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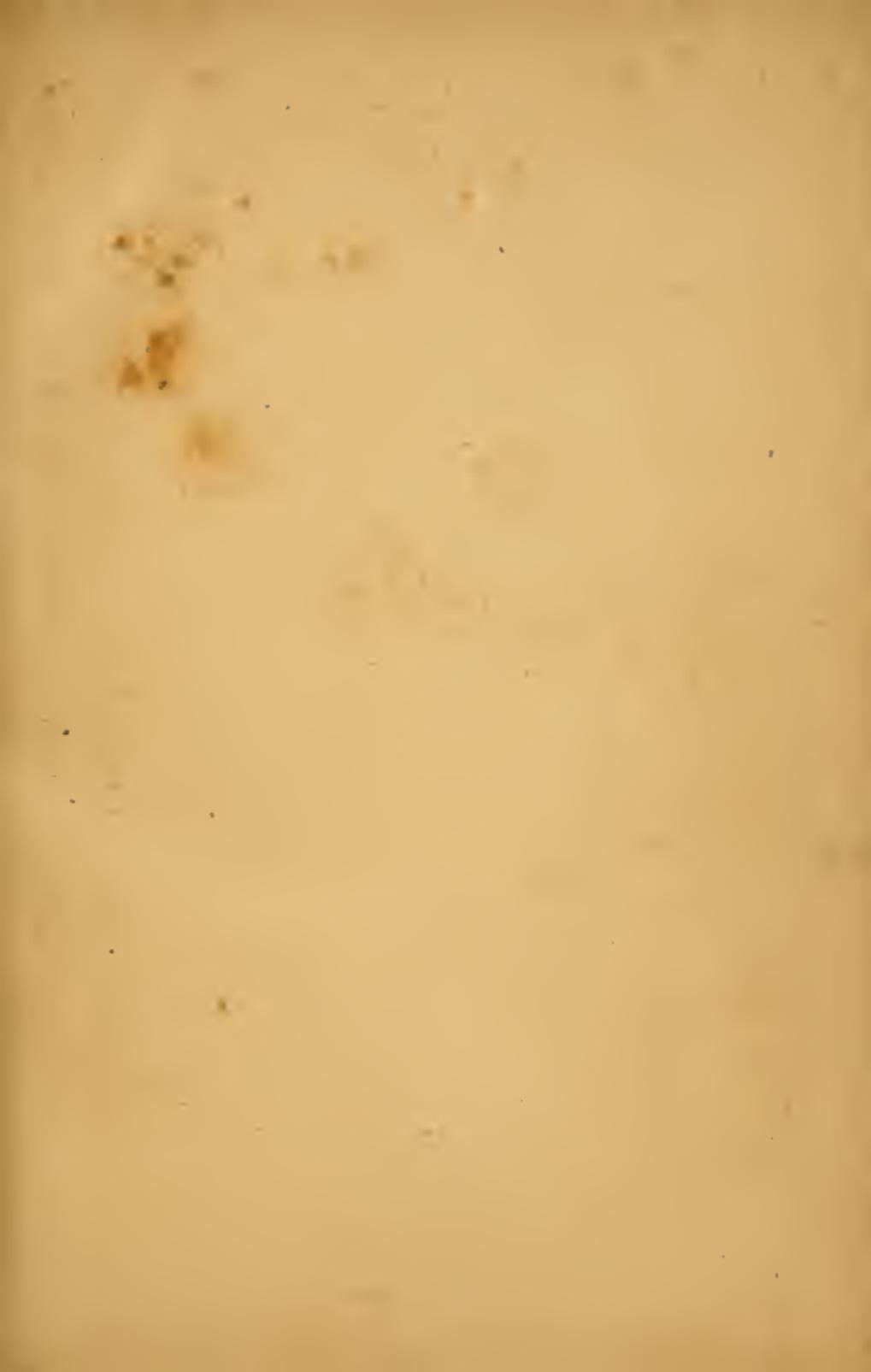
Section

Number

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THE
Virgins Pattern:
IN THE
Exemplary Life, and lamented Death
OF Mrs.
SUSANNA PERWICH,
Daughter of Mr.

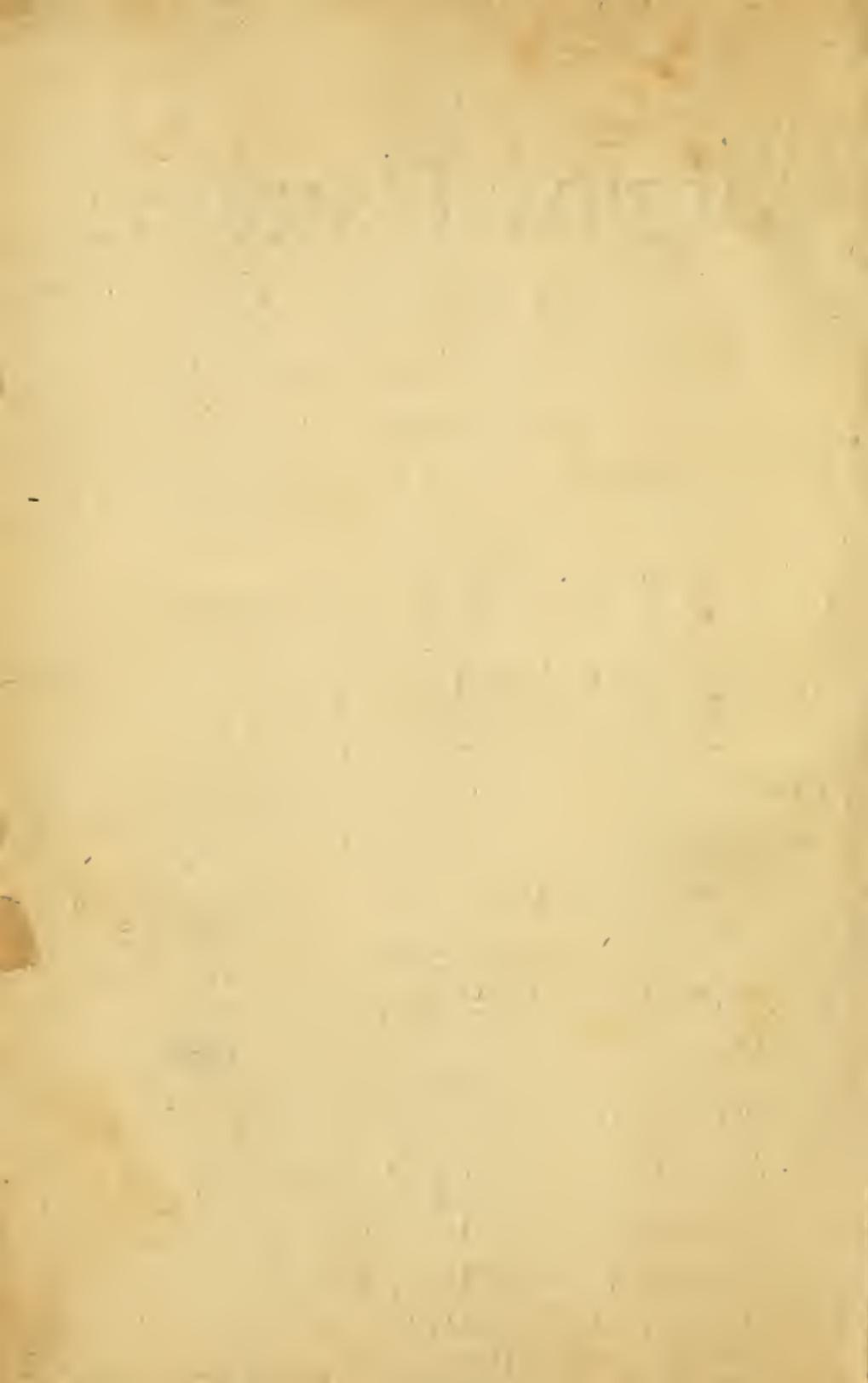
ROBERT PERWICH;

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

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

By *John Batchiler*, a neer Relation, that occaisional-
ly hath had an intimate converse in the Fam-
ily with her, more or les, the greatest
part of her Life.

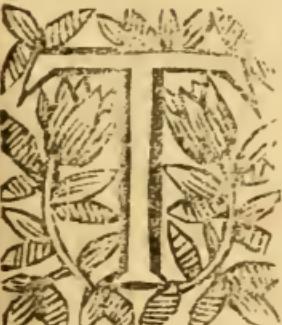
London Printed by *Simon Dover*, and are to be sold
at his House, in *Martins*, near *Aldersgate*,
and at Book-sellers Shops, 1661.





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

Sweet Ladies and Gentle-women,

 *H*E reason why this ensuing Relation (worthy of all future memory) is chiefly presented unto you, is the equity and congruity thereof; together with that particular right, by which you, of all others, seem to lay claim to it. The Person here spoken of, was bred up in the same Family with you, and among you, a daily object before you, and a lively example,

The Epistle

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

Eing,

Dedicatory.

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

The Epistle

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

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

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

Dedicatory.

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

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

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

The Epistle

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

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

Dedicatory.

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

whole

The Epistle Dedicatory.

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

John Batchiler.

TO

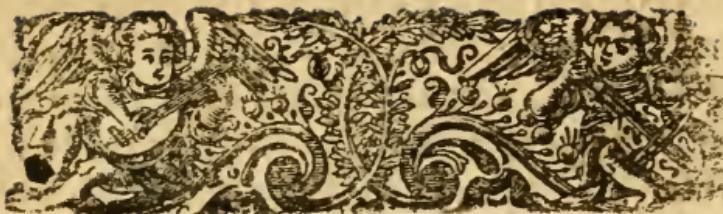
To the R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

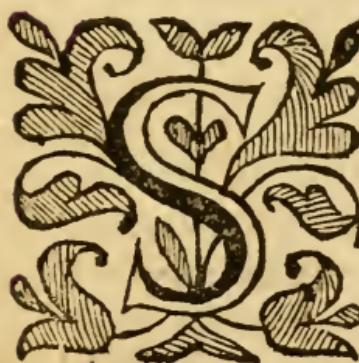
If it be asked why any part of the above-mentioned Relation is *repeated* in Verse, it is for the sake of such as *affect Poetry*, rather than Prose; but in case those that read the Prose avoid the Verses, as containing part of the *same matter*, let them also please to take notice, that *divers things*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

J. B.

The



*The exemplary Life, and lamented
Death of Mistris Susanna Per-
wich, Daughter of Robert Per-
wich, of Hackney, in the County of
Middlesex, Gent. who dyed a rarely
accomplish'd Virgin, at one of the
clock in the afternoon, on Wednes-
day, the 3. of July, 1661. in the
25. year of her Age.*



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

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

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

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

Took her
Musick as it
were natu-
rally.

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

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

Becomes excellent at the Lyra Viol.

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

4 *The exemplary Life, and lamented*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Also at the
Harpsecord.

*She sings
most sweetly.*

*A most cu-
rious Dancer.*

places

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

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

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

For she had a delicate and nimble wit, a quick apprehension, a clear understanding, a sound judgement, a fine invention, a tenacious memory, which (as we shall hear anon) she was not wont to stuffe with vanity, but with what was *most worthy* to be learned and kept. And as these *natural parts* and reasonable faculties of her soul, so her *moral virtues* also were eminent. She was very *discreet, wise, and prudent* in her actions; not *passionate, nor retentive of anger*, never over merry; but *modestly grave and composed*; of a *very comely and handsome carriage*, insomuch that strangers were wont to say, when she came into their presence, they had not seen a *more sweet comportment, or a more taking person*. For disposition, so *affable, kind, and courteous*, that she soon gained the *love of all*, where ever she came. Her discourse was alwayes *pertinent and useful*, not at all *loquacious*, her speech being rather *sententious*, than *garrulous*. These and many such like *graceful ornaments*, added unto the *comeliness of her person*, rendred her *very winningly*

ac-

Her natural parts.

Her moral virtues.

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

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

*The exemplary Life, and lamented
before) yet till now she had not taken much
notice of.*

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

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

Here-

*Her deep
sense of Ori-
ginal sin.*

*She makes
haste to
Christ.*

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

The exemplary Life, and lamented

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

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

Thence forward she betakes her self to a more

Her Religious course of Life.

Looks more narrowly into her own heart.

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

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

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

or

*Is very
watchful o-
ver her self,
and keeps
close to duty.*

or observation ; and therefore because the house was alwayes full of company, having well nigh an hundred, and sometimes more of Gentlewomen with their attendants; and the Servants and Children of the house every where going up and down, in every Room , so that she could get no place of privacy ; her manner was , in the day time, to get into the Garden, at such hours, when others might not so freely come into it, and there with her Bible , or some other choice Book, spent an hour or more in Reading, Meditation, and such ejaculations,

Findes much as she could send up to Heaven in walking; sweetness in at which seasons, she hath sometimes said her lonely walks with God. to such as she was wont to tell her mind to, her heart hath been as much warmed and refreshed in converse with God, as when she hath been most affected upon her knees elsewhere.

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

A diligent Reader of the Scriptures.

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

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

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

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

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

Is much troubled for sins of omission.

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

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

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

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

She loves the Communion of Christian experiences.

By the deadness of her own heart

Wonders at those that

plead for a power in na-

ture.

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

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

*A quick dis-
cerner of o-
thers that
made profes-
sion of Reli-
gion.*

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

*She is care-
ful for the
Souls of o-
thers.*

*Her char-
acter of true
Grace.*

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

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

A wise re-prover of sin.

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

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

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

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

*Her Pra-
ctise every
night, before
she went to
sleep.*

*Reades over
the whole
New Testa-
ment in 3.
months time.*

*Full of que-
stions from
what she
read.*

Her

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

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

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

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

*A diligent
Writer of
Sermons.*

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

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

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

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

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

The exemplary Life, and lamented -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Reades an excellent Comment up-
on the Reve-
lations two or
three times
over.*

A great sympathizer with the suffering servants of Christ.

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

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

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

con-

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

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

*Accounts it
a sweetness
and glory to
suffer for
Christ.*

*Yet fears her
own strength
if called to
suffer.*

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

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

*Yet rather
than woull
offend othe
r,*

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

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

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

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

It was a great abashment to her, when some unwisely uttered high praises of her Could not en-to her face, and thereby put her into a dure to hear blush ; the fear whereof, made her often her own modestly refuse to come into such Company praises. at other times : Indeed she knew God had

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

*Fears the
pride of her
own heart.*

*A ready
help in the
Family.*

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

*She wanted
no profers for
marriage.*

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

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

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

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

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

Death ; the strong apprehensions whereof put her upon a great improvement of her remaining time, both in *Reading*, *Praying*, and *Discoursing*, like one that expected shortly to leave the world ; for she said she felt that about her which would carry her

Exhorts her friends to prepare for a change. away quickly, and was much worse inwardly, than perhaps any one thought ; and therefore exhorted one of her Sisters, whom she dearly loved, and conversed most with, to mind eternity, to think much of her change, and labour to be prepared for it ; acknowledging the goodness of God to her self, who had spared her so long. After this time she grew worse and worse, till on Saturday June the 22. (14. dayes after her return

She takes her bed in a grave. home) she took her bed, in order to her bed in a grave ; where being seized upon by a Violent Feaver, her strength was so wasted, and vour.

her spirits gone, that upon the Teusday after at mid-night, (being June the 25.) she

Three dayes was hardly able to chatter, and so sent for after sends her Father, Mother, and Sisters, to see them for all friends once more, and take a solemn leave of to take a solemn leave of all them ; who when they were come and sate weeping about her, with great lamentation, after a little space, as if strength had been renewed on purpose for that end, she began to utter her affections and desires to them about many things, wherein she ex-

pres-

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

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

Expresseth her mind about her Funeral, in what Room she desired her Herse might stand, where she should be Buried, and other particulars about the manner of it ; she desired that all might be done decently , and that Dr. Spurstow , by whose Ministry she had been much edified and comforted, might Preach at her Interment, in all which she submitted to her Father's pleasure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All

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

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

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

*The exemplary Life, and lamented
the least, and was never heard to let fall
one word to the contrary all the while
after.*

*Submits to
the will of
God.*

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

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

*Her medita-
tions fixed
on God.*

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

*Her great
fervency in
time of pra-
yer, though
weak.*

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

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

On the *Munday* morning, she often mut-
tered out very softly, these words, *two dayes She fortels
and an half more, and then I shall be at rest;* ^{the hour of,} her own
which she repeated two or three times; *Death.*
and accordingly from that *very time*, she
did live two dayes and an half, to wit, till *And dyed at
Wednesday Noon following, and then be- the same
gan to draw on apace towards her last hour.*

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

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

The exemplary Life, and lamented
heard and seen the many cryes, tears, and
lamentations, that the Room was filled
with.

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

The Heise covered with Velvet, was
carried by six servant Maidens of the Fa-
mily, all in White; the sheet was held up
by six of those Gentlewomen in the School,
that had most acquaintance with her, in
mourning Habit, with white Scarfs and
Gloves; a rich costly Garland of gum-work,
adorned with Banners and Scutchions, was
borne immediately before the Heise, by
two proper young Ladies, that intirely lo-
ved her. Her Father and Mother, with o-
ther near Relations, and their Children, fol-
lowed next the Heise, in due order, all in
mourning; the Kindred next to them, af-
ter whom came the whole School of Gen-
tlewomen, and then persons of chief rank,
from the Neighbour-hood, and from the
City of London, all in white Gloves, both
Men, Women, Children, and Servants, ha-
ving been first served with Wine.

When

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

The *Herse* being set down, with the *Garland* upon it, the Reverend Dr. *Spurstow* applyed himself to the proper work of the *The Text season*, and preached upon those words, *preached up-*
1 Cor. 3.22. Death is yours. From whence, on at her after he had declared at large the *sweetness Funeral*. that lyes in this word *Death*, as it is a part of *Christ's Legacy* to a *Believer*, he made such useful inferences and applications, as were proper for the occasion.

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

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

Upon



Upon the aforesaid

Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

I.

AMONG the many Female Glories,
Which may be seen sometimes in
Let candid Readers shew us where (stories;
She can be found, that may compare
With *Her* this paper now sets forth,
Far short of her rare parts and worth.

Her Person comely, Red and VVhite,
Mix'd curiously, gave great delight:
Pure snows, with Rich Vermilions stream,
Strawb'ries i'th' Silver dish of Cream.

Fresh-blown Cornations, Queen-like reigns,
While Violets tincture all her veins.

Straight, Proper, Handsom, every Feature,
Set in due place, made her a Creature.

Much lov'd; let's take a special view,
Look where you will, you'l find it true.

A Description of her Person:

The exemplary Life, and lamented
 Her dark brown Hair, her double mould,
 More lovely were, than sparks of Gold.
 Her own meer natural curious Tresses,
 Out-shine all adventitious Dresses.

Round Argent Brows ! whoever marks,
 Her smooth high Fore-heads Eban-Arks ;
 Tralucent Temples, through her Locks,
 Peer out like Alabaster Rocks.

From her black jetty starry Eye,
 Ten thousand sparkling Lustres lie.

Brave gen'rous Spirits fiderial,
 Move quick about each nimble Ball.

Under a Velvet Coverlet,
 Each glittering Star doth rise and set.

Such Eye-lids, fittest Caskets be,
 For such bright Gems effulgency.

Ouches of Gold, encircling passes,
 About this pair of burning-glasses.

Two Hemispears, with two such Suns,
 O're Microcosm's seldom runs.

Midst these twin-flames, a marble Mount,
 Mounts ridge-wise up, down from her front.

On each side of which ridge you'l spie,
 Aurora's Rosy blushes lie. (ples,

Her sanguine Cheeks, like two Queen-ap-
 Natures great Artist neetly couples.

Her two Ambrosial ruddy Lips,
 In deepest Scarlet dye she dips.

Who views her well-set polish'd Teeth,
 Will think two ranks of Pearls he feeth.

'Twixt

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

I I.

Her natural parts.

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

Their

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

III.

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

Her moral
Virtues.

She

*The exemplary Life, and lamented
She had a noble generous heart,
As she was able to impart.*

IV.

*Her charity
to the Poor.*

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

V.

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

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

V I.

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

Her part-
 nership in
 friends af-
 fictions.

V II.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

51

Rare Arts of Musick, they can tell,
How well she sung : how rarely well
She play'd on several Instruments,
What high admir'd accomplishments,
She had attain'd to; *Angels hands,*
On *Lute* or *Viol* scarce commands
A sweeter touch; she never shall,
Be equall'd by the *Nightingale*.
If Kings and Princes claim the best,
Of Melodies above the rest,
'Twas *she* could give them, *she* alone,
Whether from *Art*, or natures tone.
So tun'd a voice ! so shrill a sound,
In Male or Female rarely found !
Each Crotchet, *Quaver*, *Minnum*, *Note*,
Kept time within her warbling throat.
Soft, deep, high strains, in treble Song,
Flow'd sweetly from her sugered tongue.
No strings of *Harp*, no *Organ Pipe*,
Strech't or reach'd higher ; she was ripe
Ev'n for the heavenly *Chorus* ; she
Of all sorts, gave such Harmony.
Where *she* was singing had you come,
By chance into the *blissful Room*,
You'd thought by the melodious Air,
That *Quiers* of *Angels* had been there.
Laws, *Simpson*, *Polewheel*, *Jenkins*, all
'Mong the best Masters Musical,
Stand ravish'd while they hear her play,
And with high admiration say,

What

What curious strains ! what rare divisions !
 Are we not 'mong Celestial Visions !
 This is no humane hand ! these strokes,
 The high immortal Spirits provokes
 To listen to her ! she playes so,
 That after her none takes the bow,
 To play again ; it is too much,
 To take the confidence to touch,
 The Instrument which she laid down,
 Or go about to win the Crown,
 Which she had set on her own head,
 With Lawrels all enamelled.

No, no, they must wholly despair,
 To give one such delicious Air
 Of which she millions gave ; each touch
 To most judicious ears was such,
 So sweet, so quick, so dainty, rare,
 That nothing could therewith compare.
 No strain but was incomparable,
 And by mens Art insuperable.

The deepest grounds where utmost skill,
 Of a rich fancy lay, she still
 Most finely nick'd ; her nimble Arm,
 Still made a most delicious Charm.

Quick numerous motions she would show,
 With her swift, gliding, jumping bow.
 Even in a moment she would measure,
 Thousands of strokes, with ease and pleasure,
 Where others hundreds scarce could reach,
 Though such as most profest to teach.

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

X.

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

Her hand-
som sitting at
her Musick.

X I.

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

A most cu-
rious dancer.

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

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

X V.

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

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

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

XVI.

Gives God
 the glory of
 Blessings she did acknowledge them,
 And often said, she should condemn
 Her

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

All her rich qualities.

XVII.

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

Abominates black spots.

XVIII.

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

And nakedness.

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

holy odes XIX.

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

XX.

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

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

XXI.

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

Her conversion, and the occasion of it.

XXII.

Thus first resolving she proceeds,
Examining Thoughts, and words, and deeds, Her self-examination.

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

XXIII.

O my great Sin Original,
 Her sight of Hence, hence, my foul corruptions all
 Original sin, Boil up, break forth, contaminate
 with the What e're I do, communicate
 danger of it. Abominations ugly stain
 To my best actions; hence my pain,
 Even from the grand iniquity
 Of Father Adam wickedly
 Rebelling 'gainst his Maker, when
 In's loyns lay all the sons of men.
 Then I among the rest was there,
 And in that sin had equal share.
 Oh how I am indrencht all o're,
 In that abominable gore!
 How filth, and sin, and misery,
 And even a Hellish slavery
 Inthrals me now! what hideous crimes
 Grow thick upon me! how betimes
 Each morning doth my naughty heart
 Cast forth its filth! how many a dart

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

XXIV.

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

She com-
plains of
temptations
from sin and
Satan.

XXV.

Thus, thus, she muses, and then prayes, Cryes out to
 God would not leave her in these wayes Of God for

strength against them,
and for a thorough
work of Grace in her
heart.

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

Twas

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

XXVI.

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

Her pro-
gress in the
work of
Grace.

XXVII.

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

The pains
 she took for
 sound know-
 ledge.
 In

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

XXVIII.

Writes diligently at Church.

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

XXIX.

Seeks blessing upon what she hears by prayer.

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

Far

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

XXX.

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

Hates vain
Books, but;
studies the
Bible much.

XXXI.

XXXI.

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

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

XXXII.

Sins of omission trouble her.

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

XXXIII.

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

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

bath, and
the duties
of it.

XXXIV.

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

She sees a
need of
Christ in all.

XXXV.

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

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

XXXVI.

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

She fears
her own
strength if
called to
suffering.

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

XXXVII.

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

He was a man could warmly pray,
And first in Christ's own bosom lay.

XXXVIII.

So sweet she was, courteous and kind,
And in all hearts so much entwin'd,
That whosoever knew her would
Do to the utmost what they could,
With Father, Mother, to prevail
For her converse: they would not fail,

As oft as might be, her to get
Abroad with them, and scarce would let
Her return home in many dayes,
Desiring rather she alwayes
Might stay with them. But oh the fate!
That by such means she felt of late!

For when at a friends house she meets,
And lodgeth there, behold damp sheets
Cling close about her in the bed,

At which she waking said, I'm dead:
And so it prov'd, alas! for wo!

At thought on't I'm afflicted so!
That brinish tears drop from mine eyes,
My heart with throbs, and inward cryes,
All broken is! what shall I say?

She's thus untimely snatcht away!
Shall I the careless Maid go blame?
And tell her what a horrid shame,
It is, that by her negligence,
So choice a one is lost from hence?

Her company was loved,
and much desired by friends.

Her sickness unto death,
with the occasion of it.

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

XXXIX.

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

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

XL.

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

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

And

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

X L I.

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

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

X L I I.

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

*Her thank-
fulness when
a little eased.*

X L I I . I .

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

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

X L I V .

*Her speeches
to them.*

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

X L V .

XL V.

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

Her Legacies left in memorial of her.

XL VI.

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

Especially those to the Gentlewomen of the School.

The exemplary Life, and lamented
To heavenly things. Thus far she went,
And then began to be quite spent.

XLVII.

*Her mind is
Heaven-
ward.*

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

XLVIII.

*She foretels
the hour of
her Death,
which pro-
ved accord-
ingly.*

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

She's

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

XLIX.

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

She is wholly taken up with thoughts of Christ, and coming to him.

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

L.

The lamentation over her dead body upon the floor.

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

L I.

The neighbours lament her loss.

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

And general grieſs were never known,
In any age, for ſuch an one.
She liv'd desir'd, lamented dy'd,
Who lov'd her now 'twas fully try'd :
Both far and neer all England o're
She'll be bewail'd by thouſands more.

L I I.

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

How dutiful
ſhe was and
tender of her
aged Father.

L I II.

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

Her Funeral
solemnity.

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

L IV.

*An Elegy
upon her
Death.*

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

Come

Come Ladies lay your Ivory hand
On her soft skin, a while here stand,
To see what difference sickness makes
On fairest beauties, when it takes
Colour, and freshness quite away,
As 'twill from all of you one day.

Come Brethren, Sisters, Kindred all,
And see how vain it is to call
Her back again, she bears no more,
Now she's arriv'd at th' other shore.

Come Strangers which so ravish'd were
With many a curious dainty Air,
That she was wont to melodize
Into your ears, before your eyes.

Come young ones see what here lyes cropt,
A Rose in'ts bloom, the Tree is lopt,
While yet the fruit remain'd upon't,
Before't had time to ripen on't.

Come all her old acquaintances,
See now in death's black ballances
What your weight is, when life is gone,
It may be your own case anon.

Come Virgins wreath your flowers about
Your Garlands, as you carry her out.
Your turns will come ere long to go,
The same way too, it must be so.

Take Patterns from her Virtues rare,
That you with her in bliss may share.

L V.

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

And

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

L VI.

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

*- Another
Elegy.*

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

LVII.

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

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

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

LVIII.

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

Her passage
towards,
Heaven.

LIX.

LIX.

A review of her.

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

Alas !

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

L X.

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

An exhortation to repen-
 tance, and
 preparation
 for death.

L XI.

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

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

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

LXII.

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

The exhortation to
 prepare for
 death re-en-
 forced.

LXIII.

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

How to be-
 come fit to
 dye, and the
 fruit of it.

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

L X I V.

A serious exhortation to the Gentlewomen, that either are or have been of the School.

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

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

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

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

The exemplary Life, and lamented

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

L X V.

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

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

To

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

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

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

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

Toss'd,

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

L X V I.

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

Upon the
words of the
The

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

Christ's

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

And

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

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

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

L X V I I.

The char-
acter of a Be-
liever's
death.

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

Remover of his cares and fears,
 Answers all pray'rs, wipes off all tears.
 That turns the seed into its crop,
 Rich grace into its gallant top
 Of Glory; roots to full-blown flowers.
 Griefs drops into the golden showers
 Of Joy; that crowns the Conquerour.
 Who fought for Christ, the labourour
 In Wine-press of afflictions great,
 Rewards his sufferings, sorrow, sweat
 Which he with patience underwent,
 Self-abnegation, and content.

A tite Ship that through surging Sea
 Bears a true Christian quite away,
 From Rocks and quick-sands to his port,
 Which he seeks after, that strong fort
 Which men and divels too cannot
 Or hurt, or batter, with their shot.
 The ladder by which up we climb
 To th' place not measur'd out by time.
 The Mid-wife of a purer birth;
 An In-let to the sweetest mirth;
 That to the Bridegroom gives his Bride,
 Knits knots no more to be unty'd
 Betwixt them, puts the glittering Crown
 Upon her, and the sumptuous Gown
 Of needle-work in Ophir Gold,
 The garment which ne're waxeth old.
 That with August inauguration,
 Seats her in highest installation

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

ACROSTIGKS.

I.

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

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

II.

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

P itty, oh pitty us! we pray

A C R O S T I C K S.

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

III.

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

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

SUSAN-

SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I.

SIN'S WAN CAEAR UP.

ISS SIN WAN? let's CHAR UP our hearts
Tis struck dead by Christ's own keen darts.
 Though it leave mortals, pale, WAN, dead,
 Yet 'twas it self first conquered.

Our WAN looks shall revive again, (reign
 Let's CHEAR UP; when Christ 'gins to
 Sin lives no more: well't may look WAN
 When it lyes sprawling, and ne're can
 Get up again: its deadly wound
 Admits no cure. How sweet's the sound
 Of this good news unto our ears!

With how great joy our hearts it CHEARS!
 Doth she CHEAR UP? is her base sin
 Turn'd to rich Grace? her dressy tin
 Into pure gold? And her WAN looks
 To beauties? do joyes pleasant brooks
 Fill her with a Felicity
 Ineffable, Eternally?

Let us CAEAR UP too, may not we
 Hope for the same as well as she?
 No doubt we may, if we but live,
 As she did us example give.
 Then we (as she) may hope no more
 To SIN or look WAN as before.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I I.

PURCHASE SWAN-IN.

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

S II-

SUSANNAH PERWICHE,

Anagram III.

AH! IC HEAV'NS PURE SUN.

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

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

What

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

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

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

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

As sparks from huge great Di'monds fall
While cut in numerous Angles all :
Or as Gold Oar from mighty Mountains,
Rowl in small sands through silver fountains.
The Heav'n of Heav'ns shines in his face,
He brightens Glory 't self : the place
Where he's entron'd all flaming is,

So ever radiantizing 'tis,
That were it not refracted to
Created eyes, it would undo
The boldest Angels to behold
In glimpse not a minute old
The splendors of't , in one straight line
So unapproach'd is't in its shine.

Oh glorious object ! what intense
And condens'd pleasures fetch I thence !
Would't not me prove a very sot ,
If I all ravished should not
Break out in wonders ? therefore now
Without all blame you'l me allow

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

E P I T A P H.

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

Here

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

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

(grown

And what ! is death of late so meal'd mouth'd
As to sleight courser, and to feed on none
But nature's choicest dishes ? must her heart
Needs feel the point of his all-conquering dart ?
Could neither Beauty, Virtue, him provoke
To hold his hand from this sad fatal stroke ?
Could they have don't, then certainly we may
Conclude that she had liv'd still to this day.

It is no Hyperbole to say her mind
Others in rarest ex'lencies out-shin'd.

The Vertues which elsewhere lay scattered,
Within her breast were all concentered.

But why do I thus stammer out her worth ?
There needs an Angels tongue to set it forth.

Yet now she's gone; let not her dear friends weep,
For she's not dead, but only fall'n asleep;
Rather rejoice, that God them honour'd so,
Such a rich gift upon them to bestow.

With

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

S. R.

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

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

What

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

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

I. H.

Up-

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

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

I'le boast not of her *blood*, though in her *face*,
Both *Lancaster* and *York* had *equal* place:
But she was *Musicks Master-piece*, a wonder,
Oh that I could but *run division* on her.

What means this sudden stroke? did *Pallas* fear
(*Musicks great Goddess*) to be *challeng'd* here
In her *own Art*, and *lose* that *glorious name*,
Which hath so *sounded* in the *trump of fame*?

Or wa'n't the *heavenly Lyra sweet alone*,
To make a *Consort*? is she thither gone?
When *hospitality* out of *England* went,
She's said to ave yeelded up her *breath in Kent*;
So *Musick* in her, whom we now bemoan,
I fear will prove to ave given its *last groan*.

If she *unseen* did sing, I *wish'd* to be
All ear; if after that I her did see,
My *wish* was *chang'd*, I fain would be *all eye*,
That so I might her *glorious gifts* espie.

Sure *nature* framed her for this intent,
That of *their wishes* men might still repent.

Orpheus his *well tun'd soul* in her did live,
If to *Pythagoras* we may credit give;
He made the *eared Oaks* dance to his *layes*,
And *duller stones* the *walls of Thebes* to raise.
But what is more, *she stony Rocks* could move,

Rough

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

122 Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Suf. Per.
For since the *harmony* o'th' world is gone,
I expect nothing but *confusion*.

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

E. B.

UPON

Mistris

S ure there are *mysteries* hid in this Name,
U nder it's comprehended so great fame.
S earch well the *Holy Language*, Rabbins all,
A nd see what mean the *lerters radical*.
N e're were a *Females* parts improv'd so high,
N ature in *her* did meet with *industry* :
A nd every letter in *this Name* sure will
P rove *Hieroglyphicks* of her *various skill*.
E qual to her were none, for *parts*, or *worth*,
R eligion yet did *chiefly* set her forth. (way,
W eep Reader, weep, this fair one's snatched a-
T n her best years she felt her strength decay.
C an any read this without *sighs*, and say,
H ere lyes a mirror wrapped up in clay?

Idem.

*An eLegie on that peerLess VlrgIn, SVfanna
 PerWICH, Paragon of aLL VertVe, the
 fLoVrIshIng gLory of her seXe,
 Who LateLy DeCeaseD,
 DDCCLL LLLL LXVVVVVVVVVIIII.*

(sobs give way,
VVOuld tears pérmit , would sighs and
 My honest Muse her mournful debt
 (would pay
 Unto thy Herse, dear Saint. Can grief give *time*,
 Or knows it *measure*, can't compose a *Rhime*?
Strong duty bids it try, thought be confus'd,
Grief to trim Dress, or *Order* is disus'd.
 Now from the *Fortress* of my *love-stor'd heart*
 Officious words would sally, to bear part
 I'th'rites, but by an *ambushment* of tears
 Surpriz'd : I'le try again devoid of fears.

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

W^ere I in S^cet a Petrolitan
 Holding that mannerly *devotion* ran (lone
 Through th' *Conduits* of the S^aints : her Name a-
 I would *adore*, at her *shrine* make my moan.

If not by *Precept*, but by *Precedent*
 (*A breathing Precept*) *Vertue* best is sent
 Into the *soul*, behold a *perfect Guide*,
 In whom all *Vertues* are *exemplifi'd* :
Courte'd by strong *Temptations* to be *proud*,
 Yet in *Fames* silver *Trumpet* sounds *aloud*
 Her great *Humility*; which was the *ground*
 Whereon her other *Vertues* flower'd were found.
 This *vertue* is the *ground* on which the rest
 Run sweet *division* in a fair *contest*.
 On this *firm Basis* that bright *Fabrick* stands,
 Which kisses *Heaven* and the *Clouds* commands,
 So many excellencies were her *lot*,
 One in another's *beauty* is forgot.
As calm she was in *words* as in *desires*,
 Knew not her *Sexes tempests* nor their *fires*.
 Some are but fairer *Æolus* his *Dens*,
 In which the winds and blustering *storms* he *pens*.
Beauty, *Proportion*, *Colour* do define,
 To which some graceful *motion* well adjoyn;
 Whereto may voice be added, all these here

Conspir'd to place her fame above a Peer.

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

Hackney, the Ladies University.

Of Female Arts the famous Nursery ;
 Which in their kind at least, may well compare
 With those of th' other Sex ; what Arts so rare
 Which are not liberally furnish'd here ?

Mathematicks they count within their Sphear ;
 Arithmatick in musick couch'd you'l find ;
 Geometry hath in their dancing skin'd.
 Astronomy's best read i'th' Ladies eyes ;
 Rhetorick first from women did arise ;
 Their Logick, Will, our Reason doth defie ;
 There are Grammarians for Orthography. (Muse
 Tongues there abound. Blame not in improper
 In Elegies still Elogies we use.

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

126 *An Elegie on that peerless
Of that fam'd Colledge, which she did adorn
Which knows but one long night without a morn?
How dumb's their Musick and their dancing lame!
Or if both's good, yet neither is the same.
Those pretty Doves eyes with griefs needle seil'd,
They prick their fingers till their works blood*

In all the needles Curiosities (yeeld.)

*Exactly she was read, view, wipe your eyes.
In dancing reach'd perfection of the foot,
Yet not with labour much gave her mind to't.
Her Musick jars Division in this strife,
Whether she sang or plaid more to the life,
That subdivided, whether on the Lute
Or Viol best her fingers sweet did sute.
Her Hand and Ear fell out which should be best
The Hands none such by all she is confess.
In all her Exercises shewn such Art
Neglectedly concerned in each part,
As if to her they all were natural,
Or she to them were supernatural;
And so in truth she was, her nobler Fire
Unto a higher Region did aspire.
This by her bearing is well figur'd out,
Which rightly doth her represent devout.
The Field is Argent; charge, a Chevron sable*

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

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

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

She once *bleſt* Earth, while *acting* on this *stage*
 Now gives *Heavens Book* of *Bliss* another *Page*,
 Which gives me greater *Amours*, and much
 I long to *read* it now, than e're before. (more

You'll say, my *Muse* soars not so high a flight
 As justly *rates* her *worth* ; confess, 'tis right
 One cause is this, her *wings* with *grief* are *wet* ;
 Or else her *Lute* had *strain'd* a nobler set.

S. B.

To the READER.

Courteous Reader.

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

John Bachiler.

I. DE-

I. DECAD.

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

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

3. Whether he that holds the *po-*
wer

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

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

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

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

or

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

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

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

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

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

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

II. D E C A D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

19. Whether

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

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

III. DECA D.

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

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

came trembling to Christ, Luke 8. 47.
Mark 9. 24. John 6. 37.

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

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

25. Whether Faith and Love are not a pair of *golden wings*, with which a gracious heart flies to *Heaven* every day? *Psal. 11. 1. & 143. 9.*

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

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

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

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

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

IV. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

V. DECAD.

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

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

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

40. Ezek. 44. 7, 8.

44. Whether it be not the peculiar Office of the Spirit of God, to teach his People to pray? and whether any prayers will be accepted, but such as he dictates? Rom. 8. 15, 26, 27. Psal. 10. 17.

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

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

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

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

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

49. Whether the *darkness*, occa-
sioned among a People, by the ab-
sence

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

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

V I. D E C A D.

51. Whether Christ his *local descent* into Hell, were an Article of the Christian Faith, the first 400. years after Christ? and whether those words of our Saviour upon the Cross, *It is finished,* (Job. 19.20.) do leave any ground to believe that he suffered any pain, or felt any farther wrath
of

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

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

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

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

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

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

56. Whether it may be ever hoped for in *this world*, that *all men* shall be *just of a mind*, or of the same opinions and apprehensions (in matters disputable at least) any more than all to be of *one and the same complexion and feature* in their faces? *I Cor. 1.12. & Chap. 3. 3,4,5,6. & Chap. 12.4,5.*

57. Whe-

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

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

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

me-

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

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

VII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 Pet. 2. 23.

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

2 Tim. 4. 7, 8. Jam. 1. 12. Rev. 2. 10. & 3. 21.

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

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

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

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

VIII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

74. Whether all the world be not a place of *exile* to him, whose *Coun-
try* is Heaven? and whether a Be-
lievers *home* can be any where but in
his *Fathers house*? *John 14.2. Heb. 11.
13, 14, 15, 16.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IX. DECAD.

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

do not wish they had done so, when it
is *too late*? *I Pet. 4.16. Mat. 27.3,4,5.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

X. D E C A D.

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

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

have not ever since been conceived
and sprang from the same womb?
Gen. 3. 4, 5, 13. *2 Cor.* 11. 3. *Rom.*
5. 12, 16, 17, 18, 19. *Gen.* 6. 5. *Eccles.*
8. 11. *Jam.* 1. 14.

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

94. Whether we are not *worse ene-*
mies to our selves by far, than the De-
vil can possibly be, since he can ne-
ver hurt us without our *own consent*?
Prov. 1. 10. *Psal.* 50. 18.

95. Whether the *heart of man* be-
fore 'twas entred and possessed by
sin, was not the very *Paradise of Pa-*
radise, an *Eden within Eden it self*,
even Gods own sweet Garden of de-
light, where *himself*, and *Son*, and
Spirit, did all dwell and converse to-
gether? and whether ever since it hath
not been the very *spawning place* of
all filthines? a *Cage* of unclean birds?
an horrible *deep and dark pit*, of his-
sing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XI. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XII. DECA'D.

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

112. Whether any *Garden or Gallery*, be so pleasant, sweet, and stately to walk in, as where *Christ and his Spouse* are wont to meet? and whether any nourishment be so desirable, as that honey and milk which *they eat of*, and those spiced Wines which *they drink?* *Cant. 5.1. & 7.5. & 8.2. Isa. 25.6.*

113. Whether the Citizens *Merchandise*, or the Conntry-mans *Husbandry*

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

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

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

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

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

117. Whether one affectionate warm active Christian, among many cold ones, be not like one *live coal*, that enkindles many dead ones? and like a *load-stone*, in the midst of many needles, which *draws* and gives *magnetique touches* to them all, by virtue whereof, they draw others likewise? *1 Cor. 11. 1. Heb. 3. 13. John 1. 43, to 47. Act. 18. 24, to 28.*

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

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

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

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

XIII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

God himself, in one of his most Royal
Prerogatives ? 2 Sam. 19. 21, 22, 23.
Prov. 10. 12. Exod. 34. 7. Jer. 50. 20.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rom.

Rom. 2. 14, 15, 16. 1 Job. 3. 25, 21,
 130. Whether it be likely that he,
 who at *any time thinks* it too soon to
 repent, or thinks it *soon enough* to re-
 pent at any time ; means ever to re-
 pent at all ? and whether any man be
 truly wise, but he that is wise *at last*,
 and so wise for *eternity* ? Heb. 3. 7, to
 16. Rom. 2. 5. Prov. 19. 20. Deut.
 32. 29.

XIV. DÉCAD.

131. Whether part of a *good Mo-*
thers imployment , should not be a
 constant endeavour to instil *knowledge*
 and *grace* into her Childrens hearts ?
 and the like of a Mistris to her Mai-
 deus ? Prov. 31. 1. 2 Tim. 1. 5.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

22, 23.

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

rence, and consulting how best to serve God *all the day after?* *Psal. 5.3.*
& 63. 6. Mal. 3. 16.

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

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

X V. D E C A D.

141. Whether God in his appointed

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

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

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

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

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

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

I Tim. 3. 16.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XVI. DECAD.

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

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

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

154. Whether Jesus Christ doth not

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

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

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

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

10. 42.

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

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

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

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

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

XVII. DECAD.

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

N and

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

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

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

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

and whether true desires of Grace,
do not *suppose* and *proceed* from
Grace? *Neb.* 1.11. *Esa.* 26. 8,9. 2 *Cor.*
8.12.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XVIII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

things ? *Prov. 2.1, to 10. Psal. 19.7,*
to 11. Colos. 3. 16.

176. VVhether the light of *Gods countenance* cannot make *day* in the darkest soul at mid-night? and one kind word from him, *revive* the heart in the midst of the pangs of death? and whether he be in any danger of sinking, that is supported with *everlasting arms*? or of fainting, that is refreshed with the cordials of *Divine Love*? *Psal. 4. 6. & 27.1. & 36. 9. Can. 2. 3, 4, 5. Esa. 2. 14. & 40. 11. Deut. 33. 27.*

177. VVhether the same *omnipotent Power* of God, that is an *hedge* of *protection* to his People, and a *wall of brass* for their defence, is not an hedge of *thorns* to scratch their enemies, and a wall of *fire* to devour them? *Job 1.10. Ier. 1.18, 19. Act. 9. 5.*

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

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

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

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

XIX. D E C A D.

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

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

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

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

184. Whether the *death of Infants*,
be

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ed or quenched, as to be *totally expelled* out of that heart, where it hath been once received in truth? and whether the heart of man, being *deceitful above all things*, full of *imaginacions*, which are *only evil*, and that *continually*, & so *desperately wicked*, that none *can know it*, can be supposed to have any the *least power* to fetch in saving Grace of it self? and whether he that asserts these two *dangerous points*, doth not, implicitly at least, deny the absolute *freeness* and *unchangeableness* of Gods love, and make his Acts of Grace *vallid* or *invalid*, according to the *will* of his own Creature? Gen. 6. 5. Jer. 17. 9. 2 Cor. 3. 5. Job. 15. 5. compared with, Rom. 9.15. Mal. 3. 6. Ezek. 36. 31, 32.

XX. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

197. Whether a firm *perswasion* of
Gods omniscience, omnipresence, ha-
tred of sin, and of his power and re-
solution to punish it, where not re-
pented of, would not prevent *millions*
of sins that are hourly committed
throughout the whole world? *Psal.*
50. 21, 22. & 90. 8. & 139. 1,
to 13.

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

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

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

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

XXI. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

208. Whether *Gold-smiths* can deal any where for *such pure gold*, as is mentioned, *Rev. 3.18.* or the *Vintner*, for *such rich Wines*, as we read of in, *Esa. 25. 6. & Cant. 5. 1. & 8. 2.* and whether it is not their chiefest wisdom, to drive their *whole stock* there?

209. Whether a *seeds-man* shall not do well to consider, that he that sows *most tears* for sin, shall have the *richest crop*? and the Ploughman, that his Plough in the field will speed *much the better*, when he is careful in the due seasons of it, to Plough up the *fallow ground* of his own heart too? *Psal.* 126. 5, 6. *Jer.* 50. 4, 5. *Luk.* 6. 21. also, *Jer.* 4. 3. *Hos.* 10.12.

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

XXII. DECAD.

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

others of their own most learned Writers ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXIII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

225. Whe-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

mor-

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

XXIV. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

1 Cor. 3. 3, 4. Gal. 5.10, to 16. & 6. 1, 2. 1 Thes. 4. 9, 10, 11. Epb. 4. 2, 3.

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

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

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

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

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

nues, Estate, Liberty, and Life too, if called for, rather than forsake Christ?
Mat. 4. 20. & 16. 24, 25. Mark 10. 29, 30.

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

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

240. Whe-

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

XXV. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

ly at the present an undiscerned curse? *Prov. 11.1. & 12.22. Micah 6.10, 11, 12.*

245. Whether nature will not be content with little, and Grace with less? and whether a *Righteous mans* little, be not more than a *wicked mans* much? *1 Tim. 6.6. Prov. 15.16, 17. & 16.8.*

246. Whether Believers have not possession of Heaven already, since their *Head* is there? and whether Christ be not gone thither before hand, as a *Messenger* or *Harbinger*, to trim up the *Lodgings* appointed for them, and to secure them for them, till they come *themselves*? *Joh. 14.2. Heb. 6. 20.*

247. Whether the soul be not a glorious *Bride*, when once Christ is become its *Bridegroom*; especially since he marries it not in its *own clothes*, but such as are fitted for it, out of the *Wardrobes* of Heaven? *Mat. 25. 10. Esa. 61.10. Rev. 21. 2.*

248. Whe-

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

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

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

XXVI. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXVII. DECAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

266. Whether all that Trade in

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

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

268. Whe-

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

269. Whether in long and lingering sicknesses, especially if accompanied with *much pain and anguish*, a patient *acquiescence* under the hand of God, a submissive *acceptance* of the punishment of ones iniquity therein, and a cheerful satisfaction in the *Will* of God, who is pleased thus to use his Rod, be not an argument of a *gratious frame of heart*, and of a *sainted improvement* of the affliction? and whether the *contrary frame* of spirit, doth not produce *contrary effects*? *Rom.* 5. 3, 4. & 15. 4, 5. *Colos.* 1.11. *2 Thess.* 1. 3. *2 Thess.* 1. 4. *Heb.* 6. 12. *Jam.* 1. 3, 4. & 5, 10, 11. *Levit.* 26.41.

Job

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

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

Three concluding Quæries.

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

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

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

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

3.. Whether he that diligently reads and
considers the 6th and 7th Chapters of the
*Act*s of the Apostles, will not find, That
the *only occasion* of Stephen the Proto-Mar-
tyr, being accused of *Blasphemy* and stoned
to death, was his bold and resolute defence of
the *Spiritual Worship* brought in by Christ,
in opposition to the *Jewish Rites and Ceremo-*
nies, which though appointed by God him-
self at first, yet now are out of date & useless?
and whether this very thing was not one
of those pretended *Crimes*, that Christ him-
self was arraigned for in the *High Priests*
Hall? as appears in, *Mat. 26.57*, to *69*. com-
pared with, *Joh. 4. 19*, to *27*. and whether a
good cause with a mans own *innocency* in the
sight of God and his own conscience, be not
one great support to him under the severest
censures, and sharpest sufferings he can meet
with from this world ?

F I N I S.



