, or to feed his eyes or his ears: as for his soul, he cares no more than if he had none. He loves none but himself, and that not enough to seek his true good; neither cares he on whom he reads, that he may rise. His life is full of license, and his practice, of outrage. He is hated of God as much as he hateth goodness; and differs little from a devil, but that he hath a body.

OF THE MALCONTENT.

He is neither well, full nor fasting; and though he abound with complaints, yet nothing dislikes him but the present: for what he condemned while it was, once past he magnifies, and strives to recall it out of the jaws of Time. What he hath, he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants; and what he sees, he cares

not for, because he cares so much for that which is not. When his friend carves him the best morsel, he murmurs that it is an happy feast wherein each one may cut for himself. When a present is sent him, he asks, 'Is this all?' and 'What, no better?' and so accepts it, as if he would have his friend know how much he is bound to him for vouchsafing to receive it. It is hard to entertain him with a proportionable gift. If nothing, he cries out of unthankfulness; if little, that he is basely regarded; if much, he exclaims of flattery, and expectation of a large requital. Every blessing hath somewhat to disparage and distaste it:—children bring cares; single life is wild and solitary; eminency is envious; retiredness, obscure; fasting, painful; satiety, unwieldy; religion, nicely severe; liberty is lawless; wealth, burdensome; mediocrity, contemptible. Everything faulteth, either in too much or too little. This man is ever headstrong and self-willed, neither is he always tied to esteem or pronounce according to reason: some things he must dislike, he knows not wherefore, but he likes them not: and other-where, rather than not censure, he will accuse a man of virtue. Everything he meddeth with, he either findeth imperfect, or maketh so; neither is there anything that soundeth so harsh in his ear, as the commendation of another; whereto yet perhaps he fashionably and coldly assenteth, but with such an after-clause of exception, as doth more than mar his former allowance; and if he list not to give a verbal disgrace, yet he shakes his head and smiles, as if his silence should say, 'I could, and will not.' And when himself is praised without excess, he complains that such imperfect kindness hath not done him right. If but an

unseasonable shower cross his recreation, he is ready to fall out with heaven ; and thinks he is wronged, if God will not take his times when to rain, when to shine. He is a slave to envy, and loseth flesh with fretting, not so much at his own infelicity, as at others' good : neither hath he leisure to joy in his own blessings, whilst another prospereth. Fain would he see some mutinies, but dares not raise them ; and suffers his lawless tongue to walk thorough the dangerous paths of conceited altercations ; but so, as in good manners, he had rather thrust every man before him when it comes to acting. Nothing but fear keeps him from conspiracies : and no man is more cruel, when he is not manacled with danger. He speaks nothing but satires and libels, and lodgeth no guests in his heart, but rebels. The inconstant and he agree well in their felicity, which both place in change ; but herein they differ—the inconstant man affects that which will be ; the malcontent commonly, that which was. Finally, he is a querulous cur, whom no horse can pass by without barking at ; yea, in the deep silence of night, the very moonshine openeth his clamorous mouth. He is the wheel of a well-couched fire-work, that flies out on all sides, not without scorching itself. Every ear is long ago weary of him, and he is now almost weary of himself. Give him but a little respite, and he will die alone, of no other death than others' welfare.

OF THE UNCONSTANT.

The inconstant man treads upon a moving earth and keeps no pace. His proceedings are ever heady and

peremptory ; for he hath not the patience to consult with reason, but determines merely upon fancy. No man is so hot in the pursuit of what he liketh ; no man sooner weary. He is fiery in his passions, which yet are not more violent than momentary. It is a wonder if his love or hatred last so many days as a wonder. His heart is the inn of all good motions, wherein if they lodge for a night, it is well : by morning, they are gone, and take no leave ; and if they come that way again, they are entertained as guests, not as friends. At first, like another Ecebolius, he loved simple truth ; thence diverting his eyes, he fell in love with idolatry. Those heathenish shrines had never any more doting and besotted client ; and now, of late, he has leaped from Rome to Munster, and is grown to giddy anabaptism. What he will be next, as yet he knoweth not ; but ere he have wintered his opinion, it will be manifest. He is good to make an enemy of ; ill for a friend ; because, as there is no trust in his affection, so no rancour in his displeasure. The multitude of his changed purposes brings with it forgetfulness, and not of others more than of himself. He says, swears, renounces ; because what he promised, he meant not long enough to make an impression. Herein alone he is good for a commonwealth, that he sets many on work with building, ruining, altering ; and makes more business than time itself : neither is he a greater enemy to thrift, than to idleness. Propriety is to him enough cause of dislike—each thing pleases him better that is not his own. Even in the best things, long continuance is a just quarrel. Manna itself grows tedious with age, and novelty is the highest style of commendation to the meanest offers ; neither doth he in books

and fashions, ask ‘How good?’ but ‘How new?’ Variety carries him away with delight; and no uniform pleasure can be without an irksome fullness. He is so transformable into all opinions, manners, qualities, that he seems rather made immediately of the first matter, than of well-tempered elements; and therefore is in possibility anything or everything—nothing is present substance. Finally, he is servile in imitation, waxy to persuasions, witty to wrong himself, a guest in his own house, an ape of others, and, in a word, anything rather than himself.

OF THE FLATTERER.

Flattery is nothing but false friendship, fawning hypocrisy, dishonest civility, base merchandise of words, a plausible discord of the heart and lips. The flatterer is bleared-eyed to ill, and cannot see vices; and his tongue walks ever in one track of unjust praises, and can no more tell how to discommend, than to speak true. His speeches are full of wondering interjections, and all his titles are superlative, and both of them seldom ever but in presence. His base mind is well-matched with a mercenary tongue, which is a willing slave to another man’s ear; neither regardeth he how true, but how pleasing. His art is nothing but delightful cozenage, whose rules are smoothing and guarded with perjury; whose scope is to make men fools, in teaching them to overvalue themselves; and to tickle his friends to death. This man is a porter of all good tales, and mends them in the carriage: one of Fame’s best friends and his own, that helps to furnish her with those rumors that may advantage himself. Conscience hath no greater adversary;

for when she is about to play her just part of accusation, he stops her mouth with good terms, and well-near stranglenth her with shifts. Like that subtil fish, he turns himself into the color of every stone, for a booty. In himself, he is nothing but what pleaseth his great-one; whose virtues he cannot more extol than imitate his imperfections, that he may think his worst graceful. Let him say it is hot, he wipes his forehead and unbraceth himself; if cold, he shivers and calls for a warmer garment. When he walks with his friend, he swears to him that no man else is looked at, no man talked of; and that whomsoever he vouchsafes to look on and nod to, is graced enough; that he knows not his own worth, lest he should be too happy: and when he tells what others say in his praise, he interrupts himself modestly, and dares not speak the rest—so his concealment is more insinuating than his speech. He hangs upon the lips which he admireth, as if they could let fall nothing but oracles; and finds occasion to cite some approved sentence, under the name he honoreth; and when aught is nobly spoken, both his hands are little enough to bless him. Sometimes even in absence, he extolleth his patron, where he may presume of safe conveyance to his ears; and in presence, so whispereth his commendation to a common friend, that it may not be unheard where he meant it. He hath salves for every sore, to hide them, not to heal them: complexion for every face. Sin hath not any more artificial broker or more impudent bawd. There is no vice that hath not from him his color, his allurements; and his best service is, either to further guiltiness, or smother it. If he grant evil things inexpedient, or crimes errors, he hath yielded

much: either thy estate gives privilege of liberty, or thy youth; or if neither, 'What if it be ill?—yet it is pleasant!' Honesty to him is nice singularity; repentance, superstitious melancholy; gravity, dulness; and all virtue, an innocent conceit of the base minded. In short, he is the moth of liberal men's coats, the earwig of the mighty, the bane of courts, a friend and a slave to the trencher, and good for nothing but to be a factor for the devil.

OF THE SLOTHFUL.

He is a religious man, and wears the time in his cloister; and as the cloak of his doing nothing, pleads contemplation; yet is he no whit the leaner for his thoughts, no whit learned. He takes no less care how to spend time, than others how to gain by the expense; and when business importunes him, is more troubled to fore-think what he must do, than another to effect it. Summer is out of his favor, for nothing but long days that make no haste to their even. He loves still to have the sun witness of his rising: and lies long, more for lothness to dress him than will to sleep; and after some streaking and yawning, calls for dinner, unwashed; which having digested with a sleep in his chair, he walks forth to the bench in the market-place, and looks for companions. Whomsoever he meets, he stays with idle questions and lingering discourse:—how the days are lengthened; how kindly the weather is; how false the clock; how forward the Spring, and ends ever with, 'What shall we do?' It pleases him no less to hinder others, than not to work himself. When all the people are gone

from church, he is left sleeping in his seat alone. He enters bonds, and forfeits them by forgetting the day; and asks his neighbor when his own field was fallowed; whether the next piece of ground belong not to himself. His care is either none, or too late. When winter is come, after some sharp visitations, he looks on his pile of wood, and asks how much was cropped the last Spring. Necessity drives him to every action; and what he cannot avoid, he will yet defer. Every change troubles him, although to the better; and his dullness counterfeits a kind of contentment. When he is warned on a jury, he had rather pay the mulct than appear. All but that which nature will not permit, he doth by a deputy, and counts it troublesome to do nothing; but to do anything yet more. He is witty in nothing but framing excuses to sit still; which if the occasion yield not, he coineth with ease. There is no work that is not either dangerous or thankless, and whereof he foresees not the inconvenience and gainlessness before he enters; which if it be verified in event, his next idleness hath found a reason—to patronize it. He had rather freeze than fetch wood, and chooses rather to steal than work, to beg than take pains to steal; and in many things, to want than beg. He is so loth to leave his neighbor's fire, that he is fain to walk home in the dark; and if he be not looked to, wears out the night in the chimney-corner; or if not that, lies down in his clothes to save two labors. He eats and prays himself asleep, and dreams of no other torment but work. This man is a standing pool and cannot choose but gather corruption. He is descried amongst a thousand neighbors, by a dry and nasty hand that still savors of the sheet; a beard uncut, unkembed;

an eye and ear yellow with their excretions; a coat shaken on, ragged, unbrushed; by linen and face striving whether shall excel in uncleanness. For body, he hath a swollen leg, a dusky and swinish eye, a blown cheek, a drawling tongue, an heavy foot; and is nothing but a colder earth molded with standing water. To conclude, is a man in nothing but in speech and shape.

OF THE COVETOUS.

He is a servant to himself, yea, to his servant; and doth base homage to that which should be the worst drudge. A lifeless piece of earth is his master, yea, his god, which he shrines in his coffer, and to which he sacrifices his heart. Every face of his coin is a new image which he adores with the highest veneration; yet takes upon him to be protector of that he worshipeth: which he fears to keep, and abhors to lose—not daring to trust either any other god or his own. Like a true chemist, he turns everything into silver;—both what he should eat and what he should wear,—and that he keeps to look on, not to use. When he returns from his field, he asks, not without much rage, what became of the loose crust in his cupboard, and who hath rioted among his leeks. He never eats good meal but on his neighbor's trencher, and there he makes amends to his complaining stomach for his former and future fasts. He bids his neighbors to dinner, and when they have done, sends in a trencher for the shot. Once in a year perhaps, he gives himself leave to feast, and for the time thinks no man more lavish; wherein he lists not to fetch his dishes from far, nor

will be beholden to the shambles. His own provision shall furnish his board with an insensible cost: and when his guests are parted, talks how much every man devoured, and how many cups were emptied; and feeds his family with the moldy remnants a month after. If his servant break but an earthen dish for want of light, he abates it out of his quarter's wages. He chips his bread and sends it back to exchange for staler. He lets money, and sells time for a price, and will not be importuned either to prevent or defer his day; and in the meantime looks for secret gratuities, besides the main interest, which he sells and returns into the stock. He breeds of money to the third generation; neither hath it sooner any being, than he sets it to beget more. In all things he affects secrecy and propriety: he grudgeth his neighbor the water of his well; and next to stealing, he hates borrowing. In his short and unquiet sleeps, he dreams of thieves, and runs to the door, and names more men than he hath. The least sheaf, he ever culls out for tithe; and to rob God, holds it the best pastime, the clearest gain. This man cries out above others, of the prodigality of our times, and tells of the thrift of our forefathers:—how that great prince thought himself royally attired when he bestowed thirteen shillings and four pence on half a suit; how one wedding gown served our grandmothers till they exchanged it for a winding-sheet—and praises plainness, not for less sin but for less cost. For himself, he is still known by his forefathers' coat, which he means, with his blessing, to bequeath to the many descents of his heirs. He neither would be poor, nor be accounted rich. No man complains so much of want, to avoid a subsidy; no man is so impor-

tunate in begging, so cruel in exaction; and when he most complains of want, he fears that which he complains to have. No way is indirect to wealth, whether of fraud or violence. Gain is his godliness; which if conscience go about to prejudice, and grow troublesome by exclaiming against, he is condemned for a common barrator. Like another Ahab, he is sick of the next field; and thinks he is ill-seated while he dwells by neighbors. Shortly, his neighbors do not much more hate him, than he himself. He cares not, for no great advantage, to lose his friend, pine his body, damn his soul; and would despatch himself when corn falls, but that he is loth to cast away money on a cord.

OF THE VAINGLORIOUS.

All his humor rises up into the froth of ostentation; which if it once settle, falls down into a narrow room. If the excess be in the understanding part, all his wit is in print; the press hath left his head empty—yea, not only what he had, but what he could borrow without leave. If his glory be in his devotion, he gives not an alms, but on record; and if he have once done well, God hears of it often, for upon every unkindness, he is ready to upbraid Him with merits. Over and above his own discharge, he hath some satisfactions to spare for the common treasure. He can fulfil the law with ease, and earn God with superfluity. If he have bestowed but a little sum, in the glazing, paving, parieting of God's house, you shall find it in the church window. Or if a more gallant humor possess him, he wears all his land on his back; and walking high, looks over his left shoulder to

see if the point of his rapier follow him with a grace. He is proud of another man's horse; and well-mounted, thinks every man wrongs him that looks not at him. A bare head in the street, doth him more good than a meal's meat. He swears big at an ordinary, and talks of the court with a sharp accent; neither vouchsafes to name any not honorable, nor those without some term of familiarity; and likes well to see the hearer look upon him amazedly, as if he said, 'How happy is this man that is so great with great ones!' Under pretence of seeking for a scroll of news, he draws out an handful of letters endorsed with his own style, to the height; and half reading every title, passes over the latter part with a murmur, not without signifying what lord sent this, what great lady the other, and for what suits—the last paper, as it happens, is his news from his honourable friend in the French court. In the midst of dinner, his lackey comes sweating in with a sealed note from his creditor who now threatens a speedy arrest, and whispers the ill news in his master's ear; when he aloud names a Councillor of State, and professes to know the employment. The same messenger he calls with an imperious nod, and after expostulation where he hath left his fellows, in his ear sends him for some new spur-leathers or stockings by this time footed; and when he is gone half the room recalls him, and saith aloud, 'It is no matter; let the greater bag alone till I come:' and yet again calling him closer, whispers so that all the table may hear, that 'If his crimson suit be ready against the day, the rest need no haste.' He picks his teeth when his stomach is empty, and calls for pheasants at a common inn. You shall find him prizing the richest jewels and fairest horses

when his purse yields not money enough for earnest. He thrusts himself into the press, before some great ladies, and loves to be seen near the head of a great train. His talk is, how many mourners he furnished with gowns at his father's funeral, how many messes, how rich his coat is and how ancient, how great his alliance, what challenges he hath made and answered, what exploits he did at Cales or Newport; and when he hath commended others' buildings, furnitures, suits, compares them with his own. When he hath undertaken to be the broker for some rich diamond, he wears it: and pulling off his glove to stroke up his hair, thinks no eye should have any other object. Entertaining his friend, he chides his cook for no better cheer; and names the dishes he meant, and wants. To conclude, he is ever on the stage, and acts still a glorious part abroad, when no man carries a baser heart, no man is more sordid and careless at home. He is a Spanish soldier on an Italian theatre, a bladder full of wind, a skin full of words, a fool's wonder, and a wise man's fool.

OF THE PRESUMPTUOUS.

Presumption is nothing but hope out of his wits, an high house upon weak pillars. The presumptuous man loves to attempt great things, only because they are hard and rare. His actions are bold and venturous, and more full of hazard than use. He hoisteth sail in a tempest, and saith never any of his ancestors were drowned. He goes into an infected house, and says the plague dares not seize on noble blood. He runs on high battlements, gallops down steep hills, rides over narrow bridges, walks

on weak ice, and never thinks, 'What if I fall?' but, 'What if I run over and fall not?' He is a confident alchemist, and braggeth that the womb of his furnace hath conceived a burden that will do all the world good; which yet he desires secretly born, for fear of his own bondage. In the meantime his glass breaks; yet he upon better luting lays wagers of the success, and promiseth wedges beforehand to his friend. He saith, 'I will sin, and be sorry, and escape. Either God will not see, or not be angry, or not punish it, or remit the measure. If I do well, He is just to reward; if ill, He is merciful to forgive.' Thus his praises wrong God no less than his offence, and hurt himself no less than they wrong God. Any pattern is enough to encourage him: show him the way where any foot hath trod; he dare follow, although he see no steps returning. What if a thousand have attempted and miscarried! If but one have prevailed, it sufficeth. He suggests to himself false hopes of 'never too late'—as if he could command either time or repentance: and dare defer the expectation of mercy, till betwixt the bridge and the water. Give him but where to set his foot, and he will remove the earth. He foreknows the mutations of states, the events of war, the temper of the seasons:—either his old prophecy tells it him, or his stars. Yea, he is no stranger to the records of God's secret counsel; but he turns them over, and copies them out at pleasure. I know not whether, in all his enterprises, he show less fear or wisdom. No man promises himself more, no man more believes himself. 'I will go and sell, and return and purchase, and spend and leave my sons such estates;' all which if it succeed, he thanks himself; if not, he blames not himself. His

purposes are measured, not by his ability, but his will; and his actions, by his purposes. Lastly, he is ever credulous in assent, rash in undertaking, peremptory in resolving, witless in proceeding, and in his ending, miserable; which is never other than either the laughter of the wise, or the pity of fools.

OF THE DISTRUSTFUL.

The distrustful man hath his heart in his eyes or in his hand: nothing is sure to him but what he sees, what he handles. He is either very simple or very false; and therefore believes not others, because he knows how little himself is worthy of belief. In spiritual things, either God must leave a pawn with him, or seek some other creditor. All absent things and unusual, have no other but a conditional entertainment—they are strange, if true. If he see two neighbors whisper in his presence, he bids them speak out; and charges them to say no more than they can justify. When he hath committed a message to his servant, he sends a second after him to listen how it is delivered. He is his own secretary, and of his own counsel, for what he hath, for what he purposeth; and when he tells over his bags, looks thorough the key-hole to see if he have any hidden witness, and asks aloud, 'Who is there?' when no man hears him. He borrows money when he needs not, for fear lest others should borrow of him. He is ever timorous and cowardly; and asks every man's errand at the door, ere he opens. After his first sleep, he starts up and asks if the furthest gate were barred; and out of a fearful sweat, calls up his servant and bolts the door after him; and then studies whether

it were better to lie still and believe, or rise and see. Neither is his heart fuller of fears than his head of strange projects, and far-fetched constructions :—what means the state, think you, in such an action, and whither tends this course? Learn of me—if you know not—the ways of deep policies are secret, and full of unknown windings : that is their act, this will be their issue.—So casting beyond the moon, he makes wise and just proceedings suspected. In all his predictions and imaginations, he ever lights upon the worst ;—not what is most likely will fall out, but what is most ill. There is nothing that he takes not with the left hand : no text which his gloss corrupts not. Words, oaths, parchments, seals, are but broken reeds ; these shall never deceive him ; he loves no payments but real. If but one in an age have miscarried by a rare casualty, he misdoubts the same event. If but a tile fallen from an high roof have brained a passenger, or the breaking of a coach-wheel have endangered the burden, he swears he will keep home, or take him to his horse. He dares not come to church, for fear of the crowd ; nor spare the Sabbath's labor, for fear of the want ; nor come near the parliament-house, because it should have been blown up. What might have been, affects him as much as what will be. Argue, vow, protest, swear ; he hears thee, and believes himself. He is a skeptic, and dare hardly give credit to his senses, which he hath often arraigned of false intelligence. He so lives, as if he thought all the world were thieves, and were not sure whether himself were one. He is uncharitable in his censures, unquiet in his fears ; bad enough always, but in his own opinion much worse than he is.

OF THE AMBITIOUS.

Ambition is a proud covetousness, a dry thirst of honor, the longing disease of reason, an aspiring and gallant madness. The ambitious climbs up high and perilous stairs, and never cares how to come down; the desire of rising hath swallowed up his fear of a fall. Having once cleaved, like a bur, to some great man's coat, he resolves not to be shaken off with any small indignities; and finding his hold thoroughly fast, casts how to insinuate yet nearer; and therefore he is busy and servile in his endeavors to please, and all his officious respects turn home to himself. He can be at once a slave to command, an intelligencer to inform, a parasite to soothe and flatter, a champion to defend, an executioner to revenge—anything for an advantage of favor. He hath projected a plot to rise, and woe be to the friend that stands in his way. He still haunteth the court, and his unquiet spirit haunteth him; which having fetched him from the secure peace of his country rest, sets him new and impossible tasks; and after many disappointments, encourages him to try the same sea in spite of his shipwrecks, and promises better success. A small hope gives him heart against great difficulties, and draws on new expense, new servility; persuading him—like foolish boys—to shoot away a second shaft, that he may find the first. He yieldeth; and now secure of the issue, applauds himself in that honor which he still affecteth, still misseth: and for the last of all trials, will rather bribe for a troublesome preferment, than return void of a title. But now when he finds himself desperately

crossed, and at once spoiled both of advancement and hope, both of fruition and possibility, all his desire is turned into rage; his thirst is now only of revenge; his tongue sounds of nothing but detraction and slander. Now the place he sought for, is base; his rival, unworthy; his adversary, injurious; officers, corrupt; court, infectious; and how well is he that may be his own man, his own master; that may live safely in a mean distance, at pleasure, free from starving, free from burning. But if his designs speed well, ere he be warm in that seat, his mind is possessed of an higher. What he hath, is but a degree to what he would have. Now he scorneth what he formerly aspired to: his success doth not give him so much contentment as provocation; neither can he be at rest so long as he hath one, either to overlook, or to match, or to emulate him. When his country friend comes to visit him, he carries him up to the awful presence, and now in his sight crowding nearer to the chair of state, desires to be looked on, desires to be spoken to, by the greatest; and studies how to offer an occasion, lest he should seem unknown, unregarded: and if any gesture of the least grace fall haply upon him, he looks back upon his friend, lest he should carelessly let it pass without a note: and what he wanteth in sense, he supplies in history. His disposition is never but shamefully unthankful; for unless he have all, he hath nothing. It must be a large draught, whereof he will not say that those few drops do not slake but inflame him—so still he thinks himself the worse for small favors. His wit so contrives the likely plots of his promotion, as if he would steal it away without God's knowledge, besides his will; neither doth he ever look up and consult in his forecasts with the supreme

Moderator of all things;—as one that thinks honor is ruled by fortune, and that heaven meddleth not with the disposing of these earthly lots,—and therefore it is just with that wise God to defeat his fairest hopes, and to bring him to a loss in the hottest of his chase; and to cause honor to fly away so much the faster, by how much it is more eagerly pursued. Finally, he is an importunate suitor, a corrupt client, a violent undertaker, a smooth factor—but untrusty, a restless master of his own, a bladder puffed up with the wind of hope and self-love. He is in the common body as a mole in the earth, ever unquietly casting; and, in one word, is nothing but a confused heap of envy, pride, covetousness.

OF THE UNTHRIFT.

He ranges beyond his pale, and lives without compass. His expense is measured, not by ability, but will. His pleasures are immoderate, and not honest. A wanton eye, a lickerish tongue, a gamesome hand, have impoverished him. The vulgar sort call him bountiful, and applaud him while he spends, and recompense him with wishes when he gives, with pity when he wants. Neither can it be denied that he raught true liberality, but over-went it. No man could have lived more laudably, if when he was at the best, he had staid there. While he is present, none of the wealthier guests may pay aught to the shot, without much vehemency, without danger of unkindness. Use hath made it unpleasant to him not to spend. He is in all things more ambitious of the title of good-fellowship than of wisdom. When he looks into the wealthy chest of his father, his

conceit suggests that it cannot be emptied ; and while he takes out some deal every day, he perceives not any diminution ; and when the heap is sensibly abated, yet still flatters himself with enough. One hand cozens the other, and the belly deceives both. He doth not so much bestow benefits, as scatter them. True merit doth not carry them, but smoothness of adulation. His senses are too much his guides and his purveyors, and appetite is his steward. He is an impotent servant to his lusts, and knows not to govern either his mind or his purse. Improvidence is ever the companion of unthriftiness. This man cannot look beyond the present, and neither thinks nor cares what shall be ; much less suspects what may be ; and while he lavishes out his substance in superfluities, thinks he only knows what the world is worth, and that others over-prize it. He feels poverty before he sees it, never complains till he be pinched with wants, never spares till the bottom—when it is too late either to spend or recover. He is every man's friend, save his own ; and then wrongs himself most, when he courteth himself with most kindness. He vies time with the slothful, and it is an hard match whether chases away good hours to worse purpose—the one by doing nothing, or the other by idle pastime. He hath so dilated himself with the beams of prosperity, that he lies open to all dangers, and cannot gather up himself on just warning, to avoid a mischief. He were good for an almoner, ill for a steward. Finally, he is the living tomb of his forefathers, of his posterity : and when he hath swallowed both, is more empty than before he devoured them.

OF THE ENVIOUS.

He feeds on others' evils, and hath no disease but his neighbor's welfare. Whatsoever God do for him, he cannot be happy with company; and if he were put to choose whether he would rather have equals in a common felicity or superiors in misery, he would demur upon the election. His eye casts out too much, and never returns home, but to make comparisons with another's good. He is an ill prizer of foreign commodity, worse of his own—for that he rates too high; this under value. You shall have him ever inquiring into the estates of his equals and betters; wherein he is not more desirous to hear all, than loth to hear anything over-good: and if just report relate aught better than he would, he redoubles the question, as being hard to believe what he likes not; and hopes yet, if that be averred again to his grief, that there is somewhat concealed in the relation, which if it were known, would argue the commended party miserable, and blemish him with secret shame. He is ready to quarrel with God because the next field is fairer grown, and angerly calculates his cost, and time, and tillage. Whom he dares not openly backbite nor wound with a direct censure, he strikes smoothly with an over-cold praise; and when he sees that he must either maliciously oppugn the just praise of another—which were unsafe—or approve it by assent, he yieldeth; but shows withal that his means were such, both by nature and education, that he could not without much neglect be less commendable: so his happiness shall be made the color of detraction. When an

wholesome law is propounded, he crosseth it, either by open or close opposition; not for any incommodity or inexpedience, but because it proceeded from any mouth besides his own:—and it must be a cause rarely plausible, that will not admit some probable contradiction. When his equal should rise to honor, he strives against it unseen, and rather with much cost suborneth great adversaries; and when he sees his resistance vain, he can give an hollow gratulation in presence, but in secret disparages that advancement;—either the man is unfit for the place or the place for the man; or if fit, yet less gainful or more common than opinion: whereto he adds that himself might have had the same dignity upon better terms, and refused it. He is witty in devising suggestions to bring his rival out of love, into suspicion:—if he be courteous, he is sedulously popular; if bountiful, he binds over his clients to a faction; if successful in war, he is dangerous in peace; if wealthy, he lays up for a day; if powerful, nothing wants but opportunity, of rebellion. His submission is ambitious hypocrisy; his religion, politic insinuation—no action is safe from a jealous construction. When he receives a good report of him whom he emulates, he saith, ‘Fame is partial, and is wont to blanch mischiefs,’ and pleaseth himself with hope to find it worse; and if ill-will have dispersed any more spiteful narration, he lays hold on that, against all witnesses, and broacheth that rumor for truest, because worst: and when he sees him perfectly miserable, he can at once pity him and rejoice. What himself cannot do, others shall not: he hath gained well, if he have hindered the success of what he would have done and could not. He conceals his best skill, not so as it may

not be known that he knows it, but so as it may not be learned; because he would have the world miss him. He attained to a sovereign medicine, by the secret legacy of a dying empiric; whereof he will leave no heir, lest the praise should be divided. Finally, he is an enemy to God's favors if they fall beside himself, the best nurse of ill-fame, a man of the worst diet—for he consumes himself, and delights in pining—a thorn-hedge covered with nettles, a peevish interpreter of good things, and no other than a lean and pale carcass quickened with a fiend.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH:

OR

OF TRUE PEACE AND TRANQUILITY OF MIND.



THE ANALYSIS

OR RESOLUTION OF THIS TREATISE CONCERNING TRAN- QUILLITY.

Our treatise concerning Tranquillity is partly

- I. REFUTATORY: where the precepts of the heathen are, Recited—
Rejected:—for enumeration insufficient—quality of remedies
too weak.
- II. POSITIVE: Which teacheth, What it is, and wherein it consists
—How to be attained: viz.

Enemies of Peace subdued; whether those

ON THE LEFT HAND:

Of Sins done—Whose trouble is, 1. In their Guiltiness. Con-
sidered, How turbulent they are till they be pacified. How
remedied:—Peace is through Reconciliation—Reconcilia-
tion through Remission—Remission by Satisfaction—Sat-
isfaction not by us—By infinite merits of Christ. Where
are considered, The person and merits of Christ by whom
Peace is offered—the receiving of our offered Peace by
faith. 2. In their Solicitation. Remedied by resolute re-
sistance; where is the subduing and moderation of our af-
fections.

Of Pain Suffered—1. Crosses. Imaginary:—How redressed.
True:—How prevented and prepared against—By expect-
tation—Exercise. How to be borne. Contentedly, in re-
spect of their cause—Thankfully, in respect of their good
effect—Joyfully, in respect of their issue. 2. Death. Con-
sidered, How fearful—Which way sweetened.

ON THE RIGHT HAND :

Over-joying ; Over-desiring—of Riches—Honor—Pleasure.
 These how to be esteemed—As not good in themselves—
 As exposing us to evil.

RULES AND GROUNDS OF PEACE SET DOWN.

1. Main or Principal : A continual fruition of the presence of God—To be renewed to us by all holy exercises.
2. Subordinate : In respect of our Actions ;—A resolution to refrain from all occasions of the displeasure of God—To perform all required duties—To do nothing doubtingly. In respect of our Estates ;—To depend wholly on the providence of God—To account our own estate best.

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

SECTION I.

CENSURE OF PHILOSOPHERS.

WHEN I had studiously read over the moral writings of some wise heathen, especially those of the Stoical profession, I must confess I found a little envy and pity striving together within me. I envied nature in them, to see her so witty in devising such plausible refuges for doubting and troubled minds: I pitied them, to see that their careful disquisition of true rest led them in the end but to mere unquietness. Wherein, methought, they were as hounds swift of foot but not exquisite in scent, which in an hasty pursuit, take a wrong way—spending their mouths and courses in vain. Their praise of guessing wittily they shall not leese; their hopes, both they lost and whosoever follows them. If Seneca could have had grace to his wit, what wonders would he have done in this kind! What divine might not have yielded him the chair, for precepts of tranquillity, without any disparagement! As he was, this he hath gained:—never any heathen wrote more divinely, never any philosopher, more probably. Neither would I ever desire better master, if to this purpose I needed no other mistress than nature. But this, in truth, is a task which nature

hath never without presumption undertaken, and never performed without much imperfection—like to those vain and wandering empirics which in tables and pictures make great ostentation of cures, never approving their skill to their credulous patients. And if she could have truly effected it alone, I know not what employment in this life she should have left for grace to busy herself about, nor what privilege it should have been here below to be a Christian, since this that we seek is the noblest work of the soul, and in which alone consists the only heaven of this world. This is the sum of all human desires; which when we have attained, then only we begin to live, and are sure we cannot thenceforth live miserably. No marvel then if all the heathen have diligently sought after it, many wrote of it, none attained it. Not Athens must teach this lesson, but Jerusalem.

SECTION II.

WHAT TRANQUILLITY IS, AND WHEREIN IT CONSISTS.

Yet something grace scorneth not to learn of nature—as Moses may take good counsel of a Midianite. Nature hath ever had more skill in the end than in the way to it; and whether she have discoursed of the good estate of the mind—which we call tranquillity—or the best, which is happiness, hath more happily guessed at the general definition of them, than of the means to compass them. She teacheth us therefore without controlment that the tranquillity of the mind is as of the sea and weather when no wind stirreth, when the waves do not tu-

multuously rise and fall upon each other, but when the face both of the heaven and waters is still, fair, and equable: that it is such an even disposition of the heart wherein the scales of the mind neither rise up towards the beam, through their own lightness or the overweening opinion of prosperity, nor are too much depressed with any load of sorrow; but hanging equal and unmoved betwixt both, give a man liberty in all occurrences to enjoy himself. Not that the most temperate mind can be so the master of his passions, as not sometimes to over-joy his grief or over-grieve his joy, according to the contrary occasions of both: for not the evenest weights, but at their first putting into the balance somewhat sway both parts thereof—not without some show of inequality—which yet, after some little motion, settle themselves in a meet poise. It is enough, that after some sudden agitation it can return to itself and rest itself at last in a resolved peace. And this due composedness of mind we require unto our tranquillity,—not for some short fits of good mood which soon after end in discontentment,—but with the condition of perpetuity. For there is no heart makes so rough weather as not sometimes to admit of a calm: and—whether for that he knoweth no present cause of his trouble, or for that he knoweth that cause of trouble is countervailed with as great an occasion of private joy, or for that the multitude of evils hath bred carelessness—the man that is most disordered, finds some respites of quietness. The balances that are most ill-matched, in their unsteady motions come to an equality, but stay not at it. The frantic man cannot avoid the imputation of madness, though he be sober for many moons, if he rage in one. So then the calm mind must

be settled in an habitual rest ; not then firm when there is nothing to shake it, but then least shaken when it is most assailed.

SECTION III.

INSUFFICIENCY OF HUMAN PRECEPTS. SENECA'S RULES.—
REJECTED, AS INSUFFICIENT. DISPOSITION OF THE WORK.

Whence easily appears how vainly it hath been sought, either in such a constant estate of outward things as should give no distaste to the mind—whiles all earthly things vary with the weather, and have no stay but in uncertainty—or in the natural temper of the soul, so ordered by human wisdom as that it should not be affected with any casual events to either part ; since that cannot ever by natural power be held like to itself, but one while is cheerful, stirring, and ready to undertake, another while drowsy, dull, comfortless, prone to rest, weary of itself, lothing his own purposes, his own resolutions. In both which since the wisest philosophers have grounded all the rules of their tranquillity, it is plain that they saw it afar off—as they did heaven itself, with a desire and admiration—but knew not the way to it : whereupon, alas, how slight and impotent are the remedies they prescribe for unquietness ! For what is it that for the inconstancy and laziness of the mind still displeasing itself in what it doth, and for that distemper thereof which ariseth from the fearful, unthriving, and restless desires of it, we should ever be employing ourselves in some public affairs, choosing our business according to our inclination, and prosecuting what we have chosen ?—wherewith being

at last cloyed, we should retire ourselves and wear the rest of our time in private studies ; that we should make due comparative trials of our own ability ; nature of our businesses ; disposition of our chosen friends ?—that in respect of patrimony, we should be but carelessly affected, so drawing it in as it may be least for show, most for use ; removing all pomp ; bridling our hopes ; cutting off superfluities : for crosses, to consider that custom will abate and mitigate them ; that the best things are but chains and burdens to those that have them, to those that use them ; that the worst things have some mixture of comfort to those that groan under them ? Or, leaving these lower rudiments that are given to weak and simple novices, to examine those golden rules of morality which are commended to the most wise and able practitioners,—what is it to account himself as a tenant at will ?—to fore-imagine the worst in all casual matters ? to avoid all idle and impertinent businesses, all pragmat-ical meddling with affairs of state ?—not to fix ourselves upon any one estate as to be impatient of a change ?—to call back the mind from outward things, and draw it home into itself ?—to laugh at and esteem lightly of others' misdemeanors ?—not to depend on others' opinions, but to stand on our own bottoms ?—to carry ourselves in an honest and simple truth, free from a curious hypocrisy, and affectation of seeming other than we are, and yet as free from a base kind of carelessness ?—to intermeddle retiredness with society, so as one may give sweetness to the other, and both to us ?—so slackening the mind that we may not loosen it, and so bending as we may not break it ?—to make most of ourselves, cheering up our spirits with variety of recreations, with satiety of

meals, and all other bodily indulgence?—saving that drunkenness, methinks, can neither beseem a wise philosopher to prescribe, nor a virtuous man to practice. All these in their kinds please well, profit much, and are as sovereign for both these as they are unable to effect that for which they are propounded. [Allowed by Seneca, in his last chapter ‘Of Tranquillity.’] Nature teacheth thee all these should be done; she cannot teach thee to do them—and yet, do all these and no more, let me never have rest if thou have it! For neither are here the greatest enemies of our peace so much as descried afar off; nor those that are noted, are hereby so prevented that upon most diligent practice we can promise ourselves any security: wherewith who so instructed dare confidently give challenge to all sinister events, is like to some skilful fencer who stands upon his usual wards and plays well; but if there come a strange fetch of an unwonted blow, is put besides the rules of his art and with much shame overtaken. And for those that are known, believe me, the mind of man is too weak to bear out itself hereby against all onsets. There are light crosses that will take an easy repulse; others yet stronger that shake the house-side, but break not in upon us; others vehement, which by force make way to the heart, where they find none breaking open the door of the soul that denies entrance; others violent, that lift the mind off the hinges, or rend the bars of it in pieces; others furious, that tear up the very foundations from the bottom, leaving no monument behind them but ruin. The wisest and most resolute moralist that ever was, looked pale when he should taste of his hemlock; and by his timorousness made sport to those that envied his speculations.

The best of the heathen emperors,¹ that was honored with the title of piety, justly magnified that courage of Christians which made them insult over their tormentors, and by their fearlessness of earthquakes and deaths argued the truth of their religion. It must be, it can be, none but a divine power that can uphold the mind against the rage of main afflictions; and yet the greatest crosses are not the greatest enemies to inward peace.

Let us, therefore, look up above ourselves, and from the rules of an higher art, supply the defects of natural wisdom; giving such infallible directions for tranquillity, that whosoever shall follow cannot but live sweetly and with continual delight—applauding himself at home, when all the world besides him shall be miserable. To which purpose it shall be requisite, first, to remove all causes of inquietness; and then, to set down the grounds of our happy rest.

SECTION IV.

ENEMIES OF INWARD PEACE DIVIDED INTO THEIR RANKS.

—THE TORMENT OF AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.—THE JOY AND PEACE OF THE GUILTY, BUT DISSEMBLED.

I find on the hand, two universal enemies of tranquillity—conscience of evil done, sense or fear of evil suffered. The former, in one word, we call sins; the latter, crosses. The first of these must be quite taken away, the second duly tempered, ere the heart can be at

¹ Antoninus Pius.—An Epistle to the Asians, concerning the persecuted Christians.

rest. For, first, how can that man be at peace, that is at variance with God and himself? How should peace be God's gift, if it could be without him, if it could be against him? It is the profession of sin, although fair-spoken at the first closing, to be a perpetual make-bate betwixt God and man, betwixt a man and himself. And this enmity, though it do not continually show itself,—as the mortalest enemies are not always in pitched fields, one against the other—for that the conscience is not ever clamorous, but some while is silent, other-whiles with still murmurings bewrays his mislikes, yet doth evermore work secret unquietness to the heart. The guilty man may have a seeming truce; a true peace he cannot have. Look upon the face of the guilty heart, and thou shalt see it pale and ghastly; the smiles and laughters faint and heartless; the speeches doubtful, and full of abrupt stops and unseasonable turnings; the purposes and motions unsteady, and savoring of much distraction, arguing plainly that sin is not so smooth at her first motions, as turbulent afterwards. Hence are those vain wearings of places and companies together with ourselves, that the galled soul doth, after the wont of sick patients, seek refreshing in variety; and after many tossed and turned sides, complains of remediless and unabated torment. Nero, after so much innocent blood, may change his bed-chamber, but his fiends ever attend him, ever are within him, and are as parts of himself. Alas, what avails it to seek outward reliefs, when thou hast thine executioner within thee? If thou couldst shift from thyself, thou mightst have some hope of ease; now thou shalt never want furies, so long as thou hast thyself. Yea, what if thou wouldst run from thyself? Thy soul

may fly from thy body ; thy conscience will not fly from thy soul, nor thy sin from thy conscience. Some men, indeed, in the bitterness of these pangs of sin—like unto those fondly-impatient fishes that leap out of the pan into the flame—have leaped out of this private hell that is in themselves, into the common pit ; choosing to adventure upon the future pains that they have feared, rather than to endure the present horrors they have felt : wherein, what have they gained, but to that hell which was within them, a second hell without ? The conscience leaves not where the fiends begin, but both join together in torture. But there are some firm and obdurate foreheads, whose resolution can laugh their sins out of countenance. There are so large and able gorges, as that they can swallow and digest bloody murders without complaint ; who, with the same hands which they have, since their last meal, imbrued in blood, can freely carve to themselves large morsels at the next sitting. Believest thou that such a man's heart laughs with his face ? Will not he dare to be an hypocrite, that durst be a villain ? These glow-worms, when a night of sorrow compasses them, make a lightsome and fiery show of joy ; when if thou press them, thou findest nothing but a cold and crude moisture. Knowest thou not that there are those which count it no shame to sin, yet count it a shame to be checked with remorse—especially so as others' eyes may descry ?—to whom repentance seems base-mindedness, unworthy of him that professes wisdom and valor. Such a man can grieve when none sees it, but himself can laugh when others see it, himself feels not. Assure thyself that man's heart bleedeth, when his face counterfeits a smile. He wears out many waking hours,

when thou thinkest he resteth : yea, as his thoughts afford him not sleep, so his very sleep affords him not rest ; but while his senses are tied up, his sin is loose, representing itself to him in the ugliest shape, and frightening him with horrible and hellish dreams. And if perhaps custom hath bred a carelessness in him,—as we see that usual whipping makes the child not care for the rod—yet an unwonted extremity of the blow shall fetch blood of the soul, and make the back that is most hardened, sensible of smart ; and the further the blow is fetched through intermission of remorse, the harder it must needs alight. Therefore I may confidently tell the careless sinner, as that bold tragedian said to his great Pompey, The time shall come wherein thou shalt fetch deep sighs, and therefore shalt sorrow desperately, because thou sorrowedst not sooner. The fire of the conscience may lie for a time smothered with a pile of green wood, that it cannot be discerned, whose moisture when once it hath mastered, it sends up so much greater flame, by how much it had greater resistance. Hope not then to stop the mouth of thy conscience from exclaiming, whiles thy sin continues. That endeavor is both vain and hurtful :—so I have seen them that have stopped the nostril for bleeding, in hope to stay the issue ; when the blood, hindered in his former course, hath broken out of the mouth or found way down into the stomach. The conscience is not pacificable while sin is within to vex it, no more than angry swelling can cease throbbing and aching whiles the thorn or the corrupted matter lies rotting underneath. Time, that remedies all other evils of the mind, increaseth this, which, like to bodily diseases,

proves worse with continuance, and grows upon us with our age.

SECTION V.

THE REMEDY OF AN UNQUIET CONSCIENCE.

There can be, therefore, no peace without reconciliation. Thou canst not be friends with thyself till with God: for thy conscience—which is thy best friend while thou sinnest not—like an honest servant, takes his Master's part against thee when thou hast sinned, and will not look straight upon thee till thou upon God; not daring to be so kind to thee as to be unfaithful to his Maker. There can be no reconciliation without remission. God can neither forget the injury of sin, nor dissemble hatred. It is for men, and those of hollow hearts, to make pretences contrary to their affections. Soothings, and smiles, and embracements, where we mean not love, are from weakness;—either for that we fear our insufficiency of present revenge, or hope for a fitter opportunity afterwards; or for that we desire to make our further advantage of him to whom we mean evil. These courses are not incident into an Almighty power, who having the command of all vengeance, can smite where he lists, without all doubtings or delays. There can be no remission without satisfaction: neither dealeth God with us as we men with some desperate debtors, whom after long dilations of payments and many days broken, we altogether let go for disability, or at least dismiss them upon an easy composition. All sins are debts: all God's

debts must be discharged. It is a bold word, but a true—God should not be just, if any of his debts should pass unsatisfied. The conceit of the profane vulgar, makes him a God of all mercies ; and thereupon hopes for pardon without payment. Fond and ignorant presumption !—to disjoin mercy and justice in him to whom they are both essential, to make mercy exceed justice in him in whom both are infinite. Darest thou hope God can be so kind to thee as to be unjust to himself? God will be just. Go thou on to presume and perish. There can be no satisfaction by any recompense of ours : an infinite justice is offended, an infinite punishment is deserved by every sin, and every man's sins are as near to infinite as number can make them. Our best endeavor is worse than finite—imperfect, and faulty. If it could be perfect, we owe it all in present. What we are bound to do in present, cannot make amends for what we have not done in time past ; which while we offer to God as good payment, we do, with the profane traveler, think to please him with empty date-shells in lieu of preservation. Where shall we then find a payment of infinite value, but in him which is only and all infinite?—the dignity of whose person, being infinite, gave such worth to his satisfaction, that what he suffered in short time, was proportionable to what we should have suffered beyond all times. He did all, suffered all, paid all ; he did it for us ; we in him. Where shall I begin to wonder at thee, O thou divine and eternal Peacemaker, the Saviour of men, the anointed of God, Mediator between God and man, in whom there is nothing which doth not exceed, not only the conceit, but the very wonder of angels, who saw thee in thy humiliation with si-

lence, and adore thee in thy glory with perpetual praises and rejoicings! Thou wast forever of thyself as God, of the Father as the Son,—the eternal Son of an eternal Father, not later in being, not less in dignity, not other in substance. Begotten without diminution of Him that begot thee, while he communicated that wholly to thee which he retained wholly in himself, because both were infinite, without inequality of nature, without division of essence; when being in this estate, thine infinite love and mercy to desperate mankind caused thee, O Saviour, to empty thyself of thy glory, that thou mightest put on our shame and misery. Wherefore, not ceasing to be God as thou wert, thou beganst to be what thou wert not—Man: to the end that thou mightst be a perfect Mediator betwixt God and man; which wert both in one person,—God, that thou mightst satisfy, man, that thou mightst suffer: that since man had sinned and God was offended, thou, which wert God and man, mightst satisfy God for man. None but thyself, which art the eternal Word, can express the depth of this mystery—that God should be clothed with flesh, come down to men, and become man, that man might be exalted into the highest heavens; and that our nature might be taken into the fellowship of the Deity: that he to whom all powers in heaven bowed and thought it their honor to be serviceable, should come down to be a servant to his slaves, a ransom for his enemies; together with our nature, taking up our very infirmities, our shame, our torments, and bearing our sins without sin; that thou, whom the heavens were too straight to contain, shouldst lay thyself in an obscure cratch; thou, which wert attended of angels, shouldst be derided of

men, rejected of thine own, persecuted by tyrants, tempted with devils, betrayed of thy servant, crucified among thieves, and—which was worse than all these—in thine own apprehension for the time, as forsaken of thy Father: that thou, whom our sins had pierced, shouldst for our sins both sweat drops of blood in the garden and pour out streams of blood upon the cross! O the invaluable purchase of our peace! O ransom enough for more worlds! Thou which wert in the counsel of thy Father the Lamb slain from the beginning of time, camest now in fullness of time to be slain by man, for man—being at once the Sacrifice offered, the priest that did offer, and the God to whom it was offered. How graciously didst thou, both proclaim our peace as a Prophet in the time of thy life upon earth, and purchase it by thy blood as a Priest at thy death, and now confirmest and appliest it as a King in heaven! By thee only it was procured; by thee it is proffered. O mercy without example, without measure! God offers peace to man, the holy seeks to the unjust, the potter to the clay, the king to the traitor. We are unworthy that we should be received to peace, though we desired it. What are we then, that we should have peace offered for the receiving? An easy condition of so great a benefit! He requires us not to earn it, but to accept it of him. What could he give more? What could he require less of us?

SECTION VI.

THE RECEIPT OF OUR PEACE OFFERED BY FAITH.—A COROLLARY OF THE BENEFIT OF THIS RECEIPT.—THE VAIN SHIFTS OF THE GUILTY.

The purchase therefore, of our peace, was paid at once ; yet must be severally reckoned to every soul whom it shall benefit. If we have not an hand to take what Christ's hand doth either hold or offer, what is sufficient in him cannot be effectual to us. The spiritual hand whereby we apprehend the sweet offers of our Saviour, is faith ; which in short is no other than an affiance in the Mediator. Receive peace and be happy : believe, and thou hast received. From hence it is that we are interested in all that either God hath promised, or Christ hath performed. Hence have we from God both forgiveness and love, the ground of all either peace or glory. Hence, of enemies we become more than friends—sons ; and as sons may both expect and challenge not only careful provision and safe protection on earth, but an everlasting patrimony above. This field is so spacious that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it : and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way—wherein I would have measured more paces, were it not that our scope is not so much to magnify the benefit of our peace, as to seek how to obtain it.

Behold now, after we have sought heaven and earth, where only the wearied dove may find an olive of peace ! The apprehending of this all-sufficient satisfaction, makes it ours ; upon our satisfaction, we have remission ; upon remission, follows reconciliation ; upon our reconcilia-

tion, peace. When therefore thy conscience, like a stern serjeant, shall catch thee by the throat and arrest thee upon God's debt, let thy only plea be, that thou hast already paid it. Bring forth that bloody acquittance sealed to thee from heaven upon thy true faith: straight-way thou shalt see the fierce and terrible look of thy conscience changed into friendly smiles, and that rough and violent hand that was ready to drag thee to prison, shall now lovingly embrace thee, and fight for thee against all the wrongful attempts of any spiritual adversary. O heavenly peace, and more than peace—friendship—whereby alone we are leagued with ourselves, and God with us; which whoever wants, shall find a sad remembrancer in the midst of his dissembled jollity; and after all vain strifes shall fall into many secret dumps, from which his guilty heart shall deny to be cheered, though all the world were his minstrel! O pleasure worthy to be pitied, and laughter worthy of tears, that is without this! Go then, foolish man, and when thou feelest any check of thy sin, seek after thy jocundest companions; deceive the time and thyself with merry purposes, with busy games; feast away thy cares, bury them and thyself in wine and sleep. After all these frivolous deferrings, it will return upon thee when thou wakest, perhaps ere thou wakest, nor will be repelled till it have showed thee thy hell, nor when it hath showed thee, will yet be repelled. So the stricken deer, having received a deadly arrow whose shaft shaken out hath left the head behind it, runs from one thicket to another, not able to change his pain with his places, but finding his wounds still the worse with continuance. Ah fool, thy soul festereth within, and is affected so much more dangerously by how much

less it appeareth. Thou mayest while thyself with variety, thou canst not ease thee. Sin owes thee a spite, and will pay it thee; perhaps when thou art in worst case to sustain it. This flitting doth but provide for a further violence at last. I have seen a little stream, of no noise, which upon his stoppage hath swelled up and with a loud gushing, hath borne over the heap of turfs wherewith it was resisted. Thy death-bed shall smart for these wilful adjournings of repentance; whereon how many have we heard raving of their old neglected sins, and fearfully despairing when they have had most need of comfort! In sum, there is no way but this: thy conscience must have either satisfaction or torment. Discharge thy sin betimes, and be at peace. He never breaks his sleep for debt, that pays when he takes up.

SECTION VII.

SOLICITATION OF SIN REMEDIED.—THE ORDERING OF AFFECTIONS.

Neither can it suffice for peace, to have crossed the old scroll of our sins, if we prevent not the future—yea, the present very importunity of temptation breeds unquietness. Sin, where it hath got an haunt, looketh for more—as humors that fall towards their old issue—and if it be not strongly repelled, doth near as much vex us with soliciting, as with yielding. Let others envy their happiness; I shall never think their life so much as quiet, whose doors are continually beaten, and their morning sleep broken, with early clients; whose entries are daily thronged with suitors pressing near for the next audience;

much less, that through their remiss answers are daily haunted with traitors or other instruments of villainy, offering their mischievous service and inciting them to some pestilent enterprise. Such are tentations to the soul: whereof it cannot be rid so long as it holds them in any hope of entertainment; and so long they will hope to prevail, while we give them but a cold and timorous denial. Suitors are drawn on with an easy repulse; counting that as half granted, which is but faintly gainsayed. Peremptory answers can only put sin out of heart for any second attempts. It is ever impudent when it meets not with a bold heart; hoping to prevail by wearying us, and wearying us by entreaties. Let all suggestions therefore find thee resolute. So shall thy soul find itself at rest; for as the devil, so sin—his natural brood—flies away with resistance. To which purpose all our heady and disordered affections—which are the secret factors of sin and Satan—must be restrained by a strong and yet temperate command of reason and religion. The e, if they find the reins loose in their necks—like to the wild horses of that chaste hunter in the tragedy—carry us over hills and rocks, and never leave us till we be dismembered and they breathless: but, contrarily, if they be pulled in with the sudden violence of a straight hand, they fall to plunging and careering, and never leave till their saddle be empty, and even then dangerously strike at their prostrate rider. If there be any exercise of Christian wisdom, it is in the managing of these unruly affections, which are not more necessary in their best use than pernicious in their misgovernance. Reason hath always been busy, in undertaking this so necessary a moderation: wherein, although she have prevailed

with some of colder temper, yet those which have been of more stubborn mettle—like unto grown scholars, which scorn the ferule that ruled their minority—have still despised her weak endeavors. Only Christianity hath this power, which with our second birth gives us a new nature: so that now, if excess of passions be natural to us as men, the order of them is natural to us as Christians. Reason bids the angry man say over his alphabet ere he give his answer; hoping by this intermission of time to gain the mitigation of his rage. He was never thoroughly angry, that can endure the recital of so many idle letters. Christianity gives not rules, but power, to avoid this short madness. It was a wise speech that is reported of our best—and last cardinal, I hope, that this island either did or shall see—who, when a skilful astrologer, upon the calculation of his nativity, had foretold him some specialities concerning his future estate, answered, ‘Such perhaps I was born; but since that time I have been born again, and my second nativity hath crossed my first.’ The power of nature is a good plea for those that acknowledge nothing above nature. But for a Christian to excuse his intemperateness by his natural inclination, and to say, ‘I am born choleric, sullen, amorous,’ is an apology worse than the fault. Wherefore serves religion, but to subdue or govern nature? We are so much Christians as we can rule ourselves; the rest is but form and speculation. Yea, the very thought of our profession is so powerful, that—like unto that precious stone—being cast into the sea, it assuageth those inward tempests that were raised by the affections. The unregenerate mind is not capable of this power; and therefore, through the continual muti-

nies of his passions, cannot but be subject to perpetual unquietness. There is neither remedy nor hope in this estate. But the Christian soul, that hath inured itself to the awe of God and the exercises of true mortification, by the only looking up at his holy profession, cureth the burning venom of these fiery serpents that lurk within him. Hast thou nothing but nature? Resolve to look for no peace. God is not prodigal, to cast away his best blessings on so unworthy subjects. Art thou a Christian? Do but remember thou art so; and then if thou darest, if thou canst, yield to the excess of passions.

SECTION VIII.

THE SECOND MAIN ENEMY OF PEACE,—CROSSES.

Hitherto, the most inward and dangerous enemy of our peace: which if we have once mastered, the other field shall be fought and won with less blood. Crosses disquiet us either in their present feeling, or their expectation: both of them, when they meet with weak minds, so extremely distempering them that the patient, for the time, is not himself. How many have we known, which through a lingering disease, weary of their pain, weary of their lives, have made their own hands their executioners! How many, meeting with an headstrong grief which they could not manage, have by the violence of it been carried quite from their wits! How many millions, what for incurable maladies, what for losses, what for defamations, what for sad accidents to their children, rub out their lives in perpetual discontentment—therefore living, because they cannot yet die, not for that they

like to live ! If there could be any human receipt prescribed to avoid evils, it would be purchased at an high rate ; but both it is impossible that earth should redress that which is sent from heaven, and if it could be done, even the want of miseries would prove miserable ; for the mind cloyed with a continual felicity, would grow a burden to itself—lothing that at last which intermission would have made pleasant. Give a free horse the full reins, and he will soon tire. Summer is the sweetest season, by all consents, wherein the earth is both most rich with increase, and most gorgeous for ornament ; yet if it were not received with interchanges of cold frosts and piercing winds, who could live ? Summer would be no Summer, if Winter did not both lead it in and follow it. We may not therefore either hope or strive to escape all crosses : some we may. What thou canst, fly from ; what thou canst not, allay and mitigate. In crosses, universally, let this be thy rule : Make thyself none, escape some, bear the rest, sweeten all.

SECTION IX.

OF CROSSES THAT ARISE FROM CONCEIT

Apprehension gives life to crosses ; and if some be simply, most are as they are taken. I have seen many, which when God hath meant them no hurt, have framed themselves crosses out of imagination, and have found that insupportable for weight, which in truth never was, neither had ever any but a fancied being. Others again laughing out heavy afflictions, for which they were be-moaned of the beholders. One receives a deadly wound,

and looks not so much as pale at the smart; another hears of many losses, and like Zeno after news of his shipwreck—as altogether passionless—goes to his rest, not breaking an hour's sleep for that which would break the heart of some others. Greenham, that saint of ours—whom it cannot disparage that he was reserved for our so loose an age—can lie spread quietly upon the form, looking for the surgeon's knife, binding himself as fast with a resolved patience as others with strongest cords, abiding his flesh carved and his bowels rifled, and not stirring more than if he felt not, while others tremble to expect, and shrink to feel, but the pricking of a vein. There can be no remedy for imaginary crosses but wisdom, which shall teach us to esteem of all events as they are—like a true glass representing all things to our minds in their due proportion—so as crosses may not seem that are not, nor little and gentle ones seem great and intolerable. Give thy body hellebore, thy mind good counsel, thine ear to thy friend, and these fantastical evils shall vanish away like themselves.

SECTION X.

OF TRUE AND REAL CROSSES.

It were idle advice, to bid men avoid evils. Nature hath by a secret instinct taught brute creatures so much—whether wit or sagacity: and our self-love, making the best advantage of reason, will easily make us so wise and careful. It is more worth our labor, since our life is so open to calamities, and nature to impatience, to teach men to bear what evils they cannot avoid, and

how, by a well-disposedness of mind, we may correct the iniquity of all hard events: wherein it is hardly credible how much good art and precepts of resolution may avail us. I have seen one man, by the help of a little engine, lift up that weight alone, which forty helping hands, by their clear strength, might have endeavored in vain. We live here in an ocean of troubles, wherein we can see no firm land—one wave falling upon another, ere the former have wrought all his spite. Mischiefs strive for places, as if they feared to lose their room if they hasted not. So many good things as we have, so many evils arise from their privation; besides no fewer real and positive evils that afflict us. To prescribe and apply receipts to every particular cross, were to write a Salmeron-like commentary upon Petrarch's remedies; and I doubt whether so the work would be perfect—a life would be too little to write it, and but enough to read it.

SECTION XI.

THE FIRST REMEDY OF CROSSES—BEFORE THEY COME.

The same medicines cannot help all diseases of the body; of the soul, they may. We see fencers give their scholars the same common rules of position, of warding and wielding their weapon for offence, for defence, against all comers. Such universal precepts there are for crosses. In the first whereof, I would prescribe expectation, that either killeth or abateth evils. For crosses, after the nature of the cockatrice, die if they be foreseen; whether this providence makes us more strong to

resist, or by some secret power makes them more unable to assault us. It is not credible, what a fore-resolved mind can do, can suffer. Could our English Milo—of whom Spain yet speaketh since their last peace—have overthrown that furious beast, made now more violent through the rage of his baiting, if he had not settled himself in his station, and expected? The frightened multitude ran away from that over-earnest sport, which begun in pleasure, ended in terror. If he had turned his back with the rest, where had been his safety, where his glory, and reward? Now he stood still, expected, overcame; by one fact he at once preserved, honored, enriched himself. Evils will come never the sooner for that thou lookest for them; they will come the easier: it is a labor well lost if they come not, and well bestowed if they do come. We are sure the worst may come; why should we be secure that it will not? Suddenness finds weak minds secure, makes them miserable, leaves them desperate. The best way, therefore, is, to make things present in conceit before they come, that they may be half past in their violence when they do come—even as with wooden wasters we learn to play at the sharp. As therefore good soldiers exercise themselves long at the pale, and there use those activities which afterwards they shall practice upon a true adversary, so must we present to ourselves imaginary crosses, and manage them in our mind before God sends them in event. Now I eat, sleep, digest, all soundly, without complaint. What if a languishing disease should bereave me of my appetite and rest, that I should see dainties and lothe them, surfeiting of the very smell, of the thought, of the best dishes!—that I should count the lingering hours, and

think Hezekiah's long day returned, wearying myself with changing sides, and wishing anything but what I am! How could I take this distemper? Now I have, if not what I would, yet what I need; as not abounding with idle superfluities, so not straitened with penury of necessary things. What if poverty should rush upon me as an armed man, spoiling me of all my little that I had, and send me to the fountain for my best cellar, to the ground for my bed, for my bread to another's cupboard, for my clothes to the broker's shop, or my friend's wardrobe! How could I brook this want? I am now at home, walking in my own grounds, looking on my young plants the hope of posterity, considering the nature, advantages, or fears of my soil, enjoying the patrimony of my fathers. What if, for my religion or the malicious sentence of some great one, I should be exiled from my country, wandering amongst those whose habit, language, fashion, my ignorance shall make me wonder at; where the solitude of places and strangeness of persons shall make my life uncomfortable! How could I abide the smell of foreign smoke? How should I take the contempt and hard usage that waits upon strangers? Thy prosperity is idle and ill-spent, if it be not meddled with such forecasting and wisely-suspicious thoughts—if it be wholly bestowed in enjoying, no whit in preventing. Like unto a foolish city, which, notwithstanding a dangerous situation, spends all her wealth in rich furnitures of chambers and state-houses, while they bestow not one shovel-full of earth on outward bulwarks to their defence, this is but to make our enemies the happier, and ourselves the more readily miserable. If thou wilt not therefore be oppressed with evils, Expect and

Exercise. Exercise thyself with conceit of evils; expect the evils themselves—yea, exercise thyself in expectation: so while the mind pleaseth itself in thinking, ‘Yet I am not thus,’ it prepareth itself against it may be so. And if some that have been good at the foils have proved cowardly at the sharp, yet on the contrary, whoever durst point a single combat in the field, that hath not been somewhat trained in the fence-school?

SECTION XII.

THE NEXT REMEDY OF CROSSES, WHEN THEY ARE COME.—FROM THEIR AUTHOR.

Neither doth it a little blunt the edge of evils to consider that they come from a divine hand, whose almighty power is guided by a most wise providence and tempered with a fatherly love. * Even the savage creatures will be smitten of their keeper and repine not; if of a stranger, they tear him in pieces. He strikes me that made me, that moderates the world: why struggle I with him?—why with myself? Am I a fool, or a rebel? A fool, if I be ignorant whence my crosses come: a rebel, if I know it and be impatient. My sufferings are from a God, from my God. He hath destined me every dram of sorrow that I feel—‘Thus much thou shalt abide, and here shall thy miseries be stinted.’ All worldly helps cannot abate them, all powers of hell cannot add one scruple to their weight that he hath allotted me. I must therefore either blaspheme God in my heart, detracting from his infinite justice, wisdom, power, mercy,—which all shall stand inviolable, when mil-

lions of such worms as I am, are gone to dust—or else confess that I ought to be patient. And if I profess I should be that I will not, I befool myself and bewray miserable impotency. But as impatience is full of excuse,—it was thine own rash improvidence or the spite of thine enemy that impoverished, that defamed thee: it was the malignity of some unwholesome dish, or some gross, corrupted air, that hath distempered thee. Ah, foolish cur, why dost thou bite at the stone, which could never have hurt thee but from the hand that threw it? If I wound thee, what matters it whether with mine own sword, or thine, or another's? God strikes some immediately from heaven, with his own arm or with the arm of angels; others he buffets with their own hands; some by the revenging sword of an enemy; others with the fist of his dumb creatures—God strikes in all; his hand moves theirs. If thou see it not, blame thy carnal eyes. Why dost thou fault the instrument, while thou knowest the agent? Even the dying thief pardons the executioner, exclaims on his unjust judge, or his malicious accusers. Either then blame the first mover, or discharge the means; which, as they could not have touched thee but as from him, so from him they have afflicted thee justly—wrongfully perhaps as in themselves.

SECTION XIII.

THE THIRD ANTIDOTE OF CROSSES.

But neither seemeth it enough to be patient in crosses, if we be not thankful also. Good things challenge more than bare contentment. Crosses—unjustly termed evils

—as they are sent of him that is all goodness, so they are sent for good, and his end cannot be frustrate. What greater good can be to the diseased man, than fit and proper physic to recure him? Crosses are the only medicines of sick minds. Thy sound body carries within it a sick soul. Thou feelest it not perhaps—so much more art thou sick, and so much more dangerously. Perhaps thou laborest of some plethora of pride, or of some dropsy of covetousness, or the staggers of inconstancy, or some fever of luxury, or consumption of envy, or perhaps of the lethargy of idleness, or of the phrensy of anger: it is a rare soul that hath not some notable disease—only crosses are thy remedies. What if they be unpleasant? They are physic: it is enough if they be wholesome. Not pleasant taste, but the secret virtue commends medicines. If they cure thee, they shall please thee even in displeasing; or else thou lovest thy palate above thy soul. What madness is this? When thou complainest of a bodily disease, thou sendest to the physician that he may send thee not savory, but wholesome, potions. Thou receivest them in spite of thine abhorring stomach, and withal both thankest and rewardest the physician. Thy soul is sick. Thy heavenly Physician sees it, and pities thee ere thou thyself, and unsent to, sends thee not a plausible, but a sovereign remedy. Thou loathest the savor, and rather wilt hazard thy life than offend thy palate: and instead of thanks, repinest at, revilest the Physician. How comes it that we love ourselves so little—if at least we count our souls the best or any part—as that we had rather undergo death than pain, choosing rather wilful sickness than an harsh remedy? Surely we men are mere fools in the estimation of

our own good : like children, our choice is led altogether by show, no whit by substance. We cry after every well-seeming toy, and put from us solid proffers of good things. The wise Arbitrator of all things sees our folly and corrects it, withholding our idle desires, and forcing upon us the sound good we refuse. It is second folly in us, if we thank him not. The foolish babe cries for his father's bright knife or gilded pills. The wiser father knows that they can but hurt him, and therefore withholds them after all his tears. The child thinks he is used but unkindly. Every wise man, and himself at more years, can say it was but childish folly in desiring it, in complaining that he missed it. The loss of wealth, friends, health, is sometimes gain to us. Thy body, thy estate, is worse—thy soul is better : why complainest thou ?

SECTION XIV.

THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.—FROM THEIR ISSUE.

Nay, it shall not be enough, methinks, if only we be but contented and thankful, if not also cheerful in afflictions : if that, as we feel their pain, so we look to their end—although, indeed, this is not more requisite than rarely found, as being proper only to the good heart. Every bird can sing in a clear heaven, in a temperate Spring ; that one, as most familiar so is most commended, that sings merry notes in the midst of a shower or the dead of winter. Every epicure can enlarge his

heart to mirth in the midst of his cups and dalliance ; only the three children can sing in the furnace, Paul and Silas in the stocks, martyrs at the stake. It is from heaven that this joy comes, so contrary to all earthly occasions, bred in the faithful heart through a serious and feeling respect to the issue of what he feels ; the quiet and untroubled fruit of his righteousness—glory, the crown after his fight ; after his minute of pain, eternity of joy. He never looked over the threshold of heaven, that cannot more rejoice that he shall be glorious, than mourn in present that he is miserable.

SECTION XV.

OF THE IMPORTUNITY AND TERROR OF DEATH.

Yea, this consideration is so powerful that it alone is able to make a part against the fear or sense of the last and greatest of all terribles—Death itself—which in the conscience of his own dreadfulness, justly laughs at all the vain human precepts of tranquillity, appalling the most resolute, and vexing the most cheerful minds. Neither profane Lucretius, with all his epicurean rules of confidence, nor drunken Anacreon, with all his wanton odes, can shift off the importunate and violent horror of this adversary. Seest thou the Chaldean tyrant beset with the sacred bowls of Jerusalem, the late spoils of God's temple, and in contempt of their Owner, carousing healths to his queens, concubines, peers, singing amidst his cups triumphant carols of praise to his molten and carved gods? Wouldst thou ever suspect that this high courage could be abated, or that this sumptuous and presumptuous ban-

quiet, after so royal and jocund continuance, should have any other conclusion but pleasure? Stay but one hour longer, and thou shalt see that face that now shines with a ruddy gloss—according to the color of his liquor—look pale and ghastly, stained with the colors of fear and death; and that proud hand, which now lifts up her massy goblets in defiance of God, tremble like a leaf in a storm; and those strong knees which never stooped to the burden of their laden body, now not able to bear up themselves, but loosened with a sudden palsy of fear, one knocking against the other: and all this for that death writes him a letter of summons to appear that night before him; and accordingly ere the next sun, sent two eunuchs for his honorable conveyance into another world. Where now are those delicate morsels, those deep draughts, those merry ditties, wherewith the palate and ear so pleased themselves? What is now become of all those cheerful looks, loose laughters, stately port, revels, triumphs of the feasting court? Why doth none of his gallant nobles revive the fainted courage of their lord with a new cup, or with some stirring jest shake him out of this unseasonable melancholy? O death, how imperious art thou to carnal minds!—aggravating their misery not only by expectation of future pain, but by the remembrance of the wonted causes of their joy; and not suffering them to see aught but what may torment them. Even that monster of Cesars that had been so well acquainted with blood and never had found better sport than in cutting of throats, when now it came to his own turn, how effeminate, how desperately cowardous did he show himself—to the won-

der of all readers, that he which was ever so valiant in killing, should be so womanishly heartless in dying !

SECTION XVI.

THE GROUNDS OF THE FEAR OF DEATH.

There are, that fear not so much to be dead as to die ; the very act of dissolution frightening them with a tormenting expectation of a short but intolerable painfulness. Which let, if the wisdom of God had not interposed to timorous nature, there would have been many more Lucretias, Cleopatras, Ahithophels ; and good laws should have found little opportunity of execution, through the wilful funerals of malefactors. For the soul that comes into the body without any, at least sensible, pleasure, departs not from it without an extremity of pain ; which varying according to the manner and means of separation, yet in all violent deaths especially, retaineth a violence not to be avoided, hard to be endured. And if diseases which are destined towards death as their end, be so painful, what must the end and perfection of diseases be ?—since as diseases are the maladies of the body, so death is the malady of diseases. There are, that fear not so much to die as to be dead. If the pang be bitter, yet it is but short. The comfortless state of the dead strikes some that could well resolve for the act of their passage. Not the worst of the heathen emperors made that moanful ditty on his death-bed, wherein he bewrayeth to all memory much feeling pity of his soul, for her doubtful and impotent condition after her parture. How doth Pla-

to's worldling bewail the misery of the grave, besides all respect of pain!—'Woe is me, that I shall lie alone rotting in the silent earth amongst the crawling worms, not seeing aught above, not seen.'¹ Very not-being is sufficiently abhorred of nature, if death had no more to make it fearful. But those that have lived under light enough to show them the gates of hell after their passage thorough the gates of death, and have learned that death is not only horrible for our not-being here, but for being infinitely, eternally miserable in a future world, nor so much for the dissolution of life as the beginning of torment,—those cannot, without the certain hope of their immunity, but carnally fear to die and hellishly fear to be dead. For if it be such pain to die, what is it to be ever dying? And if the straining or luxation of one joint can so afflict us, what shall the racking of the whole body, and the torturing of the soul, whose animation alone makes the body to feel and complain of smart? And if men have devised such exquisite torments, what can spirits, more subtil, more malicious? And if our momentary sufferings seem long, how long shall that be that is eternal? And if the sorrows indifferently incident to God's dear ones upon earth be so extreme as sometimes to drive them within sight of despairing, what shall those be that are reserved only for those that hate him, and that he hateth? None but those who have heard the desperate complaints of some guilty Spyræ, or whose souls have been a little scorched with these flames, can enough conceive of the horror of this estate—it being the policy of our common enemy to

¹ Ὁμοί ποτε κείσομαι, κ. τ. λ.

conceal it so long that we may see and feel it at once, lest we should fear it before it be too late to be avoided.

SECTION XVII.

REMEDY OF THE LAST AND GREATEST BREACH OF PEACE,
ARISING FROM DEATH.

Now when this great adversary, like a proud giant, comes stalking out in his fearful shape and insults over our frail mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal champion, while a whole host of worldlings show him their backs for fear, the true Christian—armed only with confidence and resolution of his future happiness—dares boldly encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead, the wonted seat of terror, and trampling upon him can cut off his head with his own sword, and victoriously returning, can sing in triumph, ‘O death, where is thy sting?’ An happy victory! We die and are not foiled; yea, we are conquerors in dying: we could not overcome death if we died not. That dissolution is well bestowed, that parts the soul from the body that it may unite both to God. All our life here—as that heavenly doctor¹ well terms it—is but a vital death. How advantageous is that death that determines this false and dying life, and begins a true one above all the titles of happiness! The Epicure or Sadducee dare not die, for fear of not being. The guilty and loose worldling dares not die, for fear of being miserable. The distrustful and doubting semi-Christian dares not die, be-

¹ Augustine.

cause he knows not whether he shall be, or be miserable, or not be at all. The resolved Christian dares and would die, because he knows he shall be happy; and looking merrily towards heaven, the place of his rest, can unfeignedly say, ‘I desire to be dissolved: I see thee, my home, I see thee—a sweet and glorious home after a weary pilgrimage—I see thee; and now after many lingering hopes I aspire to thee. How oft have I looked up at thee with admiration and ravishment of soul, and by the goodly beams that I have seen, guessed at the glory that is above them! How oft have I scorned these dead and unpleasant pleasures of earth, in comparison of thine! I come now, my joys, I come to possess you: I come through pain and death; yea, if hell itself were in the way betwixt you and me, I would pass through hell itself to enjoy you!’ And, in truth, if that heathen Cleombrotus¹—a follower of the ancient academy—but upon only reading his master Plato’s discourses of the immortality of the soul, could cast down himself headlong from an high rock and wilfully break his neck, that he might be possessed of that immortality which he believed to follow upon death, how contented should they be to die, that know they shall be more than immortal—glorious! He went not in an hate of the flesh, as the Patrician heretics² of old, but in a blind love to his soul, out of bare opinion; we, upon an holy love grounded upon assured knowledge: he, upon an opinion of future life; we on knowledge of future glory: he went unsent for; we, called for by our Maker. Why should his courage exceed ours, since our ground, our estate, so far exceeds his?

¹ Tull. Tuseul.—Callimach. Epigram.

² August.—de Hæres.

Even this age, within the reach of our memory, bred that peremptory Italian, which, in imitation of old Roman courage—lest in that degenerated nation there should be no step left of the qualities of their ancestors—entering upon his torment for killing a tyrant, cheered himself with this confidence,¹ ‘My death is sharp, my fame shall be everlasting.’—The voice of a Roman, not of a Christian. My fame shall be eternal :—an idle comfort. My fame shall live—not my soul live to see it. What shall it avail thee to be talked of, while thou art not? Then fame only is precious, when a man lives to enjoy it. The fame that survives the soul, is bootless. Yet even this hope cheered him against the violence of his death. What should it do us, that not our fame but our life, our glory after death, cannot die? He that hath Stephen’s eyes to look into heaven, cannot but have the tongue of the saints, ‘Come Lord : how long?’ That man, seeing the glory of the end, cannot but condemn the hardness of the way. But who wants those eyes, if he say and swears that he fears not death, believe him not ; if he protest this tranquillity, and yet fear death, believe him not ; believe him not, if he say he is not miserable.

SECTION XVIII.

THE SECOND RANK OF THE ENEMIES OF PEACE.—THE FIRST ENEMY ON THE RIGHT HAND.

These are enemies on the left hand. There want not some on the right, which with less profession of hos-

² Mors acerba, Fama perpetua.

tility, hurt no less. Not so easily perceived because they distemper the mind, not without some kind of pleasure. Surfeit kills more than famine. These are the over-desiring and over-joying of these earthly things. All immoderations are enemies, as to health, so to peace. He that desires, wants as much as he that hath nothing.¹ The drunken man is as thirsty as the sweating traveler. Hence are the studies, cares, fears, jealousies, hopes, griefs, envies, wishes, platforms of achieving, alterations of purposes and a thousand like; whereof each one is enough to make the life troublesome. One is sick of his neighbor's field, whose misshapen angles disfigure his, and hinder his lordship of entireness—what he hath is not regarded, for the want of what he cannot have. Another feeds on crusts, to purchase what he must leave perhaps, to a fool, or—which is not much better—to a prodigal heir. Another, in the extremity of covetous folly, chooses to die an unpitied death, hanging himself for the fall of the market; while the commons laugh at the loss and in their speeches epitaph upon him as on that pope—‘He lived as a wolf, and died as a dog.’ One cares not what attendance he dances at all hours, on whose stairs he sits, what vices he soothes, what deformities he imitates, what servile offices he doth, in an hope to rise. Another stomachs the covered head and stiff knee of his inferior; angry that other men think him not so good as he thinks himself. Another eats his own heart with envy at the richer furniture and better estate or more honor of his neighbor; thinking his own not good, because another hath better. Another vexeth

¹ Hippocr. Aphoris.

himself with a word of disgrace passed from the mouth of an enemy, which he neither can digest nor cast up; resolving, because another will be his enemy, to be his own. These humors are as manifold as there are men that seem prosperous. For the avoiding of all which ridiculous, and yet spiteful inconveniences, the mind must be settled in a persuasion of the worthlessness of these outward things. Let it know that these riches have made many prouder, none better: that as never man was, so never wise man thought himself, better for enjoying them. Would that wise philosopher¹ have cast his gold into the sea, if he had not known he should live more happily without it? If he knew not the use of riches, he was no wise man; if he knew not the best way to quietness, he was no philosopher: now even by the voice of their oracle, he was confessed to be both—yet cast away his gold that he might be happy. Would that wise prophet have prayed as well against riches as poverty? Would so many great men—whereof our little island hath yielded nine crowned kings, while it was held of old by the Saxons—after they had continued their life in the throne, have ended it in the cell, and changed their sceptre for a book, if they could have found as much felicity in the highest estate, as security in the lowest? I hear Peter and John, the eldest and dearest apostles, say, ‘Gold and silver have I none:’ I hear the devil say, ‘All these will I give thee, and they are mine to give.’ Whether shall I desire to be in the state of these saints, or that devil? He was therefore a better husband than a philosopher, that first termed riches

¹ Socrates.

‘goods;’ and he mended the title well, that, adding a fit epithet, called them ‘goods of fortune’—false goods ascribed to a false patron. There is no fortune, to give or guide riches; there is no true goodness in riches to be guided. His meaning then was, as I can interpret it, to teach us in this title, that it is a chance if ever riches were good to any. In sum, who would account those as riches, or those riches as goods, which hurt the owner, disquiet others; which the worst have, which the best have not; which those that have not, want not; which those want that have them; which are lost in a night, and a man is not worse when he hath lost them? It is true of them, that we say of fire and water, they are good servants, ill masters. Make them thy slaves, they shall be goods indeed—in use, if not in nature—good to thyself, good to others by thee. But if they be thy masters, thou hast condemned thyself to thine own galleys. If a servant rule, he proves a tyrant. What madness is this?—thou hast made thyself at once a slave and a fool. What if thy chains be of gold, or if, with Heliogabalus, thou hast made thee silken halters!—thy servitude may be glorious: it is no less miserable.

SECTION XIX.

THE SECOND ENEMY ON THE RIGHT HAND,—HONOR.

Honor perhaps is yet better—such is the confused opinion of those that know little—but a distinct and curious head shall find an hard task, to define in what point the goodness thereof consisteth. Is it in high descent of blood? I would think so if nature were tied by any law

to produce children like qualified to their parents. But although in the brute creatures she be ever thus regular, that ye shall never find a young pigeon hatched in an eagle's nest; neither can I think that true—or if true, it was monstrous—that Nicippus his sheep should yeau a lion, yet in the best creature, which hath his form and her attending qualities from above, with a likeness of face and features, is commonly found an unlikeness of disposition: only the earthly part follows the seed—wisdom, valor, virtue, are of another beginning. Shall I bow to a molten calf, because it was made of golden earrings? Shall I condemn all honor of the first head, though upon never so noble deserving, because it can show nothing before itself but a white shield? If Caesar or Agathocles be a potter's son, shall I contemn him? Or if wise Bion be the son of an infamous courtezán, shall the censorious lawyer rase him out of the catalogue with '*Partus sequitur ventrem?*'¹ Lastly, shall I account that good, which is incident to the worst? Either, therefore, greatness must show some charter wherein it is privileged with succession of virtue, or else the goodness of honor cannot consist in blood. Is it then in the admiration and high opinion that others have conceived of thee, which draws all dutiful respect and humble offices from them to thee? O fickle good, that is ever in the keeping of others!—especially of the unstable vulgar, that beast of many heads; whose divided tongues, as they never agree with each other, so seldom, whenever, agree long with themselves. Do we not see the superstitious Lystrians, that erewhile would needs make

¹ Olympia. Diog. Laert.

Paul a god against his will, and in devout zeal drew crowned bulls to the altars of their new Jupiter and Mercury—violence can scarce hold them from sacrificing to him—now not many hours after gather up stones against him; having in their conceits, turned him from a god into a malefactor, and are ready to kill him, instead of killing a sacrifice to him? Such is the multitude; and such the steadfastness of their honor. There then only is true honor, where blood and virtue meet together: the greatness whereof is from blood, the goodness from virtue. Rejoice, ye great men, that your blood is ennobled with the virtues and deserts of your ancestors! This only is yours: this only challengeth all unfeigned respect of your inferiors. Count it praiseworthy, not that you have, but that you deserve honor. Blood may be tainted: the opinion of the vulgar cannot be constant: only virtue is ever like itself, and only wins reverence, even of those that hate it. Without which, greatness is as a beacon of vice, to draw men's eyes the more to behold it; and those that see it, dare lothe it, though they dare not censure it. So while the knee bendeth, the mind abhorreth; and telleth the body it honors an unworthy subject—within itself secretly comparing that vicious great man, on whom his submiss courtesy is cast away, to some goodly fair-bound Seneca's tragedies, that is curiously gilded without, which if a man open, he shall find Thyestes the tomb of his own children, or Œdipus the husband of his own mother, or some such monstrous part, which he at once reads and hates.

SECTION XX.

THE SECOND REMEDY OF OVER-JOYED PROSPERITY.

Let him think that not only these outward things are not in themselves good, but that they expose their owners to misery. For besides that God usually punishes our over-loving them, with their loss—because he thinks them unworthy rivals to himself, who challengeth all height of love as his only right; so that the way to lose is to love much—the largeness moreover either of affection or estate makes an open way to ruin. While a man walks on plain ground, he falls not; or if he fall, he doth but measure his length on the ground, and rise again without harm; but he that climbeth high, is in danger of falling, and if he fall, of killing. All the sails hoisted, give vantage to a tempest; which, through the mariners' foresight giving timely room thereto, by their fall deliver the vessel from the danger of that gust whose rage now passeth over with only beating her with waves for anger that he was prevented. So the larger our estate is, the fairer mark hath mischief given to hit; and, which is worse, that which makes us so easy to hit, makes our wound more deep and grievous. If poor Codrus his house burn, he stands by and warms him with the flame because he knows it is but the loss of an outside, which, by gathering some few sticks, straw, and clay, may with little labor and no cost, be repaired. But when the many lofts of the rich man do one give fire to another, he cries out one while of his counting-house, another while of his wardrobe, then of some noted chest, and straight

of some rich cabinet : and lamenting both the frame and the furniture, is therefore impatient, because he had something.

SECTION XXI.

THE VANITY OF PLEASURE—THE THIRD ENEMY ON THE RIGHT HAND.

But if there be any sorceress upon earth, it is Pleasure ; which so enchanteth the minds of men, and worketh the disturbance of our peace with such secret delight, that foolish men think this want of tranquillity, happiness. She turneth men into swine with such sweet charms that they would not change their brutish nature for their former reason. It is a good unquietness, say they, that contenteth ; it is a good enemy that profiteth. Is it any wonder that men should be sottish, when their reason is mastered with sensuality ? Thou fool ! thy pleasure contents thee—how much, how long ? If she have not more befriended thee than ever she did any earthly favorite, yea, if she have not given thee more than she hath herself, thy best delight hath had some mixture of discontentment. For either some circumstance crosseth thy desire, or the inward distaste of thy conscience, checking thine appetite, permits thee not any entire fruition of thy joy. Even the sweetest of all flowers hath his thorns ; and who can determine whether the scent be more delectable, or the pricks more irksome ? It is enough for heaven to have absolute pleasures ; which if they could be found here below, certainly that

heaven which is now not enough desired, would then be feared. God will have our pleasures here, according to the fashion of ourselves, compounded; so as the best delights may still savor of their earth. See how that great king, which never had any match for wisdom, scarce ever any superior for wealth, traversed over all this inferior world with diligent inquiry and observation; and all to find out that goodness of the children of men which they enjoy under the sun; abridging himself of nothing that either his eyes or his heart could suggest to him—as what is it, that he could not either know or purchase?—And now coming home to himself, after the disquisition of all natural and human things, complains that, Behold, all is not only vanity but vexation! Go then, thou wise scholar of experience, and make a more accurate search for that which he sought and missed. Perhaps somewhere, betwixt the tallest cedar in Lebanon and shrubby hyssop upon the wall, pleasure shrouded herself that she could not be descried of him—whether through ignorance or negligence. Thine insight may be more piercing, thy means more commodious, thy success happier. If it were possible for any man to entertain such hopes, his vain experience could not make him a greater fool: it could but teach him what he is, and knoweth not. And yet, so imperfect as our pleasures are, they have their satiety; and as their continuance is not good, so their conclusion is worse:—look to the end, and see how sudden, how bitter it is. Their only courtesy is, to salute us with a farewell, and such a one as makes their salutation uncomfortable. This Delilah shows and speaks fair: but in the end, she will bereave thee of thy strength, of thy sight, yea, of thyself.

These gnats fly about thine ears and make thee music awhile ; but evermore they sting ere they part. Sorrow and repentance is the best end of pleasure ; pain is yet worse, but the worst is despair. If thou miss of the first of these, one of the latter shall find thee—perhaps both. How much better is it for thee to want a little honey, than to be swollen up with a venomous sting !

Thus, then, the mind resolved that these earthly things—Honor, Wealth, Pleasures—are casual, unstable, deceitful, imperfect, dangerous, must learn to use them without trust, and to want them without grief ; thinking still, if I have them, I have some benefit, with a great charge : if I have them not, with little respect of others, I have much security and ease in myself : which once obtained, we cannot fare amiss in either estate ; and without which, we cannot but miscarry in both.

SECTION XXII.

POSITIVE RULES OF OUR PEACE.

All the enemies of our inward peace are thus descried and discomfited. Which done, we have enough to preserve us from misery ; but—since we moreover seek how to live well and happily—there yet remain those positive rules whereby our tranquillity may be both had, continued, and confirmed. Wherein I fear not lest I should seem over-divine, in casting the anchor of quietness so deep as heaven, the only seat of constancy, whiles it can find no hold at all upon earth. All earthly things are full of variableness ; and therefore, having no stay in

themselves, can give none to us. He that will have and hold right, tranquillity, must find in himself a sweet fruition of God, and a feeling apprehension of his presence; that when he finds manifold occasions of vexation in these earthly things, he, overlooking them all and having recourse to his Comforter, may find in him such matter of contentment, that he may pass over all these petty grievances with contempt; which whosoever wants, may be secure, cannot be quiet. The mind of man cannot want some refuge, and—as we say of the elephant—cannot rest, unless it have something to lean upon. The covetous man, whose heaven is his chest, when he hears himself rated and cursed for oppression, comes home, and seeing his bags safe, applauds himself against all censurers. The glutton, when he loseth friends or good name, yet joyeth in his well-furnished table and the laughter of his wine—more pleasing himself in one dish, than he can be grieved with all the world's miscarriage. The needy scholar, whose wealth lies all in his brain, cheers himself against iniquity of times, with the conceit of his knowledge. These starting-holes the mind cannot want when it is hard driven. Now when, as like to some chased Sisera, it shrouds itself under the harbor of these Jaels, although they give it house-room and milk for a time, yet at last either they entertain it with a nail in the temples, or—being guilty to their own impotency—send it out of themselves for safety and peace. For if the cross light in that which it made his refuge—as, if the covetous man be crossed in his riches—what earthly thing can stay him from a desperate phrensy? Or if the cross fall in a degree above the height of his stay—as if the rich man be sick or dy-

ing : wherein all wealth is either contemned, or remembered with anguish—how do all his comforts, like vermin from an house on fire, run away from him and leave him over to his ruin!—whiles the soul that hath placed his refuge above is sure that the ground of his comfort cannot be matched with an earthly sorrow, cannot be made vairable by the change of any event, but is infinitely above all casualties, and without all uncertainties. What state is there, wherein this heavenly stay shall not afford me not only peace, but joy? Am I in prison, or in the hell of prisons, in some dark, low, and desolate dungeon? Lo, there Algerius,¹ that sweet martyr, finds more light than above, and pities the darkness of our liberty! We have but a sun to enlighten our world, which every cloud dimmeth and hideth from our eyes: but the ‘Father of lights’—in respect of whom all the bright stars of heaven are but as the snuff of a dim candle—shines into his pit, and the presence of his glorious angels makes that an heaven to him, which the world purposed as an hell of discomfort. What walls can keep out that infinite Spirit that fills all things? What darkness can be where the God of this sun dwelleth?² What sorrow, where he comforteth? Am I wandering in banishment?—can I go whither God is not? What sea can divide betwixt him and me? Then would I fear exile, if I could be driven away as well from God as my country. Now he is as much in all earths, his title is alike to all places, and mine in him: his sun shines to me, his sea or earth bears me up, his presence cheereth me, whithersoever I go. He cannot be said to flit, that

¹ Pompon. Alger.

² Fox, Martyr.

never changeth his lost. He alone is a thousand companions; he alone is a world of friends. That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God, that complains of the want of home, of friends, of companions, while God is with him. Am I contemned of the world? It is enough for me that I am honored of God—of both, I cannot. The world would love me more, if I were less friends with God. It cannot hate me so much as God hates it. What care I to be hated of them whom God hateth? He is unworthy of God's favor, that cannot think it happiness enough without the world's. How easy is it for such a man, while the world disgraces him, at once to scorn and pity it that it cannot think nothing more contemptible than itself. I am impoverished with losses.—That was never thoroughly good, that may be lost. My riches will not leese me—yea, though I forego all, to my skin, yet have I not lost any part of my wealth. For if he be rich that hath something, how rich is he that hath the Maker and Owner of all things! I am weak and diseased in body.—He cannot miscarry, that hath his Maker for his physician. Yet my soul, the better part, is sound; for that cannot be weak, whose strength God is. How many are sick in that, and complain not! I can be content to be let blood in the arm or foot, for the curing of the head or heart. The health of the principal part is more joy to me than it is trouble to be distempered in the inferior. Let me know that God favors me: then I have liberty in prison, home in banishment, honor in contempt, in losses wealth, health in infirmity, life in death, and in all these—happiness. And surely if our perfect fruition of God be our complete heaven, it must needs be that our

inchoate conversing with him is our heaven imperfectly, and the entrance into the other ; which, methinks, differs from this, not in the kind of it, but in the degree. For the continuation of which happy society—sith strangeness loseth acquaintance and breedeth neglect—on our part must be a daily renewing of heavenly familiarity by seeking him up, even with the contempt of all inferior distraction ; by talking with him in our secret invocations ; by hearing his conference with us ; and by mutual entertainment of each other, in the sweet discourses of our daily meditations. He is a sullen and unsociable friend, that wants words. God shall take no pleasure in us, if we be silent. The heart that is full of love, cannot but have a busy tongue. All our talk with God is either suits or thanks. In them, the Christian heart pours out itself to his Maker ; and would not change this privilege for a world. All his annoyances, all his wants, all his dislikes, are poured into the bosom of his invisible friend, who likes us still so much more as we ask more, as we complain more. O the easy and happy recourse that the poor soul hath to the high throne of heaven ! We stay not for the holding out of a golden sceptre to warn our admission ; before which our presence should be presumption and death. No hour is unseasonable, no person too base, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no importunity too great. We speak familiarly ; we are heard, answered, comforted. Another while, God interchangeably speaks unto us, by the secret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible sound of his word ; we hear, adore, answer him ; by both which, the mind so communicates itself to God, and hath God so plentifully communicated unto it, that hereby it grows to such

an habit of heavenliness, as that now it wants nothing, but dissolution, of full glory.

SECTION XXIII.

THE SUBORDINATE RULES OF TRANQUILLITY :—FIRST, FOR ACTIONS.

Out of this main ground once settled in the heart, like as so many rivers from one common sea, flow those subordinate resolutions which we require as necessary to our peace—whether in respect of our actions or our estate. For our actions, there must be a secret vow passed in the soul, both of constant refraining from whatsoever may offend that Majesty we rest upon ; and, above this, of true and canonical obedience to God, without all care of difficulty, and in spite of all contradictions of nature. Not out of the confidence of our own power—impotent men, who are we that we should either vow or perform !—but, as he said, Give what thou bidst, and bid what thou wilt. Hence the courage of Moses durst venture his hand to take up the crawling and hissing serpent. Hence Peter durst walk upon the pavement of the waves. Hence that heroical spirit of Luther—a man made of metal fit for so great a work—durst resolve and profess to enter into that forewarned city, though there had been as many devils in their streets as tiles on their houses. Both these vows as we once solemnly made by others, so, for our peace, we must renew in ourselves. Thus the experienced mind both knowing that it hath met with a good friend, and, withal, what

the price of a friend is, cannot but be careful to retain him, and wary of displeasing; and therefore to cut off all dangers of variance, voluntarily takes a double oath of allegiance of itself to God; which neither benefit shall induce us to break, if we might gain a world, nor fear urge us thereto, though we must lose ourselves. The wavering heart, that finds continual combats in itself betwixt pleasure and conscience, so equally matched that neither gets the day, is not yet capable of peace, and whether ever overcome, is troubled both with resistance and victory. Barren Rebecca found more ease than when her twins struggled in her womb. If Jacob had been there alone, she had not complained of that painful contention. One while, pleasure holds the fort, and conscience assaults it; which when it hath entered at last by strong hand, after many batteries of judgments denounced, ere long pleasure either corrupts the watch, or by some cunning stratagem finds way to recover her first hold. So one part is ever attempting and ever resisting. Betwixt both, the heart cannot have peace, because it resolves not: for while the soul is held in suspense, it cannot enjoy the pleasure it useth, because it is half taken up with fear. Only a strong and resolute repulse of pleasure is truly pleasant; for therein the conscience, filling us with heavenly delight, maketh sweet triumphs in itself, as being now the lord of his own dominions, and knowing what to trust to. No man knows the pleasure of this thought—I have done well—but he that hath felt it; and he that hath felt it, contemns all pleasure to it. It is a false slander raised on Christianity, that it maketh men dumpish and melancholic: for therefore are we heavy, because we are not enough

Christians. We have religion enough to mislike pleasures, not enough to overcome them. But if we be once conquerors over ourselves and have devoted ourselves wholly to God, there can be nothing but heavenly mirth in the soul. Lo here, ye philosophers, the true music of heaven, which the good heart continually hear-eth, and answers it in the just measures of joy! Others may talk of mirth, as a thing they have heard of, or vainly fancied: only the Christian feels it, and in comparison thereof, scorneth the idle, ribaldish, and scurrilous mirth of the profane.

SECTION XXIV.

THE SECOND RULE FOR OUR ACTIONS.

And this resolution which we call for, must not only exclude manifestly evil actions, but also doubting and suspension of mind in actions suspected and questionable; wherein the judgment must ever give confident determination one way. For this tranquillity consisteth in a steadiness of the mind; and how can that vessel which is beaten upon by contrary waves and winds, and tottereth to either part, be said to keep a steady course? Resolution is the only mother of security. For instance, I see that usury, which was wont to be condemned for no better than a legal theft, hath now obtained with many the reputation of an honest trade; and is both used by many, and by some defended. It is pity that a bad practice should find any learned or religious patron. The sum of my patrimony lieth dead by me, sealed up in the

bag of my father : my thriftier friends advise me to this easy and sure improvement. Their counsel and my gain prevail. My yearly sums come in, with no cost but of time, wax, parchment : my estate likes it well—better than my conscience ; which tells me still he doubts my trade is too easy to be honest. Yet I continue my illiberal course, not without some scruple and contradiction ; so as my fear of offence hinders the joy of my profit, and the pleasure of my gain heartens me against the fear of injustice.—I would be rich with ease, and yet I would not be uncharitable, I would not be unjust. All the while, I live in unquiet doubts and distraction : others are not so much entangled in my bonds, as I in my own. At last, that I may be both just and quiet, I conclude to refer this case wholly to the sentence of my inward judge, the conscience : the advocates, gain and justice, plead on either part at this bar, with doubtful success. Gain informs the judge of a new and nice distinction, of toothless and biting interest, and brings precedents of particular cases of usury so far from any breach of charity or justice, that both parts therein confess themselves advantaged. Justice pleads ever the most toothless usury to have sharp gums, and finds in the most harmless and profitable practice of it, an insensible wrong to the common body, besides the infinite wrecks of private estates. The weak judge suspends in such probable allegations, and demurreth, as being overcome of both and of neither part ; and leaves me yet no whit more quiet, no whit less uncertain. I suspend my practice accordingly ; being sure it is good not to do what I am not sure is good to be done : and now gain solicits me as much as justice did before. Betwixt both,

I live troublesomely : nor ever shall do other, till in a resolute detestation, I have whipped this evil merchant out of the temple of my heart. This rigor is my peace. Before, I could not be well, either full or fasting. Uncertainty is much pain, even in a more tolerable action. Neither is it, I think, easy to determine whether it be worse to do a lawful act with doubting, or an evil with resolution : since that which in itself is good, is made evil to me, by my doubt ; and what is in nature evil, is in this one point not evil to me, that I do it upon a verdict of a conscience. So now my judgment offends in not following the truth ; I offend not in that I follow my judgment : wherein if the most wise God had left us to rove only according to the aim of our own conjectures, it should have been less faulty to be skeptics in our actions, and either not to judge at all or to judge amiss. But now that he hath given us a perfect rule of eternal equity and truth, whereby to direct the sentences of our judgment, that uncertainty which alloweth no peace to us, will afford us no excuse before the tribunal of heaven : wherefore then only is the heart quiet, when our actions are grounded upon judgment ; and our judgment upon truth.

SECTION XXV.

RULES FOR ESTATE.—FIRST, RELIANCE ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

For his estate, the quiet mind must first roll itself upon the providence of the Highest. For whosoever so casts

himself upon these outward things, that in their prosperous estate he rejoiceth, and, contrarily, is cast down in their miscarriage, I know not whether he shall find more uncertainty of rest or more certainty of unquietness; since he must needs be like a light unbalanced vessel, that rises and falls with every wave, and depends only on the mercy of wind and water. But who relies on the inevitable decree and all-seeing providence of God—which can neither be crossed with second thoughts, nor with events unlooked for—lays a sure ground of tranquillity. Let the world toss how it list, and vary itself, as it ever doth, in storms and calms; his rest is pitched aloft, above the sphere of changeable mortality. To begin, is harder than to prosecute. What counsel had God in the first molding of thee in the womb of thy mother? What aid shall he have in repairing thee from the womb of the earth? And if he could make and shall restore thee, without thee, why shall he not much more, without thy endeavor, dispose of thee? Is God wise enough to guide the heavens, and to produce all creatures in their kinds and seasons, and shall he not be able to order thee alone? Thou sayest, I have friends, and—which is my best friend—I have wealth to make both them and me, and wit to put both to best use. O the broken reeds of human confidence! Who ever trusted on friends that could trust to himself? Who ever was so wise, as not sometimes to be a fool in his own conceit—ofttimes in the conceit of others? Who was ever more discontent than the wealthy? Friends may be false; wealth cannot but be deceitful; wit hath made many fools. Trust thou to that, which if thou wouldst, cannot fail thee. Not that thou desirest, shall come to pass;

but that which God hath decreed. Neither thy fears, nor thy hopes, nor vows, shall either foreslow or alter it. The unexperienced passenger, when he sees the vessel go amiss or too far, lays fast hold on the contrary part or on the mast, for remedy. The pilot laughs at his folly; knowing that, whatever he labors, the bark will go which way the wind and his stern directeth it. Thy goods are embarked: now thou wishest a direct north wind to drive thee to the straits, and then a west, to run in; and now, when thou hast emptied and laded again, thou callest as earnestly for the south and south-east, to return, and lowerest if all these answer thee not: as if heaven and earth had nothing else to do, but to wait upon thy pleasure, and served only to be commanded service by thee. Another, that hath contrary occasion, asks for winds quite opposite to thine. He that sits in heaven, neither fits thy fancy nor his; but bids his winds spet sometimes in thy face, sometimes to favor thee with a side-blast, sometimes to be boisterous, other-whiles to be silent,—at His own pleasure. Whether the mariner sing or curse, it shall go whither it is sent. Strive, or lie still, thy destiny shall run on; and what must be shall be. Not that we should hence exclude benefit of means—which are always necessarily included in this wise pre-ordination of all things—but perplexity of cares, and wrestling with Providence. O, the idle and ill-spent cares of curious men, that consult with stars, and spirits for their destinies, under color of prevention! If it be not thy destiny, why wouldst thou know it; what needst thou resist it? If it be thy destiny, why wouldst thou know that thou canst not prevent? That which God hath decreed, is already done in heaven, and

must be done on earth. This kind of expectation doth but hasten slow evils, and prolong them in their continuance—hasten them, not in their event, but in our conceit. Shortly, then, if thou swimst against the stream of this providence, thou canst not escape drowning; every wave turns thee over, like a porpoise before a tempest: but if thou swimst with the stream, do but cast thine arms abroad, thou passest with safety and with ease. It both bears thee up, and carries thee on to the haven, whither God hath determined thine arrival, in peace.

SECTION XXVI.

THE SECOND RULE FOR ESTATE.—A PERSUASION OF THE GOODNESS AND FITNESS OF IT FOR US.

Next to this, the mind of the unquiet man must be so wrought by these former resolutions, that it be thoroughly persuaded the estate wherein he is, is best of all; if not in itself, yet to him—not out of pride, but out of contentment—which whosoever wanteth cannot but be continually vexed with envy, and racked with ambition; yea, if it were possible to be in heaven without this, he could not be happy; for it is as impossible for the mind at once to long after and enjoy, as for a man to feed and sleep at once. And this is the more to be striven for, because we are all naturally prone to afflict ourselves with our own frowardness; ingratefully contemning all we have, for what we would have. Even the best of the patriarchs could say, ‘O Lord, what wilt thou give me, since I go childless?’ The bondman desires now

nothing but liberty—that alone would make him happy. Once free, forgetting his former thought, he wishes some wealth to make use of his freedom ; and says, It were as good to be straitened in place as in ability. Once rich, he longeth after nobility, thinking it no praise to be a wealthy peasant. Once noble, he begins to deem it a base matter to be subject: nothing can now content him, but a crown. Then it is a small matter to rule, so long as he hath but little dominions, and greater neighbors. He would therefore be an universal monarch. Whither then? Surely, it vexeth him as much that the earth is so small a globe, so little a mole-hill, and that there are no more worlds to conquer. And now that he hath attained the highest dignity amongst men, he would needs be a god; conceits his immortality, erects temples to his own name, commands his dead statues to be adored, and, not thus contented, is angry that he cannot command heaven and control nature. O vain fools, whither doth our restless ambition climb? What shall at length be the period of our wishes? I could not blame these desires, if contentment consisted in having much; but now that he only hath much that hath contentment, and that it is as easily obtained in a low estate, I can account of these thoughts no better than proudly foolish. Thou art poor: what difference is there betwixt a greater man and thee, save that he doth his businesses by others, thou doest them thyself! He hath caterers, cooks, bailiffs, stewards, secretaries, and all other officers for his several services: thou providest, dress^{est}, gatherest, receivest, expendest, writest, for thyself. His patrimony is large; thine earnings small. If Briareus feed fifty bellies with his hundred hands, what

is he the better than he that with two hands feedeth one? He is served in silver; thou in vessel of the same color, of lesser price—as good for use, though not for value. His dishes are more dainty; thine, as well relished to thee, and no less wholesome. He eats olives; thou, garlic. He mislikes not more the smell of thy sauce, than thou dost the taste of his. Thou wantest somewhat that he hath: he wisheth something which thou hast, and regardest not. Thou couldst be content to have the rich man's purse, but his gout thou wouldst not have: he would have thy health, but not thy fare. If we might pick out of all men's estates that which is laudable, omitting the inconveniences, we would make ourselves complete: but if we must take all together, we should perhaps little advantage ourselves with the change. For the most wise God hath so proportioned out every man's condition, that he hath some just cause of sorrow inseparably mixed with other contentments, and hath allotted to no man living, an absolute happiness, without some grievances; nor to any man such an exquisite misery, as that he findeth not somewhat wherein to solace himself—the weight whereof varies, according to our estimation of them. One hath much wealth, and no child to inherit it; he envies at the poor man's fruitfulness, which hath many heirs and no lands; and could be content, with all his abundance, to purchase a successor of his own loins. Another hath many children, little maintenance. He commendeth the careless quietness of the barren; and thinks fewer mouths and more meat, would do better. The laboring man hath the blessing of a strong body, fit to digest any fare, to endure any labor: yet he wisheth himself weaker, on condition he might be

wealthier. The man of nice education hath a feeble stomach, and, rasping since his last meal, doubts whether he should eat of his best dish or nothing. This man repines at nothing more than to see his hungry ploughman feed on a crust; and wisheth to change estates, on condition that he might change bodies with him. Say that God should give thee thy wish: what wouldst thou desire? Let me—thou sayest—be wise, healthful, rich, honorable, strong, learned, beautiful, immortal. I know thou lovest thyself so well, that thou canst wish all these and more. But say that God hath so shared out these gifts, by a most wise and just distribution, that thou canst have but some of these, perhaps but one; which wouldst thou single out for thyself? Anything, beside what thou hast. If learned, thou wouldst be strong; if strong, honorable; if honorable, long-lived. Some of these thou art already. Thou fool, cannot God choose better for thee, than thou for thyself? In other matches, thou trustest the choice of a skilfuler chapman. When thou seest a goodly horse in the fair, though his shape please thine eye well, yet thou darest not buy him if a cunning horse-master shall tell thee he is faulty; and art willing to take a plainer and sounder, on his recommendation, against thy fancy. How much more should we, in this case, allow His choice that cannot deceive us, that cannot be deceived! But thou knowest that other, thou desirest, to be better than what thou hast;—better perhaps for him that hath it; not better for thee. Liberty is sweet and profitable to those that can use it: but fetters are better for the frantic man. Wine is good nourishment for the healthful,—poison to the aguish. It is good for a sound body to sleep in a whole skin: but he

that complains of swelling sores, cannot sleep till it be broken. Hemlock to the goat, and spiders to the monkey, turn to good sustenance ; which to other creatures are accounted deadly. As in diets, so in estimation of good and evil, of greater and lesser good, there is much variety. All palates commend not one dish ; and what one commends for most delicate, another rejects for unsavory : and if thou know what dish is most pleasant to thee, thy physician knows best which is wholesome. Thou wouldst follow thine appetite too much, and—as the French have in their proverb—wouldst dig thy own grave with thy teeth : thy wise Physician oversees and over-rules thee. He sees if thou wert more esteemed, thou wouldst be proud ; if more strong, licentious ; if richer, covetous ; if heathfuler, more secure ;—but thou thinkest not thus hardly of thyself. Fond man, what knowest thou future things ! Believe thou Him that only knows what would be, what will be. Thou wouldst willingly go to heaven ; what better guide canst thou have than him that dwells there ? If he lead thee thorough deep sloughs and braky thickets, know that he knows this the nearer way, though more cumbersome. Can there be in him any want of wisdom, not to foresee the best ? Can there be any want of power, not to effect the best ? Any want of love, not to give thee what he knows is best ?—How canst thou, then, fail of the best, since what his power can do, and what his wisdom sees should be done, his love hath done, because all are infinite. He willeth not things because they are good, but they are good because he wills them. Yea, if aught had been better, this had not been. God willeth

what he doth ; and if thy will accord not with his, whether wilt thou condemn of imperfection ?

SECTION XXVII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE.

I have chalked out the way of Peace : what remaineth, but that we walk along in it ? I have conducted my reader to the mine, yea, to the mint of happiness ; and showed him those glorious heaps which may eternally enrich him. If now he shall go away with his hands and skirt empty, how is he but worthy of a miserable want ? Who shall pity us, while we have no mercy on ourselves ? Wilful distress hath neither remedy nor compassion. And, to speak freely, I have oft wondered at this painful folly of us men, who in the open view of our peace—as if we were condemned to a necessary and fatal unquietness—live upon our own rack ; finding no more joy than if we were under no other hands but our executioner's. One droopeth under a feigned evil ; another augments a small sorrow through impatience ; another draws upon himself an uncertain evil through fear ; one seeks true contentment, but not enough ; another hath just cause of joy, and perceives it not. One is vexed for that his grounds of joy are matched with equal grievances ; another cannot complain of any present occasion of sorrow, yet lives sullenly because he finds not any present cause of comfort. One is haunted with his sin ; another distracted with his passion—amongst all which, he is a miracle of all men that lives not some way discontented. So we live

not while we do live ; only for that we want either wisdom or will, to husband our lives to our own best advantage. O the inequality of our cares ! Let riches or honor be in question, we sue to them, we seek for them with importunity, with servile ambition : our pains need no solicitor ; yea, there is no way wrong that leads to this end—we abhor the patience to stay till they inquire for us. And if ever—as it rarely happens—our desert and worthiness wins us the favor of this proffer, we meet it with both hands, not daring with our modest denials to whet the instancy, and double the entreaties, of so welcome suitors. Yet, lo here, the only true and precious riches, the highest advancement of the soul, peace and happiness, seeks for us, sues to us for acceptation : our answers are coy and overly, such as we give to those clients that look to gain by our favors. If our want were through the scarcity of good, we might yet hope for pity, to ease us ; but now that it is through negligence, and that we perish with our hands in our bosom, we are rather worthy of stripes for the wrong we do ourselves, than of pity for what we suffer. That we may and will not, in opportunity of hurting others, is noble and Christian : but in our own benefit, sluggish, and savoring of the worst kind of unthriftiness.

Sayest thou, then, this peace is good to have, but hard to get ? It were a shameful neglect, that hath no pretence. Is difficulty sufficient excuse to hinder thee from the pursuit of riches, of preferment, of learning, of bodily pleasures ? Art thou content to sit shrugging in a base cottage, ragged, famished ; because house, clothes, and food will neither be had without money, nor money without labor, nor labor without trouble and painful-

ness? Who is so merciful, as not to say that a whip is the best alms for so lazy and wilful need? Peace should not be good, if it were not hard. Go, and by this excuse, shut thyself out of heaven at thy death, and live miserably till thy death, because the good of both worlds is hard to compass. There is nothing but misery on earth and hell below, that thou canst come to without labor: and if we can be content to cast away such immoderate and unseasonable pains upon these earthly trifles, as to wear our bodies with violence, and to encroach upon the night for time to get them, what madness shall it seem in us not to afford a less labor to that which is infinitely better, and which only gives worth and goodness to the other! Wherefore, if we have not vowed enmity with ourselves, if we be not in love with misery and vexation, if we be not obstinately careless of our own good, let us shake off this unthrifty, dangerous, and desperate negligence, and quicken these dull hearts to a lively and effectual search of what only can yield them sweet and abiding contentment:—which once attained, how shall we insult over evils and bid them do their worst! How shall we, under this calm and quiet day, laugh at the rough weather, and unsteady motions of the world! How shall heaven and earth smile upon us, and we on them—commanding the one, aspiring to the other? How pleasant shall our life be, while neither joys nor sorrows can distemper it with excess; yea, while the matter of joy that is within us, turns all the most sad occurrences into pleasure! How dear and welcome shall our death be, that shall but lead us from one heaven to another, from peace to glory! Go now, ye vain and idle worldlings, and please yourselves

in the large extent of your rich manors, or in the homage of those whom baseness of mind hath made slaves to your greatness, or in the price and fashions of your full wardrobe, or in the wanton varieties of your delicate gardens, or in your coffers full of red and white earth; or if there be any other earthly thing, more alluring, more precious, enjoy it, possess it, and let it possess you. Let me have only my Peace; and let me never want it till I envy you!



EPISTLES.

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EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To Mr. Matthew Milward.

A Discourse of the pleasure of study and contemplation, with the varieties of scholar-like employments; not without incitation of others thereunto, and a censure of their neglect.

I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all other, a scholar,—in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts. Other artisans do but practice: we still learn. Others run still in the same gyre, to weariness, to satiety: our choice is infinite. Other labors require recreations: our very labor recreates our sports. We can never want, either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are those volumes which men have written, of Arts, of Tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world—wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page! Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion—as so many rich metals in their proper mines—whom

would it not ravish with delight? After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? What event doth not challenge his observation? And if, weary of foreign employment, we list to look home into ourselves, there we find a more private world of thoughts, which set us on work anew, more busily, not less profitably: now our silence is vocal, our solitariness popular, and we are shut up to do good unto many. And if once we be cloyed with our own company, the door of conference is open. Here interchange of discourse, besides pleasure, benefits us; and he is a weak companion, from whom we return not wiser. I could envy, if I could believe, that anachoret, who, secluded from the world and pent up in his voluntary prison-walls, denied that he thought the day long, whiles yet he wanted learning to vary his thoughts. Not to be cloyed with the same conceit, is difficult above human strength; but to a man so furnished with all sorts of knowledge that, according to his dispositions, he can change his studies, I should wonder that ever the sun should seem to pace slowly. How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night! What ingenuous mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors—the most harmless and sweetest of companions? What an heaven lives a scholar in, that at once, in one close room, can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers!—that can single out at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, or

—who alone is all these—heavenly Augustine, and talk with them, and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, resolutions : yea, to rise higher, with courtly Isaiah, with learned Paul, with all their fellow-prophets, apostles : yet more, like another Moses, with God himself, in them both ! Let the world contemn us. While we have these delights, we cannot envy them, we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to all other contentments is troublesome ; the only recompense is in the end. To delve in the mines, to scorch in the fire, for the getting, for the fining of gold, is a slavish toil : the comfort is in the wedge—to the owner, not the laborers : where our very search of knowledge is delightful. Study itself is our life ; from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter, then, is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge ! In comparison whereof, the soul that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts. Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund, if you were not ignorant : if you did not want knowledge, you could not over-look him that hath it. For me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess I had as lief be a brute beast, as an ignorant rich man. How is it, then, that those gallants which have privilege of blood and birth, and better education, do so scornfully turn off these most manly, reasonable, noble exercises of scholarship ? An hawk becomes their fist better than a book ; no dog but is a better companion ; anything or nothing, rather than what we ought. O minds brutishly sensual ! Do they think that God made them for disport ?—who, even in his paradise, would not allow pleasure without work. And if

for business, either of body or mind. Those of the body are commonly servile, like itself. The mind, therefore, the mind only, that honorable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those which would reach to the highest perfection of men, and would be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind, but the trade of a scholar—study? Let me therefore fasten this problem on our school-gates, and challenge all comers in the defence of it, that ‘No scholar cannot be truly noble.’ And if I make it not good, let me never be admitted further than to the subject of our question. Thus we do well to congratulate to ourselves our own happiness. If others will come to us, it shall be our comfort, but more theirs: if not, it is enough that we can joy in ourselves, and in Him in whom we are that we are.

EPISTLE II.

To my Brother, Mr. Samuel Hall.

A Discourse of the great charge of the ministerial function; together with particular directions for due preparation thereunto, and carriage therein.

It is a great and holy purpose, dear brother, that you have entertained, of serving God in his church; for what higher or more worthy employment can there be, than to do these divine duties to such a Master and such a mother?—wherein yet I should little rejoice, if any necessity had cast you upon this refuge: for I hate and grieve to think that any desperate mind should make Divinity but a shift, and dishonor this mistress by being

forsaken of the world. This hath been the drift of your education : to this you were born and dedicated in a direct course. I do willingly encourage you, but not without many cautions. Enter not into so great a service without much foresight. When your hand is at the plow, it is too late to look back. Bethink yourself seriously of the weight of this charge ; and let your holy desire be allayed with some trembling. It is a foolish rashness of young heads, when they are in God's chair, to wonder how they came thither, and to forget the awfulness of that place, in the confidence of their own strength ; which is ever so much less, as it is more esteemed. I commend not the wayward excuses of Moses, nor the peremptory unwillingness of Ammonius and friar Thomas, who maimed themselves that they might be wilfully incapable. Betwixt both these, there is an humble modesty and religious fearfulness, easily to be noted in those whom the church honors with the name of her Fathers, worthy your imitation : wherein, yet, you shall need no precedents, if you well consider what worth of parts, what strictness of carriage, what weight of offices, God expects in this vocation. Know, first, that in this place there will be more holiness required of you than in the ordinary station of a Christian : for whereas before you were but as a common line, now God sets you for a copy of sanctification unto others, wherein every fault is both notable and dangerous. Here is looked for, a settled acquaintance with God, and experience both of the proceedings of grace and of the offers and repulses of tentations ; which in vain we shall hope to manage in other hearts, if we have not found in our own. To speak by aim or rote, of repentance, of contrition, of

the degrees of regeneration and faith, is both harsh and seldom when not unprofitable. We trust those physicians best, which have tried the virtue of their drugs, esteeming not of those which have only borrowed of their books. Here will be expected a free and absolute government of affections, that you can so steer your own vessel, as not to be transported with fury, with self-love, with immoderation of pleasures, of cares, of desires, with excess of passions: in all which, so must you demean yourself, as one that thinks he is no man of the world, but of God; as one too good, by his double calling, for that which is either the felicity or impotency of beasts. Here must be continual and inward exercise of mortification and severe Christianity, whereby the heart is held in due awe, and the weak flames of the spirit quickened, the ashes of our dulness blown off—a practice necessary in him whose devotion must set many hearts on fire. Here must be wisdom and inoffensiveness of carriage, as of one that goes ever under monitors, and that knows other men's indifferences are his evils. No man had such need to keep a strict mean. Setting aside contempt, even in observation, behold we are made a gazing-stock to the world, to angels, to men. The very sail of your estate must be moderated; which if it bear too high, as seldom, it incurs the censure of profusion and epicurism; if too low, of a base and unseemingly earthliness. Your hand may not be too close for others' need, nor too open for your own; your conversation may not be rough and sullen, nor over-familiar and fawning—whereof the one breeds a conceit of pride and strangeness, the other contempt—not loosely merry, not cynically unsober; not contentious in small injuries, in great, not

hurtfully patient to the church ; your attire—for whither do not censures reach?—not youthfully wanton, nor in these years affectedly ancient, but grave and comely, like the mind, like the behavior of the wearer ; your gesture, like your habit, neither savoring of giddy lightness, nor overly insolence, nor wantonness, nor dull neglect of yourself, but such as may besem a mortified mind, full of worthy spirits ; your speech, like your gesture, not scurrilous, not detracting, not idle, not boasting, not rotten, not peremptory, but honest, mild, fruitful, savory, and such as may both argue and work grace ; your deliberations mature, your resolutions well-grounded, your devices sage and holy. Wherein let me advise you to walk ever in the beaten road of the church, not to run out into single paradoxes. And if you meet at any time with private conceits that seem more probable, suspect them and yourself ; and if they can win you to assent, yet smother them in your breast, and do not dare to vent them out, either by your hand or tongue, to trouble the common peace. It is a miserable praise, to be a witty disturber. Neither will it serve you to be thus good alone ; but if God shall give you the honor of this estate the world will look you should be the grave guide of a well-ordered family : for this is proper to us, that the vices of our charge reflect upon us, the sins of others are our reproach. If another man's children miscarry, the parent is pitied ; if a minister's, censured ; yea, not our servant is faulty, without our blemish. In all these occasions—a misery incident to us alone—our grief is our shame.

To descend nearer unto the sacred affairs of this heavenly trade : in a minister, God's church is accounted both his house to dwell in, and his field to

work in; wherein—upon the penalty of a curse—he faithfully, wisely, diligently, devoutly, deals with God for his people; with his people, for and from God. Whether he instruct, he must do it with evidence of the spirit; or whether he reprove, with courage and zeal; or whether he exort, with meekness and yet with power; or whether he confute, with demonstration of truth, not with rage and personal maliciousness, not with a wilful heat of contradiction; or whether he admonish, with long-suffering and love, without prejudice and partiality; in a word, all these he so doth, as he that desires nothing but to honor God and save men. His wisdom must discern betwixt his sheep and wolves; in his sheep, betwixt the wholesome and unsound; in the unsound, betwixt the weak and tainted; in the tainted, betwixt the natures, qualities, degrees, of the disease and infection: and to all these he must know to administer a word in season. He hath antidotes for all tentations, counsels for all doubts, evictions for all errors, for all languishings, encouragements. No occasion, from any altered estate of the soul, may find him unfurnished. He must ascend to God's altar with much awe, with sincere and cheerful devotion; so taking, celebrating, distributing, his Saviour, as thinking himself at table in heaven with the blessed angels. In the meantime, as he wants not a thankful regard to the Master of the feast, so not care of the guests. The greatness of an offender may not make him sacrilegiously partial, nor the obscurity negligent.

I have said little of any of our duties; and of some, nothing: yet enough, I think, to make you—if not timorous—careful. Neither would I have you, hereupon,

to hide yourself from this calling, but to prepare yourself for it. These times call for them that are faithful; and if they may spare some learning, conscience they cannot. Go on happily. It argues a mind Christianly noble, to be encouraged with the need of his labors, with the difficulties.

EPISTLE III.

To Mr. William Knight.

Encouraging him to persist in the holy calling of the ministry; which upon conceit of his insufficiency, and want of affection, he seemed inclining to forsake and change.

I am not more glad to hear from you, than sorry to hear of your discontentment: whereof, as the cause is from yourself, so must the remedy. We scholars are the aptest of all others to make ourselves miserable:—you might be your own best counsellor, were you but indifferent to yourself. If I could but cure your prejudice, your thoughts would heal you: and, indeed, the same hand that wounded you were fittest for this service. I need not tell you that your calling is honorable: if you did not think so, you had not complained. It is your unworthiness that troubles you. Let me boldly tell you, I know you in this case better than yourself. You are never the more insufficient because you think so. If we will be rigorous, Paul's question *τίς ἰκανός*;¹ will appose us all: but according to the gracious indulgence of Him that calls things which are not as if they were,

¹ 'Who is sufficient for these things?'—2 Cor. 2: 16.—ED.

we are that we are ; yea, that we ought ; and must be thankful for our anything. There are none more fearful than the able, none more bold than the unworthy. How many have you seen and heard, of weaker graces—your own heart shall be the judge—which have sat without paleness or trembling in that holy chair, and spoken as if the words had been their own ; satisfying themselves if not the hearers ! And do you, whose gifts many have envied, stand quaking upon the lowest stair ? Hath God given you that unusual variety of tongues, skill of arts, a style worth emulation, and—which is worth all—a faithful and honest heart ; and do you now shrink back and say, Send by him by whom thou shouldst send. Give God but what you have : he expects no more. This is enough to honor him and crown you. Take heed, while you complain of want, lest pride shroud itself under the skirts of modesty. How many are thankful for less ! You have more than the most ; yet this contents you not ; it is nothing unless you may equal the best, if not exceed : yea, I fear how this may satisfy you, unless you may think yourself such as you would be. What is this, but to grudge at the bestower of graces ? I tell you without flattery, God hath great gains by fewer talents ; set your heart to employ these, and your advantage shall be more than your Master's. Neither do now repent you of the unadvisedness of your entrance. God called you to it upon an eternal deliberation ; and meant to make use of your suddenness as a means to fetch you into his work, whom more leisure would have found refractory.—Full little did the one Saul think of a kingdom, when he went to seek his father's strays in the land of Shalisha ; or the

other Saul of an apostleship, when he went with his commission to Damascus: God thought of both, and effected what they meant not. Thus hath he done to you. Acknowledge this hand and follow it. He found and gave both faculty and opportunity to enter: find you but a will to proceed, I dare promise you abundance of comfort. How many of the ancients, after a forcible ordination, became not profitable only, but famous in the church! But, as if you sought shifts to discourage yourself, when you see you cannot maintain this hold of insufficiency, you fly to alienation of affection; in the truth whereof, none can control you but your own heart: in the justice of it, we both may and must. This plea is not for Christians; we must affect what we ought, in spite of ourselves. Wherefore serves religion, if not to make us lords of our own affections? If we must be ruled by our slaves, what good should we do? Can you more dislike your station, than we all naturally distaste goodness? Shall we neglect the pursuit of virtue, because it pleases not; or rather displease and neglect ourselves, till it may please us? Let me not ask whether your affections be estranged, but wherefore? Divinity is a mistress worthy your service: all other arts are but drudges to her alone. Fools may contemn her, who cannot judge of true intellectual beauty; but if they had our eyes, they could not but be ravished with admiration. You have learned, I hope, to contemn their contempt, and to pity injurious ignorance. She hath chosen you as a worthy client, yea, a favorite; and hath honored you with her commands and her acceptations—who but you would plead strangeness of affection? How many thousands sue to her, and cannot be

looked upon ! You are happy in her favors, and yet complain : yea, so far as that you have not stuck to think of a change. No word could have fallen from you more unwelcome. This is Satan's policy, to make us out of love with our callings, that our labors may be unprofitable, and our standings, tedious. He knows that all changes are fruitless, and that whiles we affect to be other, we must needs be weary of what we are : that there is no success in any endeavor, without pleasure ; that there can be no pleasure where the mind longs after alterations. If you espy not this craft of the common enemy, you are not acquainted with yourself. Under what form soever it come, repel it, and abhor the first motion of it, as you love your peace, as you hope for your reward. It is the misery of the most men that they cannot see when they are happy ; and whiles they see but the outside of others' conditions, prefer that which their experience teaches them afterwards to condemn, not without loss and tears. Far be this unsteadiness from you, which have been so long taught of God ! All vocations have their inconveniences ; which if they cannot be avoided, must be digested. The more difficulties, the greater glory. Stand fast, therefore, and resolve that this calling is the best, both in itself and for you : and know that it cannot stand with your Christian courage, to run away from these incident evils, but to encounter them. Your hand is at the plough : if you meet with some tough clods that will not easily yield to the share, lay on more strength rather : seek not remedy in your feet, by flight, but in your hands, by a constant endeavor. Away with this weak timorousness and wrongful humility ! Be cheerful and courageous in

this great work of God—the end shall be glorious, yourself happy, and many in you!

EPISTLE IV.

To Lady Mary Denny.

The Description of a Christian and his differences from the worldling.

MADAM :

It is true that worldly eyes can see no difference betwixt a Christian and another man : the outside of both is made of one clay and cast in one mould, both are inspired with one common breath. Outward events distinguish them not : those, God never made for evidences of love or hatred. So the senses can perceive no difference betwixt the reasonable soul and that which informs the beast ; yet the soul knows there is much more than betwixt their bodies. The same holds in this. Faith sees more inward difference than the eye sees outward resemblance. This point is not more high than material : which, that it may appear, let me show what it is to be a Christian. You that have felt it can second me with your experience, and supply the defects of my discourse. He is the living temple of the living God, where the Deity is both resident and worshipped. The highest thing in a man is his own spirit ; but in a Christian, the spirit of God, which is the God of spirits. No grace is wanting in him ; and those which there are, want not stirring up. Both his heart and his hands are clean. All his outward purity flows from within : nei-

ther doth he frame his soul to counterfeit good actions : but out of his holy disposition, commands and produces them in the sight of God. Let us begin with his beginning, and fetch the Christian out of his nature, as another Abraham from his Chaldea, whiles the worldling lives and dies in nature, out of God. The true convert, therefore, after his wild and secure courses, puts himself—through the motions of God's spirit—to school unto the law : there he learns what he should have done, what he could not do, what he hath done, what he hath deserved. These lessons cost him many a stripe and many a tear, and not more grief than terror : for this sharp master makes him feel what sin is, and what hell is, and in regard of both, what himself is. When he hath well smarted under the whip of this severe usher, and is made vile enough in himself, then is he led up into the higher school of Christ, and there taught the comfortable lessons of grace. There he learns what belongs to a Saviour, what one he is, what he hath done, and for whom, how he became ours, we his : and now finding himself in a true state of danger, of humility, of need, of desire, of fitness for Christ, he brings home to himself all that he learns, and what he knows, he applies. His former tutor he feared ; this, he loveth : that showed him his wounds, yea, made them ; this binds and heals them : that killed him ; this shows him life, and leads him to it. Now at once he hates himself, defies Satan, trusts to Christ, makes account both of pardon and glory. This is his most precious faith, whereby he appropriates, yea, engrosses Christ Jesus to himself ; whence he is justified from his sins, purified from his corruptions, established in his resolutions, com-

forted in his doubts, defended against temptations, overcomes all his enemies. Which virtue, as it is most employed and most opposed, so carries the most care from the Christian heart, that it be sound, lively, growing. Sound:—not rotten, not hollow, not presumptuous: sound in the act; not a superficial conceit, but a true, deep, and sensible apprehension—an apprehension, not of the brain but of the heart, and of the heart not approving or assenting, but trusting and reposing. Sound in the object—none but Christ. He knows that no friendship in heaven can do him good without this. The angels cannot, God will not—‘Ye believe in the Father, believe also in me.’ Lively:—for it cannot give life, unless it have life: the faith that is not fruitful is dead. The fruits of faith are good works; whether inward, within the roof of the heart, as love, awe, sorrow, piety, zeal, joy and the rest; or outward, towards God or our brethren: obedience and service to the one; to the other, relief and beneficence. These he bears in his time—sometimes all, but always some. Growing:—true faith cannot stand still; but as it is fruitful in works, so it increaseth in degrees; from a little seed it proves a large plant, reaching from earth to heaven, and from one heaven to another—every shower and every sun adds something to it.

Neither is this grace ever solitary, but always attended royally: for he that believes what a Saviour he hath, cannot but love him; and he that loves him, cannot but hate whatsoever may displease him; cannot but rejoice in him, and hope to enjoy him, and desire to enjoy his hope, and contemn all those vanities which he once desired and enjoyed. His mind now scorneth to grovel

upon earth, but soareth up to the things above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God—and after it hath seen what is done in heaven, looks strangely upon all worldly things. He dare trust his faith above his reason and sense, and hath learned to wean his appetite from craving much. He stands in awe of his own conscience and dare no more offend it, than not displease himself. He fears not his enemies, yet neglects them not—equally avoiding security and timorousness. He sees him that is invisible, and walks with him awfully, familiarly. He knows what he is born to, and therefore digests the miseries of his wardship with patience: he finds more comfort in his afflictions, than any worldling in pleasures. And as he hath these graces to comfort him within, so hath he the angels to attend him without: spirits better than his own, more powerful, more glorious. These bear him in their arms, wake by his bed, keep his soul while he hath it, and receive it when it leaves him. There are some present differences; the greatest are future, which could not be so great if themselves were not witnesses—no less than betwixt heaven and hell, torment and glory, an incorruptible crown and fire unquenchable. Whether infidels believe these things or no, we know them: so shall they, but too late. What remains, but that we applaud ourselves in this happiness, and walk on cheerily in this heavenly profession, acknowledging that God could not do more for us, and that we cannot do enough for him? Let others boast—as your ladyship might, with others—of ancient and noble houses, large patrimonies or dowries, honorable commands; others, of famous names, high and envied honors, or the favors of the greatest; others, of valor or

beauty; or some perhaps of eminent learning and wit—it shall be our pride that we are Christians.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. Edward Alleyn.

A direction how to conceive of God in our devotions and meditations.

You have chosen and judged well. How to conceive of the Deity in our prayers, in our meditations, is both the deepest point of all Christianity, and the most necessary: so deep, that if we wade into it, we may easily drown, never find the bottom: so necessary, that without it, ourselves, our services, are profane, irreligious. We are all born idolaters, naturally prone to fashion God to some form of our own, whether of an human body or of an admirable light, or if our mind have any other more likely and pleasing image. First, then, away with all these wicked thoughts, these gross devotions; and, with Jacob, bury all your strange gods under the oak of Shechem, ere you offer to set up God's altar at Bethel; and without all mental representations, conceive of your God purely, simply, spiritually; as of an absolute Being, without form, without matter, without composition—yea, an infinite, without all limit of thoughts. Let your heart adore a spiritual majesty which it cannot comprehend, yet knows to be, and—as it were—lose itself in his infiniteness. Think of him as not to be thought of; as one whose wisdom is his justice, whose justice is his power, whose power is his mercy; and

whose wisdom, justice, power, mercy, is himself; as without quality, good; great without quantity; everlasting without time; present everywhere without place; containing all things without extent: and when your thoughts are come to the highest, stay there, and be content to wonder in silence—and if you cannot reach to conceive of him as he is, yet take heed you conceive not of him as he is not. Neither will it suffice your Christian mind to have this awful and confused apprehension of the Deity, without a more special and inward conceit of three in this one; three persons in this one essence, not divided, but distinguished; and not more mingled than divided. There is nothing wherein the want of words can wrong and grieve us, but in this. Here alone, as we can adore and not conceive, so we can conceive and not utter; yea, utter ourselves and not be conceived. Yet, as we may, think here of one substance in three subsistences; one essence in three relations; one Jehovah, begetting, begotten, proceeding; Father, Son, Spirit; yet so as the Son is no other thing from the Father, but another person; or the Spirit from the Son. Let your thoughts here walk warily, the path is narrow: the conceit either of three substances, or but one subsistence, is damnable. Let me lead you yet higher and further in this intricate way towards the throne of grace. All this will not avail you, if you take not your Mediator with you: if you apprehend not a true manhood gloriously united to the Godhead, without change of either nature, without mixture of both; whose presence, whose merits, must give passage, acceptance, vigor, to your prayers.

Here must be therefore, as you see, thoughts holily

mixed : of a Godhead and humanity ; one person in two natures ; of the same Deity in diverse persons and one nature—wherein, if ever, heavenly wisdom must bestir itself in directing us, so to sever these apprehensions, that none be neglected ; so to conjoin them, that they be not confounded. O the depth of Divine mysteries, more than can be wondered at ! O the necessity of this high knowledge, which who attains not, may babble, but prayeth not ! Still you doubt, and ask if you may not direct your prayers to one person of three. Why not ? Safely and with comfort. What need we fear, while we have our Saviour for our pattern ?—‘ O, my Father, if possible, let this cup pass !’ And Paul everywhere both in thanks and requests, but with due care of worshipping all in one. Exclude the other while you fix your heart upon one, your prayer is sin ;—retain all and mention one, you offend not. None of them doth aught for us without all. It is a true rule of Divines—All their external works are common : to solicit one, therefore, and not all, were injurious. And if you stay your thoughts upon the sacred humanity of Christ, with inseparable adoration of the Godhead united, and thence climb up to the holy conceit of that blessed and dreadful Trinity, I dare not censure, I dare not but commend your divine method. Thus should Christians ascend from earth to heaven, from one heaven to another.

If I have given your devotions any light, it is well ; the least glimpse of this knowledge is worth all the full gleams of human and earthly skill. But I mistake, if your own heart, wrought upon with serious meditations, under that Spirit of illumination, will not prove your best master. After this weak direction, study to conceive

aright, that you may pray aright; and pray that you may conceive; and meditate, that you may do both:—and the God of heaven direct you, enable you, that you may do all!

EPISTLE VI.

To all Readers.

Rules of good advice for our Christian and civil carriage.

I grant, brevity—where it is neither obscure nor defective—is very pleasing even to the daintiest judgments. No marvel, therefore, if most men desire much good counsel in a narrow room; as some affect to have great personages drawn in little tablets, or as we see worlds of countries described in the compass of small maps. Neither do I unwillingly yield to follow them; for both the powers of good advice are the stronger when they are thus united, and brevity makes counsel more portable for memory and readier for use.

Take these therefore for more; which as I would fain practice, so am I willing to commend. Let us begin with him who is the first and last. Inform yourself aright concerning God; without whom in vain do we know all things. Be acquainted with that Saviour of yours, which paid so much for you on earth, and now sues for you in heaven; without whom, we have nothing to do with God, nor he with us. Adore him in your thoughts, trust him with yourself. Renew your sight of him every day, and his of you. Overlook these earthly things; and when you do at any time cast your eyes upon

heaven, think, 'There dwells my Saviour, there I shall be.' Call yourself to often reckonings; cast up your debts, payments, graces, wants, expenses, employments. Yield not to think your set devotions troublesome. Take not easy denials from yourself; yea, give peremptory denials to yourself. He can never be good, that flatters himself: hold nature to her allowance, and let your will stand at courtesy: happy is that man which hath obtained to be the master of his own heart. Think all God's outward favors and provisions the best for you; your own abilities and actions, the meanest. Suffer not your mind to be either a drudge or a wanton: exercise it ever, but over-lay it not. In all your businesses, look through the world at God: whatsoever is your level, let him be your scope. Every day, take a view of your last; and think, 'Either it is this or may be.' Offer not yourself either to honor or labor; let them both seek you: care you only to be worthy, and you cannot hide you from God. So frame yourself to the time and company, that you may neither serve it, nor sullenly neglect it; and yield so far as you may neither betray goodness nor countenance evil. Let your words be few and digested: it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy; much more to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears. There are but two things which a Christian is charged to buy and not to sell—Time and Truth—both so precious that we must purchase them at any rate. So use your friends, as those which should be perpetual, may be changeable: while you are within yourself, there is no danger; but thoughts once uttered, must stand to hazard. Do not hear from yourself, what you would be loth to hear from others. In all good

things, give your eye and ear the full scope, for they let into the mind: restrain the tongue, for it is a spender. Few men have repented them of silence. In all serious matters; take counsel of days, and nights, and friends, and let leisure ripen your purposes; neither hope to gain aught by suddenness. The first thoughts may be confident, the second are wiser. Serve honesty ever, though without apparent wages: she will pay sure, if slow. As in apparel, so in actions, know not what is good, but what becomes you—how many warrantable acts have misshapen the authors! Excuse not your own ill, aggravate not others': and if you love peace, avoid censures, comparisons, contradictions. Out of good men choose acquaintance; of acquaintance, friends; of friends, familiars: after probation, admit them; and after admittance, change them not—age commendeth friendship. Do not always your best: it is neither wise nor safe, for a man ever to stand upon the top of his strength. If you would be above the expectation of others, be ever below yourself. Expend after your purse, not after your mind. Take not where you may deny, except upon conscience of desert, or hope to requite. Either frequent suits or complaints are wearisome to any friend: rather smother your griefs and wants as you may, than be either querulous or importunate. Let not your face belie your heart, nor always tell tales out of it: he is fit to live amongst friends or enemies, that can be ingenuously close. Give freely: sell thriftily. Change seldom your place; never your state: either amend inconveniences or swallow them, rather than you should run from yourself to avoid them.

In all your reckonings for the world, east up some

crosses that appear not; either those will come, or may. Let your suspicions be charitable, your trust fearful, your censures sure. Give way to the anger of the great: the thunder and cannon will abide no fence. As in throngs we are afraid of loss, so while the world comes upon you, look well to your soul: there is more danger in good than in evil.

I fear the number of these my rules, for precepts are wont, as nails, to drive out one another. But these I intended to scatter amongst many, and I was loth that any guest should complain of a niggardly hand.—Dainty dishes are wont to be sparingly served out; homely ones supply in their bigness, what they want in their worth.

END.

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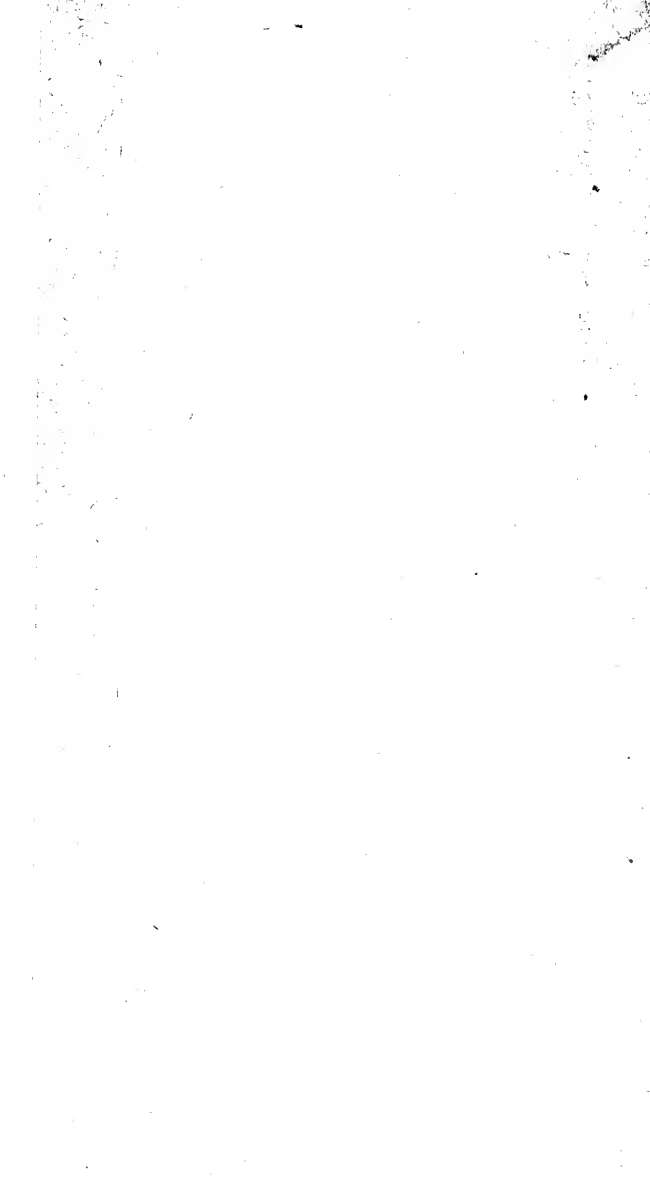
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ANNEX

