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Geor. Herbert



THE WORKS

OF THE

REV. GEORGE HERBERT.

WITH

REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS,

AND

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Mission of Poetry is refining, pure and holy. If it be not, it will not last, descend the stream of time, and be cherished from generation to generation through succeeding ages.

It is only as the heroic partakes of this influence, in the form of noble sentiment, that it enjoys a similar immortality: whilst wit, humour, and description are doomed, however admirable in their way, to a much more limited existence.

Upon the truth of these great laws and canons of criticism rests the claim of George Herbert to be evermore revived and perpetuated in the poetic literature of England. In his lifetime, and immediately after his death, above two hundred years ago, his popular fame was almost unparalleled: and that it was founded on a solid basis has been proven by its vitality and palmy bloom during two centuries, and the numerous editions

through which his productions, in prose and verse, have gone.

On adding another to the list, it behoves us to lay a few observations on the subject before our readers, together with a brief preliminary biographical sketch of the author, whose life was first written by Barnabas Oley, and then by Isaak Walton as a suitable example of virtue, to complete an illustrious trio with the metaphysical Dr. Donne and the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton.

George Herbert was born on the 3rd of April, 1593, at the seat of his ancient family, Montgomery Castle, in the shire of that name, and was the fifth of seven brothers, the eldest of whom, Edward, was ennobled by King Charles the First, and figures in history not only as the brave and chivalrous Lord Cherbury, but in literature as the author of the work *De Veritate* (in which Natural religion is upheld to be all-sufficient without Revelation); and also a treatise, *De Religione Laici*, a History of the Reign of Henry VIII., his own Memoirs, and other miscellaneous writings, very different in opinion and character from those of the Sweet Singer of the Temple, as the younger brother, George, was fondly denominated.

His father having died when he was four years of age, he was brought up under the care of a prudent

and excellent mother, celebrated by Dr. Donne both for her “Autumnal Beauty” and mental qualities—

In all her words to every hearer fit
You may at Revels, or at Council sit.

Entrusted to Westminster school, George became a good classical and, especially, a fine Greek, as well as a King's, Scholar, and was elected for Trinity College, Cambridge, when about fifteen years old. Previous to this, his religious feeling and poetical talent must have been, to a certain extent, developed; for we find him, in his first year at the University, sending to his mother, as a New Year's Gift, a pious sonnet, accompanied by the assurance of his resolution to consecrate his “poor abilities in poetry” all and ever to God's glory.

This course he sedulously pursued. In 1615, he took his degree of Master of Arts; and in 1619 was chosen Orator for the University, in which capacity he is stated to have displayed great abilities. One memorable instance was afforded by the occasion of his having to acknowledge the honour done to the University by King James's presentation to it of his book called “Basilicon Doron;” which Mr. Herbert performed so skilfully, as to attract his Majesty's most favourable notice and future countenance. Struck with its excellent Latin, and abundance of “conceits,” and all expressions suited to the royal genius, the King asked the

Earl of Pembroke if he knew the orator, who bore the same name; whose answer was, that "he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but that he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family;" at which the King smiled, and asked the Earl, "that he might love him too; for he took him to be the jewel of the Univerſity."

This brought him into the ſunſhine of royal favour, and on the King's frequent hunting viſits to Newmarket and Roſton, and thence to Cambridge, the orator was afforded many opportunities to ingratiate himſelf more and more in the eſtimation of the Monarch, who declared that he found "his learning and wiſdom much above his age and wit."

And it is evident his attainments muſt have been of a very ſuperior order, for in one of his attendances at Court he formed an intimacy with the learned Dr. Andrews, Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the celebrated Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), who dedicated his "Translation of the Pſalms" to him, as the beſt judge of Divine Poetry.

Theſe things appear to have inſpired him with ambition, and that he might be prepared for advancement, even to be Secretary of State, he made himſelf perfect maſter of the "Italian, Spaniſh, and French tongues."

As a first step, he had conferred upon him a sinecure of a hundred and twenty pounds per annum—the same which Queen Elizabeth bestowed on her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and which he held without giving up his College preferments, though he now accompanied the King “wheresoever the Court was;—enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the King were there, but then he never failed.”

This was the period of his worldly temptation and trial; which the deaths of his most powerful friends Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton, and soon after, of the King himself, brought to a fruitless close. He retired from London to a friend in Kent, and there, after a severe conflict between the desire to return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to the study of Divinity and enter into sacred orders, Religion, and the persuasion of his mother, triumphed—and he devoted himself to the Altar of God.

It is unnecessary to follow his steps in this course, his being made Deacon, and in July, 1626, Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, his ill-health, and the ignorant medical means of that day to re-establish it, superseding ague by fasting and poor diet, which brought on consumption. Having recovered a certain degree of

strength and cheerfulness, he resolved to marry, and enter into the second Orders of Priesthood. And Walton's description of him, at this crisis, is so characteristic that we cannot resist quotation.

“He was, for his person (says his limner), of a stature inclining to Tallness; his body was very straight; and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a Gentleman, for they were all so meek and obliging, that he purchased love and respect from all that knew him.”

He married Jane, one of the nine daughters of a Mr. Danvers, of Bainton, Wilts, who, from antecedent impressions through report in his favour, consented to change her name to Herbert on the third day after their first interview. The hasty match was, nevertheless, for the short while it lasted, a happy one. Within a few months after he was presented to the living of Bemerton, in Wiltshire; but here again he had a conscientious struggle, and was only convinced by the famed Archbishop, then Bishop, Laud, that the refusal of it would be a sin: whereupon, as the biography curiously relates, “a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, to take measure, and make him Canonical

Clothes against next day; which the tailor did:" and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went to Dr. Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, who gave him Institution immediately—April 26, 1630, in the 36th year of his age.*

From this moment, when he changed his sword and silk clothes into a pastoral staff and Canonical Coat, for the short remainder of his life, for he died at the end of February, 1632, he dedicated himself with enthusiastic yet calm devotion to the service of Jesus Christ, to whose name he invariably attached the title, "My Master;" and the manner in which he fulfilled his Christian and ministerial duties may be justly appreciated from that one of his prose works, "A Priest to the Temple, or The Country Parson," which we have selected as a fitting accompaniment to his reprint of his collected Poems.

Having given this outline of the Poet, it is incumbent upon us to offer some observations upon the period in which he flourished, and that which succeeded it, and endeavour to suggest the reason why, when all other contemporaneous stars have paled their ineffectual fires, his orb has beamed more brightly through the shade of so many years, and still commands the admiration and worship of the devout and pious. The beginning of the seventeenth century was unsettled in religious principle, and we regret to add, that a considerable

portion of the Clergy might, from their latitudinarian lives and conduct, be deemed not only remiss, but absolutely irreligious. A natural consequence of this laxity was to raise up a class of zealous and holy men, who beheld with grief the profanation of the Sanctuary, and adopted the opposite course with a degree of sacred fervour which could hardly have been excited by any ordinary cause. The eternal laws of nature tend to extremes in re-action, and so it happened here; and the functions of the Priest were either neglected and abused, or performed with an intensity of devotedness too much for the endurance of the human frame. Vigils, abstinence, and mortifications, cut short the useful and exemplary lives of such as George Herbert: whilst, perhaps, the lives of their opposites were, in some cases, abridged by recklessness, indulgence, and intemperance.

The civil war brought these conditions, involving the laity in their vortex, into collision; and the era which immediately succeeded, saw religion almost banished from the realm, and perishing of disgust at its violences, hypocrisies, and crimes: the whole crowned by the Popish struggle of the infatuated James the Second, when men changed their religion as indifferently as their garments.

These three phases occupied nearly a century. The

first exhibited the contrast of loose manners and almost ascetic prostration. The second was religion in arms, and revelling in tyranny and bloodshed. The last was not only scorn of the cruel and vile violators of God's holy name, but apathy towards his Divine precepts, without obedience to which, profligacy and infidelity must stamp the earth with innumerable curses.

In the midst of this chaotic darkness and confusion, we see, and from the circumstances can account for the lamp of Herbert shining so brightly. His deep aspiration and earnest effort to walk in the footsteps of his "Master," made himself a pattern for all time. If there might be an excess, it was on the side of heaven, to the utter disregard of every worldly object, and so glorious as to render comparatively feeble and effete the later admired praise of a good Priest, that

Even his failings leant to Virtue's side.

The poetic standard of the Herbert period was not so high as to eclipse the lesser luminaries; and in our day there is no general acquaintance with their productions. Yet, doing what must always be done in just and correct criticism, allowing for the taste and cultivation of their time, there are very many and great beauties to be found in his fellow-illustrators of Mount Parnassus, or from the nature of their compositions we

ought, perhaps, rather to say of Mount Carmel. Withers, till lost in polemics and politics, gave more than promise of sweetness and power. Quarles, with his Emblems, and his conceits bearing much resemblance to Herbert's own, is redolent of charming thoughts. Crashaw, a few years later, is fine, in spite of his strange inequalities; and Carew delights us with many a pleasing verse; whilst the gay, light, and lively Suckling shone the prototype of the troubadours, whose songs gilded the Restoration. True it is, the latter were often objectionable on the score of licentiousness; but, after all, polished vice is less obnoxious and injurious than coarse and vulgar profligacy in word or deed. We are not the apologists for either; and only note the fact, to show the validity of the immutable rule with which we set out, that without goodness and purity, no poetic talent, however brilliant, can hope to transmit its creations to a late posterity.

In the converse of this lay the secret of Herbert's immense popularity, and his descent to our day with a halo of righteous glory about him, which will not fail so long as true and genuine Christianity has votaries in the land. On a minor scale, Dr. Watts's Hymns may be mentioned as an example of a similar kind, and serving to confirm the argument we have laid down.

Before entering into a more particular review of

Herbert's works, we shall only add to these general remarks that he was a passionate lover of Music, as his chiefest recreation and an adjunct to Piety and Poetry ; and that, whilst he kept his own practical devotions within strict limits, observing Fasts, and serving (it might be said) at the Altar, and in his domestic household, night and day, with unintermitting vigilance, he did not carry them to the utter extreme of some of his dearest friends. Of these, the most loved and honoured was Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, " who got the reputation of being called Saint Nicholas at the age of six years," and after finishing his education as a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, travelled much, and returned home to a good estate, deeply imbued with the principles of an anchorite or founder of a new sect of rigid puritanism, — " For he, having seen the manners and vanities of the World, and found them to be as Mr. Herbert said, " a nothing between two dishes," " did so condemn it that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death." To this end, with his family, about thirty in number, he converted his residence into a little college, kept Lent and all Ember-weeks, and every Friday, strictly with fastings and mortifications, read the Common Prayers every day between the appointed hours of ten and four in the Parish Church (he

being a Deacon), read the Matins also daily at the hour of six, either in the Church or an Oratory within the house, and after prayers spent some hours in singing hymns and anthems; and then betaking them to private prayers and meditations. But even these observances did not suffice, for at night, at the ringing of a watch-bell, the Church or Oratory was again peopled for prayers, lauding God, and reading the Psalms; and when these, or any part of the congregation grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch; and when, after some hours, they also grew weary and faint, then they rung the watch-bell, and were relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the Society, which continued their devotions till morning. And this was done as constantly as the Sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant it is ended.

Such is the remarkable description of Gidden Hall, and peculiarly interesting, not only in forming an estimate of Herbert, but in considering the best means by which the cause of Gospel religion can be promoted.

Herbert is warm in his eulogy upon Mr. Ferrar and his establishment, but did not carry his own practice to similar extremes. Such extremes, indeed, must

always be exceptional, for the business of life must stop if they were universal. In a world of Trappists, the human species would be extinct in one generation; and so near an approach to Trappism is rather calculated to repress than inspire inclinations and feelings towards Christianity. Mark, accordingly, the results. There are no traces of such austerities as those of Gidden Hall now in social existence; but the example and teaching of the Rector of Bemerton have diffused a vast amount of holiness throughout the British Empire and the Universe, during the succession of seven generations of the people! Moderation and temperance in all things tend to usefulness and virtue: excess, even in good, prevents imitation, and leads to apathy, if not to opposition. Had there not been a Herbert, it is probable there might never have been a Wesley; for in the founder of the Methodists, it is impossible not to recognise almost every impulse and emotion he expressed, every doctrine he preached, and every duty he practised.

In this light, it will be seen that the providence of Herbert's Court-life and opportunities for acute observation of mankind, contributed essentially to his eminent position of a minister of the Church of England, an author, and a poet. Commingling the wisdom of Solomon with the inspiration of David, he became effective for precious benefits, and not the mere admir-

able executionist on the timbrel or the harp. His prose and his verse abound with maxims, precepts, and aphorisms of high morality and sterling sense—worthy of the utmost consideration of the worldling;—and over the whole is shed that divine Spirit which transports us to another sphere far beyond the cares and afflictions of our present sojourn—

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The *Jacula Prudentum* is a valuable and ample selection of proverbs and pregnant sayings made by Mr. Herbert, whilst Public Orator at Cambridge; but his own original brief comments, scattered over his writings, are equally instructive and pithy, and these were the fruits of his acquaintance with actual life.

I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances.

Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.

If I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure I am bound, so far as is in my power, to practise what I pray for.

Such are the axioms which grace his prose: in his poetry we shall find more, and all in unison with his fervent humility and liberal charity.

Of “The Country Parson” we will say nothing farther than that the more the lessons are taken to heart

and the advice followed, the better will it be for the Church of Christ, its consecrated apostles, and the laity who are its communicants. From this topic, therefore, which would draw us into statements foreign to our purpose in this Essay, we pass with pleasure to a cursory examination of the Poems before us.

They are prefaced, as usual at that time, with commendatory verses, which are chiefly characterised by the poverty of such compositions, full of common-place compliments and strained comparisons, and exaggerated laudation in unpoetic language. Their defects, however, serve as a foil to demonstrate how superior Herbert was to the rhyming herd; though we confess it is no lofty merit to surpass such poetry as this—

What father of a Church can you rehearse,
That gained more souls to God 'twixt prose and verse?
. Show me the man:
That sang more sweetly than this dying swan,
This bird of Paradise, this glow-worm bright,
This Philomel, this glory of the night.

Or, as sung another commendator—

He was the wonder of a better age,
The eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage.
Phoenix of Wales, of his great name the glory.
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise; which, in a word,
Worms ne'er shall wither, as they did the gourd.

Go, thaw your hearts at his celestial fire ;
 And what you cannot comprehend, admire !

We quote these morsels of the ordinary train, level with the mass of the age whose attributes they indicate and exemplify ; and their contrast with the productions they have the rashness to bepraise, is about as irresistible a testimony to the merits of these productions as the admirers of their author could desire. And as

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,

So much are mankind indebted to the man who penned that line, and embalmed so many other consolatory and ennobling sentiments in verse, in his ceaseless and pious endeavour to produce the happy effects which he anticipated from "rhyming to good, and making a bait of pleasure."

This line is, indeed, the key to his labours, and the touchstone to the writings of Herbert. His whole nature is developed in its nine words ! The love and service of God : the love and use of Poetry ! In his most abject humiliations and his most exalted adorations, the means to the end are still the poetic. Nothing dissevers the twin-union. The glow or the tremblings, the exulting confidence or the racking doubts of religion, are ever combined with the naturally inspired element ; and it is difficult to conceive

that the mind of the bard was so constituted as to hold the flame more sacred than the other. Like the Psalmist, his outpourings must be in verse, or they would be beneath his aspirations. His prose appeared to him as if it were the effort of a stammerer : he only reached a fulness of expression when he sung—

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write ;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing : O, my only light,
 It cannot be,
 That I am he
 On whom thy tempests fell at Night.

And yet even poetry fails to satisfy his longings :—

Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough sorrows ; cease, be dumb and mute,
 Give up your feet, and running to mine eyes,
 And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
 Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme :
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
 Alas, my God !

The foregoing lines, particularly the third of them, may prepare readers for one of the prominent characteristics of the author, namely that of sprinkling strange and quaint conceits over all, even his most serious

compositions. It was the taste of the times, and endured for above a hundred and fifty years, with admiration and applause. Nor was it confined to secular works or versification. It revelled in the pulpit, and our eldest and greatest divines afford the most extraordinary instance of its prevalence and permanency. And usage made the illustrations tell. People did not laugh at the oddest and merriest of them. On the contrary, they pointed the moral to the habits and intellect of those days, and are not to be judged by our changed habits and opinions now. And it must be observed that Herbert is rarely extravagant, but generally very demonstrative and fortunate in this style of writing, though occasionally we have such specimens as the following :

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by ;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.

The familiarity of expression and play on words in this example have much the air of profanity to modern apprehension ; but there is no doubt that such a composition was, in its own day, reckoned one of the most successful and persuasive of the Author's appeals to all classes, including the simple and uninformed, to induce them to put their trust in the Almighty, who had bestowed so much upon them, and only reserved a blessing likely to prove a curse and keep them from seeking refuge with him.

In the first edition of Herbert's Works, published in 1633, the year after his death, the effect of a number of the poems was enhanced by the fanciful devices in which they were typographically moulded into the shapes of angels' wings, hour-glasses, altar-pieces, and other forms analogically connected with their matter.

This accounts, in some measure, for the endless variety of his versification; which, in these cases, despising dactyls or spondees, adjusted itself, long and short, to the model set for its external appearance. How different are our book embellishments now, to attract and delight the eye; yet, after all, the substance is in the Poet, and only the ornament and decoration in the artist.

Yet we are free to own that Fancy combines more harmoniously with sweet or pathetic ideas than with sacred exhortations and mysteries; and Herbert overflows with charms of this description, both familiar and touching. They occur at every page; as, for example, of the first:

For sure, when Adam did not know
 To sin, or sin to smother;
 He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
 As from one room to another.

And—

Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove;
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

And—

O, raise me then, poor bees, that work all day
 Sting my delay,
 Who have a work, as well as they
 And much, much more.

Again—

O, that I were an Orange tree,
 That bufy plant !
 Then fhould I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that drefleth me.

How the quaintneffes fpring !

My thoughts are all a cafe of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With fcattered fmart ;
 As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their fury can control
 While they do wound and prick my foul.

On man—

Nothing wears clothes, but man ; nothing doth need
 But he to wear them. Nothing ufeth fire,
 But man alone, to fhew his heavenly breed :
 And only he hath fuel in defire.

With an obnoxious problem which, if true, would
 diffolve fociety, we clofe thefe fpecimens of the far-
 fetched “ humours ” of the paff age—

Surely, if each one faw another’s heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No fale or bargain pafs : all would difperfe,
 And live apart.

Befides illuftrating the poetical tafte of our anceftors,

and Herbert's ministration to them, as well as some of his figures without their extrinsic linear representations ; these quotations, nevertheless, convey fine moral and religious thoughts in a manner impressive upon their own contemporaneous date, though liable to be lost on our fastidious era, when partial education is more widely extended, and minute criticism more largely indulged.

But these which we may view as blemishes, must not be taken as fair and candid specimens of the faintly muse of Herbert. They are rather the exceptions which establish the rule of his beauty and excellence. In "The Church Porch," which opens the Poem of "The Temple," there is, if we may allegorize the theme, an attractive series of niches filled with delightful images : and through all the sequel, no less happily conceived and executed ideas abound. The admonitions of the Church against lust, drunkenness, lying, idleness, and other vices, are of singular force ; and the more so because they are delivered with gentleness, and a sympathy for erring humanity. Even the slight quaintnesses which occur, impart to them something of a friendly tone. Herbert

Allures to brighter worlds, and points the way.

He is a man like his readers, and assuming no dog-

matism on account of his self-sacrifice and almost super-human devotedness, to the well-being of his fellow-creatures here and hereafter, and the service of his adored Creator. In him there is nothing polemic or antagonistic ; nothing of the Pharisee, everything of the benevolent Samaritan. From his pen we have no threats, no anathemas, no bigotry, no damning, of those who differ from him, though strongly attached to the Protestant Church of his fathers. All is done in kindness, earnestness, and love ; and it is this which has preserved his writings through such a lapse of time, so mutable and wonderful that thousands of other worthy ventures have sunk and perished, and renders them, at this hour, when the Spirit of Religion is so vividly renewed, more than ever deserving of the deepest study by every member of the thinking world. A most edifying lesson for all ; it will require small painstaking to extract from the Volume of Herbert's works. We hope it will be a pleasure to go a little way along with us, snatching a glance at his fair flowers and medicinal herbs as we pass on our way to his " Church : "

Be temperate

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame.

When once it is within thee.

He that is drunken he hath loft the reins,
 Is outlawed by himfelf.

Againft profane fwearing—

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excufe.
 Luft and wine plead a pleafure, avarice gain :
 But the cheap fwearer, through his open fluce,
 Lets his foul run for nought.

Herbert is equally energetic againft falfehood, and the neglect of education of children and examination of felf; and the next ftanza is replete with that common fenfe we have noticed as fo valuable an ingredient in his fpiritual admonitions :

Be thrifty, but not covetous; therefore give
 Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
 Never was scraper brave man. Get to live :
 Then live, and ufe it: elfe it is not true
 That thou haft gotten. Surely ufe alone
 Makes money not a contemptible ftone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
 Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
 Shoots a bow fhort, and leffens ftill his ftake,
 As the day leffens, and his life with it.

By no means run in debt : take thine own measure.
 Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
 Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure,
 A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.

Spend not on hopes.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.

Who say, "I care not," those I give for lost.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
 And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

If the mere "Church Porch" yields such wisdom, morality, and poetry as these quotations, hastily taken from many of equal claim, it may readily be believed that (let us put poetry statistically in this utilitarian age) as thirteen is to one, so must the rest of Herbert's beauties be to the sample, we have quoted and indicated, inasmuch as they conform to that proportion in the entire body of his Poetry.

Of this major division, however, we are bound to take some notice, and designate some, though (to avoid

the prolixity objectionable in the introduction to an established author, a very scanty illustration of its manifold, powerful, and pathetic attractions. Even personal affliction is made touchingly poetical:—

I had my wish, my way:
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness:
There was no month but May!
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sickness clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwelt in every vein,
And tuned my breath to groans:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

Some slight exuberance of imagery follows this; but nothing can obliterate the Job-like poetry of the exquisite description passing from the joys of youth and health, when there was no month but May, to the bleak December of disease and sorrow.

The short poems, "Frailty," "Peace," and "The World," are altogether pleasing specimens of Herbert's genius and turn of mind: but we can only refer to them, and adopt even shorter pieces to substantiate our observations on the Author. An exhortation to the

faithful observance of Lent is thus nobly improved and applied :—

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
 By starving sin, and taking such repast
 As may our faults control :
 That every man may revel at his door,
 Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poor,
 And among those his soul.

The very next poem, entitled “Virtue,” begins with a most affecting verse :—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

This piece has been imitated by many succeeding poets, but not one has excelled the original ; nor can the English tongue produce a more exquisite passage than the few lines we have just quoted. There is one termination only equal, and, perhaps, superior, to this fine passage, which readers will find in the lines entitled “The Collar,” wherein the Christian repines and asserts his determination to enjoy the pleasures of life, and throw off the bondage of religion. Can anything be more sublime than this conclusion ?

I will abroad.
 Call in thy death’s-head there : tie up thy fears.

He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, Child :
 And I replied, My Lord.

To the immortal simplicity of this, we should be ashamed to add either comment or farther quotation. We have attempted to bring Herbert justly and honestly before the reader ; convinced that the example of his humility, piety, and passionate faith must produce good fruits now and for ever. To show that his Poetry is not to be judged by or censured for the peculiarities of his age, but to be tried by and cherished for merits which fit it for the improvement and blessing of all ages. In fine, to invite the British Public to a treat it seldom or never enjoys—to forget the present moment for awhile, and cast a retrospect on the past—and thence to learn much that is most desirable to know. Living flowers are, no doubt, sweet and agreeable : but they are mostly mere temporary pleasures addressed to the sense. The precious plants of Christian growth and efficacy, which have been crushed under the weight of years, when revived, yield odours which not only refresh the body but the soul. So may it be with Herbert's Godly works !

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

A MEMORIAL TO THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF THE SACRED POEMS, WHO DIED ABOUT
ANNO 1635.*

READ o'er these raptures with a curious eye,
You must conclude, this eagle soared high :
Montgomery Castle was the place where he
Had his first breathing and nativity.
Of that most noble house this hero came,
Who left the world this legacy of fame.
Great saint, unto thy memory and shrine
I owe all veneration, save divine,
For thy rare poems : piety and pen
Speak thee no less than miracle of men.

* In the Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton, the following entry occurs, " Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

The graces all, both moral and divine,
 In thee concentre, and with thee combine :
 These sacred lessons, set to thy sweet lute.
 Was music that would make Apollo mute :
 Nay, all those warbling chanters of the spring
 Would fit half tame to hear Arion sing.
 What province hath produced a greater soul,
 Between the arctic and antarctic pole,
 Than Wales hath done? where Herbert's church
 shall be

A lasting pyramid for him and thee.
 What father of a church can you rehearse,
 That gain'd more souls to God 'twixt prose and verse?
 What orator had more magnetic strains?
 What poet such a fancy, pen, or brains,
 In our great hierarchy? show me the man
 That sang more sadly than this dying swan,
 This bird of paradise, this glowworm bright,
 This philomel, this glory of the night.
 Seeing the deluge rage, the clouds still dark,
 Restless below, return'd up to the ark,
 This sacred dove, before he scaled the skies,
 Rarely set forth, the world's great sacrifice;
 A melting poem, all the rest so high,
 That the dull world may learn to live and die.

Never did pen humane, or earing brain,
Express or vent such a seraphic strain.
You that are poets born, contend and strive,
In spite of death, dead Herbert to revive.
Bring wreaths of larix, an immortal tree.
To Salem's sacred hill, for obsequy.
Parnassus' mount was never so divine,
To turn the muse's water into wine.
The Delphian poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as major dome ;
And though the bishop and his clerks do boast,
That old false prophet there doth rule the roaft.
A lasting spring of blood springs near that hill,
There he did bathe ; there you your phials fill.
'Twill melt your hearts to view those desolations ;
Yet from that spring flows highest inspirations.
Therein your annals such encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the doves in spring.
Such moan as Egypt's viceroy once did make
At Abel-Mizraim for his father's fake,
Make your shrill trumpets : from that thorny hill
Benhinnon's valleys with amazement fill.
To the sepulchre go, there sacrifice
The distillations of your hearts and eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiss that land,
Where once his master's sacred feet did stand.

No art or engine can you safely trust
 To polish him, but his own sacred dust.
 Nor can you point or pencil him too high,
 That lived and died without an enemy ;
 That left behind him this admired tomb,
 But no Elifha in Eliah's room.

An Epitaph.

UPON THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HERBERT.

YOU weeping marbles, monuments, we trust,
 As well with the injurious, as the just,
 When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
 And when his noble dust shall be refined :
 You shall more gold, myrrh, frankincense return,
 Than shall be found in great Augustus' urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
 The eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage.
 h œnix of Wales, of his great name the glory.
 A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
 A plant of Paradise : which, in a word,
 Worms ne'er shall wither as they did the gourd.

Go, you unborn, bedew dear Herbert's tomb;
No more such babes are in Dame Nature's womb.
No more such blazing comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here,
Go, thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go, you dark poems, dark even as the skies,
Make the scales fall from our dark dazzling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Glowworms to glitter in the most gloomy night.
About those glorious regions he is fled,
Where once St. Paul was rapt and ravished.

Here a divine, prophet, and poet lies,
That laid up manna for posterities.

P. D. Esq.

The Church Militant.

THE Church's progress is a masterpiece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt, Rome, and Greece:
Wherein he gives the conclave such a blow,
They ne'er received from either friend or foe.
England and France do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare;

Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent finning, cruelty, distrust ;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned oaths, that cause the land to mourn ;
And here's oppression, marks of future bane,
And here's hypocrisy, the counterpane.
Here's love of guineas, cursed root of all,
And here's religion turn'd up to the wall :
And could we see with Herbert's eagle eyes,
Without checkmate religion westward flies.
A most sad sacrifice was made of late
Of God's poor lambs by Pharisaic hate.
For discipline with doctrine so to jar,
Was just like bringing justice to the bar.
Was it the will, or judgment, or commands,
Of the great pilot for to pass the sands ;
Well may we hope, that our quick-fighted state
Will take God's grievance into a debate.
Cathedral priests long since have laid about
Hammer and tongs, to drive religion out.
Her grace and Majesty makes them so afraid,
They cry content, and so espouse her maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaste, divine they say,
She loves their sons, that sing our sins away.
Could we but count the thousands every year
These dreams consume, the music is too dear.

When Eli's sons made luxury their god,
Their widows named their posthumes Icabod.
They both were slain, God's sacred ark was lost,
Though they had with it a most mighty host.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn ;
Pearls we receive, poor pebbles we return.
Now Seine is swallowing Tiber ; if the Thames,
By letting in them both pollute her streams ;
Or if the seers shall connive or wink,
Beware the thunderbolt ; Migremus hinc.
O let me die, and not survive to see
Before my death religion's obsequy.
Religion and dear truth will prove at length
The alpha and omega of our strength ;
Our Boaz, our Jachin, our Great Britain's glory,
Look'd on by owls as a romantic story.
Our cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Night's fiery pillar, to direct our way.
Our chariots, ships, and horsemen, to withstand
The fury of our foes by sea or land.
Our eyes may see, as hath been seen before,
Religion's foes lie floating on the shore :
The head of England's church proud Babels, but
Will faith defend, and peace will Janus shut.

Adversus Impia.

Anno 1670.

Lines intended to be placed

UNDER

HERBERT'S PORTRAIT.

BEHOLD an orator, divinely sage,
 The prophet and apostle of that age.
 View but his Porch and Temple, you shall see
 The body of divine philosophy.
 Examine well the lines of his dead face,
 Therein you may discern wisdom and grace.
 Now if the shell so lovely doth appear,
 How orient was the pearl imprison'd here !

On Mr. G. Herbert's Book,

ENTITLED,

THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS.

SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

KNOW you faire, on what you looke ;
 Divineſt Love lies in this booke :
 Expecting fire from your eyes,
 To kindle this his ſacrifice.

When your Hands untie these strings
Think you have an Angel by th' wings.
One that gladly will bee nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
These white Plumes of his heele lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will fend you :
To take acquaintance of the spheare,
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there.

And though HERBERT's name doe owe
These Devotions, fairest ; know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white Hand, they are mine.

R. Crafhaw, Steps to the Temple, 1646.

THE

Printers to the Reader.*

THE dedication of this work having been made by the author to the Divine Majesty only, how should we now presume to interest any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much less think we it meet to seek the recommendation of the Muses, for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath than flows from Helicon. The world, therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicity with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament, more than is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgment, and to the benefit that he shall find by perusal. Only for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the person.

* Published with first edition, Cambridge, 1633.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowship of Trinity College in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the University, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's Altar, than to seek the honour of State employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none), which many of these ensuing verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a pattern or more for the age he lived in.

To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to add, My Master.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his family to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompany him daily in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical dignity, which he was possessor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruined almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by public collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on

his death-bed, he made answer, “ It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the blood of Christ :” otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

“ Less than the least of God’s mercies.”

[NICHOLAS FERRAR.]

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THE TEMPLE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



THE TEMPLE.

The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee ;
 Yet not mine neither ; for from thee they came,
 And must return. Accept of them and me,
 And make us strive, who shall sing best thy name.

Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain ;
 Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The Church Porch.

Perirrhanterium.

***** THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes

Thine

Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a
 treasure,

Hearken unto a Verfer, who may chance

Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :

A verse may find him, who a sermon flies,

And turn delight into a sacrifice.

B

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
 Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood :
 It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
 The holy lines cannot be understood.

How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
 Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book !

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
 Allows thee choice of paths ; take no by-ways ;
 But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
 Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and stays.

Continnence hath his joy : weigh both ; and so
 If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
 Man would have been the encloser ; but since now
 God hath impaled us, on the contrary
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.

O what were man, might he himself displace !
 Sure to be cross he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
 When once it is within thee ; but before
 Mayst rule it, as thou list : and pour the shame
 Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.

It is most just to throw that on the ground,
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken may his mother kill
 Big with his sifter : he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlaw'd by himself : all kind of ill
 Did with his liquor slide into his veins.

The drunkard forfeits man, and doth divest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
 Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
 Short of his can, and body ; must I find
 A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?

Stay at the third glass : if thou lose thy hold,
 Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room ;
 (All in a shipwreck shift their several way)

Let not a common ruin thee entomb :

Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,

Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.

Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
 Boast not thereof ; nor make thy shame thy glory.

Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness ;

But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story :

He makes flat war with God, and doth defy,

With his poor clods of earth the spacious sky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
 Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
 But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
 Lets his foul run for nought, as little fearing :
 Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell another's jest therein
 Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need :
 Pink out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
 He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
 Play not away the virtue of that name,
 Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee
 tame.

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are ;
 Because to shun them also is so cheap :
 For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
 O crumble not away thy foul's fair heap.
 If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
 Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not : but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both :
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
 By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
 If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
 Against thee ; for his light was only lent.

God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those
 feathers

Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
 If studious ; copy fair what time hath blurr'd ;
 Redeem truth from his jaws : if Soldier,
 Chase brave employments with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England ; full of sin, but most of sloth ;
 Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with glory ;
 Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
 Transfused a sheepishness into thy story :
 Not that they all are so ; but that the most
 Are gone to grafs, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
 Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son ;
 Some mark a partridge, never their child's fashion :
 Some ship them over, and the thing is done.

Study this art, make it thy great design ;
 And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
 A mastering mind; so both are lost thereby:
 Or else they breed them tender, make them need
 All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
 For he, that needs five thousand pound to live,
 Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
 His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches;
 For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
 To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.
 But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
 Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy power)
 Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
 Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stout
 When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
 Who breaks his owd bond, forfeiteth himself:
 What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
 Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
 Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy:
 Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
 Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
 Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth : diseases enter there.
 Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call ;
 Carve, or discourse ; do not a famine fear.
 Who carves, is kind to two ; who talks, to all.
 Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit ;
 And say withal, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
 Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man ?
 Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
 Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
 From his ecliptic line beckon the sky.
 Who lives by rule then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
 And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
 Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
 Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
 Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way :
 God gave them to thee, under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
 Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
 Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own ;
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live :
Then live, and use it : else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year : but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil :
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou may'st safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee ? raise thy head :
Take stars for money ; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame :
She loseth three for one : her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt : take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.

The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under fail.

Old courtiers know this : therefore fet out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handfomenefs doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing, than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well ;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.

Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart :
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and churches also play their part.

Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crack'd name at length in the church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost :
 Dost lose ? rise up : dost win ? rise in that state.
 Who strive to fit out losing hands, are lost.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
 Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldness now bears sway.
 But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
 As empty boldness : therefore first assay
 To stuff thy mind with solid bravery ;
 Then march on gallant : get substantial worth :
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour ?
 Then keep such company ; make them thy allay :
 Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
 A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
 Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
 Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
 Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
 Think not thy fame at every twitch will break :
 By great deeds show, that thou canst little do ;
 And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;
 And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
 'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make ;
 But the great foldier's honour was composed
 Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.

Wisdom picks friends ; civility plays the rest.
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least :
 For wit is news only to ignorance.

Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
 That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
 Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.

These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound :
 The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.

All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain
 But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
 Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
 But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.

Many affecting wit beyond their power,
 Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wife valour is the brave complexion,
 That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
 The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
 Or a fired beacon frighteth from his ditties.

Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,
 And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness :
 That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
 Nothing from thine : in service, care, or coldness,
 Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.

Feed no man in his sins : for adulation
 Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness ; for thou makest thereby
 Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
 Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,
 As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
 Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite ;
 Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour for the person's sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate ;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.

I care not though the cloth of state should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;
 Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father.
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it : rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
 Fathers first enter bonds to nature's ends ;
 And are her sureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
 God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
 Till labour come, and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please :
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty :
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease ;
Courtesy grows in court ; news in the city.
 Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
 That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best ;
 For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure :
 (But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
 Rather than show his cards) steal from his treasure
 What to ask further. Doubts well-raised do lock
 The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be Master-gunner, spend not all
 That thou canst speak, at once : but husband it,
 And give men turns of speech : do not forestall
 By lavishness thine own, and other's wit,
 As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
 Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More, than his sicknesses or poverty ?
 In love I should : but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither : therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage : he that lets
 Another chafe, may warm him at his fire :
 Mark all his wanderings, and enjoy his frets ;
 As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
 Truth dwells not in the clouds : the bow that's there
 Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another fays : for many are
Full of themfelves, and anfwer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care
Ballance each dram of reafon, like a potion.

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both :
Share in the conqueft, and confefs a troth.

Be ufeful where thou liveft, that they may
Both want, and wifh thy pleafing prefence ftill.
Kindnefs, good parts, great places are the way
To compafs this. Find out men's wants and will
And meet them there. All worldly joys go lefs
To the one joy of doing kindneffes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
So fhalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
Sink not in fpirit ; who aimeth at the fky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

A grain of glory mixt with humblenefs
Cures both a fever and lethargicnefs.

Let thy mind ftill be bent, ftill plotting where
And when, and how the bufinefs may be done.
Slacknefs breeds worms ; but the fure traveller,
Though he alight fometimes, ftill goeth on.

Active and ftirring fpirits live alone :

Write on the others, Here lies fuch a one.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
 In love or honour ; take account of all :
 Shine like the sun in every corner ; see
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.

Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
 And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
 (Love is a present for a mighty king,)
 Much less make any one thine enemy.
 As guns destroy, so many a little sling.

The cunning workman never doth refuse
 The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
 To take all that is given ; whether wealth,
 Or love, or language ; nothing comes amiss :
 A good digestion turneth all to health :

And then as far as fair behaviour may,
 Strike off all scores ; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
 All foreign of that name ; but scorn their ill :
 Embrace their activeness, not vanities.

Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

If thou observest strangers in each fit,
 In time they'll run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
 That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
 Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
 Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.

Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
 Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
 Think heaven a better bargain, than to give
 Only thy single market-money for it.
 Join hands with God to make a man to live.

Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
 Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
 Christ's stamp to boot ; both images regard.
 God reckons for him, counts the favour his :
 Write, So much given to God ; thou shalt be heard.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
 Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time :
 A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
 Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime,
 'Tis angels' music ; therefore come not late.
 God then deals blessings : if a king did so,
 Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show ?

Twice on the day his due is understood ;
 For all the week thy food so oft he gave thee.
 Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the food,
 Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.

Thwart not the Almighty God : O be not cross.
 Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis gain, not loss.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love :
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
 Pray with the most : for where most pray, is heaven

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
 God is more there, than thou : for thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy state.
 All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
 Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
 Stay not for the other pin : why thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart ; that spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.

Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purged his temple ; so must thou thy heart.
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
 For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
 God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
 He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preacher's language, or expression :
 How know'st thou, but thy sins made him miscarry ?
 Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
 God sent him, whatsoe'er he be : O tarry,
 And love him for his Master ; his condition,
 Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
 As those, who mock at God's way of salvation.
 Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure ?
 They drink with greediness a full damnation.
 The Jews refused thunder ; and we, folly.
 Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy ?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
 And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then wind up both, since we shall be
 Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
 If well ; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH.

Superliminare.

Thou, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thyself in church ; approach, and taste
The church's mystical repast.

Avoid profaneness ; come not here :
Nothing but holy, pure, and clear,
Or that which groaneth to be so,
May at his peril further go.

The Altar.

A BROKEN Altar, Lord, thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears ;
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

A Heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name :

That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

OH all ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
 To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind ;
 To me, who took eyes that I might you find :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

The Princes of my people make a head
 Against their Maker : they do wish me dead,
 Who cannot wish, except I give them bread :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
 Had to this day been an Egyptian slave.
 They use that power against me, which I gave :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
 Though he had all I had, did not forbear
 To sell me also, and to put me there :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

For thirty pence he did my death devise,
 Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
 Not half so sweet as my sweet sacrifice :
 Was ever grief like mine ?

Therefore my soul melts, and my heart's dear treasure
 Drops blood (the only beads) my words to measure :
 O let this cup pass, if it be thy pleasure :

Was ever grief like mine ?

These drops, being tempered with a sinner's tears,
 A balm are for both the Hemispheres,
 Curing all wounds, but mine ; all, but my fears.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Yet my disciples sleep : I cannot gain
 One hour of watching ; but their drowsy brain
 Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine stain :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Arise, arise, they come ! Look how they run !
 Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !
 How with their lanterns do they seek the sun !

Was ever grief like mine ?

With clubs and staves they seek me, as a thief,
 Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
 Most true to those who are my greatest grief :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss ?
 Canst thou find hell about my lips ? and miss
 Of life, just at the gates of life and bliss ?

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they condemn me all with that same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.

Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They bind, and lead me unto Herod : he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree ;
But yet their friendship is my enmity.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod and all his bands do fet me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of hosts and might.

Was ever grief like mine ?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand ;
Examines me with a censorious hand :
I him obey, who all things else command :

Was ever grief like mine ?

The Jews accuse me with despitefulness ;
And vying malice with my gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness :

Was ever grief like mine ?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove ?

Was ever grief like mine ?

And a feditious murderer he was :
But I the Prince of Peace ; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than heaven doth glafs :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Why, Cæsar is their only King, not I :
He clave the stony rock, when they were dry ;
But surely not their hearts, as I well try :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Ah, how they scourge me ! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash : and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise ;
Who with my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies :
Was ever grief like mine ?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moses' face was veiled, so is mine,
Left on their double-dark souls either shine :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty :
Now prophesy who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity :

Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were blood, the while you slept
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :

Was ever grief like mine ?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall ;
There they deride me, they abuse me all :
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then with a scarlet robe they me array ;
Which shews my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear ;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and water'd there :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They lead me in once more, and putting then
 Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again.
 Whom devils fly, thus is he toff'd of men :

Was ever grief like mine ?

And now weary of sport, glad to engrofs
 All spite in one, counting my life their losfs,
 They carry me to my most bitter crofs :

Was ever grief like mine ?

My crofs I bear myself, until I faint :
 Then Simon bears it for me by constraint,
 The decreed burden of each mortal faint :

Was ever grief like mine ?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see :
 Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree ;
 The tree of life to all, but only me :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Lo, here I hang, charged with a world of sin,
 The greater world o' the two ; for that came in
 By words, but this by sorrow I must win :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
 Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
 Till all were melted, though he were all steel.

Was ever grief like mine ?

But, O my God, my God! why leavest thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?

My God my God —————

Was ever grief like mine?

Shame tears my soul, my body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound;
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound:

Was ever grief like mine?

Now heal thyself, Physician; now come down.

Alas! I did so, when I left my crown

And Father's smile for you, to feel his frown:

Was ever grief like mine?

In healing not myself, there doth consist

All that salvation, which ye now resist;

Your safety in my sickness doth subsist:

Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I spend my utmost breath,

As he that for some robbery suffereth.

Alas! what have I stolen from you? death:

Was ever grief like mine:

A king my title is, prefix'd on high;

Yet by my subjects I'm condemned to die

A servile death in servile company;

Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
 But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
 With Manna, Angels' food, I fed them all :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They part my garments, and by lot dispose
 My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
 Who fought for help, never malicious foes :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;
 For they will pierce my side, I full well know ;
 That as sin came, so sacraments might flow :

Was ever grief like mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finished.
 My woe, man's weal : and now I bow my head :
 Only let others say, when I am dead,

Never was grief like mine.

The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all kings only due)

Oh King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me ?

Shall I weep blood ? why, thou hast wept such store
 That all thy body was one door.

Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, fold ?

'Tis but to tell the tale is told.

My God, my God, why dost thou part from me ?

Was such a grief as cannot be.

Shall I then sing, skipping, thy doleful story,

And side with thy triumphant glory ?

Shall thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns, my flower ?

Thy rod, my posy ? cross, my bower ?

But how then shall I imitate thee, and

Copy thy fair, though bloody hand !

Surely I will revenge me on thy love,

And try who shall victorious prove.

If thou dost give me wealth ; I will restore

All back unto thee by the poor.

If thou dost give me honour ; men shall see,

The honour doth belong to thee.

I will not marry ; or, if she be mine,

She and her children shall be thine.

My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy name,

I will tear thence his love and fame.

One half of me being gone, the rest I give

Unto some Chapel, die or live.

As for thy passion—but of that anon,

When with the other I have done.

For thy predestination, I'll contrive,

That three years hence, if I survive,

I'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
 But mend my own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I used them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrel; and the year
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
 My music shall find thee, and every string
 Shall have his attribute to sing;
 That altogether may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmony.
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear,
 If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.
 Nay, I will read thy book, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 Oh my dear Saviour, Victory!
 Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

The Reprisal.

I HAVE consider'd it, and find
 There is no dealing with thy mighty passion:
 For though I die for thee, I am behind;
 My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
 May give a disentangled state and free ;
 And yet thy wounds still my attempts defy,
 For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah ! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternal glory didst outgo me ?
 Couldst thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
 But in all victories overthrow me ?

Yet by confession will I come
 Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
 Against thee, in thee I will overcome
 The man, who once against thee fought.

The Agony.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and
 kings,

Walk'd with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains :
 But there are two vast, spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth more behove :
 Yet few there are that found them : Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
 Unto mount Olivet ; there shall he see
 A man, so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skin, his garments bloody be.

Sin is that prefs and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him affay,
And taste that juice, which on the cross a pike
Did set abroad ; then let him say

If ever he did taste the like.

Love is that liquor sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood ; but I, as wine.

The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
What I have treasured in my memory !
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
I find there quarries of piled vanities,
But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
To show their face, since cross to thy decrees :
There the circumference earth is, heaven the centre.
In so much dregs the quintessence is small :

The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.

Yet, Lord, restore thy image, hear my call.
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can
groan,
Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

Good Friday.

O MY chief good,
How shall I measure out thy blood?
How shall I count what thee befel,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, since one star showed thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign,
Of the true vine?

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy distress through all may run,
And be my fun.

Or rather let
My several sins their sorrows get;
That, as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sin may fo.

SINCE blood is fittest, Lord, to write
 Thy forrows in, and bloody fight ;
 My heart hath store ; write there, where in
 One box doth lie both ink and sin :

That when sin spies so many foes,
 Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
 All come to lodge there, sin may say,
 No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, Oh fill the place,
 And keep possession with thy grace ;
 Lest sin take courage and return,
 And all the writings blot or burn.

Redemption. †

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
 Not thriving, I resolv'd to be bold,
 And make a suit unto him, to afford
 A new small-rented lease, and cancel the old.

In heaven at his manor I him sought :
 They told me there, that he was lately gone
 About some land, which he had dearly bought
 Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts ;
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts :

At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of thieves and murderers : there I him espied,
 Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, and died.

Sepulchre.

O BLESSED body ! whither art thou thrown ?
 No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone ?
 So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
 Receive thee ?

Sure there is room within our hearts' good store ;
 For they can lodge transgressions by the score :
 Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
 They leave thee.

But that which shows them large, shows them unfit.
 Whatever sin did this pure rock commit,
 Which holds thee now ? Who hath indited it
 Of murder ?

Where our hard hearts took up of stones to brain thee ;
 And missing this, most falsely did arraign thee ;
 Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
 And order.

And as of old, the law by heavenly art
 Was writ in stone ; so thou, which also art
 The letter of the word, findest no fit heart
 To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
 And so should perish, but that nothing can,
 Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
 Withhold thee.

Easter.

RISE, heart ; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With him mayst rise :
 That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much more just.
 Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.

The cross taught all wood to refund his name
 Who bore the same.
 His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
 Is best to celebrate this most high day.
 Confort both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long :
 Or since all music is but three parts vied,
 And multiplied ;
 O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
 And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I GOT me flowers to strew thy way ;
 I got me boughs off many a tree :
 But thou waft up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and the East perfume ;
 If they should offer to contest
 With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine endeavour ?
 We count three hundred, but we miss :
 There is but one, and that one ever.

Easter Wings.

LORD, WHO CREATEDST MAN IN WEALTH AND STORE,
THOUGH FOOLISHLY HE LOST THE SAME,
DECAYING MORE AND MORE,

TILL HE BECAME
MOST POOR :

WITH THEE

O LET ME RISE

AS LARKS, HARMONIOUSLY,

AND SING THIS DAY THY VICTORIES,

THEN SHALL THE FALL FURTHER THE FLIGHT IN ME.

Easter Wings.

MY TENDER AGE IN SORROW DID BEGIN :
AND STILL WITH SICKNESSES AND SHAME

THOU DIDST SO PUNISH SIN,

THAT I BECAME

MOST THIN.

WITH THEE

LET ME COMBINE,

AND FEEL THIS DAY THY VICTORY,

FOR, IF I IMP MY WING ON THINE,

AFFLICTION SHALL ADVANCE THE FLIGHT IN ME.

Holy Baptism.

AS he that sees a dark and shady grove,
 Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky ;
 So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water fly,

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.

O blessed streams ! either ye do prevent
 And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,

Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.

In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaster equal to the crime :
 You taught the book of life my name, that so,

Whatever future sins should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

Holy Baptism.

SINCE, Lord, to thee
 A narrow and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me.

O let me still
 Write thee great God, and me a child :
 Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
 Small to myself, to others mild,
 Behither ill.

Although by stealth
 My flesh get on ; yet let her sister
 My soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth :
 The growth of flesh is but a blister ;
 Childhood is health.

Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
 Or fight, or travel, or deny
 That thou hast aught to do with me.

O tame my heart ;
 It is thy highest art
 To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
 And in suggestions fume and work,
 My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
 And thence by kind
 Vanish into a wind,
 Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smoothe my rugged heart, and there
 Engrave thy reverend law and fear ;
 Or make a new one, since the old
 Is sapless grown,
 And a much fitter stone,
 To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

Sin.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes.
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

Affliction.

WHEN first thou didst entice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave :
So many joys I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me ;
Thy glorious household-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine : both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joys my fellows were ?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear :
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face :

At first thou gavest me milk and sweetness ;
 I had my wish and way :
 My days were strewed with flowers and happiness :
 There was no month but May.
 But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
 And made a party unawares for woe.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
 Sickness clave my bones,
 Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
 And tune my breath to groans :
 Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce believed,
 Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
 And more ; for my friends die :
 My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
 Was of more use than I.

Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
 I was blown through with every storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town ;
 Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
 And wrap me in a gown.

I was entangled in the world of strife,
 Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd off the siege to raise,
 Not simpering all mine age,
 Thou often didst with Academic praise
 Melt and dissolve my rage.
 I took thy sweeten'd pill, till I came near ;
 I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet left perchance I should too happy be
 In my unhappiness,
 Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesses.
 Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
 Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show :
 I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
 For sure then I should grow
 To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
 Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
 In weakness must be stout.
 Well, I will change the service, and go seek
 Some other master out.
 Ah, my dear God ! Though I am clean forgot,
 Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Repentance.

LORD, I confess my sin is great ;
 Great is my sin. Oh ! gently treat
 With thy quick flower, thy momentary bloom ;
 Whose life still pressing
 Is one undressing,
 A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three ;
 Each day doth round about us see.
 Thus are we to delights : but we are all
 To furrows old,
 If life be told
 From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
 Compassionate short-breathed men,
 Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
 I do confess
 My foolishness ;
 May God accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
 Which thou hast pour'd into my soul ;

Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather :

For if thou stay,

I and this day,

As we did rise, we die together.

When thou for sin rebukest man,

Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan ;

Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts

Pine and decay,

And drop away,

And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt sin and grief destroy ;

That so the broken bones may joy,

And tune together in a well-set song,

Full of his praises

Who dead men raises.

Fractions well cured make us more strong.

Faith.

LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,

And bring by Faith all things to him ?

Hungry I was, and had no meat :

I did conceit a most delicious feast ;

I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here :
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

I owed thousands and much more :
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly ; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story :
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger ?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gain'd it :
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length ;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.

Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the sun,
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright :
And in this show what Christ hath done.

That which before was darken'd clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanish'd away, when Faith did change the scene :
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust ?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, Angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth ;
Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six days' world-transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, men well drest,
 The milky way, the bird of Paradise.

Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the foul's
 blood,
 The land of spices, something understood.

Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
 Nor in a wedge of old,
 Thou, who from me wast sold,
 To me dost now thyself convey ;
 For so thou shouldst without me still have been,
 Leaving within me sin :

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
 Thou creep'st into my breast ;
 Making thy way my rest,
 And thy small quantities my length ;
 Which spread their forces into every part,
 Meeting sin's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
 Leaping the wall that parts
 Our souls and fleshly hearts ;
 But as the out-works, they may control

My rebel-flesh, and, carrying thy name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy grace, with which these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtil rooms :
While those to spirits refined, at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

GIVE me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven ;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sin, or sin to sinother ;
He might to heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another.

Thou hast restored us to this ease
By this thy heavenly blood,
Which I can go to, when I please,
And leave the earth to their food.

Antiphon.

CHO. **L**ET all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD AND KING.

VER. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may hither fly :
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

CHO. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD AND KING.

VER. The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out :
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

CHO. Let all the world in every corner sing,
MY GOD AND KING.

Love.

PART I.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade ;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain !

Which fiding with invention, they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
 (Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit :

The world is theirs ; they too play out the game,
 Thou standing by : and though thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,
 Who sings thy praise ? only a scarf or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

PART II.

IMMORTAL heat, O let thy greater flame

Attract the leffer to it : let those fires

Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.

Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our brain,

All her inventions on thine altar lay,

And there in Hymns send back thy fire again :

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust ;

Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :

Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,

Who wert diseased by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to thee ; all wits shall rise,

And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

The Temper.

HOW should I praise thee, Lord how should my
rhymes

Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent ;
Those distances belong to thee :
The world's too little for thy tent,
And grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall he thy stature spell ?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there :
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way ; for sure thy way is best
 Stretch or contract me thy poor debtor :
 This is but tuning of my breast,
 To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place every where.

The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mighty joy,
 Which just now took up all my heart ?
 Lord ! if thou must needs use thy dart,
 Save that, and me ; or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to thy word and art ;
 But thy diviner world of grace
 Thou suddenly dost raise and raze,
 And every day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
 May also fix their reverence :
 For when thou dost depart from hence,
 They grow unruly, and fit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee :
 Though elements change, and heaven move ;
 Let not thy higher court remove,
 But keep a standing majesty in me.

Jordan.

WHO says that fictions only and false hair
 Become a verse? is there in truth no
 beauty?

Is all good structure in a winding stair?
 May no lines pass, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
 And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
 Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people : let them sing :
 Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime :
 I envy no man's nightingale or spring ;
 Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
 Who plainly say, My God, my King.

I am no link of thy great chain,
 But all my company is a weed.
 Lord, place me in thy consort ; give one strain
 To my poor reed.

The Holy Scriptures.

PART I.

O BOOK ! infinite sweetness ! let my heart
 Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part ;
 To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternity : thou art a mass
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here ; this is the thankful glass,

That mends the looker's eyes : this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can endear
 Thy praise too much ? thou art heaven's Lieger here,
 Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joy's handsel : heaven lies flat in thee,
 Subject to every mounter's bended knee.

PART II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glory !
 Seeing not ^{only} how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
 Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie :
 Then as dispersed herbs do watch a potion,
 These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
 And comments on thee : for in every thing
 Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
 And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss :
 This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Whitfunday.

LISTEN, sweet Dove, unto my song,
 And spread thy golden wings in me ;
 Hatching my tender heart so long,
 Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
 On thy Apostles? thou didst then
 Keep open house, richly attended,
 Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
 That the earth did like a heaven appear :
 The stars were coming down to know
 If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sun, which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his head and wish'd for night,
 When he beheld twelve suns for one
 Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
 That cordial water to our ground,
 Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
 Of those who did themselves thro' their side wound ;

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within ;
 Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink :
 And if the braves of conquering sin
 Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same ;
 The same sweet God of love and light :
 Restore, this day, for thy great name,
 Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

Grace.

MY flock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve :
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above !

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives : O let grace
Drop from above !

The dew doth every morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove ?
The dew, for which grays cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove :
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love :
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come ! for thou dost know the way.
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say—
 Drop from above.

Praise.

TO write a verse or two, is all the praise
 That I can raise :
 Mend my estate in any ways,
 Thou shalt have more.

I go to Church ; help me to wings, and I
 Will thither fly ;
 Or, if I mount unto the sky,
 I will do more.

Man is all weakness ; there is no such thing
 As Prince or King :
 His arm is short ; yet with a sting
 He may do more.

A herb distill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
 On the same floor,
 To a brave soul : Exalt the poor,
 They can do more.

O raise me then ! poor bees, that work all day,
 Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
 And much, much more.

Affliction.

KILL me not every day,
 Thou Lord of Life ; since thy one
 death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
 Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine ;
 What were they all, compared to thine ?
 Wherein if they were set,
They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not : and as thou art
 All my delight, so all my smart :
 Thy cross took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future moan.

Matins.

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
 But thou art ready there to catch
 My morning-soul and sacrifice :
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart ?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one ?

My God, what is a heart,
 That thou shouldst it so eye, and woo,
 Pouring upon it all thy art,
 As if that thou hadst nothing else to do ?

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
 He did not heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know ;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show :
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

Sin.

O THAT I could a sin once see !
 We paint the devil foul, yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of virtue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had,
 If apparitions make us sad,
 By sight of sin we should grow mad.
 Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
 So devils are our sins in prospective.

Evenfong.

BLEST be the God of love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power
 this day,
 Both to be busy, and to play.
 But much more blest in God above,

Who gave me fight alone,
Which to himself he did deny :
For when he sees my ways, I die :
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love ? have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget ?
I ran ; but all I brought, was foam.

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind ;
Of wind to thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, It doth suffice ;
Henceforth repose : your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night : that is the gale, this the harbour ;
That is the walk, and this the arbour ;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
 Not one poor minute 'scapes thy breast,
 But brings a favour from above ;
 And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

Church Monuments.

WHILE that my soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I entomb my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
 To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust
 My body to the school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and find his birth
 Written in dusty heraldry and lines ;
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at Jet, and Marble put for signs,
 To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust ?
 Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
 And true descent ; that when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glass, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

Church Music.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you : when dis-
 pleasure
 Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me thence : and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, God help poor kings.

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you part from me,
 Sure I shall do so, and much more :
 But if I travel in your company,
 You know the way to heaven's door.

Church Lock and Key.

I KNOW it is my sin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands !
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
Or else the chillness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it still ;
So I do lay the want of my desire,
Not on my sins, or coldness, but thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for his blood's sake,
Which pleads for me :
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

The Church Floor.

MARK you the floor? that square and speckled
stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
IS PATIENCE :

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
 Is chequer'd all along,
 HUMILITY :

The gentle rising, which on either hand
 Leads to the quire above,
 IS CONFIDENCE :

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
 Ties the whole frame, is LOVE
 AND CHARITY.

Hither sometimes sin steals, and stains
 The marble's neat and curious veins :
 But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.
 Sometimes death, puffing at the door,
 Blows all the dust about the floor :
 But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.
 Blest be the Architect, whose art
 Could build so strong in a weak heart.

The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach thy eternal word ?
 He is a brittle crazy glass :
 Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
 This glorious and transcendent place,
 To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glafs thy ftory,
 Making thy life to fhine within
 The holy preachers, then the light and glory
 More reverend grows, and more doth win ;
 Which elfe fhows waterifh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A ftong regard and awe : but fpeech alone
 Doth vanifh like a flaring thing,
 And in the ear, not confcience ring.

Trinity Sunday.

LORD, who haft form'd me out of mud,
 And haft redeem'd me through thy blood,
 And fanctified me to do good ;

Purge all my fins done heretofore ;
 For I confefs my heavy fcore,
 And I will ftrove to fin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charity ;
 That I may run, rife, reft with thee.

Content.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to
keep

Within the walls of your own breast.

Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at every quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone :
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates ;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre :
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder :
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is lost : and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing, soul, till thine own ground ;
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

The Quiddity.

MY God, a verse is not a crown ;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute :

It cannot vault, or dance, or play ;
 It never was in France or Spain ;
 Nor can it entertain the day
 With a great stable or domain.

It is no office, art, or news ;
 Nor the Exchange, or busy Hall :
 But it is that, which while I use,
 I am with thee, and most take all.

Humility.

I SAW the Virtues fitting hand in hand
 In several ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
 Presented tokens of submission.
 Humility, who sat the lowest there
 To execute their call,
 When by the beasts the presents tender'd were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angry Lion did present his paw,
 Which by consent was given to Mansuetude.
 The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
 Humility did reach to Fortitude.

The jealous Turkey brought his coral chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out ; which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne ;
And if the Fox had lived to rule their side,
They had deposed each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train : then saying, Here it is
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts : so jointly bandying,
They drive them soon away ;
And then amerced them, double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

Frailty.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
 Is stiled honour, riches, or fair eyes ;
 But is—fair dust !
 I surname them gilded clay,
 Dear earth, fine grafs or hay ;
 In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
 Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments,
 The world's, and thine ;
 Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events ;
 The other fine,
 Full of glory and gay weeds,
 Brave language, braver deeds :
 That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
 And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
 My foot did tread
 Affront those joys, wherewith thou didst endow,
 And long since wed

My poor foul, e'en sick of love ;
 It may a Babel prove,
 Commodious to conquer heaven and thee
 Planted in me.

Constancy.

WHO is the honest man ?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh :
 All being brought into a sum,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit :
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations : when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run ;
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue ; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With fickle folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To write his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O
God!

By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,

Making a sceptre of the rod :

Hadst thou not had thy part,

Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies ; and when there's affign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind ?

Or if some years with it escape,

The sigh then only is

A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be

A point of honour, now to grieve in me,

And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one cross,

Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

The Star.

BRIGHT spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there ?

Yet if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart ;
For thou canst make a debtor,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust :
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengaged from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness.
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
 Among the beams, which crown the face
 Of him, who died to part
 Sin and my heart :

That so among the rest I may
 Glitter, and curl, and wind as they :
 That winding is their fashion
 Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
 To fly home like a laden bee
 Unto that hive of beams
 And garland-streams.

Sunday.

O DAY, most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
 The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
 The week were dark but for thy light :
 Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
 The working-days are the back part ;

The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his :
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence :
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week days trail on ground,

Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

Avarice.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
 Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh
 and fine ?

I know thy parentage is base and low :
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright ;
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
 Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right ;
 Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
 And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- { MARY } gram.
 { ARMY }

HOW well her name an ARMY doth present,
 In whom the LORD OF HOSTS did pitch his
 tent!

To all Angels and Saints.

O GLORIOUS spirits, who after all your bands
 See the smooth face of God, without a frown,
 Or strict commands ;
 Where every one is king, and hath his crown,
 If not upon his head, yet in his hands :

Not out of envy or malicioufness
 Do I forbear to crave your special aid.

I would address
 My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
 And Mother of my God, in my distress :

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
 The great restorative for all decay
 In young and old ;

Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay :
 Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas ! I dare not ; for our King,
 Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
 Bids no such thing :
 And where his pleasure no injunction lays,
 ('Tis your own case) ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
 Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
 At the last hour :
 Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
 To make a posy for inferior power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
 What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse
 Who do not so ;
 Since we are ever ready to disburse,
 If any one our Master's hand can show.

Employment.

HE that is weary, let him sit.
 My soul would stir
 And trade in courtesies and wit,
 Quitting the fur,
 To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no star, but a quick coal
 Of mortal fire :
Who blows it not, nor doth control
 A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.
When the elements did for place contest
 With him, whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best :
 The earth sat still,
And by the others is oppress'd.
Life is a business, not good cheer :
 Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there or here,
 Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.
O that I were an Orange-tree,
 That busy plant !
Then I should ever laden be,
 And never want
Some fruit for him that dresseth me.
But we are still too young or old ;
 The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold :
 So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

Denial.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
 Thy filent ears ;

Then was my heart broken, as was my verfe ;

My breaſt was full of fears

And diforder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,

Did fly afunder :

Each took his way ; ſome would to pleaſure go,

Some to the wars and thunder

Of alarms.

As good go any where they fay,

As to benumb

Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,

Come, come, my God, O come,

But no hearing.

O thou that ſhouldſt give duſt a tongue

To cry to thee,

And then not hear it crying ! all day long

My heart was in my knee,

But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of fight,
 Untuned, unstrung :
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a nipt blossom, hung
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
 Defer no time :
 That so thy favours granting my request,
 They and my mind may chime,
 And mend my rhyme.

Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections, quite astray ;
 I took up in the next inn I could find.

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to him, ready there
 To be all passengers' most sweet relief ?

O thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in night's mantle, stole into a manger ;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is thy right,
 To man of all beasts be not thou a stranger :

Furnish and deck my soul, that thou mayst have
 A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God, no hymn for thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy grace
 Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Outsing the daylight hours.
 Then we will chide the sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.

I will go searching, till I find a sun
 Shall stay, till we have done ;

A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

Ungratefulness.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave !
 If thou hadst let us run,
 Gladly had man adored the sun,
 And thought his god most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better gods than he.
 Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
 The Trinity, and Incarnation :
 Thou hast unlock'd them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of thy creation
 Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.
 The statelier Cabinet is the Trinity,
 Whose sparkling light access denies :
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow

The duſt into our eyes ;
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are pack'd up in the other ;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow ;
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights ;
Because this box we know ;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerved and dark to thee ;
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

Sighs and Groans.

O DO not uſe me
After my ſins ! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory ! then thou wilt reform,
And not reſuſe me : for thou only art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly worm :
O do not bruife me !

O do not urge me !

For what account can thy ill steward make ?
I have abused thy flock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy magazines : my head did ache,
Till it found out how to consume thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !

I have deserved that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust
Hath still-few'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :
But I am frailty, and already dust :

O do not grind me !

O do not fill me

With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath !
For thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Even unto death : since he died for my good,

O do not kill me !

But O, reprieve me !

For thou hast life and death at thy command ;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordial and corrosive : put not thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,

My God, relieve me.

The World.

LOVE built a stately house ; where fortune came :
 And spinning fancies she was heard to say,
 That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
 Whereas they were supported by the same :
 But wisdom quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
 Began to make balconies, terraces,
 Till she had weaken'd all by alteration :
 But reverend laws, and many a proclamation
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sin, and with that Sycamore,
 Whose leaves first shelter'd man from drought and dew,
 Working and winding sily evermore,
 The inward walls and summers cleft and tore :
 But grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sin combined with death in a firm band,
 To raze the building to the very floor :
 Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
 But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
 And built a braver palace than before.

Coloffians iii. 3.

“OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.”

MY words and thoughts do both exprefs this
 notion,
 That LIFE hath with the fun a double motion.
 The firft IS ftraight, and our diurnal friend ;
 The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.
 One life is wrapt IN flefh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards HIM, whose happy birth
 Taught me to live here fo, THAT ftill one eye
 Should aim and fhoot at that which IS on high ;
 Quitting with daily labour all MY pleasure,
 To gain at harveft an eternal TREASURE.

Vanity.

THE fleet astronomer can bore
 And thred the fpheres with his quick
 piercing mind :
 He views their ftations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchafe there : he fees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd afpects, and fecret glances.

The nimble diver with his fide
 Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
 His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
 On purpose from the venturous wretch ;
 That he might save his life, and also hers,
 Who with excessive pride
 Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtle chymic can divest
 And strip the creature naked, till he find
 The callow principles within their nest :
 There he imparts to them his mind,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appear trim and drest
 To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his dear God ? who yet his glorious law]
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and awe ;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command ?
 Poor man ! thou fearest round
 To find out death, but missest life at hand.

Lent.

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent : who loves not
Thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is compos'd of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast ; the Church says, now :
Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
To every corporation.

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree :
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable ;
Unless authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less,
And power itself disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light :
Whereas in fulness there are fluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheums,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed,
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use ; left by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest :
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity ;
Yet are we bid, " Be holy e'en as he."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth bye-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
 By starving sin, and taking such repast
 As may our faults control :
 That every man may revel at his door,
 Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poor,
 And among those his foul.

Virtue.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My Music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole ^{world} ~~world~~ turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

The Pearl.

MATT. XIII.

I KNOW the ways of learning ; both the head
 And pipes that feed the press, and make it run ;
 What reason hath from nature borrowed.
 Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
 In laws and policy what the stars conspire,
 What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire ;
 Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and history :
 All these stand open, or I have the keys :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of honour, what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesy and wit :
 In vies of favours whether party gains,
 When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true love-knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle, wherefo'er it goes :
 How many drams of spirit there must be
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes ;
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it ;
The propositions of hot blood and brains :
What mirth and music mean ; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more :
I know the projects of unbridled store :
My stuff is flesh, not brass ; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five :
Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand :
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
And at what rate and price I have thy love ;
With all the circumstances that may move :
Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all afunder,
 Lord, hunt me not,
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poor creature, now a wonder,
 A wonder tortured in the space,
 Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With scatter'd smart :
 As watering-pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their fury can control,
 While they do wound and prick my foul.

All my attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their place
 Unto my face :
 Nothing performs the task of life :
 The elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live, try out their right.

Oh help, my God ! let not their plot
 Kill them and me,
 And also thee,
 Who art my life : dissolve the knot,

As the sun scatters by his light
 All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers, which work for grief,
 Enter thy pay,
 And day by day
 Labour thy praise and my relief;
 With care and courage building me,
 Till I reach heaven, and much more, thee.

Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
 That none doth build a stately habi-
 tation,
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.
 For man is every thing,
 And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
 A beast, yet is, or should be more:
 Reason and speech we only bring.
 Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.

Man is all fymmetry,
 Full of proportions, one limb to another,
 And all to all the world besides :
 Each part may call the fartheft, brother :
 For head with foot hath private amity,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got fo far,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes difmount the higheft ftar :
 He is in little all the fphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flefh, becaufe that they
 Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow ;
 The earth doth reft, heaven move, and fountains flow.
 Nothing we fee, but means our good,
 As our delight, or as our treasure :
 The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of pleafure.

The ftars have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the fun withdraws :
 Mufic and light attend our head.
 All things unto our flefh are kind
 In their defcent and being ; to our mind
 In their afcent and caufe.

Each thing is full of duty :
 Waters united are our navigation ;
 Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
 Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
 Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
 Than he'll take notice of: in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him,
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
 So brave a palace built: O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit,
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
 And both thy servants be.

Antiphon.

CHOR. **P**RAISED be the God of love,
 MEN. Here below,
 ANGELS. And here above :

CHOR. Who hath dealt his mercies fo,
ANG. To his friend,
MEN. And to his foe ;

CHOR. That both grace and glory tend
ANG. Us of old,
MEN. And us in the end.

CHOR. The great Shepherd of the fold
ANG. Us did make,
MEN. For us was fold.

CHOR. He our foes in pieces brake :
ANG. Him we touch ;
MEN. And him we take.

CHOR. Wherefore since that he is such,
ANG. We adore,
MEN. And we do crouch.

CHOR. Lord, thy praises shall be more.
MEN. We have none,
ANG. And we no store.

CHOR. Praised be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

Unkindness.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend :
In friendship, first I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friend's intent and end.

I would not use a friend, as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

I could not use a friend, as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor :
Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;

But let the poor,

And thou within them starve at door,

I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free :

But when thy grace,

Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;

Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil ?
 O write in brags, My God upon a tree
 His blood did spill,
 Only to purchase my good will :
 Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

Life.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
 Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
 But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
 By noon most cunningly did steal away,
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
 I took, without more thinking, in good part
 'Time's gentle admonition ;
 Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
 Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
 Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
 Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,
 Since if my scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

Submission.

BUT that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
 And both mine eyes are thine,
 My mind would be extremely stirr'd
 For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
 Some place and power on me ?
 Then should thy praises with me grow,
 And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my fight ;
 And pilfering what I once did give,
 Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise thee ?
 Perhaps great places and thy praise
 Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand ;
 I will no more advise :
 Only do thou lend me a hand,
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.

Justice.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways :
 Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest
 me :

Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me :
 Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee :
 Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
 Thy justice me most fitly pays :
 For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not :
 My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray :
 I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got :
 My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my ways.

Charms and Knots.

WHO read a chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold :
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

When the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains ?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heaven doth show :
But who drinks on to hell may go.

Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted paradise was not so firm
As was and is thy floating ark ; whose stay
And anchor thou art only, to confirm

And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

At first we lived in pleasure ;
Thine own delights thou didst to us impart :
When we grew wanton, thou didst use displeasure
To make us thine : yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with thee,
Now thou wouldst taste our misery.

There is but joy and grief ?
If either will convert us, we are thine .
Some angels used the first ; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours ;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

Mortification.

HOW soon doth man decay !
When clothes are taken from a chest of
 sweets,
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way ;
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
 Makes them not dead.

Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
 In company ;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move

Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes ;
 That dumb encloſure maketh love
 Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
 Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
 Till all do melt, and drown his breath
 When he would ſpeak ;
 A chair or litter ſhows the bier
 Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a ſolemnity,
 And dreſt his hearſe, while he has breath
 As yet to ſpare.
 Yet, Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
 That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

Decay.

SWEET were the days, when thou didſt lodge with
 Lot,
 Struggle with Jacob, ſit with Gideon,
 Advise with Abraham, when thy power could not
 Encounter Moſes' ſtrong complaints and moan :
 Thy words were then, Let me alone.

One might have fought and found thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well :
 Is my God this way ? No, they would reply ;
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell :

Lift, ye may hear great Aaron's bell.

But now thou dost thyself immure and close
 In some one corner of a feeble heart ;
 Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
 Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
 To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
 Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
 Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
 Cold sin still forcing it, till it return,
 And calling justice, all things burn.

Misery.

LORD, let the Angels praise thy name.
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing ;
 Folly and Sin play all his game.
 His house still burns ; and yet he still doth sing,
 Man is but grass,
 He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness ?
Why, he'll not lose a cup of drink for thee :
Bid him but temper his excess ;
Not he : he knows, where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own ? as if none knew, but he.
No man shall beat into his head
That thou within his curtains drawn canst see :
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin :
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee : but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise thy name :
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity ;
The sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection ?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine ;
So our clay hearts, e'en when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this
Or none my portion is.

Man cannot serve thee ; let him go
And serve the swine : there, there is his delight :
He doth not like this virtue, no ;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night ;
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ache.

Oh foolish man ! where are thine eyes ?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares ?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars :
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that fees a dainty bower
 Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont to fit,
 Wonders and fings, but not his power
 Who made the arbour : this exceeds her wit.

But man doth know
 The ſpring whence all things flow :

And yet as though he knew it not,
 His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign :
 They make his life a conſtant blot,
 And all the blood of God to run in vain.

Ah, wretch ! what verſe
 Can thy ſtrange ways rehearſe ?

Indeed at firſt man was a treasure,
 A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
 A ring, whoſe poſy was, My pleaſure :
 He was a garden in a paradise :

Glory and grace
 Did crown his heart and face.

But ſin hath fool'd him. Now he is
 A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wing
 To raiſe him to the glimpe of bliſs :
 A ſick toſſ'd veſſel, daſhing on each thing ;

Nay, his own ſhelf :
 My God, I mean myſelf.

Jordan.

WHEN first my lines of heavenly joys made
mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention ;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to fell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run.
Offering their service, if I were not sped :
I often blotted what I had begun ;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the fun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, How wide is all this long pretence !
There is in love a sweetness ready penn'd :
Copy out only that, and save expense.

Prayer.

O^F what an easy quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art thou ! how sud-
 denly

May our requests thine ear invade !
 To show that state dislikes not easiness.
 If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
 Thou canst no more not hear, than thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
 Is thy great arm which spans the east and west,
 And tacks the centre to the sphere !
 By it do all things live their measured hour :
 We cannot ask the thing, which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possesst, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
 That by destroying that which tied thy purse,
 Thou might'st make way for liberality !

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
 Ease, Power, and Love ; I value Prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,

Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go ;
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
 Convey a lordship any way
 Whither the buyer and the seller please ;
 Let it not thee displease ;
 If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
 As many lines, as there doth need
 To pass itself and all it hath to thee.
 To which I do agree,
 And here present it as my special deed.

If that hereafter pleasure
 Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
 As if this passed with a reservation,
 Or some such words in fashion ;
 I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred will
 All thy delight in me fulfil !
 Let me not think an action mine own way,
 But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
 That thou shouldst mind a rotten tree ?
 Yet since thou canst not choose but see my actions ;
 So great are thy perfections,
 Thou may'st as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
 Show'd a strange love to all our good :
 Thy sorrows were in earnest ; no faint proffer,
 Or superficial offer
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forego ;
 To one word only I say, No :
 Where in the deed there was an intimation
 Of a gift or donation,
 Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.

He that will pass his land,
 As I have mine, may set his hand
 And heart unto this deed, when he hath read ;
 And make the purchase spread
 To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
 If some kind man would thrust his heart,
 Into these lines ; till in heaven's court of rolls
 They were by winged souls
 Enter'd for both, far above their desert !

Conscience.

PEACE, prattler, do not lour ;
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it
 foul :

Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it four :

Music to thee doth howl.

By listening to thy chatting fears

I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say :

My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere.

Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :

No room for prattlers there.

If thou persisteth, I will tell thee,

That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be

My Saviour's blood : whenever at his board

I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,

And leaves thee not a word :

No, not a tooth or nail to scratch
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my phific, know there's some for thee :
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me :
The bloody crofs of my dear Lord
Is both my phyfic and my fword.

Sion.

LORD, with what glory waft thou ferved of old,
When Solomon's temple flood and flourifhed !
Where moft things were of pureft gold ;
The wood was all embellifhed
With flowers and carvings, myftical and rare :
All fhew'd the builders, craved the feer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and ftate,
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim ;
Something there was that fow'd debate :
Wherefore thou quitt'ft thy ancient claim :
And now thy architecture meets with fin,
For all thy frame and fabric is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
 Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it ;
 The fight is hard on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
 Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
 Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee ;
 But groans are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be ;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they sing :
 The note is sad, yet music for a king.

Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
 While thou dost ever, ever stay :
 Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
 My spirit gaspeth night and day.
 O show thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee !

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
 The blood did make, which thou didst waste?
 When I behold it trickling down thy face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O show thyself, &c.

When man was lost, thy pity look'd about,
 To see what help in the earth or sky:
 But there was none; at least no help without:
 The help did in thy bosom lie.
 O show thyself, &c.

There lay thy Son: and must he leave that nest,
 That hive of sweetness, to remove
 Thralldom from those, who would not at a feast
 Leave one poor apple for thy love?
 O show thyself, &c.

He did, he came, O my Redeemer dear,
 After all this canst thou be strange?
 So many years baptized, and not appear;
 As if thy love could fail or change?
 O show thyself, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay?
 My God, what is this world to me?
 This world of woe? hence, all ye clouds, away,
 Away; I must get up and see,
 O show thyself, &c.

What is this weary world ; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast ?

What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste ?

O show thyself, &c.

With one small sigh thou gavest me the other day
I blasted all the joys about me :

And scowling on them as they pined away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.

O show thyself, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake
Which way foe'er I look, I see.

Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to thee.

O show thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :

There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.

O show thyself, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,

Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled hamper'd thing.

O show thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan?
 The most of me to heaven is fled:
 My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead.
 O show thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
 My flesh and bones and joints do pray:
 And e'en my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
 The word is Stay, says ever, Come.
 O show thyself to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

The British Church.

I JOY, dear Mother, when I view
 Thy perfect lineaments and hue
 Both sweet and bright:
 Beauty in thee takes up her place,
 And dates her letters from thy face,
 When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
 Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
 Shows who is best:

Outlandish looks may not compare ;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,
Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That e'en her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shy
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears :
While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.
Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

The Quip.

THE merry world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together, where I lay,
 And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose ;
 Which when I pluck't not, Sir, said he :
 Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man ? said he :
 I heard in Music you had skill :
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he !
 He scarce allow'd me half an eye :
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration.
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come ;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

Vanity.

POOOR silly soul, whose hope and head lies low ;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow ;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes ;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries ;
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.
O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late !
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold ;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly :
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul, take heed ; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

The Dawning.

A WAKE sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns :

Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,

Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns :

Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :

Awake, awake ;

And with a thankful heart his comforts take.

But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry ;

And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,

Christ's resurrection thine may be :

Do not by hanging down break from the hand,

Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee :

Arise, arise ;

And with his burial linen dry thine eyes.

Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
grief

Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.

Jefu.

JESU is in my heart, his facred name
 Is deeply carved there : but the other week
 A great affliction broke the little frame,
 E'en all to pieces ; which I went to seek ;
 And first I found the corner where was J,
 After, where ES, and next where U was graded.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I fat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was I EASE YOU,
 And to my whole is JESU.

Bufinefs.

CANST be idle ? canst thou play,
 Foolish foul who finn'd to day ?
 Rivers run, and springs each one
 Know their home, and get them gone :
 Haft thou tears, or haft thou none ?
 If, poor foul, thou haft no tears,
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears !
 Who hath these, those ills forbears.

Winds still work : it is their plot,
Be the season cold, or hot :
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not ?

If thou hast no sighs or groans,
Wouldst thou hadst no flesh and bones !
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul who died for thee ?

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone ?
Had he life, or had he none ?

If he had not lived for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly ;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so far thy good did plot,
That his own self he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not ?

If he had not died for thee,
Thou hadst lived in misery.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sins and Saviour's death ?

He that loseth gold, though drofs,
Tells to all he meets, his crofs :
He that fins, hath he no losfs ?

He that finds a filver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again :
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain ?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither fin nor Saviour feels.

Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my foul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then control
Any thought of waving.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains ?

What (child), is the balance thine ?
Thine the poize and measure ?
If I say thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.

What the gains in having thee
 Do amount to, only he,
 Who for man was sold, can see,
 That transferr'd the accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
 Leading to this favour :
 So the way to fit me for it,
 Is beyond my favour.
 As the reason then is thine ;
 So the way is none of mine :
 I disclaim the whole design :
 Sin disclaims and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
 Get without repining ;
 And my clay my creature would .
 Follow my resigning :
 That as I did freely part
 With my glory and desert,
 Left all joys to feel all smart—
 Ah ! no more : thou break'ft my heart.

Dulness.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth ;
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
Praise thee brimful !

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair ;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again :

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me :
Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those thy form doth show,
The very dust, where thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here ;

Where are my lines then ? my approaches ? views ?
Where are my window-songs ?
Lovers are still pretending, and e'en wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am loft in flefh, whose fugar'd lies
 Still mock me, and grow bold :
 Sure thou didft put a mind there, if I could
 Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conftant wit
 I may but look towards thee :
 Look only ; for to love thee, who can be,
 What angel, fit ?

Love - Joy.

AS on a window late I caft mine eye,
 I faw a vine drop grapes with J and C
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One ftanding by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To fpend my judgment) faid, it feem'd to me
 To be the body and the letters both
 Of Joy and Charity ; Sir, you have not miff'd,
 The man replied ; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

Providence.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest ! shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill ? shall they not do thee right ?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing ; birds ditty to their notes ;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown : but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high Priest : he doth present
The sacrifice for all ; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain ;
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The beasts say, Eat me ; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me : but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee :
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy command, or thy permission
Lay hands on all : they are thy right and left :
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs sin's stealing pace and theft ;
Nothing escapes them both : all must appear
And be disposed, and dress'd, and tuned by thee,
Who sweetly temper'ft all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, e'en when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set
Where all may reach : no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking : fishes have their net :
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing engender'd doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appear ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day !
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender offspring crying,
When they are callow ; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man ; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use :
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grafs, and dung the ground for more :
 Trees after bearing drop their leaves for foil :
 Springs vent their fstreams, and by expenfe get ftore :
 Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to exprefs the rare
 And curious virtues both of herbs and ftones ?
 Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
 Would fhew a root, that gives expreffions !

And if an herb hath power, what have the ftars ?
 A rofe, befides his beauty, is a cure.
 Doubtlefs our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
 Are there much furer than our art is fure.

Thou haft hid metals : man may take them thence ;
 But at his peril : when he digs the place,
 He makes a grave : as if the thing had fenfe,
 And threaten'd man, that he fhould fill the fpace.

E'en poifons praife thee. Should a thing be loft ?
 Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?
 Since where are poifons, antidotes are moft ;
 The help ftands clofe, and keeps the fear in view.

The fea, which feems to ftop the traveller,
 Is by a fhip the fpeedier paffage made.
 The winds, who think they rule the mariner,
 Are ruled by him, and taught to ferve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
 Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
 The hills with health abound, the vales with store ;
 The South with marble ; North with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious ; easy things good cheap ;
 The common all men have ; that which is rare,
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
 The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass : warm without weight
 Is wool and furs : cool without closeness, shade :
 Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,
 A servile hawk : low without loss, a spade.

All countries have enough to serve their need ;
 If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
 For their offence ; and then dost turn their speed
 To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes, but Man ; nothing doth need
 But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
 But Man alone, to show his heavenly breed :
 And only he hath fuel in desire.

When the earth was dry, thou madest a sea of wet :
 When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the moun-
 tains :

When yet some places could no moisture get,
 The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good foun-
 ains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers ; but gently spend
 Your honey drops : press not to smell them here ;
 When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
 And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears ! and yet they make
 A better hedge, and need less reparation.
 How smooth are silks, compared with a stake,
 Or with a stone ! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
 Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
 Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
 Boat, cable, sail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
 Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind.
 The lemon's juice and rind cure mutually.
 The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
 Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
 Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast ;
 Sponges, nonsense and sense ; mines, the earth and
 plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
 Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
 Most things move the under jaw ; the Crocodile not.
 Most things sleep lying, the Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
 None can express thy works, but he that knows them ;
 And none can know thy works, which are so many,
 And so complete, but only he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
 Yet in their being join with one advice
 To honour thee : and so I give thee praise
 In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many ways in store
 To honour thee ; and so each hymn thy fame
 Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

Hope.

I GAVE to hope a watch of mine ; but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old prayer-book I did present :
 And he an optic sent.

With that I gave a phial full of tears :
 But he a few green ears.
 Ah, loiterer ! I'll no more, no more I'll bring :
 I did expect a ring.

Sins Round.

SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
 Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.
 My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
 They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :
 My hands do join to finish the inventions :
 My hands do join to finish the inventions :
 And so my sins ascend three stories high,
 As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
 Yet ill deeds loiter not : for they supply
 New thoughts of finning ; wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

Time.

MEEETING with Time, flack thing, faid I,
Thy fcythe is dull ; whet it for flame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deferve fome blame :
 But where one man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too flarp do find it.

Perhaps fome fuch of old did pafs,
Who above all things loved this life ;
To whom thy fcythe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
 Chrifl's coming hath made man thy debtor,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleffing thou art bleft :
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at beft,
Thou art a gardener now, and more.
 An ufher to convey our fouls
 Beyond the utmoft ftars and poles.

And this is that makes life fo long,
While it detains us from our God.
E'en pleasures here increafe the wrong :
And length of days lengthen the rod.

Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which e'en eternity excludes !
Thus far Time heard me patiently :
Then chafing said, This man deludes :
What do I here before his door ?
He doth not crave less time, but more.

Gratefulness.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, If he in this be crost,
All thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears fulying thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise ;
Nay thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, than groans can make ;
But that these country-airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
And in no quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee :

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me :
As if thy blessings had spare days :
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly
 crave,
 Let me once know.
 I fought thee in a secret cave,
 And ask'd, if Peace were there.
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :
 Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat :
 I will search out the matter.
 But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,
 'The Crown Imperial : Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
 But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
 What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man :
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began :
 There was a Prince of old
 At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
 But after death out of his grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
 Which many wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
 Through all the earth :
 For they that taste it do rehearse,
 That virtue lies therein ;
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
 By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 And grows for you :
 Make bread of it : and that repose
 And peace, which every where
 With so much earnestness you do pursue
 Is only there.

Confession.

OH, what a cunning gueſt
 Is this ſame grief! within my heart I
 made
 Cloſets; and in them many a cheſt;
 And like a maſter in my trade,
 In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
 Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrew, no piercer can
 Into a piece of timber work and wind,
 As God's afflictions into man,
 When he a torture hath deſign'd.
 They are too ſubtle for the ſubtleſt hearts;
 And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderſt parts.

We are the earth; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave, and caſt about:
 And till they foot and clutch their prey,
 They never cool, much leſs give out.
 No ſmith can make ſuch locks, but they have keys:
 Cloſets are halls to them; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
 Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
 Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
 But quickly seek some new adventure.
 Smooth open hearts no fastening have : but fiction
 Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
 Lord, I acknowledge ; take thy plagues away :
 For since confession pardon wins,
 I challenge here the brightest day,
 The clearest diamond : let them do their best,
 They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

Giddiness.

OH, what a thing is man ! how far from power,
 From settled peace and rest !
 He is some twenty several men at least
 Each several hour.

One while he counts of heaven, as of his treasure :
 But then a thought creeps in,
 And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
 Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars ;
 Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
 Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
 As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building : and 'tis partly true,
 His mind is so.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
 Did alter with his mind ;
And, like a Dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
 With his desires ?

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
Except thou make us daily, we shall spurn
 Our own salvation.

The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up : but some bad man
Hath let thee out again :

And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago : one vogue and vein
One air or thoughts usurps my brain,
I did towards Canaan draw ; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of flame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd and saw no town ;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd :
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.

God's works are wide, and let in future times :
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds ;
Our Scripture-dew drops fast :
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrouds ;—
Alas ; our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster ; where's the taste
Of mine inheritance ? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd Noah's vine,
 But made it bring forth grapes good store.
 And much more him I must adore,
 Who of the law's four juice sweet wine did make,
 E'en God himself, being pressed for my sake.

Love Unknown.

DEAR friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad :
 And in my faintings I presume your love
 Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
 To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
 And in the middle placed my heart. But he
 (I sigh to say)
 Look'd on a servant, who did know his eye
 Better than you know me, or (which is one)
 Than I myself. The servant instantly
 Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
 A stream of blood, which issued from the side

Of a great rock : I well remember all,
 And have good cause : there it was dipt and dyed,
 And wash'd, and wrung : the very wringing yet
 Enforceth tears. Your heart was foul, I fear.
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
 Many a fault more than my lease will bear ;
 Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not denied.
 But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide

(I figh to tell)

Walk'd by myself abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
 A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
 Was in great letters set AFFLICTION.
 The greatness show'd the owner. So I went
 To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
 Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
 To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
 But as my heart did tender it, the man
 Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
 And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;
 My heart that brought it (do you understand ?)
 The offerer's heart. Your heart was hard, I fear.
 Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
 Began to spread and to expatiate there :
 But with a richer drug, than scalding water,

I bathed it often, e'en with holy blood,
 Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
 A friend did steal into my cup for good,
 E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
 To supple hardnesses. But at the length
 Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
 Unto my house, where to repair the strength
 Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed :
 But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,

(I sigh to speak)

I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
 I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break,
 When with my pleasures e'en my rest was gone ?
 Full well I understood, who had been there :
 For I had given the key to none, but one :
 It must be he. Your heart was dull, I fear.
 Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
 Did oft possess me, so that when I pray'd,
 Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
 But all my scores were by another paid,
 Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend,
 For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
 More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
 The Font did only, what was old, renew :
 The Caldron suppld, what was grown too hard :
 The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull :

All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
 Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
 Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
 Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.

Man's Medley.

HARK, how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring.

All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.

Yet if we rightly measure,

Man's joy and pleasure

Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense

Make their pretence :

In the other Angels have a right by birth :

Man ties them both alone,

And makes them one,

With the one hand touching heaven, with the other
 earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,

In flesh he dies.

He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taste of the cheer :
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head ;
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one :
Both frosts and thoughts do nip :
And bite his lip ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

The Storm.

IF as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow.

My sighs and tears as busy were above ;

Sure they would move

And much affect thee, as tempestuous times

Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, e'en in a high degree,

As well as we.

A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse

Hath a strange force :

It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,

Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy music's wrong,

And drowns the song.

Glory and honour are set by till it

An answer get.

Poets have wrong'd poor storms : such days are best ;

They purge the air without, within the breast.

Paradise.

I BLESS thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND :
Such cuttings rather heal, than REND :
And such beginnings touch their END.

The Method.

POOR heart, lament,
For since thy God refuseth still,
'There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy father could
Quickly effect, what thou dost move ;
For he is Power : and sure he would ;
For he is Love.

Go search this thing,
'Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book :
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see
Written above there ? Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's ear
'To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

But stay ! what's there ?
 Late when I would have something done,
 I had a motion to forbear,
 Yet I went on.

And should God's ear,
 Which needs not man, be tied to those
 Who hear not him, but quickly hear
 His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
 Down with thy knees, up with thy voice :
 Seek pardon first, and God will say,
 Glad heart, rejoice.

Divinity.

AS men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
 And trip at night, have spheres supplied ;
 As if a star were duller than a clod,
 Which knows his way without a guide :
 Just so the other heaven they also serve,
 Divinity's transcendent sky :
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
 Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was clear as heaven, from whence it came.
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, e'en as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he please: yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To heaven alone both go, and lead.

Ephesians iv. 30.

“GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT,” ETC.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sour,
 And cross thy love ?
 Grieved for me ? the God of strength and power
 Grieved for a worm, which when I tread,
 I pass away and leave it dead ?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :
 Weep foolish heart,
 And weeping live ;
 For death is dry as dust. Yet if we part,
 End as the night, whose fable hue
 Your sins express ; melt into dew.

When faucy mirth shall knock or call at door,
 Cry out, Get hence,
 Or cry no more.

Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense :
 I sin not to my grief alone,
 But to my God's too ; he doth groan.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
 Which may with thee
 All day complain.

There can no discord but in ceasing be.
 Marbles can weep ; and surely strings
 More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
 E'en endless tears
 Without relief.

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
 But runs, although I be not dry ;
 I am no Crystal, what shall I ?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
 Nature denies ;
 And flesh would fail,

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :
 Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
 My want of tears with store of blood.

The Family.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my
 heart,

As if they had a part ?

What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
 As if there were no rule or ears ?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
 Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat :
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
 Then Order plays the soul ;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
 Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
 Expecting a command :
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys ;
 But griefs without a noise :
Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd fears :
 What is so shrill as silent tears ?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou comest sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
 Modest and moderate joys to those,
 that have

Title to more hereafter when they part,
 Are passing brave.

Let the upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon fail?
 If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail,
 And for the future time art heir
 To the Isle of pisces, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
 Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
 Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disannul?

Enact good cheer?
 Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joys are all at once ;
 But little do reserve themselves for more :
 Those have their hopes ; these what they have re-
 nounce,
 And live on score :
 Those are at home ; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
 And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in lump : for such doth oft destroy :
 Whereas a bit
 Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
 And for-the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
 Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare.
 Yet active strength : whose long and bony face
 Content and care
 Do seem to equally divide,
 Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
 Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
 If comforts fell according to desert,
 They would great frosts and snows destroy :
 For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
 Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
 In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
 An earthly globe,
 On whose meridian was engraven,
 These seas are tears, and heaven the haven.

Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
 Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
 I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap :
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expel good motions from thy breast,
 Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
 But not of speech in stars, began to muse :
 But turning to my God, whose ministers
 The stars and all things are ; If I refuse,
 Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good :
 Then I refuse not e'en with blood
 To wash away my stubborn thought :
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
 Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
 My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
 And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.

Not but I am, (I must say still)
 Much more obliged to do thy will.

Than thou to grant mine : but because
 Thy promise now hath e'en fet thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
 To enter combat with us, and contest
 With thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
 Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
 I must be so, if I am mine.

There is no articing with thee :
 I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church-Rents and Schifms.

BRAVE rose, (alas !) where art thou ? in the chair
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.

This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottom of the leaves : which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my mother blush ? is she the rose,
And shows it so ? Indeed Christ's precious blood
Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak :
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start :
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars ? since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And e'en all Africk ; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you !

Justice.

O DREADFUL justice, what a fright and terror
 Wast thou of old,
 When sin and error
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glafs discolour thee !
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
 The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great pits ;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tottering engine show :
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.
 But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
 I see no fears :
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.
 For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee.

God's promises hath made thee mine :
Why should I justice now decline ?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELL'D on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.

A long it was and weary way.

The gloomy cave of Desperation

I left on the one, and on the other side

The rock of Pride.

And so I came to fancy's meadow strow'd

With many a flower :

Fain would I here have made abode,

But I was quicken'd by the hour.

So to care's copse I came, and there got through

With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion ; which

Some call the world ;

A wasted place, but sometimes rich.

Here I was robb'd of all my gold,

Save one good Angel, which a friend had tied

Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladfome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart ; and climbing ftill,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A lake of brackifh waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abafh'd and ftuck with many a ftting
 Of fwarming fears,
 I fell, and cried, Alas, my King ;
 Can both the way and end be tears ?
 Yet taking heart I rofe, and then perceived
 I was deceived :

My hill was further : fo I flung away,
 Yet heard a cry
 Juft as I went, None goes that way
 And lives : If that be all, faid I,
 After fo foul a journey death is fair,
 And but a chair.

The Hold-faft.

I THREATEN'D to obferve the ftict decree
 Of my dear God with all my power and might :
 But I was told by one, it could not be ;
 Yet I might truft in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.

Nay, e'en to trust in him, was also his :

We must confess, that nothing is our own.

Then I confess that he my succour is :

But to have nought is ours, not to confess

That we have nought. I stood amazed at this,

Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,

That all things were more ours by being his.

What Adam had, and forfeited for all,

Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,

Because thou art

My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,

Because I am

Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glory ;

The deed and story

Are both thy due : but I a silly fly,

That live or die,

According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord,
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?
Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

The Discharge.

BUSY inquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou pry,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?
Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right,
He is thy night at noon : he is at night
Thy noon alone.

The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake :
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.

And happy thou,

If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?

Raise not the mud

Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.

Dig not for woe

In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,

He breaks the square.

This hour is mine : if for the next I care,

I grow too wide,

And do encroach upon death's side :

For death each hour environs and furrounds.

He that would know

And care for future chances, cannot go,

Unto those grounds,

But through a churchyard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend

Their thoughts and sense

On future grief, do not remove it thence,

But it extend,

And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,

And wake thy sorrow ?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,

And then again

Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,

Do not forecast :

And while it cometh, it is almost past.

Away distrust :

My God hath promised ; he is just.

Praise.

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee :
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst.
 And when Justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol thee :
 E'en eternity is too short
 To extol thee.

An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow
 As men's returns, what would become of fools?
 What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
 Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
 And single things grow fruitful by deserts.
 In public judgments one may be a nation.
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one : so oft divisions
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone ;
 Thy passions also have their set partitions.
 These parcel out thy heart : recover these,
 And thou may'st offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood,
 Dropping from heaven, which doth both cleanse and
 close

All sorts of wounds ; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
 Until thou find, and use it to thy good :
 Then bring thy gift ; and let thy hymn be this ;

SINCE my sadness
 Into gladness
 Lord, thou dost convert,
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due desert.

Had I many,
 Had I any,
 (For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
 May give favour
 To this poor oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my salvation.

Longing.

WITH sick and famish'd eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my groans,
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddy : Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
 Mothers are kind, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pity, hear !
 Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
 Bow down thine ear ;
 Let not the wind
 Scatter my words, and in the same
 Thy name !

Look on my forrows round !
 Mark well my furnace ! O what flames,
 What heats abound !
 What griefs, what flames !
 Consider, Lord ; Lord, bow thine ear,
 And hear !

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying head upon the tree :
 O be not now
 More dead to me !
 Lord, hear ! Shall he that made the ear
 Not hear ?

Behold, thy dust doth stir ;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee :
 Wilt thou defer
 To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
 Says, Come ?

 To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the reins
 Upon the horse ?
Is all lock'd ? hath a sinner's plea
 No key ?

 Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd :
 Yet a meek look
 Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
 Find nests.

 Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing : thou dost reign,
 And rule on high,
 While I remain
In bitter grief ; yet am I styled
 Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
 Not to relieve ? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me ?
 Were sin alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head ;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy bosom pour my tears,
 As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That every part
 Hath got a tongue !
 Thy beggars grow ; rid them away
 To-day.

My love, my sweetness, hear !
 By these thy feet, at which my heart
 Lies all the year
 Pluck out thy dart,
 And heal my troubled breast which cries,
 Which dies.

The Bag.

AWAY despair ; my gracious Lord doth hear,
 Though winds and waves assault my keel,
 He doth preserve it : he doth steer,
 E'en when the boat seems most to reel.
 Storms are the triumph of his art :

Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart :

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord JESUS died ?

Then let me tell thee a strange story.

The God of power, as he did ride

In his majestic robes of glory,

Resolved to light ; and so one day

He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,

The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,

The sky his azure mantle gain'd.

And when they ask'd, what he would wear ;

He smiled, and said as he did go,

He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,

He did repair unto an inn.

Both then and after, many a brunt

He did endure to cancel sin :

And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cried,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my father's hands and fight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind, what you impart ;
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open ; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Hark despair, away.

The Jews.

POOOR nation, whose sweet sap, and juice
 Our cyons have purloin'd, and left you
 dry :

Whose streams we got by the Apostles' fluice,
 And use in baptism, while ye pine and die :
 Who by not keeping once, became a debtor ;
 And now by keeping lose the letter :

O that my prayers ! mine, alas !
 O that some Angel might a trumpet sound :
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should cry so loud, until the trump were drown'd,
 And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again !

The Collar.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, no more ;
 I will abroad.
 What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in fruit ?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me bleed, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
 Sure there was wine,
 Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn,
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the year only lost to me ?
 Have I no bays to crown it ?
 No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?
 All wasted ?
 17. Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands. |
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage, |
 Thy rope of sands, |
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.]
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, Child :
 And I replied, My Lord.

The Glimpse.

WHITHER away delight ?
 Thou camest but now ; wilt thou so
 soon depart,
 And give me up to night ?
 For many weeks of lingering pain and smart
 But one half hour of comfort for my heart ?

Methinks delight should have
 More skill in music, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a wind or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime :
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
 Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
 Pick'd here and there a crumb, and would not die ;
 But constant to his part,
 When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
 A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the stock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
 Thou know'st how grief and sin
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a court !

Affurance.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought !
 Bitterly spiteful thought ! Couldst
 thou invent

So high a torture ? Is such poison bought ?
 Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
 When wit contrives to meet with thee,
 No such rank poison can there be.

Thou saidst but even now,
 That all was not so fair, as I conceived,
 Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
 And coin large hopes ; but, that I was deceived :
 Either the league was broke, or near it ;
 And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? What more
 Could poison, if it had a tongue, express ?
 What is thy aim ? Wouldst thou unlock the door
 To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness ?
 Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know,
 I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
 Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
 If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
 Were from myself, I had not half a word,
 Not half a letter to oppose
 What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert :
 And in this league, which now my foes invade,
 Thou art not only to perform thy part,
 But also mine ? as when the league was made,
 Thou didst at once thyself indite,
 And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail
 Then can thy truth and I : but while rocks stand,
 And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail :
 Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
 Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
 And make their ruin praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
 Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
 To hide thy shame : for thou hast cast a bone,
 Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
 What for itself love once began,
 Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life :
 Such a way, as gives us breath :
 Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
 Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
 Such a Light, as shows a feast :
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
 Such a Joy, as none can move :
 Such a Love, as none can part :
 Such a Heart, as joys in love.

Clasping of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am : and thine much more,
 Than I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more.
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
 And thou with me dost thee restore.

If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, than thine.
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.

O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

Praise.

LORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.

My busy heart shall spin it all my days :

And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,

It runs, it flies :

All things concur to give it a perfection.

That which had but two legs before,
When thou dost bless, hath twelve : one wheel doth
rise

To twenty then, or more.

But when thou dost on business blow,

It hangs, it clogs :

Not all the teams of Albion in a row

Can hale or draw it out of door.

Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ

In ruling all

This spacious globe : Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heard'ſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear :
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heaven, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in ; yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers near the top
Of ſome fair church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battle which thou once didſt try)
The glaſs was full and more.

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart
Though preſſ'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore :
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more !

Joseph's Coat.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest :
Sorrow hath changed its note : such is his will
Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.

For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it e'en my heart,
And both would run until they found a bier

To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath spoil'd the race : and given to anguish
One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languish.

I live to show his power, who once did bring
My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

The Pulley.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glaſs of bleſſing ſtanding by;
 Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which diſperſed lie,
 Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wiſdom, honour, pleaſure :
 When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Reſt in the bottom lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
 Beſtow this jewel alſo on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts inſtead of me,
 And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
 But keep them with repining reſtleſſneſs :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at leaſt,
 If goodneſs lead him not, yet wearineſs
 May toſs him to my breaſt.

The Priesthood.

BLEST order, which in power dost so excel,
 That with the one hand thou liftest to the sky,
 And with the other throwest down to hell
 In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh ;
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
 For that of the holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire ;
 And I but earth and clay : should I presume
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire
 My slender compositions might consume.
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
 And force of fire, what curious things are made
 Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
 That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
 Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
 Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
 Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come ;
 So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
 Have one beginning and one final sum :
 I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
 If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are,
 As serve him up, who all the world commands.
 When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
 Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands :
 O what pure things, most pure must those things be,
 Who bring my God to me !

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
 To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
 Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land.
 Only, since God doth often vessels make
 Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
 I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
 For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill :
 Then is my time. The distance of the meek
 Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
 In praising might, the poor do by submission
 What pride by opposition.

The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
 My Lord, my love ?
 My searches are my daily bread ;
 Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky :
 And yet the sphere
 And centre both to me deny
 That thou art there,

Yet can I mark how herbs below
 Grow green and gay ;
 As if to meet thee they did know,
 While I decay.

Yet can I mark how stars above
 Simper and shine,
 As having keys unto thy love,
 While poor I pine.

I sent a figh to seek thee out,
 Deep drawn in pain,
 Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout
 Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
 Into a groan,
 Because the search was dumb before :
 But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabric mould
 Which favour wins,
 And keeps thee present, leaving the old
 Unto their sins ?

Where is my God ? what hidden place
 Conceals thee still ?
 What covert dare eclipse thy face ?
 Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :
 Let rather brass,
 Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
 And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
 As passeth thought :
 To it all strength, all subtilties
 Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
 East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
 And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
 As is thy space,
 Thy distance from me ; see my charge,
 Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths, away ;
 Turn, and restore me :
 Be not Almighty, let me say,
 Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near :
 What edge so keen,
 What point so piercing can appear
 To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excel
 All distance known .
 So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
 Making two one.

Grief.

O WHO will give me tears ? Come all ye springs,
 Dwell in my head and eyes : come, clouds,
 and rain :
 My grief hath need of all the watery things,
 That nature hath produced. Let every vein

Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
 My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
 Unless they get new conduits, new supplies
 To bear them out, and with my state agree.
 What are two shallow fords, two little sprouts
 Of a less world? the greater is but small,
 A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
 Which want provision in the midst of all.
 Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
 For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute,
 Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
 And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
 Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme:
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
 Alas, my God!

The Cross.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and
 die,
 Until I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not only I,
 But all my wealth, and family might combine
 To set thy honour up, as our design.

And then when after much delay,
 Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,
 So much desired, is given, to take away

My power to serve thee: to unbend
 All my abilities, my designs confound,
 And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
 Another in my soul (the memory
 What I would do for thee, if once my groans
 Could be allowed for harmony)
 I am in all a weak disabled thing,
 Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things fort not to my will,
 E'en when my will doth study thy renown:
 Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
 Taking me up to throw me down:
 So that, e'en when my hopes seem to be sped,
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it than when I bent my bow:
 To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
 Of all my woes another woe,
 Is in the midst of delicates to need,
 And e'en in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart !
 These contrarities crush me : these cross actions
 Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart :
 And yet since these thy contradictions
 Are properly a cross felt by thy Son,
 With but four words, my words, Thy will be done.

The Flower.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in
 spring ;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
 As if there were no such cold thing.
 Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenness ? It was gone
 Quite under ground ; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour ;
 Making a chiming of a passing bell.

We say amiss,
 This or that is :

Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither :

Nor doth my flower

Want a spring-flower,

My fins and I joining together,

But while I grow in a straight line,
 Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline :

What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone

Where all things burn,

When thou dost turn,

And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write ;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing : O my only light,

It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempests fell at night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Dotage.

FALSE glozing pleasures, cakes of happiness.
Foolish night-fires, women's and children's
wishes,

Chafes in arras, gilded emptiness
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes :
These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,

Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
 Fetching their proofs e'en from the very bone ;
 These are the sorrows here.

But oh the folly of distracted men,
 Who grieves in earnest, joys in jest pursue ;
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
 Before a court, e'en that above so clear,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
 Than miseries are here !

The Son.

LET foreign nations of their language boast,
 What fine variety each tongue affords :
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;
 Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly do we give one only name
 To parent's issue and the sun's bright star !
 A son is light and fruit : a fruitful flame
 Chasing the father's dimness, carried far
 From the first man in the East, to fresh and new
 Western discoveries of posterity.
 So in one word our Lord's humility
 We turn upon him in a sense most true :
 For what Christ once in humbleness began,
 We him in glory call, The Son of Man.

A True Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say :
 And still it runneth muttering up and down
 With only this, My joy, my life, my crown !

Yet flight not these few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words only rhyme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
 To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supply the want.
 As when the heart says (sighing to be approved)
 O, could I love ! and stops ; God writeth, Loved.

The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow :
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
 Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
 Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all,
 Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
 But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
 As a young exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
 But cooling by the way, grows purfy and flow,
 And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
 In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
 Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
 Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

A Dialogue-Anthem.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

CHR. **A**LAS, poor death ! where is thy glory ?
 Where is thy famous force, thy ancient
 thing ?

DEA. Alas, poor mortal, void of story,
 Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.
 CHR. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
 Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.
 DEA. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;
 These arms shall crush thee. CHR. Spare not,
 do thy worst.
 I shall be one day better than before:
 Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

The Water-Course.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
 Since the condition of this world is frail,
 Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow;
 If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less that loveth { Life.
 Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and water's course
 To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
 Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse:
 That so in pureness thou mayst him adore

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation.
 Damnation.

Self-Condernnation.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate,
For choosng Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glory ;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer)
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice :
The world an ancient murderer is ;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemns in reading :
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
 And judge ourselves. That light which sin and passion
 Did before dim and choke,
 When once those snuffs are ta'en away,
 Shines bright and clear, e'en unto condemnation,
 Without excuse or cloak.

Bitter-Sweet.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
 Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
 Cast down, yet help afford :
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve :
 And all my four-sweet days
 I will lament, and love.

The Glance.

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth
 and night
 To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin ;

I felt a fugar'd ftrange delight,
Paffing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ftorm
My foul hath felt, e'en able to deftroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His fwing and fway :

But ftill thy fweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my foul,
And furging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy firft glance fo powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and feal'd up again ;
What wonders fhall we feel, when we fhall fee
Thy full-eyed love !

When thou fhalt look us out of pain,
And one afpect of thine fpend in delight
More than a thoufand funs difburfe in light,
In heaven above.

The Twenty-third Psalm.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed :
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grafs,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame :
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shady, black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me fit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' fight ;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy fweet and wondrous love
 Shall meafure all my days
 And as it never fhall remove,
 So neither fhall my praife.

Mary Magdalen.

WHEN bleffed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
 (Whofe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
 And wore them for a jewel on her head,
 Showing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
 Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
 With penſive humbleneſs would live and tread :
 She being ſtain'd herſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
 To make him clean, who could not be defiled ?
 Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
 And not his feet ? though we could dive
 In tears like ſeas, our ſins are piled
 Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.
 Dear ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deign
 To bear her filth ; and that her ſins did daſh
 E'en God himſelf : wherefore ſhe was not loath,
 As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
 So to bring in wherewith to waſh :
 And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

Aaron.

HOLINESS on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To lead them unto life and rest.
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
 Defects and darkness in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest :
 Poor priest thus am I drest.

Only another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another music, making live, not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest :
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
 My alone only heart and breast,
 My only music, striking me e'en dead ;
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine tuned by Christ, (who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest)
 Come, people ; Aaron's dress.

The Odour.

2 COR. ii.

HOW sweetly doth My Master sound ! My Master !
 As ambergris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster :
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An oriental fragrancy, My Master.
 With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind e'en thrust into them both ;
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells that feeds and fats my mind.
 My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
 My Servant were a little so,
 As flesh may be ;
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spiciness to thee !

Then should the Pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more ?
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
 And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
 Shall call and meet,
 My servant, as thee not displeasing,
 That call is but the 'breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me
 (As sweet things traffic when they meet)
 Return to thee.
 And so this new commerce and sweet
 Should all my life employ, and busy me.

The Foil.

IF we could see below
 The sphere of virtue, and each shining
 grace,
 As plainly as that above doth show ;
 This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
 To set off virtues ; griefs to set off sinning :
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark ;
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain ? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred ?
 Must dulness turn me to a clod ?
 Yet have they left me, Thou art still my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 E'en all my heart, and what is lodged there :
 I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
 So, thou art still my God, be out of fear.

He will be pleased with that ditty ;
 And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors :
 But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,

Brought you to Church well drest and clad :
My God must have my best, e'en all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugarcane,
Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly ?
Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane ?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a fly ?
Fy, thou wilt foil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras clothe their flame :
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high : ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not ; take your way :
For, Thou art still my God, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of spring : let winter have his fee ;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be livelier than before.

The Rose.

PRESS me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugar'd lies,
And to use a larger measure
Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes, that look as clear,
As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to say ;
There are no such things to me,
Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise :
Only take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose ?
What is sweeter ? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity disclose,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose ;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the clofe.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joys to be a scourge :
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic choofe :
 Only though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a rose.

Discipline.

THROW away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath :
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.
 For my heart's desire
 Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
 But by book.
And thy book alone.
Though I fail, I weep :
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.
Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed :
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.
Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.
Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.
Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
Throw away thy wrath.

The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whose taste
 Is your waste ;
 Save your cost, and mend your fare.
 God is here prepared and drest'd,
 And the feast,
 God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
 Doth define,
 Naming you not to your good ;
 Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
 And drink this,
 Which before ye drink is blood.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
 Doth arraign,
 Bringing all your sins to fight :
 Taste and fear not : God is here
 In this cheer,
 And on sin doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
 Doth deftroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
 Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither all, whose love
 Is your dove,
And exalts you to the fky :
Here is love, which, having breath
 E'en in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
 And I fhall
Still invite, ftill call to thee :
For it feems but juft and right
 In my fight,
Where is all, there all fhould be.

The Banquet.

WELCOME sweet and facred cheer,
 Welcome dear,

With me, in me, live and dwell :
For thy neatness passeth sight,
 Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine !
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
 Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
 All their living,
Left the enemy should win ?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
 Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart :
Only God, who gives perfumes,
 Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
 Still are good,

Yet being bruifed are better fcented ;
God, to fhow how far his love
 Could improve,
Here, as broken, is prefented.

When I had forgot my birth,
 And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd ;
God took blood, and needs would be
 Spilt with me,
And fo found me on the ground.

Having raifed me to look up,
 In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my tafte.
But I ftill being low and fhort,
 Far from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laft.

For with it alone I fly
 To the fky :
Where I wipe mine eyes and fee
What I feek, for what I fue ;
 Him I view
Who hath done fo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
 Be my ditty,

And take up my lines and life :
 Harken under pain of death,
 Hands and breath,
 Strive in this, and love the strife.

The Pofy.

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and pofies windows
 fill :

 Less than the least
 Of all thy mercies, is my pofy still.

 This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write ;
 Whether I fing,
 Or fay, or dictate, this is my delight.

 Invention rest ;
 Comparifons go play ; wit use thy will :
 Less than the least
 Of all God's mercies, is my pofy still.

A Parody.

SOUL'S joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide in me,
And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stir abroad,
But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade !
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear ;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
 While sin doth rave,
 And falsely boast,
 That I may seek, but thou art lost :
 Thou and alone thou know'ft.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half believe,
 That Sin says true : but while I grieve,
 Thou comest and dost relieve.

The Elixir.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :
 Not rudely as a beast,
 To run into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepossess,
 And give it his perfection.
 A man that looks on glafs,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
 I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,
 My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
 To thee, who art more far above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicity.

Give me simplicity, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
 Know them and practise them : then shall I give
 For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

Death.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous
 thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder groans :
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.
 For we considered thee as at some six
 Or ten years hence,
 After the loss of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.
 We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;
 Where we did find
 The shells of fledge souls left behind,
 Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.
 But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
 Into thy face :
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
 Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at doomsday ;
 When souls shall wear their new array,
 And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.
 Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful grave ;
 Making our pillows either down, or dust.

Doomsday.

COME away,
 Make no delay.
 Summon all the dust to rise,
 Till it stir, and rub the eyes ;
 While this member jogs the other,
 Each one whispering, Live you, brother ?

Come away,
 Make this the day.
 Dust, alas ! no music feels,
 But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
 As peculiar notes and strains
 Cure Tarantula's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay !
Let the graves make their confession,
Left at length they plead possession :
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend :
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken comfort raise,
And the music shall be praise.

Judgment.

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches
brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able a heart of iron to appal,
When thou shalt call
For every man's peculiar book ?

What others mean to do, I know not well ;
Yet I hear tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
Let that be scann'd.
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

Heaven.

O WHO will show me those delights on high ?

ECHO.

I.

Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.

ECHO.

No.

Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?

ECHO.

Leaves.

And are there any leaves, that still abide ?

ECHO.

Bide.

What leaves are they ? impart the matter wholly.

ECHO.

Holy.

Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss ?

ECHO.

Yes.

Then tell me me, what is that supreme delight ?

ECHO.

Light.

Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy ?

ECHO.

Joy.

But are there cares and business with the pleasure ?

ECHO.

Leisure.

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?

ECHO.

Ever.

Love.

LOVE bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
 Love said, you shall be he.
 I the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on thee.
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 Who made the eyes but I ?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.
 And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame ?
 My dear, then I will serve.
 You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat :
 So I did sit and eat.

GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH
 PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALMIGHTY Lord, who from thy glorious throne
 Seest and rulest all things e'en as one :
 The smallest ant or atom knows thy power,
 Known also to each minute of an hour :
 Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
 And wrap their policies in thy decree,
 Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
 Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
 But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
 Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
 Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
 Which might the more endear it to be thine.
 Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
 Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
 Of Noah's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
 Prepared and fitted to receive thy love.
 The course was westward, that the sun might light
 As well our understanding as our sight.
 Where the Ark did rest, there Abraham began
 To bring the other Ark from Canaan.

Moses pursued this: but King Solomon
Finish'd and fix'd the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, westward bent,
Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.

How dear to me, O God, thy counfels are !
Who may with thee compare !
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the higheft place in all men's hearts.
Learning was pofed, Philofophy was fet,
Sophifters taken in a fifher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a lofs,
And wheel'd about again to fpell Chrift's-Crofs,
Prayers chafed fyllogifms into their den,
And Ergo was transform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horfe as foon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both ; yet Egypt fafter rid,
And fpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being pafte her prime,
Religion went to Rome, fubduing thofe,
Who, that they might fubdue, made all their foes.
The Warrior his dear fcars no more refounds ;
But feems to yield Chrift hath the greater wounds ;
Wounds willingly endured to work his blifs,
Who by an ambufh loft his Paradife.
The great heart ftoops, and taketh from the duft
A fad repentance, not the fpoils of luft :
Quitting his fpear left it fhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was flain.
The fhepherd's hook grew to a fceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.

But the Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them,
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came :
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne,
Many a rent and struggling the empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) until it flew
At length to Germany, still westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending :
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no less harbingers would serve than they)
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her downcast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there ;
Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory ;
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.

How dear to me, O God, thy counfels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Much about one and the fame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sin did fet out of Eastern Babylon,

And travell'd westward alfo : journeying on
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.

At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great coft,
Who for a god clearly a fallet loft.

Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat !

Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely !

What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom ?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the fame transplanted foolery.

Thus Sin in Egypt sneaked for a while ;
His higheft was an ox or crocodile,
And fuch poor game. Thence he to Greece doth pafs,
And being craftier much than Goodness was,

He left behind him garrifons of fins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchafed :
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what fhould befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would ferve
His pills of fublimite in that conferve.
The world came both with hands and purfes full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where fome poor truths were fhuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to difcredit thofe,
Who after him fhould braver truths difclofe.
From Greece he went to Rome : and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in truft to rule the Roman fphere.
Glory was his chief inftrument of old :
Pleasure fucceeded ftraight, when that grew cold :
Which foon was blown to fuch a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did deftroy the game,
Difparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the moft fubtle nations. Who fo coy,

So trim, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Only the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity.

And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day find unto her cost.

Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolved one night
To be a Churchman too, and wear a Mitre :
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.

I saw him in his study, where he fate
Buffy in controversies sprung of late.

A gown and pen became him wondrous well :
His grave aspect had more of heaven than hell :
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.

As Sin in Greece a Prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mighty Emperor ;
So now being Priest he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ's three offices :
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and sphere.

From Egypt he took petty deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure.
Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
From all these places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
From Egypt Anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness ;
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes,
While Truth sat by, counting his victories :
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome : Princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur :
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers ;
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;

And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twist ;
So both together are one Antichrist ;
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crack'd looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Thus Sin triumphs in Western Babylon ;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night,
As is the moon and sun to heaven and light.
When the one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double crest :
They are Sin's nipples, feeding the east and west.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds ;
So though Sin made his latter feat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first :
And the late reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years ;
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.

Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade ;
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ's last coming, as his first did find :
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings, as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
(The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil ;
Whereby one may foretell, what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer :
Then shall Religion to America flee :
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away :
For gold and grace did never yet agree :
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss :
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.

Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly :
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall
smother :

That when they have accomplished the round,
And met in the East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both, and search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also Sin and Darknes follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east :
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go ; because it drew more near
To time and place, where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?

L'Envoy.

KING of glory, King of peace,
With the one make war to cease ;
With the other blest thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold ;
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread ;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all ;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

BLESSED BE GOD ALONE,
THRICE BLESSED THREE IN ONE.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Sonnet,

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS
A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did
burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse.

Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry

Oceans of ink ; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty :

Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.

Roses and lilies speak thee ; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.

Why should I women's eyes for crystal take ?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind

Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go

To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.

Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the discovery.

Inscription

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind
And built without thy cost :

Be good to the poor,

As God gives thee store,

And then my labour's not lost.

On Lord Danvers.

SACRED marble, safely keep
 His dust, who under thee must sleep,
 Until the years again restore
 Their dead, and time shall be no more.
 Meanwhile, if he, (which all things wears)
 Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
 Are shed for him; dissolve thy frame,
 Thou art requited: for his fame,
 His virtue, and his worth shall be
 Another monument to thee.

A Paradox.

(From a MS. Collection formerly Dr. Rawlinson's,
 in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.)

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE, THEN
 THE WHOLE.

YOU who admire yourselves because
 You neither groan nor weep,
 And think it contrary to Nature's laws
 To want one ounce of sleep,
 Your strong belief
 Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,
So Black-moors think us foul, and we
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can see,
And judge of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate?
Since that mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.

How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling, as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and show,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.

You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but fometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but grofs joys you move ;
Why then confefs
Your fears in number more, your joys are lefs.
Then for yourfelves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you vifit us, and plaint or cafe,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE,

OR

THE COUNTRY PARSON.



A

PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE ;

OR,

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

Chap. I.

OF A PASTOR.

A PASTOR is the deputy of Christ for the reducing of man to the obedience of God. This definition is evident, and contains the direct steps of pastoral duty and authority. For, first, man fell from God by disobedience. Secondly, Christ is the glorious instrument of God for the revoking of man. Thirdly, Christ, being not to continue on earth, but, after he had fulfilled the work of reconciliation, to be received up into heaven, he constituted deputies in his place ; and these are priests. And therefore St. Paul, in the beginning

of his Epistles, professeth this : and, in the first to the Colossians, plainly avoucheth, that he “fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church.” Wherein is contained the complete definition of a Minister.

Out of this charter of the priesthood may be plainly gathered both the dignity thereof and the duty. The dignity, in that a Priest may do that which Christ did, and by his authority, and as his vicegerent. The duty, in that a Priest is to do that which Christ did, and after his manner, both for doctrine and life.

Chap. II.

THEIR DIVERSITIES.

OF Pastors (intending my own nation only ; and also therein setting aside the Reverend Prelates of the church, to whom this discourse ariseth not) some live in the Universities ; some in noble houses ; some in parishes, residing on their cures.

Of those that live in the Universities, some live there

in office, whose rule is that of the apostle:* “ Having gifts, differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith: or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching, &c.: he that ruleth, let him do it with diligence,” &c. Some in a preparatory way; whose aim and labour must be, not only to get knowledge, but to subdue and mortify all lusts and affections; and not to think that, when they have read the fathers or schoolmen, a minister is made, and the thing done. The greatest and hardest preparation is within. For, “ unto the ungodly, faith God, why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant in thy mouth?”†

Those that live in noble houses are called chaplains, whose duty and obligation being the same to the houses they live in, as a Parson's to his parish, in describing the one (which is indeed the bent of my discourse) the other will be manifest. Let not chaplains think themselves so free as many of them do; and, because they have different names, think their office different. Doubtless they are Parsons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end, either by an open or implicit covenant. Before they are in orders, they may be received for companions or discourses; but, after a

* Rom. xii. 6—8.

† Ps. l. 16.

man is once Minister, he cannot agree to come into any house where he shall not exercise what he is, unless he forsake his plough and look back. Wherefore they are not to be over-submissive and base, but to keep up with the lord and lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them and all, even so far as reproof to their very face, when occasion calls; but seasonably and discreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly; they wrong the priesthood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek with their over-submissiveness and cringings, that they shall ever be despised. They who, for the hope of promotion, neglect any necessary admonition or reproof, sell (with Judas) their Lord and Master.

Chap. III.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE Country Parson is exceedingly exact in his life; being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And because the two highest

points of life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are patience and mortification ; patience in regard of afflictions, mortification in regard of lusts and affections, and the stupifying and deadening of all the clamorous powers of the soul ; therefore he hath thoroughly studied these, that he may be an absolute master and commander of himself, for all the purposes for which God hath ordained him.

Yet, in these points, he labours most in those things which are most apt to scandalize his parish.—And first, because country people live hardly,* and therefore (as feeling their own sweat, and consequently knowing the price of money) are offended much with any who, by hard usage, increase their travail, the Country Parson is very circumspect in avoiding all covetousness : neither being greedy to get, nor niggardly to keep, nor troubled to lose, any worldly wealth ; but, in all his words and actions, slighting and disesteeming it ; even to a wondering that the world should so much value wealth, which in the day of wrath hath not one drachm of comfort for us.—Secondly, because luxury is a very visible sin, the Parson is very careful to avoid all the kinds thereof : but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice ; into which, if he come, he prostitutes himself both to shame and sin, and by having “ fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,”

he disableth himself of authority to "reprove them." For sins make all equal whom they find together: and then THEY are worst, who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns, or taverns, or alehouses, to the dishonour of his person and office. The Parson doth not so, but orders his life in such a fashion, that, when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as He did, "I sat daily with you teaching in the temple."—Thirdly, because country people (as indeed all honest men) do much esteem their word, it being the life of buying and selling and dealing in the world, therefore the Parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hindrance; as knowing that, if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and disrespected; neither will they believe him in the pulpit, whom they cannot trust in his conversation.—As for oaths, and apparel, the disorders thereof are also very manifest. The Parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay: and his apparel plain, but reverend, and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell: the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

Chap. IV.

THE PARSON'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say, it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone: and there is no knowledge, but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge.' He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching; because people by what they understand, are best led to what they understand not.

But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. There he sucks, and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things: precepts for life, doctrines for knowledge, examples for illustration, and promises for comfort. These he hath digested severally.

But, for the understanding of these, the means he useth are—First, A HOLY LIFE; remembering what his Master saith, that “if any do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine;”* and assuring himself, that

* John vii. 17.

wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, because they feel them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them.—The second means is PRAYER, which, if it be necessary even in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where “the well is deep, and we have nothing” of ourselves “to draw with !” Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short ejaculation ; as, Lord, “open mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of thy law.”—The third means is a DILIGENT COLLATION of Scripture with Scripture. For, all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the self-same Spirit, it cannot be, but that an industrious and judicious comparing of place with place must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added, the consideration of any text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before, and what follows after ; as also the scope of the Holy Ghost. When the apostles would have called down fire from heaven, they were reprov'd as ignorant of what spirit they were. For the law required one thing, and the gospel another ; yet as diverse, not as repugnant ; therefore the spirit of both is to be considered and weigh'd.—The fourth means are COMMENTERS AND FATHERS, who have handled the places contro-

verted; which the Parson by no means refuseth. As he doth not so study others, as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him; so doth he assure himself, that God in all ages hath had his servants, to whom he hath revealed his truth, as well as to him: and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce; so neither hath God opened or will open, all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God, for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one comment, at least, upon every book of Scripture; and, ploughing with this, and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasured in the Holy Scripture.

Chap. V.

THE PARSON'S ACCESSORY KNOWLEDGES.

THE Country Parson hath read the fathers also, and the schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all: out of all which he hath compiled a book, and body of divinity, which is the store-

house of his sermons, and which he preacheth all his life, but diversely clothed, illustrated, and enlarged. For though the world is full of such composures, yet every man's own is fittest, readiest, and most favoury to him. Besides, this being to be done in his younger and preparatory times, it is an honest joy ever after to look upon his well-spent hours.

This body he made, by way of expounding the church catechism; to which all divinity may easily be reduced. For, it being indifferent in itself to choose any method, that is best to be chosen of which there is likeliest to be most use. Now catechising being a work of singular and admirable benefit to the church of God, and a thing required under canonical obedience, the expounding of our catechism must needs be the most useful form. Yet hath the Parson, besides this laborious work, a slighter form of catechising, fitter for country people; according as his audience is, so he useth one, or other; or sometimes both, if his audience be intermixed.

He greatly esteems also of cases of conscience; wherein he is much versed. And indeed, herein is the greatest ability of a Parson; to lead his people exactly in the ways of truth, so that they neither decline to the right hand, nor to the left. Neither let any think this a slight thing. For every one hath not

digested, when it is a sin to take something for money lent, or when not; when it is a fault to discover another's fault, or when not; when the affections of the soul in desiring and procuring increase of means, or honour, be a sin of covetousness or ambition, and when not; when the appetites of the body in eating, drinking, sleep, and the pleasure that comes with sleep, be sins of gluttony, drunkenness, sloth, lust, and when not; and so in many circumstances of actions. Now, if a shepherd know not which grass will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd? Wherefore the Parson hath thoroughly canvassed all the particulars of human actions; at least, all those which he observeth are most incident to his parish.

Chap. VI.

THE PARSON PRAYING.

THE Country Parson, when he is to read divine services, composeth himself to all possible reverence; lifting up his heart, and hands, and eyes, and using all other gestures which may express a hearty and unfeigned devotion. This he doth—First, as be-

ing truly touched and amazed with the Majesty of God, before whom he then presents himself: yet not as himself alone, but as presenting with himself the whole congregation; whose sins he then bears, and brings with his own to the heavenly altar, to be bathed and washed in the sacred laver of Christ's blood. Secondly, as this is the true reason of his inward fear, so he is content to express this outwardly to the utmost of his power; that, being first affected himself, he may affect also his people; knowing that no sermon moves them so much to reverence (which they forget again when they come to pray) as a devout behaviour in the very act of praying. Accordingly his voice is humble, his words treatable and slow; yet not so slow neither as to let the fervency of the supplicant hang and die between speaking; but, with a grave liveliness, between fear and zeal, pausing yet pressing, he performs his duty.

Besides his example, he, having often instructed his people how to carry themselves in divine service, exacts of them all possible reverence; by no means enduring either talking, or sleeping, or gazing, or leaning, or half-kneeling, or any undutiful behaviour in them; but causing them, when they sit, or stand, or kneel, to do all in a straight and steady posture, as attending to what is done in the church, and every one, man and

child, answering aloud, both Amen, and all other answers which are on the clerk's and people's part to answer. Which answers also are to be done, not in a huddling or flubbering fashion—gaping, or scratching the head, or spitting, even in the midst of their answer—but gently and pausably, thinking what they say; so that while they answer, “As it was in the beginning,” &c., they meditate as they speak, that God hath ever had his people that have glorified him, as well as now, and that he shall have so for ever. And the like in other answers. This is that which the apostle calls a “reasonable service,”* when we speak not as parrots, without reason, or offer up such sacrifices as they did of old, which was of beasts devoid of reason: but when we use our reason, and apply our powers to the service of him that gives them.

If there be any of the gentry or nobility of the parish, who sometimes make it a piece of state not to come at the beginning of service with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to their own loss, and of theirs also who gaze upon them when they come in, and neglect the present service of God; he by no means suffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they persevere, he causes them to be presented. Or, if the poor churchwardens be affrighted with their greatness

* Rom. xii. 1.

(notwithstanding his instruction that they ought not to be so, but even to let the world sink, so they do their duty), he presents them himself; only protesting to them, that not any ill-will draws him to it, but the debt and obligation of his calling, being to obey God rather than men.

Chap. VII.

THE PARSON PREACHING.

THE Country Parson preacheth constantly. The pulpit is his joy and his throne. If he at any time intermit, it is either for want of health, or against some great festival, that he may the better celebrate it; or for the variety of hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively. When he intermits, he is ever very well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he entreats to press some point that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so "in the mouth of two or three witnesses the truth may be" more "established.

When he preacheth, he procures attention by all

possible art: both by earnestness of speech—it being natural to men to think, that where is much earnestness, there is somewhat worth hearing—and by a diligent and busy cast of his eyes on his auditors, with letting them know that he marks who observes, and who not: and with particularizing of his speech now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich—“ This is for you, and this is for you; ”—for particulars ever touch and awake, more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God: as of those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most, which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him: for them also men heed, and remember better than exhortations; which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick, and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them, that sermons are dangerous things; that none goes out of church as he came in but either better

or worfe; that none is carelefs before his judge; and that the word of God fhall judge us.

By thefe and other means the Parfon procures attention: but the character of his fermon is HOLINESS. He is not witty, nor learned, nor eloquent, but HOLY:— a character that Hermogenes never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precepts thereof. But it is gained, Firft, by choofing texts of devotion, not controversy; moving and ravifhing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full.—Secondly, by dipping and feafoning all our words and fentences in our hearts, before they come into our mouths; truly affecting, and cordially expreffing all that we fay, fo that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep.— Thirdly, by turning often, and making many apoftrophes to God: as, “O Lord! blefs my people, and teach them this point!” or, “O my Mafter, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou fpeak thyfelf; for thou art love; and when thou teacheft, all are fcholars.” Some fuch irradiations fcatteringly in the fermon, carry great holinefs in them. The prophets are admirable in this. So Ifaiah, lxiv. “Oh that thou wouldeft rend the heavens, that thou wouldeft come down,” &c. And Jeremy, x. after he had complained of the defolation of Ifrael, turns to God fuddenly, “O Lord, I know that the way of

man is not in himself," &c.—Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people's good, and joying therein; though he himself were with St. Paul "even sacrificed upon the service of their faith." For there is no greater sign of holiness, than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St. Paul excelled in all his epistles. How did he put the Romans "in all his prayers!"* And "ceased not to give thanks" for the Ephesians,† and for the Corinthians.‡ And for the Philippians "made request with joy;"§ and is in contention for them whether to live or die, be with them or Christ;|| which, setting aside his care of his flock, were a madness to doubt of. What an admirable epistle is the second to the Corinthians! How full of affections! He joys, and he is sorry; he grieves, and he glories! Never was there such a care of a flock expressed, save in the great Shepherd of the fold, who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and afterward blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into sermons: which will make them appear exceeding reverend and holy.—Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God; by these or such like speeches:—"Oh, let us take heed what we do! God sees us; he sees whether I speak as

* Rom. i. 9. † Eph. i. 16. ‡ 1 Cor. i. 4.

§ Phil. i. 4.

|| Phil. i. 23.

I ought, or you hear as you ought ; he sees hearts, as we see faces. He is among us ; for if we be here, he must be here ; since we are here by him, and without him could not be here." Then turning the discourse to his majesty :—" And he is a great God, and terrible ; as great in mercy, so great in judgment ! There are but two devouring elements, fire and water ; he hath both in him. " His voice is as the sound of many waters."* And he himself " is a consuming fire."†— Such discourses show very holy.

The Parson's method in handling of a text consists of two parts :—first, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the text ; and, secondly, some choice observations, drawn out of the whole text, as it lies entire and unbroken in the Scripture itself. This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way, of crumbling a text into small parts (as, the person speaking, or spoken to, the subject, and object, and the like), hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety ; since the words apart are not Scripture, but a dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture.

The Parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency : and he that profits not in that time, will less afterward :

* Rev. i. 15.

† Heb. xii. 9.

the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary; and so he grows from not relishing to loathing.

Chap. VIII.

THE PARSON ON SUNDAYS.

THE Country Parson, as soon as he wakes, on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a market-man is, when the market-day comes; or a shop-keeper, when customers use to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day: "that nothing befall him unworthy of that majesty before which he is to present himself, but that all may be done with reverence to his glory, and with edification to his flock: humbly beseeching his Master, that how or whenever he punish him, it be not in his ministry." Then he turns to request for his people, "that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all; that they may come with holy hearts, and awful minds,

into the congregation; and that the good God would pardon all those who come with less prepared hearts than they ought."

This done, he sets himself to the consideration of the duties of the day; and if there be any extraordinary addition to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the state, or from God by a child born, or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce it to the best advantage. Afterwards, when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church; at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people, either openly or to himself. Then, having read divine service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechised in the afternoon, he thinks he hath in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance; or in visiting the sick; or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his sermons cannot, or do not, reach. And every one is more awaked, when we come and say, "Thou art the man." This way he finds exceeding useful, and winning: and these exhortations he calls his privy purse; even as princes have theirs, besides

their public disbursements. At night he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day, and without hinderance to public duties, either to entertain some of his neighbours, or to be entertained of them: where he takes occasion to discourse of such things as are both profitable and pleasant, and to raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our church and state; that order is kept in the one, and peace in the other, without disturbance or interruption of public divine offices.

As he opened the day with prayer, so he closeth it; humbly beseeching the Almighty "to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them, that we may grow therein; and that our feet may be like hind's feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto him."

Chap. IX.

THE PARSON'S STATE OF LIFE.

THE Country Parson, considering that virginity is a higher state than matrimony, and that the Ministry requires the best and highest things, is rather

unmarried than married. But yet, as the temper of his body may be, or as the temper of his parish may be, where he may have occasion to converse with women, and that among suspicious men, and other like circumstances considered, he is rather married than unmarried. Let him communicate the thing often by prayer unto God; and as his grace shall direct him, so let him proceed.

If he be unmarried, and keep house, he hath not a woman in his house; but finds opportunities of having his meat dressed and other services done by men-servants at home, and his linen washed abroad. If he be unmarried, and sojourn, he never talks with any woman alone, but in the audience of others, and that seldom; and then also in a serious manner, never jestingly or sportfully. He is very circumspect in all companies, both of his behaviour, speech, and very looks; knowing himself to be both suspected and envied. If he "stand steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart, that he will keep himself a virgin," he spends his days in fasting and prayer, and blesteth God for the gift of continency; knowing that it can no way be preserved, but only by those means by which at first it was obtained. He therefore thinks it not enough for him to observe the fast-

ing days of the church, and the daily prayers enjoined him by authority, which he observeth out of humble conformity and obedience; but adds to them, out of choice and devotion, some other days for fasting, and hours for prayers. And by these he keeps his body tame, serviceable, and healthful; and his soul fervent, active, young, and lusty as an eagle. He often readeth the lives of the primitive monks, hermits, and virgins; and wondereth not so much at their patient suffering, and cheerful dying, under persecuting emperors (though that indeed be very admirable), as at their daily temperance, abstinence, watchings, and constant prayers and mortifications, in times of peace and prosperity. To put on the profound humility and the exact temperance of our Lord Jesus, with other exemplary virtues of that sort, and to keep them on in the sunshine and noon of prosperity, he findeth to be as necessary and as difficult, at least, as to be clothed with perfect patience and Christian fortitude in the cold midnight storms of persecution and adversity. He keepeth his watch and ward, night and day, against the proper and peculiar temptations of his state of life; which are principally these two, spiritual pride, and impurity of heart. Against these ghostly enemies he girdeth up his loins, keeps the imagination from roving, puts on the whole armour of God: and by

the virtue of the shield of faith, he is "not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness" (carnal impurity), "nor of the sickness that destroyeth at noon-day" (ghostly pride and self-conceit). Other temptations he hath, which, like mortal enemies, may sometimes disquiet him likewise; for the human soul, being bounded and kept in her sensitive faculty, will run out more or less in her intellectual. Original concupiscence is such an active thing, by reason of continual inward or outward temptations, that it is ever attempting or doing one mischief or other. Ambition, or untimely desire of promotion to a higher state or place, under colour of accommodation, or necessary provision, is a common temptation to men of any eminency, especially being single men. Curiosity in prying into high, speculative, and unprofitable questions, is another great stumbling-block to the holiness of scholars. These, and many other "spiritual wickednesses in high places" doth the Parson fear, or experiment, or both: and that much more being single than if he were married, for then commonly the stream of temptations is turned another way, into covetousness, love of pleasure or ease, or the like.—If the Parson be unmarried, and mean to continue so, he doth at least as much as hath been said.

If he be married, the choice of his wife was made

rather by his ear, than by his eye ; his judgment, not his affection, found out a fit wife for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty, riches, or honour. He knew that (the good instrument of God to bring woman to heaven) a wife and loving husband could, out of humility, produce any special grace of faith, patience, meekness, love, obedience, &c., and out of liberality, make her fruitful in all good works. As he is just in all things, so is he to his wife also ; counting nothing so much his own, as that he may be unjust unto it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants and others, and half at least of the government of the house ; reserving so much of the affairs, as serve for a diversion for him ; yet never so giving over the reins, but that he sometimes looks how things go, demanding an account,—but not by the way of an account. And this must be done the oftener or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

Chap. X.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE.

THE Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house; and, accordingly, either meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues.—His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her. First, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God; with prayers, and catechising, and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands; which skill either she brought with her, or he takes care she shall learn it of some religious neighbour. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort, as that neither they want a competent sustentation, nor her husband be brought in debt.

His children he first makes Christians, and then commonwealth's men: the one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly; having no title to either, except he do good to both. Therefore,

having seasoned them with all piety—not only of words, in praying and reading, but in actions, in visiting other sick children, and tending their wounds; and sending his charity by them to the poor, and sometimes giving them a little money to do it of themselves, that they get a delight in it, and enter favour with God, who weighs even children's actions*—he afterwards turns his care to fit all their dispositions with some calling; not sparing the eldest, but giving him the prerogative of his father's profession, which happily for his other children he is not able to do. Yet, in binding them apprentices (in case he think fit to do so), he takes care not to put them into vain trades, unbecoming the reverence of their father's calling: such as are taverns for men, and lace-making for women; because those trades, for the most part, serve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny, and not augment. However, he resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity, in consideration of providing a stock for his children; but assures himself that money, thus lent to God, is placed surer for his children's advantage, than if it were given to the Chamber of London. Good deeds, and good breeding, are his two great stocks for his children; if God give any thing

* 1 Kings xiv. 12, 13.

above those, and not spent in them, he bleffeth God, and lays it out as he sees cause.

His servants are all religious : and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit ; for none are so well served, as by religious servants ; both because they do best, and because what they do is blessed, and prospers. After religion, he teaches them that three things make a complete servant : truth, and diligence, and neatness or cleanliness.—Those that can read, are allowed times for it ; and those that cannot, are taught ; for all in his house are either teachers or learners, or both ; so that his family is a school of religion ; and they all account, that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle ; but something is written or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety ; especially the 101st Psalm ; which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the beginning of good discourses ; his children among children ; his servants among other servants. So that as in the house of those that are skilled in music, all are musicians ; so in the house of a preacher, all are preachers.—He suffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his house, but counts it the art and secret of governing, to preserve a directness and open plainness in all things ;

so that all his house knows that there is no help for a fault done but confession. He himself, or his wife, takes account of sermons, and how every one profits, comparing this year with the last. And, besides the common prayers of the family, he straitly requires of all to pray by themselves, before they sleep at night, and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say: and, till they have learned them, makes them kneel by him; esteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which, when they leave the family, they carry with them.—He keeps his servants between love and fear, according as he finds them. But, generally, he distributes it thus: to his children he shows more love than terror; to his servants, more terror than love; but an old good servant boards as a child.

The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet;—as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain, and common, but wholesome. What he hath is little, but very good. It consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal; if he adds anything for a great day or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barn, and yard. He goes no fur-

ther for any entertainment, lest he go into the world; esteeming it absurd, that he should exceed, who teacheth others temperance. But those which his home produceth, he refuseth not; as coming cheap and easy, and arising from the improvement of things which otherwise would be lost. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great Householder of the world. For, there being two things which, as they are, are unuseful to man,—the one for smallness, as crumbs, and scattered corn, and the like; the other for the foulness, as wash, and dirt, and things thereinto fallen—God hath provided creatures for both: for the first, poultry; for the second, swine. These save men the labour; and, doing that which either he could not do, or was not fit for him to do, by taking both sorts of food into them, do as it were dress and prepare both for man in themselves, by growing themselves fit for his table.

The Parson in his house observes fasting-days. And particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy, so Friday is his day of humiliation: which he celebrates not only with abstinence of diet, but also of company, recreation, and all outward contentments; and besides, with confession of sins, and all acts of mortification. Now fasting-days contain a treble obligation: first, of eating less that day, than on other days; secondly, of eating

no pleasing or over-nourishing things, as the Israelites did eat four herbs; thirdly, of eating no flesh—which is but the determination of the second rule, by authority, to this particular. The two former obligations are much more essential to a true fast, than the third and last; and fasting-days were fully performed by keeping of the two former, had not authority interposed. So that to eat little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh; for, since fasting, in Scripture language, is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh, and not the fish, is to keep the fasting-day naturally. And it is observable, that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot countries, where both flesh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold regions; and where flesh may be much better spared, and with more safety, than elsewhere where (both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic) the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain that a weak stomach, being prepossessed with flesh, shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer, than if it had been taken before either fish or roots, or such things; which will discover itself by spitting, and rheum, or phlegm. To conclude, the Parson, if he be full in health, keeps the three obligations; eating

fish, or roots; and that, for quantity little, for quality unpleasant. If his body be weak and obstructed, as most students' are, he cannot keep the last obligation, nor suffer others in his house, that are so, to keep it: but only the two former; which also, in diseases of exinanition (as consumptions), must be broken; for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To all this may be added—not for the emboldening the unruly, but for the comfort of the weak—that not only sickness breaks these obligations of fasting, but sickliness also. For it is as unnatural to do anything that leads me to a sickness to which I am inclined, as not to get out of that sickness when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident—that an English body, and a student's body, are two great obstructed vessels; and there is nothing that is food, and not physic, which doth less obstruct, than flesh moderately taken; as, being immoderately taken, it is exceedingly obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.

Chap. XI.

THE PARSON'S COURTESY.

THE Country Parson owing a debt of charity to the poor, and of courtesy to his other parishioners, he so distinguisheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for those that are above alms. Not but that the poor are welcome also to his table; whom he sometimes purposely takes home with him, setting them close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility, and their comfort, who are much cheered with such friendliness. But since both are to be done, the better sort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooseth rather to give the poor money: which they can better employ to their own advantage, and suitably to their needs, than so much given in meat at a dinner. Having then invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like to the rest; so that, in the compass of the year, he hath them all with him: because country people are very observant of such things: and will not be persuaded but, being not invited, they are hated. Which persuasion the Parson by all means avoids: knowing that where there are such conceits, there is no room for his doc-

trine to enter. Yet doth he ofteneſt invite thoſe whom he ſees take beſt courſes: that ſo both they may be encouraged to perſevere, and others ſpurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courteſy. For though he deſire that all ſhould live well and virtuoſly, not for any reward of his, but for virtue's ſake: yet that will not be ſo. And therefore as God, although we ſhould love him only for his own ſake, yet out of his infinite pity hath ſet forth heaven for a reward to draw men to piety; and is content, if, at leaſt ſo, they will become good: ſo the Country Parſon, who is a diligent obſerver and tracker of God's ways, ſets up as many encouragements to goodneſs as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame; that he may, if not the beſt way, yet any way, make his pariſh good.

Chap. XII.

THE PARSON'S CHARITY.

THE Country Parſon is full of charity; it is his predominant element. For many and wonderful things are ſpoken of thee, thou great virtue. To

Charity is given the covering of sins,* and the forgiveness of sins ;† the fulfilling of the law ;‡ the life of faith ;§ the blessings of this life,|| and the reward of the next.¶ In brief, it is the body of Religion,** and the top of Christian virtues.†† Wherefore all his works relish of charity. When he riseth in the morning, he bethinketh himself what good deeds he can do that day, and presently doth them ; counting that day lost, wherein he hath not exercised his charity.

He first considers his own parish ; and takes care that there be not a beggar or idle person in his parish, but that all be in a competent way of getting their living. This he effects either by bounty, or persuasion, or by authority ; making use of that excellent statute, which binds all parishes to maintain their own. If his parish be rich, he exacts this of them ; if poor, and he able, he easeth them therein. But he gives no set pension to any ; for this in time will lose the name and effect of charity with the poor people, though not with God ; for then they will reckon upon it, as on a debt ; and if it be taken away, though justly, they will murmur and repine as much as he that is disseised of his own

* 1 Pet. iv. 8.

† Matt. vi. 14 ; Luke vii. 47.

‡ Rom. xiii. 10.

§ James ii. 26.

|| Prov. xxii. 9 ; Ps. xli. 2.

¶ Matt. xxv. 40.

** John xiii. 35.

†† 1 Cor. xiii.

inheritance. But the Parson, having a double aim, and making a hook of his charity, causeth them still to depend on him ; and so, by continual and fresh bounties, unexpected to them but resolved to himself, he wins them to praise God more, to live more religiously, and to take more pains in their vocation, as not knowing when they shall be relieved ; which otherwise they would reckon upon, and turn to idleness. Besides this general provision, he hath other times of opening his hand ; as at great festivals and communions : not suffering any, that day that he receives, to want a good meal suiting to the joy of the occasion. But especially at hard times and dearths, he even parts his living and life among them ; giving some corn outright, and selling other at under rates : and, when his own stock serves not, working those that are able to the same charity, still pressing it, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, and never leaving them till he obtain his desire. Yet, in all his charity, he distinguisheth ; giving them most who live best, and take most pains, and are most charged : so is his charity in effect a sermon.

After the consideration of his own parish, he enlargeth himself, if he be able, to the neighbourhood : for that also is some kind of obligation. So doth he also to those at his doors ; whom God puts in his way, and makes his neighbours. But these he helps not

without some testimony, except the evidence of the misery bring testimony with it. For though these testimonies also may be falsified, yet—considering that the law allows these in case they be true, but allows by no means to give without testimony—as he obeys authority in the one, so, that being once satisfied, he allows his charity some blindness in the other: especially since, of the two commands, we are more enjoined to be charitable than wise. But evident miseries have a natural privilege, and exemption from all law. Whenever he gives anything, and sees them labour in thinking of him, he exacts of them to let him alone, and say rather, “God be praised, God be glorified!” that so the thanks may go the right way, and thither only, where they are only due. So doth he also, before giving, make them say their prayers first, or the creed, and ten commandments; and, as he finds them perfect, rewards them the more. For other givings are lay and secular; but this is to give like a priest.

Chap. XIII.

THE PARSON'S CHURCH.

THE Country Parson hath a special care of his Church, that all things there be decent and befitting His name by which it is called. Therefore, First, he takes order, that all things be in good repair ; as walls plastered, windows glazed, floor paved, seats whole, firm, and uniform, especially that the pulpit, and desk, and communion-table, and font, be as they ought, for those great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, that the Church be swept, and kept clean, without dust or cobwebs ; and, at great festivals, strewed and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with incense. Thirdly, that there be fit and proper texts of Scripture everywhere painted ; and that all the paintings be grave and reverend, not with light colours or foolish antics. Fourthly, that all the books appointed by authority be there ; and those not torn or fouled, but whole and clean, and well bound : and that there be a fitting and sightly communion cloth of fine linen, with a handsome and seemly carpet of good and costly stuff or cloth, and all kept sweet and clean in a strong

decent chest : with a chalice and cover, and a stoop or flagon ; and a bason for alms and offerings : besides which, he hath a poor-man's-box conveniently seated, to receive the charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treasure for the sick and needy.

And all this he doth, not as out of necessity, or as putting a holiness in the things, but as desirous to keep the middle way between superstition and slovenliness ; and as following the apostle's two great and admirable rules in things of this nature ; the first whereof is, " Let all things be done decently and in order : " the second, " Let all things be done to edification.* For these two rules comprise and include the double object of our duty, God, and our neighbour ; the first being for the honour of God, the second for the benefit of our neighbour. So that they excellently score out the way, and fully and exactly contain, even in external and indifferent things, what course is to be taken ; and put them to great shame, who deny the Scripture to be perfect.

* 1 Cor. xiv. 26.

Chap. XIV.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE Country Parson, upon the afternoons in the week-days, takes occasion sometimes to visit in person, now one quarter of his parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are, wallowing in the midst of their affairs; whereas on Sundays it is easy for them to compose themselves to order, which they put on as their holiday clothes, and come to church in frame, but commonly the next day put off both.

When he comes to any house, first he blesteth it; then as he finds the persons of the house employed, so he forms his discourse. Those that he finds religiously employed, he both commends them much, and furthers them, when he is gone, in their employment: as, if he finds them reading, he furnisheth them with good books; if curing poor people, he supplies them with receipts, and instructs them farther in that skill, showing them how acceptable such works are to God, and wishing them ever to do the cures with their hands, and not to put them over to servants.

Those that he finds busy in the works of their calling,

he commendeth them also: for it is a good and just thing for every one to do their own business. But then he admonisheth them of two things: First, that they dive not too deep into worldly affairs, plunging themselves over head and ears into carking and caring; but that they so labour, as neither to labour anxiously, nor distrustfully, nor profanely. Then they labour anxiously, when they overdo it, to the loss of their quiet and health. Then distrustfully, when they doubt God's providence, thinking that their own labour is the cause of their thriving, as if it were in their own hands to thrive or not to thrive. Then they labour profanely, when they set themselves to work like brute beasts, never raising their thoughts to God, nor sanctifying their labour with daily prayer; when on the Lord's day they do unnecessary servile work, or in time of divine service on other holy days, except in cases of extreme poverty, and in the seasons of seedtime and harvest. Secondly, he adviseth them so to labour for wealth and maintenance, as that they make not that the end of their labour: but that they may have wherewithal to serve God the better, and do good deeds. After these discourses, if they be poor and needy whom he thus finds labouring, he gives them somewhat; and opens not only his mouth, but his purse to their relief, that so they go on more cheerfully in

their vocation, and himself be ever the more welcome to them.

Those that the Parson finds idle or ill employed, he chides not at first, for that were neither civil nor profitable; but always in the close, before he departs from them. Yet in this he distinguisheth. For if he be a plain countryman, he reproveth him plainly; for they are not sensible of fineness. If they be of a higher quality, they commonly are quick, and sensible, and very tender of reproof; and therefore he lays his discourse so, that he comes to the point very leisurely; and oftentimes, as Nathan did, in the person of another, making them to reprove themselves. However, one way or other, he ever reproveth them, that he may keep himself pure, and not be entangled in others' sins. Neither in this doth he forbear, though there be company by. For as, when the offence is particular, and against me, I am to follow our Saviour's rule, and to take my brother aside, and reprove him; so, when the offence is public, and against God, I am then to follow the apostle's rule,* and "rebuke openly" that which is done openly.

Besides these occasional discourses, the Parson questions what order is kept in the house; as about prayers morning and evening on their knees, reading of Scrip-

* 1 Tim. v. 20.

ture, catechising, finging of psalms at their work and on holidays,—who can read, who not : and sometimes he hears the children read himself, and bleffeth them ; encouraging also the servants to learn to read, and offering to have them taught on holidays by his servants. If the Parson were ashamed of particularising in these things, he were not fit to be a Parson. But he holds the rule, that nothing is little in God's service : if it once have the honour of THAT NAME, it grows great instantly. Wherefore, neither disdaineth he to enter in the poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely For both God is there also, and those for whom God died. And so much the rather doth he so, as his access to the poor is more comfortable than to the rich ; and, in regard of himself, it is more humiliation.

These are the Parson's general aims in his circuit ; but with these he mingles other discourses for conversation sake, and to make his higher purposes slip the more easily.

Chap. XV.

THE PARSON COMFORTING.

THE Country Parson, when any of his cure is sick, or afflicted with loss of friend or estate, or any ways distressed, fails not to afford his best comforts : and rather goes to them, than sends for the afflicted ; though they can, and otherwise ought to come to him. To this end he hath thoroughly digested all the points of consolation, as having continual use of them ; such as are from God's general providence, extended even to lilies ;—from his particular, to his church ;—from his promises ;—from the examples of all saints that ever were ; — from Christ himself, perfecting our Redemption no other way than by sorrow ;—from the benefit of affliction, which softens and works the stubborn heart of man ;—from the certainty both of deliverance and reward, if we faint not ;—from the miserable comparison of the moment of griefs here, with the weight of joys hereafter. Besides this, in his visiting the sick, or otherwise afflicted, he followeth the Church's counsel, namely, in persuading them to particular confession ; labouring to make them under-

stand the great good use of this ancient and pious ordinance, and how necessary it is in some cases. He also urgeth them to do some pious charitable works, as a necessary evidence and fruit of their faith, at that time especially. The participation of the holy sacrament,—how comfortable and sovereign a medicine it is to all sin-sick souls ; what strength, and joy, and peace it administers against all temptations, even to death itself—he plainly and generally intimateth to the disaffected or sick person ; that so the hunger and thirst after it may come rather from themselves, than from his persuasion.

Chap. XVI.

THE PARSON A FATHER.

THE Country Parson is not only a father to his flock, but also professes himself thoroughly of the opinion, carrying it about with him as full as if he had begot his whole parish. And of this he makes great use. For, by this means, when any sins, he hateth him not as an officer, but pities him as a father. And even in those wrongs which either in tithing or

otherwise are done to his own person, he considers the offender as a child; and forgives, so he may have any sign of amendment. So also when, after many admonitions, any continue to be refractory, yet he gives him not over, but is long before he proceeds to disinheriting: or, perhaps, never goes so far, knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour; and therefore he still expects and waits, lest he should determine God's hour of coming; which, as he cannot, touching the last day, so neither touching the intermediate days of conversion.

Chap. XVII.

THE PARSON IN JOURNEY.

THE Country Parson, when a just occasion calleth him out of his parish (which he diligently and strictly weigheth, his parish being all his joy and thought), leaveth not his Ministry behind him; but is himself wherever he is. Therefore those he meets on the way he bleffeth audibly: and with those he overtakes, or that overtake him, he begins good discourses, such as may edify; interposing sometimes some short

and honest refreshments, which may make his other discourses more welcome, and less tedious. And when he comes to his inn, he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the glory of God to the company he is in by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying grace at meat; and at going to bed, by giving the host notice, that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake, they may resort thither. The like he doth in the morning; using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, that "Prayers and provender never hinder journey."

When he comes to any other house, where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the state thereof to Godward; and that in two points, First, what disorders there are either in apparel or diet, or too open a buttery, or reading vain books, or swearing, or breeding up children to no calling, but in idleness, or the like. Secondly, what means of piety, whether daily prayers be used, grace, reading of Scriptures, and other good books; how Sundays, holidays, and fasting days are kept. And, accordingly as he finds any defect in these, he first considers with himself what kind of remedy fits the temper of the house best, and then he faithfully and

boldly applieth it; yet seasonably and discreetly, by taking aside the lord or lady, or master and mistress of the house, and showing them clearly, that they respect them most who wish them best, and that not a desire to meddle with other's affairs, but the earnestness to do all the good he can, moves him to say thus and thus.

Chap. XVIII.

THE PARSON IN SENTINEL.

THE Country Parson, wherever he is, keeps God's watch; that is, there is nothing spoken or done in the company where he is, but comes under his test and censure. If it be well spoken or done, he takes occasion to commend and enlarge it; if ill, he presently lays hold of it, lest the poison steal into some young and unwary spirits, and possess them even before they themselves heed it. But this he doth discreetly, with mollifying and suppling words;—"This was not so well said, as it might have been forborne;"—"We cannot allow this." Or else, if the thing will admit interpretation,—“Your meaning is not thus, but thus;”—or “So far, indeed, what you say is true and well said;

but this will not stand." This is called keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company are discovered and avoided. This is to be on God's side, and be true to his party.—Besides, if he perceive in company any discourse tending to ill, either by the wickedness or quarrelsome ness thereof, he either prevents it judiciously, or breaks it off seasonably, by some diversion. Wherein a pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth; whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself, even to the loss of honour.

Chap. XIX.

THE PARSON IN REFERENCE.

THE Country Parson is sincere and upright in all his relations. And, First, he is just to his country; as when he is set at an armour or horse, he borrows them not to serve the turn, nor provides slight and unuseful, but such as are every way fitting to do his country true and laudable service, when occasion

requires. To do otherwise, is deceit; and therefore not for him who is hearty and true in all his ways, as being the servant of Him in whom there was no guile. Likewise in any other country-duty, he considers what is the end of any command, and then he suits things faithfully accordingly to that end.—Secondly, he carries himself very respectfully, as to all the fathers of the church, so especially to his diocesan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and resorting unto him in any difficulty, either in his studies or in his parish. He observes visitations; and, being there, makes due use of them, as of clergy councils for the benefit of the dioceses. And therefore, before he comes, having observed some defects in the ministry, he then either in sermon, if he preach, or at some other time of the day, propounds among his brethren what were fitting to be done.—Thirdly, he keeps good correspondence with all the neighbouring pastors round about him, performing for them any ministerial office, which is not to the prejudice of his own parish. Likewise he welcomes to his house any minister, how poor or mean soever, with as joyful a countenance, as if he were to entertain some great lord.—Fourthly, he fulfils the duty and debt of neighbourhood, to all the parishes which are near him. For,—the Apostle's rule* being admirable and large,

* Phil. iv. 8

that we should do “whatsoever things are honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise:” and neighbourhood being ever reputed, even among the heathen, as an obligation to do good, rather than to those that are farther, where things are otherwise equal,—therefore he satisfies this duty also. Especially, if God have sent any calamity, either by fire or famine, to any neighbouring parish, then he expects no brief, but taking his parish together the next Sunday or holiday, and exposing to them the uncertainty of human affairs, none knowing whose turn may be next,—and then, when he hath affrighted them with this, exposing the obligation of charity and neighbourhood, he first gives himself liberally, and then incites them to give; making together a sum either to be sent, or, which were more comfortable, altogether choosing some fit day to carry it themselves, and cheer the afflicted. So, if any neighbouring village be overburdened with poor, and his own less charged, he finds some way of relieving it, and reducing the manna and bread of charity to some equality; representing to his people that the blessing of God to them ought to make them the more charitable, and not the less, lest he cast their neighbour’s poverty on them also.

Chap. XX.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE Country Parson is in God's stead to his parish, and dischargeth God what he can of his promises. Wherefore there is nothing done, either well or ill, whereof he is not the rewarder or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester for it, if the giver be fit to receive it; or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him, when he hath forgotten it, "This I do, because at such and such a time you were charitable." This is in some sort a discharging of God as concerning this life, who hath promised that godliness shall be gainful: but, in the other, God is his own immediate paymaster, rewarding all good deeds to their full proportion. The Parson's punishing of sin and vice, is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courtesy from the parties offending, or by private or public reproof, as the case requires, than by causing them to be presented or otherwise complained of. And yet as the malice of the person, or heinousness of the

crime may be, he is careful to see condign punishment inflicted, and with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the person, hungereth and thirsteth after righteous punishment of unrighteousness. Thus, both in rewarding virtue and in punishing vice, the Parson endeavoureth to be in God's stead: knowing that country people are drawn or led by sense, more than by faith; by present rewards or punishments, more than by future.

Chap. XXI.

THE PARSON CATECHISING.

THE Country Parson values catechising highly. For,—there being three points of his duty: the one, to infuse a competent knowledge of salvation in every one of his flock; the other, to multiply and build up this knowledge to a spiritual temple; the third, to inflame this knowledge, to press and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life, by pithy and lively exhortations;—catechising is the first point, and, but by catechising, the other cannot be attained. Besides, whereas in sermons there is a kind of state, in catechising there is a humbleness very suitable to

Christian regeneration; which exceedingly delights him, as by way of exercise upon himself, and by way of preaching to himself, for the advancing of his own mortification; for in preaching to others, he forgets not himself, but is first a sermon to himself, and then to others, growing with the growth of his parish.

He useth and preferreth the ordinary church catechism; partly for obedience to authority, partly for uniformity sake, that the same common truths may be every where professed; especially since many remove from parish to parish, who, like Christian soldiers, are to give the word, and to satisfy the congregation by their catholic answers.—He exacts of all the doctrine of the catechism; of the younger sort, the very words; of the elder, the substance. Those he catechiseth publicly; these privately, giving age honour, according to the Apostle's rule.* He requires all to be present at catechising: first, for the authority of the work; secondly, that parents and masters, as they hear the answers prove, may when they come home either commend or reprove, either reward or punish; thirdly, that those of the elder sort, who are not well grounded, may then by an honourable way take occasion to be better instructed; fourthly, that those who are well grown in the knowledge of religion may examine their

* 1 Tim. v. 1.

grounds, renew their vows, and, by occasion of both, enlarge their meditations.

When once all have learned the words of the catechism, he thinks it the most useful way that a Pastor can take, to go over the same, but in other words, for many say the catechism by rote, as parrots, without ever piercing into the sense of it. In this course the order of the catechism would be kept, but the rest varied; as thus : In the creed—"How came this world to be as it is? Was it made, or came it by chance? Who made it? Did you see God make it? Then are there some things to be believed that are not seen? Is this the nature of belief? Is not Christianity full of such things as are not to be seen, but believed?—You said God made the world? Who is God?"—and so forward, requiring answers to all these; and helping and cherishing the answerer, by making the question very plain with comparisons; and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being used to one, would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the catechised will at length find delight; and by which the catechiser, if he once get the skill of it, will draw out of ignorant and silly souls even the dark and deep points of religion. Socrates did thus in philosophy, who held that the seeds of all truths lay in every body;

and accordingly, by questions well ordered, he found philosophy in silly tradesmen. That position will not hold in Christianity, because it contains things above nature; but after that the catechism is once learned, that which nature is towards philosophy, the catechism is towards divinity. To this purpose some dialogues in Plato were worth the reading, where the singular dexterity of Socrates in this kind may be observed and imitated. Yet the skill consists but in these three points. First, an aim and mark of the whole discourse, whither to drive the answerer (which the questionist must have in his mind before any question be propounded), upon which and to which the questions are to be chained. Secondly, a most plain and easy framing the question, even containing in virtue the answer also, especially to the more ignorant. Thirdly, when the answerer sticks, an illustrating the thing by something else which he knows, making what he knows to serve him in that which he knows not. As when the Parson once demanded, after other questions about man's misery, "Since man is so miserable, what is to be done?" and the answerer could not tell: he asked him again, what he would do if he were in a ditch. This familiar illustration made the answer so plain, that he was even ashamed of his ignorance; for he could not but say, he would haste out of it as fast as he

could. Then he proceeded to ask, whether he could get out of the ditch alone, or whether he needed a helper, and who was that helper.—This is the skill, and doubtless the Holy Scripture intends thus much when it condescends to the naming of a plough, a hatchet, a bushel, leaven, boys piping and dancing; showing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed, and serve for lights even of heavenly truths. This is the practice which the Parson so much commends to all his fellow-labourers; the secret of whose good consists in this, that at sermons and prayers men may sleep or wander; but when one is asked a question, he must discover what he is. This practice exceeds even sermons in teaching: but, there being two things in sermons, the one informing, the other inflaming; as sermons come short of questions in the one, so they far exceed them in the other. For questions cannot inflame or ravish; that must be done by a set, and laboured, and continued speech.

Chap. XXII.

THE PARSON IN SACRAMENTS.

THE Country Parson, being to administer the sacraments, is at a stand with himself, how or what behaviour to assume for so holy things. Especially at communion times he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer him. Neither finds he any issue in this, but to throw himself down at the throne of grace, saying, "Lord, thou knowest what thou didst, when thou appointedst it to be done thus ; therefore do thou fulfil what thou didst appoint : for thou art not only the feast, but the way to it."

At baptism, being himself in white, he requires the presence of all, and baptiseth not willingly but on Sundays or great days. He admits no vain or idle names, but such as are usual and accustomed. He says that prayer with great devotion, where God is thanked for calling us to the knowledge of his grace ; baptism being a blessing, that the world hath not the like. He willingly and cheerfully crosseth the child ; and thinketh the ceremony not only innocent, but reverend. He instructeth the godfathers and godmothers, that it is no

complimental or light thing to sustain that place, but a great honour, and no less burden; as being done both in the presence of God and his saints, and by way of undertaking for a Christian soul. He adviseth all to call to mind their baptism often. For if wise men have thought it the best way of preserving a state, to reduce it to its principles by which it grew great; certainly it is the safest course for Christians also to meditate on their baptism often (being the first step into their great and glorious calling), and upon what terms and with what vows they were baptized.

At the times of the holy communion, he first takes order with the churchwardens, that the elements be of the best; not cheap or coarse; much less ill-tasted, or unwholesome.—Secondly, he considers and looks into the ignorance or carelessness of his flock, and accordingly applies himself with catechisings and lively exhortations, not on the Sunday of the communion only (for then it is too late), but the Sunday, or Sundays, before the communion; or on the eves of all those days. If there be any who, having not received yet, are to enter into this great work, he takes the more pains with them, that he may lay the foundation of future blessings. The time of every one's first receiving is not so much by years, as by understanding. Particularly, the rule may be this. When any one can distinguish

the sacramental from common bread, knowing the institution and the difference, he ought to receive, of what age soever. Children and youths are usually deferred too long, under pretence of devotion to the sacrament; but it is for want of instruction: their understandings being ripe enough for ill things, and why not then for better? But parents and masters should make haste in this as to a great purchase for their children and servants: which while they defer both sides suffer—the one, in wanting may excite of grace; the other, in being worse served and obeyed. The saying of the catechism is necessary, but not enough; because to answer in form may still admit ignorance. But the questions must be propounded loosely and wildly, and then the answerer will discover what he is.—Thirdly, for the manner of receiving, as the Parson useth all reverence himself, so he administers to none but to the reverent. The feast indeed requires fitting, because it is a feast; but man's unpreparedness asks kneeling. He that comes to the sacrament hath the confidence of a guest; and he that kneels confesseth himself an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other feasters; and he that sits, or lies, puts up to an apostle. Contentiousness in a feast of charity is more scandal than any posture.—Fourthly, touching the frequency of the communion, the Parson

celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year: as, at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, before and after harvest, and the beginning of Lent. And this he doth, not only for the benefit of the work, but also for the discharge of the churchwardens; who being to present all who receive not thrice a year, if there be but three communions, neither can all the people so order their affairs as to receive just at those times, nor the churchwardens so well take notice, who receives thrice, and who not.

Chap. XXIII.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS.

THE Country Parson desires to be all to his parish; and not only a Pastor, but a Lawyer also, and a Physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but, in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end, he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience, and by reading some initiatory treatises in the law, with Dalton's Justice of Peace, and the abridgments of the

statutes ; as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some cases to ask, when he meets with them ; holding that rule, that to put men to discourse of that wherein they are most eminent, is the most gainful way of conversation. Yet, whenever any controversy is brought to him, he never decides it alone, but sends for three or four of the ablest of the parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first : out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold : and so the thing passeth with more authority and less envy. In judging, he follows that which is altogether right : so that if the poorest man of the parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it, as a judge ; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the Parson, and exhorts to charity. Nevertheless there may happen sometimes some cases wherein he chooseth to permit his parishioners rather to make use of the law than himself : as in cases of an obscure and dark nature, not easily determinable by lawyers themselves ; or in cases of high consequence, as establishing of inheritances ; or lastly, when the persons in difference are of a contentious disposition, and cannot be gained, but that they still fall from all compromises that have been made. But then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither

avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another.

Now, as the Parson is in law, so is he in sickness also. If there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician,—or at least his wife; of whom, instead of the qualities of the world, he asks no other, but to have the skill of healing a wound, or helping the sick. But if neither himself nor his wife have the skill, and his means serve, he keeps some young practitioner in his house, for the benefit of his parish; whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in difficult cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correspondence with some neighbour physician, and entertains him for the cure of his parish. Yet it is easy for any scholar to attain to such a measure of physic, as may be of much use to him, both for himself and others. This is done by seeing one anatomy, reading one book of physic, having one herbal by him. And let Fernelius be the physic author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously; especially let his "Method of Physic" be diligently perused, as being the practical part, and of most use. Now, both the reading of him and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times, as they may be a help and a recreation to more divine studies, nature serving grace both in comfort of diversion, and the benefit of application

when need requires it; as also by way of illustration, even as our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people. For he was the true "householder, who bringeth out of his treasury things new and old;" the old things of philosophy, and the new of grace; and maketh the one serve the other. And, I conceive, our Saviour did this for three reasons. First, that by familiar things he might make his doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that labouring people, whom he chiefly considered, might have every where monuments of his doctrine; remembering, in gardens, his mustard-seed and lilies; in the field, his seed-corn and tares: and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that he might set a copy for parsons.—In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing would be carefully observed; which is, to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop. For home-bred medicines are both more easy for the Parson's purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the apothecary useth, either for loosing, rhubarb; or for binding, bolearmena: the Parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and

plantain, shepherd's-purse, knot-grafs for the other, and that with better fucces. As for spices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family: esteeming that there is no spice comparable, for herbs, to rosemary, thyme, favory, mints; and for feeds, to fennel, and caraway-feeds. Accordingly, for falves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yerrow, melilot, and St. John's-wort, made into a falve; and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey, and smallage, made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the Parson and his family use to premise prayers; for this is to cure like a Parson, and this raiseth the action from the shop to the church.— But though the Parson sets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in this point of curing beyond his own parish; except the person be so poor that he is not able to reward the physician. For, as he is charitable, so he is just also. Now it is a justice and debt to the commonwealth he lives in, not to encroach on others' professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of charity.

Chap. XXIV.

THE PARSON ARGUING.

THE Country Parson, if there be any of his parish that hold strange doctrines, useth all possible diligence to reduce them to the common faith.—The first means he useth is prayer; beseeching the Father of Lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them, that it may effectually pierce their hearts, and convert them.—The second means, is a very loving and sweet usage of them, both in going to and sending for them often, and in finding out courtesies to place on them; as in their tithes, or otherwise.—The third means is the observation what is the main foundation and pillar of their cause, whereon they rely: as, if he be a Papist, the Church is the hinge he turns on; if a schismatic, scandal. Wherefore the Parson hath diligently examined these two with himself. As, what the Church is: how it began; how it proceeded; whether it be a rule to itself; whether it hath a rule; whether, having a rule, it ought not to be guided by it; whether any rule in the world be obscure; and how then should the best

be so; at least in fundamental things: the obscurity in some points being the exercise of the Church, the light in the foundations being the guide: the Church needing both an evidence and an exercise.—So, for scandal:—what scandal is; when given or taken; whether, there being two precepts, one of obeying authority, the other of not given scandal, that ought not to be preferred,—especially since in disobeying there is scandal also; whether things, once indifferent, being made by the precept of authority more than indifferent, it be in our power to omit or refuse them. These and the like points he hath accurately digested; having ever, besides, two great helps and powerful persuaders on his side. The one, a strict religious life; the other, an humble and ingenuous search of truth, being unmoved in arguing, and void of all contentiousness: which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the misled, while they consider, that God cannot be wanting to them in doctrine, to whom he is so gracious in life.

Chap. XXV.

THE PARSON PUNISHING.

WHENSOEVER the Country Parson proceeds so far as to call in authority, and to do such things of legal opposition, either in the presenting or punishing of any, as the vulgar ever construes for signs of ill-will, he forbears not in any wise to use the delinquent as before, in his behaviour and carriage towards him, not avoiding his company, or doing any thing of averfeness, save in the very act of punishment. Neither doth he esteem him for an enemy, but as a brother still; except some small and temporary estranging may corroborate the punishment to a better subduing and humbling of the delinquent. Which if it happily take effect, he then comes on the faster, and makes so much the more of him, as before he alienated himself; doubling his regards, and showing, by all means, that the delinquent's return is to his advantage.

Chap. XXVI.

THE PARSON'S EYE.

THE Country Parson, at spare times from action, standing on a hill and considering his flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices, whose natures are always clear and evident; as adultery, murder, hatred, lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning, are dark and obscure; as covetousness, and gluttony. So likewise there are some persons, who abstain not even from known sins: there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long in knowing it, being partial to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them for it. A man may be both covetous and intemperate, and yet hear sermons against both, and himself condemn both in good earnest. And the reason hereof is, because the nature of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observable; and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the sudden passing from that which was

just now lawful, to that which is presently unlawful, even in one continued action. So, a man dining eats at first lawfully: but, proceeding on comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware; not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawful. So, a man storing up money for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family, and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawful: yet is there a period for his storing, and a point or centre when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad. — Wherefore the Parson, being true to his business, hath exactly sifted the definitions of all virtues and vices; especially canvassing those whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain. Particularly, concerning these two vices: not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but, for example sake, and because they are most common; he thus thinks:—

First, for covetousness, he lays this ground. Whoever, when a just occasion calls, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's blessing upon him, is covetous. The reason of the ground is manifest; because wealth is given to that end, to supply our occasions. Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuse the creature; I am false to my reason,

which should guide me ; I offend the Supreme Judge, in perverting that order which he hath set both to things and to reason. The application of the ground would be infinite. But, in brief, a poor man is an occasion ; my country is an occasion ; my friend is an occasion ; my table is an occasion ; my apparel is an occasion. If in all these, and those more which concern me, I either do nothing, or pinch, and scrape, and squeeze blood, undecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am covetous. More particularly, and to give one instance for all ; If God have given me servants, and I either provide too little for them, or that which is unwholesome, being sometimes baned meat, sometimes too salt, and so not competent nourishment, I am covetous. I bring this example, because men usually think, that servants for their money are as other things that they buy ; even as a piece of wood, which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire ; and, so they pay them their wages, all is well.—Nay, to descend yet more particularly ; if a man hath wherewithal to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's, and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly ; which yet ought to be done, since there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment.

Country people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another, and spare themselves. And scholars ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their general school-rules even to the smallest actions of life: which, while they dwell in their books, they will never find; but, being seated in the country, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover; especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment.

Secondly, for gluttony, the Parson lays this ground. He that either for quantity eats more than his health or employment will bear, or for quality is lickerish after dainties, is a glutton;—as he that eats more than his estate will bear, is a prodigal; and he that eats offensively to the company, either in his order or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of eating; and the truth of them needs no proof. So that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs, (which, being overburdened, or studying dainties too much, they cannot well despatch,) nor of their estate, nor of their brethren. One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a glutton. Many think they are at more liberty than they are, as if they were masters of their health; and, so they will stand

to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt, comprehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnatural to hurt one's self; and this they are not masters of. Yet of hurtful things, I am more bound to abstain from those which by mine own experience I have found hurtful, than from those which by a common tradition and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so.—That which is said of hurtful meats, extends to hurtful drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our employments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of divine duties, or duties of their calling. So that, if after dinner, they are not fit (or unwieldy) either to pray or work, they are gluttons. Not that all must presently work after dinner. For they rather must not work, especially students, and those that are weakly. But that they must rise so, as that it is not meat or drink that hinders them from working. To guide them in this, there are three rules. First, the custom and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest. The second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating; which because it is deceitful (for one thinks in eating that he can eat more than afterwards he finds true). The third is the observation with what appetite they sit down. This last rule, joined with the first, never fails. For, knowing what one usually can well digest, and feel-

ing when I go to meat in what disposition I am, either hungry or not; according as I feel myself, either I take my wonted proportion or diminish of it. Yet physicians bid those that would live in health, not keep a uniform diet, but to feed variously; now more, now less. And Gerson, a spiritual man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much, than to too little; his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous than diseases of repletion. But the Parson distinguisheth according to his double aim; either of abstinence a moral virtue, or mortification a divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnal, he gives him those freer rules. But when he meets with a refined and heavenly disposition, he carries them higher, even sometimes to a forgetting of themselves; knowing that there is one who, when they forget, remembers for them. As when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's doctrine, and tarried so long at it that they would have fainted had they returned empty, he suffered it not; but rather made food miraculously, than suffer so good desires to miscarry.

Chap. XXVII.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

THE Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ; his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was. Or, if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, Sin and Misery; God dishonoured every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good: not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity; but also for that, when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner, and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

Chap. XXVIII.

THE PARSON IN CONTEMPT.

THE Country Parson knows well, that—both for the general ignominy which is cast upon the profession, and much more for those rules which out of his choicest judgment he hath resolved to observe, and which are described in this book,—he must be despised. Because this hath been the portion of God his Master, and of God's saints his brethren; and this is foretold, that it shall be so still, until things be no more. Nevertheless, according to the Apostle's rule, he endeavours that none shall despise him; especially in his own parish he suffers it not, to his utmost power; for that, where contempt is, there is no room for instruction. This he procures, First, by his holy and unblamable life; which carries a reverence with it, even above contempt. Secondly, by a courteous carriage and winning behaviour. He that will be respected, must respect: doing kindnesses, but receiving none, at least of those who are apt to despise; for this argues a height and eminency of mind, which is not easily despised, except it degenerate to pride. Thirdly, by a

bold and impartial reproof, even of the best in the parish, when occasion requires : for this may produce hatred in those that are reprov'd, but never contempt, either in them or others. Lastly, if the contempt shall proceed so far as to do any thing punishable by law, as contempt is apt to do if it be not thwarted, the Parson, having a due respect both to the person and to the cause, referreth the whole matter to the examination and punishment of those which are in authority ; that so, the sentence lighting upon one, the example may reach to all.

But if the contempt be not punishable by law ; or, being so, the Parson think it in his discretion either unfit or bootless to contend ; then when any despises him, he takes it either in an humble way, saying nothing at all ;—or else in a slighting way, showing that reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is and lives ;—or in a sad way, grieved at his own and others' sins, which continually break God's laws, and dishonour him with those mouths which he continually fills and feeds :—or else in a doctrinal way, saying to the contemner, “ Alas ! why do you thus ? you hurt yourself, not me ; he that throws a stone at another, hits himself ; ” and so, between gentle reasoning and pitying, he overcomes the evil ;—or, lastly, in a triumphant way, being glad

and joyful that he is made conformable to his Master, and, being in the world as he was, hath this undoubted pledge of his salvation. These are the five shields, wherewith the godly receive the darts of the wicked: leaving anger, and retorting, and revenge, to the children of the world; whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive, without any resistance, even in resistance, to the same destruction. For, while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worse enemy.

Chap. XXIX.

THE PARSON WITH HIS CHURCH- WARDENS.

THE Country Parson doth often, both publicly and privately, instruct his churchwardens what a great charge lies upon them; and that, indeed, the whole order and discipline of the parish is put into their hands. If himself reform any thing, it is out of the overflowing of his conscience; whereas they are to do it by command, and by oath. Neither hath the place its dignity from the ecclesiastical laws only: since even by the common statute-law they are taken for a kind

of corporation, as being persons enabled by that name to take movable goods or chattels, and to sue and to be sued at the law concerning such goods, for the use and profit of their parish; and by the same law, they are to levy penalties for negligence in resorting to church, or for disorderly carriage in time of divine service. Wherefore the Parson suffers not the place to be vilified or debased, by being cast on the lower rank of people: but invites and urges the best unto it, showing that they do not lose or go less, but gain by it;—it being the greatest honour of this world, to do God and his chosen service; or as David says, “to be” even “a doorkeeper in the house of God.”—Now the canons being the churchwardens’ rule, the Parson adviseth them to read or hear them read often, as also the visitation articles, which are grounded upon the canons; that so they may know their duty and keep their oath the better. In which regard, considering the great consequence of their place, and more of their oath, he wisheth them by no means to spare any, though never so great; but if after gentle and neighbourly admonitions, they still persist in ill, to present them; yea though they be tenants, or otherwise engaged to the delinquent; for their obligation to God and their own soul is above any temporal tie, “Do well and right, and let the world sink.”

Chap. XXX.

THE PARSON'S CONSIDERATION OF
PROVIDENCE.

THE Country Parson—considering the great aptness country people have to think that all things come by a kind of natural course; and that if they sow and foil their grounds, they must have corn: if they keep and fodder well their cattle, they must have milk, and calves,—labours to reduce them to see God's hand in all things; and to believe, that things are not set in such an inevitable order, but that God often changeth it accordingly as he sees fit, either for reward or punishment. To this end he represents to his flock that God hath and exerciseth a threefold power, in everything which concerns man. The first is a sustaining power; the second, a governing power; the third, a spiritual power. By his sustaining power, he preserves and actuates every thing in his being. So that corn doth not grow by any other virtue, than by that which he continually supplies, as the corn needs it; without which supply, the corn would instantly dry up, as a river would if the fountain were stopped.

And it is observable, that, if any thing could presume of an inevitable course and constancy in its operations, certainly it should be either the sun in heaven, or the fire on earth ; by reason of their fierce, strong, and violent natures. Yet when God pleased, the sun stood still, the fire burned not.—By God's governing power, he preserves and orders the references of things one to the other. So that, though the corn do grow, and be preserved in that act by his sustaining power, yet if he suit not other things to the growth (as seasons and weather, and other accidents) by his governing power, the fairest harvests come to nothing. And it is observable, that God delights to have men feel, and acknowledge, and reverence his power ; and therefore he often overturns things, when they are thought past danger. That is his time of interposing. As when a merchant hath a ship come home, after many a storm which it hath escaped, he destroys it sometimes in the very haven ; or, if the goods be housed, a fire hath broken forth and suddenly consumed them. Now this he doth, that men should perpetuate, and not break off, their acts of dependence ; how fair soever the opportunities present themselves. So that if a farmer should depend upon God all the year, and being ready to put hand to sickle, shall then secure himself, and think all certain ; then God sends such weather as lays the corn

and destroys it. Or if he depend on God farther, even till he imbarn his corn, and then think all sure; then God sends a fire, and consumes all that he hath. For that he ought not to break off, but to continue, his dependence on God; not only before the corn is housed, but after also; and, indeed, to depend and fear continually.—The third power is spiritual, by which God turns all outward blessings to inward advantages. So that if a farmer hath a fair harvest, and that also well inned and imbarned, and continuing safe there; yet, if God give him not grace to use and utter this well, all his advantages are to his loss. Better were his corn burnt, than not spiritually improved. And it is observable in this, how God's goodness strives with man's refractoriness. Man would sit down at this world; God bids him sell it and purchase a better. Just as a father, who hath in his hand an apple, and a piece of gold under it; the child comes, and with pulling gets the apple out of his father's hand; his father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it; which the child utterly refusing, eats it, and is troubled with worms:—so is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of conscience in the next.

Chap. XXXI.

THE PARSON IN LIBERTY.

THE Country Parson, observing the manifold wiles of Satan, who plays his part, sometimes in drawing God's servants from him, sometimes in perplexing them in the service of God, stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. This liberty he compasseth by one distinction; and that is, of what is necessary, and what is additionary. As for example: it is necessary, that all Christians should pray twice a day, every day of the week, and four times on Sunday, if they be well. This is so necessary and essential to a Christian, that he cannot, without this, maintain himself in a Christian state. Besides this, the godly have ever added some hours of prayer; as at nine, or at three, or at midnight, or as they think fit, and see cause,—or, rather, as God's Spirit leads them. But these prayers are not necessary, but additionary. Now it so happens, that the godly petitioner, upon some emergent interruption in the day, or by oversleeping himself at night, omits his additionary prayer. Upon this, his mind begins to be perplexed and trou-

bled ; and Satan, who knows the exigency, blows the fire, endeavouring to disorder the Christian, and put him out of his station, and to enlarge the perplexity, until it spread, and taint his other duties of piety, which none can perform so well in trouble as in calmness. Here the Parson interposeth with his distinction ; and shows the perplexed Christian, that—this prayer being additionary, not necessary ; taken in, not commanded—the omission thereof upon just occasion ought by no means to trouble him. God knows the occasion as well as he ; and he is as a gracious father, who more accepts a common course of devotion, than dislikes an occasional interruption. And of this he is so to assure himself, as to admit no scruple, but to go on as cheerfully as if he had not been interrupted. By this it is evident that the distinction is of singular use and comfort ; especially to pious minds, which are ever tender and delicate.—But here there are two cautions to be added. First, that this interruption proceed not out of slackness or coldness : which will appear if the pious soul foresee and prevent such interruptions, what he may, before they come ; and when, for all that, they do come, he be a little affected therewith, but not afflicted or troubled ; if he resent it to a dislike, but not a grief. Secondly, that this interruption proceed not out of shame. As for example : a

godly man, not out of superstition, but of reverence to God's house, resolves whenever he enters into a church, to kneel down and pray; either blessing God, that he will be pleased to dwell among men; or beseeching him that whenever he repairs to his house, he may behave himself so as befits so great a presence; and this briefly. But it happens that, near the place where he is to pray, he spies some scoffing ruffian, who is likely to deride him for his pains. If he now shall, either for fear or shame, break his custom, he shall do passing ill; so much the rather ought he to proceed, as that by this he may take into his prayer humiliation also. On the other side, if I am to visit the sick in haste, and my nearest way lie through the church, I will not doubt to go without staying to pray there, but only, as I pass, in my heart, because this kind of prayer is additional, not necessary; and the other duty overweighs it, so that, if any scruple arise, I will throw it away, and be most confident that God is not displeased.

This distinction may run through all Christian duties; and it is a great stay and settling to religious souls.

Chap. XXXII.

THE PARSON'S SURVEYS.

THE Country Parson hath not only taken a particular survey of the faults of his own parish, but a general also of the diseases of the time ; that so, when his occasions carry him abroad, or bring strangers to him, he may be the better armed to encounter them.—The great and national sin of this land, he esteems to be idleness : great in itself, and great in consequence ; for when men have nothing to do, then they fall to drink, to steal, to whore, to scoff, to revile, to all sorts of gaming. “Come,” say they, “we have nothing to do ; let’s go to the tavern, or to the stews ;” or what not. Wherefore the Parson strongly opposeth this sin, wheresoever he goes.

And because idleness is twofold—the one in having no calling, the other in walking carelessly in our calling,—he first represents to every body the necessity of a vocation. The reason of this assertion is taken from the nature of man ; wherein God hath placed two great instruments, reason in the soul, and a hand in the body, as engagements of working. So that even in paradise man had a calling ; and how much more

out of paradise, when the evils which he is now subject unto, may be prevented or diverted by reasonable employment? Besides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our Master's advantage. Yet is it also a debt to our country to have a calling: and it concerns the commonwealth, that none should be idle, but all busied. Lastly, riches are the blessing of God, and the great instrument of doing admirable good; therefore, all are to procure them honestly and seasonably, when they are not better employed. Now this reason crosseth not our Saviour's precept of selling what we have; because, when we have sold all and given it to the poor, we must not be idle, but labour to get more, that we may give more; according to St. Paul's rule.* So that our Saviour's selling is so far from crossing St. Paul's working, that it rather establisheth it; since they that have nothing, are fittest to work.

Now because the only opposer of this doctrine is the gallant, who is witty enough to abuse both others and himself, and who is ready to ask, if he shall mend shoes, or what he shall do; therefore the Parson, unmoved, showeth, that ingenuous and fit employment is never wanting to those that seek it. But if it should be, the assertion stands thus: all are either to have

* Eph. iv. 28; 1 Thes. iv. 11, 12.

a calling, or prepare for it; he that hath or can have yet no employment, if he truly and seriously prepare for it, he is safe and within bounds. Wherefore all are either presently to enter into a calling, if they be fit for it, and it for them; or else to examine, with care and advice, what they are fittest for, and to prepare for that with all diligence.

But it will not be amiss, in this exceeding useful point, to descend to particulars; for exactness lies in particulars.

Men are either single or married. The married and housekeeper hath his hands full, if he do what he ought to do. For there are two branches of his affairs: first, the improvement of his family, by bringing them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; and secondly, the improvement of his grounds, by drowing, or draining, stocking, or fencing, and ordering his land to the best advantage both of himself and his neighbours. The Italian says, "None fouls his hands in his own business." And it is an honest and just care, so it exceed not bounds, for every one to employ himself to the advancement of his affairs, that he may have wherewithal to do good. But his family is his best care: to labour Christian souls, and to raise them to their height, even to heaven; to dress and prune them, and take as much joy in a straight-growing child or servant, as a

gardener doth in a choice tree. Could men find out this delight, they would seldom be from home; whereas now, of any place, they are least there. But if, after all this care well despatched, the housekeeper's family be so small, and his dexterity so great, that he have leisure to look out; the village or parish which either he lives in, or is near unto it, is his employment. He considers every one there; and either helps them in particular, or hath general propositions to the whole town or hamlet of advancing the public stock, and managing commons or woods, according as the place suggests. But if he may be of the commission of peace, there is nothing to that. No commonwealth in the world hath a better institution than that of justices of the peace. For it is both a security to the King who hath so many dispersed officers at his back throughout the kingdom, accountable for the public good; and also an honourable employment of a gentle or noble man in the country he lives in, enabling him with power to do good, and to restrain all those who else might both trouble him and the whole estate. Wherefore it behoves all, who are come to the gravity and ripeness of judgment for so excellent a place, not to refuse, but rather to procure it. And, whereas there are usually three objections made against the place; the one, the abuse of it, by taking petty county bribes; the

other, the casting of it on mean persons, especially in some shires; and lastly, the trouble of it:—these are so far from deterring any good man from the place, that they kindle them rather to redeem the dignity either from true faults or unjust aspersions.

Now, for single men, their are either heirs or younger brothers,—the heirs are to prepare in all the fore-mentioned points against the time of their practice. Therefore they are to mark their father's discretion in ordering his house and affairs; and also elsewhere, when they see any remarkable point of education or good husbandry, and to transplant it in time to his own home; with the same care as others, when they meet with good fruit, get a graft of the tree, enriching their orchard, and neglecting their house. Besides, they are to read books of law and justice; especially the Statutes at Large. As for better books, of divinity, they are not in this consideration; because we are about a calling, and a preparation thereunto. But, chiefly and above all things, they are to frequent sessions and assizes. For it is both an honour which they owe to the reverend judges and magistrates to attend them, at least in their shire: and it is a great advantage to know the practice of the land; for our law is practice. Sometimes he may go to court, as the eminent place both of good and ill. At other times he is to

travel over the king's dominions ; cutting out the kingdom into portions, which every year he surveys piecemeal. When there is a parliament, he is to endeavour by all means to be a knight or burgefs there ; for there is no school to a parliament. And when he is there, he must not only be a morning man, but at committees also ; for there the particulars are exactly discussed, which are brought from thence to the house but in general. When none of these occasions call him abroad, every morning that he is at home, he must either ride the great horse, or exercise some of his military gestures. For all gentlemen, that are not weakened and disarmed with sedentary lives, are to know the use of their arms: and as the husbandman labours for them, so must they fight for, and defend him, when occasion calls. This is the duty of each to other, which they ought to fulfil: and the Parson is a lover and exciter to justice in all things: even as John the Baptist squared out to every one, even to soldiers, what to do. As for younger brothers, those whom the Parson finds loose, and not engaged in some profession by their parents, whose neglect in this point is intolerable, and a shameful wrong both to the commonwealth and their own house, to them, after he hath showed the unlawfulness of spending the day in dressing, complimenting, visiting, and sporting, he

first commends the study of civil law, as a brave and wise knowledge; the professors whereof were much employed by Queen Elizabeth; because it is the key of commerce, and discovers the rules of foreign nations. Secondly, he commends the mathematics, as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the best spirits. After the several knowledge of these, he adviseth to insist and dwell chiefly on the two noble branches thereof, of fortification and navigation: the one being useful to all countries, and the other especially to islands. But if the young gallant think these courses dull and phlegmatic, where can he busy himself better than in those new plantations and discoveries, which are not only a noble, but also, as they may be handled, a religious employment? Or let him travel into Germany and France; and, observing the artifices and manufactures there, transplant them hither, as divers have done lately, to our country's advantage.

Chap. XXXIII.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY.

THE Country Parson's library is a HOLY LIFE ; for (besides the blessing that that brings upon it,—there being a promise, that if the kingdom of God be first fought, all other things shall be added) even itself is a sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beset, and the ways which he useth to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference or in the church, are a sermon. He that hath considered how to carry himself at table about his appetite, if he tells this to another, preacheth ; and much more feelingly and judiciously, than he writes his rules of temperance out of books. So that the Parson having studied and mastered all his lusts and affections within, and the whole army of temptations without, hath ever so many sermons ready penned, as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in physick. He that hath been sick of a consumption, and knows what recovered him, is a physician, so far as he meets with the same disease and temper ; and can much better and particularly do it, than he that is generally learned, and

was never sick. And if the same person had been sick of all diseases, and were recovered of all, by things that he knew ; there were no such physician as he, both for skill and tendernefs. Just so it is in divinity ; and that not without manifest reason. For though the temptations may be diverse in divers Christians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the self-same Spirit.

Neither is this true only in the military state of a Christian life, but even in the peaceable also, when the servant of God, freed for awhile from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Thus the Parson, considering that repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, having for his own use examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And, particularly, having doubted sometimes whether his repentance were true, or at least in that degree it ought to be ;—since he found himself sometimes to weep more for the loss of some temporal things, than for offending God ;—he came at length to this resolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the body, even as the original signifies ; and that the chief thing which God in the Scriptures requires, is the heart and the spirit, and to worship him in truth and spirit. Wherefore, in case a Christian endeavour to weep and cannot, since we are not masters of our own bodies, this suf-

ficeth. And consequently he found, that the essence of repentance, (that it may be alike in all God's children,—which as concerning weeping it cannot be, some being of a more melting temper than others) consisteth in a true detestation of the soul, abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning unto God in truth of heart and newness of life ; which acts of repentance are and must be found in all God's servants. Not that weeping is not useful, where it can be (that so the body may join in the grief, as it did in the sin), but that, so the other acts be, that is not necessary. So that he as truly repents, who performs the other acts of repentance, when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears.—This instruction and comfort the Parson getting for himself, when he tells it to others, becomes a sermon. The like he doth in other Christian virtues, as of faith and love, and the cases of conscience belonging thereto : wherein, as St. Paul implies that he ought, Rom. ii., he first preacheth to himself, and then to others.

Chap. XXXIV.

THE PARSON'S DEXTERITY IN
APPLYING OF REMEDIES.

THE Country Parson knows, that there is a double state of a Christian even in this life; the one military, the other peaceable. The military is, when we are assaulted with temptations, either from within or from without. The peaceable is, when the devil for a time leaves us, as he did our Saviour, and the angels minister to us their own food, even joy, and peace, and comfort in the Holy Ghost. These two states were in our Saviour, not only in the beginning of his preaching but afterward also (as Matt. xxii. 35, he was tempted: and Luke x. 21, he rejoiced in spirit); and they must be likewise in all that are his. Now the Parson having a spiritual judgment, according as he discovers any of his flock to be in one and the other state, so he applies himself to them.

Those that he finds in the peaceable state, he adviseth to be very vigilant, and not to let go the reins as soon as the horse goes easy. Particularly, he counselleth them to two things. First, to take heed lest their

quiet betray them, as it is apt to do, to a coldness and carelessness in their devotions; but to labour still to be as fervent in Christian duties, as they remember themselves were, when affliction did blow the coals. Secondly, not to take the full compass and liberty of their peace: not to eat of all those dishes at table, which even their present health otherwise admits; nor to store their house with all those furnitures, which even their present plenty of wealth otherwise admits; nor, when they are among them that are merry, to extend themselves to all that mirth, which the present occasion of wit and company otherwise admits: but to put bounds and hoops to their joys; so will they last the longer, and, when they depart, return the sooner. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; and if we would bound ourselves, we should not be bounded. But if they should fear that, at such or such a time, their peace and mirth have carried them farther than this moderation; then to take Job's admirable course, who sacrificed, lest his children should have transgressed in their mirth. So let them go, and find some poor afflicted soul, and there be bountiful and liberal; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Those that the Parson finds in the military state, he fortifies, and strengthens with his utmost skill.—Now, in those that are tempted, whatsoever is unruly falls upon two heads. Either they think that there is none

that can or will look after things, but all goes by chance or wit; or else, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet to them he is lost; as if they said, God doth forsake and persecute them, and there is none to deliver them.

If the Parson suspect the first, and find sparks of such thoughts now and then to break forth, then, without opposing directly, for disputation is no cure for atheism, he scatters in his discourse three sorts of arguments; the first taken from Nature, the second from the Law, the third from Grace.—For Nature, he sees not how a house could be either built without a builder, or kept in repair without a housekeeper. He conceives not possibly, how the winds should blow so much as they can, and the sea rage so much as it can; and all things do what they can, and all, not only without dissolution of the whole, but also of any part, by taking away so much as the usual seasons of summer and winter, earing and harvest. Let the weather be what it will, still we have bread; though sometimes more, sometimes less; wherewith also a careful Joseph might meet. He conceives not possibly how he, that would believe a Divinity, if he had been at the creation of allthings, should less believe it, seeing the preservation of all things. For preservation is a creation; and more, it is a continued creation, and a creation every moment.—Secondly, for the Law, there may be so

evident, though unused, a proof of divinity taken from thence, that the atheist or epicurean can have nothing to contradict. The Jews yet live, and are known. They have their law and language bearing witness to them; and they do it. They are circumcised to this day; and expect the promises of the Scripture. Their country also is known; the places and rivers travelled unto and frequented by others, but to them an impenetrable rock, an inaccessible desert. Wherefore if the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them; and then who can deny the stretched out arm of a mighty God? especially since it may be a just doubt, whether, considering the stubbornness of the nation, their living then in their country under so many miracles were a stranger thing, than their present exile, and disability to live in their country. And it is observable, that this very thing was intended by God; that the Jews should be his proof, and witnesses, as he calls them (Isa. xliii. 12). And their very dispersion in all lands was intended, not only for a punishment to them, but as an exciting of others, by their sight, to the acknowledging of God and his power;* and therefore this kind of punishment was chosen rather than any other.—Thirdly, for Grace. Besides the continual succession, since the gospel, of holy men who

* Ps. lix. 11.

have borne witness to the truth (there being no reason why any should distrust St. Luke, Tertullian, or Chrysostom, more than Tully, Virgil, or Livy); there are two prophecies in the Gospel, which evidently argue Christ's divinity by their success. The one, concerning the woman that spent the ointment on our Saviour; for which he told, that it should never be forgotten, but with the Gospel itself be preached to all ages.* The other, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; of which our Saviour said, that that generation should not pass, till all was fulfilled: "† which Josephus' story confirmeth, and the continuance of which verdict is yet evident. To these might be added the preaching of the Gospel in all nations; ‡ which we see even miraculously effected in these new discoveries, God turning men's covetousness and ambitions to the effecting of his word. Now a prophecy is a wonder sent to posterity, lest they complain of want of wonders. It is a letter sealed, and sent; which to the bearer is but paper, but to the receiver and opener is full of power. He that saw Christ open a blind man's eyes, saw not more divinity, than he that reads the woman's ointment in the Gospel, or sees Jerusalem restored.— With some of these heads, enlarged and woven into

* Matt. xxvi. 13.

† Luke xxi. 32.

‡ Matt. xxiv. 14.

his discourse, at several times and occasions the Parson settleth wavering minds.

But if he sees them nearer desperation than atheism—not so much doubting a God, as that he is theirs—then he dives into the boundless ocean of God's love, and the unspeakable riches of his loving kindness. He hath one argument unanswerable. If God hate them, either he doth it as they are creatures, dust and ashes; or as they are sinful. As creatures, he must needs love them; for no perfect artist ever yet hated his own work. As sinful, he must much more love them: because, notwithstanding his infinite hate of sin, his love overcame that hate; and with an exceeding great victory, which in the creation needed not, gave them love for love, even the Son of his love out of his bosom of love. So that man, which way soever he turns, hath two pledges of God's love; that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established; the one in his being, the other in his sinful being; and this, as the more faulty in him, so the more glorious in God. And all may certainly conclude that God loves them, till either they despise that love, or despair of his mercy. Not any sin else, but is within his love; but the despising of love must needs be without it. The thrusting away of his arm makes us only not embraced.

Chap. XXXV.

THE PARSON'S CONDESCENDING.

THE Country Parson is a lover of old customs, if they be good and harmless: and the rather, because country people are much addicted to them; so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom, that may be severed from the good, he pares the apple, and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves procession, and maintains it; because there are contained therein four manifest advantages. First, a blessing of God for the fruits of the field: secondly, justice in the preservation of bounds: thirdly, charity in loving, walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another: with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any: fourthly, mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal distribution and largesse, which at that time is or ought to be used. Wherefore, he exacts of all to be present at the perambulation: and those, that withdraw and sever themselves from it, he mislikes and reproves as uncharitably and unneighbourly; and, if they will not

reform, presents them. Nay, he is so far from condemning such assemblies, that he rather procures them to be often; as knowing that absence breeds strangeness, but presence love. Now love is his business and aim. Wherefore he likes well that his parish at good times invite one another to their houses; and he urgeth them to it. And sometimes, where he knows there hath been or is a little difference, he takes one of the parties, and goes with him to the other; and all dine or sup together. There is much preaching in this friendliness.

Another old custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, "God send us the light of heaven!" and the Parson likes this very well. Neither is he afraid of praising or praying to God at all times, but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great blessing; and as great as food, for which we give thanks: and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form, as being old and obsolete, and not the fashion, he reforms and teaches them, that at baptism they professed not to be ashamed of Christ's cross, or for any shame to leave that which is good. He that is ashamed in small things, will extend his puffanimity to greater. Rather should a Christian soldier take such occasions to harden himself, and to further his exercises of mortification.

Chap. XXXVI.

THE PARSON BLESSING.

THE Country Parson wonders, that blessing the people is in so little use with his brethren; whereas he thinks it not only a grave and reverend thing, but a beneficial also. Those who use it not, do so either out of niceness, because they like the salutations, and compliments, and forms of worldly language better;—which conformity and fashionableness is so exceeding unbecoming a minister, that it deserves reproof, not refutation;—or else, because they think it empty and superfluous. But that which the apostles used so diligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour himself used,* cannot be vain and superfluous. But this was not proper to Christ or the apostles only, no more than to be a spiritual father was appropriated to them. And if temporal fathers bless their children, how much more may, and ought, spiritual fathers! Besides, the priests of the Old Testament were commanded to bless the people, and the form thereof is prescribed.† Now, as the apostle argues in another

* Mark x. 16.

† Num. vi.

case, if the ministration of condemnation did bless, how shall not the ministration of the Spirit exceed in blessing? The fruit of this blessing good Hannah found, and received with great joy,* though it came from a man disallowed by God: for it was not the person, but priesthood, that blessed; so that even ill priests may bless. 'Neither have the ministers power of blessing only, but also of cursing. So, in the Old Testament, Elifha cursed the children; † which, though our Saviour reprov'd, as unbecoming for his particular, who was to show all humility before his passion, yet he allows it in his apostles. And therefore St. Peter us'd that fearful imprecation to Simon Magus; ‡ "Thy money perish with thee:" and the event confirm'd it. So did St. Paul; § speaking of Alexander the copper-smith, who had withstood his preaching, "The Lord," saith he, "reward him according to his works." And again, of Hymeneus and Alexander, he saith, he had "delivered them to Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme." The forms both of blessing and cursing are expounded in the common Prayer-book; the one, in "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. and "The peace of God," &c. : the other, in general, in the Commination.

* 1 Sam. i. 18.

† 2 Kings ii. 24.

‡ Acts viii. 20, 21.

§ 2 Tim. iv. 14. 1 Tim. i. 20.

Now blessing differs from prayer, in assurance ; because it is not performed by way of request, but of confidence and power, effectually applying God's favour to the blessed, by the interesting of that dignity wherewith God hath invested the Priest, and engaging of God's own power and institution for a blessing. The neglect of this duty in ministers themselves, hath made the people also neglect it ; so that they are so far from craving this benefit from their ghostly father, that they oftentimes go out of church before he hath blessed them.—In the time of Popery, the Priest's Benedicite and his holy water were over-highly valued ; and now we are fallen to the clean contrary, even from superstition to coldness and atheism. But the Parson first values the gift in himself, and then teacheth his parish to value it. And it is observable, that, if a minister talk with a great man in the ordinary course of complimenting language, he shall be esteemed as ordinary complimenters. But if he often interpose a blessing, when the other gives him just opportunity by speaking any good, this unusual form begets a reverence, and makes him esteemed according to his profession. The same is to be observed in writing letters also.

To conclude ; if all men are to bless upon occasion, as appears, Rom. xii. 14, how much more those who are spiritual fathers ?

Chap. XXXVII.

CONCERNING DETRACTION.

THE Country Parson—perceiving that most, when they are at leisure, make others' faults their entertainment and discourse; and that even some good men think, so they speak truth, they may disclose another's fault—finds it somewhat difficult how to proceed in this point. For if he absolutely shut up men's mouths, and forbid all disclosing of faults, many an evil may not only be, but also spread in his parish, without any remedy, which cannot be applied without notice, to the dishonour of God, and the infection of his flock, and the discomfort, discredit, and hinderance of the Pastor. On the other side, if it be unlawful to open faults, no benefit or advantage can make it lawful; for we must not do evil that good may come of it.

Now the Parson, taking this point to task, which is so exceeding useful, and hath taken so deep root that it seems the very life and substance of conversation, hath proceeded thus far in the discussing of it. Faults are either notorious or private. Again, notorious faults are either such as are made known by common fame;

and of these those that know them may talk, so they do it not with sport, but commiseration: — or else such as have passed judgment, and been corrected either by whipping, imprisoning, or the like. Of these also men may talk; and more, they may discover them to those that knew them not; because infamy is a part of the sentence against malefactors, which the law intends: as is evident by those which are branded for rogues, that they may be known, or put into the stocks, that they be looked upon. But some say, though the law allow this, the Gospel doth not: which hath so much advanced charity, and ranked backbiters among the generation of the wicked.* But this is easily answered. As the executioner is not uncharitable that takes away the life of the condemned, except, besides his office, he adds a tincture of private malice, in the joy and haste of acting his part: so neither is he that defames him, whom the law would have defamed, except he also do it out of rancour. For, in infamy, all are executioners; and the law gives a malefactor to all to be defamed. And, as malefactors may lose and forfeit their goods or life; so may they their good name, and the possession thereof, which, before their offence and judgment, they had in all men's breasts. For all are honest till the contrary be proved.—Besides, it con-

* Rom. i. 30.

cerns the commonwealth that rogues should be known; and charity to the public hath the precedence of private charity. So that it is so far from being a fault to discover such offenders, that it is a duty rather; which may do much good, and save much harm.—Nevertheless, if the punished delinquent shall be much troubled for his sins, and turn quite another man, doubtless then also men's affections and words must turn, and forbear to speak of that, which even God himself hath forgotten.

The Author's Prayer before Sermon.

O ALMIGHTY and ever-living God! Majesty, and Power, and Brightness, and Glory! How shall we dare to appear before thy face, who are contrary to thee, in all we call thee? For we are darkness, and weakness, and filthiness, and shame. Misery and sin fill our days. Yet art thou our Creator, and we thy work. Thy hands both made us, and also made us lords of all thy creatures; giving us one world in ourselves and another to serve us. Then didst thou place us in Paradise, and wert proceeding still on in thy favours, until we interrupted thy counsels, disap-

pointed thy purposes, and sold our God—our glorious, our gracious God—for an apple. Oh write it—Oh, brand it on our foreheads for ever! For an apple once we lost our God, and still lose him for no more; for money, for meat, for diet. But thou, Lord, art patience, and pity, and sweetness, and love; therefore we sons of men are not consumed. Thou hast exalted thy mercy above all things, and hast made our salvation, not our punishment, thy glory; so that then, where sin abounded, not death, but grace superabounded. Accordingly, when we had sinned beyond any help in heaven or earth, then thou saidst, “Lo, I come!” Then did the Lord of life, unable of himself to die, contrive to do it. He took flesh, he wept, he died; for his enemies he died; even for those that derided him then, and still despise him. Blessed Saviour! many waters could not quench thy love, nor no pit overwhelm it. But, though the streams of thy blood were current through darkness, grave, and hell; yet by these thy conflicts, and seemingly hazards, didst thou rise triumphant, and therein madest us victorious.

Neither doth thy love yet stay here. For this word of thy rich peace and reconciliation thou hast committed—not to thunder, or angels, but to silly and sinful men: even to me, pardoning my sins, and bidding me go feed the people of thy love.

Blessed be the God of heaven and earth, who only doth wondrous things. Awake, therefore, my lute, and my viol; awake all my powers to glorify thee! We praise thee, we bless thee, we magnify thee for ever. And now, O Lord! in the power of thy victories, and in the ways of thy ordinances, and in the truth of thy love, lo! we stand here; beseeching thee to bless thy word, wherever spoken this day throughout the universal church. Oh, make it a word of power and peace, to convert those who are not yet thine, and to confirm those that are. Particularly, bless it in this thy own kingdom, which thou hast made a land of light, a storehouse of thy treasures and mercies. Oh, let not our foolish and unworthy hearts rob us of the continuance of this thy sweet love: but pardon our sins, and perfect what thou hast begun. Ride on, Lord, because of the word of truth and meekness, and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. — Especially bless this portion here assembled together, with thy unworthy servant speaking unto them: Lord Jesu, teach thou me, that I may teach them. Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their full strength they may deliver thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully. Oh, make thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and conversation;

that, as the rain returns not empty, so neither may thy word, but accomplish that for which it is given.

O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken, and do so for thy blessed Son's sake : in whose sweet and pleasing words we say, Our Father, &c.

A Prayer after Sermon.

BLESSED be God, and the Father of all mercy who continueth to pour his benefits upon us. Thou hast elected us, thou hast called us, thou hast justified us, sanctified and glorified us. Thou wast born for us, and thou livedst and diedst for us. Thou hast given us the blessings of this life, and of a better. O Lord ! thy blessings hang in clusters ; they come trooping upon us ; they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, thou hast fed us with the bread of life, "So man did eat angels' food." O Lord, bless it ! O Lord, make it health and strength to us !—still striving and prospering so long within us, until our obedience reach the measure of thy love, who hast done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for thy Son's sake, our only Saviour : to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost,—three persons, but one most glorious, incomprehensible God,—be ascribed all honour, and glory, and praise, ever. Amen.

JACULA PRUDENTIUM;

OR,

OUTLANDISH PROVERBS, SENTENCES, ETC.

2

JACULA PRUDENTUM.

OLD men go to Death, Death comes to young men.

Man propoſeth, God diſpoſeth.

Humble hearts have humble deſires.

The houſe ſhows the owner.

He that gets out of debt, grows rich.

A good bargain is a pick-purſe.

Pleaſing ware is half fold.

When all ſins grow old, covetouſneſs is young.

If you would know a knave, give him a ſtaff.

A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.

Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.

When a friend aſks, there is no to-morrow.

God ſends cold according to clothes.

He loſeth nothing, that loſeth not God.

Love, and a Cough, cannot be hid.

A Dwarf on a Giant's ſhoulder, ſees further of the two.

He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself.

He that sends a fool, means to follow him.

For washing his hands, none sells his lands.

In a good house all is quickly ready.

If all fools had baubles, we should want fuel.

Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

When a dog is a drowning, every one offers him drink.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

In spending lies the advantage.

Deceive not thy Physician, Confessor, nor Lawyer.

Ill natures, the more you ask them, the more they stick.

Virtue and a Trade are the best portion for children.

To a grateful man, give money when he asks.

Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.

To a fair day, open the window, but make you ready as to a foul.

Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.

The Mill gets by going.

To a boiling pot flies come not.

Make haste to an ill way, that you may get out of it.

A snow year, a rich year.

Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.

Though a lie be well dressed, it is ever overcome.

Slander is a shipwreck by a dry Tempest.

Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

The mill cannot grind with water that's past.

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the foul with chastenings.

Good words are worth much, and cost little.

Buy at a fair, but sell at home.

In a great River great fish are found : but take heed lest you be drowned.

Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments.

Think of ease, but work on.

A diligent Scholar, and the Master's paid.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

Giving much to the poor, doth enrich a man's store.

Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

I wept when I was born, and every day shews why.

He that looks not before, finds himself behind.

He that riseth first, is first drest.

The river past, and God forgotten.

The miserable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing sixpence.

Weight and measure take away strife.

The heart's letter is read in the eyes.

The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our
bosom.

Sometimes the best gain is to lose.

One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows.

It is a great victory that comes without blood.

Truth and oil are ever above.

Advise none to marry or go to war.

The Jews spend at Easter, the Moors at marriages,
the Christians in suits.

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

The more women look in their glass, the less they
look to their house.

A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty.

I had rather ride on an ass that carries me, than a
horse that throws me.

It costs more to do ill than to do well.

Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever
cured.

Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

Many friends in general, one in special.

Neither bribe, nor lose thy right.

Go not for every grief to the Physician, nor for
every quarrel to the Lawyer, nor for every thirst to
the pot.

Good fervice is a great enchantment.

There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.

The best mirror is an old friend.

A man's discontent is his worst evil.

Fear nothing but sin.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

The tongue talks at the head's cost.

Keep not ill men company, lest you increase the number.

Peace and patience, and death with repentance.

Be not a Baker, if your head be of butter.

Little sticks kindle the fire ; great ones put it out.

A little with quiet is the only diet.

When God will, no wind but brings rain.

When you are an Anvil, hold you still ; when you are a hammer, strike your fill.

He that makes his bed ill, lies there.

He that labours and thrives, spins gold.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.

He that hath a mouth of his own, must not say to another, Blow.

He that hath no ill fortune, is troubled with good.
Pardons and pleafantnefs are great revenges of
flanders.

If folly were grief, every houfe would weep.
Would you know what money is, Go borrow fome.
All things require skill, but an appetite.
All things have their place, knew we how to place
them.

Little pitchers have wide ears.
Life without a friend, is death without a witnefs.
Mills and wives ever want.
To a crazy fhip all winds are contrary.
In time comes he, whom God fends.
An old friend is a new houfe.
He is rich enough that wants nothing.
A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.
He that comes of a hen muft fcape.
He that feeks trouble never miffes.
Who doth his own bufinefs, fouls not his hands.
He that hath love in his breaft, hath furs in his fides.
He that refpects not is not refpected.
Who lets his Wife go to every feaft, and his horfe
drink at every water, fhall neither have good wife nor
good horfe.
He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it.
Counfel breaks not the head.

Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.

Where your will is ready, your feet are light.

Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.

Fools bite one another, but wise men agree together.

Trust not one night's ice.

To gain teacheth how to spend.

The resolved mind hath no cares.

War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.

Poverty is the mother of health.

The gown is his that wears it, and the world his
that enjoys it.

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.

Things well fitted abide.

Disgraces are like cherries, one draws another.

He that's long a giving knows not how to give.

The filth under the white snow the sun discovers.

Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.

Gluttony kills more than the sword.

Short boughs, long vintage.

If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

He that tells a secret is another's servant.

He that loseth is Merchant, as well as he that gains.

All things in their being are good for something.

A fair death honours the whole life.

Living well is the best revenge.

A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot pull out.

To a good spender God is the Treasurer.

Music helps not the tooth-ache.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.

Love is the true price of love.

Love rules his kingdom without a sword.

The shortest answer is doing.

He that is foolish in the fault, let him be wise in the punishment.

He that would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

The offender never pardons.

He that is angry at a feast, is rude.

When the tree is fallen, all go with their hatchet.

He that trusts in a lie, shall perish in truth.

Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the Church.

The Royal Crown cures not the head-ache.

Folly grows without watering.

Valour that parleys, is near yielding.

Thursday come, and the week is gone.

There is great force hidden in a sweet command.

To have money is a fear, not to have it a grief.

Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.

God is at the end, when we think he is furthest off it.

A good Judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.

Rivers need a spring.

The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.

Every bee's honey is sweet.

A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.

Time is the Rider that breaks youth.

In every Country dogs bite.

A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground.

Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

The reasons of the poor weigh not.

Empty vessels sound most.

Love makes one fit for any work.

Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief.

Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue; but an ill, it doubles his fault.

None says his Garner is full.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

In a leopard the spots are not observed.

A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.

That which will not be spun, let it not come between the spindle and the distaff.

No barber shaves so close but another finds work.

A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.

No sooner is a Temple built to God, but the Devil builds a Chapel hard by.

Every one puts his fault on the Times.

Pardon all but thyself.

A little wind kindles, much puts out the fire.

More have repented speech than silence.

Divine ashes are better than earthly meal.

Beauty draws more than oxen.

One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the
servant's.

A little labour, much health.

The tree that God plants, no wind hurts it.

Knowledge is no burthen.

Though you see a Church-man ill, yet continue in
the Church still.

Love and business teach eloquence.

He is only bright that shines by himself.

Divine grace was never flow.

It is a proud horse that will not carry his own pro-
vender.

Three can hold their peace if two be away.

It is an ill counsel that hath no escape.

All the arms of England will not arm fear.

Be what thou wouldst seem to be.

Let all live as they would die.

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

To him that will, ways are not wanting.

Where there is peace, God is.

None is so wise, but the fool overtakes him.

February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.

The best smell is bread, the best favour salt, the best love that of children.

That is the best gown that goes up and down the house.

A sleepy master makes his servant a Lout.

Better speak truth rudely, than lie covertly.

He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.

Better suffer ill, than do ill.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

Soft and fair goes far.

Nature draws more than ten teams.

He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.

He that fears death, lives not.

He that marries for wealth, sells his liberty.

He that preacheth, giveth alms.

He that coddles his child, provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands on his guard.

He that his thrown would ever wrestle.

He that serves well, need not ask his wages.

Fair language grates not the tongue.

In doing we learn.

God, and Parents, and our Master can never be requited.

God keep me from four houses, a Ufurer's, a Tavern,
a Spital, and a Prifon.

In a hundred ells of contention, there is not an inch
of love.

Do what thou oughtest, and come what come can.

Hunger makes dinners, pastime suppers.

In a long journey straw weighs.

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they
will.

He that brings good news knocks hard.

Haste comes not alone.

He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn.

There comes nought out of the sack, but what was
there.

A little given seasonably, excuses a great gift.

The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

Poverty is no sin.

A stone in a well is not lost.

Promising is the eve of giving.

He that sends a fool, expects one.

He that gains well and spends well, needs no account
book.

He that endures, is not evercome.

He that loves the tree, loves the branch.

He that hath not the craft, let him shut up shop.

He that knows nothing, doubts nothing.

Green wood makes a hot fire.

The rich knows not who is his friend.

To a close shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.

Choose a horse made, and a wife to make.

He hath not lived, that lives not after death.

He quits his place well, that leaves his friend here.

Who pays the Physician, does the cure.

None knows the weight of another's burthen.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.

It is more pain to do nothing than something.

A tyrant is most tyrant to himself.

It is easier to build two chimneys, than to maintain one.

He that will enter into Paradise, must have a good key.

When you enter into a house, leave the anger ever at the door.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

Take heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides.

The year doth nothing else but open and shut.

The wife is the key of the house.

Death keeps no Calendar.

Silks and Satins put out the fire in the chimney.

An old man's staff is the rapper of death's door.

The finging man keeps his shop in his throat.

The body is more dressed than the soul.

The body is sooner dressed than the soul.

The Physician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money.

Wine is a turn-coat (first a friend, then an enemy).

The Master absent, and the house dead.

Dogs are fine in the field.

Sins are not known till they be acted.

The great would have none great, and the little all little.

Every mile is two in winter.

Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.

The house is a fine house when good folks are within.

The best bred have the best portion.

Better be a fool than a knave.

You cannot make the fire so low, but it will get out.

We leave more to do when we die, than we have done.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

He that learns a trade, hath a purchase made.

When God is made the master of a family, he orders the disorderly.

He that is at ease, seeks dainties.

He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.

He that praiseth himself, spattereth himself.

He that is surpris'd with the first frost, feels it all the winter after.

He that follows the Lord, hopes to go before.

Who hath no head, needs no heart.

Speak not of my debts, unless you mean to pay them.

He that is not in the wars, is not out of danger.

He that gives me small gifts, would have me live.

Who will make a door of gold, must knock a nail every day.

He that lives in hope, danceth without music.

Without business, debauchery.

Service without reward is punishment.

The eye is bigger than the belly.

Were it not for the bone in the leg, all the world would turn Carpenters (to make them crutches).

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A piece of a Church-yard fits every body.

Ready money is a ready medicine.

An Idle youth, a needy Age.

Silk doth quench the fire in the Kitchen.

He that thinks amiss, concludes worse.

Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother.

Power seldom grows old at Court.

Danger itself the best remedy for danger.

Herefy is the school of pride.

They favour learning whose actions are worthy of
a learned pen.

Modesty sets off one newly come to honour.

No tie can oblige the perfidious.

Religion a stalking horse to shoot other fowl.

Two sparrows on one Ear of Corn make an ill
agreement.

All covet, all lose.

Threatened men eat bread, says the Spaniard.

The death of wolves is the safety of the sheep.

He that is once born, once must die.

He that steals an egg, will steal an ox.

In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.

Still fisheth he that catcheth one.

All flesh is not venison.

A City that parleys is half gotten.

He that hath time and looks for better time, time
comes that he repents himself of time.

Words and feathers the wind carries away.

Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft.

To seek in a Sheep five feet when there are but four.



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