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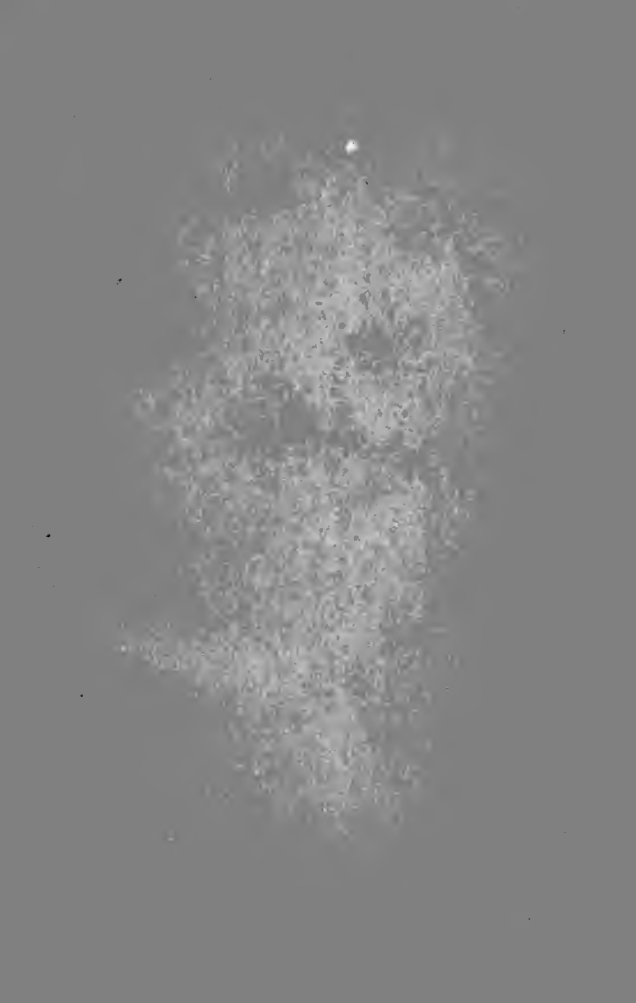
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Section.....

Number.....

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T H E

Virgins Pattern:

I N T H E

Exemplary Life, and lamented Death

O F Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH,

Daughter of Mr.

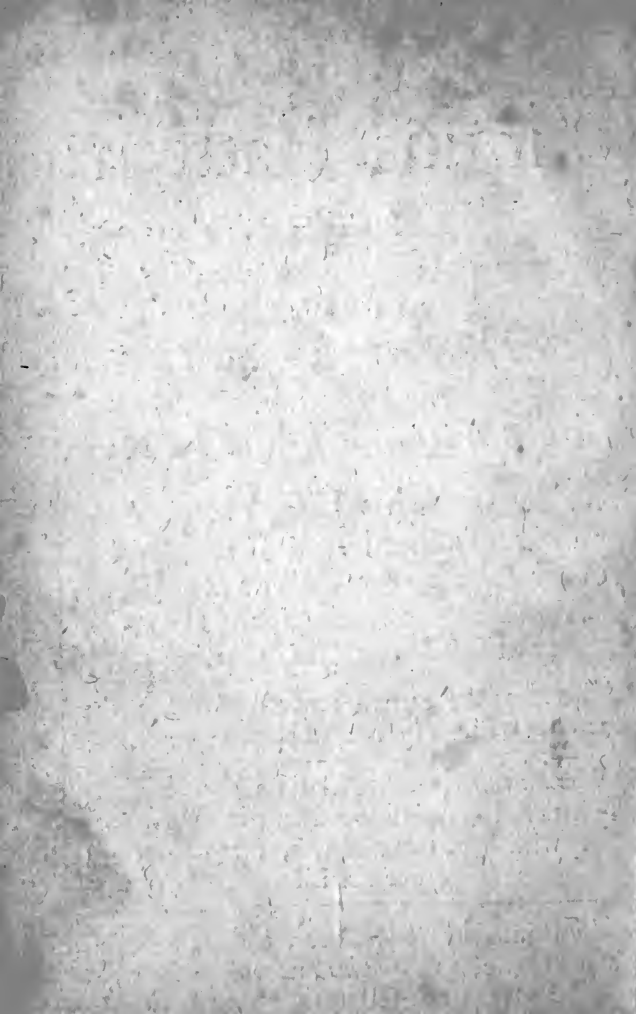
ROBERT PERWICH;

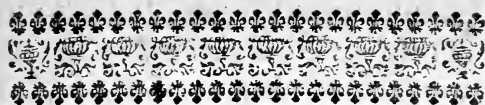
Who departed this Life, every way a rarely accomplished Virgin, in the flower of her Age, at her Father's House in *Hackney*, near *London*, in the County of *Middlesex*, July 3. 1661.

Published at the earnest request of divers that knew her well, for the use and benefit of others.

By *John Batchiler*, a near Relation, that occasionally hath had an intimate converse in the Family with her, more or less, the greatest part of her Life.

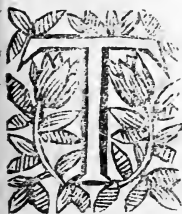
London Printed by *Simon Dover*, and are to be sold at his House, in *Martins*, near *Aldersgate*, and at Book-sellers shops, 1661.





To all the young *Ladies* and *Gentle-*
women, of the several *Schools*, in
and about the *City of London*,
or elsewhere; more *particu-*
larly to those of *Mrs. Per-*
wich her *School* at
Hackney.

Sweet *Ladies* and *Gentle-women*;



THE reason why this en-
suing Relation (*wor-*
thy of all future *me-*
mory) is chiefly *pre-*
sented unto you, is the
equity and congruity

thereof; together with that particular
right, by which you, of all others, seem
to lay claim to it. The Person here
spoken of, was bred up in the same *Fa-*
 mily with you, and among you, a daily
object before you, and a lively exam-

The Epistle

ple to as many of you as had wisdom to take notice and make use of it. The manifold Excellencies that shined in her, whether natural, acquired, or infused, are not unknown to you. Whatever was ornamental to body or mind, from nature, breeding, or grace it self, she had as much of it, yea, more (all circumstances considered) than any that I have heard or read of. Indeed some there were of those eight hundred that have been educated in her Father's house within the compass of her time, that did out-do the rest in their respective seasons, some in one quality, some in another, according to their different capacities, and the pains they took, or the time they spent, more or less, in the School: but not any one that came near to her in one half of those endowments and rare abilities (without offence be it spoken) that She had attained unto, as will appear abundantly in the ensuing Narration thereof. For if that be true which Mr. Rogers, Mr.

King,

Dedicatory.

Bing, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Brian, Mr. Hazard, and the rest of the Masters of the School, have often said in respect of the several qualities she learned of them; that (to use their own words) they knew not where she hath left her fellow in the world: when all her other excellencies are considered also, in conjunction with them, it must needs be then much more true. That is a rich Jewel which is made up of all manner of precious stones; and that a sweet Nose-gay that hath all sorts of fragrant flowers in it; even such lustres and pleasant mixtures were conspicuous in Her, to every unprejudiced and impartial eye. Indeed it was her hap to be less known to, and less loved by some, than others; whether it were out of a secret envy at her eminent worth, by which she outshined them, or from too severe a censure of that in her, which even in themselves (because of higher rank in the world) they did easily allow, I know not. But this I can and do affirm, with

The Epistle

truth concerning her, that when she was told above a year before her death, that certain persons (not here to be named) who wished her well, were jealous of her, lest she were puffed up with pride, and the love of vanity; the only answer she made, was, That whatever they thought of her, she honoured them for the grace of Christ she believed was in them, and that she hoped God would enable her to make a good use of this their fear of her, for the better observing of her own heart, and the keeping it the more humble.

Among those inducements that occasioned the publishing of this, some of the chief are these which follow.

First, to refute the opinion of such as greatly blame the education of publick Schools, as if they were places of all other, most dangerous to corrupt the manners of youth: Behold here a great instance to the contrary, besides many others that might be named of the very same School, there having been al-
wayes

Dedicatory.

wayes some as virtuous and religious young Gentlerwomen brought up there, as in any private Family whatsoever. Nor is it difficult to go to the severall Cities and Counties of this Kingdom, and find out the Houses in which many of them are surviving, beautiful Ornaments of the places where they live, eie as ther Virgins, Wives, or Matrons.

Secondly, to give a proof of the restlesnets of a Soul once touched with Divine Love; for let it be where it will, though cumbered with never so much business, and called off with never so many divertisements, yet early or late, at one time or another, it will have its opportunities of converse with God, and will not be hindered, but rather lose both meat and sleep, than such opportunities as these.

Thirdly, to let all men see that there is something in that which we call Grace, which in the midst of all the most enticing vanities, and blandishments of the world, can and doth ravish

The Epistle

the heart more then all these ever did or could do. Here was a young Gentlewoman in the flower of her Age, compassed about with all manner of delights and entertainments, that a carnal mind could desire, and yet what dead things were they to her, and she to them! how were they mutually crucified each to other, when once her nature was renewed, and she felt the sweetness of the change! how was an entire Communion with God, even an Heaven upon Earth unto her! Holiness (let prophane scoffers and wretched Atheists say what they will of it) hath something in it more lovely than all the Beauties in the world; something more sweet than all the Musicks in the world; something more delicious than all the Pleasures in the world.

*Fourthly and lastly, to set a rare Pattern and Example to all that shall happen to hear or read of this Relation; and indeed this is none of the least inducements, because it pleased the Lord
that*

Dedicatory.

that divers, who are now living, are able and ready to witness and acknowledge, that her Example, while they were in the Family with her, did not only convince them of their own neglect of the duties which she constantly practised betwixt God and her own soul, and smote their consciences for it; but did so far work upon them, as to cause them to do the like ever since. It may therefore be reasonably hoped, that God may bless the same Example unto others, though she be dead; and were it not for such an end as this, how vain would the publication hereof be? Can it any way availe her now she is gone? surely nothing less; let none therefore be so uncharitable as to think, that the Author hereof can propound any other end therein, but such as is already mentioned. He hopes he hath better learned Christ; nor yet that what is here related is more out of favour or affection than otherwise. Those that please to enquire, will find witnesses enough to assert the

whole

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whole truth of the premises ; and therefore notwithstanding the unkind censures of any, out of a desire of serving Christ, and the good of precious souls, he can appeal to God, he hath done this, and accordingly makes it his earnest Prayer for a blessing on it: who to shew his resolution to own & make good whatever is here said, subscribes his Name,

John Batchiler.

TO

To the R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

IF it be asked why any part of the above-mentioned Relation is *repeated* in Verse, it is for the sake of such as *affect Poetry*, rather than Prose; but in case those that read the *Prose* avoid the Verses, as containing part of the *same matter*, let them also please to take notice, that *divers things* are *interspersed* in Verse, that they *find not* in the Prose, and that at least *one half* of the Verses, *viz.* from the 50. Section to the end, is *all new matter*, and I hope such as will not be *altogether unprofitable* to the *ingenuous honest-hearted* Reader.

J. B.

The

To the Honorable

Commons

This is to certify that the
above mentioned Relation is
presented in a true and
faithful manner, and that
I have perused the same, and
the words of the Vow, as containing
part of the Statute, for the
purpose to take notice, that
the same are inserted in
the Statute in the proper
and lawful manner, and that
the substance of the Vow, as
the substance of the Statute,
is well and truly set forth
in the Statute, and that
the same is well and truly
set forth in the Statute.

WITNESSE

1688



The exemplary Life, and lamented Death of Mistris Sufanna Perwich, Daughter of Robert Perwich, of Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. who dyed a rarely accomplish'd Virgin, at one of the clock in the afternoon, on Wednesday, the 3. of July, 1661. in the 25. year of her Age.



HE was born upon the 23. day of Sept. in the year of our Lord, 1636. in the Parish of Aldermanbury, London; where, having by the care and cost of her Parents been sent to School to learn to read as soon as capable thereof; this was remarkable in her at that tender age, that she pregnancy would needs learn by hearing and observing while a child.

ving

2 *The exemplary Life, and lamented*

ving others rather than by the teaching of her *Mistris*, taking a *delight* it seems to get her learning altogether by her *own* industry; yea, so *impatient* she was of being instructed by any, that she would altogether *refuse* their help, and yet *rested* not till she had attained to an *ability* of reading Scripture, full as well and as *distinctly*, as any of her *elder* Sisters; an argument of such *Pregnancy* and *Ingenuity*, as is not ordinary in *young* children.

When she was *seven* years and a half old, her Father removing his dwelling to his School at *Hackney*, where *now* he lives; She among the rest of his Children, had the advantage of a *choice* breeding there, and in *short* time made no *small* Progress in it, especially in the *grounds* of Musick; for at *fourteen* years and a half old, She was able to *play* in *Consort*, at the *first* sight upon the *treble Viol*, and this with so *much* skill, ease, and *sweetness*, that She gave no ordinary hopes of proving a *very* rare Musician. Indeed such an *harmonious* soul She had, and a genius so *exceeding* tractable to *all* sorts of Musick, that one of her Masters (Mr. *Ives* by name) was wont to say he could play no *new* Lesson before her, but She would have it *presently*: insomuch that not *himself* only, but divers others her

*A most rare
Musician, &
plays at sight
on the Tre-
ble Viol at
14. years &
a half old.*

*Took her
Musick as it
were natu-
rally.*

her Instructors in that Art, were not a little proud of her.

The first that grounded her in the notes of Musick, and enabled her to play so excellently on the *treble Viol*, was Mr. Thomas Flood, who falling sick, and continuing so a long time, it occasioned her Father to make choice of a new Master (Mr. William Gregory by name) who being eminently skilful at the *Lyra Viol*, did very much better the making and forming of her hand, and was the first that gave her that rare delicious stroke, which afterwards became so singularly peculiar to her self. He also taught her all varieties of rare turnings. That which made her so expert, both in her own play, and in judging of others when She heard them, was her most curious ear, seldom equalled by any, the very best Masters in that Art. Divers Books She read of excellent composure, and understood them well; nor cared She for any Lessons but what were very choice; but her chief delight was in divisions upon grounds of which She had the best that England could afford.

Becomes excellent at the Lyra Viol.

Her principal Master at the *Viol*, for the last seven years, was Mr. Stephen Bing, a surviving witness of her admirable abilities, which in great part (to his honour be

4 *The exemplary Life, and lamented*

be it spoken) She gained from him, it being very much his *care* and *ambition*, to encourage her with the *best* grounds and *suits* of Lessons that could be gotten, and thereby bring her to the *highest* perfections attainable at the *Viol*.

When She played on *this* Instrument, though singly, as She used it, it gave the delight of a *full* Consort; but when in *Consort* with other *Viols*, or a *set* of *Lutes* only, or *Viols* and *Lutes* together, or with the *Harpicord* or *Organ*, still her Instrument was *Queen* of all, and as if it had been touched by more than a *mortal* hand, gave so *delicious* a sound, and so *distinctly* too, that any *judicious* ear might discern it *above* the rest; insomuch that it might be truly said, look what the *racy* flavour is to the *richest* Wine; *fragrancy* to flowers; *varnish* to colours; *burnish* to gold; *sparkling* to diamonds; and *splendor* to the light; that was her ravishing stroke to all the *other* Musick; and yet (which was the *more* admirable) She sate so *steady*, and free from any the least *unhandsom* motion in her body, so *modestly* careless, and as it were *thoughtless* of what She was about, as if She had not been *concerned* at all; and all this She did, though She never spent the *tenth* part of that *time* in *private* practise, which

She plays incomparably, and yet sits as if she minded it not.

which others are wont to do; for indeed She made *better* use of her time, at other sorts of *higher* Musick, which was much *sweeter* to her, as we shall hear anon.

As her *accomplishments* at the *Viol* were *superlatively* great, so at the *Lute* also, in which Mr. *Ashberry* having done *his part* towards her, in teaching of her till he *dyed*; Mr. *John Rogers* the *rare* *Lutenist* of *And at the* our Nation, for the last *three* years, came *Lute*. after him, and added *much* more to her; professing that her skill at *this Instrument* was so *very exquisite*, and her *hand* so sweet, that he never taught *any* like her. When She played on the *Viol*, She seemed to transcend at *that Instrument* *above* all the rest, and when She played on the *Lute*, She seemed to transcend *as much* there; such a *contention*, and so pleasant, scarce was ever known from *one* and the *same* *Virgins* hand before.

Had *leisure* given leave, that She could have spared time from her *other* Instruments and employments, Mr. *Albertus Brian*, that famously *velvet* fingered *Organist*, would *gladly* have done the same for her, which he hath done for one of her *Sisters* yet living, in making her as *rare* at the *Harpsecord*, as She was at any of her *other* sorts of Musick; and so have *paired*

Also at the
Harpsecord.

the two Sisters together; one set of the choicest Lessons at this Instrument, at the request of the said Mr. Brian, She learned of him, and as himself affirms, not only attained them in a very short time, but played them as well as he himself could.

She sings
most sweetly.

To this her Instrumental Musick we may adde her Vocal, no less delicious and admirable, if not more excellent; as if her Lungs had been made on purpose, (as no doubt they were) by their natural melodies to out-do the artificial; and here Mr. Edward Coleman, her Master, and one of greatest renown, for his rare abilities in singing, deserves no less thanks and commendations for the care and delight he took in perfecting her in this Art also, than any of her other Masters.

A most cu-
rious Dancer.

She was an incomparable Dancer, as at Country, so in French dances, wherein she was so excellently curious, in her Postures, footings, and most graceful countenance, that Mr. Hazard, her last and chief instructor therein, and one of the rarest Masters of that Art in England, accounted her a prime Flower of the Age in that respect, and said She was as knowing therein, as any Dancing-Master whatever.

The Fame of all which at last grew so publick and universal, that there are few places

places in *England* but have heard thereof, yea, and many parts *beyond* the Seas too. For not onely persons of *high* rank and quality, of *all* sorts, came from *London*, the *Inns of Court*, and out of *several* Counties, to hear and judge of her abilities, especially the chiefest Musick-Masters that are now living: but many *forreigners* also, as *French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch*, as well *Agents* and *Embassadors*, as other *Travelers* into these parts, desired a *taste* of these her *rare* qualities, alwayes going away with *high* admiration, saying that they had now seen *one* of the *choisest* rarities of *England*, and professing they *never* heard or knew of the like in *any* of their *own* Countreys.

Her Musick frequented by strangers from all parts not only in England, but in foreign Nations.

All other parts of excellent *breeding* she likewise had; whatever *curious* Works at the *needle*, or otherwise can be named, which *Females* are wont to be conversant in, whether by *silver, silks, straws, glass, wax, gums*, or any other of the like kinde, she was *perfectly* skilled in. To say nothing of her ability at the *pen*, where, being an *accountant*, her skill was *more* than *ordinary* women have; and in Arts of good *housewifery*, and *Cookery*, wherein she had a good

She had all other parts of breeding, whether in curious works or whatever else.

share likewise; I hasten rather to the *more noble* perfections of her mind, which indeed were *very* aimable and lovely.

Her natural parts.

For she had a *delicate* and *nimble* wit, a *quick* apprehension, a *clear* understanding, a *sound* judgement, a *fine* invention, a *te- nacious* memory, which (as we shall hear anon) she was not wont to stuffe with *va- nity*, but with what was *most worthy* to be learned and kept. And as these *natural* parts and reasonable faculties of her soul,

Her moral virtues.

to her *moral* virtues also were *eminent*. She was very *discreet*, *wise*, and *prudent* in her actions; not *passionate*, nor *retentive* of anger, never over merry; but *modestly* grave and composed; of a very *comely* and *hand- som* carriage, insomuch that *strangers* were wont to say, when she came into their *pre- sence*, they had not seen a *more sweet* com- portment, or a more *taking* person. For disposition, so *affable*, *kind*, and *courteous*, that she soon gained the *love* of all, where ever she came. Her discourse was alwayes *pertinent* and useful, not at all *loquacious*, her speech being rather *sententious*, than garrulous. These and many such like *grace- ful* ornaments, added unto the *comeliness* of her *person*, rendred her very *winningly*

acceptable to all that *knew* her. But that which *most* of all commends her, and justly leaves her a very *imitable* example to all that shall hear of her, and for which *principally* this present Relation is penned, is *much more* considerable than what hath been yet said: Namely, that *choice* and *precious work* of *Grace* upon her heart, which *God* was pleased to work in her, and *by which* all her other excellencies were *sweetly* sanctified; the *occasion* whereof was as followeth.

About *four* years since, being *disappointed* in the enjoyment of her desires in a *Match* then propounded to her, by the *sudden* death of the party that had *gained* her affection, she *wisely* considered with her self, what the *meaning* of this so *sad* a providence should be; and at last, after many *Prayers* and *tears* to *God*, that he would bless this *unexpected* stroke to her, and some way make her a *gainer* by it, her heart began to be *much broken* and *melted* towards *God*, not so much for this temporal loss (which she often said might have proved a *snare* to her) as at the *sight* and *sense* of *sin*, and her estate by *nature* (which (though *well* educated all her time

Her Conversion, and the occasion of it.

Her brokenness of heart.

before) yet till *now* she had not taken *much* notice of.

The *good* work of God thus *happily* begun, ceased not, but went *forward* in her heart daily, to the *joy* of such *near* Relations as knew of it; nor could she be *quiet*, till she had *uttered* all her *mind* herein to them, earnestly desiring the assistance of *Counsel* and *Prayer*, that she might *fully* understand her condition, and not be *deceived* therein. Of all things, she was *exceedingly* urgent with God, that he would not *suffer* her to be *mistaken* herein. Indeed her *fears* thereof at first were *many* and *great*; the questions she put about it, not a *few*, but never came to be *satisfied* therein, till God was pleased to give her a *sight* of that *poysonous* fountain of *original* corruption, with which she found her self alwayes *pestered*, and so *hindered* in her *desired* progress towards Heaven, that *this* sin above all others she *much* bewailed.

And farther became so *deeply sensible* of the *danger* thereof, and the *necessity* of an effectual *remedy* against it, that she made *haste* to run unto *Jesus Christ* for help, and that not only for the *pardon* of this *sin*, but for *power* against it, and that *continually*.

Here-

*Her deep
sense of Ori-
ginal sin.*

*She makes
haste to
Christ.*

Hereupon finding her heart alwayes *burdened* with sin, full of *corrupt* motions and affections, and yet still *relieved* by *ap-
plying* Christ, with what he had *done* and *suffered*, unto her self, and also *feeling* her desires *stirred* up by the *good Spirit* of Grace, more *eagerly* to long after God, and the *knowledge* and *enjoyment* of him; and *farther* perceiving, that though the *same* good Spirit *sometimes* would *melt* her heart, yet at *other times* was pleased to leave her *without those inward warmths*, which in the use of the *best* means she laboured after, but by her *own* strength could not *at-
tain* unto: she from *thence* concluded that these *changes* which she thus felt within her, were the *effects* of some *real* and *true* work of God upon her; for *thus* she argued, how comes it to pass, that I feel these *alterations* in my self, *now* and *never* before? How is it, that *sometimes* I am *delighted* with the *inward* and *sweet* work-ings of the Spirit of God upon my heart? and that at *other times* I am troubled for the *want* of it? I lived under the *same* Ministry before; the *same* publick Ordinances; injoyed the *same* helps in the *Family*, and from *faithful friends* that sought my

souls *best* good, and *prayed* much for it; yet never till now could I find any of *all this* experience, from the *different workings* both of *Sin* and *Grace* in my own heart. *Sure this is of God*, said she, and can be from nothing else. Thus at *last* she came to be somewhat *perswaded* and *confirmed* concerning the *goodness* of her spiritual state, as one that was now *got over* the *pangs* of the new Birth, though not without many a *salt* tear, and *broken* heart.

Answerable to this *first* work, was the *rest* that followed to her *dying day*, especially within the last *two* years of her life, and somewhat more; for when it pleased God so to order it by his *permissive* providence, that one which she most dearly loved, became *guilty* of a *great* offence through a *sudden* temptation that seized on her; it went *neer* to her, and was a *great occasion* of making her *search* into her own *heart* and *wayes*, more *narrowly* than ever, and not only to *bles*s God that had *kept* her from the *like*, but also to *mourn* for those *frailties* of her *youth*, which formerly she *mind*ed not, though no other than what *usually* befall the very *best* that are.

Thence forward she betakes her self to
a more

Her Religious course
of Life.

Looks more
narrowly in-
to her own
heart.

a more careful and strict watchfulness over her own heart; and to close and constant duty, not only in the Family, but most of all in secret, betwixt God and her own soul; insomuch that when she was sometimes missing, and earnestly called for, but could not be found; at last it appeared that she had often hid her self, to be alone with God, in the duties of meditation and fervent Prayer.

Is very watchful over her self, and keeps close to duty.

One of the first Discoveries hereof, was upon this occasion; being retired into her Closet, and as she thought, had sufficiently fastened the door inwardly, one of her most intimate Consorts, upon an urgent occasion, running hastily in with a violent motion, thrust the door open, little thinking at that time, that she had been there; where she kneeling upon her knees, turned about to see what the matter was, the tears in the mean while, trickling down both her cheeks, but was much troubled at this interruption, and discovery of her Devotion.

Her secret Communion with God, discovered against her Will.

Indeed that was one of the matters of her complaint, that she wanted conveniency for retirement, where she might fully vent her Soul to God, without disturbance

*She seeks
the greatest
privacy for
her Devotion.*

*Findes much
sweetness in
her lonely
walks with
God.*

*A diligent
Reader of the
Scriptures.*

or observation ; and therefore because the house was alwayes full of company, having well nigh an *hundred*, and sometimes more of *Gentlewomen* with their attendants; and the *Servants* and *Children* of the house every where going up and down, in every Room, so that she could get no place of *privacy*; her manner was, in the day time, to get into the *Garden*, at such hours, when *others* might not so freely come into it, and there with her *Bible*, or some other *choice* Book, spent an *hour* or *more* in Reading, Meditation, and such *ejaculations*, as she could send up to *Heaven* in walking; at which *seasons*, she hath sometimes said to *such* as she was wont to tell her *mind* to, her *heart* hath been as much *warmed* and refreshed in converse with God, as when she hath been *most affected* upon her knees elsewhere.

Mornings and Evenings she never failed, by her good will, to read *some portion* of *Scripture* (if not called away by *extraordinary* business on a sudden) and to *pour* out her heart to God in *private* Prayer; for which, because no place in the house was so *convenient*, and so far from *noise* and *sight* of others, as one certain re-

mote room, where none usually came at those hours, therefore that place of all others she made choice of, in the dark Winter Evenings, and the Mornings before the Family was up; many a time hath she visited one corner of that Room, which was most retired, with eyes and hands lift up to Heaven, kneeling at a chair with great affection, which though she never knew that any took the least notice of (for that would have been a trouble to her) yet a certain neer relation that often looked in at a cranny of the door, which she had fastened inwardly, and did not a little joy to see her so employed, is yet surviving as an eye-witness of it. Sometimes her red eyes and blubbered face, discovered her, before she could get conveniencies to wash them, notwithstanding that her hood was pulled over them. Nothing did more abash or trouble her, than when any suspected what she had been about; not out of any shame of Religion (for that she owned upon all occasions very freely, as well among the Gentlewomen in the Family, as elsewhere) but out of an honest affectation of being more in this sense, than she would seem to be.

The chief place of her retirement for holy duties.

Much troubled when discovered in them.

So sweet and pleasant was her *Communion* with God in such *retirements* as these, that she said, if ever she should *change* her *condition*, it should be more for *this* reason than any other, that she might have the *full* and *free use* of her time, and other *helps* for her soul.

It was observed, that she was always out of the way at *five a clock*, and appeared not till the Bell rang to *Supper*, at *six a clock*, or thereabout, which time she spent in the aforesaid Duties.

Is much troubled for sins of omission. If at any time she had *omitted* duty, 'twas one of her *greatest troubles* afterward, and when she sequestred her self unto duty, whether of *Meditation* or *Prayer*, she usually read *some part* of *David's Psalms* (a Book which she *greatly* delighted in) because she always found *matter* there, very *proper*, *preparative* and *helpful* to her in the said Duties.

Among other *profitable* and *fruitful* *Meditations*, she was not a stranger to thoughts of *Death*, even in her *best* health; insomuch that when she heard a *passing Bell* or *knell* for any, her *custom* was to retire into a *solitude* for a good space, sometimes an hour or more, there to *affect*

felt her heart with such *considerations* as were *suitable* to the occasion.

She never was *better pleased* then when she met with any in *holy Conference* (a practise which she used (as often as she could get opportunity) that communicated *experiences* of the *same* corruptions and temptations, that she found in her *own* heart; and withal, the *same* wayes of help and relief against them.

She loves the Communication of Christian experiences.

When she found a *deadness* and *coldness* upon her heart, as some times she did, and could not get it into a *good frame* towards God, by any *means* she could use, this *inference* she made from it; that she hereby perceived her *dependance* must be *wholly* upon *Free-grace*, as for the *acceptation* of what she did, so for *assistance* and ability to do what she ought: And several times upon *this occasion* would let fall expressions of *wonderment*, how any that pretended to a *real* acquaintance with God, and carry *corrupt* hearts about them, alwayes *dogged* and *set upon* by temptations from *Satan*, and an *evil* world, could *plead* for a *power* in themselves unto any thing that is *good*.

By the deadness of her own heart findes continual need of assisting Grace.

Wonders at those that plead for a power in nature.

Her *care* for the *spiritual welfare* of her *near Relations*, and some others whom she *dearly loved*, was *very great*, and thereupon

on

She is careful for the souls of others.

on took occasion often to *admonish, exhort,* and *perswade* them, about the things that concerned their *eternal state*; sometimes with *tears* lamenting their danger, when they walked *loosely*; and then again *rejoycing* as much, when she perceived any ground of *hope* for them.

Her character of true Grace.

One time when she was asked what she thought of the *condition* of one that she was *trusted* with the special *care* of, and was wont to take some *pains* with, in the matters of her soul; she answered, the *greatest* thing she *doubted* her for, was, lest she neglected *private duties*, which she could never perceive she spent *any time* in; supposing (as there was *good reason* she should) that the driving of that *secret Trade* for Heaven, is one *inseparable* property of *true Grace*, and that the *want* thereof, together with the *ordinary* neglect of Family-duties and *publick Ordinances* (whatever the *outward Profession* might be) were *arguments* of a very ungracious and profane *heart*.

A quick discerner of others that made profession of Religion.

A notable spirit of *discerning* she had, for when she heard any make *semblance* of love to God, and were very confident of their *own good estate*, but withal spake very *woodenly* (as her expression was) about mat-

matters of *Religion*, and the *experiences* thereof, she much *pittyed* their case, and *prayed* earnestly, that God would *open* their eyes; convince them of their *sin* and *hypocrisie*; shew them the *evil* and *danger* of it, and *effectually* bring them home unto himself; often saying, what *pitty* it was, that any who are otherwise qualified with many *desirable good things* of nature, should *miss* of the *highest* and *best* improvement of them for God, and at last *perish themselves* for want of Grace.

When any *vain* language, or sinful expressions (such as *the abusive use* of, O Lord! or O God!) came from any of the *Gentlewomen* in the House, or any others; or any *evil* action was done by them, she would *reprove* it so *wisely*, with so *milde* and *meeke* a spirit, that they were *ashamed* of it, and sometimes were *reformed* for the future, at least in her *sight* and *hearing*.

*A wise re-
prover of sin.*

Two *principal* helps which she coveted most, and made the *greatest* use of, were good *Books* and good *Company*.

Of good *Books* she had some *store*, but those that she took *chiefest* delight in, were *The choice* Mr. *Shepards* true *Convert* and his *sound Books* she *Believer*. Mr. *Baxter's* Call to the uncon-
verted. Dr. *Goodwin* his *triumph of Faith*,
and heart of Christ in Heaven, toward sin-
ners

ners upon earth. Dr. *Spurstow* upon the *Promises*. Mr. *Watson* his *Christian Character*. Mr. *Brooks* his *riches of Grace*. Mr. *Love's* works. Mr. *Craddock's* *Book of Knowledge and Practise*. Mr. *Francis Roberts* his *Key of the Bible*. Besides some *Catechetical* Books, as Mr. *Baal*, Mr. *Eusebius Paget* his questions and answers upon most of the Books of the *Old and New Testament*; some one of which she always read *every night in her bed*, immediately before sleep, and then fed upon them at her *first waking*, by which means she *increased* much in knowledge, and kept her *heart warm* whilst it was thus *pre-occupied* from all things else in the morning.

Since *January* last, she and two or three more, in *three months* time, read over the *whole New Testament*, and all along as they went, (still reading an whole Book at a time) *discoursed* of the Contents of what they had read; when any *doubt* arose in her readings either from *Scripture* or other Books, she sought for *satisfaction* by putting *questions*, and always shewed a *good understanding*, in the very *mysteries* of *Divine Truth*, and *experimental Grace*, in that no answers ever *relished* with her, but what *most agreed*, both with the *Analogy* of *Faith*, and the *common sense* of the best *Christians*.

Her *Practise* every night, before she went to sleep.

Reades over the whole *New Testament* in 3. months time.

Full of *questions* from what she read.

Her next *great help* (as was before hinted) she found to be *good Company*, which she always *desired* and sought for, and when she had it, *improved* it. Fruitful course she would either *set on foot*, or endeavour to *keep up*, and drunk it in as pleasantly, as *thirsty* men do that which *best satisfieth* their thirst. Among all other subjects, none pleased her *better* than to talk of *Heaven*, sometimes saying, *Oh how sweet* would it be to know what is doing there; and then in a kind of *rapture* would break out with such *affection* and *language*, as argued a very *great inward Joy* at the *hopes* of her coming *thither* one day. Such a *full content* and *inward refreshment* she felt in conferences of this *Nature*, that she would often say, her *Musick* was a *burden* to her, in comparison; and that were it not in *conscience* to her duty of being *useful* by it in so *publick* a Family, she would spend *much less* time in that, and *more* in this; yet she confessed sometimes (through *Grace*) it *helped* to raise her own heart towards the *highest* Musick of all, and for *that reason* practised it more than otherwise she would have done.

Her delight in good Company and good Discourse.

Her Musick a burden to her in comparison.

The Spiritual use she makes of her Musick.

Upon occasion when some had been *greatly taken* with the melody she made, both by her *voice* and *instrument*, yet how

*A warm
Prayer or
heavenly
conference
sweetest of
all to her.*

short (saith she) doth this come of a *warm* Prayer, or *heavenly Conference*? and indeed she found it so many a time, when her heart which hath been *heavy* and *sad* at first, hath by *such* Prayers and Conferences gone away *greatly cheered* and revived, but never could find the *like effects* from her *Musick* only.

*Lord's dayes
most welcome
to her; dan-
cing dayes
wearisom, are
but these
pleasant.*

No day of the Week unto her so *welcome* and *desirable* as the *Lord's Day*; dancing dayes were alwayes *wearisom*, but these *pleasant* to her, and therefore usually (it *much illness* hindered not) she was up more *early* on these dayes than any other, and spent *less time* in putting on what she wore; her *head* on these dayes of late years she *never drest*, and for that reason alwayes went *close* covered with her hood. She was very *diligent* and *attentive* at the publick Ordinance, carefully *writing* the Sermon, and *examining* her notes when she came home, which she would not fail to *mend* by such help as she could get, either at the *repetition* in the Family, or otherwise, and as constantly *re-enforced* all by *Prayer* for a blessing upon it, when she could get *opportunity* and place convenient, either in her own *closet*, or *elsewhere*, and would *rather* lose her *Supper* or come late to it, then *miss* of her aim herein. Yet

*A diligent
Writer of
Sermons.*

*Loseth her
meals rather
than oppor-
tunity for
prayer.*

Yet here it must be remembered that it was not *alwayes thus* with her upon these dayes, nor at other times; for she sometimes complained of her own heart, and how *wearisom* these holy duties were to the *flesh*; how apt she was to be taken off by divertisements in the *Family occasions*; that many times when she came down in a morning with a *resolution* to keep her mind and intent upon God all the day, she was *frequently* disappointed therein, and still taken off by one *business* or other, or by some *temptation* unto vanity, that was ready to *surprize* her. The consideration whereof at other times much troubled her, *Is much* kept her under a sense of own her *weaknes*, comforted at and caused her sometimes to break forth *the thoughts* in these or the like words. O! how sweet of Heaven, will *Heaven* be! where there will be no *in-* where no *in-* interruptions by sin, or wearisomness of the *terruptions* flesh! What a *perpetual rest* will that be, *will be.* when we once come to enjoy it!

By her good will she would not be *ab-* By her good sent at any time when the *Lord's Supper* will never was administred, of which having always *misseth* the a *weeks warning*, she failed not with great *Lord's Sup-* care to *examine* her own heart, and put up *per.* strong cries to God for a *fitness* to so great a Duty, and so high a *Priviledge*; and indeed sometimes had more *fear* than ordi-

nary of her *unworthiness* to partake of it, as appeared by her *discourse*, which usually was much upon *this subject* all that Week. So *desirous* was she not to be found at that Feast, without her *wedding garment*; it was no small trouble to her sometimes to think what general *mixtures* there are in *that fellowship*, in all places throughout the Land; yet being perswaded that to such a *sincere* receiver, as could not have it otherwise, God would *come in* with his *presence* and blessing; she attended upon it in the *place* where God by his *Providence* had cast her lot.

Sinful alterations in *publick Worship* she very much feared, and that she might the better understand the *pure Institutions* of Christ, and what is *contrary thereunto*, she took great care to *inform* her self therein, by reading of *such Books* as she could get the clearest light from. Much enquiry she made after the *Martyrs*, as well of *antient* times, as in later dayes, *what they suffered* for, and upon what occasion, desiring and *resolving*, if she had lived, to have read over the *history* thereof.

And because she perceived that the *Romish Religion*, and whatever else is a *kin* to it, is an undoubted piece of *Anti-christianism*, that every *true* servant of Christ

She much
fears pollu-
tion in the
Worship of
God.

ought to bear *testimony* against, in *these* parts of the world, and knew not how soon *her self* with others might possibly be called to it; therefore she betook her self to the getting a good information in those *truths* that were likely to be most *opposed*, especially about the *worship* of God. Such Books as lately came forth upon *these* subjects, she endeavoured to get, and *diligently* read. Among other subjects, that of the *reign* of Christ upon earth was very *pleasant* to her; for though her belief reached not so far as to conclude that Christ shall come to *reign* personally on earth again, yet she *rejoyced* exceedingly, that he shall certainly *reign* in *this* world by the *effusion* of his Spirit, at least, in the *hearts* of men, and that then *Antichrist* shall be *wholly* ruined, and that glorious song of triumph sung, *The Kingdoms of this world, are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ.*

Takes pains to be instructed in Christ's Institutions, about Doctrine, Discipline and Worship.

Joyes much at the thought of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

And because the Book of the Revelations points at those times wherein these *desirable* changes shall be, she thought it not *improper* for her, (though of the *female* sex) to pry into it with humble *reverence* and *Prayer*, and therefore fate down one day with another friend, to read over that *whole Book* at one time, which accordingly

Reades the whole Book of the Revelations at one time.

they did; beginning at the *first* Chapter, and *never ceasing* till they had read over the whole two and twenty. This she did about *three months* before her Death, and the *reason* why she did so, was, that she might take the *better* notice of the *whole Prophecy*, and have a *full prospect* thereof, as it were, all at *once*; and that which made the reading of it the more *pleasant* and *profitable* to her, was the *light* which she had gained before, in the *knowledge* of this *Book*, by twice or thrice reading over that *judicious* Comment upon it, published by *Mr. Francis Roberts* before mentioned, in his *Key of the Bible*.

Reades an excellent Comment upon the Revelations two or three times over.

A great sympathizer with the suffering servants of Christ.

She had a very *compassionate* heart towards the *suffering* servants of Christ, whether by *imprisonment* or otherwise; *pityed* them much; *spake often* of them, sometimes with *tears* in her eyes; and *prayed* for them constantly with *great affection*.

Visits some chaise friends in the Tower, and comforts them with Musick and discourse.

Some of her *acquaintances*, and very *dear* friends, such as the *Lady Willowby* and some others, not here to be named (who *highly* valued her, and *desired* her *Company* (as oft as might be) she *frequently* visited for *several* years together, while under their *restraint* in the *Tower of London*; to whom after a *sweet & more spiritual*

converse otherwise, she would *ſing* and *play* with all *alacrity* imaginable, to *comfort* them in their *ſadneſs*; accounting it an *high honour* to her, that ſhe was any way able to be a *reſhment* to thoſe that ſhe thought were *dear* to God. To *ſuch* perſons and to *ſuch* places as they were in, though the *cloſeſt* priſons, ſhe went *readily* and *joyfully*; but when invited to any *Muſick-meeting* in *London*, where the *choiſeſt* ears, and moſt *ſkilful* *Maſters* of Muſick coveted to *hear* and *admire* her, though never ſo *earnestly* deſired, ſhe was ſtill *would not be backward* to it. One time above the reſt, *prevailed* with very *great importunity* ſhe was *ſtrongly* ſet upon by ſome *Gentlemen* of ſpecial *Revels* or acquaintance, to be preſent at the *Revels* *dancing* *Balls*, or *dancing* *Balls*, but being left free to her *own choice*, whether ſhe would go or not (at which ſhe was *very glad*) ſhe *absolutely* & *irrefregably* reſuſed it, as thinking it no way *ſuitable*, either to her *Perſon* or *Profeſſion* of Religion.

Nor were the *Muſicks* aforeſaid, which ſhe ſo *freely* imparted to her ſaid *friends* in *Prison*, all the comfort they had from her, but her *Spiritual* and *Chriſtian* converse alſo, was a *delight* to them, (as is before hinted) as *theirs* likewise was to her; inſomuch that when ſhe returned *home* from

Accounts it
a sweetness
and glory to
suffer for
Christ.

visiting them, her discourse was so raised, and her affections so quickned, that she would sometimes say, O! how brave a thing is to suffer for Christ! who would not wish to be among the souls under the Altar, that cry, how long Lord will it be, ere thou revenge our blood on them that shed it! Thus triumphing, as it were, with a kind of heroick spirit of Martyrdom before hand; further adding, that since a Death must be undergone, what better or more noble death can there be, than thus to die? Yet at other times she had as great fears upon her, saying, that if she were called to suffering, she doubted she should not hold out; only the consideration of good Company, a good cause, and especially of a good God (she said) would encourage one much.

Yet fears her
own strength
if called to
suffer.

Among her other gracious qualifications, this was not the least, (especially of latter times) a very tender conscience, as might be instanced in many particulars, wherein she rested not till she received satisfaction to all doubts, from such arguments as were cleared by Scripture, and approved of by persons able to judge in the case.

Yet rather
than would
offend the

To which also must be added, that when she perceived any, especially such as she had a reverence to, remained unsatisfied in any

any other actions, she was alwayes ready *resolves* to upon *knowledge* of it, from their own *deny* her mouths, to forbear it, out of a tenderness *self* in that of grieving any of the generation of the *particular*. *just*, or any way *scandalizing* her Profession, though as to her *own particular*, she at the same time did think what she was so desired to forbear warrantable in it self.

As for black spots or patches, as they are called, she *abhorred* them with her very *soul*, and was so far *displeased* at the sight thereof, that when any of the *Gentlewomen* made use of them, she seldom or never left, till she had *prevailed* with them, to forbear that so *uncivil* a dress, or else desired her *Mother* to take them off from them.

A great hater of black spots.

As great an enemy she was to any *uncomely* attire; nor did she affect rich *laces*, or any thing over *costly*, but what was *most neat* in a plain garb, much more minding the *Ornaments of the hidden man*, which in *the sight of God* are of greatest price.

And of all uncomely and undecent dresses.

It was a great *abashment* to her, when some unwisely uttered *high praises* of her to her face, and thereby put her into a *blush*; the fear whereof, made her often *modestly refuse* to come into such *Company* at other times: Indeed she knew God had

Could not endure to hear her own praises.

*Fears the
pride of her
own heart.*

had *blessed* her with some of those *little things* (as she was wont to call them) which the *sensual world* magnified too much, and she desired to be very thankful for them, but withal was much *afraid* of being *lifted up with pride*, and therefore *entreated* friends in that respect to pray for her.

*A ready
help in the
Family.*

As she was always ready to *assist* her *Mother in Law* in the *Family and School*, so she had a *particular reverence* and very *dear affection* to her *own Father*, whose *cheerfulness* and *content*, was one of the greatest pleasures she had in this world; & his *sadness* and *trouble* at any time, as great an occasion of *grief* to her; and therefore did what she could to minister all manner of *comfort* to him, by the performance of those *dutiful* and *tender respects*, which as a *child* she owed him.

*And a most
dutiful and
tender child
to her Fa-
ther.*

*She wanted
no profers for
marriage.*

As for her condition in respect of a *single life*, it was not for want of *profers* from several that would gladly have obtained her, but through *dissatisfaction* in the *qualifications* of the Persons, she being re-

*Resolves ne-
ver to marry
any but such
as may help
her in her
way to Hea-
ven.*

solved (God assisting her) never to marry any, were his *worldly* advangtages never so great, unless she were well assured (as far as charity could judge) of the *goodness* of his *spiritual* state, and his likely-hood of his being a *real help* to her in the way to

Hea-

Heaven. Had she lived to a perfect recovery from sickness, divers considerable offers (known to some friends) would speedily have been made to her, of which she might have taken her choice; but now God hath otherwise declared his pleasure in the highest and best disposing and preferring of her, even by making her a Bride in Heaven, to him who for some years past, had gotten her heart from all other Objects; and to whom she stuck with all faithfulness, till at last after a sore fit of sickness, she dyed in his arms; the occasion whereof I now hasten to.

In *Whitsun Week*, at the earnest desire of a very dear friend, she went to *London*, where (as Providence ordered it) she was unhappily lodged in damp Linnen, which in the night time clung fast about her, and had left that in her, which she her self said (as soon as she awaked) would prove her Death; whereupon in the morning it being made known, the best means that could be, were used to prevent the danger of it, but the Lord was not pleased to give success therein; and so after three or four dayes she returned home, (upon Saturday June the 8th.) to her Father's House at *Hackney*, where all her mind from that time, still ran upon the thoughts of her own

Her sickness unto Death, with the occasion of it.

Her mind runs altogether upon her own Death.

Death;

Prepares for it. *Death*; the strong apprehensions whereof put her upon a *great improvement* of her remaining time, both in *Reading, Praying,* and *Discoursing*, like one that expected *shortly* to leave the world; for she said she felt that about, her which would carry her *away quickly*, and was much worse *inwardly*, than perhaps any one thought; and therefore *exhorted* one of her *Sisters*, whom she *dearly loved*, and *conversed most* with, to mind *eternity*, to think *much* of her *change*, and labour to be *prepared* for it; acknowledging the *goodness* of God to her self, who had spared her *so long*. After this time she grew *worse and worse*, till on *Saturday June* the 22. (14. dayes after her return home) she took her *bed*, in order to her *grave*; where being seized upon by a *Violent Feaver*, her strength was so *wasted*, and her spirits *gone*, that upon the *Tuesday* after at *mid-night*, (being *June* the 25.) she was hardly able to chatter, and so sent for *her Father, Mother, and Sisters*, to see them *once more*, and take a *solemn leave* of them; who when they were come and fate all *weeping* about her, with *great lamentation*, after a little space, as if strength had been *renewed on purpose* for that end, she began to utter her *affections and desires* to them about many things, wherein she expressed

pressed her self, with so much prudence, Discourses
discretion, and composedness of mind, and excellently
this for almost four hours together, with with inter-
some intermissions, that it was marvellous missions for
to behold; among other things she much divers hours.
perswaded to the preservation and streng-
thening of a love and unity among
all Relations. At last as she was say-
ing, that she had nothing to leave them With her Fa-
in memorial of her, presently her Father ther's leave
told her, he gave her free liberty, to dispose gives all she
of whatever she had; at which she was had to seve-
very much pleased, and thankjng of him, ral friends.
distributed to every one according to her
own mind; her several Rings to be worn di-
stinctly, as she directed, by her Father,
Mother, and Sisters; two of her Rings she
put upon her fingers, and taking them off
again, gave them to be kept for her two Distributes
Brothers beyond Sea, as a token to them her Rings,
from her dying hand; all her Clothes, her Clothes,
Watch, and a certain piece of Plate mark- V Works,
ed with her own Name, she gave to one Books and
Sister; all her Works and Instruments of Instruments.
Musick to be divided betwixt three other
Sisters; her Books also she disposed of; and
as a Legacy to all the Gentlemen of the
School; she commended her dying desires Her Legacy
and requests to them, that they would not to the Gen-
spend their time in reading of vain Books, tlemomen of
but instead thereof, to betake themselves the School.

to the *best Book* of all, the *Bible*, and such other *choice Books*, as might do their souls most good; as also that they would be *constant* in the use of *private Prayer*; that they would be careful to *sanctifie* the *Lord's Day*, and not *waste* those *precious hours* in *over-curious dressings*; and that they would behave themselves *reverently* at the *publick Ordinances*, it having been a *great offence* to her formerly when any have done the contrary.

Expresseth
her mind a-
bout her Fu-
neral.

Then falling into speech about her *Fu-
neral*, in what *Room* she desired her *Herse*
might stand, where she should be *Buried*,
and other particulars about the manner of
it; she desired that all might be done *de-
cently*, and that *Dr. Spurstow*, by whose
Ministry she had been *much edified* and
comforted, might *Preach* at her *Interment*,
in all which she submitted to her *Father's*
pleasure.

Seems not
afraid of
Death.

But that which was very *remarkable* in this
her large *Discourse*, she shed not one tear,
nor *seemed* at all *saddened* at her approaching
Death; and when she was told that her
Father's heart was ready to *break*, who
sate *weeping* and *groaning* by her all the
while; she said she was *sorry for it*, and
asked *why he would do so?* adding farther,
that for her part, she was in *God's hand*,
and

and willing to *yield up* to him, hoping that *all friends* would endeavour to do the like; and so being now *quite spent* with speaking (for she desired not to be *interrupted*, till her whole mind was uttered) she lay *still* the rest of the Night.

The next Day being *Wednesday*, June the 26. Dr. *Spurstow* came to visit her, *What promise she re-* who asking her *what* she found in her self? *what she thought concerning her own spi-* *ritual State?* as also *what evidence* she had *of Gods Love?* or *Promise to rely upon?* She answered, that she was in the *dark* as to her own *evidences*, and that they were not so clear to her as she could wish; yet that she was not *without hope*; that she had found *much sweetness* in many passages of *Scripture*; but from that *chiefly* (*Romans* the 8. and 28.) *All things shall work together for good, to them that love God.* After Discourse ended, she desired of the *Doctor*, that she might once more *hear him Pray*, and accordingly had her desire therein.

The same Day in the afternoon, she was more *strongly assaulted* than before; for now to her *Feaver*, and almost *exhausted strength*, *convulsive motions* were added, and *risings* of the *Mother*, by which when she had been *greatly afflicted*, and *beyond all hope*

Her thank- hope recovered again out of them, she
fulness for a called to her Sister sitting by, and asked
little ease, what day of the *Month* it was; who enqui-
and pious re- ring after the reason of that question, was
solution if told by her, that if she lived, she would
she lived. celebrate it for ever hereafter, in a thankful
remembrance of her being thus revived
again, as it were like another *Lazarus*.

The next day lying in a *slumber*, as her
Sister thought, she suddenly turnes her
She awakes out of a kind head to her, and hastily tells her, that she
of a kind had a *Call to be gone*; a Call, saith she, by
of trance. whom? *God hath Called me*, replied she,
to be gone from hence, and *I must die*:
why, how do you know it? said the other,
very well saith she, I am sure it will be so,
and therefore do not reckon upon my Life.

One coming not long after to visit her,
and to pray with her, asked her how she
did; *I am going to Heaven*, said she, as
fast as I can.

Three nights after this, God in a *won-
derful* manner supporting her under *conti-
nual* pains, so that friends hoped she might
wear them out; well, saith she, *for all this*
I shall dye, and be at rest in *Heaven* with
my dear Lord, before the morning comes;
yet it proved not so, for she lived almost
four dayes after, sometimes giving new
hope of recovery, and then falling back
again.

All the time of her *sickness* she was very *patient*, earnestly praying that God would enable her *still* so to be, and that she might not *murmur* while his *hand* lay so *heavy* on her. Ever and anon she would cry out, *little doth any know what I feel*; but I hope, saith she, God will *strengthen* me to the end. She often enquired whether any were *seeking* God for her, which when she was assured of, *blessed be God*, saith she, he will *reward* them for it.

Prays very much for patience, and is answered.

Three things she desired might earnestly be sought for from God on her behalf, *patience* under her so grievous sickness, *clear evidences* of God's Love, and an *easy passage*, if God should call her out of this Life; in all which she was *graciously answered*, as every one that attended her from first to last, can witness.

One time she seemed to lye in a kind of *Agony*, and suddenly breaking out with these words, said, *shall I say that God hath forsaken me? no, I will not.* All the time after she seemed well *satisfied*, and much at *peace* in her mind concerning her *future state*, nor had any *fear* at all upon her; for being told by her *Sister*, that she was perswaded, if God should be pleased to take her from hence, she should be *happy* with him; she replied, *I doubt it not in*

Some fear seizeth on her, but presently vanissheth.

the least, and was never heard to let fall one word to the contrary all the while after.

Submits to the will of God.

Being asked (as she often was) how she did? she answered, in pain all over, *even as God will have it; the Physician I see can do me no good, but one word from God can help all, if he please.*

At another time she looked about her, and said to the *standers by, God might have made you all like me, and I might have been in your case, if it had seemed good to him, but his holy Will be done.*

Her meditations fixed on God.

Upon the *Lord's Day* before her *Death*, when speech almost quite failed her (though not her *senses nor understanding*, which she had even to the last) she *softly* uttered these words in the midst of very *great pains*, which all that day universally seized on her, *the Goodness of God is the best goodness, the Goodness of God is the best goodness*; often repeating of it, as if her *heart* were holy taken up with that *Meditation*.

Her great fervency in time of prayer, though weak.

When a near friend stood by her *praying earnestly*, for her in this *extremity*, at every sentence she testified a very *great affection*, by such a lifting up her eyes and hands *towards Heaven*, as if her whole soul had *ascended* in every petition, which occasioned some *heavings* of the *Mother*; and be-

being told, that since it came by the *zeal of her heart* in Prayer, God would *sweeten* it to her; she replied, *I question it not.*

On the *Munday* morning, she often muttered out very softly, these words, *two dayes and an half more, and then I shall be at rest;* which she repeated two or three times; and accordingly from that *very time*, she did live two dayes and an half, to wit, till *Wednes-day* Noon following, and then began to *draw on apace* towards her last breath.

She foretels the hour of her own Death.

And dyes at the same hour.

Indeed her *pains* now seemed to leave her, or her *strength* rather, being able no more to *struggle*; and so lying in a kind of *quiet sleep*, at last panting for breath a short space, in a *small silent groan*, gave up her *precious soul* into the hands of God, whose *Angels* carrying it away to Heaven (as we have *comfortable ground of hope* to believe) left us all in *bitter mourning* and *wailing* over her dead Body.

When she was laid out in the Chamber where she dyed, dressed in her *Night clothes*, one would have thought she had been in a kind of *smiling slumber*; and now the *Gentlemen*, with the rest of the Family, and some neighbours coming to see her, and give her their *last salute*, it would have broken ones heart, to have

The great lamentation at her laying out.

heard and seen the many *cryes, tears, and lamentations*, that the Room was filled with.

So dear a child she was, and of such *high deserts* (as hath been already related) that her *Father* and all friends, thought her worthy of a very *decent Burial*, and accordingly upon *Saturday* the sixth of *July*, she was attended to the grave with a *numerous Company*, in a manner following.

Her honorable Burial. The *Herse* covered with *Velvet*, was carried by *six servant Maidens* of the Family, all in *White*; the sheet was held up by *six* of those *Centlewomen* in the *School*, that had most *acquaintance* with her, in *mourning Habit*, with *white Scarfs* and *Gloves*; a rich costly *Garland* of *gum-work*, adorned with *Banners* and *Scutchions*, was borne immediately before the *Herse*, by two *proper young Ladies*, that intirely loved her. Her *Father* and *Mother*, with other *near Relations*, and their *Children*, followed next the *Herse*, in due order, all in *mourning*; the *Kindred* next to them, after whom came the whole *School* of *Gentlewomen*, and then *persons of chief rank*, from the *Neighbour-hood*, and from the *City of London*, all in *white Gloves*, both *Men, Women, Children, and Servants*, having been first served with *Wine*.

When

When the *Herse* first entred the Church, the *rest* of the *Schools* were all there, in their *respective places*, affectionately *sympathizing* with the rest of the *Mourners*. I know not whether *Hackney Church* hath often had more *weeping eyes*; and *aking hearts* in it, on such an occasion, so *greatly* and *generally* was she beloved.

The *Herse* being set down, with the *Garland* upon it, the *Reverend Dr. Spurstow* applyed himself to the *proper work* of the *The Text* season, and preached upon those words, *preached up- 1 Cor. 3. 22. Death is yours.* From whence, *on at her* after he had declared at large the *sweetness* *Funeral.* that lyes in this word *Death*, as it is a *part* of *Christ's Legacy* to a *Believer*, he made such *useful* inferences and applications, as were proper for the *occasion*.

This done, the *rich Coffin* anointed with *sweet Odors*, was put down into the *Grave*, in the *middle Alley* of the said *Church*, un- *The place of* the *same stone*, where *Mrs. Anne Carew*, *her Burial.* one of the great *beauties* of *England* in her time, and formerly a *Gentlewoman* of the *School*, and *intimately acquainted* with her, was buried; being the *second* of those *five Gentlewomen* onely, which have *dyled* out of her *Father's House*, among those *eight hundred*, that have been *educated* there, within the compass of *seventeen* years.

*The Conclu-
sion of all.*

And now what follows after all this? is it not a fair warning to us, that yet survive her, to bethink our selves of our own condition? and whether we be ready for death, if we should be suddenly called, as she in a manner was? should we not make it our constant Prayer, and utmost endeavour, to number our dayes, and so to number them, as to apply our hearts to Wisdom, even to that Wisdom only, which will make us fit to dye? *All the dayes of my appointed time will I wait (saith Job) till my change come.* O let that be our saying too, and our practise also.

Upon



Upon the aforesaid

Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

I.

AMong the many *Female* Glories,
 Which may be seen sometimes in
 Let *candid Readers* shew us where (stories;
 She can be found, that may compare
 With *Her* this paper now sets forth,
 Far short of her *rare* parts and worth.
 Her *Person* comely, *Red* and *White*,
 Mix'd curiously, gave great delight:
Pure snows, with *Rich Vermilions* stream,
 Strawb'ries i'th' *Silver* dish of Cream.
Fresh-blown Carnations, *Queen-like* reigns,
White Violets tincture all her veins.
Straight, Proper, Handsom, every Feature,
 Set in *due place*, made her a Creature.
Much lov'd; let's take a special view,
 Look where you will, you'll find it true.

*A Description of her
 Person*

Her *dark brown Hair*, her *double mould*,
 More lovely were, than *sparks of Gold*.
 Her *own meer natural* curious *Tresses*,
 Out-shine all *adventitious Dresses*.
 Round *Argent Brows*! whoever marks,
 Her *smooth high Fore-heads Eban-Arks*;
Tralucet Temples, through her *Locks*,
 Peer out like *Alabaster Rocks*.
 From her *black jetty starry Eye*,
 Ten thousand *sparkling Lustres* flie.
 Brave *gen'rous Spirits fiderial*,
 Move quick about each *nimble Ball*.
 Under a *Velvet Coverlet*,
 Each *glittering Star* doth rise and set.
 Such *Eye-lids, fittest Caskets* be,
 For such *bright Gems* effulgency.
Ouches of Gold, encircling *passes*,
 About this *pair of burning-glasses*.
 Two *Hemisphears*, with two such *Suns*,
 O're *Microcosm's* seldom runs.
 Midst these *twin-flames*, a *marble Mount*,
 Mounts *ridge-wise* up, down from her front.
 On each side of which *ridge* you'l spie,
Aurora's Rosy blushes lie. (ples,
 Her *sanguine Cheeks*, like two *Queen-ap-*
Natures great Artist neatly couples.
 Her two *Ambrosial* ruddy *Lips*,
 In deepest *Scarlet dye* she dips.
 Who views her *well-set polish'd Teeth*,
 Will think two ranks of *Pearls* he seeth.

'Twixt these *matcht milk-white Ivory* rows,
 A sweet breath'd *Aromatick* flows,
 All down 'long to her *swan-like* Neck,
 Her fine Complexion hath no speck.
 Her pair of *round Crown'd rising* Hills,
 Each moment with new *panting* fills.
 Her *sleek-soft downy* checker'd Wrists,
 Small *Azure threads*, finely entwists.
 Her *Lilly* Hands, long *woodbine* Fingers,
 Hang ever *quivering*, never lingers,
 In *trembling* strokes, which alwayes she,
 Tunes into *sweetest* Harmony.
 I scarce ere see them, but the *sound*,
 Of *Musick* seems thence to rebound.
 No *Unions*, no choice *Jewels* are,
 Found any where, that may compare,
 With th'very *Nails*, or *Joynts*, or *Bones*,
 That her *ten sister-fingers* owns.
 You'd scarce know which are *richest* things,
 Her *knuckle bones*, or *Di'mond Rings*.
 More curious is each *Sattin* limb,
 Than th'*silken trails* that cover him.
 Thus if you take *her* every way,
 How *lovely* she's! what shall I say?
 Her *Head*, her *Face*, her every part,
 Most *graceful* was, there need no *Art*,
 Be us'd at all, *her* to adorn,
 With *Paints* or *Pearls*, she being born,
 Natures own *Master-piece*; *white Skin*,
Rose-lips, *fair Breasts*, *sweet Smiles*, and in
 Her

Her *gestures* such a *compound* Grace,
 Made her to *beautifie* the place
 Where e're she came, her *goodly* look,
 At *first sight* the beholders took;
 And won their *hearts* immediately,
 With her thenceforth to *live* and *dye*.

I I.

Her natural parts. Yet this is but the *out-side*, we
 By looking *inwardly* shall see,
 More *Orient Beams* ; within her shin'd
 The *choicest Beauties* ; she was lin'd,
 With stuffe *more costly* there; such *Rayes*
 of *Radiancy* she *thence* displays ,
 As if the *Pangloretta* she,
 Of her *whole Sex* was made to be.
 Her *sharp, sublime, and pleasant* Wit,
 Made her *Companion* very fit,
 For the rich *pregnant* genius ,
 Of those were most *ingenious*.
Fine jests, quick answers readily,
 Flow'd from her tongue most *fluently*.
Rhet'rick she had, and *Eloquence* ,
 As if she'd been at *great* expence
 In *learned Schools* : fine *sentences*
 Dropt from her, great *dependences*
 Were in her *words* ; the sense and matter
 Was *useful, solid*, she'd not scatter
Vain talk, but what *best* profited
 Her self and others, *that* she fed

Their

Their eares withal; what she had learn'd
 From *well-read* Books, and what she earn'd
 By her *industrious* Meditations,
 Or by her *careful* observations
 From *others* speech, that she *laid up*,
 And therewith made her *guests* to sup,
 When they came in to visit her,
 And to them was an *Instructor*.

III.

Not *rash*, but most *deliberate*
 In all things, and *considerate*;
Prudent she was, *discreet*, and *wise*,
Humble and *meek*, no *lofty* eyes
 In her were seen: she never frown'd
 With *angry* looks, such as abound
 In *rugged* tempers; *modesty*
 In *bashful* blushes constantly
 Colour'd her Face; no *garishness*,
 Or any *wanton* foolishness
 Stain'd her at all; she much desi'd
 These *vices*, and them ever fly'd.
 Most *gentle*, *affable*, and *kind*,
 She was to all, you scarce could find
 One so *benign*; few of this Age,
 'Mong *young* folks, or among the *Sage*,
 Beyond her went in *courtesie*,
 More ready was to gratifie
 Favours receiv'd: she would requite
 Such *kindnesses* with all her might.

*Her moral
 Virtues.*

She

She had a *noble generous heart*,
As she was *able to impart*.

IV.

*Her charity
to the Poor.*

Where need requir'd she, suffer'd none
In *vain* to her to make their moan.
The meanest *Beggar* at the door
She *pittied*, and *reliev'd* the *Poor*.
By her good will, *no one* should want,
Specially those in Covenant :
For them it was her *chiefest* care,
When they were *sick, hungry, or bare*,
Most to *refresh* : she would be sure
Them food and raiment to procure,
Whoever wanted, *they* should not,
If *succour* for them could be got.

V.

*Her sympathy
with the
suffering
servants of
Christ.*

Christ's *suffering Members* she would visit,
As oft as time serv'd, she'd not *miss* it.
The *Exile and Imprisonment*,
Of some *dear Friends* she'd much lament.
Was *their blood shed*? she *felt* the *dart*,
That *wounded* them, 'twent to *her heart*,
To think what *dark, close, dungeons* they
Were *stifled* in, both *Night and day*.
Great *pitty* caused her to *yearn*
For them, and all her *bowels* turn
Within; when she got them among,
Tears from her eyes, and from her tongue

Sad language flow'd : she did partake
Their sorrows, *head* and *heart* did ake,
 At *thought* of what *they* suffer'd; she
 Could not *forbear* to go and see (shent,
 How't *far'd* with them, though she were
 And many a *precious hour* she spent,
 To *comfort* them what she was able,
 In this their case so *lamentable*.

V I.

Mourn'd others? she in *sympathy*
 Would *mourn* also, when they did lye,
 In any *doleful* misery.
Their griefs she alwayes made *her own*,
 And ever greatly did bemoan
Their sad calamities : *her heart*
 In *sorrows* deep did bear a *part*.
 Did *Parents* sigh? she sighed too;
 Grieved *they*? she knew not what to do,
 Till she had found out *some relief*,
 To *ease* the *pain* of *Parents* grief.
 Were any of her *neer* Relations,
 Afflicted by *sad* alterations
 In *health*, *estate*, or comforts any,
 Her *groans* were such, her *tears* so many,
 As it alone concern'd : so deep
 Were *her resentment*s, she'd so weep,
 As if her *heart* would *break* asunder,
 And the great burden *truckle* under.

*Her part-
 nership in
 friends af-
 flictions.*

VII.

Her love to
peace.

Peace was the darling of her heart,
So that to her no greater smart
Could come, then when a difference rose
Among dear Friends, she'd interpose,
And by her wise calm moderation,
More firmly knit each dear Relation.

VIII.

Her most
excellent
breeding.

Next her improved breeding high
You will perceive now by and by.
No quality or rare perfection,
But 'twas her own, make what election
You please of most desired skill,
That Females glory in, she will
Excel them all throughout the Town,
Yea Kingdom too, and wear the Crown,
Of a renowned veneration,
From all the rest of the whole Nation.

IX.

Her incom-
parable abi-
lities in Mu-
sick of all
sorts, both
vocal and
instrumen-
tal.

First for her Musick, who can give
Sufficient praise? or cause it live,
As it deserves in memory?
And that to all posterity?
Ask Rogers, Bing, Coleman, and others,
The most exactly skilful Brothers:
Ask Brian, Mell, Ives, Gregories,
Hows, Stifkins, all, in whom there lyes,

Rare Arts of Musick, they can tell,
 How well she sung: how rarely well
 She play'd on several Instruments,
 What high admir'd accomplishments,
 She had attain'd to; *Angels hands*,
 On *Lute* or *Viol* scarce commands
 A sweeter touch; she never shall,
 Be equall'd by the *Nightingale*.
 If *Kings* and *Princes* claim the best,
 Of *Melodies* above the rest,
 'Twas she could give them, she alone,
 Whether from *Art*, or *natures* tone.
 So tun'd a voice! so shrill a sound,
 In Male or Female rarely found!
 Each *Crotchet*, *Quaver*, *Minnum*, *Note*,
 Kept time within her warbling throat.
 Soft, deep, high strains, in treble Song,
 Flow'd sweetly from her sugered tongue.
 No strings of *Harp*, no *Organ* Pipe,
 Strecht or reach'd higher; she was ripe
 Ev'n for the heavenly *Chorus*; she
 Of all sorts, gave such Harmony.
 Where she was singing had you come,
 By chance into the blissful Room,
 You'd thought by the melodious Air,
 That *Quiers* of *Angels* had been there.
Laws, *Sympson*, *Polewheel*, *Jenkins*, all
 'Mong the best Masters Musical,
 Stand ravish'd while they hear her play,
 And with high admiration say,

What

What *curious* strains ! what *rare* divisions !
 Are we not 'mong *Celestial* Visions !
 This is no *humane* hand ! these strokes,
 The high *immortal* Spirits provokes
 To *listen* to her ! *she* plays so,
 That after *her* none takes the bow,
 To play again ; it is too much ,
 To take the *confidence* to touch,
 The *Instrument* which *she* laid down,
 Or go about to win the Crown,
 Which *she* had set on her *own* head,
 With *Lawrels* all enamelled.
 No, no, they must wholly *despair*,
 To give one *such* delicious Air
 Of which *she* millions gave ; *each* touch
 To most *judicious* ears was such,
 So *sweet*, so *quick*, so *dainty*, *rare*,
 That *nothing* could therewith compare.
 No strain but was *incomparable* ,
 And by *mens* Art *insuperable*.
 The *deepest* grounds where *utmost* skill ,
 Of a *rich* fancy lay, *she* still
 Most *finely* nick'd ; her *nimble* Arm,
 Still made a most *delicious* Charm.
Quick *numerous* motions *she* would show,
 With her *swift*, *gliding*, *jumping* bow.
 Even in a *moment* *she* would measure,
Thousands of strokes, with *ease* and *pleasure*,
 Where others *hundreds* scarce could reach,
 Though such as *most* profess to teach.

All this, both by her hand and brain,
Without the least toil, labour, pain.

X.

No *Antick* gestures, or bold face,
No *wrigling* motions her disgrace.
While she's at play, nor eye, nor head,
Hither or *thither* wandered.
Nor *nods*, nor *heaves* in any part,
As taken with her own rare Art.
All vain conceited affectation,
Was unto her abomination.
With body she ne're sat *ascæ*,
Or mouth *awry*, as others do.
Careless she seem'd, as if her mind,
Were *somewhere else*, and yet we find
Performances to admiration,
And our *exceeding* delectation.

Her hand-
som sitting at
her Musick,

XI.

As hand and tongue, her feet also,
She curiously had taught to go.
Her motions *measure* all the ground
Exactly, while *sweet Musicks* sound:
That whosoe're observ'd her tread,
Must needs be much *enamoured*.
If *French* or *English* Dances were
An *ornament*, how *finely* there!
Did she *out-do* all she came neer;
To th' *wonderment* of them that see her?

A most cu-
rious dancer.

XII.

A Composer. As *Lessons* she, so *Dances* too, (new.
When *old* were spent, could make more
Masters themselves, found at the closure,
A *curious skill* in her *composure*.
Then to *preserve* her *memory*,
Oh let them *alwayes practis'd* be!
And to keep up their *Authors* fame,
Oh let them also *bear* her *Name*!

XIII.

Good at the Pen. She *writ* well, *cypher'd*, *cast account*,
Could tell to what the *sums* amount
Spent in the *House*, and *greater* too,
If need requir'd, as oft as you
Demanded it; *fair letters* write,
Pregnant, with *sense*, *worthy* the *sight*
Of *learned Secretaries*. She
In *needles Art* attain'd to be

XIV.

Her rare skill in all sorts of Works. *Perfectly curious*; every work
In which a *cunning skill* did lurk,
She had it at her *fingers end*,
And lov'd therein *fit time* to spend.
In *black-works*, *white-works*, *colours* all,
That can be found on *earths round ball*,
She did *excell. Wax*, *Straws* and *Gum*,
Silks, *Gems*, and *Gold*, the *total sum*

Of rich materials she dispos'd
 In dainty order, and compos'd
 Pictures of men, birds, beasts, and flow'rs,
 When leisure serv'd at idle hours.
 All this so rarely to the Life,
 As if there were a kind of strife,
 'Twixt Art and Nature: Trees of fruit,
 With leaves, boughs, branches, body, root,
 She made to grow in Winter time,
 Ripe to the eye, easie to climbe.
 Buds, blossoms, foldings, Sunny beams,
 In checkered shadowings finely streams,
 Among the thickest clusters there,
 Whether of Apple, Cherry, Pear.
 Here hangs a Plumb, a Strawberry,
 An Orange there, a Goseberry,
 An Hony-succlle, July flower,
 Wetted as 't were from a fresh shower.
 The Rose, the Violet, the Lilly,
 The goodly Tulip, Daffadilly,
 With many more varieties,
 Of natures chiefest rarities.

XV.

All these rich qualities she had,
 Most beauteously and bravely clad
 With ornaments of every kind,
 Whether for body or for mind.
 And yet which was the Crown of all,
 She was not touch'd with pride at all.

Her great
 humility in
 the midst of
 all her ex-
 cellencies.

No vain conceit puff'd up her heart,
 VVith thoughts of this her great desert.
 Although there was a glorious sound,
 VVent of her worth, all England round.
 In London, when great meetings were
 Of curious eares, which here and there
 Lay scatter'd, and were got together,
 And one much pleased with another,
 In their own Musicks, yet she still
 The Lawrel bears, not any will
 Farther contend when she hath play'd,
 But down their Instruments all lay'd.
 Yet notwithstanding this, when ever
 She was again desir'd, she never
 By her good will would come again,
 'Twas not her pleasure, but her pain,
 To hear her own admired Name
 Sounded with golden trump of fame.
 VVhen commendations 'fore her face,
 Her high encomia's did enchase;
 When tongues of Strangers could not hold
 Till they her praise to all had told,
 Yea to her self too, yet her ear
 Ne're listen'd to't, 'twas her great fear,
 Left some black evil her should seize,
 If puff'd up by such things as these.

XVI.

Blessings she did acknowledge them,
 And often said, she should condemn

Gives God
 the glory of

Her

Her self of much *ingratitude*,
 And not her *duty* understood,
 Unless she very thankful were
 To *him* that of *all gifts* that are,
 The *fountain* is, to him alone,
 She joy'd to *give* what was *his own* :
 And with the *best* of all she had
Sincerely serve him, and make glad,
 Her pious *friends*, that earnestly,
Pray'd for this her *humility*.

All her rich
 qualities.

XVII.

Black spots to her abominable
 Were *always* held, nor was she able
 To *bear* their *sight*, she did complain,
 Till they were taken *off* again,
 Where e're she *saw* them, her self ever
 So much *detested* them that never
Durst she wear them, for *well* she knew,
 If she had don't she must renew
Repentance for't: she'd ne're disgrace,
God's workmanship in her own face,
 Whose *lustre* never shineth *less*,
 Than when in such an *whorish* dress.

Abominates
 black spots.

XVIII.

Nor *naked* was her *back* or *breast*,
 What was most *chaste* she loved best.
Whisks, *Handcherchiefs*, she'd always wear,
 Where others *shamelessly* went bare.

And naked-
 ness.

They yet live whom she carefully
 Consulted, what most lawfully
 In all parts of her garb she might
 Wear without sin, and do what's right.
 She ne'er would in the least desire,
 Uncomeliness in her attire.

XXIX.

*Delights in
 decent and
 modest attire.* Decent she lov'd, and neat to be,
 As best befitted her degree.
 Her Whisks, Quoifs, Hoods, and silver purles
 Suited her garments silken furlles.
 Fine Bracelets, Ear-rings, Neck-laces,
 Sometimes those parts encompasses,
 That when she led the Dances 'mong
 The many beauteous Ladies young,
 Which to her Mother's School were sent,
 She might give them the more content.
 Yet this to her no pleasure gave,
 For she had rather been more grave,
 But that the business of her place
 Required such an handsome grace.

XX.

*A transition
 from morals
 to supernatu-
 rals.* Thus we a little now have seen
 What were the virtues of this Queen
 Of Diamonds, in moral things,
 But that which lifts her on the wings
 Of highest fame, is yet behind,
 The best endowments of her mind,

In works of *grace* and *holiness*,
Let's see her now in that *brave dress*.

X X I.

That which *first* wrought upon her soul,
And did her *happy* name enrol
Among *true Converts*, was the Death
Of a *dear friend*, whose mortal breath
Gone suddenly, left *such* impressiōn,
(According to her own confession)
That she *enquiring* of her God,
What was the *meaning* of this rod,
'Twas plainly told her, *reformation*
And not at all her *desolation*;
But that her souls *eternal* good
Was only *sought*; at which she stood
Pausing a while, and then she said,
Is this the *reason* God hath laid
His rod upon me? *I'll repent*
Of every *sin*, *I'll now relent*;
I'll search my heart, *I'll try* my wayes,
I'll hearken what my *conscience* sayes,
Concerning mine *eternal* state,
And what is *like* to be my fate;
Left I likewise *surprized* be,
By *sudden* death as well as he.

Her conver-
sion, and the
occasion of
it.

X X I I.

Thus *first resolving* she proceeds,
Examins *Thoughts*, and *words*,; and *deeds*,

Her self-ex-
amination.

Compares them with God's holy Word,
 To see wherein her dearest Lord
 Offended was, and *what* the spring,
 Such *filthy noisom* streams did bring,
 Wherewith she was polluted so,
 And did a fresh *still* overflow
 So fast upon her; last she spies
 Whence 'twas, and then aloud she cries

XXIII.

O my great Sin Original,

Her sight of Original sin, with the danger of it. Hence, hence, my soul corruptions all
 Boil up, break forth, contaminate
 What e're I do, communicate
 Abominations ugly stain

To my best actions; hence my pain,

Even from the grand iniquity

Of Father Adam wickedly

Rebelling 'gainst his Maker, when

In's loyns lay all the sons of men.

Then I among the rest was there,

And in that tin had equal share.

Oh how I am indrencht all o're,

In that abominable gore!

How filch, and sin, and misery,

And even a Hellish slavery

Inthral's me now! what *hidcous* crimes

Grow thick upon me! how betimes

Each morning doth my naughty heart

Cast forth its filth! how many a dart

All the day long do I send out
'Gainst Heaven in my rebellion stout!
As full of poyson as the Toad!
Or Serpents which lye on the road,
With speckled skin, but venom'd head,
Indangering all that on them tread!

XXIV.

Satan still tempts me every day,
Yea hour and minute, there's no way
Left open for me to escape
His fierce assaults, the ugly shape,
Of some new guilt or other still
Deforme my heart, my mind, and will.
No sooner are his evil motions,
Suggested to me, or his potions
Of poy's'nous lusts in's golden cup,
To my vile senses offer'd up,
But I embrace them, and comply
With his allurements presently.
Base my affections! base my heart!
Oh how the dread of 't makes me start!
To think how dangerous is my case,
And that the only proper place,
For such a sinner is to fry;
In Hell's hot fire eternally.

She complains of temptations from sin and Satan.

XXV.

This, thus, she muses, and then prays,
God would not leave her in these ways
Cryes out to God for
Of God for

Strength a-
gainst them,
and for a
thorough
work of
Grace in her
heart.

Of sin and death, Oh no said she!
Let God do what he will with me,
Chastise, afflict, break, bruise, correct;
So he'll vouchsafe me to direct
In path of Life, and me translate
Out of this sinful cursed state,
In which I now by nature lye,
And crown me with the dignity
Of his high favour, mercy, grace,
And cause my feet to run the race
Of his Commandements, then I
Nor care to live, nor fear to dye.
When once sweet influences of Love,
All melt my heart, drop from above.
This, this, is all my soul requires,
O let it burn in these pure fires!
These Aromaticks! let them give
Their powerful odors, I shall live
Best in these flames; O what a change
Is here! O tell me, is't not strange!
That she should make such blessed use
From her friend's Death, thus to produce
Life in her self! therefore it was
She joy'd so much, as often as
She spake thereof, and plainly found,
God's love to her did more abound,
In taking of that friend away,
Then if he had liv'd to this day.
Such great good sometimes God intends,
When he some sharp affliction sends.

'Twas her own frequent saying too,
 That all things put together do
 Work for the good of those that fear,
 And love God, with an heart sincere.

XXVI.

The ground-work thus begun in her
 'Bout four years since, she did bestir
 Her self to carry on the building,
 With precious stones, and costly guilding.
 Her time far spent, she now makes haste,
 And by her good will doth not waste
 One minute more; she will redeem
 The time that's left, a great esteem
 She puts on every person, thing,
 That helpt reform her wandering.
 Now she keeps close to th' good old way,
 Careful no more to go astray,
 But wisely walks with circumspection,
 And often makes a sad reflection
 Upon her former course of life,
 Contending with an holy strife,
 To go the faster unto bliss,
 Nor stopt till come where now she is.

Her pro-
 gress in the
 work of
 Grace.

XXVII.

What pains she took fully to know
 Sweet heavenly Truths! how she would go
 From Book to Book! to catechise,
 Her self where the foundation lyes.

The pains
 she took for
 sound know-
 ledge.

In

The exemplary Life, and lamented
 In *Perkins, Baal*, or any other
 That could teach better than other,

XXVIII.

*Writes dili-
 gently at
 Church.* The paper *Books*, and *Sermon notes*,
 She left behind, plainly denotes,
 With how much reverend care she did
 Receive *God's Word*, and wisely hid
 It in her heart; she would repeat
 Choice passages, and made the seat
 Of what she heard her heart to be,
 More than her writing Book we see.
 When she came home, she did retire,
 On the *Lord's Dayes*, and much enquire
 What she had miss'd of what was said,
 And when her *Notes* she over read,
 Soon mended, if they wanting were
 With a devout *Religious* care.

XXIX.

*Seeks bles-
 sing upon:
 what she
 hears by
 prayer.* This being done it was not all
 Sh'was wont to do, for she would call
 For blessing on't, with bended knees,
 From him whose eye in secret sees.
Ejaculations from her heart,
 She'd frequently to Heaven dart.
 No time so pleasant as the Night,
 When she might most be out of sight.
 No place by her so much desir'd,
 As where she might be most retir'd,

Far from all noise and observation,
 To pour out her souls warm devotion.
 When she sometimes could not be found,
 She'd hid her self, where the sweet sound
 Of her deep sighings, sobs, and cries,
 Might secretly to Heaven rise,
 Unheard of any but his ears,
 Who knew her thoughts, and saw her tears.

XXX.

Vain wanton Books her soul abhorr'd,
 As an offence to her dear Lord.
 The Bible was her chiefest Book,
 In which her practise was to look
 And read, and meditate all day,
 As oft as she could get away
 From other bus'ness; her great care
 Was to grow rich in knowledge there.
 Hard questions sometimes she would put,
 And lik'd the Answers which best cut
 All knots; she was inquisitive,
 That she her heart as a large hive,
 Might fill with hony combs of Truth,
 On which she suck'd thus in her Youth.
 Such Keyes she used frequently,
 That open'd Wards which easily
 Would not give way without: her minde,
 With heavenly thoughts she thus refin'd.

Hates vain
 Books, but;
 studies the
 Bible much.

XXXI.

What good
Books she
read, and
what was
her evening
and morning
Work.

The Works of *Watson, Shepherd, Love,*
Goodwin, and *Spurston,* to improve
Was her *endeavour* and *delight,*
As much as might be, day and night.
Some *one* of *these* she *always* kept
At her *Beds* head, and 'fore she slept,
Did read an *hour* and sometimes more,
That laden with a *precious* store,
She might take rest, and when her eyes
First open'd, 'fore she 'gan to rise,
She did *revolve* what she had read,
The *night* before within her Bed.
While in the *morning* others slept,
She *meditated,* pray'd, and wept.

XXXII.

Sins of omis-
sion trouble
her.

Sins of *omission* many times,
Touch'd her as much as *acted* crimes.
If she were *heavy,* dead, or dull
At *Holy* Duties, it did pull
Her *heart* much more with *inward* grief,
Than if by hands of wretched Thief
Her *choicest* treasures all were lost,
Wherein was *greatest* worth and cost.

XXXIII.

Her delight When *Sabbaths* came or *Sacrament,*
in the Sab- Her *devout* soul then *strongly* went

To celebrate those *blessed* seasons,
With *ardent* zeal: no *carnal* reasons
Prevail'd with her, to *take her off* ;
Nor *aking* head, nor *painful* cough

*bath, and
the duties
of it.*

XXXIV.

Could ever *cool* her *hot* affection,
Yet still *complain'd* of *imperfection*
In *all her duties*, and then cry'd,
Oh wo to me! had not *Christ dy'd*
To *purifie* my *holy* things:
Thus by her *Faith* she often brings,
What *Christ* had *done* and *suffer'd* too,
To her *own heart*; and this she'd do
Continually, on *all occasions*,
When *Satan* came with *his* *invasions*.

*She sees a
need of
Christ in all.*

XXXV.

Pure Doctrine, *Worship*, *Discipline*,
In her *souls eye* did brightly shine.
To *these* her heart was *so endear'd*,
That *their pollutions* she much fear'd.

*She is care-
ful about
Christ's pure
Worship.*

XXXVI.

Sighing she said, O how shall I
Suffer for *Christ*! *him* to deny
How *grievous* is't! and yet how *weak*
Am I to bear! sure 't will soon break
My *feeble* spirit in *bonds* to lye,
When I am call'd to *testifie*

*She fears
her own
strength if
called to
suffering.*

The *truths* I own : the times may come,
 When a *fierce cruel Martyrdom*,
 May true *Believers* portion be ;
 And if it chance to fall *on me*,
 What shall I do ? I'm *full* of care,
 Lest I in *sufferings* lose my share.
 And yet I *tremble* at the thought
 Of those *sad sorrows* may be brought
 Upon me, for the *Gospel's* sake,
 Of which I now *profession* make.
 However I will learn to *trust*
 Him whose *performances* are just,
 His many *gracious Promises*
 Contain in them *great follaces*,
 Which ne're yet *fail'd*, when *trusted* on,
 And by *true faith* rely'd upon.
 Besides I'm much *refreshed* by
 The *thoughts* of that *good Company*,
 Which in their *sufferings* *altogether*,
 Will much *encourage* one another.

XXXVII.

She had ma- Many there were sought her good will ,
ny profers for Rich, handsom, beautiful, but still
marriage. She them refus'd, she ne'rwould Wed,
 Or cared for the *marriage* Bed,
 Till *such* a one a *Suiter* came,
 That *felt* the *love*, *ador'd* the *Name*
 Of her *dear God* : till she could say,

He was a man could warmly pray,
And first in Christs own bosom lay.

XXXVIII.

So sweet she was, courteous and kind,
And in all hearts so much entwinn'd,
That whosoever knew her would
Do to the utmost what they could,
With Father, Mother, to prevail
For her Converse: they would not fail,
As oft as might be, her to get
Abroad with them, and scarce would let
Her return home in many dayes,
Desiring rather she alwayes
Might stay with them. But oh the fate!
That by such means she felt of late!
For when at a friends house she meets,
And lodgeth there, behold damp sheets
Cling close about her in the Bed,
At which she waking said, I'm dead:
And so it prov'd, alas! for wo!
At thought on't I'm afflicted so!
That brinish tears drop from mine eyes,
My heart with throbs, and inward cries,
All broken is! what shall I say?
She's thus untimely snatcht away!
Shall I the careless Maid go blame?
And tell her what a horrid shame,
It is, that by her negligence,
So choice a one is lost from hence?

Her compa-
ny was loved,
and much
desired by
friends.

Her sickness
unto death,
with the oc-
casion of it.

Alas! alas! it is no boot,
 She was permitted thus to do't,
 God's own o're-ruling Providence
 Was pleas'd it self thus to dispense.

XXXIX.

*The manner
 of her sick-
 ness, and how
 grievous.*

What I therefore shall further do,
 Will our *sad* griefs yet more renew,
 In telling what her *sickness* was,
 And that therein she lay ev'n as
 Upon a rack, in torments great,
 The pain whereof made her to sweat,
 And us to weep 'bout her beds side,
 And with our floods raise a full tide.

XL.

*Her patience
 and submis-
 sion unto
 God, under
 all her pains.*

O God! O God! she often cry'd,
 And on his Goodness still rely'd,
 To be supported and preserv'd,
 Till she with Patience fully serv'd
 His holy Will; 'midst all her grief,
 This was to her a great relief,
 To think that still within his hand
 She safely lodg'd, and his command
 As much obey'd in what she felt,
 As when upon her knees she knelt.
 No froward word, fell from her lips,
 When tortures wrested hands and hips,
 Convulsive motions, Mother fits,
 New sorrows night and day begets,

And

And yet she's silent, 'cause she knows,
'Twas God alone that sent these throws.

X L I.

One time a little fear her seiz'd,
But presently her heart was eas'd,
As careful standers by did find
By th'sweet expressions of her mind.
Shall I think God hath me forsaken
Saith she? since Christ the load hath taken
Of all my sins; no, I'll not dread
Nor sin, nor Satan, when I'm dead,
I doubt not, but in Bliss to be,
And beatifick Visions see.

A cloud of
fear comes,
but vanish-
eth again.

X L I I.

When God was pleas'd her to revive
A little, and make her alive.
Again, as 'twere, from pangs of death,
These words she utter'd at next breath:
Pray Sister tell me, what's the date
Of this good day? I'll celebrate
Its mem'ry, if I longer live,
And God shall please more time to give.
Then thee and I'll both strive to be
Better by far; the world shall see,
Our business is in grace to grow,
And hand in hand to Heaven go.

Her thank-
fulness when
a little eased.

XLIII.

*She calls for
friends to
take leave of
them.*

The last *Tuesday* i'th'month of *June*,
Finding her self *much* out of tune,
And that her time 'gan to *draw nigh*,
When she *undoubtedly* must dye,
Her *Father, Mother, Sisters* all
At *midnight* she thought fit to call,
Of them to take her *solemn leave*,
And so go *hasten* to receive
A *better life*, when this should end,
As God at *this time* did intend.

XLIV.

*Her speeches
to them.*

For sev'ral *hours* such *exhortation*
She gave them all, to *admiration*,
Speeches *so grave, so wise, so good*,
And all so plainly understood,
So sage, so serious, so religious,
So full of prudence, so ingenious,
That *every word* went to the heart
Of *those* that heard them, every part
Of her *discourse* so *profited*,
That all the while their *tears* were shed
So much the *faster*, and the thought
This *precious Life* could not be bought
At *any rate*, but must be *lost*
From all *friends here*, O how it cost
Thousands of groans all that night long!
At *every word* fell from her tongue.

XLV.

When she had spoke her *mind* at large,
 And to all there had given charge,
 Of *love, sweet unity, and peace*
 After she should have her release
 From *hence*, then with her *Fathers* leave,
 'Twas her desire each should receive
 Some *token* from her, to be kept
 By *them* that round about her wept.
 Her *Rings, her Books, her Instruments,*
 Her *Works, her Cloaths, her Ornaments,*
 Of *every sort*, she parted so,
 That every one their *own* might know.

Her Legacies left in memorial of her.

XLVI.

But among all her *Legacies*,
 Some of the very *best* were these.
 To the *young Ladies* of the School,
 The holy Scriptures *Cristal* pool
 She did commend, to *wash* their eyes,
 When they *first* in the *mornings* rise.
 By *sweet devotions* she desir'd,
 They'd labour to get their *hearts* fir'd
 As oft as might be; *wanton Books*
 To *throw away*, and sober looks
 Bring *alwayes* when they did attend
 The *publick Ord'nance*, and to spend
 Their *precious time* on the *Lord's Day*,
 Not in *vain dressings*, but to pray,
 Reade, meditate, and so improve
 Those *holy hours* in *purest* love

Especially those to the Gentlewomen of the School.

To heavenly things: Thus far she went,
And then began to be quite spent.

XLVII.

Her mind is Heaven-ward. When a friend ask'd her how she found
Her self next day? with a low sound
She said, *I go to Heaven, I*
Now hasten thither, thither flye
As fast as may be, on the wings
Of faith and hope, where Angels sings.
Yet after this she linger'd out
Another full whole week about,
And some hours more, in torments great,
Yet not perceiv'd at all to fret
Against Gods hand, but quietly
Resign'd her self in peace to dye.

XLVIII.

She foretels the hour of her Death, which proved accordingly. On Munday Morning 'fore she dy'd,
Two dayes and half she often cry'd,
And then shall my soul be at rest,
In my Lords bosom, and be blest.
She said so, and it proved so,
As if her Lord was pleas'd to show
This secret to her, for at noon
Next Wednesday, her breath, how soon
Was't gone? in a weak silent groan,
And we left mourning all alone!
You that late toll'd her passing-bell,
May hasten now to ring her Knell.

She's *dead!* she's *dead!* there's no more hope
Of her *Life* here, the onely Scope
She aim'd at, now she doth enjoy,
Whilst fore afflictions us annoy.

X L I X.

All she sought was a *better Life*,
And to become the *Lamb's* dear Wife.
His Jewels, Bracelets, righteous Robes,
His blood, his Spirit, his starry Globes,
Her eye and heart were eager after;
The *hopes of these* fill'd her with laughter
Amidst the many *screeks and tears,*
She met with from the *King of fears.*
Faith, Love, Humilisy, each grace
Shin'd *bright* in her, the lovely face
Of her *dear Lord* when *first* she spy'd,
She car'd not then *how soon she dy'd.*
That *thus adorn'd* she might be bold
To stand before him, and behold
Those *radiatures* that *glitter* there,
Where the *eternal blisses* are.
How *swift* her motions were! that thither
She might come *richly laden,* whither
Pure spirits flye, till she had got
The *place* where lay her *goodly lot.*
How restless was she! therefore flies
On *wings of Angels* 'bove the skies,
Before we *thought on't,* up she goes,
In *glorious Chariots,* where no foes

*She is whol-
ly taken up
with
thoughts of
Christ, and
coming to
him.*

The exemplary Life, and lamented
 Of *sin* or *death* molest her more,
 Which *wrack'd* her here with *pains* so fore.

L.

The lamentation over her dead body upon the floor. While she *lies* dead upon the floor,
 How *friends* stand *weeping* at the door!
 While she is in her *Night clothes* drest,
 How *sweet* her *smiles* are 'bove the rest
 That yet survive! how *many* *kisses*
 On her *dead face*! there's none that misses
 To take their *farewel*. Oh! how many
 Came *crowding* in! there was not any
 But *long'd* to see her *once* again,
 While she *above* ground did remain.
 What *floods* of *tears* there now did meet
 On her *pale cheeks*, and *winding-sheet*!
 All eyes about her *full* of *bubbles*,
 And all their hearts too, *full* of *troubles*.
 They *wring* their hands, *lift* up their voice
 Aloud in *cries*, and *mournful* noise.

L I.

The neighbours lament her loss. And now when these *sad tydings* came
 Abroad i'th' *Town*, and when the same
 Began to *spread* the *City* round,
 And the *whole Country*. Oh the sound!
 Of *deep* fetcht sighs that you might hear,
 In *ev'ry* place! how *many* a tear
 Fell from the eyes of *all* that knew,
 How *great*, how *sore* this loss! more *true*,
 And

And general griefs were never known,
In any age, for such an one.

She liv'd *desir'd, lamented dy'd,*
Who lov'd her now 'twas fully try'd :
Both far and near all England o're
She'l be bewail'd by thousands more.

L I I.

No Father e're more dearly lov'd
A child; no child yet ever prov'd
More gracious, dutiful, and tender
To a dear Father, she would render
What e're to th'*utmost* she could give,
To make her Father's comforts live :
The chief staff of his age she was,
The greatest stay. Alas ! alas !
What stays are these to lean upon !
Broken so soon ! and so soon gone !

*How dutiful
she was and
tender of her
aged Father.*

L I I I.

At her sad parting Funeral,
What num'rous eyes were weeping all !
What aking hearts ! what heavy looks !
What overflowing spreading brooks
Of surging sorrows ! mourning blacks,
Scarfs, Gloves, Wine's given, nothing lacks
To celebrate the *Obsequies*
Of her that thus lamented dyes.
Great pitty 'twas, said old and young,
As she i'th' room stood them among,

*Her Funeral
solemnity.*

In *Velvet Herse*, with *Garlands crown'd*,
 And her *Companions* weeping round.
Friends, Neighbours, and acquaintance all
 Came *flocking* in both *great and small*,
 To mourn for this *rare flower* of youth,
 And follow *her* to the *graves* mouth.
 At her *Interments* lamentation,
 So *crowded* was the *Congregation*,
 That *He* the *Word* did then *dispense*.
 Scarce saw a *greater* audience,
 On *such* occasion, in *that* place :
 'Tis *Hackney Church*, where her *sweet* face
 Now *hidden* lyes, cover'd with *dust*,
 While her *blest* soul among the *jult*
Sings and *triumphs*. Well! she is gone,
 What now remains more to be done?
 Though *her* *griefs* end, *our* *agonies*
 Thus now begin *sad Elegies*.

L I V.

*An Elegy
 upon her
 Death.*

Deep sighs ! torn hearts ! wet eyes ! bemoan
 The *Mistress* of our *joyes* ; each groan
 Lament the loss that *Ages* past
 N'ere knew so *nifold*, make hast
 To drop your *Pearls* upon her *Herse*,
 And cause her *live* in *mournful Verse*.
 Come *Parents* dear, weep o're your *child*,
 On which you have so often *smil'd*.
 Come *Musick Masters*, hear the tone
 She *trils* forth in her *dying* groan.

Come

Come Ladies lay your *Ivory* hand
 On her *soft skin*, a while here stand,
 To see what *difference* sickness makes
 On *fairest beauties*, when it takes
Colour, and *freshness* quite away,
 As 'twill from *all* of you one day.
 Come *Brethren, Sisters, Kindred* all,
 And see how *vain* it is to call
 Her back again, she *hears no more*,
 Now she's arriv'd at th' *other shore*.
 Come *Strangers* which so *ravish'd* were
 With *many a curious dainty Air*,
 That she was wont to *melodize*
 Into your *ears*, before your *eyes*.
 Come *young ones* see what *here lyes* cropt,
 A *Rose* in'ts *bloom*, the *Tree* is lopt,
 While yet the *fruit* remain'd upon't,
 Before't *had time* to *ripen* on't.
 Come all her *old acquaintances*,
 See now in *deaths* black ballances
 What your *weight* is, when *life* is gone,
 It may be your *own* case anon.
 Come *Virgins* wreath your *flowers* about
 Your *Garlands*, as you carry her out.
 Your *turns* will come *ere long* to go,
 The *same way* too, it must be so.
 Take *Patterns* from her *Virtues* rare,
 That you *with her* in *bliss* may share.

L V.

Mean while, *Alas!* what shall we say,
 From whom she's now *thus fled* away?
 The *sables* of the *darkest* night
 Take place while *she* is out of fight,
 The *beauteous* heaven ne're shed *such beams*,
 As flow'd from *her* in *golden* streams.
Lusters of *Grace* out-shine the *rays*
 Of the *bright Sun*, ev'n at noon dayes.
 Now *these* absenting *disappear*,
 What have we left our *hearts* to cheer?
 The *Garden* which she visited,
 No *Garden* is now *she* is dead.
 No *Walks*, no *Arbors*, beds of flowers
Smel sweet, no *artificial* bowers
Give us content, now *she* is gone,
 And we left in them *all alone*.
 Within doors there's no *Company*,
 For want of *her* Society.
 Her *single self* was *more* than many,
 Too *fill* her *room* up there's not any,
 'Mong our remaining *socials* left,
Alas! alas! we are *bereft*,
 Of such a *full Consort* in one,
 That *all* our *Musicks* now are gone.
Lute, Viol, Song-book, altogether,
 Cannot make up *such* another.
 Where once her *measuring* feet did tread,
Alas! we now our *tears* do shed,

And

And wet the floor, our trembling hearts
 In sorrowing motions act their parts.
 No Dances, Voices, Lessons, more,
 We must expect from her ; our fore
 Is very grievous ! who can tell
 How such strong passions to repel ?
 Which in renewed surges rise,
 From our sad hearts and watry eyes.

LVI.

Indeed if she could once again
 Appear as formerly, our pain
 Would soon assuage ; her warbling arm,
 Soft touch, sweet voice, would quickly charm
 Our doleful plaints, her Musick strains
 More cordial were than all the grains
 Of rich Ingredients Doctors give,
 To make their dying Patients live.
 If precious, Powders, Pearls, or Gold
 Could save Life, she had liv'd till old.
 No Syrrups, Liquors, Julips, Gems,
 Can so far sap dry wither'd stems,
 As to revive them, one cold breath
 Quite kills them, from the mouth of death.
 But stay a while, methinks I hear
 Her rare set melodies so clear,
 As if her own well tuned head,
 At sound thereof rose from the dead.
 Others when neither heart nor life
 Seem'd to remain in them, the strife

Another
 Elegy.

Betwixt her *hand* and *Instrument*,
 So fill'd them with a *rare* content,
 That out of *deepest* sadness they
Cheerful and *pleasant* went away.
 And may not *such effects* as these
 Give us also a *little* ease?
 From the *same Musicks*? Alas! no!
All that now proves but a *vain* show.

LVII.

*What her
 friends
 should do
 now she is
 gone.*

What *once* we heard, must hear *no more*.
 Our *business* now is to deplore
 What cannot be *recall'd*, and *strive*,
 To do as *she* did when alive.
Pray, Read, Discourse, and Meditate
 Of what concerns our *future* state.
 This was *her work*, *her greatest joy*,
 She counted all the *world* a toy,
 Compar'd with *this*. Her *heavenly King*,
 She *long'd* to go to, *long'd* to sing
 In that *loud Chorus*, sweeter layes,
 And from her *soul* *tune* higher praise,
 Then *lungs* or *fingers* here could make,
 Even *then* when oft her *heart* did ake.
 Her *Viol-strains*, her *Vocal trills*,
 We ne're would miss with our good wills,
 Though she was wont oft to complain,
 She *play'd* and *sung* in no *small* pain.
Willing she was at any time,
 To *help* *such hearts*, as fain would climb

Into celestial thoughts, all these,
 In love to Christ, the lov'd to please.
 Thinking no better use could be,
 Of her sweet Musicks harmony.

LVIII.

At last when she had run her race
 Alotted here, she speeds apace
 To her dear God, with many a groan
 She cries to him, and makes her moan,
 That weary of this world she'd fain
 Return her spirit to him again.
 And so she did, to Heaven she hy'd,
 Where now she lives Christs joyful bride.
 His ornaments are now upon her,
 His glorious eyes now fixed on her,
 Before under her pained head,
 While she lay in her dying bed,
 His arms enclosed her; but now
 He hath fulfill'd his marriage vow,
 And taking her up to his Throne,
 Gives thousand smiles for every groan.
 With new embraces, sollaces
 He kindly now her compasses.
 In stead of this worlds clam'rous noise,
 Much sweeter Musick feeds her joyes.
 Her songs are now all Hallelujah,
 To her eternal King Jehovah.
 Oh thither let our souls desire
 In divine ardours now expire.

Her passage
 towards,
 Heaven.

LIX.

A review of
her.

But shall I leave her thus? *Ah no!*
 Methinks I cannot let her go.
 Methinks I see her in the *Walks*
 About the *Garden*, where she talks
 VVith her *own* soul, unto her *Lord*
 Of those *sweet things* which in his word
 She *then* and *there* had newly read,
 And *therewith* her heart fully fed.
 Methinks I see her in the room,
 VVhere she was daily *wont* to come,
 At *meal* times still, with some good *Book*,
 VVhich *alwayes* she 'long with her took,
 Within her hand, *under her arm*,
 That she her *precious* soul from harm
 Might *safely* keep, while *thus* employ'd,
All her life time untill she dy'd.
 Methinks I see her in the *front*,
 'Mong the *young Ladies* she was wont
 To lead up, on the *dancing* dayes;
 When *friends* and *strangers* came alwayes.
 Methinks I see her take the *Viol*,
 That such as would have *no denial*,
 She might in great civility,
 With her *sweet Musick* satisfie.
 Methinks I see her, *here and there*,
Above, below stairs, every where,
 With *pleasant* look, with *cheerful* eye,
 And *kind* salutes, still passing by.

Alas!

Alas! alas! shall I no more
 See her, as I was *wont* before!
She's gone! she's gone! what shall I say?
 We must *all* follow the *same* way.
 Who knows *how soon?* we must all come,
 As well as she to the *cold* tomb.

LX.

Shall we then any more delay
Speedy repentance? since *each* day,
Each hour, *each* minute, may cut off
 Our *thread* of life? since *one small* cough
 May *quickly* waste us? or *consumption*
 Soon end us? Oh! let no presumption
 Possess the *healthy, lusty, young,*
 Though *ne're so well, though ne're so strong,*
 In *flower* of Age, in *heat* of youth,
 In *vigor, fresh*ness, yet how doth
 Death seize on them with his *cold* blaste;
 And cause them *fall* at's foot as fast
 As *leaves* from *Trees?* fears he to blow
 On any *mortal* wight? ah no!
 When their *time's* spent, and *hour* is come,
 To *others* they must *yeeld* their room.
 What do we talk of *weeks, dayes, hours?*
 When we can't say *one moments* ours;
 The *distance* 'twixt our *life* and *death,*
 Is't any *more* than *one short* breath?

An exhortation to repentance, and preparation for death.

LXI.

No possible
exemption
from death
to any, how
good or great
soever.

The richest ransoms cannot give
The greatest Dons the least reprieve.
No heaps of gold, no Counsels deep,
Can any one from a grave keep.
No honours, beauties, riches, wealth,
Wisdom or learning can give health,
Or save ones life a moment more,
Then was appointed long before.
As goodness, so nor greatness can
Prolong the time of our short span.
Dukes, Nobles, Earls, Kings, Princes, Queens
As well as others, deaths black screens
Shall surely visit, the same shades
They must pass through, same dismal glades
Shall seize on them too, they shall have
Experience of the darksome grave.
Where smell, nor colour in their dust
Shall make a difference, they all must
Be equall there; Scepters and Spades
Are much as one, where death invades.
Gyants and Babes are both alike
To him, when his keen darts do strike.
He gives to all a conquering charge,
And in that war there's no discharge.
Monarchs and Beggars the same state
Have after long, or later date.
Nor Robes, nor Crowns, nor splendid Thrones
Fence Royal hearts from dying groans.

No Kingdoms, Armies, Empires can
 Here privilege the mightiest man. (sure
 Then midst great banquets, sports, and plea-
 Should not the greatest Prince find leisure,
 To meditate on this sad fate,
 Which him also early or late,
 Most certainly will seize upon?
 He ne'er grows wise till this be done,

LXII.

This being so, and needs must be
 Without prevention, as we see,
 Shall we remain still in the deep
 Of sins security; and sleep
 Our selves to death? shall we not rise
 With quickest speed, and rub our eyes?
 That we may clearly see the way,
 Where we were wont to go astray,
 It to avoid? and chuse the road,
 That they went in, whose blest abode,
 Is now in Heaven? if we do not
 Thus here, even as our bodies rot
 In slime and filth, our souls also
 Laden with sin, to Hell must go.

The exhortation to
 prepare for
 death re-enforced.

LXIII.

Should we not then be always ready
 When death us calls? and with a steady
 Hand of true faith take a strong hold
 On Christ? that so we may be bold

How to become fit to
 dye, and the
 fruit of it.

Deaths face to look on without fear,
When e're he shall to us appear?
Ghastly and grim his visage is,
Yet he shall send us up to bliss.
His killing darts, his cruel stings
Ne're hurt the good, no terror brings.
Faith, Holiness, Sincerity,
Makes death a precious Legacy
To gracious hearts; it them transmits
Thither where each believer sits
Surrounded with most glorious grace,
Reflected from his Saviours face.
And where now she's in high content,
Whom we below here thus lament.

L X I V.

A serious
exhortation
to the Gen-
tlewomen,
that either
are or have
been of the
School.

Now you young Ladies of the School,
Lest your affections grow too cool.
Sit down, consider well your case,
Have any of you firmer place
Than she? in this worlds tottering frame
Are not you all o'th' very same
Mould as she was? may not your lot
Be th' very next to her? are not
The same infirmities in you?
Same weakness, frailties, causes too
Of sin and death? have you exemption
More than the rest? can a redemption
Be gained for you more than other,
By power, or favour, 'bove another?

Tell me, what is the *priviledge*
 That you can for your *selves* allege?
 Are you *young*? *handsom*? *beautiful*?
 Could not *she* say as *much* to th' full
 As *most* of you? have you *rare parts*?
 Or are you skill'd in *curious Arts*
 In *Works*? or *Musicks*? any thing?
 That's *excellent*? can you *play*? *sing*?
 Beyond all *humane expectation*,
 Even unto *greatest admiration*?
 All this *she* did; and yet we see,
Her under *stroke* of death to be.
 Have you more *honours*? *riches*? *wealth*?
 A greater share in *strength* or *health*?
 Well! be it so; will *this* avail
 To give you *rescue*? will death fail
 One *moment* of his *time*? or will
 He make *long stay* for you, untill
 You *ready* are; at your *request*?
 And so *spare you* above the rest?
 What *warrant* have you for't? will he
 By *greatest* offers *bribed* be?
 Or will he at your *stern* command
Forbear a while, and make a stand?
 If *this* would cause him *not* to *strike*,
 Or *disappear*, then sure 'tis like,
 Nor *great*, nor *small*, *rich*, *poor* would dye,
 But either would *command* or *buy*
Life for themselves, and *still renew*
 Or *words*, or *gifts*, as *dangers* grew

From their *diseases*, or *old age*,
 What e're they had, they'd still engage
New sums, for a *new term* of years,
 To save them from the *King of fears*.
 But let's not be *deceiv'd*, Alas!
 Such *fine expedient* never was
 Yet *practis'd*; nor *never will*,
 But we *undoubtedly* shall still
 Find that *black fate* *irrevocable*,
 Still like *himself*, *inexorable*.
 If *Fathers* sighs, or *Mothers* groans,
 If *dear Relations* doleful moans,
 If *friends* bewailing round about
 Could *keep out* sickness, *drive death out*;
 If *brinish tears*, or *lamentations*,
 Or the most *fervent invocations*;
 If the *Physitians* *care* and *skill*,
 Or *richest Cordials* in the bill
 That he *prescrib'd*, could have *prevail'd*
Her to preserve, we had not *fail'd*
 Of our *desire*, she had not *dy'd*,
 Nor we so *bitterly* have *cry'd*.
 For our *sad loss*; what then remains?
 But that with all your *might* and *pains*
 You hasten, and your selves apply
 To *live so*, as *not fear to dye*.
 She you a *lively pattern* gave,
 So *serious* was she, and so *grave*,
 So *humble*, *holy*, *heavenly*,
 So *much* in *duties* constantly,

So little minded she the pleasures,
 The house afforded, or earths treasures ;
 So weaned from this world below,
 So fast she did to glory go ;
 And all this daily in your sight,
 Early i'th' morning, late at night ;
 That if you do not imitate
 These her rich qualities, your fate
 Will be most lamentable ; you
 Of all the rest that most her knew,
 Take heed you do not carelessly
 Let slip the opportunity,
 That yet you have, the precious season
 Of grace that yet remains, what reason
 Have you to look for happiness,
 Unless you practise Holiness ?
 As late she did, while yet alive.
 Sweet Ladies, I beseech you strive
 To be like her, get her renown,
 That you in Heaven may wear a Crown,
 As she now doth. Oh give sweet rest
 To Jesus Christ betwixt your breast.
 Let him your bosom-jewel be,
 He was to her ; I fain would see
 You all enflam'd with the same love,
 That she to this her Lord above
 Had alwayes burning in her heart ;
 O labour here to act her part.
 Her Legacy do not forget,
 Which she among those jewels set

She valued most, and left to you,
 Her memory sometimes to renew.
 Pray'd she in secret? do you go
 In secret too, and pray you so.
 Did she much love to read and hear
 Gods holy Word? and many a tear
 Shed from a broken heart? did she
 Always with God delight to be?
 In holy thoughts, in sweet Communion,
 In near acquaintance, strictest union?
 Oh that I could perswade you all
 Unto the same! oh that the call
 Which her example gives you, might
 So work upon you in the fight,
 Of all that know you, that it may
 Occasion all your friends to say,
 'Though her removal be your cross,
 Yet 'tis your gain, and not your loss.

L X V.

Where dearest love, most sweet content
 Have lost their object, where the bent
 Of strong affections want the scope
 They us'd to aim at, where the hope
 Of some rare, choice delight doth fail,
 And where no comforts can prevail,
 To quiet and compose the mind,
 The only remedy I find,
 Is presently to hasten from
 The mud-dry'd stream; and haste to come

*A particular
 advice to all
 near Rela-
 tions.*

To the *sweet fountain* of all good,
 Where it will *best* be understood,
 How *deep* our sorrows are, how *great*
 Our *unknown troubles*; what's the heat
 Of our *inordinate* desires,
 And those *hot scorching burning* fires
 That *flame* within us? Oh let's there
 Drench *deep*, refresh our souls, take care
 To *quench* our droughts, *thence* take reliefs
 That may *give ease* to all our griefs.
 A fountain 'tis *so calm, so cool,*
So healing too, a silver pool
So clear, so fresh, so pleasant taste
 It gives to all, that we but *waste*
 Our *precious time* while we refuse
 Its *dainty streams*; oh let us chuse
 This *safe, sure help*, above all others
 That *Brethren, Sisters, Fathers, Mothers,*
 Can us afford, in our distress.
 All put together give *much less*
Support or comfort, one small drop
 From *this high spring*, down from the top
 Of that *gold Mountain* where it runs,
 Gives more *refreshments* than *whole tuns*
 Of these low *muddy waters* here,
 Even when they seem to run *most clear*.
 If we then haste to *wash, bath, drink*
 Of this *sweet font*, we ne're shall sink
 I'th' *Sea of our own passions* wide,
 But *bear up 'gainst* the strongest tyde

Of sorrows, while this is the helm
 Of our hopes, what can overwhelm
 Or drown us? we shall never split
 Our Ship with shelves, or sands, or hit
 Against hard rocks, no boistrous blasts,
 Or surging storms shall hurt our masts.
 Where doleful plaints immoderate are,
 And endless, these aloud declare
 We lov'd too much what we lament
 In such excess, and must repent
 Of this great sin, shall we not rest
 In what God doth, as ever best?
 Shall we not suffer him fulfill
 His own all-wise and sovereign will?
 Are we so angry 'cause the flower
 Is cropt by him, who hath the power
 To take his own when e're he please?
 What though we plead such things as these?
 Ah! 'twas a flower, so sweet, so fair,
 So beautiful, so choice, so rare,
 A flower we lov'd to look upon
 With great delight, that flower alone,
 Which we rejoyc'd in most of all,
 Above the rest on the round ball.
 Well't may be so; perhaps we smelt
 Too much unto't, perhaps we felt
 Our hearts too much engag'd, our hand
 Too much upon't, our eye to stand
 Upon this flower, and there to pore
 On the fine streaked colours more,

Then we should do ; how *many* a flower
Have we oft *spoyl'd* in one *short* hour,
With our *warm hand*, and our *hot breath*,
Have we not *wither'd* it to death ?
Apes *hug* their young and *lose* them so,
When we in our great folly go
The *same way* too, is't any *wonder*,
If the *wise God* doth put asunder
Us and our *comforts* ? let's be wise
At last, oh let us now advise
What our *great duty* is, surely
'Tis to be *silent*, not ask why
God hath done this ? when he *consumes*
Man for his sin, can all his *fumes*
Or *frets* within give *any ease* ?
Or cause the *hand* of *God* to cease
From the *least* stroke ? ah no ! how *vain*
Is't ? and how *sinful* to complain ?
Shall *sorry man* thus with his *Maker*
Contend so fiercely ? be partaker
Of so *great guilt* , and not submit ?
But still remain in's *sullen fit*,
If we *continue* to do so,
May it not bring some *greater blow*
Down quick upon us ? let's *Take heed*
Lest *God* in his *great wrath* proceed
Us more to punish ; we should rather
Seek to find him our *tender Father*,
By *humble, patient, child-like* fear ,
Let us *adore him* and revere

His holy Name. He's a good God
 If we please him, his very rod
 All dipt in honey shall relieve
 And comfort give, when we most grieve.
 As for our friend that now is gone,
 Our dear Relation we bemoan,
 So much, so long, let us rejoyce,
 That though no more we hear her voice
 'Mongst us poor mortals, yet she's where
 Much better friends, Relations are.
 She sings much sweeter tunes than ever,
 She plays unwearied strains that never
 Shall have an end, her aking head
 Now akes no more, her restless bed
 Pains her no more, her cries and groans
 Are all turn'd to melodious tones;
 Her cares, her griefs, her brinish tears
 Are now all lost, and all her fears
 Are vanish'd quite, she's laid to rest
 In her Lords bosom, there's a nest
 Of such strong comforts she ne're knew,
 So fresh, so springing up a new,
 That if we lov'd her, we must needs
 Rejoyce to think what she there feeds
 Upon for ever, what sweet smiles
 She lives among? and what high piles
 Of wealth and store she there enjoys?
 While we remain still in the noise
 Of a loud, clamerous, roaring world,
 Where we from toyl to toyl are hurl'd,
 Toss'd,

Toss'd, vex'd, tormented more and more
 With *turmoils, crosses, troubles* sore,
 All sorts of *sins, temptations, crimes*
 Still us annoy i'th' *best* of times,
 We e're yet met with : every kind
 Of *wants, diseases, griefs* of mind,
Sollicite us, we ne're are quiet,
 Nor ne're shall be, till the *same* diet
She now feeds on, be *ours* also.
 Oh ! *thither* let's *make haste* to go
 In our *affections* first, and then
 At our *last dissolution*, when
God shall appoint ; mean while let us
 Be in *deaths* oft, for we best thus
Befriend our selves, by *frequent* fights
 Of *Death's* black face, do cause the *frights*
 Thereof to cease ; *familiar* talk
 With a *Death's* head in every walk,
 'Midst all our *mirths* and *banquettings*,
 If we discern *deaths* glimmerings,
 If in our *gardens* and our *bowers*,
 And our *converse* among *sweet flowers*,
 Still we with *death* acquainted are ,
 And for his *darts* alwayes prepare,
 It ne're shall take us *suddenly*,
 Nor yet find us *unfit* to dye.

LXVI.

Now in the *close* of all I'll next,
 Tell you the *seasonable* Text,

Upon the
 words of the

The

Text, 1 Cor. The Reverend Doctor pleas'd to take,
 3. 22. *Death* And did a *useful Sermon* make
is yours. At her Interments. Words were these,
 Sweet *Death is yours.* Death gives you ease,
 That *Death* which all *Believers* dye,
 And by which though their *Bodies* lye
 In *slimy Valleys* of the grave,
 Yet those *same filthy slimes* they have
 So *sweeten'd* by *Christ's* rich perfume,
 (*His odours* sure will ne're consume)
 That *there* they lye as if in beds
 Of *fragrant Roses*, he that sheds
Salt tears upon them doth but mingle
Bitter with *sweet*; there's no one single,
 No, nor yet *compound* smell that can
 Match th' *Aromaticks* of that man,
 In's very *grave*, that dyes a *Saint*,
 His *Sepulcher* needs no rich *paint*.
 Though what lyes there all *putrid* be,
 Though *spoyl'd* in the *fine* symmetry
 Of every part, yet I dare say
 That at the *Resurrection* day
 That *dust* shall blossom; a *new* flower
 Shall *bud* and *blow* from thence; that power
 That *urn'd* it there, with *better* scent
 Shall *sweeten't*, and make *redolent*.
 Most *costly* odours never gave
 So *rich* a scent as *that* shall have.
This very *dust*, is *dust* of *Gold*,
 Bought with *vast* sums, can ne're be told.

Christ's own heart blood, that pretious thing
 Was all paid for the purchasing
 This very dust; this rotten mould
 Blest Angels one day shall behold
 Quicken'd again, immortaliz'd,
 With Christ's own body similiz'd
 As vile as 'tis, splendors of Glory
 Shall brighten it, the highest story
 Of bliss it shall be mounted to,
 So high, so very high, that you
 Shall see the twinckling starry globes
 Beneath this dust, the costly robes
 It shall be vested with out-shine
 The Sun at Noon, all beams combine,
 When this dry dust unites again,
 To fix upon it, and remain
 In their full lusters. Purity
 Most incorrupt, agility
 Most quick and active, then shall be
 The new rais'd bodies property.
 If thus this casket as before,
 Shall be embroidered all o're
 With richer things then Gems or Gold,
 More then empearl'd. We may be bold
 To think the jewel lately pent
 Within it much more Orient.
 That Diamonds all glittering Angles
 More sparkling are than all the spangles
 We elsewhere see. The difference must
 Be vastly great betwixt this dust

And

And that which quicken'd it : the glory
 As we do find by *sacred* story,
 Which hath a *reference* to the tomb
 And *fleshy* part, is yet to come.
 But now the *Nobler* part, the mind,
 If we consider well, we find,
 Is in *possession* presently,
 When it doth from its *body* flie.
Next moment is it not transpos'd
 From *Earth* to *Heaven*? and repos'd
 I'th' *bosom* of sweet *rest* and *peace*?
 Hath it not gain'd a *full* release?
 From *sins*? *temptations*? *miseries*?
 From *all sorts* of calamities?
 Hath it not left a *world* behind,
 In which we nothing else can find,
 But *vanities* and *sore* vexations,
 With *thousand thousand* molestations?
 Hath it not *blisses* now, and store
 Of such *high joyes* 't ne're knew before?
 Is't not *enrob'd*, *enthron'd*, *encrown'd*?
 With *brighter* glories, circled round
 With *lusters* *more intense* by far
 Than *any* in those *orbes* that are
Now visible to humane eyes?
 Doth not *Christs own* sweet *Vision* rise
 Into *emperial* culminations,
 Of *unapproach'd* coruscations?
 What is the *spangled* Canopy
 Compar'd with *this* bright fulgency?

Seated in this high *chair* of State.
 Doth not the *glorious* soul now hate
Sins snares below ? *this* mire and clay
 Which *here* 'twas *clog'd* with th'other day?
 Doth it not now with *scorn* behold
 This our *contemptuous* dirty mould ?
 Is not the *very dust* it treads
Now made of Stars ? are not the beds
 Where *now* it takes *repose* the same,
 Which *Christ himself* long'd till he came
 Unto, when he his *life* had shed
 And for poor finners *to death bled* ?
 While thus in *goodly* dignity
 It sits *aloft, sublime, and high*,
 While *Angel-like* it is array'd,
 And all its *golden beams* display'd
 Before its *Sovereigns beauteous* face,
Spouse of his heart, and of his Grace
 The large *replenish'd* subject is,
 And *reigns* thus in *eternal* blifs :
 While 'tis *bedew'd, embalm'd, o're-run*
 With *streams* from this *ne're setting* Sun,
 While *all sweet influential* Powers
 And *virtues* down upon it showers,
 While *Union, Vision, Joy and Rest,*
Peace, Light, and Glory makes it blest,
 While his *love warms, melts, and inflames*
 The soul, while all the *pregnant* names
 By which all *future good* is shown,
 Unto this *blessed* soul are known,

While it partakes, sucks, feeds upon
 All this, as if it self alone
 Injoy'd it all, and this for ever,
 Must keep it alwayes, lose it never.
 Tell me I pray what is thy thought
 Of that *sweet death* such things hath
 For *this rais'd soul*? what *Legacy* (wrought
More rich could well be given by
 Him, that by *death* gives *such a life*,
 So full of *bliss*, so free from *strife*?

LXVII.

*The chara-
 cter of a Be-
 liever's
 death.*

These things consider'd, now I shall
 Proceed with *Truth* *sweet death* to call,
 A *silver* bridge that passeth o're
 All good souls to the other shore.
 A *golden* key made to unlock
 The *gates* of *Glory* to *Christ's Flock*,
 To open *Wardrobes*, *Treasuries*,
 Where all *rich* stores and *jewels* lyes.
 A *sweet* sleep in *perfum'd* bed
 Where *just men* rest their wearied head.
 An *Officer* that gives possession
 To him that makes *sincere* profession
 Of all his hopes and expectations
 With *full compleat* remunerations.
Accomplisher of his desires,
 And what by *true Faith* he requires.
Performer of *sweet Promises*,
 That *easeth* of all *grievances*.

Remover of his cares and fears,
 Answers all pray'rs, wipes off all tears.
 That turns the seed into its crop,
 Rich grace into its gallant top
 Of Glory; roots to full-blown flowers.
 Griefs drops into the golden showers
 Of Joy; that crowns the Conquerour .
 Who fought for Christ, the labourour
 In Wine-press of afflictions great,
 Rewards his sufferings, sorrow, sweat
 Which he with patience underwent,
 Self-abnegation, and content.
 A tite Ship that through surging Sea
 Bears a true Christian quite away,
 From Rocks and quick-sands to his port,
 Which he seeks after, that strong fort
 Which men and divels too cannot
 Or hurt, or batter, with their shot.
 The ladder by which up we climb
 To th' place not measur'd out by time.
 The Mid-wife of a purer birth;
 An In-let to the sweetest mirth;
 That to the Bridegroom gives his Bride,
 Knits knots no more to be unty'd
 Betwixt them, puts the glittering Crown
 Upon her, and the sumptuous Gown
 Of needle-work in Ophir Gold,
 The garment which ne're waxeth old.
 That with August inauguration,
 Seats her in highest installation

'Mong those *bright mansions* which before
Prepared were, and evermore
Stand *firmly* fix'd. That dwelling place
'Mong *beams* which from a *Saviour's* face
Create *whole myriads* of blisses
Perpetually, and never misses.
If this be all the *alteration*
That *death* makes by a *separation*
Of *soul* and *body* for a space
Till *both meet* in so high a place,
Shall we not count it our *best* friend,
That brings us to so *brave* an end?

ACROSTIGKS.

I.

S orrows how *great* ! How fast they come
 U pon our *hearts* ! how *burdensom* !
 S ighs, *sobs, griefs, tears*, most *bitter* moans
 A re our *food* now ! more *deep* fecht groans
 N e're came from *any* ; we are left

P ast *remedy* ; this *sudden* theft.
 E ver *surprizeth* where he can
 R ich, *poor, small, great*, there is no man
 W hate're he be must look to scape
 I ts *killing stroke* ; upon his nape
 C ruel *assaults* will give their blow
 H is *life to end* before they go.

II.

S ore *griefs* must needs *afflict* us when
 U nt timely death the *best* of men
 S natcheth away, when *Virgins young*
 A re *cropt* i'th' *bud*, and plac'd among
 N ight-*sepulchers* ; when we do see
 N ew *blossom'd Roses* scatter'd be
 A t deaths *black foot* : may not we say?

P itty, oh *pitty* us ! we pray

E specially since our *sad* griefs
 R eturn so *fast*, and *no* reliefs
 W ill *ease* our *heavy* *sinking* hearts,
 I n midst of our most *doleful* *smarts*.
 C ome Lord, *true* *grace*, *peace*, *comfort* give
 H ear us, give *answer*, *while* we *live*.

III.

S he's *blest* no doubt, now she is gone
 U nto her *Lord*; *Him*, *him* alone
 S he *most* *desir'd*, and *lov'd* to meet
 A s *Mary* did, where his *blest* feet
 N ew *tydings* brought, of *such* *sweet* *peace*
 N one knew before; she'd *never* *cease*
 A t any time to *labour* after

P art of *these* *toyes*, that *fill* with laughter
 E ternally; where she might find
 R est, *Pleasures*, *Blisses* for her *mind*:
 W here she might sing *above* the *skies*
 I n *sweeter* notes *new* *melodies*.
 C hrist had her *heart*, his *bosom* she
 H ath now got her *repose* to be.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I.

SIN'S WAN CAEAR UP.

ISSIN WAN? let's CHAR UP our hearts
 'Tis *struck dead* by *Christs own* keen darts.
 Though it leave *mortals, pale, WAN, dead,*
 Yet 'twas it *self first conquered.*
 Our WAN looks shall *revive* again, (reign
 Let's CHEAR UP; when *Christ 'gins* to
 Sin *lives* no more: well't may look WAN
 When it lyes *sprawling,* and ne're can
 Get up again: its *deadly* wound
 Admits *no* cure. How *sweet's* the sound
 Of this *good* news unto our ears!
 With how *great joy* our hearts it CHEARS!
 Doth *she* CHEAR UP? is *her base* sin
 Turn'd to *rich* Grace? *her drossy* tin
 Into *pure* gold? And *her* WAN looks
 To *beauties?* do *joyes* pleasant brooks
 Fill *her* with a *Felicity*
Ineffable, Eternally?
 Let *us* CAEAR UP too, may not *we*
 Hope for the *same* as well as *she?*
 No *doubt* we may, if *we* but *live,*
 As *she* did *us* *example* give.
 Then *we* (as *she*) may *hope* no more
 To SIN or look WAN as before.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I I.

PURCHASE SWAN-IN.

SWANS sing *most sweetly* when they dye,
Saints do the *like* most usually.
 But what's the **IN** such **SWANS** as these
 Take *harbour* in with *well tun'd* layes ?
 Is't not *bright Heav'n*, that *blissful* port,
 The *chiefest* of all *Inns* of Court ?
Fair lodgings there were furnished
 For our *sweet Songster* that is dead.
Dove-like she liv'd, *Swan-like* she dy'd,
 And *Phenix-like* to *Heav'n* fly'd,
 From that *low moorish River* here
 She rais'd with many a *brinish* tear. (Iought
 This *Heavens* **SVVAN-IN** she therefore
 Of *whom*, and for *what*, 't might be bought,
 And when at *last* she understood
 No *other price* but *Christ's heart* blood
 Could **PURCHASE** it, she *then* made bold
 From *thence* to fetch *huge heaps* of gold
 And paid down for't, whereby she *made*
 A *gainful* **PURCHASE**: there's *no trade*
 Like *this* with *Christ* to *buy* and *sell*
 This her *experience* knew full well. (IN
 So this *brave* **PURCHASE** *heavens* **SWAN-**
 She *makes*, and *now* she *dwells* therein.

S U S A N N A H . P E R W I C H E ,

Anagram III.

A H ! I C H E A V ' N S P U R E S U N .

A H ! I C see now (*late dim half-Moon*)
Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN *in'ts glorious Noon.*

Moon-like before my *squallid* motions
 Swell'd all my banks with *brinish* lotions.
Broad streams, *high* tydes flow'd and reflow'd,
 So that *huge* *Vessels* might have row'd
 I'th' *lowest* waters, - my *griefs* made
 So *deep* no *foot* therein could wade.
 But now methinks I look more *blith*
 Now I'm got in *conjunction* with
 My *blissful* S U N and *source* of light
 My *day's* now come, my *dark som* night
 Is gone and past ; my *cold mist* drops
 Are all *dry'd* up : I'm on the *tops*
 Of *spicy* Hills : *Olympian* beams
 Send *rowling* out such *flaming* streams
 As me *ingulf* ; I'm *circled* round
 With *glomerations* which abound
 Where *shades* were wont : *black miry* earth
 I've *changed* for HEAV'N by a *new birth* .
 Death *kill'd* me not, but gave a *life*
 Above all *sorrow, sin, and strife* .

What

What *wisdom* is't on *earth* to stay,
 For any that get HEAV'N may?
 Who would not *turn* his *dross* to *Gold*?
Pebbles to *pearls*? his *dirty mould*
 To *all-tralucant glittering beams*?
Foul muds into *PURE* *Chrystal streams*?
 His *pricking thornes* to *softest downes*?
 His *clouds* to *stars*? *crosses* to *Crowns*?
 Who would not change *bitter* for *sweet*?
Vile gall for *hony*? with *running feet*
 Hasten *quick* way to that *brave place*,
 Where he may see in's *Saviour's face*
 Ten thousand *smiles, joyes, beauties, blisses,*
 And thence receive *millions of kisses*
Sweeter by far, than any *Nectar*;
 Which for our *tears* is an *Elixar*
 That *turning* them to *silver balls,*
Stills all our *groanings, cryes and brawles*?
 I'm *blind* to *earth* now I Csee HEAV'N
 I'll feed no more on *sins sowre leav'n*.
 In stead of *rags*, I here *wear Robes*,
 And under feet tread *spangling Globes*.
 Here I walk *round* from *Tower to Tower*,
 And pass along from *Bower to Bower*.
Here *Angels* sing, *there* *Cherubins,*
Arch-Angels here, *there* *Seraphins*.
 I *stand* and *listen* in a *gaze*,
 I *hear* and *see* what doth *amaze*
 My *ravish'd soul*. *Dominions* high
Here sit *enthron'd*, and *there* doth *flie*

A winged Chorus. Melodies
 To what shril mounted strains they rise!
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 How they chant to great Jehovah!
 Lutes, Viols, Harps, Cytherns, Gettars
 Compar'd with these, oh what harsh jars
 Do they send forth! and what sad lowers
 Sit on the looks of fairest flowers,
 Colours, or beauteous faces here
 Compar'd with the bright objects there!
 Visions I see incomparable,
 Rare tunes I hear unutterable.
 Fast am I held by ears and eyes,
 Yet mine imagination flies
 Farther and farther; therefore I
 Away with speediest motions hye
 To view where th' mighty Potentates
 And all the rest o' th' glorious states
 Do reign and rule; where all the Powers
 And Principalities down showers
 Their more than golden lusters; where
 The several Heav'nly places are
 I read of in that holy Word,
 First did the knowledge me afford
 Of these rare things: but most of all
 I view the Seat Imperial, (ing rays
 Where HEAV'NS PURE SUN with glitter-
 Sits, and his Majesty displays
 With most corruscant emanations,
 Commanding lowliest adorations

From *highest Powers*. Oh what *pure lights*
 Doth he *transfund* ! what *dazling sights*
 Gives he ! 'tis true all Heaven o're
 I see *high Thrones, myriads, and more* :
 Yet all these are but th' *glimmerings* , he
 Sheds from his *own dread effulgency*.

All Crowns Vibrat from his *great Crown* ;
Whole Thrones from his *great Throne* drop down ;
Not single beams, but Suns, whole Suns
 From this **PURE SUN** still *streaming runs*.

As *sparks* from *huge great Di'monds* fall
 While *cut* in numerous *Angles* all :

Or as *Gold Oar* from *mighty Mountains*,
 Rowl in *small sands* through *silver fountains*.

The *Heav'n of Heav'ns* shines in his face,

He *brightens Glory* 't self : the place

Where he's *enthron'd* all *flaming* is,

So *ever radiantizing* 'tis,

That were it not *refracted* to

Created eyes, it would undo

The *boldest Angels* to behold

In *glimpse* not a *minute* old

The *splendors* of't , in *one straight line*

So *unapproach'd* is't in its *shine*.

Oh *glorious object* ! what *intense*

And *condens'd pleasures* fetch I *thence* !

Would't not me prove a *very sot* ,

If I *all ravished* should not

Break out in *wonders* ? therefore *now*

Without all *blame* you'l me allow

To joy that my *half-Moon's* thus drown'd
 I'th' *Ocean lusters* me surround ;
 And as *one wrapt up in a Trance*,
Wondering my wonders still t'advance ,
 And say, Ah ! I Csee with m'*own eye*,
 Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN eternally.

E P I T A P H.

Here *Beauties, Odors, Musicks* lye,
 To shew that *such rare things* can dye.
Weep Passenger, weep, sigh, and groan,
 When was e're *such another* known ?
 From *Heav'n* she came with *Melodies*,
 And back again to *Heav'n* she flies.

Here

Here follow certain Copies of Verses, composed by
some of the friends of the Deceased.

*In memory of that eminently Vertuous, his much
honoured Cozen, Mrs. Susanna Perwich.*

(grown

ANd what! is death of late so *meal'd mouth'd*
As to sleight *courser*, and to feed on none
But nature's *choicest dishes*? must her heart
Needs feel the *point* of his *all-conquering* dart?
Could neither *Beauty, Vertue*, him provoke
To hold his hand from this *sad fatal* stroke?
Could *they* have don't, then certainly we may
Conclude that *she had liv'd still* to this day.
'Tis no *Hyperbole* to say her mind
Others in *rarest ex'lencies* out-shin'd.
The *Vertues* which *elsewhere* lay scattered,
Within her *breast* were all centered.
But why do I thus *stammer* out her worth?
There needs an *Angels tongue* to set it forth.
Yet now she's gone; let not her *dear friends* weep,
For she's not *dead*, but only *fall'n asleep*;
Rather *rejoyce*, that God them *honour'd* so,
Such a *rich gift* upon them to bestow.

With

With *whom* we leave her, and shall add but this,
 In heavenly joyes her soul now *sollac'd* is;
 Warbling out *sweetest Anthems* bove the skies,
 Not such as are found in the *Lythurgies*.
 Well! what remains, but this *one wish*, that we
 Who stay behind, may be *as good as she*?

S. R.

*Some serious thoughts let forth for my deceased
 Friend, Mrs. Susanna Perwich.*

OH help me Muses, you that *softly* sing
 In solitaries, bring me on your wing,
 Where grief may *melt* me, and my tears extend,
 To touch, each loyal heart that means to spend
 Some *select* mournings, that our lives may be
 The perfect Emblems of true Piety.
 We know our frailties, and we can't express
 It more to *purpose* (mortals) see this *Herse*
 Whereou doth lye, the body of our Friend,
 A soul too good, too great, too soon to end;
 And yet her star is not extinct, for she
 Triumphs in glory over misery.

What

What mean then thus our thoughts to mourn, oh
 Do they complain? will still my *watery* eye (why
 Dissolved be in tears? stop, stop, no more
 Of thy distilling; peace, 'tis time, give o're.
 Lift up thy down-cast senses, see her *set*,
In beams of brightness, labour thou to get
 To her preferment, and thou maist be sure
 Thou wilt exchange thy dross for what is pure.
 Call home thy dunghil cogitations, be
 An imitator of her charity.

Abound in goodness, and let love invite
 Thee to her pattern, for her sole delight
 Was to be *pious, courteous, sweet* to all;
 Not vainly proud, nor subject to have gall.
 Free to forgive the greatest wrongs, and she
 Never took pleasure in much jolity;
 But *wisely ponder'd* in her serious cell
 'Twas best becoming wisdom for to dwell
 Within its proper walls, and there to be
 Protected from injurions falsity.
 In sum, her life was such as might have been
 A *Nautick-card*, to guide the best of men.

I. H.

Up.

*Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Susanna Per-
wich, the miracle of her Age, for all Excel-
lencies, both Spiritual and Temporal.*

(grief,

W^Hat ails my thoughts? I'm *haunted* so with
That to my mind *nothing* can yeeld relief.
What do I ask the reason? it is plain,
Ha'n't *every* face an *Elegiack* strain?
Great sorrow can't be *smother'd*, in each eye
Appear the *sad* complaints of misery.
What are we mortals now at last *berest*
Even of that *little* which the *Fall* had left?
What is *that* *Lady* struck by *death's* keen darts,
In whom *concentred* all the *heavenly* Arts?
Thus *sad* were mortals, when *Astrea* flew
To *Heaven*, and bid the *curst* earth adieu.
I'm nought but *stormes* within, they'l not be *pent*,
My heart must *break*, or I must give them *vent*.
Come then my *Muse*, try if *rais'd* by her *fall*,
Thou canst her *image* to my *mind* recall:
Her *beauty* and *rare* features I'le forbear,
Lest *thinking* on them, I should *surfeet* there.

I'll boast not of her *blood*, though in her *face*,
 Both *Lancaster* and *York* had *equal* place:
 But she was *Musicks Master-piece*, a wonder,
 Oh that I could but *run division* on her.
 What means this sudden stroke? did *Pallas* fear
 (*Musicks great Goddess*) to be *challeng'd* here
 In her own *Art*, and lose that *glorious* name,
 Which hath so *sounded* in the trump of *fame*?
 Or wa'n't the *heavenly Lyra* sweet alone,
 To make a *Consort*? is she *thither* gone?
 When *hospitality* out of *England* went,
 She's said to 'ave yeelded up her *breath* in *Kent*:
 So *Musick* in her, whom we now *bemoan*,
 I fear will prove to 'ave given its *last groan*.
 If she *unseen* did sing, I *wish'd* to be
All ear; if after that I her did see,
 My wish was *chang'd*, I fain would be *all eye*,
 That so I might her *glorious* gifts espie.
 Sure *nature* framed her for this intent,
 That of *their wishes* men might still repent.
Orpheus his *well tun'd* soul in her did live,
 If to *Pythagoras* we may credit give;
 He made the *eared Oaks* dance to his layes,
 And *dul ler stones* the walls of *Thebes* to raise.
 But what is more, she *stony Rocks* could move,
Rough

Rough tempers mild after her play would prove,
 But if you look on skill in *Musicks* Art,
 What is *most rare*, she had a *well-tun'd heart* :
 For although others the *sphears* harmony
 Could never hear, because o'th' *noise* and cry
 Of *worldly things*, yet sure she this had heard,
 Her soul to *Heaven* was so often rear'd :
 She ne're was so well pleas'd with *Musicks* airs,
 As when she *rose to Ela* in her prayers :
 'Twas far more pleasure to her, and content,
 To tune her heart, than tune her Instrument.
 Those rarities that in her breast did lye,
 She cloathed all with rich *Divinity*.
 When the *three Goddesses* did each contend
 For th' *golden Ball*, *Paris* did recommend
 It unto *Venus* ; but she unto *Grace*,
 On th' contrary did give the *chiefeft* place ;
 For though those *earthly Syrens* did their part ;
 That each might gain that *golden Ball*, her heart ;
 Yet she did stop her ears to all their strife,
 And gave it unto *Christ*, the *Lord of Life*.
 She was our *Phenix*, but this breaks my heart,
 Her *ashes* can't another *Life* impart :
 But is she dead ? and did not every thing,
 Rush into its first *Chaos* once again ?

122 *Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Sus. Per.*

For since the *harmony* o' th' world is gone,
I expect nothing but *confusion*.

Philosophy now fails, that argument
It us'd to prove the *Heavens* are permanent,
In her's confuted, for her *perfect form*,
Could not *discharge* her body from the *worm*.

E. B.

UPON

Mistress

S ure there are *mysteries* hid in this Name,
U nder it's comprehended so great fame.
S earch well the *Holy Language*, *Rabbins* all,
A nd see what mean the *letters radical*.
N e're were a *Females* parts improv'd so high,
N ature in *her* did meet with *industry* :
A nd every letter in *this Name* sure will
P rove *Hieroglyphicks* of her *various* skill.
E qual to her were none, for *parts*, or *worth*,
R eligion yet did *chiefly* set her forth. (way,
W eep Reader, weep, this fair one's snatcht a-
I n her best years she felt her strength decay.
C an any read this without *sighs*, and say,
H ere lyes a mirror wrapped up in clay?

Idem.

An eLegie on that peerLefs VirgIn, SVfanna
 PerWICH, *Paragon of aLL VertVe, the*
fLoVrIshIng gLory of her seXe,
 Who LateLy DeCeaseD,
 DDCCLLLLLLLXVVVVVVVVVVVIIIIII.

(sobs give way,

VVould tears permit, would sighs and
 My honest Muse her mournful debt
 (would pay

Unto thy Herse, dear Saint. Can grief give *time*,
 Or knows it *measure*, can't compose a *Rhime*?
Strong duty bids it try, though't be confus'd,
Grief to trim *Dress*, or *Order* is disus'd.

Now from the *Fortress* of my love-stor'd heart
 Officious words would fally, to bear part
 I'th'rites, but by an *ambushment* of tears
 Surpriz'd: I'll try again devoid of fears.

Now try we if't be true, or meer surmises,
 That from the *Phenix* urn another rises:
 If this prove true, 'twil give our *grief* a *lank*,
 Whose prouder swelling laughs at *bound* or *bank*.

Were I in *Scot* a *Petrolitan*
 Holding that mannerly *devotion* ran (lohe
 Through th' *Conduits* of the *Saints* : her *Name* a-
 I would *adore*, at her *shrine* make my *moan*.

If not by *Precept*, but by *Precedent*
 (*A breathing Precept*) *Vertue* best is sent
 Into the *soul*, behold a *perfect Guide*,
 In whom all *Vertues* are *exemplifi'd* :
Courtca'd by *strong Temptations* to be *proud*,
 Yet in *Fames silver Trumpet* sounds aloud
 Her great *Humility* ; which was the *ground*
 Whereon her other *Vertues flower'd* were found.
 This *vertue* is the *ground* on which the *rest*
 Run *sweet division* in a *fair contest*.

On this *firm Basis* that *bright Fabrick* stands ,
 Which *kisses Heaven* and the *Clouds* commands,
 So many *excellencies* were her *lot*,
 One in another's *beauty* is forgot.

As *calm* she was in *words* as in *desires* ;
 Knew not her *Sexes tempests* nor their *fires*.
 Some are but fairer *Æolus* his *Dens* ,
 In which the *winds* and *blustering storms* he *pens*.

Beauty, Proportion, Colour do define ,
 To which *some graceful motion* well adjoyn ;
 Whereto may *voice* be added, all these here

Conspir'd to place her fame above a Peer.

Though chaste and comely seldom we do see
 In high degrees (at least) conjoyn'd, yet she
 Was Beauties darling, Modesties delight,
 Giving as rare as ravishing a sight.

Hackney, the Ladies University.

Of Female Arts the famous Nursery;
 Which in their kind at least, may well compare
 With those of th' other Sex; what Arts so rare
 Which are not liberally furnish'd here?
 Mathematicks they count within their Sphear;
 Arithmetick in musick couch'd you'll find;
 Geometry hath in their dancing shin'd.
 Astronomy's best read i' th' Ladies eyes;
 Rhetorick first from women did arise;
 Their Logick, Will, our Reason doth defie;
 There are Grammarians for Orthography. (Muse
 Tongues there abound. Blame not in improper
 In Elegies still Elogies we use.

This University she grac'd, wherein
 To the chief Colledge Students she did win.
 She there proceeded highest Graduate,
 Mistris of Arts that are profess'd thereat.
 How great a loss that University
 Of her bereft sustain'd! how great's the cry

Of that fam'd *Colledge*, which she did *adorn*
 Which knows but one *long night* without a *morn*?
 How *dumb's* their *Musick* and their *dancing lame*!
 Or if *both's* good, yet *neither* is the *same*.

Those pretty *Doves eyes* with *griefs* needle feil'd,
 They *prick* their *fingers* till their *works* blood

In all the *needles Curiosities* (yeeld.

Exactly she was *read, view, wipe your eyes*.

In *dancing* reach'd *perfection* of the *foot*,
 Yet not with *labour* much *gave her mind to't*.

Her *Musick* jars *Division* in this *strife*,
 Whether she *sang* or *plaid* more to the *life*,

That *subdivided*, whether on the *Lute*
 Or *Viol* best her *fingers* sweet did *sute*.

Her *Hand* and *Ear* fell out which should be *best*
 The *Hands* none such by *all* she is *confest*.

In all her *Exercises* shown such *Art*
Neglectedly concerned in each part,

As if to her they *all* were *natural*,
 Or she to them were *supernatural*;

And so in truth she was, her nobler *Fire*
 Unto a *higher Region* did *aspire*.

This by her *bearing* is well *figur'd* out,
 Which rightly doth her *represent devout*.

The Field is Argent; charge, a Chevron sable

*Betwixt three Eaglets, which to view are able
Her Crest, a Southern Sun, in Noon-tide glory,
Thus Eagles prove their young, in Natures story.*

*Not silken Arts, nor graceful steps, nor dresses,
Not modish ordering heart-ensnaring Tresses,
Not Art with Nature, Instrument with Voice
Can make a Female Glory to rejoyce;
Nor Natures paint, but much less that of Art,
By which your Dames of pleasure make their mart,
But a bright burnish'd mind, whose lustre vies
With the Celestial Lamps, dazzling all eyes.*

*I th' Heavenly Academy she was verst,
Knowledge there's tasting, things are not rehearst
But done, not only for a blaze prest,
But Action there with constant heat is blest;
In the Celestial University
She now degrees of Glory takes more high.*

*She once blest Earth, while acting on this stage
Now gives Heavens Book of Bliss another Page,
Which gives me greater Amours, and much
I long to read it now, than e're before. (more
You'l say, my Muse soars not so high a flight
As justly rates her worth; confest, tis right
One cause is this, her wings with grief are wet,
Or else her Lute had strain'd a nobler set.*

To the READER,

Courteous Reader.

SOME pages of this sheet being left void for want of matter, rather than they should stand empty, I have filled them up with short practical Quæries, grounded (for the most part) upon such pregnant Scriptures as have the answer still perspicuous in them, the rest may be supplied with answers from the mind of the Reader, either negatively or affirmatively, according to the nature of the Quæries. And because my aim is to speak something that hath a particular reference to all sorts of sins and duties, I have therefore put my Quæries accordingly; and for the more delight and variety, disposed them into a miscellaneous order. At first indeed, I thought to have filled up this sheet only, and no more, but my hand being in, I proceeded to a double century and somewhat more, and have divided them into Decads, for the better help of memory, and to prevent weariness; so remaining an hearty well-wisher to thy souls best good, I subscribe,

John Bachiler.

I. DE-

I. DECAD.

1. **VV**Hether the *imputed* Righteousness of Jesus Christ by Faith, be not the true formal cause of a Believers *Justification*? whether the *satisfaction* he hath made to his Father's *Justice* on behalf of the Elect, be not *sufficient*? whether the merits of his *Active and Passive* obedience, do not arise from the *dignity* of his Person? and whether he that denies this, doth not make the *Gospel* void? *Esa.* 53. throughout, *2 Cor.* 5. 21. *Mat.* 3. 17. *Heb.* 7. 25, 26, 27. compared with *Rom.* 4. 14. *Gal.* 3. from 17. to 27. & Chap. 4. 5.

2. Whether he that affirms *total* and *final* falling away from *special* Grace, be not a down-right *Arminian*, and Cozen-German to a *Papist*?

3. Whether he that holds the *power*

wer of nature (otherwise called Free-will) may not strongly be suspected to be *unknown* to himself; or at least not to take *due notice* of the workings of *sin* and *Grace* in his own heart?

4. Whether one may not be a *zealous* Preacher against sin, and for *inherent* Grace, in order to *justification* thereby, and yet be a *Jesuit*, or every whit as *bad*, whatever his *pretence* may be to the contrary? and whether such may not be accounted *upholders* of the doctrine of *merit*, and *establisbers* of their *own* Righteousness? *Rom.* 10. 3.

5. Whether it be possible to cover a sinners *spiritual nakedness* with any other garments, but *those* which Christ wears on his *own back*? *Rev.* 3. 18.

6. Whether the Righteousness of Christ applyed by Faith, be not both *coat of Mail* and *cloth of Gold*; and such too, as nothing can either *pierce*
or

or *sully*? and whether he that hath *this* upon him, be not both *securely* and *bravely* arrayed from head to foot? *Eph.* 6. 11. compared with *Rev.* 1. 13.

7. Whether any other robes have such *rich embroideries*, or are hung with so *many*, and so *costly Jewels*, as those robes of Christ, which both *himself* and his *People* wear? *Es.* 61. 10. *Cant.* 1. 10, 11.

8. Whether Christ hath any *Dowry* with his *Bride*? and whether her *Wedding clothes* are not of his providing, *Ezek.* 16. 13, 14. compared with *Rev.* 21. 2.

9. Whether it was not an *unparallel'd love* for Christ, to account the day of *Espousals*, with one that had neither *Beauty*, *Parentage*, nor *Portion*, to be the day of the gladness of of his heart? *Cant.* 1. 6. *Eze.* 16. 3, 4, 5, 6. compared with *Cant.* 3. 11.

10. Whether by the *Queens*, her being all glorious within (*Psal.* 45. 13.)

13.) and by her clothing of wrought Gold, be not meant, the *splendors* of Grace in the heart, and the *shine* of them in the Life ?

II. DECAD.

11. Whether, if Grace be the Flower, sincerity and godly simplicity, be not the lasting fragrancy and beauty of that Flower ?

12. Whether the *Flames* of Divine Love are not most *vehement*, even flames of God ? and whether those flames are not raised and maintained from the *sweetest Fuels* ? *Cant.* 8. 6. compared with Chap. 1. 12.

13. Whether these flames shall ever go *quite out* for want of fuel, or can be *extinguished*, either by men or devils ? *Jer.* 31. 3. compared with *Rom.* 8. 35. to 39.

14. Whether the very *best duties* of the *best Saints*, have not need of Christ's perfumes, to *sweeten* them ?
and

and whether *much incense* be not therefore added to their Prayers, because they are in themselves *very unsavory*, and from very *noysom hearts* ?
 Rev. 8. 3.

15. Whether in the *golden Vials* (mentioned Rev. 5. 8.) though the *Prayers* are the *Saints*, the *odours* are not *Christ's* ? and whether the reason why they are all called *odours*, be not, because the *denomination* is alwayes from the better part ?

16. Whether *fervent* Prayers from *holy hearts*, make not as *sweet a smell* in Heaven, as their praises make *melodies* ? *Psal.* 141. 2. *Cant.* 2. 14.

17. Whether a soul can truly *live* without *Christ* any more than the *Body* without *wholesom food*, *Job.* 6. 27, 32, 33.

18. Whether the *highest Angels* feed on *better dainties* than the *meanest Saint* ? and whether the *Love of God* be not a *full* and a *sumptuous Feast* ? *Psal.* 36. 7, 8. & 34. 8. compared with *Esa.* 25. 6. 19. Whether

19. Whether the *hardest* heart doth not *drink* in the Love, and *melt* in the Blood of Christ, as sugar *sucks* up, and *melts* in wine? Rom. 5. 5.

20. Whether one can begin *too soon* to love God? or can love him *too much*? or can suffer or lose, or do *too much* for him? and whether he doth not deserve the very best of all we have? the *best* of our time? the *best* of our affections? the *best* of our enjoyments? and accordingly whether he doth not *expect* it? Deut. 6. 5. Gen. 4. 4. compared with Mal. 1. 8.

III. DECADE.

21. Whether true *saving Faith* may not well be said to have an *Eagles eye*, since in a *right line* it can look on the *brightest Sun*, the Sun of Righteousness? Esa. 45. 22. compared with Mal. 4. 2.

22. Whether a weak Faith, like a *palsy hand*, may not lay hold on a *pardon* or *purse of gold*? the woman
came

came trembling to Christ, *Luke* 8. 47.

Mark 9. 24. *Joh.* 6. 37.

23. Whether the lowly grace of *Humility*, like the delicate scented *Violet*, that even kisseth the earth, and as twere *hides* it self under its own leaves, be not as *sweet* as any of the *Taller* graces? and whether this be not a *thriving* Grace? *Psal.* 25. 9. *Prou.* 29. 23. *Jam.* 4. 6. 1 *Pet.* 5. 5.

24. Whether they have not the *quickest* and *best* hearing, who have an ear in their *heart* that *listens* to, and *bears* the smallest motions of the *Spirit of Grace*? *Esa.* 30. 21.

25. Whether *Faith* and *Love* are not a pair of *golden wings*, with which a gracious heart flies to *Heaven* every day? *Psal.* 111. 1. & 143. 9.

26. Whether the *lowest* sighs from a broken heart, do not make the *loudest* Prayers? and whether a Prayer upon the knee, will ever reach Heaven, unless it be a Prayer on the wing too? *Psal.* 51. 17. *Esa.* 37. 4.

27. Whether all the day long, wheresoever or howsoever employed, the sending up of *frequent ejaculations* to Heaven, be not to drive a secret, but *thriving trade* for Grace, and the comforts of it? *Psal.* 139. 17, 18. *Esa.* 26. 8, 9.

28. Whether any one truly penitent groan, was ever *unheard* of God? or one penitent tear *unseen* or *unbottled* up by him? and whether God will defer the deliverance of his afflicted People *one moment* longer than is necessary? *2 King.* 20. 5. *Psal.* 56. 8. *1 Pet.* 1. 6.

29. Whether he that suffers or loseth *most* for Christ, be not the *greatest* gainer? *Mat.* 5. 11, 12. *Rom.* 8. 17, 18. *2 Cor.* 4. 17.

30. Whether by some mens lives and actions, it may be supposed, that they do really believe there is a God, a day of Judgement, an Heaven and an Hell?

IV. DECAD.

31. Whether the *death of many righteous* in a few months time, be not a *sad prognostication* of much evil to come? and whether *every day* of our life, we ought not seriously to think of, and carefully prepare for the *hour of our death*? *Esa. 57. 1. Job 14. 14. Psal. 90. 12.*

32. Whether a covert under the wings of the Almighty, be not a *safe and a warm place* in stormy times? and whether they may not reckon themselves secure whom *God keeps*? *Psal. 91. 1, 4.*

33. Whether the bosom of God be not the *sweetest, highest and brightest* place in Heaven? and whether it be not the place where *Abraham lyes*? *Luk. 16. 23.*

34. Whether his case be not to be lamented, who makes it his *business* so to live, as to *dye a fool*? and whether a poor *Lazarus* be not in an happier

condition than he? *Luk. 12. 20. & Chap. 16. 22.*

35. Whether he that refuseth to answer *God's Calls and Counsels in the time of his Life*, can expect God's answers to his calls and cries at the *hour of his death*? *Prov. 1. 24 to 31.*

36. Whether *Fornicators, Adulterers*, and other such like, shall not do well to consider, that God's eye is *broad open* upon them at *midnight*, when *no candle* is in the room, *no company there*, and the curtains drawn round about them? and whether he doth not see their *thoughts too*, as well as their actions? *Psal. 90. 8. & 139. 1 to 14. Heb. 13. 4.*

37. Whether, if *every idle word must be accounted for*, as certainly it shall, *Mat. 12. 36.* it will not be sad with them, whose mouths belch forth nothing but *oaths, cursings, blasphemies, scurrilities*, all manner of filthy communications, and bitter revilings against God, his wayes and

Peo-

People? *Psal.* 10. 7. *Rom.* 3. 13, 14.
1 Pet. 2. 23. *Jude* 15.

38. Whether the righteous God be not *engaged* to a severe punishment of the *wrongs and injuries* done to him and his? and whether present forbearance will pass for payment, or doth not make way rather for the *heavier blows* at last? *Psal.* 37, 12, 13.
Eccles. 8. 11, 12. *Prov.* 11. 21.

39. Whether *God will be mocked*, or doth not take notice of the intolerable *insolencies* of prophane *scoffers* at his *Holy things*, especially his servants the *Prophets*, and the *messages* which they bring? and whether this was not one great cause of all that wrath that brake out against *Judah*, when they were carried away captives into *Babylon*? *2 Chron.* 36. 16.
Gal. 6. 7.

40. Whether the terrible Judgements of God, in the present death of *four of the Actors of the passion of Christ*, upon the very place where, and

while they were acting it (mentioned by *Philip Melancthon*) are not to be taken notice of by such as adventure on such *bold attempts* ?

V. DECAD.

41. Whether *Idolatry* were not one *principal sin*, that sent the ten Tribes into *perpetual captivity* ? and whether the practise of it among Christians, be not one great *hindrance* of the *conversion* of the *Jews*, who having smarted so *much* and so *long* together for that sin, do they not now dread to come where it is, or to embrace *that Religion* that is defiled with it ? 2 *King.* 17. 7. to 19.

42. Whether the worshipping of the true God, after a *false manner*, be not *Idolatry* in the Scripture account, as well as the worshipping of a *false God* ? and whether God cares for any worshippers, but *such as worship him in Spirit and Truth* ? *Ezek.* 43. 8. *John* 4. 24.

43. Whe-

43. Whether a *little pollution*, mixt with the *pure Doctrine*, *Discipline* and *Worship* of God be not like a *little spider* in a cup of *rich wine*, which may poyson it as well as a bigger? and whether God doth not expect full as great *care and caution* about the matter and manner of his *Worship* in the *dayes of the Gospel*, as he did in the *dayes of Moses*, who was not to vary in the least, from the *pattern that was shewed him in the Mount*? *Exod. 35.*

40. *Ezek. 44. 7, 8.*

44. Whether it be not the *peculiar Office* of the Spirit of God, to teach his People to pray? and whether any prayers will be accepted, but such as he *dictates*? *Rom. 8. 15, 26, 27. Psal.*

10. 17.

45. Whether *seeming grace* or *holiness*, will qualifie a man for happiness, any more than *real sins*? and whether those *Scribes and Pharisees*, which our Saviour calls *Hypocrites*, in their external acts of worship, and

publick profession of Religion, were not in appearance very *devout men*? *Mat. 23. 14, 25, to 30. Phil. 3. 4, 5 6.*

46. Whether any leaven so *sowers* the Conscience? any thorn so *sharply pricks* it? any dagger so *deeply wounds* it, as hy pocrisie? *1 Cor. 5. 8. Prov. 18. 14.*

47. Whether *Swearers, Drunkards, Whore-masters*, or any other prophane persons and lewd livers, be any whit the *better men*, because they go to *Divine Service* twice a day, and perhaps can say all the Prayers without book too- (being so often used to them) unless they *truly repent and reform*? *Esa. 29. 13. Jer. 7. 9, 10, 11.*

48. Whether the Gospel should not be preached *in season and out of season*? and whether, where *vision fails*, the people are not in danger of *perishing*? *2 Tim. 4. 2. Prov. 29. 18.*

49. Whether the *darkness*, occasioned among a People, by the absence

fence of the *Sun of Righteousness*, and his *shining Gospel*, be not far greater, and more *terrible* than that of *Ægypt*, it being a deprivation of a *more glorious Light*? *Luk. 1. 79.*

50. Whether they that cannot endure the *light* of the Gospel, have not *sore eyes*? and they that cannot *see the light* of it when it shines brightly, are not *stark blind*? and whether they that do their utmost to extinguish it, are not willing to have themselves and deeds *undiscovered*, and so go to Hell *without stop*? *Joh. 3. 19, 20. Eph. 5. 13. 2 Cor. 4. 3, 4.*

VI. DECAD.

51. Whether Christ his *local descent* into Hell, were an Article of the Christian Faith, the first 400. years after Christ? and whether those words of our Saviour upon the Cross, *It is finished*, (*Joh. 19. 20.*) do leave any ground to believe that he suffered *any pain*, or felt any *farther wrath* of

of God afterwards, as common People are apt to conceive, by those words of his, *Descending into Hell?*

52. Whether the words of *that Article* in the Creed, *Crucified, dead and buried*, do not sufficiently express Christ his remaining in the *state of the dead*, without the addition of any other words? and if they do, whether then the following words must not be taken in a *distinct sense?* or else be liable to the danger of a *Tautology?*

53. Whether the *Lords day* doth not consist of as *many hours* as any other day? and whether it ought not to be *wholly set apart*, either for personal duties in *secret*; or for private duties in the *Family*; or for publick duties of Piety in the *Congregation*, and of charity among *Neighbours*, as occasion requires? *Exod.* 20. 8, 9, 10, 11. & *Chap.* 31. 13, to 18. *Levit.* 19. 3, 30. *Mat.* 12. 1, to 9.

54. Whether a great and *strict charge* doth not lye on Parents and
Go-

Governours of Families, to *Catechize Children and Servants*, and to instruct them in the *admonition and nurture of the Lord*? and whether the want of this be not one *great hindrance* to the work of the Gospel in the *publick ministrations of it*? *Deut. 6. 6, 7. Prov. 22. 6. Eph. 6. 4.*

55. Whether the *want* of frequent and plain Preaching and pressing the *fundamentals of Religion*, by the Ministers of the Gospel, be not one *chief occasion* of the great ignorance and confusion, that is ordinarily found in the minds of People, about matters of *Faith and Practise*, and of their aptness to be seduced into errors?

56. Whether it may be ever hoped for in *this world*, that *all men* shall be *just of a mind*, or of the same opinions and apprehensions (in matters disputable at least) any more than all to be of *one and the same complexion and feature* in their faces? *1 Cor. 1. 12. & Chap. 3. 3, 4, 5, 6. & Chap. 12. 4, 5.*

57. Whe-

57. Whether Parents ought not to bear a *great reverence* towards their Children, in *doing* and *saying* nothing in their *sight* and *hearing*, which they are unwilling to have them learn or practise? and whether *evil communication* in them as well as others, doth not *corrupt good manners*? 1 Cor. 15. 33. Eph. 4. 29.

58. Whether *often dropping* favory and good speeches among those we have ordinary converse with, in *design to win souls*, or to quicken grace in our selves and others, be not a sowing of *precious seed*, that will be sure to come up at one time or another in a *fruitful Harvest*? and whether *Abraham, Joshua, and David*, with other eminent Saints in Scripture, were not wont to be much employed this way? Gen. 18. 19. Josh. 24. 15. Psal. 34. 11. Prov. 31. 1, to 10. Prov. 1. 1, 3, 4. & Chap. 10. 21.

59. Whether he that *willingly* and *constantly* neglects the duties of *secret*
me-

meditation and *Prayer* betwixt God and his own soul, may pass in charity for a *good Christian*? *Mat. 6. 5, 6.*

60. Whether a *cold, flat, dull spirit* of *Prayer* among Gods People, be not a *sad symptom*, both of their *unfitness* to suffer afflictions, and *unpreparedness* for deliverance out of it? *Esa. 43. 22.* and whether when God *intends* mercy, he doth not give an heart to *pray earnestly* for it? *Jer. 29. 10, to 15.*

VII. DECAD.

61. Whether the *flood-gates* of all manner of sins standing open among a People, and *no stop* put to them, will not let in also *inundations of judgements*? and whether in such times there can be any more than *two parties* found, either such as willingly partake of the *common guilt*, or such as *sigh and cry for the abominations* committed among them? *Lam. 1. 8, 9. Ezek. 9. 4.*

62. Whether those that live most *holily*, mourn for their own and the Nations sin most affectionately, and pray for their Prince most *fervently*; are not the best subjects? 1 *Tim.* 2. 1, 2.

63. Whether *pure Religion*, and *undefiled*, doth not consist in the conscientious performances of the duties of *both Tables*, viz. of *Holiness towards God, and Righteousness towards men*? and whether he that most truly *fears God*, doth not most truly *honour the King* too? and whether the *second* must not needs be affirmed, where the *first* is granted? 1 *Pet.* 2. 17. *Act.* 24. 16.

64. Whether there can be any *comfort* in suffering, unless it be for *well doing*? and whether a man hath not need of a *very good and cleer cause*, that lyes in a Prison for it? 1 *Pet.* 3. 17.

65. Whether *Prayers and tears* are not the Saints weapons, and af-
ter

ter their death too? and whether by these they may not hope to prevail against their adversaries in due time, *Rev.* 6. 9, 10. *Exod.* 2. 23, 24, 25.

66. Whether injuries, especially for *God's* sake, are not *patiently* to be *born*, rather than *revenged*? and whether *Christ himself* give not a great example and proof of it? *Luk.* 6. 28, 29. *1 Pet.* 2. 23.

67. Whether it was not *providential*, that the name of the first man that dyed for the Christian Religion (*Stephen*) should signify a *Crown*? and whether that crowned Emperour, *Philip the Arabian* (Successour to *Gordianus*) who in the time of the 7th. persecution was slain, because a Christian, was not advanced to a much *higher dignity* than he had before, by his being *crowned* with *Martyrdom*? *2 Tim.* 4. 7, 8. *Jam.* 1. 12. *Rev.* 2. 10. & 3. 21.

68. Whether a *Prison* for *Christ's* sake, doth not become a *Pallace* and
place

place of glory, and a close stinking dungeon, a *Paradise* of sweetest pleasures? and whether Christ himself be not *fellow-Prisoner* there? *Rev.* 2. 10. *Act.* 12. 7. & 16. 25. *Mat.* 25. 36.

69. Whether fires of the *Saints Bodies* are not made of the *richest fuels*? and whether God smells not *sweet savours* from *these flames*? *Phil.* 2. 17. *Rom.* 12. 1.

70. Whether the *Ashes* of holy Martyrs, are not reserved in *golden urnes*? and whether the most *lasting perfumes*, are not found in the *graves* of those that dye *in, and for Christ*, especially since Christ himself and his odours lay in a grave? *Joh.* 19. 39, 40, 41. 1 *Thess.* 4. 14, 16.

VIII. DECAD.

71. Whether the History of the *ten persecutions*, especially the Martyrdoms of the Apostles, of *Epagathus*, *Zenon*, and other Noble men of *Rome*, of *Ignatius Bishop of Antioch*,
of

of *Eustachius*, one of *Hadrian's* most valiant Generals of his Armies, of *Polycarpus* Bishop of *Smyrna*, of *Felicitas* and her seven Sons, of *Germanicus Sanctus*, *Maturus*, *Attalus*, *Laurentius*, *Blandina*, with very many others, are not most pleasing and profitable to be read in *suffering times*?

72. Whether *visions* of God, and his holy Angels, to some of the afore-said *Martyrs*, and their fellows, did not fill them with *ineffable joyes* in the midst of their greatest sufferings? and whether the *intensness* and *sweetness* thereof, were not the true reason (as the Writers of these things report) why from morning to night they could endure such *exquisite torments*, as *burning plates*, *scalding lead*, *boyling oyles*, and many other such like, inflicted on their *naked bodies*, as if they had never felt them? 1 *Pet.* 4. 13, 14. *Heb.* 10. 35. & 12. 2.

73. Whether *some* may not be killed, but *not hurt*? and *others* not on-

ly dye, but be *killed by death*? *Rev.* 2. 11, 23.

74. Whether all the world be not a place of *exile* to him, whose *Country* is Heaven? and whether a Believers *home* can be any where but in his *Fathers house*? *John* 14. 2. *Heb.* 11. 13, 14, 15, 16.

75. Whether Holiness be not the *beauty of youth*, and the *glory of old age*? the *shine* of this, and of the other world? *Prov.* 1. 8, 9. & 16. 31.

76. Whether the *Sun* in the firmament hath *half* so many beams and influential powers, as the *Covenant of Grace* hath consolations? and whether the Promises are not the *breasts* thereof, and so full, that the Babes of Christ can never *empty* them by sucking? *Heb.* 6. 17, 18. 2 *Pet.* 1. 4. *Esa.* 66. 11, 12.

77. Whether God be not such an *ever and over-flowing Fountain* of Life and Grace, as sends forth millions of *fresh and new streams* continually? and

and whether all other fountains of good are any other than so many *single drops* of this? *Psal.* 36. 8, 9. *Esa.* 12. 2, 3.

78. Whether all our *flowers* grow not in *God's Garden*? and whether he be not provoked to crop them, when we *look too much* upon them, or *smell too much* to them? *Hof.* 2. 8, 9, 10.

79. Whether engaging the heart more than is meet, in creature-comforts, be not like a *surfeit from sweet-meats*, that often brings death? *Luk.* 8. 14. 2 *Tim.* 3. 4.

80. Whether most men like *spiders*, do not suck *poysen* from God's flowers; rather than like *Bees*, make *honey* out of them? and whether *ingratitude*, doth not turn his honey into gall, and *presumption*, his grace into wantonness? 2 *Tim.* 3. 2. *Jude* 4.

IX. DECAD.

81. Whether it be not better *to suffer* than to sin? and whether many

do not wish they had done so, when it is *too late*? 1 *Pet.* 4. 16. *Mat.* 27. 3, 4, 5.

82. Whether God will thank any man for being so *over-careful* or *busie* in providing for the *peace* of the Church (or his own peace rather) that he is not so careful as he should be for the *purity* of it? and whether it be a good way to procure its peace, by yeelding to any thing that *pollutes* it? *Ezek.* 13. 17, to 23.

83. Whether a *tender conscience*, that fears to offend God in the least thing, especially in matters of his *divine Worship*, be not *less dangerous*, than a bold conscience that adventures far, and a large conscience that can swallow any thing for *preferments sake*? and whether a tender conscience be not a better *guard* upon the purity of Gods holy Ordinances, than a forward compliance with *those precepts of men*, which (if Christ himself be worthy of belief) renders the *Worship of God vain*? *Esa.* 29. 13.

Mat.

Mat. 15. 7, 8, 9. *Mark.* 7. 6, 7, 8, 9.

84. Whether *carnal pollicy, love of self* and *base fear*, have not betrayed many a brave Cause? and whether he that steps back, and loseth but *one foot* of his ground, doth not draw his adversary the *faster* and *more fiercely* on him, till he be quite beaten out of the field by him? *Gal.* 1. 16, 17. & chap. 2. 4, 5.

85. Whether those wounds upon the Gospel, be not *most gaping*, and those gashes in the profession of it, the *deepest*, which are made by men, who being reputed truly godly, do most unworthily *renounce*, or at least not openly, strenuously and constantly assert, those *professed Principles* and practices, which with *good reason*, they formerly, more wayes than one declared for, and maintained, in the *face* of the whole world? and whether *Francis Spira* found not the bitter fruit of such a tergiversation from the Truth, when he *subscribed to the*

Popes Legat? Oh how did he cry out of the shipwrack which he had made of *Faith and a good Conscience!* how did he torment his own soul, with that dreadful Scripture (*Prov. 14. 14.*) *The back-slider in heart shall be filled with his own wayes!* which sore judgement the Lord avert (for his mercy sake) and prevent in others.

86. Whether patience under afflictions, be not best maintained in a gracious heart, *by thinking well of God,* and a firm belief that *all things shall work together for good?* and whether the consideration, that God is a creating God, and so able to *create succours* and means of help, when all visible hopes from second causes fail, be not a ground of great consolation to Believers when *most oppressed?* *Rom. 8. 28. Heb. 12. 5, 6, 7, 10. Esa. 50. 2. & 59. 1.*

87. Whether God intends any more hurt to his *servants*, when he puts them into the *fire*, than the *Refiner*

finer doth to his *pretious mettals*, when he puts them into the Furnace? and whether it can reasonably be imagined, that he means to *consume* his gold and silver, and so *impoverish* himself? *Mal.* 3. 2, 3. *Zachar.* 13. 9. 1 *Pet.* 4. 12.

88. Whether Gods actions are not *alwayes best*, how cross soever they may seem to us, and done upon the *highest and best reasons*? and whether there be not *good reason* for us to conclude so, though sometimes we understand them not? *Psal.* 136. 5. *Prov.* 3. 19, 20. *Job* 36. 22, 23.

89. Whether God only be not the *most absolute Sovereign*, that by a peculiar prerogative, makes his *own will* the rule of whatsoever he doth, both in Heaven and Earth? and whether any thing can possibly be *contingent* to him, or happen otherwise (even in any the *least circumstance*) than he hath before *decreed, ordained, and appointed*? or than he orders, permits, and

directs? *Job* 9. 12. *Esa.* 46. 11. *Act.* 2. 23. & 4. 28. & 17. 26. *Rom.* 9. 15, 18, to 24.

90. Whether God be not *greatly to be observed and admired*, in all that he doth, not only in his works of *Creation*, but in the continued course of his renewed *Providences*? and whether every thing that proceeds from God, should not lead us to God? *Act.* 17. 26, 27.

X. D E C A D.

91. Whether it be not a duty to *follow* Providence, and not to *lead* it? to be led by it, and not to drive it? or whether we can have peace in doing or suffering any thing without a *good warrant, or call* from God? *Psal.* 73. 24. *Heb.* 5. 4.

92. Whether *Original Sin* was not the Devils *first Brat*, begot upon humane nature, with its *own consent*? and whether millions of millions more, of all manner of transgressions, have

have not ever since been conceived and sprang from the same womb?

Gen. 3. 4, 5, 13. *2 Cor.* 11. 3. *Rom.* 5. 12, 16, 17, 18, 19. *Gen.* 6. 5. *Eccles.* 8. 11. *Jam.* 1. 14.

93. Whether all manner of miseries and deaths, have not come in *at this door* only? *Rom.* 5. 12, to 17. *Jam.* 1. 15.

94. Whether we are not *worse enemies* to our selves by far, than the Devil can possibly be, since he can never hurt us without our *own consent*? *Prov.* 1. 10. *Psal.* 50. 18.

95. Whether the *heart of man* before 'twas entred and possessed by sin, was not the very *Paradise of Paradise*, an *Eden within Eden* it self, even Gods own sweet Garden of delight, where *himself*, and *Son*, and *Spirit*, did all dwell and converse together? and whether ever since it hath not been the very *spawning place* of all filthiness? a *Cage* of unclean birds? an horrible *deep and dark pit*, of hissing
sing

sing stinging Serpents? and these so bedded and twisted together, and so *continually multiplying*, that it is utterly impossible they should ever be destroyed any other way, but by plentiful streams of Christ his own *wreaking warm blood*, poured hot upon them, from his *dying heart*. This indeed can stifle and kill them, when nothing else can, *Gen. 1. 27, 28.* compared with *Chap. 6. 5.* and with *Jer. 17. 9.* as also with *1 Job. 1. 7.*

96. Whether *Pelagianism*, that denies *Original Sin*, and makes death not to be the punishment thereof, but the meer *necessary consequence* of nature only, be not a most *dangerous Heresie*? and whether the doctrine of *general Redemption*, which grants *Original Sin*, but then takes it off again from all mankind, by attributing *too large* an extent to the death of Christ, be not every whit as *dangerous*? and whether both these Grand Heresies, are not against most expres Scriptures?

tures ? the first against, *Rom.* 5. 12. & chap. 3. 9, 10, 11, 12, 22, 23. *Gal.* 3. 23. the second against, *Esa.* 53. 11, 12. *Job.* 17. 9. *Rom.* 3. 26. & 5. 12. & 6. 23. compared with, *Gen.* 2. 17.

97. Whether the *roarings* which some men have in their Consciences, when their *own sins* and *Gods wrath*, are let out against them, even here in this Life, be not more *hideous and lamentable*, than those that were made by the *Bull of Phalaris*, or the *red-hot chains and grid-irons*, that some of the holy Martyrs were *broiled and fryed* to death by ? and yet how short doth this come of *Hell* ? *Prov.* 18. 14. *Mat.* 27. 4, 5. *Mat.* 22. 13. & 25. 41. *Esa.* 33. 14.

98. Whether *force and violence*, upon so tender a place as Conscience, are not *fore temptations* ? and whether, while they cause men to sin against their *own light*, they do not often occasion far more grievous torments *inwardly*, than those outward fiery tryals

tryals of affliction can possibly be, which they *dread* so much, and seek *this way* to avoid? *Prov.* 14. 14.

99. Whether God be not as *skilful*, yea infinitely *more skilful*, to draw good out of evil; yea the *greatest* good out of the *greatest* evil, than men are to make *soveraign Triacles* out of *strong poysons*? *Rom.* 8. 28.

100. Whether the blood of Christ be not the most *soveraign Balsom*? and whether it be possible for the *least wound*, that ever sin made, to be cured without it? and lastly, whether Christ be not the *best Physitian*, as well as Chyrugion, since none that he hath undertaken, ever *miscarried* under his hand, or ever can, *Heb.* 9. 14, 22. *Mat.* 9. 12. *Luk.* 10. 34, 35. *John* 6. 37.

XI. DECAD.

101. Whether all the *Monarchies* in the world; and millions more of the same kind, can bear *equal weight* with

with one dram of saving Grace ? and whether they that make *drudges* of themselves to get wealth, but never mind the *salvation* of their precious souls, do not sell Heaven and Happiness for a *golden nothing*, and so make sad work for themselves when they lye a dying ? *Mat. 16. 26.*

102. Whether a little Religion in *great persons*, doth not go a great way, and *shine far* ? and whether such persons, in the midst of their many temptations from *Honours, Riches,* and *Pleasures*, are not rather to be pittied and prayed for, than envied ? *1 Cor. 1. 26.*

103. Whether *Jesus Christ* be not worthy to be accounted and made use of, as the most *illustrious and resplendent Jewel* that can be worn, either in the bosom of *Noblest Ladies*, or on the Diadems of *mightiest Monarchs* ? *1 Pet. 2. 6, 7.*

104. Whether Glory doth not *sparkle* in Grace here, as in a rich *Diamond*

mond full of Angles, and Grace *flame* in Glory hereafter, as in a *bright shining Sun*? and whether that which is called Grace in the *cradle*, be not the same, that is called Glory upon the *Throne*? 2 Cor. 3. 18.

105. Whether the poor *Groom* in the Stable, or the *Scullion* in the Kitchen, that hath true Faith in Christ, and sincere Love to God, shall not be *sure* of a place in Heaven, when the *great Lord or Lady* which he serves, having none of these Graces, shall never come there? Jam. 2. 5.

106. Whether it be not great pity, that one should get into the *Suburbs* of Heaven, but never into *Heaven it self*? and whether it doth not concern the *fine-spun Hypocrite*, and the great *moralist*, to think of this? Mark 12. 3.

107. Whether every one should not strive to be *better* than others, and to set the *liveliest* patterns of holiness? and whether the lowly Grace of *Humility*,

mility, which like the delicate scented Violet, *hangs its head* neer the ground, and *hides it self* as 'twere, un-
 under its own leaves, be not as *sweet*
 as any of the *taller* graces? *Tit.* 2. 7.
 & 3. 1. *1 Cor.* 14. 12. also, *Prov.* 15.
 33. and 22. 4. *1 Pet.* 5. 5.

108. Whether many *Heathen*, for
 their moral vertues, did not *out-do*
 many of those, that in our dayes, go
 by the name of *Christians*? and whe-
 ther it be not best, so to live al-
 wayes, as one would *wish* to have li-
 ved when he comes to dye? *Mat.*
 11. 21.

109. Whether he takes not the
 most *desirable* journey, and hath not
 the *best company* for his fellow-tra-
 vellers, that goes towards Heaven,
 and gets thither at last, though some-
 times his way be dirty? *Mat.* 7. 14.
 compared with, *Prov.* 3. 17.

110. Whether the Saints do not
 alwayes walk with the *best guards*; for
 while wicked men are attended with
 none

none but the *Devil and his Imps*, are not they ever surrounded with the *holy Angels*, and with *God to boot*? *Psal.* 91. 9, 10, 11, 12. *Heb.* 1. 14.

XII. DECAD.

111. Whether it be not the *wisest way* to get preferment in that Court, where *all are Kings*? and whether a Believers Crown of *Thorns*, that is lined with *Diamonds*, be not richer, and more easie, than those Crowns of *Diamonds* that are lined with *Thorns*? *Rev.* 1. 6. *Mat.* 13. 7, 22.

112. Whether any *Garden* or *Gallery*, be so pleasant, sweet, and state-ly to walk in, as where *Christ* and his *Spouse* are wont to meet? and whether any nourishment be so desirable, as that honey and milk which *they eat* of, and those spiced *Wines* which *they drink*? *Cant.* 5. 1. & 7. 5. & 8. 2. *Esa.* 25. 6.

113. Whether the Citizens *Merchandize*, or the Countrey-mans *Husbandry*

bandry, the Gentlemans *Revenues*, and the Poor mans *Labours*, are not more or less prosperous, sweet and comfortable, as they have more or less *interest* in God, and *converse* with him? *Deuter.* 28. 2, to 21.

114. Whether any calling; imployment or business, can be *warrantable*; which one cannot in *Faith pray for*, and expect a blessing on? and whether *Stage-Players*, makers of *Popish Pictures and Images*, and many others; are not concerned in this *Quæry*? *Rom.* 14. 23. *Esa.* 44. 9, to 21.

115. Whether a *secret curse* doth not the same in some mens great *Estates*; that *worms* do at the *roots* of fairest flowers? and whether every thing on this side Heaven, be not either a *Feather* or a *Thorn*, vanity or vexation of spirit? *Prov.* 3. 33. *Mal.* 2. 2. *Job* 20. 26. *Eccles.* 1. 2, 14.

116. Whether *holy tears* have not a *shrill voice*? and whether a right Prayer indeed comes not into *Gods*

ear, as soon as it is out of a *Believers* heart? *Psal.* 6. 8. *Esa.* 65. 24.

117. Whether one affectionate warm active Christian, among many cold ones, be not like one *live coal*, that enkindles many dead ones? and like a *load-stone*, in the midst of many needles, which *draws* and gives *magnetique touches* to them all, by vertue whereof, they draw others likewise?

1 *Cor.* 11. 1. *Heb.* 3. 13. *John* 1. 43, to 47. *Act.* 18. 24, to 28.

118. Whether *passions* out of order, are not like *fire* out of the chimney? and whether all care ought not to be used to keep them within their *due place and compass*? *Jam.* 1. 19, 20. & 3. 5, 6. *Eph.* 4. 26. 31.

119. Whether it be not the duty of *Husbands* and *Wives*, not only to pray for and with one another, at times of ordinary address to God, but also at *special seasons* in their retirements, frequently set apart for that purpose betwixt themselves? and

whe-

whether this be not an excellent means to procure blessings upon, and to keep all things in *sweet harmony* in their Families? *Zachar.* 12. 11, 12, 13, 14. *Luke* 1. 6.

120. Whether the *Husband* ought not to dwell with his Wife as a *man of knowledge*, and to be a good guide and head to her? and whether the Wife by her *vertues*, should not become a *Crown* to her Husband? and whether in this case, the Head and the Crown be not *well met*? *1 Pet.* 3. 7. *Prov.* 12. 4.

XIII. DECAD.

121. Whether *Kings, Princes, and Nobles*, have not the greatest *opportunities* of doing good in their Generations? the greatest *obligations* upon them towards God? and the greatest *accounts* to make to him? *Esa.* 49. 23. *Psal.* 101. throughout, & *Psal.* 34. 11. *2 Chron* 29. 36. *Esth.* 4. 13. *Nehem.* 1. 4. *Luk.* 1. 3.

122. Whether *Judges* and *Lawyers*, of all others, have not the most *frequent* and *lively* representations of the day of *Judgement* before their eyes? and whether such of them as take *Bribes*, give *wrong Judgement*, undertake *bad Causes*, and refuse to *plead good ones*, shall not certainly come to their tryal, at that *High Tribunal*? 2 *Chron.* 19. 6. *Levit.* 19. 15. *Prov.* 31. 9. *Esa.* 1. 17, 23. *Deut.* 25. 1. also, *Psal.* 94. 21. *Esa.* 5. 23. *Heb.* 10. 30.

123. Whether those are not *weak Nets*, or those *Nets* not well managed, which will catch and hold *little fishes* only, but not *great ones*? and whether those *Laws* are not as weak, or at least weakly executed, that catch *little offenders* only, but let *great ones escape*? 1 *Sam.* 8. 3. *Esa.* 29. 21.

124. Whether the pardoning of *many* and *great* crimes, be not sometimes very *seasonable* and *necessary*? and whether this be not to imitate
God

God himself, in one of his most *Royal Prerogatives*? 2 *Sam.* 19. 21, 22, 23.

Prov. 10. 12. *Exod.* 34. 7. *Jer.* 50. 20.

125. Whether he that is *implacable* against another, that hath *causlessly* offended him, so as never to *pardon* nor *forget* the wrong done to him, hath any reason to *hope* for mercy from *God*, whom himself offends daily and hourly? *Rom.* 1. 31. *Luk.* 17. 2, 3. *Mat.* 6. 14, 15. 2 *Cor.* 2. 7.

126. Whether he that prays *God* would forgive him, *as he forgives others* (whom he neither doth forgive, nor ever will) doth not thereby give answer to himself, and conclude *never* to be forgiven? or at least, doth not his *tongue contradict his heart*? and that in the sight of him who *knows* all hearts? *Mat.* 6. 12, 13, 14, 15. *Act.* 15. 8. *Luk.* 6. 37. & 11. 4.

127. Whether some men do not sin fearfully, by *rash vows*, and obstinate resolutions, *without* and *against* all rule or president from the *Word*

of God? and whether such men fall not into *dreadful snares* thereby? or can have any other way to deliver themselves from the *sin* or *danger* thereof, but by *repenting* with all speed, and nullifying such *unwarrantable* vows and resolutions? *Judg.* 11.

39. *Act.* 9. 23, 24. & 23, 12, 13, 14.

128. Whether it be not an *unparallel'd*, both crime, folly and cruelty, to be *irreconcilable* to another for the same *faults*, (or perhaps less) than ones self either is or hath been guilty of, and yet *reckon* upon going to Heaven at last, without any *greater* (or perhaps not so great) *evidence* of repentance or reformation, than the *Party* he is so irreconcilable to *doth give*? *Mat.* 18. 32, 33, 34, 35.

129. Whether a mans *own Conscience* be not a *Law*, a *Witness*, and a *Judge* to himself? and whether the Righteous God doth not pass the *same Sentence* upon a man, that his own conscience doth? *Prov.* 14. 14.

Rom.

Rom. 2. 14, 15, 16. 1 Job. 3. 20, 21.

130. Whether it be likely that he, who at *any time thinks* it too soon to repent, or thinks it *soon enough* to repent at any time; means *ever* to repent at all? and whether any man be truly wise, but he that is wise *at last*, and so wise for *eternity*? Heb. 3. 7, to 16. Rom. 2. 5. Prov. 19. 20. Deut. 32. 29.

XIV. DECAD.

131. Whether part of a *good Mother's* employment, should not be a constant endeavour to instil *knowledge* and *grace* into her Children's hearts? and the like of a *Mistress* to her *Maidens*? Prov. 31. 1. 2 Tim. 1. 5.

132. Whether a *disobedient Child*, that truly repents, and endeavours to amend for the future, may not hope for mercy from his *Father in Heaven*, in case he cannot obtain none from his *earthly Parents*? and whether he that wants *bowels* to another in mis-

ry, may not fear he shall find as little favour himself; when he stands *most in need* of it? *Luk.* 15. 17, to 22. *Prov.* 12. 10. *Jer.* 6. 23. *Jam.* 2. 13.

133. Whether it be possible for Children, by *all the duty* and love they can express, to make *full payment* of what they *owe* to Parents? and whether they ought not to do their *utmost* to become *comforts* to them, and be grieved at the very heart if they have been *crosses*? *Luk.* 15. 18, 19.

134. Whether they are not the best neighbours, friends and companions, whose *constant discourse* is most *heavenly*, and their examples most *Holy*? *1 Theff.* 1. 7.

135. Whether she makes not the *best Wife* that hath *two Husbands*, one in Heaven as well as one on Earth? and whether she can love the *latter well*, unless she love the *other better*? *Cant.* 2. 16. & 6. 3. & 7. 10.

136. Whether to match with Christ be not *high preferment*? and whe-

whether Gods most *wonderful* condescension, in accepting any poor vile mortal, and making one fit to become a *Spouse* for his Son, be not a good document and instruction to those Parents, that sometimes find their Children match *below* their rank and estates, provided they meet with *internal qualifications* of mind, suitable and commendable in the *want* of other things? *Mat. 22. 2. Esa. 54. 5.*

137. Whether pride be not a *swelling tumour*, most angry, fiery, and festering, and upon the *worst* place of all, the *heart*? and whether reviling language doth not argue a *blistered* tongue, and slanderous lips cut like a *Razor*? *Prov. 16. 5. & 21. 24. & 29. 22, 23.*

138. Whether any two that lye in a bed together, after personal and secret *listings* up of their respective hearts to God, can spend their time *better* before they rise, than by *quickning* each other with holy conference,

rence, and consulting how best to serve God *all the day* after? *Psal.* 5. 3. & 63. 6. *Mal.* 3. 16.

139. Whether as soon as our eyes are open in the *mornings*, we should not prevent Satan, by giving the *first possession* of our hearts to God? and whether it be not needful alwayes, to *set a watchful and strong guard* about them, to keep the *Devil out*? *Psal.* 63. 1. & 88. 13. & 139. 18. also, *Prov.* 4. 23.

140. Whether the Prayer of *Jonah* out of the belly of the Whale, got not as *quick* to Heaven, and without *wetting its wings* too, as *Solomon's* did from the Holy Temple? and whether he that prays most sincerely hath not the *sweetest breath*, as well as he that sings most spiritually hath the *sweetest voice*? *Jonah* 2. 7. *Cant.* 2. 14. *Rev.* 5. 8.

XV. DECAD.

141. Whether *God* in his appointed

ted time, will not *fully vindicate* the honour of his own *holy Ordinances*, upon the prophaners, despisers, and contemners of them? and whether he hath not done so sooner or later, in all *foregoing Ages*? *Malech. 1. 7. Isa. 5. 24. Ezek. 22. 8. Amos 2. 4, 5. 1 Cor. 11. 30.*

142. Whether a *quiet*, but *evil* Conscience, be not an *Ulcer* most dangerous, and of all others, the *most incurable*? *Prov. 18. 14. Mat. 2. 5. Gen. 4. 13, 14.*

143. Whether he be not the best *Soldier*, that maintains a spiritual warfare against *Sin, Satan*, and his own *evil heart*? *1 Tim. 1. 18, 19. Eph. 6. 11, 12.*

144. Whether the Devil, that *old and subtle* Serpent, be so able and cunning to deceive a man, as a mans *own heart* is to deceive it self? and whether Satan, with all his temptations, can hurt us without our *own consent*? and whether sins are not greater

greater or lesser, as more or less of our *own will* is in them? *Gen.* 3. 13. compared with, *Jerem.* 17. 9. *Jam.* 1. 14.

145. Whether *Godliness* be not an hard *trade* or *mystery*, to be diligently and carefully learned? and whether that Apprentice deserves, or can expect to live well hereafter, that *trifles* away his opportunity, and is not industrious to get the *mysteries* of his Trade before his time be out? *1 Tim.* 3. 16.

146. Whether all the most *precious commodities* that Merchants, Goldsmiths and Jewelers deal for, are not *sorry wares*, in comparison of those that a good Christian trades for with Heaven? *Prov.* 3. 13, 14. *Mat.* 13. 45, 46.

147. Whether it be not a *miserable* thing, for one to have the chief work for his soul to do, when the *glass of his Life* is run out? and whether it be not in vain for him then to *call time* again?

again? *Heb.* 3. 7, 13. & 12. 17.

148. Whether that *stubborn Impenitent*, which would not be reclaimed in his life-time, by all counsels and entreaties whatsoever, might not thank himself for those *horrors*, which caused him to cry out at his last breath, Oh! that I had been made *a toad under a block*, when I was made a man? *Prov.* 1. 24, to 32.

149. Whether mutual admonitions, reproofs and exhortations, are not duties that lye on *all men* in their fit seasons? and whether, when they are wisely placed, they are not like *Apples of gold with Pictures of silver*? *Heb.* 3. 13. & 10. 25. *Tit.* 3. 10.

150. Whether the weakest men, are not soonest and most invincibly conquered by their *own passions*? and whether he be not the *greatest slave* of all, that is a slave to his *own lusts*? *Eccles.* 7. 9. *Prov.* 14. 17. *Rom.* 7. 14, 23.

XVI. DECAD.

151. Whether he be not guilty of an *high affront* against God, that will not be prevailed with to *imitate* him, so glorious a pattern, in *pardoning* offenders, and *shewing mercy* to such as have need of it? *Luk.* 6. 36, 37, 38. compared with, *Prov.* 1. 29, 30, 31.

152. Whether he that *most sympathizeth* with the poor *suffering Servants* of Jesus Christ (be they *hungry, naked, sick,* or in *Prison*) according to his ability, shall not be *well payed* in the other world? *Mat.* 25. 34, to 41.

153. Whether he that wants such a *sympathizing heart* as aforesaid, and is not ready to the *utmost* of his power, to give ease and succour to the said *suffering Members* of Christ, may in charity be supposed to be any *true integral part* of Christs mystical Body? *1 Cor.* 12. 26, 27. *Eph.* 4. 25. & 5. 30.

154. Whether *Jesus Christ* doth
not

not improve *all the interest* that he hath in Heaven, for the good of his *Redeemed Ones*, the interest of his *God-head*, the interest of his *Son-ship*, the interest of his *Mediator-ship*? and whether he doth not deserve, that *they also* should improve *all the interest* they have in *this world*, for him? *Joh.* 17. 12, to 26. *Heb.* 6. 20. & 7. 25. *Psal.* 116. 12, 13, 14.

155. Whether he that hath a *great Estate*, but not an heart to *improve* it for God, were not *much better* be without it? and whether he that hath both these, doth not either *find* or *make* opportunities, to express his great love to Christ *this way*, and so not only brings a *blessing* upon what he enjoys *here*, but layes up vast treasures for himself *hereafter*? *Luk.* 16. 19, to 26. compared with, *Luk.* 19. 8. & *Mark* 10. 21. and with *Luk.* 16. 9.

156. Whether if *Darius* an *Hea-then Prince*, thought the Present of an handful of *cold water* offered him in
his

his Progress by *Sinetas* a poor Shepherd, (for want of something better) worthy to be received into a *cup of gold*, and then the cup it self to be given to him (as *Ælian* reports in his various History) will not the *great God* much more reward him that gives but a cup of cold water (if he be able to give no better thing) to one that *bears the name* of a Disciple? *Mat. 10. 42.*

157. Whether he that *doth good* with what he hath, according to his ability, while he lives, be not the *best Executor* to his own Estate? and whether he that is most *rich* in *good Works*, be not the richest man? *1 Tim. 6. 18, 19. Rev. 14. 13.*

158. Whether *Covetousness* be not *Idolatry*, and such *Idolatry*, as of all others, hath *most worshippers*, and most *heartly* ones? and whether some *rich pinching muck-worms*, though they pay all men their dues, yet may not dye much in debt, *viz.* to their *own backs*

backs and bellies? Colof. 3. 5. Eccles. 5. 11.

159. Whether unjust and cruel *grippers* and *graspers*, as well as *profuse wasters* of Estates, have not *sad accounts* to make? and whether *this Epitaph* may not be written on their *grave-stones*, *Here lyes the worlds rich fools, who dyed miserable poor men?* Luk. 12. 20. Eccles. 2. 18, to 24.

160. Whether King *Cyrus* his *kisses* to his *Favorites*, were not of greater value than the *golden Cups* he gave to *strangers* (as *Xenophon* reports?) and whether Gods *special love*, be not much more desirable than his *common mercies?* Exod. 19. 5. Cant. 1. 2.

XVII. DECAD.

161. Whether *honest thrift*, and *ingenuous industry* in mens particular *Callings* (alwayes provided that *God* hath his *due share* of their hearts, and their time in *his Service*) are not great *gatherers*, and fill not the bag apace?

N

and

and whether that which men get by *lying, cozening, cheating, and stealing*, is not wont to be put into a bag that hath *many holes* in it? *Prov.* 10. 4. & 12. 24, 27. & 22. 29. also, *Micah* 6. 10, 11, 12. *Hag.* 1. 6.

162. Whether a good Conscience be not a *Nightingale*, that sings all the year long in a mans *own bosom*? the best and most sure friend in evil times? and a continual Feast, affording the *daintiest dishes* in their proper seasons? *Act.* 23. 1. & 24. 16. *Rom.* 9. 1. 2 *Cor.* 1. 12. 1 *Tim.* 1. 5, 19. & 3. 9. 2 *Tim.* 1. 3. *Heb.* 13. 18. 1 *Pet.* 3. 16, 21. *Prov.* 15. 15. & 14. 14.

163. Whether the loss of ones *inward peace*, for the greatest profits and preferments in the world, can possibly be recompensed thereby, or be recovered again with ease? *Mat.* 16. 26.

164. Whether *temporal* things, are not *first desired*, and then had, but *spiritual* things *first had*, and then desired?
and

and whether true desires of Grace, do not *suppose* and *proceed* from Grace? *Neb.* 1. 11. *Esa.* 26. 8, 9. 2 *Cor.* 8. 12.

165. Whether the *Graces* of the Spirit of God, may not sometimes be found environ'd with *ill natures*, and thorny dispositions, as *ripe Strawberries* among nettles, and under briry bushes? 1 *Cor.* 6. 10, 11.

166. Whether the *highest stars* make not the *quickest motions*, and heavy bodies, when neereſt their centers? and whether the *holiest hearts* do not the like, in their *Heavenly motions* towards God? *Pſal.* 63. 8. & 143. 6, 9. & 119. 60.

167. Whether the *ſpeech* uſed by a *Persian Queen*, when her King gave her a moſt coſtly Jewel to wear, ſaying, *You Sir, are my only Jewel*; may not moſt properly and truly be uttered by the *Spouſe of Chriſt*, to him her *Sovereign Lord and Husband*? *Prov.* 5. 10, to 16.

168. Whether in times of *desertion*, one may conclude, Gods face will not shine again, any more than by a dark Night, that the *Sun* will not return in the Morning? and whether a *burning-glass*, that hath nothing in it at mid-night, may not the next day, be full of condensed and flaming beams? *Psal.* 30. 5. & *Psal.* 4. 6. & 80. 3, 19. *Esa.* 54. 6, 7, 8. & 57. 17, 18.

169. Whether a gracious heart, may not *interchangeably* enjoy assurance, and be troubled with doubtings? and whether Faith of *adherence*, be not a good relief in the want of assurance, though one should live and dye without it? *Cant.* 8. 5. *Job* 13. 15.

170. Whether *purity* of heart and life, be not a most necessary *qualification* for Heaven? and whether those that *want this*, or *scoff at it*, under the names of *Puritan*, *Round-head*, *Phanatick*, or such other opprobrious terms, are ever like to come there with-

without *Repentance*? *Mat.* 5. 8, 20.
& 12. 14. also, *Rev.* 22. 15.

XVIII. DECAD.

171. Whether *Masters* and *Mistresses*, are not *answerable* for the souls of their *Servants*, as well as their *Children*? and whether they ought not to train up them also, in the *nurture and admonition of the Lord*? *Gen.* 18. 19. *Josh.* 24. 15. *Psal.* 101. 6, 7. *Esth.* 4. 16. *Nehem.* 13. 19. *Eph.* 6. 9. *Col.* 4. 1.

172. Whether *Servants*, both males and females, are not then most *diligent, faithful, and cheerful* in their places; and do not then give that *respect and reverence* which is due unto them they serve, when they remember, well consider, and practice what *God* requires of them in his *Word*, especially in, *Eph.* 6. 6. & *Colos.* 3. 22. *Tit.* 2. 9, 10. where they are commanded to *obey their Masters in all things, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God*?

173. Whether the world hath not as much *need* of the *labour* of the poor, as of the *wealth* of the rich? and whether the inclining of all sorts of persons respectively, to a *natural affection* to, and *delight* in, the several Callings and employments which they *voluntarily chuse*, how *mean, base, and servile* soever they are, be not a *great argument* of the wise and wonderful *Providence* of God, over-ruling particulars, for the good of the whole? *Esa.* 28. 24, to 29. & *Gen.* 4. 20, 21, 22. *Act.* 17. 26.

174. Whether he be not the *best Scholar* that hath *most learned* Christ? and the *best read* in the Scriptures, that is *most guided* by them? *Act.* 4. 13. *Eph.* 4. 21. 2 *Tim.* 3. 15, 16.

175. Whether the *purest and sweetest* knowledge be not derived from Gods *own Book*, the Bible? and whether *there* only are not the *richest Mines* to dig in? the fullest stores and magazines, of all *desirable* good things?

things? *Prov.* 2. 1, to 10. *Psal.* 19. 7, to 11. *Colos.* 3. 16.

176. VWhether the light of *Gods countenance* cannot make *day* in the darkest soul at mid-night? and one kind word from him, *revive* the heart in the midst of the pangs of death? and whether he be in any danger of sinking, that is supported with *everlasting arms*? or of fainting, that is refreshed with the cordials of *Divine Love*? *Psal.* 4. 6. & 27. 1. & 36. 9. *Can.* 2. 3, 4, 5. *Esa.* 2. 14. & 40. 11. *Deut.* 33. 27.

177. VWhether the same *omnipotent Power* of God, that is an *hedge* of *protection* to his People, and a *wall of brass* for their defence, is not an hedge of *thorns* to scratch their enemies, and a wall of *fire* to devour them? *Iob* 1. 10. *Ier.* 1. 18, 19. *Act.* 9. 5.

178. VWhether any one can possibly be *devoured* in a den of fiercest Lions, or *drowned* in the deepest wa-

ters, or *burned* in the most raging flames, *while God is there with him*, and undertakes his safety? *Dan. 6. 22. & Chap. 3. 25. Exod. 14. 21, 22. Esa. 43. 2.*

179. Whether the *sweetest nature*, that can be found amongst men, can get to Heaven *without grace*? and whether the least degree of Grace will not *meliorate. and sweeten* the most crabbed and displeasing nature? *Phi. 3. 6, to 11.*

180. Whether *married* or *unmarried*, young men or old, *Virgins, Wives, or Widows*, can live happily, or dye comfortably, without a *sure interest in, union to, and Communion with Jesus Christ*? *Job. 14. 19. 1 Job. 5. 12. Cant. 1. 2, 3.*

XIX. DECADE.

181. Whether *hardness* of heart, and *final impenitency*, be not of all Judgements the *most dreadful*? and whether the serious consideration thereof, would not *damp* the joy of the *most riotous* sinner in the world, and make him

him *tremble* every moment, for fear of his dropping *presently* into Hell? Rom. 2. 5. Psal. 7. 11, 12, 13. Job 21. 12, 13, 23, 24, 25.

182. Whether that *conviction* which ends not in *true conversion*, doth not still leave a man under the *power* of sin, in the *gall* of bitterness, and the *state* of damnation? and whether convinced sinners should not look well to this? Mat. 18. 3. Act. 3. 19. & 8. 22, 23.

183. Whether he that never knows any more than *one birth*, that is, a meer natural birth only, be not sure to dye *three deaths*, viz. a natural, spiritual, and eternal? and whether he that passeth through *two births*, and so is *born again*, shall not be sure to escape the two later deaths, and find the other also upon the matter, no death at all, properly so called, but a *sweet sleep* rather? Job. 3. 3. Rev. 20. 6. 1 Thess. 4. 14, 15.

184. Whether the *death of Infants*,
be

be not an unanswerable Argument to prove that they have *sin* in them, at least *Original Sin*, as well as those of grown age, for how else could they be subject to death, which is the *wages of sin* only? *Rom.* 3. 22, 23. & 5. 12. & 6. 23.

185. Whether a Believer, standing on the *mount of a Promise*, may not from *thence* take a pleasant prospect of Heaven, and particularly of the *glorification* of his own *humane nature*, sitting at Gods right hand, in the person of his Saviour? and whether after *such a sight* as this, all things here below will not look *dim and dusky*, as colours do through Church-windows, when the *Sun* shines bright upon them? *Act.* 7. 55, 56. *Heb.* 11. 1, 13, 14, 15. 2 *Cor.* 5. 1, 2, 3, 4.

186. Whether the *same flowers*, that ere while were seen under a *warm* and a *shining Sun*, to display themselves with great beauty and cheerfulness, may not *hang dangling soon*
af-

after with drops of rain, and be violently dashed with stormy showers, from a black and tempestuous Heaven over them? and whether such a change may not possibly befall the Graces and Comforts of Gods dearest Children, and yet they remain his Children still, as the other remain flowers? *Psal.* 88. throughout, *Esa.* 63. 7, 8, 9. *Jer.* 31. 18, 19, 20.

187. Whether in times of greatest afflictions, and inward seeming deserts, the Graces of holy hearts may not smell sweetest, as Flowers do after showers of rain, Spices, when most bruised, Rose-waters, in the Limbeck, and Juniper-wood, in the burning flames? *Psal.* 51. 17. *Cant.* 2. 14. & 5. 5, 6. & 8. 6, 7.

188. Whether the very excellency of holy gratitude, consists not in this, viz. as fast as our mercies grow fresh and new upon us, in what kind soever, to present them as so many new-blown flowers to God, to have the
first

first smell of them? *Esa.* 18. 7. *Psal.* 72. 10. & *Psal.* 76. 11.

189. Whether Christ, and the Spirit of Grace, are not *two great Comforters*, as well by the *appointment* of God the Father, as their own *free consent*; in which *Believers only* have a *special interest*? and whether for this reason, among others; the four *Oecumenical Councils* of *Nice*, *Constantinople*, *Ephesus* and *Chalcedon*, in clearing and establishing the *Doctrines* of Christ his *Divine Person*, the distinction of the *two natures* subsisting in it; and the *Deity* and *Personality* of the Spirit, against *Arrius*, *Macedonius*, *Nestorius*; and the rest of the *Hereticks* of those times, did not *eminent service* unto the *Gospel*? *Joh.* 14. 16, 17, 18, 26.

190. Whether it be not a most *notorious absurdity* and contradiction to affirm, that the Spirit of Grace, which is *supernatural*, and altogether *invincible* in it self, can ever be so far resist-

ed or quenched, as to be *totally expelled* out of that heart, where it hath been once received in truth? and whether the heart of man, being *deceitful above all things*, full of *imaginations, which are only evil, and that continually, & so desperately wicked*, that none *can know it*, can be supposed to have any the *least power* to fetch in saving Grace of it self? and whether he that asserts these two *dangerous points*, doth not, implicitly at least, deny the absolute *freeness* and *unchangeableness* of Gods love, and make his Acts of Grace *vallid* or *in-vallid*, according to the *will* of his own Creature? *Gen. 6. 5. Jer. 17. 9. 2 Cor. 3. 5. Job. 15. 5.* compared with, *Rom. 9. 15. Mal. 3. 6. Ezek. 36. 31, 32.*

XX. DECAD.

191. Whether sanctified *contentment*, will not make every condition *sweet*? and the contrary, make any thing,

thing, be it never so satisfactory and comfortable in it self, *burdensom* and *intollerable* to the restless mind ? and whether true thankfulness or unthankfulness for mercies received, are not proportionable to *these two* ?
 1 Tim. 6. 6. Exod. 16. 2, to 22. Psal. 106. 24, 25.

192. Whether one may not be very poor and very rich at the *same time* ? and whether some men in their *rags*, have not a great interest in God, while others in their *stately Robes*, have none at all ? Jam. 2. 5. Luk. 16. 19, to 24.

193. Whether *poor Servants*, and others in lowest condition, should not take arguments from their *own meanness* here in this world, to seek after the Kingdom of Heaven the *more diligently*, that so they may have as *large Revenues there* as any others ? and whether our Saviour doth not imitate as much, where he saith, the *poor receive the Gospel* ? Zeph. 3. 12. Mat.

11. 5. *Mark* 12. 42. *Luk.* 4. 18. &
6. 20.

194. Whether *Parents* that have many *Children*, and but *little* or *nothing* to leave with them when they dye, have not the more need to seek after *Portions of Grace* for them, pour forth *many Prayers*, and exercise *much Faith* in the *Covenant of Grace*, on *Grace* on *their behalf*? *Gen.* 17. 7. *Act.* 2. 39. *Psal.* 37. 29. *1 Sam.* 1. 27. compared with, *Chap.* 2. 7. *Gen.* 48. throughout.

195. Whether *Faith* in *Christ*, the great *Saviour* and deliverer of mankind, be *not* the *best Midwife* to women in travel, and the *best Nurse* for them and their *Children* afterwards? and whether their chiefest care should not be to *make sure* of this *Midwife* and *Nurse*, *above all others*? *1 Tim.* 2. 15. *Psal.* 91. 14, 15, 16.

196. Whether *idleness* be not the *Devils cushion*? and whether *slothfulness* doth not gather *filth*, as standing

wa-

waters do *mud*? *Ezek.* 16. 49. *1 Tim.* 5. 13.

197. Whether a *firm persuasion* of Gods omniscience, omnipresence, hatred of sin, and of his power and resolution to punish it, where not repented of, would not prevent *millions of sins* that are hourly committed throughout the whole world? *Psal.* 50. 21, 22. & 90. 8. & 139. 1, to 13.

198. Whether the *bare believing* that there is a God, that Christ is the *Son of God*, the Scriptures the *Word of God*, and that all men ought to walk according to them, be any *other* kind of faith, than the *Devils themselves* have? *Jam.* 2. 19, *Mat.* 8. 29. & Chap. 4. 6.

199. Whether to *bear* and *forbear* among Friends and near Relations, be not excellent and most necessary duties? and yet how difficultly are they learned? and how *few* are there that practice them well? *Rom.* 15. 1. *Gal.*

6. 2. *Ephes.* 4. 2. *Colos.* 3. 13.

200. Whether *growing in Grace*, be not the only way to *thrive*? and whether he doth not become richer and richer that trades at this *Mart*, and without fear too of losing what he hath *already got*? 2 *Pet.* 3. 18. *Prov.* 3. 13, 14, 15. & 4. 7, 8, 9.

XXI. DECAD.

201. Whether the Office of *Ambassadors*, the Arts, cares and pains of *Shepherds*, *Fisher-men*, *Husband-men*, *Carpenters*, with divers others such like, ought not to be known to, and imitated by those *Ministers* of the Gospel, that have the *oversight* and *trust* of Souls? and whether they are not the *best Preachers* that move the *hearts* of their Hearers, more than *tickle their heads*? 2 *Cor.* 5. 20. *Cant.* 1. 8. *Mat.* 4. 19. 1 *Cor.* 3. 9, to 14. & Chap. 2. 4.

202. Whether the *plague* upon the *Streams*, *Rivers*, *Ponds*, and *Pools* of

water, in the Land of *Ægypt* (*Exod.* 7.) were not as dreadful as any of the other plagues? and whether *impurities* in *Universities* and other *Schools* of Learning, be not as great a plague as that, and as *much to be dreaded* and prayed against? *Psal.* 23. 2. *Ezek.* 47. 1, to 13.

203. Whether *young Scholars*, that take upon them the work of the Ministry, before they are *well lined* with Learning, and have thoroughly studied the whole *Body of Divinity*, are not like *new rigged Ships*, that are put out to Sea, without *ballast* or *burden*?

204. Whether *sanctified Studies*, in a Learned head and Holy heart, do not reduce *Ethicks*, *Metaphysics*, and *Theology* into *one Science*?

205. Whether many a *sweet kernel*, doth not lye in the *Criticisms* of the Original Languages of the Holy Scriptures?

206. Whether *John Bradford*, that blessed Martyr, was not worthily called

led *Holy Bradford*, who prayed as much as he studied, did both upon his knees, and seldom or never sat at meals without *wetting his trencher* with his tears, either of *godly sorrow* for sin, or from a melting *warm love* to God? *Psal. 6. 6. Luk. 7. 37, 38.*

207. Whether he that delights in *Hunting*, be it for love of the *Venison*, or for sport, can pick out more pertinent Scriptures to meditate upon, than the *Preface of the 22. Psal.* where *Christ* is called the *Hind of the Morning*? and the first verse of the *42. Psal.* where *David* saith, that his soul *panted* after God, as the *Hart pants* after the water-brooks?

208. Whether *Gold-smiths* can deal any where for *such pure gold*, as is mentioned, *Rev. 3. 18.* or the *Vintner*, for *such rich Wines*, as we read of in, *Esa. 25. 6. & Cant. 5. 1. & 8. 2.* and whether it is not their chiefest wisdom, to drive their *whole stock* there?

209. Whether a *seeds-man* shall not do well to consider, that he that sows *most tears* for sin, shall have the *richest crop*? and the Ploughman, that his Plough in the field will speed *much the better*, when he is careful in the due seasons of it, to Plough up the *fallow ground* of his own heart too? *Psal.* 126. 5, 6. *Jer.* 50. 4, 5. *Luk.* 6. 21. also, *Jer.* 4. 3. *Hos.* 10. 12.

210. Whether there be *just reason* for any to *despair*, since it is not possible for the sins of any to be *so great or numerous*, as Gods mercies are *infinite*? and these most *freely offered* to them that have the greatest need of them? *Esa.* 55. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10. *2 Sam.* 24. 14. *1 Chron.* 21. 13. *Mat.* 11. 28, 29. *Joh.* 6. 37. *Heb.* 4. 16. *Rev.* 22. 17.

XXII. DECADE.

211. Whether the *Pope* be not *Antichrist* in the Judgement of *Ribera* himself, though a *Jesuit*, and many others

others of their own most learned Writers ?

212. Whether the *slaughter* of the *Witnesses*, be not the immediate forerunner of the downfall of Antichrist, though the *darkest* dispensation is not the *inlet* of the *happiest* times that ever the world yet saw ? and whether the *duration* thereof will not certainly end at *three years and an half* from the true *Epocha* and beginning thereof ? *Rev.* 11. throughout.

213. Whether the doctrine of the *Spiritual Reign* of Christ on earth for a *thousand years*, in a sober sense, were not a *common received* doctrine by the *Fathers* of the first ages after Christ ? and whether he that consults, *Iraeneus*, *Tertullian*, *Lanctantius* and others, without prejudice will not find it so ? *Rev.* 20. 6.

214. Whether the *Conversion* of the *Jews*, ought not to be believed and prayed for ? and whether it be

not propable, that one *special* means thereof may be by *Christ* his own *appearing in the Clouds*, so as *every eye* shall see him, as he did to *Saul* the *Jew*, when he was going to *Damascus*? *Ezek.* 36. & 37. throughout, & *Chap.* 39. 23, to 29. *Zachar.* 9. & 10. throughout.

215. Whether the *Society of the Jesuits* are not the *richest*, most *subtil*, *potent*, *diffusive* and *influential* on the affairs of the whole world, of any others? and whether they spare for any *cost* to procure, or want *correspondents* to give them the knowledge of *greatest secrets* in *Princes Courts*?

216. Whether all the *Monarchs* and *States*, both small and great upon the whole habitable earth, have so many *Emissaries* and *Agents* abroad, as one *single man*, the *Pope*? and whether they take not upon them all manner of *names*, *shapes*, *habits*, *trades*, and *employments*, where they come?

217. Whether the *Pope* his *craft*, in setting on foot and continuing the *Holy War* in *Palestine* for almost 200. years, was not as great as *devout Bernards* mistaken zeal was, in promoting of it? and whether the *Popes* ever since, have not been as *crafty Foxes* for themselves, among the *Princes of Europe*?

218. Whether such *unparallel'd* usurpations, insolencies, uncleannesses, Sodomies, forceries, witchcrafts, cruelties, blasphemies, and all manner of most horrible impieties, have been *ever found* among *any sort* of men since the *Creation* of the world, as *among the Popes*?

219. Whether *Pope Alexander* the 6th. was not rightly served, while himself was *poysoned* with the *first draught* of that *Cup*, which he and his complices had prepared to poyson others?

220. Whether *Cæsar Borgia* his Son, the Duke of *Florens*, among all

the *plots* laid by him and his *crafty Secretary, Matchavil*, committed not a *foul error*, in not thinking of, and providing for a *surprize by death*? and whether himself did not see it, and repent of it, when it was *too late*, as the History of his life witnesseth?

XXIII. DECAD.

221. Whether much credit be to be given to the Popish Editions; of *Ambrose, Chrysofom, Jerom, Augustine*, and all the rest of the *Greek and Latin Fathers*, (whose Authorities they urge so much upon us) since their *Index expurgatorius*, hath been in use? and whether many of their Schoolmen, which they so much boast of, do not abound more with nice and needless distinctions, than sound Divinity?

222. Whether *Popery*, spreading so greatly as it doth in all parts of the world, it be not a foul shame for Protestants to be so divided, and thereby weakned

weakened among themselves? and whether it be not matter of sport, even to *Satan* himself, to see what *ir-reconcilable differences* and *animosities* still continue among them?

223. Whether God will long bear it at the hands of his *own Children*, thus in his sight and presence to *quarrel*, fall out and fight with each other? and whether, when nothing else will *quiet* and *reconcile* them, the *Rod* shall not? *1 Cor. 3. 3. & 11. 18.*

224. Whether since *Grace* is the most *uniting Principle* in the very nature of it, and *sin* the most *dividing Principle*, it is not just cause of *wonder*, that the *People of God* of all others, should be so *much divided*, and wicked men so *firmly knit* among themselves? and whether any reason can possibly be given for it, but the *prevalency* of sin on *their part*, and Gods just judgement in permitting it, by way of punishment on *his part*? *Rom. 16. 17, 18. 1 Cor. 6. 1, to 9.*

225. Whe-

225. Whether those *Scholars* are not great *wasters* and *abusers* of their *time* and *studies*, who take much pains to get all manner of Learning, except the knowledge of the *Bible* and their *own hearts* ?

226. Whether a Believers *habitation*, be not of all others, the most *stately* ? and whether it be not seated in the *finest air*, and with advantage of the *bravest Prospect* ? *Psal.* 90. 1. & 91. 1, 9. 1 *Job.* 4. 16. *Heb.* 11. 16.

227. Whether it be *worth the while* to live, unless it be to answer the ends of our *Creation*, and to be *fit to dye* ? and whether *Water-men*, *Marriners*, and all that travel by *Sea*, have not as *much reason* as any, to be provided for death every moment ? *Jam.* 4. 14. *Job* 9. 25, 26. *Psal.* 39. 4, 5, 6. & 90. 4, to 13. *Iob* 14. 14.

228. Whether the *leaves* of *Trees*, that fall so fast in *Autumn*, and the sight of a flourishing *Garden*, deprived of all or most of its fair *Flowers*, that

that stood there but an hour before, are not lively Emblems of mans mortality, and the suddenness of his remove *by death*, especially in times of great sicknesses, and *Epidemical diseases*? *Psal.* 39. 10, 11. & 90. 5, 6. & 103. 15, 16. *Iob* 13. 25. *Esa.* 64. 6.

229. Whether among those that attend at *Funeral solemnities*, there be one of *twenty* usually, that make the *sad occasion* of their appearance there, the *subject* of their own thoughts, or the *matter* of their discourse with others? and whether this be not an argument of a *common*, and *very great insensibleness* among men, of the *strokes* of God upon them, and the *hardness* of their hearts under them?

230. Whether the *highest Angels*, & the *lowest worms*, are not *fellow-creatures*? & whether there be not an *infinite distance*, as well between God and the *highest* creatures, as between him & the *lowest*? and whether the consideration thereof, should not make poor
mor-

mortals, even the greatest that are, to walk humbly towards God? *Iob* 42. 5, 6. *Esa.* 6. 2. *Iob* 15. 14, 15, 16.

XXIV. DECAD.

231. Whether a clear and full sight of God, be not the only way for a man to come to the right knowledge of himself? and whether *this*, of all things else, is not *most* to be desired, and speedily sought for by him? *Job* 42. 5, 6. *Psal.* 139. 1, to 18.

232. Whether they that bear the most *eminent testimonies* for Christ upon earth, shall not bear the *biggest palms* in their hands, and stand *nearest* his Throne in Heaven? *Rev.* 7. 9, to 17.

233. Whether it be likely, that they will ever be *convinced* of the *evil* of those actions, which being *once done*, they are resolved to justify, and instead of amending, *recriminate* upon others? and whether it be not a most *deplorable thing*, that bitter exasperations, and mutual accusations of *this nature*, should be found among
the

the differing parties of Gods *own People*, in times wherein all had need to seek peace *with God* and *among themselves*, and do their utmost, by a *meek healing spirit*, to make up all breaches?

1 Cor. 3. 3, 4. Gal. 5. 10, to 16. & 6. 1, 2. 1 Thes. 4. 9, 10, 11. Eph. 4. 2, 3.

234. Whether God doth not *touch the heart first*, with his powerful *magnetick Love*, before it ever *moves* or *can move* in the least towards him? and whether the *eye* of Christ, did not *first spye Zacheus* in the Sycomore-tree, *Nathaniel* under the Fig-tree, and *Mary* in the Garden, before ever they *spyed him*? 1 Job. 4. 19. Hos. 11. 4. Luk. 19. 5. Ioh. 1. 48. & 20. 13, 14, 15, 16.

235. Whether those comforts that fail in the *dryed streams*, as in the loss of *Husbands, Wives, Parents, Children*, all other neer and dear Relations, Friends and Estates, with whatever else is of like nature, *can be made up*

up any where, so well as in and by the *Original Fountain* of them all, *God himself?* and whether it be not the *greatest wisdom when all is done*, to hasten thither with all possible speed that may be? *Iob* 6. 15. & 19. 13, to 20. *Prov.* 23. 5. *Habak.* 3. 17, 18, 19. *Psal.* 36. 9, 10.

236. Whether to make an *absolute, free and full resignation* of ones self, and all that one hath, to the *Will* of God, to be disposed of as *he pleaseth*, be not the only way to give him the *Glory of his Soveraingnty?* and whether to *do or suffer* any thing for him, with a *willing and cheerful* heart, doth not argue *much Grace*, and is not to be accounted an *high Honour?* 2 *Sam.* 15. 25, 26. *Psal.* 40. 7, 8. *Mat.* 26. 39, 40.

237. Whether they that follow Christ in good earnest, do not *deny* themselves, and take up *their Cross daily?* and whether they are not in mind alwayes *resolved*, ready and prepared, to part with *House, Land, Revenues,*

nues, Estate, Liberty, and Life too, if called for, rather than forsake Christ?

Mat. 4. 20. & 16. 24, 25. Mark 10. 29, 30.

238. Whether every *Promise, Prophesie, and Threatning* in Gods Word, hath not hitherto been *most punctually performed*, in the due season of it, in all former ages, even to a *tittle*? and whether there be any the *least* reason to doubt, that what is not yet accomplished, shall be when the *fit time* is come? *Gen. 48. 15, 16. Exod. 12. 41, 42. Micah 7. 20. 1 King. 13. 1, to 6. compared with, 2 King. 23. 4, to 9. Gal. 4. 4. Eph. 1. 10. Mat. 5. 18.*

239. Whether those that have escaped from *dangerous diseases*, long and wasting *sicknesses*, or *death* it self, when they were without *all hope* or *expectation* of recovery, are not in all likelihood, reserved for some *great good or evil*? and whether it be not a *duty incumbent* on them, to *consider* much of it, and *lay it to heart*? *Esa. 38.* throughout.

240. Whe-

240. Whether Physicians, of all others, have not the *best opportunities*, sometimes to deal effectually with the *souls* of their sick, or dying Patients, about the *matters of eternity*, if they have but the *heart and the skill* to do it? and whether God doth not *expect* they should *improve* this advantage *for him*, as well as for themselves and their Patients?

XXV. DECAD.

241. Whether the *guilt* of very many of the sins, both in *City* and *Country*, be it drunkenness, uncleanness, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and whatever else is of like kind, doth not lye at the Magistrates door, unless he put forth the utmost Power that God hath given him, to punish and reform them? and whether God ever intended that he should *wear his sword in vain*? *Rom. 13. 1, to 8.*

242. Whether *naked breasts* and *black spots*, do not argue *foul hearts*?
and

and whether the *Ladies* that use them, would be willing to appear in such a dress at the day of Judgement? or may not meet with sore rebukes here also, as the daughters of *Zion* did, in *Esa.* 3. from v. 16, to 25.

243. Whether *wanton looks, wanton guarbs, wanton words, and wanton books*, be not the *Devils snares* to catch, and the *Devils poysons* to viti-ate and deprave hearts? and whether all manner of *unlawful sports and games*, do not *insensibly* undo thousands here, and then before they are aware of it, *trapan them into Hell*, out of which there is no recovery? *Esa.* 3. 16, to 25. *Rom.* 13. 13. *Gal.* 5. 19. *Eph.* 4. 19. *1 Pet.* 4. 3, 4. *Job* 21. 12, 13.

244. Whether *false wares, false weights, false lights, false measures, and false asseverations*, are not too frequent in *Trades-mens shops*? and whether the gain that comes in that way, lyes not under an *eating*, (though hap-
 P ly

ly at the present an undiscerned)
curse? *Prov.* 11. 1. & 12. 22. *Micah*
 6. 10, 11, 12.

245. Whether *nature* will not be
 content with *little*, and *Grace* with
less? and whether a *Righteous mans*
little, be not more than a *wicked mans*
much? *1 Tim.* 6. 6. *Prov.* 15. 16, 17.
 & 16. 8.

246. Whether Believers have not
possession of Heaven already, since
 their *Head* is there? and whether
 Christ be not gone thither before
 hand, as a Messenger or *Harbinger*,
 to trim up the *Lodgings* appointed for
 them, and to secure them for them,
 till they come *themselves?* *Joh.* 14. 2.
Heb. 6. 20.

247. Whether the soul be not a
 glorious *Bride*, when once Christ is
 become its *Bridegroom*; especially
 since he marries it not in its *own*
clothes, but such as are fitted for it,
 out of the *Wardrobes* of Heaven?
Mat. 25. 10. *Esa.* 61. 10. *Rev.* 21. 2.

248. Whe-

248. Whether she be not the most *amiable Virgin*, and will not make the *sweetest Wife*, that hath Christ lying as an *handful of Myrrh* continually *between her breasts*? *Cant.* 1. 13. & 5. 4, 5.

249. Whether early and *young Saints*, are not as *acceptable* to God, as *rare* and *choice fruits*, set ripe on a *Princes board* some weeks before the *ordinary seasons* of them? *Jer.* 2. 2. *Eccles.* 12. 1.

250. Whether a Believer, *brightly shined* on by the light of Gods *pleased countenance*, and at the same time giving out the *lusters* of his *inherent graces* to standers-by, be not a *rich Diamond* that *sparkles* in the *midst* of *Sunbeams*? *Psal.* 31. 16. & 110. 3. *Mat.* 5. 16. *Phil.* 2. 15.

XXVI. DECAD.

251. Whether the People of God are not his *Jewels*? *Mal.* 3. 17. yea, his *Crown*, his *glorious Crown*, and *Roy-*

al Diadem? *Esa.* 62. 3. yea, his *Crown-Jewels?* *Zach.* 9. 16. and whether he will suffer these his Jewels to *lye long in the dirt*, or this his Crown to be *alwayes trodden under the feet of his enemies?*

252. Whether God having *freely* and most *strongly* tyed himself to his People, both by his *Word*, his *Promise* and his *Oath* (such a threefold knot, as there is none like to it) be not *greatly injured* by such as disbelieve, or make question in the least of his *performances?* *Heb.* 3. 12. & 6. 16, 17, 18, 19. *Mat.* 13. 58.

253. Whether holy Meditations do not dwell on the very Hill of *Frankincense*, and on the *Mount of Spices?* & whether every *busie thought*, like the nimble honey-Bee, doth not pass from *blossom to blossom*, from *flower to flower*, that is, from one *Promise* to another, from one *Providence* to another, and so through the variety of all sorts of pleasant subjects, and

gather sweetness, till it hath filled its whole Hive (the heart) with the *purest honey*? *Psal.* 104. 34. & *Psal.* 94. 19.

254. Whether *frequent* and *faithful examinations* of ones inward state, and how things stand *between God and the soul*, be not a most *necessary* and *important duty*? and whether *this*, of all things else, ought not to be most *diligently minded*, whatever else be neglected? *Psal.* 4. 4. 2 *Cor.* 13. 5.

255. Whether *Apostatizers*, *Time-servers*, and all such as shamefully *desert* their formerly received *sound Principles* and *holy Practices*, do not consult destruction to themselves, and run the *hazzard* of those *fore curses*, mentioned in, *Deut.* 29. 21?

256. Whether he that *abounds* altogether in his *own sense*; accounts whatever *himself affirms* to be as *authentick* as some *divine Oracle*; is *angry with*, and *severely censorious of*; those that do not, or cannot forsake their *own Principles* as *all false*, and embrace

his *is* *all* *Truth*, be not guilty, at least, of the *suspicion of Pride*? or whether he be not a kind of *little Pope*, that pretends to *infallibility*, whilst perhaps under *strong delusion*? and whether such an one be not rather to be *neglected*, than *disputed* with? *Jam.* 1. 12. *Prov.* 21. 24. 2 *Thess.* 2. 10, 11.

257. Whether evil thoughts are not the *spawns* of sin, and evil *words* and *actions* the *products* of those *spawns*? and whether *Cockatrices eggs*, while *hatched* by *Cockatrices*, will not bring forth their *own kind*? *Mat.* 12. 33, to 38. & 15. 18, 19, 20. *Esa.* 59. 4, 5.

258. Whether every man ought not to be very careful what *objects* he *fixeth his eye* and *his heart upon*? and whether God be not *King of hearts*, and deserves not that every man should give him (not a part only but) his *whole heart*? and whether he that doth this, doth not take the *wisest course*, to make the *worst part* of

of himself to become the *best*? *Iob* 31.
1. *Psal.* 62. 10. *Prov.* 23. 26. *Ezek.*
36. 26.

259. Whether being imposed upon, in *matters of Conscience*, where Christ hath left it free, be not as *grievous* and *intollerable* from *one sort* of men as from *another*? and whether, if there be any difference, it be not *most intollerable* from those that are, or have been, or at least pretend to be *Brethren*?

260. Whether the *right stating* and *granting* of true Christian liberty, so as to prevent *licentious extravagances* on the one hand, and *unjust severity* on the other hand, would not be *most satisfactory* to all peaceably-minded good men? and whether till this can be done, it be not *best* for every one to think it possible, that he may be under *some mistakes as well as his dissenting Brethren*, and so resolve to *allow* and *receive* a mutual freedom in following their *respective light*, and

exercising a friendly familiarity, and hearty love towards one another? *Gal. 5. 1. Eph. 4. 2, 3. 1 Thess. 4. 9. Heb. 13. 1. 2 Pet. 1. 7.*

XXVII. DECAD.

261. Whether the most *exact platform* of the *purest Church*, both for Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline, ought not to be the *constant Rule, Standard, and Pattern* to all the rest? and whether such a platform can be given by *any, but God himself*; or is to be *looked for*, or can be found *any where else*, but in the *Word of God*, and in that only? *Exod. 25. 40. Heb. 8. 5. & 9. 23.*

262. Whether some Churches may not, as to *essentials*, be true Churches, though *very corrupt*, and so be far from *conformity* to their true Pattern, (as a *leprous man* is a true man, notwithstanding his Leprosie?) but whether it be not the *duty* of every such Church, to endeavour to their

utmost, the *neerest agreement attainable* to the pattern aforelaid? *Rev.* 22. 18, 19. *Phil.* 3. 17.

263. *Whether* in case *such Churches*, as are now last mentioned, do not profess they ought, or do not visibly intend and endeavour in good earnest, with *all their* might, to be every way like their *Original Pattern*, both in Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline; it be not the *duty* of every one that would live and dye with a *clear* and *quiet conscience*, to *come out* from among such Churches, and joyn with those that come neerest the said *Original Pattern*? and whether this kind of *separation*, even from *true Churches thus corrupted*, and willing to continue so, be not as *justifiable* as separation from a *false Church*? yea, and whether *such a separation* as this, be not so far from being *blame-worthy*, that it is *absolutely necessary*, and must be *performed*, by all that desire to become *Gods People*, and would have him

him

him dwell among them? 2 Cor. 6. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

264. Whether the *great noyse* and *cry* that is abroad in the world against *separation*, would not be *much silenced*, if once the above-mentioned Rule and Standard of the first *pure Churches* in the Scripture, were every where *agreed to, admitted, and observed?* and whether in the mean time, the *Papists* do not think they have as much reason to account *Protestants* to be Separatists, as *several parties* of Protestants do account each other?

265. Whether the sight of any person or persons, that are very *poor, beggarly, hungry, ragged, naked, wounded, maimed, diseased, deformed*, or any way miserable, should not both *occasion pitty* in us towards them, and excite us, as we are able, to comfort and relieve them; but also cause us to lift up *thankful hearts*, that we are not in their case? 1 Cor. 4. 6, 7.

266. Whether all that Trade in
Vi-

Victualling, as *Cooks, Vintners, Drawers* of *Ale* or *Beer*, and such like, do not put the poyson of a *Curse* into their own *dishes* and *Cups*, while they so greatly contribute to the sinful waste of the *good Creatures* of God, in supplying their gluttonous and drunken *Guests* with whatever they call for, till they become no better than *brutes* in *disgorging* themselves, and casting out their *filthy vomits*? *Esa.* 28. 3, 8.

267. Whether *sanctification of Sabbaths*, a right and holy participation of *Sacraments*, diligent reading and hearing of the *Word of God*, heavenly *Conference*, and other the like *Duties*, are not alwayes *prized*, attended upon, and practiced more or less, according to the *measure of Grace* received by any? and whether the *want of delight* in them, or the accounting them a *burden* rather, be not an ill sign of an *evil heart*? *Esa.* 58. 13. *Mal.* 3. 16. *I Cor.* 11. 23, to 30. *Jam.* 1. 21, to 26. also, *Mal.* 1. 12, 13. *Amos* 8. 5.

268. Whe-

268. Whether a Believers, both *Life and Treasure*, doth not lye *hidden and out of sight*, to the world, even as the roots of fruitful Trees lye under *ground*, and as gold and silver Mines run in the *bowels of the earth undiscerned and unthought of*, by them that walk upon it? *Colos. 3. 3, 4. Eph. 3. 8, 9.*

269. Whether in long and lingering sicknesses, especially if accompanied with *much pain and anguish*, a patient *acquiescency* under the hand of God, a *submissive acceptance* of the punishment of ones iniquity therein, and a cheerful satisfaction in the *Will* of God, who is pleased thus to use his Rod, be not an argument of a *gracious frame of heart*, and of a *sanctified improvement* of the affliction? and whether the *contrary frame* of spirit, doth not produce *contrary effects*? *Rom. 5. 3, 4. & 15. 4, 5. Colos. 1. 11. 2 Thess. 1. 3. 2 Thess. 1. 4. Heb. 6. 12. Jam. 1. 3, 4. & 5. 10, 11. Levit. 26. 41.*
Job

Job 1. 21, 22. & 2. 10. also, *Esa.* 51.
20. *Jonah* 4. 9.

270. Whether the *education* of
Youth, be not a *weighty business*, a
great trust, and a work that requires
much care and diligence, *wisdom and*
skill to manage it? whether it be not
an *eminent service* (when well done)
to *Church and State*, yea and to *Christ*
himself too? and whether all *Parents*
and *Guardians* of *Children*, *Tutors* in
Universities, *School-Masters* and
School-Mistrisses, ought not to be
earnest with *God* in *Prayer*, for his
constant *assistance*, and their comfort-
able *success* therein? *Prov.* 22. 6.
Eph. 6. 4. *1 Sam.* 19. 20.

Three concluding Quæries.

I. **V**Hether *Peter, Paul, and Barnabas* in their times; *Polycarpus, Ignatius, Tertullian, Cyprian, Athanasius*, in their times; *Ambrose, Chrysostome, Augustine*, in their times; our *Guildas* among the antient *Britains*; our English *Wickliffe*, and *Tindal, Oecolampadius, Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, John Calvin, Beza*, and the rest of the most famous, both *German*, and *French-Divines*, in their respective ages; yea, and whether *John Knox, John Reynolds, Jewel, the Rogerses*, our late *Golden-mouth'd Preston, Sibbs*, Reverend *Usher*, and thousands more; the choicest and most successful Ministers of the Gospel, did ever blunt their own Holy Zeal, dispirit their own frequent Preaching, and cool the hearts of their Hearers, with reading every word from their written papers, and so turn their Sermons into Homilies? and whether, though in some cases, to some persons, some little use of notes may be allowable, and convenient, yea, perhaps necessary; yet the constant and total use of them by others (as is practised by too many in this our present age) doth not argue lazyness, or an over-affected niceness and

and *curiosity* in words and language, rather than such a *Passionate desire* of saving souls, as becomes the *faithful Ministers* of the Gospel? and lastly, whether it be likely, that those who *accustom* themselves to this way of *reading*, rather than *Preaching Sermons*, while they are *young*, and their memories as well as other parts be *quick and nimble*, will leave it when they are *old*, or will be ever able to preach in the *dark*, or when their sight grows dim?

2. Whether the Apostle *Paul* by his command of *doing all things decently and in order*, *I Cor. 14. 40.* intended any more than the doing of all those things only, which God by him his *Pen-man* had *commanded* and *positively set down*, and in the *self-same* order and holy Method too, which he also had *plainly and fully expressed*? *I Cor. 11. 34.* and *16. 1, 2. Colos. 2. 5.* and whether it can be *reasonably imagined*, that *Paul* gave authority to *Titus*, (*Chap. 1. 5.*) to *invent* or *adde* any the *least circumstance* for matter or manner, in or about the *Worship* of God in *Crete*, more than what he had formerly *appointed*, and himself *Practiced* elsewhere? and lastly, whether the *Prohibition* of the Apostle, in *Coloss. 2.* from *ver. 8.* to the end, *That none should be subject to Ordinances*, according to the *Commandments*

ments and doctrines of men in Will-worship, doth not extend to all following times, and all future Churches of Christ.

3. Whether he that *diligently* reads and considers the 6th and 7th Chapters of the *Acts* of the Apostles, will not find, That the *only* occasion of Stephen the Proto-Martyr, being *accused* of *Blasphemy* and *stoned* to death, was his *bold* and *resolute* defence of the *spiritual* *Worship* brought in by Christ, in opposition to the *Jewish Rites and Ceremonies*, which though appointed by God himself at first, yet *now* are out of date & useless? and whether this very thing was not one of those *pretended Crimes*, that Christ himself was arraigned for in the *High Priests Hall*? as appears in, *Mat. 26. 57, to 69.* compared with, *Joh. 4. 19, to 27.* and whether a *good cause* with a mans *own innocency* in the sight of God and his own conscience, be not one *great support* to him under the *severest censures*, and *sharpest sufferings* he can meet with from *this world*?

F I N I S.





