

Monergism

THE WORKS OF
**THOMAS
ADAMS**

Being the Sum of his Sermons,
Meditations, and other Divine
and Moral Discourses

63 SERMONS AND THREE TREATISES

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by Thomas Adams

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EDITORIAL NOTE

HAVING undertaken the general editorship of this most important series of works after two volumes of it had been published, I embrace the opportunity afforded by the issue of the first volume of the works of a new author, to state briefly the method that will be pursued in discharging the duties of that responsible office.

The main object to be constantly aimed at, and so far as possible attained, is the issue of a complete and perfect text of the works to be included in the series. In most of the modern reprints of some of these works, passages have been left out, and expressions have been modified, on the plea that if the authors had lived in our days, they would not have written as they actually did. Such a mode of procedure would be altogether inconsistent with the objects and plan of the present series. We have nothing to do with what they might, or might not, have written in other circumstances, but with what they did write. The only change intended to be introduced into the works as originally published, is the substitution of the modern orthography for the antique and capricious spelling. To some readers even this may seem unadvisable; but the balance of advantage seems to be decidedly in its favour, as it will undoubtedly fender the works more attractive to the great body of readers. The punctuation of the old editions is exceedingly faulty, and requires to be set aside altogether.

In a few instances I have altered the forms of words that have become obsolete; but I have substituted only what may be regarded as the modern forms of the same words, and that only where the old forms might puzzle ordinary readers. When there was no likelihood of this, I have retained the antiquated forms. No one, I think, will blame me for not changing, for example, the fine old words *covetise* and *niggardice* into *covetousness* and *niggardliness*. There is one instance in which I have systematically made a change, which some may regard as a change of words, but which I consider to be only a change of forms. Most readers must have noticed that the word *its* does not occur in the Authorised Version of the English Bible. Its place in that version is supplied by *his*. Adams, who was cotemporary with the authors of that version, in like manner never makes use of *its*. If, like them, he had used *his* for it, I should not have considered it necessary or proper to alter it. But he almost invariably uses *the* for *its*.* In very many cases this sounds awkwardly to a modern ear, and in some instances might prevent the immediate apprehension of the sense of a passage. For example, I doubt if the common proverbial maxim, 'Virtue is its own reward,' would be at once intelligible to every reader under the form, 'Virtue is the own reward.' Expressions similar to this are of constant occurrence in the earlier writings of the period embraced in this series, and I am not sure that some of them are not retained towards the beginning of this first volume of Adams's Works. After the printing had proceeded a little way, I adopted the resolution to discard the article, whenever it was manifestly the representative of the neuter possessive pronoun. When there could be any doubt of its being so used, I have allowed it to remain, although my own belief might be that it ought to be altered. To some it will appear that I have said more than enough about a small matter; but it should be remembered that this explanation is given once for all regarding the text of one of the largest collections of works ever published in connexion.

The original editions abound with typographical errors, and these I have corrected when it was perfectly manifest that they were such. I have also discarded the artificial form of printing the divisions of

sermons and treatises, in which the authors and the printers of those days evidently prided themselves. The reader will find appended to this note, as a specimen, the divisions of one of Adams's sermons, 'The Black Saint.' This in the present edition is given thus:—

'The material circumstances concerning both fort and captain, hold and holder, place and person, may be generally reduced to these three:—

'I. The unclean spirit's egress, forsaking the hold; wherein we have—

'1. His unroosting; and observe, (1.) The person going out; (2.) The manner; and, (3.) The measure of his going out.

'2. His unresting, or discontent; which appears, (1.) In his travel, "he walketh;" (2.) In his trial, "in dry places;" (3.) In his trouble, "seeking rest;" (4.) In the event, "findeth none."

'II. His regress, striving for a re-entry into that he lost; considered—

'1. Intently; wherein are regardable, (1.) His resolution, "I will;" (2.) His revolution, "return;" (3.) The description of his seat, "into my house;" (4.) His affection to the same place, "whence I came out."

'2. Inventively; for he findeth in it, (1.) Clearness, it is "empty;" (2.) Cleanness, "swept;" (3.) Trimness, "garnished."

'III. His ingress, which consists in his fortifying the hold; manifested —

'1. By his associates; for he increaseth his troops, who are described, (1.) By their nature, "spirits;" (2.) By their number, "seven;" (3.) By the measure of their malice, "more wicked."

'2. By his assault, to the repossessing of the place; testified, (1.) By their invasion, "they enter;" (2.) By their inhabitation, "they dwell;" (3.) By their cohabitation, "they dwell there together."

'IV. The conclusion and application shut up all. The conclusion: "The last state of that man is worse than the first." The application: "Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation." You see I have ventured on a long journey, and have but a short time allowed me to go it. My observations in my travel shall be the shorter, and, I hope, not the less sound. So the brevity shall make some amends for the number.'

The production of a perfect text on these principles is a work requiring sound judgment, incessant care, and no small amount of labour, in which I trust that the readers of the series will not find me wanting.

The works of almost all the divines of this period abound with allusions to, and quotations from, the writings of the Fathers. Where these quotations form the foundation of an argument, it is clearly necessary that they should be verified, and the reference given, as it may frequently be desired to consult the context in the original; but where, as is generally the case, they are simply statements of what one of the Fathers has said, introduced merely to give point to a sentence, to corroborate the author's view, or to express a distinction or an antithesis more pointedly than it could be expressed in English, it could accomplish no practical good to spend days or weeks in searching the voluminous works of the Fathers and others, for passages which, even if found, would afford no additional information to the reader. The first class of quotations will, in all cases, be verified, and the references given, and as many of the second class as can readily be found. The series having been undertaken in the belief that it would be eminently useful to ministers of the gospel who desire to search the rich stores of the Puritan theology for practical purposes, it is not supposed they would value it for any appearance of scholarship which an editor might seek to display, but for the profound learning which is so great a peculiarity of the Puritan Fathers. In the great majority of cases, the ordinary reader will be quite content with a general reference; while the few who are curious in such matters would be sorry to have the

work done for them, which they will take great pleasure in doing for themselves. In not a few cases, the sentences marked as taken from the Fathers are not given in their words. This is, of course, the case with respect to those from the Greek Fathers, which are always quoted in Latin. The Scriptural references, which are very incorrect in the original editions, may be depended upon in this.

Besides furnishing a text approaching perfection as nearly as possible, my editorial duty includes the preparation of a full and accurate index to the works of each author. This I hope to be able to accomplish in a manner that will prove satisfactory.

On the part of the Publisher I have to state, with reference to the volume now issued, that it was intended, as the subscribers to this series are aware, that a Memoir of Adams, by the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon of London, should be prefixed to the first volume of his Practical Works. Unfortunately the state of Mr Spurgeon's health for some time past has incapacitated him from the discharge of any extra duty; and though, both from his having undertaken the preparation of this Memoir, and from the great interest he has always taken in this series, he was most desirous to fulfil his engagement, he has found it impossible to do so. In these circumstances, the Memoir will be postponed till the appearance of the third volume, in April 1862; when it will be supplied by the Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D., Principal of the Baptist College, Regent's Park, London. The present volume is in consequence somewhat thinner than the Publisher intended, but this will be rectified in the course of the issue of the series. In the third and concluding volume of Adams it is the Editor's intention to insert a short dissertation on the literary acquirements of Adams, what he borrowed from previous and cotemporary writers, and what cotemporary and succeeding writers borrowed from him.

The absence of the Memoir referred to from this volume seems to make it necessary for the Editor to introduce Adams to the reader. This I shall do in a few sentences. He is a writer of the earlier Puritan

period, and belongs to the class that were called doctrinal Puritans, while he is as far as possible from being a Puritan writer according to the ideas that are usually attached to that term. A high Tory in church and state, an uncompromising advocate of the divine right of kings and bishops, he is never weary of pouring forth invectives against Papists on the one hand, and those whom he regards as schismatics and sectaries on the other. There is something exceedingly amusing in the pertinacity with which he launches forth indignant abuse of all who differ from him. But there is not a particle of sourness in his abuse; while there is much of hearty, witty, sarcastic, trenchant bitterness. He was a 'good hater,' evidently because he was an ardent lover.

Adams was not distinctively a doctrinal writer; but sound evangelical doctrine, according to the school of Augustine and Calvin, forms the basis of his writings. Neither does he enter deeply into Christian experience; but perhaps no preacher ever excelled him in faithfully and vigorously, without fear or favour, or respect of persons, denouncing vice and immorality under all disguises. It is evident in every page of his writings that 'in his eyes a vile person was contemned.' The reader will go to him in vain for expositions of Scriptural texts, or for insight into the deeper workings of the Christian heart; but not in vain for a hearty appreciation of all that is good, and as hearty a denunciation of all that he considered to be evil.

His extant writings are all to be given in this series, with the exception of his Commentary on the Second Epistle of Peter, which was reprinted not long ago.

The style of Adams, though frequently disfigured by what I must be permitted to call wretched puns and conceits, is exceedingly lively and racy; sometimes rising into pure eloquence, always clear, vigorous, spirited; a style that, in these days, would be deemed more suitable to our light periodical literature, than to the conventional formalities of the pulpit. Every reader who can appreciate genuine

English manliness, decided sentiments, and frankness in expressing them, will receive a rich treat in the perusal of the works of Thomas Adams. He has been styled the Shakspeare of the Puritans; and a claim may be laid to the compliment, as the fertility of his imagination, and his intimate acquaintance with human nature in its graver and lighter moods, are frequently evinced with a power which warrants the comparison.

It only remains to explain that Adams was in the exercise of his ministry while the Authorised Version of the Bible was in preparation. He occasionally refers to it as 'the new translation;' but does not seem to have habitually made use of it. In some cases his argument depends upon readings of texts different from that in that Version. It will also be noticed that he quotes the Apocrypha with the same freedom with which he quotes the canonical books.

It will be seen from the address 'to the Candid and Ingenious Reader,' that the sermons collected by Adams, and published by him in one folio volume, had previously been published separately. In their original form most of them had dedications prefixed; but, for reasons which do not appear, he deleted many of these. They will all be reprinted in connexion with his Memoir, as they are worthy of preservation on many grounds.

The sermons in this series are arranged according to the order of the texts. This seems to be an advantageous arrangement upon the whole; but it involves the inconvenience, that in a few instances references are made to previous sermons, which in this edition occupy a subsequent place.

T. S.

TO THE

**RIGHT HONOURABLE AND TRULY
NOBLE**

WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE, &c.

**LORD HIGH STEWARD OF HIS
MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD;**

**OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL;**

**CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD;**

**AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER.**

MY LORD,

Your honourable name hath stood long, like a happy star, in the orb of divine volumes; a sanctuary of protection to the labours and persons of students; and if I have presumed to flee thither also for refuge, I am taught the way by more worthy precedents. It cannot but be for your honour that your patronage is so generally sought for, not only by private ministers, but even by whole universities. In the vouchsafing whereof, you have daily as many prayers as the earth hath saints. I am bold also to present my poor offering, as one loath to be hindmost in that acknowledgment which is so nobly deserved, and so joyfully rendered, of all tongues. Divers of these sermons did presume on the help of your noble wing, when they first adventured

to fly abroad. In their retrieval, or second flight, being now sprung up again in greater number, they humbly beg the same favour. They all speak the same language, and desire so to be understood. Yet for fear of misinterpretation, I beseech your Lordship to give them all your pass; and, lest they should grow poor with contempt, your legacy of approbation. So I doubt not but that for your noble name's sake, (not their own merit,) wheresoever they light, they shall find respective* entertainment, and do yet some more good to the church of God. Which success, together with your Honour's true happiness, both of this and a better life, is still prayed for, by

Your Lordship's humbly devoted,

And ready to be commanded,

THO. ADAMS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY, EARL OF MANCHESTER
VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE, BARON OF
KIMBALTON;
LORD PRIVY-SEAL;
AND OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

BY your Lordship's favour, one moiety of these my unworthy meditations had the honour of their first patronage; and, under the seal of your gracious allowance, were conveyed to the public light. At your command many of them were preached, and, not without your acceptance, published. They were unthankful servants, if they should not know their old master, whose livery they have so long worn, and in whom they have ever found so fair indulgence. But howsoever soon charitable men might acquit them, there could be no discharging of their author from the imputation of ingratitude, if I should not send them to your Lordship, for the same blessing at their second which they had at their first publication. There is no merchant that hath found a fortunate success under the steering of a pilot, such as myself had under your honourable protection, in one adventure, but he will implore the same favour in his next voyage. At the preaching of these thoughts I was bound to your Lordship for your favourable ear; in the publishing of them, to your generous eye; and now a third obligation you may bring upon me, by your Lordship's kind re-acceptance. They were once yours; I beseech you give them leave to be so still, and account me not altogether your Lordship's unprofitable servant, who have returned you your own with increase. Being once so willingly parted from me, they were no longer mine, but your Lordship's; and if I did present at first, I do but restore them now. That might be an act of love and observance; this is an act of gratitude and justice. That your honours may be still multiplied with our most gracious king on earth, and with the King of kings in heaven, is faithfully prayed for, by him that is unworthy to be

Your Lordship's humble servant,

THO. ADAMS.

TO

**MY DEARLY BELOVED CHARGE,
THE PARISHIONERS OF SAINT
BENNET'S
NEAR TO PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON:
INCREASE OF GRACE, PEACE, AND
COMFORT IN OUR LORD JESUS
CHRIST.**

I OWE you a treble debt—of love, of service, of thankfulness. The former, the more I pay, the more still I owe. The second I will be ready to pay to the uttermost of my power, though short both of your deserts and my own desires. Of the last, I will strive to give full payment; and in that, if it be possible, to come out of your debts. Of all, I have in this volume given you the earnest; as, therefore, you use to do with bad debtors, take this till more comes. You see I have venturously trafficked with my poor talent in public, whilst I behold richer graces kept close at home, and buried in silence; liking it better to husband a little to the common good, than to hoard up much wealth in a sullen niggardice. I censure none. If all were writers, who should be readers? If none, idle pamphlets would take up the general eye, be read and applauded, only through want of better objects. If the grain be good, it doth better in the market than in the garner. All I can say for myself is, I desire to do good; whereof if I should fail, yet even that I did desire it and endeavour it shall content my conscience. I am not affrighted with that common objection of a dead letter. I know that God can effectuate his own ends, and never required men to appoint him the means. If it were profitable being spoken, sure it cannot be unnecessary being written.

I very well know the burden of preaching in this city. We may say of it in another sense, what Christ said of Jerusalem, 'Oh thou that killest the prophets!' Many a minister comes to a parish with his veins full of blood, his bones of marrow; but how soon doth he exhaust his spirits, waste his vigour! And albeit there are many good souls, for whose sake he is content to make himself a sacrifice; yet there are some so unmerciful, that after all his labour, would send him a beggar to his grave. I tell you but the fault of some. To you I am thankful. In testimony whereof I have set to my hand, and sent it you as a token of the gratitude of my heart. Receive it from him that is unfeignedly desirous of your salvation; and if he knew by what other means soever he might bring you to everlasting peace, would study it, practise it, continue it, whilst his organ of speech hath breath enough to move it. The God of peace grant you that peace of God which passeth all understanding, and afford you many comforts in this life to the end, and in the next life his glory without end! Amen.

Your loving and faithful Pastor,

THO. ADAMS.

TO THE CANDID AND INGENIOUS READER

THESE Meditations, which before were scattered abroad in parcels, are now presented to thee in one entire volume. I cannot but take notice that much injury hath been done to the buyers of such great books by new additions, so that by the swelling of the later impressions the former are esteemed unperfect. Be satisfied and assured, that to this volume nothing shall ever be added. If the Lord enable me to bring forth any other work of better use to his church, it

shall be published by itself, and never prejudice this. I cannot look to escape censures, no more than St Paul did perils; and amongst the rest, especially by false brethren, 2 Cor. 11:26. It is prodigious when such a spirit of pride and bitterness shall possess the heart of any ministers, that they shall think nothing well done but what they do themselves. Let me humbly borrow the application of our Saviour's words to them: 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; if well, why do you smite me with your virulent tongues?' To the honest-hearted readers I submit all: *In omnibus meis scriptis, non modo pium lectorem, sed et liberum correctorem, desidero.*[†] But to such uncharitable censurers, *qui vel non intelligendo reprehendunt, vel reprehendendo non intelligunt,* ‡ —that cannot or will not understand,—I wish either a more sound judgment, or a more sober affection: that of lectores, they would not become lictores; and being but readers, no usurp the office of judges; or, worse, of executioners. But, 'as he that commendeth himself is not approved, but whom the Lord commendeth,' 2 Cor. 10:18; so if the Lord approve, I pass not for man's censure. *Cupio, si fieri potest, propitiis auribus, quid sentiam dicere: sin minus, dicam et iratis.*§ I hear of some idle drones humming out their dry derisions, that we (forsooth) affect to be men in print, as if that were the only end of these publications; but let the communication of goodness stop their mouths. Speech is only for presence, writings have their use in absence: *quo, liceat libris, non licet ire mihi,*—our books may come to be seen where ourselves shall never be heard. These may preach when the author cannot, and (which is more) when he is not. The glory be only to God, the comfort to your souls and mine: with which prayer I leave you to Him that never leaveth his.

THO. ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENT

IN issuing the last volume of ADAMS'S PRACTICAL WORKS, the Publisher takes leave to point out the special advantages which he believes characterise this edition.

Apart from the convenience of the octavo volume over the folio, and the adaptation of the spelling to modern usage, it has been the aim of the conductors to give to this edition, the following features:—

1. The numerous typographical errors in the original edition, which frequently destroy the sense, have been corrected.
2. The references to Scripture, &c., have been carefully verified.
3. Complete Indices are given, so as to afford perfect facility for reference. The Index of the original folio is well known to be almost worthless. As one main value of this series, when completed, will consist in the different works being readily available for consultation, complete and carefully prepared Indices are regarded as indispensable to confer on the editions a permanent value.
4. Two Sermons are added, the existence of which was known to a very few.
5. The Prefaces and Dedications prefixed to the different works, as originally printed, are reproduced.
6. A Memoir containing all the information obtainable regarding Adams is supplied.

The Publisher desires to point to these particulars, as affording an earnest of what the other works will be when completed; as an evidence of his desire to redeem his pledge, and a proof that, irrespective of the great difference in the price of the editions in this

series, compared with the market value of the originals, they will be more complete and more valuable for all practical purposes.

In appending *WARD'S SERMONS* to the last volume of Adams, he does not anticipate any objections on the part of his Subscribers. As a general rule, it is not desirable to mix up in the same volume, one author with another; but, as the only alternative was to produce Adams in three thin volumes, it appeared to him that this course was open to many more objections than adding, separately paged, another author, whose writings are in many respects remarkable, who lived at the same period, and whose mode of dealing with his subject is so much akin to that of Adams.

Where any irregularity in the delivery of the volumes, as published, takes place, or any change of residence occurs, the Publisher begs he may be made acquainted with the circumstance, that he may be enabled to arrange for the punctual supply of the volumes as they are issued.

EDINBURGH, March 1862.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS ADAMS

LITERATURE has on its roll many eminent authors, from Homer downwards, whose personal history is not known. The shadow of a great name rests upon their title-pages; the men themselves, try as we may, we cannot see.

To this class Thomas Adams belongs. That he was, in 1612, a preacher of the gospel at Willington,' in Bedfordshire; that, in 1614, he was at Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire, probably as vicar; that, in 1618, he held the preachingship at St Gregory's, under St Paul's Cathedral, and was 'observant chaplain' to Sir Henrie Montague, the Lord Chief-Justice of England; that, in 1630, he published a folio volume of his collected works, dedicating them 'to his parishioners of St Bennet's, Paul's Wharf,' to 'Wm. Earle of Pembroke,' and 'Henrie Earle of Manchester,' the first a nobleman of Puritan tendencies, and the second the Montague just named, and the representative of a family known to favour liberty; that, in 1633, he published a Commentary on the Second Epistle of the apostle Peter, dedicating it to 'Sir Henrie Marten, Kt., Judge of the Admiralty, and Deane of the Arches Court of Canterbury,' and promising in his Dedication 'some maturer thoughts,' never destined apparently to see the light; that, in 1653, he was passing 'a necessitous and decrepit old age' in London, having been sequestered, if Newcourt is to be trusted,* from his living; and that he died before the 'Restoration,' we know; gathering our information chiefly from his own writings. † That he was in request for visitation sermons; that he was a frequent preacher at St Paul's Cross, in services soon to be abolished, and occasional preacher at Whitehall; that he was friend and 'homager' of John Donne, prebendary of St Paul's, and an admirer of Jewell, and Latimer, and Fox, and Joseph Hall; that he loved and preached the great truths of the gospel; that he was a man of extensive learning; that he was a laborious pastor; that his writings were quoted in the commonplace books of the day,* and were apt to 'creep out' before they were published; that there is much in them to justify the opinion of Southey, who deemed Adams scarcely inferior to Thomas Fuller in wit, and to Jeremy Taylor in fancy, we also know; but again are we indebted for our information chiefly to his own works. † His too is as yet the shadow of a name. The man we cannot see nor have we found a witness that has seen him.

The singular silence of all the authorities who might have been expected to speak of Adams, compels us to gather up the fragments

of information we have on the districts in which he laboured, and on the great men with whose names his own is associated. They give side-glimpses, at least, of his character and life.

Willington, where Adams is first heard of, is a rural parish, in the neighbourhood of Bedford. It lies on the road between Bedford and St Neots. Here Adams laboured from 1612 to 1614, at least; and to the new lord of the manor, recently created a baronet—Sir Will. Gostwicke—and to Lady Jane Gostwicke, one of Adams' sermons is dedicated. Sir William came to the baronetcy in 1612, and died in 1615.‡

Adams is next found at Wingrave, whence he dates two of his sermons. In Lipscomb's History of Buckinghamshire, he is spoken of as vicar of Wingrave, from Dec. 2. 1614, when he was instituted, till he became incumbent of St Bennet Fink§ (Lipscomb says), when he resigned Wingrave in favour of the Rev. R. Hitchcock, S.T.B. Hitchcock was inducted May 4. 1636. The vicarage seems to have been in the gift of the Egerton family; and to Sir Thos. Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, some of Adams' sermons are dedicated. 'St Bennet Fink, is no doubt a mistake for St Bennet's, Paul's Wharf. The former was only a curacy, and was filled at this time, and till 1642, as Newcomb tells us, by a Mr Warefield.*

In each of these fields of labour, Adams must have had much leisure. Nor is it surprising to find him a frequent visitor in London; first at St Paul's Cross, and then regularly, from 1618 to 1623, at least, as preacher at St Gregory's, an office he probably shared with some of the canons of St Paul's.

The church of St Gregory, where he was preacher, was one of the oldest in London. It dates from the seventh century; and after an eventful history (in Adams' own age) hereafter to be noticed, was destroyed by the great fire. The parish was then united with that of St Mary Magdalene, Old Fish Street; and so it still remains. The building adjoined the Lollards Tower of the old Cathedral of St

Paul's. It stood at the south-west corner, near the top of St Paul's Chain; as St Bennet's stood at the bottom of the Chain, near the Thames. Its site is now occupied by the Clock Tower of the modern Cathedral. † The parish contained in Adams' time a population of three thousand, many of whom were 'woollen drapers,' and most 'of good quality.' ‡

The living was originally a rectory in the gift of the crown; but in the eighteenth year of Richard II., A.D. 1446, the minor canons having obtained letters patent making them a body politic, the king appropriated this church to them for their better support. § It was a poor living, as Adams found it, and was generally held with some other preferment. ||

In 1631–2, the church was repaired and beautified at 'the sole cost and proper charges' of the parishioners. The historians say that a sum of £2000 was spent on this work. ¶ Of the man whose labours in the parish make these facts interesting, they say nothing!

This beautifying of the church soon raised serious questions. The dean and chapter deemed it more fitting that the communion table should be removed to the upper end of the chancel, and ordered accordingly. The parishioners protested; and the case was carried, on the special recommendation of Archbishop Laud, to the king in council. Laud had just succeeded* the Puritan Archbishop Abbot, and thought that the principle of this case was likely to decide many other cases; ultimately the order of the dean and chapter was confirmed.

Pending this controversy, Sir Henry Martin, Adams' friend, and Dean of the Arches Court, spoke somewhat irreverently, as Laud thought; treating the whole question as one of 'cupboards' only. The speech cost Sir Henry his place; and years after, when Laud was tried for his life, the history of the communion table at St Gregory's formed one of the charges against him. † He pleaded that the order of the dean and chapter, not he, had placed the table there; and that

though in the council he had spoken in favour of the order, he had therein only used his undoubted liberty; and, moreover, was but carrying out the injunction of Queen Elizabeth, who had directed that all communion tables should be placed where the altars formerly stood.‡ When charged with calling Sir Henry a 'stigmatical or schismatical Puritan,' he suggested that 'schismatical Puritan' was the likelier term.§ The description he seems to have deemed sufficiently just not to need defence.

But the troubles of the church were not yet to end. Early in 1637, the Star Chamber directed, at Laud's instigation, that the church, so recently beautified, should be pulled down and rebuilt, at the expense of the parishioners, elsewhere. This change was intended for the improvement of the cathedral. The parish protested that they could not meet the expense.|| A further order was issued; and the congregation were instructed to find seats, 'moveable seats,' not pews, at Christ Church. This second order remaining unexecuted, the Archbishop, or the Lord Treasurer himself, seems to have given directions in the matter, and a large portion of the church was removed.¶

This also was remembered; for, in 1641, there is the following entry in the Journal of the House of Commons:—'Same day reported to the committee, that the church of St Gregory's was an ancient church.' ... 'Four years since,'—rather seven, as it seems,—'£1500 was spent in beautifying the church. Shortly after the Lord Treasurer and Lord Collington caused a great part of it to be pulled down, by command from the king and the council, as they pretend:—no pretence, however; for the order may be still seen in Rushworth. 'They ('the parishioners,' 'five of them,' Laud says) petitioned the Lords of the Council, but could have no redress. Voted by the Committee to be a great grievance, and to be added to the others which they meant to be addressed to the Lords. They were ordered by the House to send for Inigo Jones,* ... and to find means of redress for the parishioners.'

Nor have the disasters of the parish yet ceased. In 1658, Dr John Hewit is preacher. He conspires prematurely for the Restoration of Charles II., and pays the penalty with his life. In 1666, the church was burnt and buried under the ruins of St Paul's.

During the later years of this period, 1630–1640, it is probable that Adams had little connection with St Gregory's. His friend Dr Donne died in 1630. In 1633, the Puritan Archbishop Abbott followed him to his rest, and was succeeded by Laud, who had been Bishop of London from 1628. To the new archbishop, the doctrines and strong anti-popish feelings of Adams must have been highly distasteful. Lectureships the Archbishop disliked. They only gratified, he thought, 'itching ears,' and tempted men to discuss affairs of State. On these questions the dean and chapter seem to have sided on the whole with the archbishop. Nor was the building at St Gregory's in a favourable condition for preaching. Mr Inigo Jones had sawn through the pillars of the gallery, and had removed a large part of the roof. All through there is reason to believe that Adams' sympathies were with the parish.

At all events, he is from 1630 to 1636 rector of St Bennet's, and here he remains, it seems, till his death. When, or under what circumstances, this took place we are not told.

It is stated, indeed, by Newcourt, and repeated by Walker, that Adams of St Bennet's was sequestered in the days of the Commonwealth. But this statement is not in itself probable, nor does it rest on any satisfactory evidence. Let the following, as matters of fact, be noted. Adams' name appears in no official return of silenced ministers, while both Newcourt and Walker have unduly enlarged their lists. † Out of the eight thousand whom Walker mentions as sequestered, Calamy states, that not more than seventeen hundred are undoubted. Further, it is well known, that many eminent and useful preachers in the city were left untouched by the Government, though they were unfriendly to the new constitution in Church and State. Dr Hall, Dr Wilde, Dr Harding, and many more, continued to

preach in their churches without hindrance. To the Presbyterian Triers, Adams' doctrines must have commended him; while those whom Cromwell appointed in 1653, 'the acknowledged flower of English Puritanism,' were instructed to act upon the principle of rejecting no good and competent minister, 'whether Presbyterian, Independent, Prelatist, or Baptist,' unless his avowed opinions were dangerous to the ruling powers. It deserves also to be noted, that among Adams' patrons were Manchester and Pembroke. To both he has dedicated sermons, and of both he speaks in terms of affectionate intimacy. Both were leading members of the Government, and both were more or less concerned in the very sequestrations of which Adams is said to have been the victim. Once more, the parish of St Bennet's, which was exceedingly small, was united, after the great fire, with that of St Peter's; and as early as 1636, there is a return of the united income of the two parishes, a return that seems to imply that they were even then under one minister. At all events, the fact is recorded, that in that parish church 'many noblemen and gentlemen worshipped' during the Commonwealth, 'the rector and churchwarden continuing to have the liturgy constantly used, and the sacraments properly administered.*' That Adams should have been sequestered, the popular preacher, the earnest devoted pastor, the sound Calvinist, the strenuous opponent of the Papacy, the personal friend of the family of Pembroke, who lived in the parish, and had his children baptized at the parish church is highly improbable. It is true, he did not believe in Presbytery and Synod; but neither did many others who were never molested. It is likely he wished for the Restoration, but not more earnestly than Manchester and Pembroke, his patrons, nor sooner than moderate men of all parties. In short, if Adams were sequestered, it must have been for some fault of which his works give no trace, through strange forgetfulness on the part of his friends, or through gross injustice on the part of the Government.

And yet, in 1653, he was passing, as he tells us, a 'necessitous and decrepit old age.' Nor is this surprising. His preachingship at St Gregory's was in the gift of the minor canons, and was very scantily

paid. In 1639, all cathedral property was declared forfeit, and was ordered to be appropriated to the increase of small livings or to other purposes. In 1642 at latest, this order was carried out in the case of St Paul's. The rectories of St Bennet's and St Peter's were in the gift of the dean and chapter, and were largely dependent on cathedral funds. The two yielded at most £128 a-year; and at the Restoration, it was reckoned that a hundred of this sum had disappeared. From 1636, therefore, till the time of his death, Adams must have been supported, in part at least, by the bounty of his friends.

The distinction is perhaps practically of small moment. Whether Adams were himself sequestered, or the income of his living transferred, on general grounds, to other purposes, or withheld by those who availed themselves of the troubles of the times 'to cheat the parson,' he was in any case equally deprived of his support. But it is some comfort to believe that he suffered through no personal hostility, and on no personal grounds, but through the working of a system which affected multitudes besides, and which is to be defended, not by proving the immorality or the deficiencies of the sufferers, but on general policy. The distinction is as just to Adams's opponents as to Adams himself.

A word or two on the friends to whom Adams has dedicated his sermons. The tendencies of Sir Henry Martin, Laud has indicated, and Clarendon notes incidentally, that he was counsel against the canons adopted by convocation, and not likely 'to oversee any advantages' that could be urged on the side of his clients.* The very year in which Sir H. Martin was 'speaking irreverently' of the communion table, Adams was dedicating to him, with many expressions of esteem, his Commentary on St Peter. Sir Henry Montague, who was Adams' 'first patron,' had been Recorder of London, and was Lord Chief-Justice of England in 1618. His character has been sketched by Lord Chancellor Clarendon,† and at greater length, though less favourably, by Lord Campbell.‡ He was held in esteem by all parties, as a man of high principle, and of fair ability. He presided at the final trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said

to have conducted that painful business with more propriety and good feeling than were usual in those times. He died before 'the conflict of great principles,' the Rebellion; but his tendencies may be learned from the character of his son.

Edward Montague, as Lord Kimbolton, was the only member of the House of Peers whom Charles I. included in his indictment of the 'five members' of the House of Commons. In the civil wars he took an active part, as Earl of Manchester, on the side of the Parliament, and was commander at Marston Moor; but after the battle of Newbury he was suspected of favouring the king's interest. He was a decided friend of the Restoration, and immediately after it was appointed chamberlain. During the Commonwealth he was at the head of the Commission of Sequestrators for the University of Cambridge, and appointed one of his chaplains, Ashe, a friend of Fuller's, one of the sequestrators.* He was throughout the protector of the Nonconformists, and is said to have been a special friend of Richard Baxter's.†

William, Earl of Pembroke, Clarendon tells us, 'was most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of his age; and having a great office in the court, he made the court itself better esteemed, and more revered in the country.'‡ He was 'the Pembroke' of Ben. Jonson's well known epitaph, and was nephew of Sir Philip Sydney; being himself also a poet. In 1616, he was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He greatly offended the king by voting for the execution of the Earl of Strafford, and was afterwards intimately connected with the Duke of Northumberland, and other members of the liberal party. He died suddenly in 1630. His brother Philip, who succeeded to the title, was one of the lay members of the Westminster Assembly,§ and afterwards a friend of the Restoration. Both brothers resided in Baynard's Castle, and both were attendants at St Bennet's. There are entries in the parish records, between 1650 and 1655, of the 'christening' of five of Philip's children. The Earl of Kent and the Viscount Rochfort, to whom others of Adams' volumes are dedicated, belonged to the same party, and their names appear

again and again, with those of Pembroke and Essex, in the records of the civil war. If men are known by their friends, it is not difficult to gather from these facts the leanings and temper of our author. No supporter could he be of the tyranny or of the Popish tendencies of the court; but neither was he prepared for the Presbyterianism or the Independency, for the autocratic Protectorate, or the Republicanism that seemed to threaten on either hand. Like Baxter, he was sure of the gospel; while as for parties, he found that in the end, as they grew and developed, he could side wholly with none.

Judging from the general tenor of Adams's writings, it is not easy at first to explain his retaining the living at Wingrave while he was lecturer at St Gregory's, and afterwards while he was rector at St Bennet's. Still less can we account for the apparent fact that he was at once vicar of Wingrave, rector of St Bennet's in 1630, and, if we may trust the title-page of his Commentary on St Peter, rector of St Gregory's in 1633. Perhaps the true explanation is to be found, in part, in the fact that St Bennet's Church was really in St Gregory's Parish, and that when St Gregory's Church was given to the minor canons of St Paul's, St Gregory's Parish was often served by one pastor, who was called indiscriminately by the name of either of the churches. This supposition will appear the more probable when it is remembered that the sermon on the 'Happiness of the Church' is dedicated, in the original edition, to his parishioners of St Gregory's, and his collected works, to his parishioners of St Bennet's, in both cases in nearly the same words. This second dedication could have been no compliment, except in the supposition that the parishioners were the same. Still he was vicar of Wingrave and rector of St Gregory's, i.e., of St Bennet's. Is this consistent with his recorded sentiments? 'We have, every one,' says he, 'our own cures; let us attend them. Let us not take and keep livings of a hundred or two hundred a year, and allow a poor curate (to supply the voluntary negligence of our non-residence) eight or (perhaps somewhat bountifully) ten pounds yearly, scarce enough to maintain his body, not a doit for his study. He spoke sharply (not untruly) that called this usury, and terrible usury. Others take but ten in the hundred;

these take a hundred for ten. What say you to those that undertake two, three, or four great cures, and physic them all by attorneys? These physicians love not their patients, nor Christ himself.* So he writes; and yet he seems in the same context to meet what was probably his own case,—'Not but that preaching to our own charge, may yield to a more weighty dispensation. When the vaunts of some heretical Goliath shall draw us forth to encounter him with weapons, against whom we cannot draw the sword of our tongues, when the greater business of God's church shall warrant our non-residence to an inferior, then, and upon these grounds, we may be tolerated by another Physician to serve our cures (for so I find our charges, not without allusions to this metaphor, called); a physician, I say, that is a skilful divine, not an illiterate apothecary, an insufficient reader.'

The lawfulness of such an arrangement was certainly not lessened by its always ending in plethoric wealth. Adams' writings shew very clearly that the holder of two pieces of preferment might still be poor. 'The minister of the parish,' says he, 'shall hardly get from his patron the milk of the vicarage; but if he looks for the fleece of the parsonage, he shall have (after the proverb) Lanam Caprinam, a goat's fleece,—contempt and scorn.* 'Christ sends us,' he says again, 'as lambs among wolves. If they cannot devour our flesh, they will pluck our fleeces; leave us nothing but the tag-locks, poor vicarage-tithes: while themselves and their children are kept warm in our wool, the parsonage. Nay, and they would clip off the tag-locks too, raven up the vicarages, if the law would but allow them a pair of shears. Every gentleman thinks the priest mean; but the priest's means have made many a gentleman.'† And again, 'To cozen the ministers of their tithes in private, or to devour them in public, and to justify it when they have done'—this is general—to laugh at the poor vicar that is glad to feed on crusts, and to spin out twenty marks a year into a thread as long as his life; while the wolf inns a crop worth three hundred pounds per annum,'—this is very definite, what if it be personal!—'this is a prey somewhat answerable to the voracity of their throats. Let every man, of what profession soever, necessary

or superfluous, be he a member or a scab of the commonwealth, live; and the priest be poor, they care not.'

In those days there were upwards of 4000 non-resident livings out of 12,000, and upwards of 3000 held practically by lay impropiators.‡ The first fact justifies Adams' denunciation of non-residence; the second justifies the holding of two or more livings by one man. At Wingrave, it may be added, the chief revenues belonged to the lay rector—not Egerton; so that, with both vicarage and preachership, it is probable Adams had but a scanty support.

This much, though but little, on Adams' personal history.

It is hardly needful to add that the writer of these volumes is not Thomas Adam, the rector of Wintringham, in Lincolnshire, the author of 'Private Thoughts,' and of various expositions and sermons published posthumously. He died in 1784.

Nor is he the Thomas Adams of Calamy's Nonconformist Memorial. This Adams was the younger brother of Richard Adams, one of the editors of Charnock's works on 'Providence and on the Attributes,' and son of the rector of Worrall, in Cheshire. He was admitted Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge in 1644. Afterwards he went to Oxford and became a Fellow of Brazennose. In 1655, he left his fellowship, and was appointed to the rectory of St Mildred's, Bread Street, London.§ In 1662, he was removed for nonconformity and afterwards resided in the families of Sir S. Jones and the Countess Dowager of Clare. He died in 1670.

The Thomas Adams just named belonged to a family of clergymen; their names and history are given in Wood, but our author is not amongst them.

Lipscomb has dignified the writer of these volumes with the degree of M.A., and elsewhere he is styled B.D. and D.D., but there is no evidence that he really attained these dignities. His learning and ability are undoubted; and he speaks as one who had been at a

university, and who greatly valued a university education. But his name occurs in no college list, nor is he known to any of the historians of either Oxford or Cambridge.

These last results are of small positive value, but they are worth stating. They narrow the field of future inquiry, they correct some popular impressions, and they tell us in some degree who and what Adams was not.

The precise position of Adams in relation to the civil history, the ecclesiastical discussions, and the literature of his age, it is important to settle. That position illustrates both his character and his writings.

In France, Henry the Fourth having recently displeased Elizabeth, and belied his whole life by professing the Catholic faith though still a friend to Protestants, had gone, towards the close of the earlier half of James's reign, to his account, cut off prematurely by the dagger of an assassin. Holland had declared her independence, and was now deciding against Arminius. In England, the Hampton Court Conference had disappointed the Puritan party, and had strengthened the High Church tendencies of King James; the nobility and king had been providentially saved from the gunpowder-treason; the new translation of the Bible had just been completed, and was now winning its way into general acceptance. Raleigh, the prince of merchant adventurers, was prosecuting his romantic career, and was soon to expiate his misfortunes by an unjust death on the scaffold. The Court of High Commission was strengthening its power, and preparing for the disastrous usurpations of Strafford and Laud. A considerable portion of the clergy and laity of England were beginning to be weaned from the Established Church. Scotland had recently resisted the attempt to impose upon her Episcopal forms. Scandals, both ecclesiastical and civil, were extending on all sides; good men were alienated from their old friends by ecclesiastical tyranny, and by childish petulance. A civil war seemed even now at hand. What Adams thought of several of these events, we know. Of others, he has spoken never a word.

Ecclesiastically, matters stood thus. James had come to the throne at the beginning of the seventeenth century, with a strong preference for Calvinism, and with strong aversion to Popery. These feelings were gradually toned down, till, after the Synod of Dort, he became a friend of the Arminian party; and the Papacy itself he began to treat with indulgence. In 1622, he published directions to his clergy, to the effect that 'no preacher under a bishop or a dean should presume to preach on the deep points of predestination or election,' 'that no preacher should use railing speeches against Papists or Puritans,' and 'that no parson, vicar, curate, or lecturer, should preach any sermon in the afternoon, but expound the Catechism, Creed, or Ten Commandments.' In this last direction, Adams and all probably agreed; the two former must have been very distasteful to him and to many. They were specially aimed at that party in the Church who had hitherto dwelt, in their preaching, on the doctrines of grace, as they were called. This party included many eminent men; and they were sustained by several, who themselves dwelt seldom on these doctrines, but still questioned the propriety of the king's directions. Archbishop Abbot and Dr Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, were among their leaders. The very year in which Adams published his collected works, Bishop Davenant lost favour at Court, by preaching on predestination, and for the same offence, several clergymen were severely punished. The whole party were called Doctrinal Puritans, and Adams was undoubtedly among them.

Sometimes these Doctrinal Puritans were defined in other ways. Bancroft and Laud were both admirers of a ceremonial religion. They held opinions on rites and forms hardly consistent with the simplicity and spirituality of Protestantism. Sometimes it was the question of kneeling at the Lord's supper, and bowing at the emblems; sometimes of signing with the cross in baptism; oftenest it was the question of whether the communion table was to be regarded as an altar. But whatever the exact question, it had always the same issue. 'These forms,' it was said on the one side, 'are spiritual symbols, and they are essential. They represent great truths.' 'Leave them indifferent,' it was said on the other, 'and we may observe

them; make them obligatory, because important, and they become at once substantially Popery, and we cannot adopt them.' 'Doctrinal Papists,' the advocates of them were called, and under that name they are the opposite of 'Doctrinal Puritans.' Dr Williams, the Bishop of Lincoln, had recently created a great ferment, by publishing in favour of the Puritan views. Several clergymen were compelled by Laud to resign their livings, and some few were (to use King James's phrase), 'harried out of the land.' Thirty years later, they would have joined the Nonconformists of 1662. They shared by anticipation in their nonconformity, and they agreed in their doctrinal views.

Perhaps Adams' sympathies were less decidedly with Williams than with Davenant. Judging from his works, he would probably never have left the Church on a question of forms; though ready to leave it if necessary, on a question of doctrine. Doctrinal Puritanism he loved; the connection between certain rites and Doctrinal Popery he did not clearly see. And if he feared it, he so prized unity, and dreaded division, that he preferred quietly to preach the truth and use his liberty, leaving to others the discussion and the settlement of such questions. There are passages in his writings, which imply that he deemed the Puritans (as they were called), right in every thing, except in their 'schismatic spirit.' 'They,' he tells us, 'are the unicorns that wound the Church. Their horn, the secret of their strength, is precious enough, if only it were out of the unicorn's head!'

Some were schismatical beyond question. But does not a large portion of the guilt of schism lie at the door of those who were bent on making obligatory and essential what are at any rate non-essentials, whether of practice or of faith? Such is Coleridge's decision—a decision he defends with loving sympathy for the men, and by undoubted facts.

Adams's relation to the general literature of his age must also be settled.

In his youth he was the contemporary of the race that adorned the reign of Elizabeth,—Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Jonson, Bacon and Raleigh. Among the men of his own age were Bishops Hall, and Andrewes, Sibbes, the author of the 'Bruised Reed' and 'The Soul's Conflict,' Fuller the historian, and now in the church and now out of it, Hildersham, and Byfield, and Cartwright. Earle was busy writing and publishing his *Microcosmography*, and Overbury had already issued his 'Characters.' A little before him flourished Arminius and Whitgift, Hooker and Reynolds; and a little after him, Hammond and Baxter, Taylor and Barrow, Leighton and Howe. There is evidence that Adams had read the works of several of his contemporaries and predecessors; and he has been compared with nearly all the writers we have named. His scholarship reminds the reader of that 'great gulf of learning,' Bishop Andrewes. In sketching a character, he is not inferior to Overbury or Earle. In fearless denunciations of sin, in pungency and pathos, he is sometimes equal to Latimer or to Baxter. For fancy, we may, after Southey, compare him with Taylor; for wit, with Fuller; while in one sermon, at least—that on 'The Temple'—there is an occasional grandeur, that brings to memory the kindred treatise of Howe. Joseph Hall is probably the writer he most resembles. In richness of scriptural illustration, in fervour of feeling, in soundness of doctrine, he is certainly equal; in learning, and power, and thought, he is superior.

In this last paragraph a high place is assigned to Adams for the literary qualities of his writings. Apart from the excellence of his thoughts, the language and the imagery in which he clothes them are very attractive. Herein he differs from many of the Puritan Divines, and on the scholar and student he has peculiar claims. Indeed, for 'curious felicity' of expression he is almost alone among the evangelical authors of his age.

A few specimens may be selected. Like all extracts, however, they do scanty justice to the beauty of the passages whence they are taken. They are gems, but their brilliance depends in part on the setting.

Turn, for a good specimen of his general style, to his description of the Suitors of the Soul, England's Sickness, vol. i. 401.

He gathers illustrations from all sources. From grammar learning:—

'There is a season to benefit, and a season to hurt, by our speech; therefore it is preposterous in men to be consonants when they should be mutes, and mutes when they should be consonants. But a good life is never out of season.'—Heaven and Earth Reconciled.

'With God, adverbs shall have better thanks than nouns,'—i.e., Not what we do, but how we do it, is the grand question.

From the facts of common life, turned to ingenious uses:—

'We use the ocean of God's bounty as we do the Thames. It yields us all manner of provision: clothes to cover us, fuel to warm us, food to nourish us, wine to cheer us, gold to enrich us; and we, in recompense, soil it with our rubbish and filth. Such toward God is the impious ingratitude of this famous city. She may not unfitly be compared to certain pictures that represent to divers beholders, at divers stations, divers forms. Looking one way, you see a beautiful virgin; another way, some deformed monster. View her peace: she is fairer than the daughters of men. View her pride: the children of the Amorites are beauteous to her. When we think of her prosperity, we wonder at her impiety; when we think of her impiety, we wonder at her prosperity. O that her citizens would learn to manage their liberal fortunes with humility and sobriety! that when death shall disfranchise them here, they may be made free above, in the triumphant city, where glory hath neither measure nor end.'—The City of Peace.

From ripe scholarship, that knows how to glean in all fields, and how to defend the consecration of all to the service of the sanctuary:—

'Learning, as well as office, is requisite for a minister. An unlearned scribe, without his treasure of old and new, is unfit to interpret God's

oracles. The priest's lips shall preserve knowledge, is no less a precept to the minister, than a promise to the people: we are unfit to be seers, if we cannot distinguish between Hagar and Sarah. A minister without learning is a mere cypher which fills up a place, and increaseth the number, but signifies nothing. There have been some niggardly affected to learning, calling it man's wisdom. If the moral says of a poet, or a philosopher, or, perhaps, some golden sentence of a father drop from us, it is straight called poisoned eloquence, as if all these were not the spoils of the gentiles, and mere handmaids unto divinity. They wrong us: we make not the pulpit a philosophy, logic, poetry-school; but all these are so many stairs to the pulpit. Will you have it? the fox dispraiseth the grapes he cannot reach. If they could beat down learning, they might escape censure, for their own ignorance. For shame! Let none that have borne a book dispraise learning. She hath enemies enough abroad. She should be justified of her own children. Let Barbary disgrace arts, not Athens.

With all this richness of fancy, there is a plainness and a directness of speech, that often reminds the reader of honest Latimer:—

'Give, then, your physician leave to fit and apply his medicines, and do not you teach him to teach you. Leave your old adjurations to your too obsequious chaplains, if there be any such yet remaining. Speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits. Threaten your priests no longer with such expulsions from these poor vineyards which you have erst robbed, because they bring you sour grapes, sharp wine of reproofs. Bar not the freedom of these tongues, by tying them to conditions: this you shall say, and this not say, on pain of my displeasure. You may preach against sins, but not meddle with the pope; or you may inveigh against Rome and idolatry, so you touch not my Herodias; or you may tax lust, so you let me alone with Naboth's vineyard. As if the gospel might be preached with your limitations; and, forsaking the Holy Ghost, we must come to fetch directions from your lips.'

Or, again:—

'If we equal Israel in God's blessings, we transcend them in our sins. The blood-red sea of war and slaughter, wherein other nations are drowned, is become dry to our feet of peace. The bread of heaven, that true manna satisfies our hunger, and our thirst is quenched with the waters of life. The better law of the gospel is given to us, and our saving health is not like a curious piece of array folded up, but is spread before our believing eyes without any shadow cast over the beauty of it. We have a better High Priest to make intercession for us in heaven, for whom he hath once sacrificed and satisfied upon earth, *actu semel, virtute semper*, with one act, but with virtue everlasting. We want nothing that heaven can help us to, but that which we voluntarily will want, and without which we had better have wanted all the rest, thankfulness and obedience. We give God the worst of all things, that hath given us the best. We call out the bad sheep for his tithe, the sleepest hours for his prayers, the chippings of our wealth for his poor, a corner of the heart for his ark, when Dagon sits uppermost in his temple. We give God measure for measure, but after an ill sort. For his blessings heaped, and shaken, and thrust together, iniquities pressed down and yet running over. He hath bowels of brass and a heart of iron, that cannot mourn at this our requital.'

Yet withal he is full of tenderness:—

'The sins of our times I would arraign, testify against, condemn, have executed: the persons, I would have saved in the day of the Lord.'—
The White Devil.

The sins he most earnestly rebukes are drunkenness,* litigiousness, and the quirks of the law, 'engrossing,' swearing, and rapacity, while he never fails to note that unbelief and unthankfulness,—the sins of the heart,—are at once the source and the chief of them all.

Mark the force and the beauty of the following, culled at random from his pages:—

'He that preaches well in his pulpit but lives disorderly out of it, is like a young scribbler; what he writes fair with his hand, his sleeve comes after and blots.'

'As Christ once, so his word often, is crucified between two thieves, the papist on the left hand and the schismatic on the right.'

'Every one can lesson us, that will not be lessoned by us. Not that we refuse knowledge from any lips, since nothing can be spoken well but by God's Spirit, who sometimes reproveth a Jonah by a mariner, Peter by a damsel, and Balaam by an ass.'

'The devil may be within, though he stand not at the door.'

'He swears away that little share of his own soul, which he had left.'

'Every good heart is in some measure scrupulous, and finds more safety in fear than in presumption. I had rather have a servant that will ask his direction twice, than one that runs of his own head without his errand.'

'Yet these men (Garnet, Faux, &c.) must be saints, and stand named with red letters on the pope's calendar: red indeed! So dyed with the martyred blood of God's servants!'

'Only death restrains the wicked man from doing any further mischief. Perhaps, he may give away some payments in his testament, but he parts with it, in his will against his will: and it is but a part, whereas Judas returned all, yet went to hell!'

'Let good fellows sit in a tavern from sun to sun, and they think the day very short, confessing (though insensible of their loss) that time is a light-heeled runner. Bind them to the church for two hours, and you put an ache into their bones, the seats be too hard. Now time is a creeple, and many a weary look is cast up to the glass. It is a man's mind that renders any work troublesome or pleasant.'

'Fire and fagot is not God's law, but the pope's cannon shot.'

'They plead antiquity, as a homicide may derive his murder from Cain. They plead unity: so Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, combined against Christ. They plead universality: yet of the ten lepers but one was thankful. Where many join in the truth, there is the church; not for the many's sake, but for the truth's. The vulgar stream will bring no vessel to the land of peace.'

As a preacher and a divine, he has many excellencies, though they are not unmixed with grave faults, which belong, however, as much to his age as to himself.

In the subjects of his sermons, and generally in his choice of texts, he is remarkably felicitous. 'The Way Home,' 'The City of Peace,' 'The Saints Meeting,' 'Majesty in Misery,' 'Semper Idem,' 'Heaven and Earth Reconciled,' 'The Mystical Bedlam,' 'The Sinner's Passing Bell,' 'The Fatal Banquet,' 'The Shot or Reckoning,' 'Presumption running into Despair:' each suggests a beautiful or striking thought, while the text is in every case itself a sermon. Have we rightly appreciated in the modern pulpit the importance of a good text? Great thoughts ought to underlie our discourses. If the reader will study those of our Lord, as recorded in St John, or note his touching address at Nazareth, he will feel the force of this suggestion. It is one secret of Adams's power.

Nor is it to be overlooked that he deals largely in expositions of Scripture. He does not, indeed, busy himself to shew the connection or to trace the undercurrent of thought that often runs through chapters and books of the Bible, but in verbal expositions he is rich and happy. Many texts will be found set in new lights, while they often reflect something of their own lustre and beauty on the thoughts amid which they stand. The beginning of his sermon on the 'City of Peace,' and his sermons on 'England's Sickness,' are good illustrations.

Sometimes his comments are based on mistakes, and sometimes he pushes the interpretation of the letter of Scripture to an extreme; but his expositions are often both accurate and striking; and they well illustrate the principle, that it is the ministry of the word to which the preacher is called. That he did this under the conviction that 'men were not safe while they were ignorant of the Scripture,' is clear from his own teaching.*

Herein we agree entirely in the estimate of a previous editor of some of his works. 'The author leads the reader at once to the Bible. He keeps him there. He analyses the words of the passage under consideration. He largely illustrates the historical circumstances. He draws, by easy and natural inference, suitable lessons of a practical character. Analogies start up; these are instantly dealt with. Fables, anecdotes, classical poetry, gems from the fathers and other old writers, are scattered over nearly every page. But the starting-point is evermore the language of holy Scripture. We confess that, apart from all other attractions, we have a growing conviction of the incomparable superiority of this mode of teaching religion over every other. It has prevailed in every age of the Church in which Christianity has flourished.'†

His theology may be defined most briefly, though somewhat unhappily, as anti-popish, Calvinistic, and evangelical.

Hear, for example, how he speaks, in spite of the king's injunctions and Laud's tendencies:—

'Judas was a great statesman in the devil's commonwealth, for he bore four main offices. Either he begged them shamefully, or he bought them bribingly, or else Beelzebub saw desert in him, and gave him them gratis for his good parts. He was hypocrite, thief, traitor, and murderer. Yet the pope will vie offices with him, and win the game, too, for plurality.... But let him go. I hope he is known well enough; and every true man will bless himself out of his way.'—The White Devil.

Again—

'The favour of God overshadows us, as the cherubim did the mercy-seat. I know that Rome frets at this; and let the harlot rage her heart out. She thunders out curses; but (blessed be God) we were never more prosperous than when the pope most cursed us. Yea, O Lord, though they curse, do thou bless. Convert or confound them that have ill-will to Sion; and still let us inherit thy peace, that thou mayest inherit our praise.'—Physic from Heaven.

How keen is the following:—

'The Pope plucks us by the sleeve (as a tradesman that would fain have our money), and tells us that he only hath the balm, and shews us his mass-book. If we suspect it there, he warrants the virtue from a general council. If it doth not yet smell well, he affirms (not without menacing damnation to our mistrust) that it is even in the closet of his own heart who cannot err. "Tut," says he, "as it grows in God's garden simply, it may poison you." As if it were dangerous to be meddled withal till he had played the apothecary, and adulterated it with his own sophistications.'—Physic from Heaven.

And yet his religion is not hatred of popery simply:—

'Do we justly blame them that worship the Beast of Rome, and yet find out a new idolatry at home? Shall we refuse to worship saints and angels, and yet give divine worship to ourselves? This is a rivalry that God will not stand.'—The Temple.

Nor is it at all hatred of popish forms:—

'One man,' says he, 'is crop-sick of ceremonies. He hath a toy in his head that the church's garment should not be embroidered, nor have more lace or fringe than his own coat.... Rather than his children shall be crossed in baptism, he will out of the ark into some fantastical wherry. Let him tarry, and hear what the law speaks in its law of peace: In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything,

nor uncircumcision, but a new creature; i.e., neither ceremony nor no ceremony, but the substantial: a new creature.'—The City of Peace.

His Calvinism may be judged from the following:—

'The first-born, which are written in heaven.—This is a description of the persons of whom the church consists. The church itself is a number of men whom God hath set apart by an eternal decree, and in time sanctified to become real members of it. They are written in heaven; there is their eternal election: and they are the first-born, i.e., new-born; there is their sanctification. For the two parts of the description—their primogeniture and registering in God's books—are but borrowed speeches, whereby God would ratify the everlasting predestination and salvation of his church.... A man may have his name written in the chronicles, yet lost; written in durable marble, yet perish; written on a monument equal to a colossus, yet be ignominious; written on the hospital gates, yet go to hell; written on his own house, and yet another come to possess it. All these are but writings in the dust and upon the waters, where the characters perish as soon as they are made. They no more prove a man happy than the fool could prove Pontius Pilate a saint because his name was written in the creed. But they that are written in heaven are sure to inherit it.'—The Happiness of the Church.

Again—

'The church may be sick, yet not die. Die it cannot; for the blood of an Eternal King bought it, the power of an Eternal Spirit preserves it, and the mercy of an Eternal God shall crown it.'—England's Sickness.

And yet this view is so guarded by explanations and so blended with distinct announcements on the sufficiency of Christ's work and grace, that Adams is as fair a representative of Calvinistic doctrine as Calvin himself.

'It was not one for one that Christ died, not one for many, but one for all, ... and this one must needs be of infinite price.'*

His commentary on the second of Peter abounds with felicitous expositions of difficult questions in relation to these doctrines.

For illustrations of the evangelical spirit of Adams, the reader must turn to his writings. When he treats of evangelical doctrine, he writes carefully and clearly. His remarks on the Fatherhood of God, on Christ's sacrifice for sin, on imputed righteousness, on faith and how it saves, on the inseparable union of pardon and holiness, though not suggested by any modern controversies, shew, by their sweep and far-reaching application, that they are great truths he is describing, and that he perceives the breadth and bearing of the truths he describes.†

It is not, however, in distinct statements of doctrine that his love of the gospel appears, so much as in the general tone of his writings. Herein he resembles Baxter rather than Owen. His gospel is all-pervading; and his treatises are not lectures but sermons,—popular appeals to those whom he is seeking to reclaim and to save.

Generally he is rather clear and vigorous than emotional. Yet there are passages in which evangelical truth is steeped in feeling. His description of the state of the impenitent, and of the tears that ought to be wept over them, and elsewhere of 'the fulness that is in Jesus,'‡ it is impossible to read without deepest sympathy. They shew, like the account he has given in one of his dedications of the exhausting anxieties of a London pastorate, that the writer's heart was as warm as his head was clear. His gospel was an affection as much as a creed. While he shunned not to 'declare the whole counsel of God,' 'night and day he warned every man with tears,' 'that he might be pure from their blood.' And this is surely his highest praise. Herein he followed an apostle, and herein, with reverence be it spoken, he followed his Lord.

It has already been intimated that most of the facts of Adams's life are gathered from his own writings, and especially from the prefaces and dedicatory epistles prefixed to his sermons, as they were first published. These prefaces we now proceed to give. With two exceptions, they are not inserted in the folio edition of his works, published by himself in 1629. That edition is the basis of the text adopted in these volumes; and as it contains the last touches of the author's own hand, it is entitled to that honour. But the prefaces are well worth preserving. They throw light upon the character of the writer. They are also rich in noble truths. All that can be obtained are here given, and the preface to the Commentary on 2d Peter is added, to complete the series.

His works may be best arranged in the order in which he wrote them, or where this is not known, in the order in which he published them. The 'Epistles Dedicatorie' and the 'Addresses to the Reader' are taken from the 4to editions. The words in brackets give the alterations he made in the titles for the folio edition.

THE GALLANT'S BURDEN: A Sermon, preached at Paul's Cross, the 29th of March, being the fifth Sunday in Lent, 1612. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Published by authority.

London: Printed by W. W., for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1614.

To the Honourable Sir WILLIAM GOSTWICKE Baronet, and his worthy Lady, the Lady JANE GOSTWICKE.

HONOURABLE SIR,—I acknowledge freely, that the world is oppressed with the press, and the confluence of books hath bred a confusion of errors, of vices, so hard it is to distinguish betwixt profitable and vain writings; and having called out the best, so easy it is with so much good meat to surfeit; yet it is not, therefore, meat unnecessary. It is no sober inference, because both text and readers

have been corrupted with false glosses, to reject all expositions, all applications; both are fit, this latter most necessary, for our understanding is better than our conscience; there is some light in our minds, little warmth in our affections. So against nature is it true in this, that the essential qualities of fire, light, and heat, are divided; and to say, whether our light of knowledge be more, or our heat of devotion less, is beyond meed. Let this (considered) plead for me, that I (do but) rub this sorrowing knowledge in us, to bring it back to some life of obedience. If any feel their thick eyes hence to receive any clearness, or their numbed affections to gather (the least) spirit, let them at once give God the glory, and take to themselves the comfort. Sin hath got strength with age, and, against all natural order, is more powerful, subtle, and fuller of active dexterity now in the dotage of it, than it was in the nonage. Both pulpit and press are weak enough to resist it. If, therefore, this small arrow of reproof can wound (but even) one of his limbs, it shall a little enervate his tyranny. Whatsoever this sermon is, it is wholly yours, and he that made it, whose patronage I could not be ambitious of, if I should only fix my eyes on my own deservings; but in the affiance of your good natures, mature judgments, and kind constructions of my weak endeavours, I have presumed to make you the patron of my labours, who was freely the patron of myself. I know that God's word can countenance itself, and needs not the shelter of an human arm, not though it had as many Edomites to deride it, as it hath patrons to defend it; but I find not only the best writings of the best men, but even some of those holy books, inspired from heaven, bearing in their foreheads (as from the penmen) a dedication. I confess, it is not all for your protection, somewhat for your use; and you are blessed in favouring that which shall be best able to favour you. May I, therefore, entreat your honours to give it happy entertainment to your own hearts, favourable protection to the world's eyes? so shall that and myself be (yet more) yours. The God of all power and mercy be as faithful a shadow of refreshing to your souls, as your kindness hath been free to my wants, who must ever remain,

Your honours's, in all faithful observance,

THO. ADAMS.

Sir William Gostwicke, to whom this volume is dedicated, was Lord of the Manor at Willington, the parish in which Adams was then labouring.

HEAVEN AND EARTH RECONCILED [UNITED]: A Sermon preached at St Paul's Church, in Bedford, October 3. 1612, at the visitation of the Right Wor. M. Elaner, Archdeacon of Bedford. By THOMAS ADAMS, Minister of the Gospel at Willington.

2 Cor. 5:19.

London: Printed by W. W., for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1613.

To the Right Honourable Lord HENRY, Earl of Kent, Lord of Hastings, Weisford, and Ruthyn.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I know not under whose wings I might better shelter an apology for the ministry, than under your honour's, who have ever lived a ready patron to defend us from the oppositions and wrongs of our adversaries; making them no friends to yourself that are enemies to the gospel; wherein you have procured some (blessed) trouble to yourself, by frequent complaints; deserved great love of your country, and secured your soul of an eternal recompence. Let it be your praise, happiness, comfort, that you have not only not lived in opposition to the truth, as our refractory papists; nor in the lukewarm neutrality of this age, that conceives a mixed religion, compounded of Zion's and Babylon's; nor thought it enough to countenance preachers, as some that would make God beholden to them for their looks; but you have stood to, seconded, succoured, and (which is yet a higher testimony) relieved many a distressed servant of the Lord, not with Micha's wages, or pittances of charity, but with ample rewards, worthy your honour's bounty to give, and their necessity to receive. Let all these true and happy reasons plead for and (somewhat) justify my ambition, that have

dared to look so high for patronage as your honour. Worthier pens have contented themselves with meaner protections. It is not the excellency of the work, but the nobleness of your disposition, that encourageth me, who am thence prompted not to fear your acceptation. You that have been so general a shadow of refreshing to ministers, take from me all cause to distrust your favour; specially in the countenancing of that written, which you have ever actually and really furthered. Proceed (most honoured lord) to affect the truth (yet) more zealously, by your help to support it, by your favour to protect it; so shall you make blessed use of that honour God hath here invested you withal, and interest yourself to the honour of heaven; and whiles nobility without religion dies in infamy, and is buried in the grave of oblivion, your noble zeal, or zealous nobleness, shall live here to your Maker's glory and the church's comfort, and hereafter leave behind it a never-decaying monument of honour, which, if the ingratitude of men should forget, shall never pass the hand of God unrewarded with glory. This book salutes your honour with the new year; may they both give you happy content! The God of mercies multiply his favours and graces on you, and make your cup to run over with his blessings!

Your honour's humbly devoted,

THO. ADAMS.

The Earl of Kent was a member of the liberal party, and a man of very moderate ability, Clarendon says. Judging from Adams's epistle, he must have been a lover of the gospel, and of all good men.

THE DEVIL'S BANQUET, Described in Six Sermons:—1. The Banquet Propounded, Begun; 2. The Second Service; 3. The Breaking up of the Feast; 4. The Shot or Reckoning; 5. The Sinner's Passing Bell; 6. Physic from Heaven. Published by THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher of God's Word at Willington, in Bedfordshire. [THE FATAL BANQUET.]

Amos 6:7.

Ambros de Pœnit.—Pascitur libido conviviis, nutritur deliciis, vino accenditur, ebrietate flammatur. Lust is fed with feasts, fatted with pleasures, fired with wine, made flaming with drunkenness.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Ralph Mab, and are to be sold in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Greyhound. 1614.

To the very Worthy and Virtuous Gentleman, Sir GEORGE FITZ-JEOFFERY, Knight, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace and Quorum in the County of Bedford; saving health.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,—This sermon, though it be born last, was not so conceived. But as it came to pass in Tamar's travail of her twins, though Zarah put forth his hand first, and had a scarlet thread tied to it, the distinguishing mark of primogeniture, yet his brother Pharez was born before him, I intended this subject to a worthy audience, fastening my meditations on it; but soon finding that I had grasped more sands than I could force through the glass in two hours, and loath to injure my proposed method, I let it sleep till fitter opportunity might awaken it. Now, behold, without the common plea of this writing age, the importunate request of friends, I willingly adventure it to the light; and since your favour to my weak (or rather no) deserts hath been ever full of real encouragements; since your affection to literature (and the best of learning, the gospel) hath ever vouchsafed a friendly countenance to your neighbour-ministers, I could not make myself so liable to the censure of ingratitude as not to entreat your name for patronage, which, though it deserves better acknowledgment, and finds it from more worthy voices, yet I, that yield to all in learning, would yield to none in love and service to you. The cause in question requires a worthy defender, not for its own weakness, but for the multitude and strength of oppositions. Men brook worse to have their sins ransacked than their inveterate wounds and ulcers searched. Qui vinum venenum vocant, they that call drunkenness poisoning speak harsh to their ears that (quasi

deum colunt) embrace and worship it as a god. You are one of that surrogation into whose hands God hath trusted his sword of justice. Draw it in his defence against the enemies of his grace and gospel. You sit at the common stern, and therefore are not so much your own as your country's. Our derided, rejected preaching appeals to your aids; help us with your hands, we will help you with our prayers. With wisdom and courage rule the wild days you live in. Proceed (worthy sir), as you have conformed yourself, to reform others. Reach forth your hand to your confined limits; overturn the table, spoil the banquet, chastise the guests at this riotous feast. You see how justly this poor, weak, coarse-woven labour desires the gloss of your patronage to be set on it. I cannot either distrust your acceptance, knowing the generousness of your disposition, nor need I so much to entreat your private use (who are stored with better instructions) as your commending it to the world. If any good may hereby be encouraged, any evil weakened, my reward is full. The discourse is sexduple, whereof the first fruits are yours, whose myself am, that desire still to continue

Your worship's in my best services,

THO. ADAMS.

AD VEL IN LECTOREM

Religious reader (for I think few of the profane rabble read any sermons), let me entreat thee for this, that (cum lectoris nomen feras, ne lictoris officium geras) thou wouldst accept it, not except against it, and, being but a reader, not usurp the office of a censorer. The main intents of all preachers and the contents of all sermons aim to beat down sin and to convert sinners, which the most absolute and unerring Scriptures have shadowed under divers metaphors, comparing them to beasts, to blots, to sicknesses, to sterilities, to pollutions, to leavenings, to whoredoms, to devils; in all which (and many other such figurative speeches) I think it lawful, nay, necessary for us, God's ministers, to explain the metaphor, and (still within

bounds of the similitude) to shew the fit accordance and correspondency of the thing meant to the thing mentioned. Indeed, to stretch the text against its own will is to martyr it, and to make every metaphor run upon four feet is often violabile sacris. But so long as we keep the analogy of faith and the sense of the present theme, it is a fault to find with us. Indeed, rhetorical flourishes without solid matter is like an Egyptian bondwoman in a queen's robes; or the courtier's chamber, which is often a rotten room, curiously hanged. God's word is full of dark speeches, dark, not in themselves, but to our thick-sighted understandings; therefore, his propositions require expositions. Not that we should turn plain morals into allegories, but allegories into plain morals. The former was Origen's fault, of whom it is said (I speak not to uncover that father's nakedness, but to shew that all men may err, and therefore truth of love must not prejudice love of truth) that wherein he should not allegorize, he did; and wherein he should have allegorized, to his woe he did not. I have presumed, not without warrant of the best expositors, to manifest the manifold temptations of Satan under the harlot's inveigling her customers. 1. As wisdom, ver. 3, sends forth her maidens, her ministers, to invite guests to her feast of grace, so vice sends forth her temptations; nay, she sits at the door herself, ver. 14, and courts the passengers. 2. If wisdom call the ignorant, ver. 4, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith, &c. Vice, which is the true folly, is her zany, and takes the words out of her mouth, ver. 16, Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; and as for, &c. 3. If wisdom promiseth bread and wine, ver. 5, 'Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled, sin will promise no less to her guests, ver. 17, Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. Here is, then, a plain opposition of grace and sin, wisdom and folly, chastity and uncleanness, Christ and the devil. He is mistaken, then, that shall judge me mistaken in this allegory. I stand not so much on the sound as the sense; not so much on the literal as spiritual meaning. In the former I have instanced; insisted on the latter. It should be tedious to give account for every circumstance. The learned and good man will judge favourably. To the rest, si quid tu rectius istis protinus imperti,

si non, his utere mecum. I pass by the trivial objections against sermons in print, as the deadness of the letter, the multitude of books pressing to the press, &c.; as if the eye could give no help to the soul; as if the queasy stomach could not forbear surfeiting; as if some men's sullenness and crying pish at sermons should be prejudicial to others' benefit; as if the prophets had not added line to line as well as precept upon precept. I hear some idle drones humming out their dry derisions that we will be men in print, slighting the matter for the author's sake; but because their invectives are as impotent as themselves are impudent, I will answer no further than hæc culpas, sed tu non meliora facis. Or, to borrow words of the epigrammatist—

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea carmina Leli:

Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua.

Sloth sits and censures what th' industrious teach,

Foxes dispraise the grapes they cannot reach.

One caveat, good reader, and then God speed thee. Let me entreat thee not to give my book the chopping censure, A word old enough, yet would have a comment. Do not open it at a venture, and, by reading the broken pieces of two or three lines, judge it. But read it through, and then I beg no pardon if thou dislikest it. Farewell.

Thine,

THO. ADAMS.

To the Honourable and Virtuous Lady, the Lady JANE GOSTWICKE
Baronetess, saving health.

MADAM,—I am bold to add one book more to your library, though it be but as a mite into your treasury. I that have found you so ever favourable to any work of mine, cannot but confidently hope your

acceptance of this; not for the worth of it, but because it bears your name (and my duty to it) in the forehead, and offers itself to the world through your patronage. Somewhat you shall find in it to hearten your love to virtue, much to increase your detestation to vice. For I have to my power endeavoured to unmask the latter, and to spoil it of the borrowed form, that sober eyes may see the true proportion of it, and their loathing be no longer withheld. I cannot doubt, therefore, that your approbation of the book will be frustrated by the title. I am content to furnish out Satan's feast with many special dishes, and to discover the waters of iniquity which he hath broached to the world; not to persuade their pleasure, but lest ignorance should surfeit on them without mistrust, lest the perverted conscience should securely devour them without reprehension. Here you shall see, in a small abridgment, many actual breaches of God's sacred law, not without liableness to condign punishment. You heard it with attention spoken in your private church; you gave it approval. I trust you will as well own it written. It is not less yours, though it be made more public. I need not advise you to make your eye an help to your soul, as well as your ear. They that know you, know your apprehension quick, your judgment sound, and (that which graceth all the rest) your affections religiously devoted. Yet since it is no small part of our goodness to know that we may be better, I presume to present this book and (with it) my own duty to your ladyship, the poor testimony of my present thankfulness, and pledge of my future service. The God of power and mercy continue his favours to you, who have still continued your favours to

Your honour's humbly devoted

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE DEVIL'S BANQUET; OR, THE CONCLUSION. By THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher of God's word at Willington, in Bedfordshire.

Rom. 6:21.

Tertul. lib. ad Martyres.—Pax nostra, bellum contra Satanum. To be at war with the devil, is to be at peace with our own conscience.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for John Budge, and are to be sold at the great south door of Paul's, and at Britain's Burse. 1614.

To the Right Virtuous and Worthy Sisters, the Lady ANNE GOSTWICKE and Mrs DIANA BOWLES, saving health.

That I have clothed this sermon in the livery of your patronages, I might give many reasons to satisfy others. But this one to me is, instead of all, that you affect the gospel; not with the sudden flashes of some over-hot dispositions, but with mature discretion and sound obedience. I could not, therefore, suffer any thought of mine own unworthiness to dissuade me from presenting this poor labour to your hands, who have so favourably accepted my weaker services. I owe you both a treble debt of love, of service, of thankfulness. The former, the more I pay, the more still I owe. The second, I will be ready to pay to the uttermost of my power, though short both of your deserts and my own desires. Of the last, I will strive to give full payment, and in that (if it be possible) to come out of your debts. Of all these, in this small volume, I have given you the earnest. As you would, therefore, do with an ill debtor, take it till more comes. It shall be the more current, if you will set thereon the seals of your acceptance. It is the latter end of a feast; yet it may perhaps afford you some Christian delicate, to content your well-affected spirits. It shall let you see the last service of sin's banquet, the harsh and unpleasant closure of vanity, the madness of this dotting age, the formal dislike and real love of many to this world, the evil works of some critical, others hypocritical, dispositions, the ending, conclusion, and beginning confusion of the devil's guests. The more perfectly you shall hate sin, the more constantly you shall hold your erst embraced virtues; and so in happy time work out your own salvations. God give a successful blessing to your Christian endeavours, which shall ever be faithfully prayed for by

Your worships' affectionately devoted

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE SHOT; OR, THE WOFUL PRICE WHICH THE WICKED PAY FOR THE FEAST OF VANITY. By THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher of God's word at Willington, in Bedfordshire.

Luke 16:25.

August, de Civitate Dei, lib. xxii., cap. 3.—Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore. The soul by the first death is unwillingly driven from the body; the soul by the second death is unwillingly held in the body.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for John Budge, and are to be sold at the great south door of Paul's, and at Britain's Burse. 1614.

To the very Worthy Gentleman Mr FRANCIS CRAWLEY, saving health.

SIR,—There are four sorts of banquets, which I may thus distinguish: lætum, letiferum, bellum, belluinum. The first is a joyful feast; such was the breakfast of the world in the law, or the dinner in the gospel, or (yet the future more fully) the Lamb's supper of glory. This is a delicate feast, yet not more than the next is deadly, the black banquet, which is prepared for the wicked in hell, which consists of two dishes, saith the school, pœna damni and pœna sensus; or, as the philosopher distinguisheth all misery into copiam and inopiam; copia tribulationis, inopia consolationis. Or after some, of three: amissio cœli, privatio terræ, positio inferni; the missing of that they might have had, the privation of that they had, the position of that they have, and would not have, torment. Or, according to others, of four: merciless misery, extremity, universality, eternity of anguish. Our Saviour abridgeth all into two, or rather one (for they are homogenea), weeping and gnashing of teeth. This is a bloody banquet, where (cross to the festival proverb, the more the merrier)

the multitude of guests shall add to the horror of miseries; so afflicting one another with their echoing and reciprocal groans, that it shall be no ease, *socios habuisse doloris*. This is a lamentable, but the third is a laudable feast. It is that the Christian maketh, either to man (which is a feast of charity) or to God (which is a feast of grace). Whereunto God hath promised to be a guest, and to sup with him. The last is a bestial banquet, wherein either man is the symposiast, and the devil the discumbent; or Satan the feast-maker, and man the guest. Sin is the food in both. The diet is not varied, but the host and Satan feast the wicked, whiles they feed on his temptations to surfeit. The wicked feast Satan, whiles their accustomed sins nourish his power in their hearts. So St Hierome, *Dæmonum cibus ebrietas, luxuria, fornicatio et universa vitia*; Our iniquities are the very diet and dainties of the devils. With this last only have I meddled, endeavouring to declare it, to dissuade it, according to the dichotomized carriage of all our sermons by explication, by application. Sin is the white (or rather the black mark) my arrow flies at. I trust he that gave aim to my tongue, will also direct, level, and keep my pen from swerving. But since reproofs are as goads, and beasts will kick when they are touched to the quick, and he that speaks in thunder shall be answered with lightning; by which consequence I may suspect storms, that have menaced storms; therefore behold, it runs to you for shelter; not to instruct your knowledge, who can give so exquisite counsel to others in the law, to yourself in the gospel, being qualified, as that perfect rhetorician should be, *vir bonus dicendi peritus*; but that through your name I might offer (and add) this poor mite into the treasury of the church, ascribing the patronage to yourself, the use to the world, the success to God. Accept this poor testimony of my gratitude, who have avowed myself,

Your worship's, in all faithful service,

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE SINNER'S PASSING BELL; OR, A COMPLAINT FROM HEAVEN FOR MAN'S SINS. Published by THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher of God's word at Willington, in Bedfordshire.

1 Cor. 11:30.

August. Epist. 188.—Ipse sibi denegat curam, qui medico non publicat causam. He hath no care of his own cure that declareth not to the physician his grief.

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for John Budge, and are to be sold at the great south door of Paul's, and at Britain's Burse. 1614.

To the truly Noble Knight, Sir ANTHONY SAINT JOHN, saving health.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,—The sickness of this world is grown so lethargical, that his recovery is almost despaired; and therefore his physicians, finding, by infallible symptoms, that his consumption is not curable, leave him to the malignancy of his disease. For the eye of his faith is blind, the ear of his attention deaf, the foot of his obedience lame, the hand of his charity numbed, and shut up with a griping covetousness. All his vital parts, whereby he should live to goodness, are in a swoon; he lies bed-rid in his security, and hath little less than given up the (Holy) Ghost. It cannot be denied, but that he lies at the mercy of God. It is, therefore, too late to toll his passing bell, that hath no breath of obedience left in him. I might rather ring his knell. Yet because there are many in this world, many sick of the general disease of sin, whose recovery is not hopeless, though their present state be hapless, and some that, if they knew but themselves sick, would resort to the pool of Bethesda, the water of life, to be cured, I have, therefore, presumed to take them apart, and tell them impartially their own illness. O that to perform the cure were no more difficult than to describe the malady, or prescribe the remedy. I have endeavoured the latter; the other to God, who can both kill and give life, who is yet pleased, by his word, to work our

recovery, and to make me one (unworthy) instrument to administer his physic. Now, as the most accurate physicians, ancient or modern, though they delivered precepts in their faculty worthy of the world's acceptance and use, yet they set them forth under some noble patronage; so I have presumed, under the countenance of your protection, to publish this (physical, or rather) metaphysical treatise; for, as the sickness is spiritual, so the cure must be supernatural. Assuring myself, that if you shall use any observation here, and give it your good word of *probatum est*, many others will be induced the more readily to embrace. My intent is to do good; and if I had any better receipt, I would not, like some physicians, I know not whether more envious or covetous, with an excellent medicine, let it live and die with myself. God conserve your (either) health, and give you, with a sound body, a sounder faith, whereby you may live in the life of grace here, of glory hereafter.

Your worship's humbly devoted

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE SINNER'S PASSING BELL; OR, PHYSIC FROM HEAVEN. The Second Sermon. Published by THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher of God's word at Willington, in Bedfordshire.

Hosea 13:9.

August. Serm. de Temp., 145.—*Quid de te tu ipse tam male meruisti, ut inter bona tua nolis aliquod esse malum, nisi teipsum?* How didst thou, oh wicked man, deserve so ill of thyself, that among all thy goods, thou wouldst have nothing bad but thyself?

London: Printed by Thomas Snodham, for John Budge, and are to be sold at the great south door of Paul's, and at Britain's Burse. 1614.

To the very Worthy Gentleman Mr JOHN ALLEYNE, saving health.

SIR,—I have endeavoured, in this short sermon, to prescribe to these sick times some spiritual physic. The ground I have received from the direction of God; the method I submit to the correction of man. In this I might err; in the other I could not. The main and material objects I have levelled at are: 1. To beget in us a sense of the sins we have done, of the miseries whereby we are undone. 2. To rebuke our forgetfulness of God's long since ordained remedy, the true intrinsic balm of his gospel; in the saving use whereof we are (like some countries, blessed with the medicinal benefits of nature, yet), through nescience or negligence, defective to ourselves in the application. Inward diseases are as frequent as outward; those by disquiet of mind, as these by disdiet of body. It was a rare age that had no spiritual plague ranging and raging in it. Ours hath manifold and manifest, vile and visible; the world growing at once old and decayed in nature, lusty and active in producing sins. Wickedness is an aged harlot, yet as pregnant and teeming as ever. It cannot be denied, but that our iniquities are so palpable, that it is as easy to prove them, as to reprove them. Were our bodies but half so diseased (and yet this year hath not favoured them) as our souls are, a strange and unheard of mortality would ensue. Man is naturally very indulgent to himself, but misplaceth his bounty. He gives the body so much liberty, that it becomes licentious; but his soul is so prisoned up in the bonds of corrupt affections, that she cries of him, as that troubled princess of her strict keeper, From such a jailer, good Lord, deliver me. The flesh is made a gentleman, the mind a beggar. Sick we are, yet consult not the oracles of heaven for our welfare, nor solicit the help of our great physician Christ. He is our Saviour, and bare our sicknesses, saith the prophet; yea, took on him our infirmities. *Infirmitates speciei, non individui*: infirmities common to the nature of mankind, not particularly incident to every singular person. Those he took on himself, that he might know the better to succour us in our weakness. As the queen sung of herself in the poet, *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*. It is most perfectly true of our Jesus, that he learned by his own sorrow to pity ours, though all his sufferance was for our sakes. But how should he help us, if we make not our moan to him? How should we be restored, when God's

saving physic is unsought, unbought, unapplied? To convince our neglect, and persuade our better use of the gospel, tends this weak labour. To your protection it willingly flies, and would rest itself under your shadow. The God of peace give you the peace of God, which passeth all human understanding, and afford you many joys in this life to the end, and in the next his joy without end!

Yours in the services of love,

THO. ADAMS.

THE WHITE DEVIL; OR, THE HYPOCRITE UNCASSED. To this Fourth Impression are newly added—1. The Two Sons; or The Dissolute conferred with the Hypocrite: 2. The Leaven: or, A Medicine for them both. By THOMAS ADAMS.

London: Printed by Thomas Dawson, for William Arondell, and are to be sold in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Angel. 1615.

To the Very Worthy and Nobly-Disposed Gentleman Sir THOMAS CHEEKE, Knight.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,—This sermon bears so strange a title in the forehead, that I durst not (a while) study for a patronage to it, but intended to send it to the broad world, to shift for itself, as fearing it would not be owned; for it taxeth many vices, specially the black evil, secret thieving, and the white devil, the hypocrite, whence it taketh the denomination. Now, what ambitious courtier would grace such a stranger? What vicious greatness would entertain such a page? what corrupted lawyer such a client? what covetous gentleman such a tenant? what usurious citizen such a chapman? indeed, what guilty man such a book, as will tell him to his face, thou art the man? Yet because first, generally, the world would think I had brought forth a strange child, that I could get no godfather to it, and especially, because you (rare in these apostate times) are known free from the aspersions of these speckled stains, the world bestowing on you that worthy (not undeserved) character of virtue; so that with a clear and

unclouded brow (the argument of an innocent soul) you may read these lines, I have been bold, at once, to offer this to your patronage, and myself to your service. To this, your affection to divine knowledge, good profecion in it, and much time spent towards the perfection of it (a disposition worthy your blood) have prompted me with encouragement. It is not the first of this nature that I have published (perhaps the last), but if I had not judged it the best, I would not have been so ambitious as to present it to the view of so approved a judgment. Thus in affiance of your good acceptance, I humbly leave you to him, that never leaveth his.

Your worship's, in my best of services,

THOMAS ADAMS.

To my most esteemed and singular kind Friend TH. A., good, content, and true happiness.

I never knew bosom wherein I reposed better trust, with better success, I have caused a new edition (with a new addition) of an old sermon. The White Devil hath begot the Two Sons. I hope it shall speed never the worse for the progeny. With you, I am sure, it will pass; and with all those that can understand charitably. I have lighted on some masts, under whose sails I have sent my works to the world. If the traffic hath proved profitable to others, I am rejoiced in my own loss. I have certainty to find now (though not, what I never expected giving, or respected given, yet) at the least good words, kind looks, and a loving acceptance, which I have not often found. My words are few; you know the latitude of my love, which ever was, is, and shall be,

Yours inseparably,

THOMAS ADAMS.

TO THE READER

Honest and understanding reader (if neither, hands off) I never saluted thy general name by a special epistle till now; and now perhaps soon enough; but if honesty be usher to thy understanding, and understanding tutor to thy honesty, as I cannot fear, so I need not doubt, or treat with thee for truce. Truce, of what? of suspense, not of suspension; it belongs to our betters. Suspend thy censure, do not suspend me by thy censure. I do not call thee aside to ask, with what applause this sermon passeth, but (it is all I would have and hear) with what benefit. I had rather convert one soul, than have an hundredth praise me; whereof, if I were (so besotted to be) ambitious, by this I could not hope it; for it pulls many tender and tendered sins out of their downy nests; and who strikes vice, and is not stricken with calumnies? I must rather think it hath passed from one press to another, to a worse, hazarding itself to be pressed to death with censures, which yet (though I lowly hope better) I cannot fear, since it speaks no more, nor other than justifiable truth. What hath been objected already, I must briefly answer. It is excepted that I am too merry in describing some vice. Indeed, such is their ridiculous nature, that their best conviction is derision; yet I abominate any pleasantness here but Christian, and would provoke no smile but of disdain, wherein the gravity of matter shall free my form of words from lightness. Others say, I am elsewhere too satirically bitter. It is partly confessed; I am bitter enough to the sins, and therein (I think) better to the sinners, more charitable to the persons. Some wish I would have spared the church-thieves, because it is not yet generally granted that impropriations of tythes are appropriations of wrongs, but if there be a competent maintenance to the minister, and not to him neither, except of worthy gifts (provided that they judge of his gifts and competency), it is enough; well, if any such be grieved, let him allow his minister a sufficiency, under which he cannot live, without want to his family or disgrace to his profession (at least, so taken) and hereof certified, I will take counsel to draw the books, and put his name out of the catalogue of thieves. But it would be strange if any of these Zibas should yield to Mephibosheth a division of his own lands or goods; when they do, I will say, David is come again to his kingdom, or rather the Son of

David is come to judgment. Others would have enclosers put out, because (commonly) great men, but therefore the greater their sins, and deserving the greater taxation. Nay, some would persuade usury to step in, to traverse his indictment, and prove himself no thief, by the verdict of the country; because *sub judice lis est*, it is not yet decided that usury is a sin. It is *sub judice* indeed, but the Judge hath already interposed his interlocutory, and will one day give his definitive sentence, that usury shall never dwell in his holy mountain. Others blunder in their verdict, that I have too violently baited the bag at the stake of reproach, and all because I want it. I will not return their censure, that they are hence known to have it that speak against me, for speaking against it; who yet, if they would light the candle of their speech at the fire of their understandings, would easily see and say, that it is not fulness of the bag, but the foulness of the bag-bearer, that I reprove. I could allow your purses fuller of wealthiness, so your minds were emptier of wickedness; but the bag's effects, in our affects, usually load us, either with parsimony or prodigality, the lightest of which burdens, saith Saint Bernard, is able to sink a ship. Others affirm, that I have made the gate of heaven too narrow, and they hope to find it wider; God and the Scriptures are more merciful. True it is, that heaven-gate is in itself wide enough, and the narrowness is in respect of the enterer; and though thy sins cannot make that too little to receive thee, yet they make thee too gross and unfit to get into that: thus the straitness ariseth from the deficiency (not of their glory, but) of our grace. Lastly, some have the title sticking in their stomachs; as if Christ himself had not called Judas a devil, and likened an hypocrite to a whited sepulchre; as if Luther did not give Judas this very attribute, and other fathers of the church, from whom Luther derives it. Good Christian reader, leave cavils against it, and fall to caveats in it. Read it through; if there be nothing in it to better thee, either the fault is in my hand, or in thy heart. Howsoever, give God the praise, let none of his glory cleave to us earthen instruments. If thou likest it, then (*quo animo legis, observas, quo observas, serva*) with the same affection thou readest it, remember it, and with the same thou rememberest, practise it. In hope of this, and prayer for this, I

commend this book to thy conscience, and thy conscience to God.—
Willington, March 27, 1614.

Thine if thou be Christ's,

T. A.

Sir Thomas Cheke, to whom the volume is dedicated, was grandson of Sir John Cheke, the well-known Greek professor at Cambridge, and one of the revivers of learning in England. Sir Thomas was knighted by James I. He resided near Romford, in Essex, and died in 1659. The address to the reader is one of the raciest of Adams's writings, affording a sample of his wit, severity, and tenderness, all combined.

This volume and the corresponding one, 'The Black Devil,' have been quoted from John Vicars,* down to our own times.

The Sermons named on the title-page of the White Devil have each of them a separate title-page, but no separate Dedication.

THE TWO SONS; OR THE DISSOLUTE CONFERRED WITH THE HYPOCRITE.

Augustin. in Luc. xviii. 14.—Videte fratres: magis Deo placuit humilitas in malis, quam superbia in bonis factis.

London: Printed by Thomas Dawson, for William Arondell, and are to be sold in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Angel. 1615.

The title-page of the other contains only these words—'The Leaven; or, A Direction to Heaven.' Neither place, date, printer, nor publisher.

THE BLACK DEVIL [SAINT]; OR, THE APOSTATE: Together with the Wolf Worrying the Lambs, and the Spiritual Navigator bound for the Holy Land: In Three Sermons. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Jer. 13:23.

Bern., Sent.—Quid prosunt lecta et intellecta, nisi teipsum legas et intelligas?

London: Printed by William Jaggard. 1615.

To the Honourable Gentleman, Sir CHARLES MORRISON, Knight, Baronet.

WORTHY SIR,—I have been bold, upon better acquaintance with your virtues than with yourself, to send a short treatise to your view. I know whose judgment it must pass, yet am fearless, not in any arrogant stupidity of my own weakness, but in a confident presumption of your goodness; a weighty habit, not parallel, but transcendent, to your greatness. Perhaps nature hath taught you that to be generous is to be virtuous; but I am sure wisdom hath perfected natural disposition in you, and given you not only an excellent theoretical discourse, but an actual reducing of those things into practice, which are better than you shall find here. Though you have happier contemplations of your own, yet accept these as the slender presents of a poor man given to the rich. Weak I confess it; for how should the child be strong begot in the father's weakness? It hath the more need of your protection, and knows the better to express itself and the author, ever ready, at your honourable command, to do you service.

THO. ADAMS.

TO THE READER

Reader, this book stands at the mercy of thy capacity for thy censure. Perhaps thou wilt judge it done for opposition's sake; the Black Devil to the white; perhaps for imitation, perhaps for affectation. Thou mayest form causes enough in thy imagination to produce it, yet miss the right. It was to shew thyself and all other perusers the blackness of sin, and, among the rest, of apostasy. Would you not behold

impiety in the true colours? You may forbear. If you would, look here and detest it. If you will take out a good lesson, and hate to do it, neither you nor I shall have cause to repent our labours. Once we must give account what we have heard, and seen, and done, when the pleasures of sin, like old surfeits, shall give a bitter reluctancy in the stomach of the conscience, and we are going to God's cold earth. Learn we now to prevent the doing of that which we shall one day be sorry to have done. There is no man living but shall repent of his wickedness, either on earth or in hell. Read, and be instructed. If you find just faults here, I submit my weakness to your censure. In omnibus meis scriptis non modo pium lectorem sed liberum correctionem desidero. But to those censurers, qui vel non intelligendo reprehendunt, vel reprehendendo non intelligunt, I wish either a more sound understanding or more sober affection.

Criminor, amplector; tibi sunt communia, lector. But as he that commendeth himself is not approved, but whom the Lord commendeth, so if the Lord approve I pass not for man's judgment. If you snib me for writing so frequently, and not confining myself to the pulpit, I answer (besides that I will not neglect this to do that),

Quo liceat libris, non licet ire mihi.

My books may be admitted where I cannot come. If you say there are books too many, I answer, Restrain them to this quality; and abundans cautela non nocet. Farewell. Be satisfied, be blessed.

THO. ADAMS.

WINGRAVE, July 7.

LUCANTHROPY; OR, THE WOLF WORRYING THE LAMBS. BY THOMAS ADAMS.

Mat. 7:15.

TERTULL.—Quænam sunt istæ pelles ovium, nisi nominis Christiani extrinsecus superficies? Hic dolus est magnus: Lupus est qui creditur agmis.

London: Printed by William Jaggard. 1615.

To the truly worthy Gentleman, M. HENRY FORTESCUE, Esquire, a favourer of virtue and good learning.

SIR,—I have put up the wolf, though not hunted him, as judging myself too weak for that sport-earnest. It is no desertless office to discover that subtle and insatiate beast; to pull the sheep-skin of hypocrisy over his ears; and to expose his forming malice and sanguinous cruelty to men's censure and detestation. Let those hands strike him that have darts of authority put into their quivers. Our land is no forest, literally or metaphorically understood; but whether for church or commonwealth, profession or soil, an orchard of God's own planting: fruitful in goods and good works. Wolves we have none, but some mystical ones; whose ferocity is yet hidden under the habits and cases of those lambs they have devoured. These I have set in view, or at least meant my best to do it. I have seldom pretended that commonpoise that (by their own report) sets so many mad pens like wheels a running, importunacy of friends. I have willingly published what I had hope would do good published. Only this I feared to keep from the press, lest it should steal thither another way. Being there, I could not with better confidence fasten upon a known patron than yourself, who can both understand it and will read it; not only the epistle, but the whole book. Though that fashion with many patrons, of perusing more than their own titles, be now as a suit of the old make, I know you spend some hours of all days in such good exercises; abandoning those idle and excessive customs wherein too many will please themselves, and none else.

It is an unthrifty spending of time, and a sorry success will conclude it, when we are curious in plotting a method for our inferior delights, and leave our salvation unwrought up. We strive to settle our lands,

to secure our monies, to confirm our estates; but to conform our lives, or to make sure our election, is vilipended. And yet when all is done, brains have plotted, means have seconded, bonds and laws have established, nothing can be made sure, but only our salvation. But go you forward to adorn your eternal mind, and to plant your soul full of those flowers which give already a pleasant odour on earth, and shall one day be stuck like glories in heaven. So shall your memory be sweet in the mouths and hearts of future generations; whiles the vicious, even alive, do not escape the satyr. Thus with true thankful love I behight you in my prayers, a happy progress in grace, till you come to your standing-house in glory.

Your worship's in very best services,

THO. ADAMS.

THE SPIRITUAL NAVIGATOR BOUND FOR THE HOLY LAND.
Preached at St Giles Without, Cripplegate, on Trinity Sunday last.
1615. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Rev. 15:2, 3.

London: Printed by William Jaggard. 1615.

To the truly Religious M. CRASHAW, M. MILWARD, M. DAVIES,
M. HELING, with other worthy Citizens, my very good Friends.

GENTLEMEN,—Because you have just occasion in your callings to deal often with merchandise, I have been bold to call you a little from your temporal to a spiritual traffic, and have sent you a Christian Navigator, bound for the Holy Land, who, without question, will give you some relations of his travels, worthy two hours' perusing. You shall find a whole sea sailed through in a short time, and that a large sea, not a foot less than the world. You will say, the description lies in a little volume: why, you have seen the whole world narrowed up into a small map. They that have been said, after many years, at last to compass it, have not described all coasts and corners of it. Even their

silence hath given succeeding generations hope to find out new lands; and you know they have found them. You cannot expect more of two hours' discovery, than of seven years'. I leave many things to be descried by others, yet dare promise this, that I have given you some necessary directions for your happiest voyage. Over this glassy sea you must sail, you are now sailing. Truth be your chart, and the Holy Ghost your pilot. Your course being well directed, you cannot possibly make a happier journey. The haven is before your eyes, where your Saviour sits with the hand of mercy wafting you to him. You cannot be sea-sick, but he will comfort and restore you. If the tempest comes, call on him, with Peter, Lord, save us! and he will rebuke the winds and the seas; they shall not hurt you. Storm and tempest, winds and waters obey his voice. What rocks, gulfs, swallows, and the danger (worse than that is called the terror of the exchange, the pirate: one plague which the devil hath added to the sea, more than nature gave it) of that great leviathan Satan, and other perils that may endanger you, are marked out! Decline them so well as you may, and consider what providence guides your course; this sea is before God's throne. Keep you the Cape of Good Hope in your eye; and whatever becomes of this weak vessel your body, make sure to save the passenger, your soul, in the day of the Lord Jesus. What is here directed you shall be faithfully prayed for, by him that unfeignedly desires your salvation,

THO. ADAMS.

The last of these sermons was preached in the parish church, Cripplegate. Milton's father now attended there, and Milton himself may have heard the sermon, then a fair-haired, angel-faced boy of seven. Both father and son lie buried in the church.

ENGLAND'S SICKNESS COMPARATIVELY CONFERRED WITH ISRAEL'S: Divided into Two Sermons. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Bern.—*Possessio bona, mens sana in corpore sano. Non est in medico (semper), relevetur ut æger.*

London: Imprinted by E. G., for John Budge and Ralph Mab. 1615.

To the Right Worshipful Sir JOHN CLAYPOOLE, Knight, saving health.

WORTHY SIR,—I have venturously trafficked with my poor talent in public, whiles I behold richer graces buried in silence: judging it better to husband a little to the common good, than to hoard much wealth in a sullen niggardise. I censure none; if all were writers, who should be readers? if no idle pamphlets would present themselves to the general eye, and be entertained for defect of more sober matter. If the grain be good, it doth better in the market than in the garner. All I can say for myself is, I desire to do good; whereof if I fail, yet my endeavours leave not my conscience without some joyful content. To your patronage this flies, to whom the author is greatly bounden, and shall yet be indebted further for your acceptance. Your love to general learning, singular encouragement to students (opposed to the common disheartenings which poverty, contempt, ignorance assaults us with); your actual beneficence to many, especially to Katharine Hall in Cambridge, worthy of deathless memory; lastly, your real kindness to myself, have prompted me to seal this book with the signet of your name, and send it to the world, which in humble submission I commend to your kind acceptation, and yourself with it, to the blessing of our gracious God.

Your Worship's in all duty devoted,

THOMAS ADAMS.

MYSTICAL BEDLAM; OR, THE WORLD OF MADMEN. By THOMAS ADAMS. 2 Tim. 3:9.

AUGUSTIN. de Trinit. Lib. 4, cap. 6.—Contra rationem nemo sobrius.

London: Printed by George Purslowe, for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy

Lamb. 1615.

To the Right Honourable Sir THOMAS EGERTON, Knight, Baron of Ellesmere, Lord High Chancellor of England, one of His Majesty's Right Hon. Privy Council, the true Pattern of virtue and Patron of good learning.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—It is a labour that hath neither recompence nor thanks, to tell them their madness that fain would think themselves sober. Having therefore presumed (not to trouble the peace, but) to disquiet the security of our Israel, I durst not but aspire to some noble patronage, that might shield both myself and labours from the blows of all malevolent censurers. In which thought I was bold to centre myself in your honour; as the individual point of my refuge, wherein I have been taught the way by more worthy precedents; your honourable name having stood as a communis terminus or sanctuary of protection to the labours and persons of many students. The unerring hand of God hath placed your lordship in the seat of justice and chair of honour (especially if it be true what St Hieronymus says, that *summa apud Deum nobilitas, clarum esse virtutibus*), whereby you have power and opportunity to whet the edge of virtue with encouragements, and to give vice the just retribution of deserved punishments. Happy influences have been derived from you, sitting as a star in the starchamber: conscionable mitigations of the law's rigour in the Court of Chancery. To punish where you see cause, is not more justice than mercy: justice against the offender, mercy to the commonwealth. Those punishments are no other than actual physic ministered to the inheritance, liberty; body to the bettering of the conscience, and saving of the soul in the day of the Lord Jesus (1 Cor. 5:5, marg.). Behold, my pen hath but written after the original copy of your honour's actions: desiring rather to learn by your doings how to say, than to teach you by my saying how to do. I have spoken (God knows with what success) to these mad times, and he that would bind the frantic, though he loves him, angers him. The detector of men's much-loved sins need a protector that is both good and great. I am sure my election is happy,

if it shall please your honour to cast the eye of acceptance on my weak labours. A young plant may thrive if the sun shall warm it with his beams. That Sun of righteousness, that hath saving health under his wings, shine for ever on your lordship; who hath been so liberal a favourer to his church, and among the rest to his unworthiest servant, and

Your honour's in all duty and thankful observance bounden,

THO. ADAMS.

Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, was the patron of the parish of Wingrave, where Adams seems now to be living.

THE SACRIFICE OF THANKFULNESS: A Sermon preached at Paul's Cross, the 3d of December, being the first Adventual Sunday. Anno 1615. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Bern., in Cant., Serm. 35.—Gratiarum cessat decursus, ubi recursus non fuerit.

Whereunto are annexed, five other of his Sermons preached in London and elsewhere; never before printed. The Titles whereof follow in the next page.

London: Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1616.

On the next page, the Titles of the Five Sermons are—1. Christ, his Star; or, the Wise Man's Oblation, Matt. 2:11; 2. Politic Hunting, Gen. 25:27; 3. Plain Dealing; or a Precedent of Honesty, Gen. 25:27; 4. The Three Divine Sisters, 1 Cor. 13:13; 5. The Taming of the Tongue, James 3:8. Three of these have separate titles.

To the Right Worshipful Sir HENRY MONTAGUE, Knight, the King's Majesty's Servant for the Law, and Recorder of the

Honourable City of London.

WORTHY SIR,—Where there is a diversity of helps leading to one intention of good, the variety may well be tolerated. Who finds fault with a garden for the multitude of flowers? You shall perceive here different kinds, whereof (if some to some seem bitter) there is none unwholesome. It takes fire at the altar of God, and begins with the Christian's sacrifice, the flame whereof (by the operation of the blessed Spirit) may both enlighten the understanding and warm the affections of good men, and in others consumingly waste the dross and rust of sin, which must either be purged by the fire of grace here, or sent to the everlasting fire to be burned. The wise man's oblation seconds it: what is formerly commanded in precept is here commended in practice. Politic hunters of the world are discovered, and plain dealing encouraged. One (almost forgotten) virtue, charity, is praised, and a busy vice is taxed. In all is intended *lux scientiæ*, *pax conscientiæ*; *piscati* mind, *ædificatio* certitiæ.

Your noble endeavours are observed by all eyes to be distinguished into this method: from your virtues there is a resultance of shining light to information, from your office to reformation of others. Go forward so still to manage your place in that honourable city; and let the fire of correction eat out the rust of corruption. You may punish even whiles you pity. The good magistrate, like a good chirurgion, doth with a shaking hand search ulcers, more earnestly desiring non invenire quod quærit, quam invenire quod puniat. The God of mercy and salvation wrap up your soul in the bundle of life, and (when the lust of the earth shall to the dust of the earth) fix you in the blessed orb of glory.

Your worshipful's in all faithful observance,

THO. ADAMS.

Of the Five Discourses published along with the Sacrifice of Thankfulness, 'Christ the Star' and 'Politic Hunting' have no separate

title-page, and are transposed in the Museum copy; 'Politic Hunting' coming first, though 'Christ his Star' is first in the table of contents. The pagination vindicates the binder. The other three Sermons are paged separately, and have separate titles as follows:—

PLAIN DEALING; OR A PRECEDENT OF HONESTY.

Ps. 37:37.

August, in Joh. Hom. ii.—Simplex eris, si te mundo non implicaveris, sed explicaveris. Explicando enim te â mundo, simplex; implicando, duplex eris.

London: Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1616.

THE THREE DIVINE SISTERS.

John xxxiv. 34.

August.—Domus Dei fundatur credendo, sperando erigitur, diligendo perficitur.

London: Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1616.

THE TAMING OF THE TONGUE.

Matt. 12:37.

Bern.—Lingua, quæ facilè volat, facilè violat.

London: Printed by Thomas Purfoot, for Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Holy Lamb. 1616.

DISEASES OF THE SOUL, [THE SOUL'S SICKNESS]: A Discourse
Divine, Moral, and Physical. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Sen.—Desinit esse remedio locus, ubi quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt.

London: Printed by George Purslowe, for John Budge, and are to be sold at the great south door of Paul's, and at Britain's Burse. 1616.

To the Holy, Judicious, and worthily Eminent in his Profession, Mr WILLIAM RANDOLPH, Doctor of Physic.

WORTHY SIR,—It will seem strange to those that better know my unworthiness than your merits, that I should administer physic to a physician. But my apology is just, convincing rather than of ignorance than myself of presumption. It is not a potion I send, but a prescript in paper, which the foolish patient did eat up when he read in it written, Take this. Neither do I send it to direct you, but that you should rectify it. So the poor painter sent Apelles a picture, to mend it, not to commend it. That which tastes of philosophy in it is but so much of those axioms and rudiments, as I gathered in the university in a short time, and have had much opportunity to lose since. Somewhat is chimed out of experience, wherein I may say *necessitas was ingenii largitor*; as Pliny writes of the raven, who labouring of thirst, and spying a vessel with some little water in it, but so deep as she could not reach, filled the vessel with stones, till the heavier matter sinking downwards, raised up the lighter to her easy apprehension. My own ill health forced me to look into that poor cistern of knowledge, which I had; and finding it almost dry, I essayed by some new contemplations, to raise it up to experience, which now, behold, runs over, and without diminution to itself, is communicatively dispersed to others. Only do you use it, as I desire you should myself: if it be in health, conserve it; if foul, purge it. For my own part, I am content that no happy meditation of mine should be *ut Curia Martis Athenis*; or, like some precious mystery which a practitioner will get money by while he lives, but suffer none else to use when he is dead; for he resolves it shall die with him. It is more

moral than physical, and yet the greater part theological: wherein I have most satisfied my own conscience, in arguing at that punctual centre, and blessed scope, whither all endeavours should look—the straitening our warped affections, and directing the soul to heaven. And in this passage (you must pardon me) I fear not to say, your memory at least, if not your understanding, may hereby be helped. My medicines are not very bitter, but nothing at all sweet to a sensual palate: learning from Salvian that Quæ petulantium auribus placent, agrotantium animis non prosunt. For my soul, I prescribe to others that which I desire ever to take myself, such saving recipes as God's Holy Writ hath directed me. For my body, though I would not have it lamed by my own neglect, that it might lean upon the staff of physic, having not so much health to spare as might allow some unthrifty expense of it on surfeits; yet when it is sick, I desire no other physician than yourself. Perhaps a great number of men are of my mind, and frequent are the knocks at your study-door; but I am sure that all those desires are not inflamed with that light of knowledge which I have of your sufficiency, through much private conference. Rudeness or prolixity do ill in an epistle, and worse when both together; and may perhaps please a man's self, and none else. I have done when I have (yet once again) challenged your promised Judicial of urines; which, if you make public, you shall have the like addition to my singular thanks. Till a good gale of opportunity waft myself over to your Sudbury, I have sent you this messenger of that love and service, shall ever be ready to attend you; desiring that, as it hath found the way to you, you would give it your pass to the world; and (if it grow poor with contempt), your legacy of approbation. Wingrave in Buck., May ult.

Your worship's in all just references of love,

THOS. ADAMS.

TO THE READER

The title of this book requires some apology. There is a book lately conceived in Scotland, and born in England, which both promiseth in the frontispiece, and demonstrates in the model, the method and matter here proposed. Whereof I cannot speak, having only cursorily perused some page or two of it, but not of the worthiness. Because that hath the priority of the time, and transcendency in quantity of mine, I have reason to fear that this will be thought but the spawn of that, or an epitome, or at best, that it is begot out of imitation. Herein I must seriously propose, and engage my credit to the truth thereof, that this was committed to the stationer's hands, perused, and allowed by authority; yea, and with full time to have been printed, and, perhaps, an impression sold, before that of Mr John Abernethy's came out. What dilemmas were in the bookseller's head, or what reasons for such slackness and reservation, are to me as mystical as his profession. Neither do I plead thus out of any affected singularity, as if I were too good to imitate so worthy a man; but only to have punctually and plainly delivered the truth hereof, leaving it to thy censure, and us all to the grace of God.

T. A.

The allusion in the epistle to the reader is to a work just then published by John Abernethy, minister at Jedburgh, and afterwards Bishop of Caithness. It is entitled, 'A Christian and Heavenly Treatise, containing Physic for the Soul.' An enlarged edition was published in 1622, and in the following year it was translated and published in Dutch. The volume is admirable in spirit, and may easily have excited the active mind of our author. The reader will note, however, the care with which Adams guards against the impression that he had taken his thoughts from Abernethy.

In the epistle to Dr Randolph, there is evidence that Adams was no stranger to bodily suffering. A similar allusion will be found in the address prefixed to the Happiness of the Church, (see p. li).

A DIVINE HERBAL TOGETHER WITH A FOREST OF THORNS. In Five Sermons:—1. The Garden of Graces; 2. The Praise of Fertility; 3. The Contemplation of the Herbs; 4. The Forest of Thorns; 5. The End of Thorns. By THOMAS ADAMS.

Isa. 55:11.

August. de benedict. Jaco. et Esau.—Simul pluit Dominus super segetes, et super spinas; sed segeti pluit ad horreum, spinis ad ignem: et tamen una est pluvia.

London: Printed by George Purslowe, for John Budge, and are to be sold at his shop, at the great south door of Paul's and at Britain's Burse. 1616.

To the Right Honourable WILLIAM, Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, the most noble Embracer and Encourager of goodness.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I am bold to present to your honour a short contemplation of those herbs (cut in rough pieces), which grow really and plentifully in your own garden, and give so good nourishment to your virtues, delightful taste to the church, and odoriferous savour to all; that, like the vine in Jotham's parable, they cheer the heart of both God and man. Your honour, I know, cannot dislike that in sight, which you so preserve in sense, and (for a happy reward) doth and shall preserve you. You are zealously honoured of all those that know goodness, and have daily as many prayers as the earth saints. Into this number, I have (hopefully presuming) thrust myself, as loth to be hindmost in that acknowledgment, which is so nobly deserved, and so joyfully rendered of all tongues, dedicating to your honour some public devotions, that can never forget you in my private. I will not think of adding one herb to your store: I only desire to remember your honour what hand planted them, what dew waters them, what influence conserves, and enspheres a sweet provident air

about them, and when gay weeds, that shoot up like Jonah's gourd in a night, shall wither in an hour (for moriuntur quomodo oriuntur). Your herb of grace shall flourish and be praised, both ob eminentiam and permanentiam, and at last be transported into that heavenly paradise, whence it receives the original root and being. Your honour will excuse me for coupling to a divine herbal, a forest of thorns, by a true observation in both material and mystical gardens, though a poet records it:

Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes

Nutrit, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est.

Your honour will love the light better, because the dark night follows so near it. That your sun may never set, your noble garden never wither; that your honours may be still multiplied with our most royal and religious king on earth, and with the King of kings in heaven, is faithfully prayed for by

Your honour's humbly devoted

THO. ADAMS.

THE SOLDIERS'S HONOUR: Wherein, by divers inferences and gradations it is evinced that the profession is just, necessary, and honourable; to be practised of some men, praised of all men. Together with a short admonition concerning munition to this honoured city. Preached to the worthy Company of Gentlemen that exercise in the Artillery Garden; and now, on their second request, published to further use.

By THOMAS ADAMS.

Exodus 15:3.

London: Printed by Adam Islip and Edward Blount, and are to be sold in Paul's Churchyard, at the sign of the Black Bear. 1617.

This dedication will be found in vol. i., p. 31, as Adams himself printed it in the folio edition.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHURCH; or, A Description of those Spiritual Prerogatives wherewith Christ hath endowed her: Considered in some Contemplations upon part of the 12th Chapter to the Hebrews. Together with certain other Meditations and Discourses upon other portions of Holy Scripture, the titles whereof immediately precede the book, being the sum of divers Sermons preached in S. Gregory's, London. By THOMAS ADAMS, Preacher there.

2 Cor. 12:15.

London: Printed by G. P., for John Grismand, and are to be sold at his shop, near unto the little north door of Saint Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1618.

To the Right Honourable Sir HENRY MONTAGUE, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, my very good Lord.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—My allegiance to the Almighty King necessitates my endeavours to glorify his great name; my profession hath imposed on me all ministerial services; my filial duty to our blessed mother the church, hath taught me to help forward her cause, both with tongue and pen; my thankfulness to your lordship ties me to seek your honourable authorising of all these labours. They run to you first, as if they waited your manumission of them to the world. If books be our children, and the masculine issue of our brains, then it is fit that your lordship, who have the patronage of the father, should also vouchsafe a blessing to the children. Nor is this all: there is yet a weightier reason why they should refuge themselves under your lordship's protection. The world is quickly offended, if it be told of the offences. Men study courses, and practise them; and if the clergy find fault, yea, if we do not justify and make good what they magnify, and make common, they will be angry. It is the most

thankless service to tell men of their misdeeds. Now, a business so distasteful requires a worthy patron; and whose patronage should I desire but your lordship's, whose I am, and to whom I owe all duty and service? whose but your lordship's, who are in place to reform vice, and to encourage goodness? to make that practical and exemplary, which is here only theoretical and preceptory. God hath entrusted to your hands his sword of justice; draw it in his defence against the enemies of his grace and gospel. You sit at the common stern, and, therefore, are not so much your own as your country's. Help us with your hands; we will help you with our prayers. The Lord of majesty and mercy sanctify your heart, rectify your hand, justify your soul, and, lastly, crown your head with eternal glory!

Your lordship's observant chaplain,

THO. ADAMS.

The volume is dedicated thus:—'To the Worthy Citizens of Saint Gregory's Parish, sincere Lovers of the Gospel, present Happiness and everlasting Peace.' Then follows an address the same as is prefixed to the folio edition of his works, see vol. i., xvii. The following sentences, however, are inserted before 'I very well know,' and the whole is signed, 'Your unworthy preacher, Thomas Adams':

It is not unknown to you, that an infirmity did put me to silence many weeks; whilst my tongue was so suspended from preaching, my hand took opportunity of writing. To vindicate my life from the least suspicion of idleness, or any such aspersions of uncharitable tongues, I have set forth this real witness, which shall give just confutation to such slanders. If it be now condemned, I am sure it is only for doing well.

This volume, 'The Happiness of the Church,' is a 4to of the ordinary size of that period. It is divided into two parts. The first, exclusive of title, dedication, epistle, and contents, extends to 443 pages. The

second, which is nowhere called part second, and which has no separate title-page nor dedication, extends to 375 pages. The contents prefixed to first part are the contents of both parts. The following are the discourses included in the volume:—

PART I.—The Happiness of the Church, Heb. 12:22; The Rage of Oppression—The Victory of Patience, Ps. 66:12; God's House, Ps. 66:13; Man's Seed Time and Harvest, Gal. 6:7; Heaven Gate, Rev. 22:14; The Spiritual Eye Salve, Eph. 1:18; The Cosmopolite, Luke 12:20; The Bad Leaven, Gal. 5:9; Faith's Encouragement, Luke 17:19.

PART II.—The Saint's Meeting, Eph. 4:13; Presumption Running into Despair, Rev. 6:16; Majesty in Misery, Mat. 27:51; The Fool and his Sport, Prov. 14:9; The Fire of Contention, Luke 12:49; The Christian's Walk—Love's Copy—A Crucifix, Eph. 5:2; The Good Politician directed, Mat. 10:16; The Way Home, Mat. 2:12; Semper Idem, Heb. 13:8; God's Bounty, Prov. 3:16; The Lost One Found, Luke 19:10; A Generation of Serpents, Ps. 58:4; Heaven made Sure, Ps. 35:3; The Soul's Refuge, 1 Pet. 4:19.

There is now an unwonted interval between the last-named of Adams's writings and the following. Whether sickness laid him aside, or whether he now began to prepare those Meditations on the Creed which King James was soon to direct all clergymen to indulge in on Sunday afternoons, is not known. The fact is undoubted.

EIRENOPOLIS: THE CITY OF PEACE. By THOMAS ADAMS. 8vo. London, 1622.

Dedication, see Vol. ii., p. 310.

THE BARREN TREE. A Sermon preached at St Paul's Cross, October 26. 1623. By THOMAS ADAMS.

London: Printed by Aug. Mathewes, for John Grismand, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Alley, at the sign of the Gun. 1623.

To the Reverend and learned Dr DONNE, Dean of St Paul's, together with the Prebend Residentiaries of the same Church, my very good patrons.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,—Not out of any opinion of this sermon's worth, to which I dare not invite your judicious eyes; nor any ambition to merit of my patrons, whom I read styled petty creators; but in humble acknowledgment of your favours, I present this small rent of thankfulness, the poor fruit of that tree which grows on your own ground, and hath not from the world any other sustenance. Vouchsafe, I beseech you, your patronage to the child, who have made the father of it

Your worship's devoted homager,

THO. ADAMS.

TO THE READER

I neither affect those rheumatic pens that are still dropping upon the press, nor those phlegmatic spirits that will scarce be conjured into the orb of employment. But if modest forwardness be a fault, I cannot excuse myself. It pleased God Almighty to make a fearful comment on this his own text, the very same day it was preached by his unworthiest servant. The argument was but audible in the morning, before night it was visible. His holy pen had long since written it with ink, now his hand of justice expounded in the characters of blood. There, was only a conditional menace: so it shall be. Here a terrible remonstrance: so it is. Sure! he did not mean it for a nine days' wonder. Their sudden departure out of the world, must not so suddenly depart from the memory of the world. Woe to that soul that shall take so slight a notice of so extraordinary a judgment. We do not say, They perished; charity forbid it. But this we say, It is a sign of God's favour, when he gives a man law. We pass no sentence upon them, yet let us take warning by them. The remarkableness would not be neglected, for the time, the place, the persons, the

number, the manner. Yet still we conclude not, this was for the transgression of the dead; but this we are sure of, it is meant for the admonition of the living. Such is our blessed Saviour's conclusion upon a parallel instance: Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. There is no place safe enough for offenders; but when the Lord is once up in arms, happy man that can make his own peace! Otherwise, in vain we hope to run from the plague while we carry the sin along with us. Yet will not our wilful and bewitched recusants, from these legible characters, spell God's plain meaning. No impression can be made in those hearts, that are ordained to perish. For their malicious, causeless, and unchristian censures of us, God forgive them; our requital be only pity and prayers for them. Howsoever they give out (and I will not here examine) that their piety is more than ours: impudence itself cannot deny, but our charity is greater than theirs. Now the holy fear of God keep us in the ways of faith and obedience, that the preparation of death may never prevent our preparation to die. And yet still, after our best endeavour, from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us all. Amen.

T. A.

This sermon was preached on October 26. 1623, the morning of what is known as 'The fatal Vespers at Blackfriars.' Out of three hundred persons present, ninety-five were killed, and many more seriously injured. Particulars may be seen in many histories of that age (see Fuller's Church Hist., bk. x., cent. xvii., and Court of James I., vol. ii, pp. 428–433). The charity with which Adams speaks of this awful visitation (see Works, vol. ii., p. 185) is noteworthy.

THE TEMPLE: A Sermon preached at Paul's Cross, the 5th of August 1624. By THOMAS ADAMS.

London: Printed by A. Mathewes, for John Grismand, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Alley, at the sign of the Gun. 1624.

To the Right Honourable SIR HENRY CAREY, Lord Housdon,
Viscount Rochford

MY LORD,—Among the many absurdities which give us just cause to abhor the religion of the present Roman Church, this seemeth to me none of the least, that they have filled all the temples under the command of their politic hierarchy with idols, and changed the glory of the invisible God into the worship of visible images. They invoke the saints by them, yea, they dare not serve the Lord without them. As if God had repealed his unchangeable law; and instead of condemning all worship by an image, would now receive no worship without an image. I have observed this one, among the other famous marks of that synagogue, that they strive to condemn that which God hath justified, and to justify what he hath condemned. For the former, he hath precisely directed our justification only by faith in the merits of Christ; this they vehemently dispute against. For the other, he hath (not without mention of his jealousy) forbidden all worship that hath the least tang of idolatry; this they eagerly maintain. What large volumes have they written against the Second Commandment! as if they were not content to expunge it out of their catechisms, unless they did also dogmatise, contradict it to the whole world. They first set the people upon a plain rebellion, and then make show to fetch them off again with a neat distinction. Thus do they pump their wits to legitimate that by a distinction which God hath pronounced a bastard by his definite sentence; as if the papal decrees were that law whereby the world should be judged at the last day. But who will regard a house of magnificent structure, of honourable and ancient memory, when the plague hath infected it, or thieves possess it? and who, in their right senses, will join themselves to that temple, which after pretence of long standing, stately building, and of many such prerogatives and royalties, is found to be besmeared with superstitions, and profaned with innumerable idols? Why should we delight to dwell there, where God hath refused to dwell with us.

I publish this argument as no new thing to your lordship, but wherein your well-experienced knowledge is able to inform me. Only I have been bold, through your thrice honoured name, to transmit this small discourse to the world; emboldened by the long proof I have had of your constant love to the truth, and the gracious piety of your most noble mother, the best encouragement of my poor labours on earth. The best blessings of God be still multiplied upon her, yourself, your religious lady, and your honourable family, which is continually implored by

Your lordship's humble servant,

THOMAS ADAMS.

THE HOLY CHOICE. A Sermon preached at the Chapel of Guildhall, at the solemnities of the election of the Lord Mayor of London. Acts 1:24. By THOMAS ADAMS. London. 1625.

A SERMON at the Triennial Visitation of the R. R. Father in God, the Lord Bishop of London, in Christ Church. Acts 15:36. By THOMAS ADAMS. London. 1625.

The Bishop of London, at this time, was Dr Mountaigne. He had succeeded Dr King in 1621, and was translated to Durham in 1627. His successors were Laud in 1628, and Dr Juxon in 1633. It is worth marking under whose episcopate Adams spent the latter years of his life.

EDITATIONS UPON SOME PARTS OF THE CREED. 1629. (Vol. iii. page 85.)

Appended to the folio edition of the works, and probably published then for the first time. These 'Meditations' have all the vigour, and even more than the usual learning, of Adams, and they will well repay perusal.

As the sheets of the 'Meditations' and of Ward's Sermons were passing through the press, the Editor was struck with the sameness of thought, and even of expression, in several instances. The reader may compare for himself, and certainly the coincidence cannot be accidental. It is possible that Ward and Adams were personal friends, and compared thoughts, each contributing his share; though their political and ecclesiastical tendencies were widely different. The more probable solution is, that the one must have read or heard the other. Ward's book was first published in 1622, and bears on the last page the name of Grismand, who was one of Adams's publishers. So far as is known, the Meditations were not published till seven years later, though probably written some time before their publication. Adams, therefore, seems the copyist. Perhaps he read the small volume of Ward as it was published, and when he was preaching his own Meditations. Without much intentional wrong, he may have adopted illustrations which struck him as suited for the day, and then have put them in print unacknowledged, having meanwhile forgotten their origin. His general richness of thought, and the extensive writing he had now in hand—for his folio Commentary on Peter must have been begun some time before—make this explanation probable. It may be added that he has in a variety of instances, through what must have been a similar oversight, repeated himself, inserting in his Commentary, for example, what had already been published in his Sermons.*

A COMMENTARY OR EXPOSITION UPON THE DIVINE SECOND EPISTLE GENERAL WRITTEN BY THE BLESSED APOSTLE ST PETER. By THOMAS ADAMS.

London Printed by Ri. Badger, for Jacob Bloom. 1633.

To the Truly Noble and Worthily Honoured Sir HENRY MARTEN, Knight, Judge of His Majesty's High Court of the Admiralty, and Dean of the Arches' Court of Canterbury.

NOBLE SIR,—The merchant that hath once put to sea and made a prosperous voyage, is hardly withheld from a second adventure. It hath been my forwardness, not without the instinct of our heavenly Pilot, the most blessed Spirit of God, to make one adventure before, for he that publisheth his meditations may be well called an adventurer. God knows what return hath been made to his own glory; if but little (and I can hope no less, though I have ever prayed for more), yet that hath been to me no little comfort. I am now put forth again, upon the same voyage, in hope of better success. For my commission I sue to you, who have no small power both in the deciding of civil differences, and in the disposing of naval affairs, and matters of such commerce, being known well worthy of that authority in both these ecclesiastical and civil courts of judicature, that you would be pleased to bless my spiritual traffic with your auspicious approbation. I dare not commend my own merchandise; yet if I had not conceived somewhat better of it than of my former, I durst not have been so ambitious as to present it unto you, of whose clear understanding, deep judgment, and sincere integrity, all good men among us have so full and confessed an experience. Yet besides your own candid disposition, and many real encouragements to me your poor servant, this may a little qualify my boldness, and vindicate me from an over-daring presumption; that my aim is your patronage, not your instruction—not to inform your wisdom, which were to hold a taper to the sun—but to gain your acceptance and fair allowance, that, under your honoured name, it may find the more free entertainment wheresoever it arrives, which (I am humbly persuaded) your goodness will not deny. That noble favour of yours, shining upon these my weak endeavours, will encourage me to publish some maturer thoughts, which otherwise have resolved never to see the light. The sole glory of our most gracious God, the edification and comfort of his church, with the true felicity of yourself and yours, shall be always prayed for by

Your ever honoured virtue's humble and thankful servant,

THOMAS ADAMS.

Thus far in these volumes the text is reprinted from the folio volume published by Adams himself. The two following sermons are reprinted from a small volume in the British Museum. They bear the name of Thos. Adams on the title; and are clearly, from internal evidence, the production of the same man. They were published in 1653, the year in which Cromwell became Lord Protector. The author was then passing 'a necessitous and decrepit old age;' but his spirit is as bold and as unbroken as ever. We should be recreant to our principles as admirers of all conscientious servants of our Lord, if we withheld from Adams amid these distresses the tribute of our sympathy and love.

GOD'S ANGER AND MAN'S COMFORT: Two Sermons Preached and Published by THOMAS ADAMS.

London: Printed by Thomas Maxey for Samuel Main, at the sign of the Swan in St Paul's Churchyard. 1653.

To the most honourable and charitable benefactors, whom God hath honoured for his almoners and sanctified to be his dispensers of the fruits of charity and mercy to me, in this my necessitous and decrepit old age, I humbly present this testimony of my thankfulness, with my incessant appreciations to the Father of all mercies, to reward them for it in this life, and to crown their souls with everlasting joy and glory in the life to come, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THOMAS ADAMS.

The Publisher is indebted to the Rev. A. B. Grosart of Kinross for bringing these sermons under his notice; and to the same loving inquirer into all that Adams has done and taught, the writer of this brief memoir begs to express his obligations.

J. A.

POLITIC HUNTING

Esau was a cunning hunter, and a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.—GEN. 25:27.

WHEN God hath a long while deferred his actual blessings to the importunate suppliants, and extended their desires, at last he doubles on them the expected mercy. So he recompenseth the dilation with the dilatation and enlarging of his favours. Rebekah had been long barren, and now the Lord opens her womb, and sets her a-teeming; she conceives two at once.

It is observable that many holy women, ordained to be mothers of men specially famous and worthy, were yet long barren. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, that bore Isaac; Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, that bore Jacob; Rachel, the wife of Jacob, that bore Joseph; Hannah, the mother of Samuel; Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist. Hereof may be given some reasons:—

1. One Chrysostom gives, *Ut ex mirabili partu sterilium, præstrueretur fides partui virginis*,—That by the miraculous child-bearing of barren women a way might be made to believe the birth of Christ by a virgin.
2. To shew that Israel was multiplied, not by natural succession, but by grace. So Theodoret.
3. To exercise the faith, hope, and patience of such as, notwithstanding a promise, had their issue delayed.

But now Isaac prays, God hears, Rebekah conceives. She conceives a double burden, a pair of sons struggling in her womb. Her body is no less disquieted with this plenty, than her mind was before with the lack of children. Esau and Jacob are born: brethren they are, not

more near in birth than different in disposition; for 'Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; but Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.'

These two are the subject of my discourse; wherein I regard their nomina, omina,—names and proceedings. Their names, Esau and Jacob, note their conditions for opposite: the one 'a cunning hunter,' the other 'a plain man.' Of both whom I will be bold to speak literally and liberally: literally, of their individual persons; liberally, as they were figures and significations of future things.

For herein is not only regardable a mere history, but a mystery also. And as St Paul applied the true story of Isaac, the son of the free, and Ishmael, the son of the bond-woman, that by these things was another thing meant, Gal. 4:24; so I may conclude of these two brothers in the same manner: ver. 29, 'As then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so is it now.' So it is now, and so it shall be to the end of the world.

I must speak first of the first-born, Esau. It is probable he was called Esau in regard of his manner of birth: ver. 25, he that 'came out first was red, all over like a hairy garment; and they called his name Esau.'

Some derive it from the Hebrew word Quasah, which signifieth, to make; and taken passively it implies a perfect man, for he came forth red and hairy,—red, to betoken his bloody disposition; hairy, to shew his savage and wild nature. Other children are born with hair only on the head, eyelids, and brows; but he was hairy all over, promising extraordinary cruelty.

He had three names:—1. Esau, because he was complete; 2. Edom, because he was red of complexion, or because he coveted the red pottage; 3. Seir, that is, hairy.

You hear his name; listen to his nature. God's Spirit gives him this character: 'He was a cunning hunter,' &c. A name doth not constitute

a nature; yet in Holy Writ very often the nature did fulfil the name, and answer it in a future congruence.

The character hath two branches, noting his dition and his condition.

His condition or disposition was hunting; his dition, portion, or seigniory was the field: he was a field-man.

The first mark of his character is, 'a cunning hunter,' wherein we have expressed his power and his policy, his strength and his sleight, his brawn and his brain; his might, he was a hunter; his wit, he was a cunning hunter.

HIS STRENGTH: A HUNTER.—Hunting in itself is a delight lawful and laudable, and may well be argued for from the disposition that God hath put into creatures. He hath naturally inclined one kind of beasts to pursue another for man's profit and pleasure. He hath given the dog a secret instinct to follow the hare, the hart, the fox, the boar, as if he would direct a man by the finger of nature to exercise those qualities which his divine wisdom created in them.

There is no creature but may teach a good soul one step towards his Creator. The world is a glass, wherein we may contemplate the eternal power and majesty of God. 'For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead,' Rom. 1:20. It is that great book of so large a character that a man may run and read it; yea, even the simplest man, that cannot read, may yet spell out of this book that there is a God. Every shepherd hath this calendar, every ploughman this A B C. What that French poet divinely sung is thus as sweetly Englished—

'The world's a school, where, in a general story,

God always reads dumb lectures of his glory.'

But to our purpose. This practice of hunting hath in it—1. Recreation; 2. Benefit.

1. Delight.—Though man, by his rebellion against his Creator, forfeited the charter which he had in the creatures, and hereon Adam's punishment was, that he should work for that *sudore vultus* which erst sprung up naturally *beneficio Creatoris*; yet this lapse was recovered in Christ to believers, and a new patent was sealed them in his blood, that they may use them not only *ad necessitatem vitæ*, but also in *delectationem animi*. So God gives man not only bread and wine to strengthen his heart, but even oil to refresh his countenance. 'Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head lack no ointment,' Eccles. 9:8. When Solomon had found men pulling on themselves unnecessary vexations in this world, and yet not buying peace in heaven with their trouble on earth, he concludes, 'Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry: for that shall abide with him of his labour the days of his life, that God giveth him under the sun,' Eccles. 8:15.

But there is a liberty, the bounds whereof because men's affections cannot keep, it is better their understandings knew not; for, *melius est nescire centrum, quam non tenere circulum*. I may say of too many, as Seneca, *Nihu felicitati eorum deest, nisi moderatio ejus*,—They have happiness enough, if they could moderate it. Nothing is *magis proprium materie*, say philosophers, more proper to matter, than to flow; *nisi a forma sistitur*, unless the form restrain and stay it. Nothing is more peculiar to man than to run out, and to err exorbitantly, if grace direct not.

Men deal with recreation as some travellers do with another's grounds; they beg passage through them in winter for avoidance of the miry ways, and so long use it on sufferance that at last they plead prescription, and hold it by custom. God allows delights to succour our infirmity, and we saucily turn them to habitual practices. Therefore Solomon condemns it in some, as he commends it in

others. 'Rejoice in thy youth,' and follow thy vanities; 'but know, that for all this God will bring thee into judgment,' Eccles. 11:9. And our Saviour denounceth a *Væ ridentibus*; for they that will laugh when they should weep, shall mourn when they might have rejoiced.

We often read of Christ weeping, never laughing: taking his creatures for sustentation, not for recreation. Indeed he afforded us this benefit; and what we had lost, as it were, *ex postliminio*, recovered to us. But it were strange that *hæres succedens in defuncti locum* should do more than the testator ever did himself, or allowed by his grant; or that servants and sinners should challenge that which was not permitted to their Master and Saviour. But thus we pervert our liberty, as the Pharisees did the law, in *sensum reprobum*. These hunt, but keep not within God's pale, the circumferent limits wherein he hath mounded and bounded our liberty.

2. Benefit.—Recreations have also their profitable use, if rightly undertaken.

(1.) The health is preserved by a moderate exercise. *Sedentariam agentes vitam*, they that live a sedentary life, so find it.

(2.) The body is prepared and fitted by these sportive to more serious labours, when the hand of war shall set them to it.

(3.) The mind, wearied with graver employments, hath thus some cool respiration given it, and is sent back to the service of God with a revived alacrity.

HIS POLICY: A CUNNING HUNTER.—But we have hunted too long with Esau's strength, let us learn his sleight: 'a cunning hunter.' Hunting requires *tantum artis, quantum martis*. Plain force is not enough, there must be an accession of fraud. There is that common sense in the creatures to avoid their pursuers. Fishes will not be taken with an empty hook; nor birds with a bare pipe, though it go sweetly; nor beasts with Briareus's strength only, though he had a hundred hands. Here *astus pollentior armis*. Fishes must have a bait,

birds a net, and he that takes beasts must be a cunning hunter. 'Can a bird fall into a snare upon the earth, where no gin is for him?' Amos 3:5. Nay, often both vises and devices, toils and toilings, strength and stratagems, are all too little.

A CUNNING HUNTER.—It appears that Esau's delight was not to surprise tame beasts that did him service, but wild; for against the former there needed no such cunning. How easily is the ox brought to the yoke, the horse to the bit, the lamb to the slaughter! His intention and contention was against wild and noxious creatures.

This observation teacheth us to do no violence to the beasts that serve us. Solomon stamps this mark on the good man's forehead, that he is merciful to his beast; and the law of God commanded that the mouth of the ox should not be muzzled that treadeth out the corn. God opened the mouth of an ass to reprove the folly of Balaam, who struck her undeservedly for not going forward, when God's angel stood ad oppositum.

Those sports are then intolerable wherein we vex those creatures that spend their strengths for our benefit. God therefore often justly suffers them to know their own power, and to revenge themselves on our ingratitude. The Roman soothsayers divined that when bulls, dogs, and asses (beasts created for use and obedience) grew mad on a sudden, *bellum servile imminabat*, it boded some servile war and insurrection. But we may truly gather, that when God suffers these serviceable and domestical creatures to make mutiny and rebellion against us, that God is angry with our sins; and that they no otherwise shake off our service than we have shaken off the service of God. So long as we keep our covenant with the Lord, he makes a league for us with the beasts of the field; but when we fall from our allegiance, they fall from theirs, and, without wonder, quit our rebellion against God with their rebellion against us. We see what we get by running from our Master; we lose our servants.

But if they that fly from God by contempt shall thus speed, what shall become of them that fly upon God by contumacy? If wicked Nabal could blame the servants qui fugiunt dominos, that run from their masters; how would he condemn them qui persequuntur, that run upon them with violence? But if we band ourselves against God, he hath his hosts to fight against us. Fowls in the air, fishes in the sea, beasts on the earth, stones in the street, will take his part against us. So long doth the hen cluck her chickens as she takes them to be hers; but if they fly from the defence of her wings, she leaves them to the prey of the kite. So long as we obey God, heaven and earth shall obey us, and every creature shall do us service; but if we turn outlaws to him, we are no longer in the circle of his gracious custody and protection.

A CUNNING HUNTER.—As cunning as he was to take beasts, he had little cunning to save himself. How foolish was he to part with his birthright for a mess of lentil pottage! And since there is a necessary discussion of his folly, as well as of his cunning, I will take here just occasion to demonstrate it; and that in five circumstances:—

1. He had a ravenous and intemperate desire. This appears by three phrases he used:—(1.) 'Feed me, I pray thee,' ver. 30; satisfy, saturate, satiate me; or, let me swallow at once, as some read it. The words of an appetite insufferable of delay. (2.) To shew his eagerness, he doubles the word for haste: 'with that red, with that red pottage;' red was his colour, red was his desire. He coveted red pottage; he dwelt in a red soil, called thereon Idumea; and in the text, 'therefore was his name called Edom.' (3.) He says, 'I am faint,' and, ver. 32, 'at the point to die,' if I have it not. Like some longing souls that have so weak a hand over their appetites, that they must die if their humour be not fulfilled.

We may here infer two observations:—

(1.) That intemperance is not only a filthy, but a foolish sin. It is impossible that a ravenous throat should lie near a sober brain.

There may be in such a man understanding and reason; but he neither hears that nor follows this. A city may have good laws, though none of them be kept. But as in sleepers and madmen there is *habitus rationis, non usus et actus*,—such men have reason, but want the active use. *Venter præcepta non audit*,—the belly hath no ears. Though you would write such men's epitaphs while they are living, yet you cannot; for *mortem suam antecesserunt*, they have ante-acted their death, and buried themselves alive; as the French proverb says, They have digged their grave with their teeth. The philosopher passing through *Vacia* the epicure's grounds, said, *Hïc situs est Vacia*: not, Here he lives, but, Here he lies; as it were dead and sepulchred. The parsimony of ancient times hath been admirable. The Arcadians lived on acorns; the Argives on apples; the Athenians on figs; the Tyinthians on pears; the Indians on canes; the Carmanes on palms; the Sauromatians on millet; the Persians, *nasturtio*, with cresses; and Jacob here made dainty of lentils.

(2.) That a man may epicurise on coarse fare; for lentil pottage was no extraordinary fine diet. But as a man may be a *Crassus* in his purse, yet no *Cassius* in his pots; so, on the contrary, another may be, as it is said of *Job*, poor to a proverb, yet be withal as voluptuous as *Esau*. Men have *talem dentem, qualem mentem*,—such an appetite as they have affection. And *Esau* may be as great a glutton in his pottage as those greedy dogs, *Isa. 56:12*, that fill themselves with strong wines; or those fat bulls, *Amos 6:4*, that eat the lambs and calves out of the stall. Thus the poor may sin as much in their throat as the rich, and be epicures *tam latè*, though not *tam lautè*,—in as immoderate, though not so dainty fare. Indeed, labour in many bodies requires a more plentiful repast than in others; and the sedentary gentleman needs not so much meat as his drudging hind. But in both this rule should be observed, *Quantum naturæ sufficiat, non quantum gulæ placeat*,—Not what will please the throat, but what will content nature; to eat what a man should, not what he would. The poor man that loves delicate cheer shall not be wealthy; and the rich man that loves it shall not be healthy. As cunning as *Esau* was, here is one instance of his folly, an intemperate appetite.

2. His folly may be argued from his base estimation of the birthright; that he would so lightly part from it, and on so easy conditions as pottage. It seems he did measure it only by the pleasures and commodities of this life which were afforded him by it: ver. 32, 'I am ready to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?' Which words import a limitation of it to this present world, as if it could do him no good afterwards; whereupon the Hebrews gather that he denied the resurrection. For this cause the Apostle brands him with the mark of profaneness, Heb. 12, that he changed a spiritual blessing for a temporal pleasure.

And what, O ye Esauites, worldlings, are momentary delights compared to eternal! What is a mess of gruel to the supper of glory! The belly is pleased, the soul is lost. Never was any meat, except the forbidden fruit, so dearly bought as this broth of Jacob. A curse followed both their feedings. There is no temporal thing without trouble, though it be far more worthy than the lentil pottage. Hath a man good things? He fears to forego them; and when he must, could either wish they had not been so good, or a longer possession of them. Hath he evil? They bring grief, and he either wisheth them good, or to be rid of them. So that good things trouble us with fear, evil with sorrow; those in the future, these in the present; those because they shall end, these because they do not end. Nothing, then, can make a man truly happy but eternity. Pleasures may last a while in this world; but they will grow old with us, if they do not die before us. And the staff of age is no pole of eternity. He, then, hath too much of the sensual and profane blood of Esau in him, Heb. 12:16, that will sell everlasting birthrights and comforts for transient pleasures.

3. Another argument of his folly was, ingratitude to God, who had in mercy vouchsafed him, though but by a few minutes, the privilege of primogeniture; wherewith divines hold that the priesthood was also conveyed. The father of the family exercised it during his life, and after his decease the first-born succeeded in that with the inheritance. And could Esau be ungrateful to a God so gracious? Or could he possibly have aspired to a higher dignity? Wretched

unthankfulness, how justly art thou branded for a prodigy in nature! There are too many that, in a sullen neglect, overlook all God's favours for the want of one that their affections long after. Non tam agunt gratias de tribunatu, quam queruntur, quod non sunt eveci in consulatum,—It is nothing with them to be of the court, except they be also of the council.

4. His obstinacy taxeth his folly, that, after cold blood, leisure to think of the treasure he sold, and digestion of his pottage, he repented not of his rashness; but, ver. 34, 'He did eat, and drink, and rose up, and went his way'—filled his belly, rose up to his former customs, and went his way without a Quid feci? Therefore it is added, 'he despised his birthright.' He followed his pleasures without any interception of sorrow or interruption of conscience. His whole life was a circle of sinful customs; and not his birthright's loss can put him out of them. A circular thing implies a perpetuity of motion, according to mathematicians. It begins from all parts alike, et in seipso desinit, ends absolutely in itself, without any point or scope objectual to move it. Earth was Esau's home; he looks after no other felicity: therefore goes his way with less thought of a heavenly birthright than if he had missed the deer he hunted. It is wicked to sell heavenly things at a great rate of worldly; but it is most wretched to vilipend them.

5. Lastly, his perfidious nature appeareth, that though he had made an absolute conveyance of his birthright to Jacob, and sealed the deed with an oath, yet he seemed to make but a jest of it, and purposed in his heart not to perform it. Therefore, chap. 27:41, 'He said in his heart, The days of mourning for my father are at hand; then will I slay my brother Jacob.' He tarried but for the funeral of his father, and then resolved to send his brother after him; as Cain did Abel, because he was more accepted. It is hard to judge whether he was a worse son or a brother. He hopes for his father's death, and purposeth his brother's; and vows to shed blood instead of tears.

Perhaps from his example those desperate wretches of England drew their instruction. They had sold their birthright, and the blessing which Jesus Christ, like old Isaac dying, bequeathed in his will to all believers, and all the interest in the truth of the gospel, to the Pope for a few pottage, red pottage, dyed in their own blood, for seeking to colour it with the blood of God's anointed, and of his saints. And now, in a malicious rancour, seeing the children of truth to enjoy as much outward peace as they were conscious of an inward vexation, they expected but *diem luctus*, the days of mourning, when God should translate our late queen, of eternally-blessed memory, from a kingdom on earth to a better in heaven; and then hoped, like bustards in a fallow-field, to raise up their heavy fortunes *vi turbinis*, by a whirlwind of commotion. But our *Pacator Orbis* (which was the real attribute of Constantine) beguiled their envious hopes. And as *Paterculus* said of the Roman empire, after Augustus's death, when there was such hope of enemies, fear of friends, expectation of trouble in all, *Tanta fuit unius viri majestas, ut nec bonis, neque contra malos opus foret armis*,—Such was the majesty of one man, that his very presence took way all use of arms. Our royal Jacob precluded all stratagems, prevented all the plots of these malicious Esauites, and settled us both in the fruition of the gospel and peace with it. But in meantime God did punish their perfidious machinations, as he will do perjury and treason, wheresoever he finds them; for he will nail upon the head of the perjurer his oath traitorously broken.

In all these circumstances it appeareth, that though Esau was subtle to take beasts, he had no cunning to hunt out his own salvation. From all which scattered stones, brought together, let me raise this building of instruction.

The wisest for the world are most commonly fools for celestial blessings. Wicked men can *sentire quæ sunt carnis*, not of the Spirit. The prophet Jeremiah compounds both these, and shews how wisdom and folly may concur in one man: chap. 4:22, 'They are wise to do evil; but to do good they have no knowledge.' Let them war,

they have their stratagems; let them plot in peace, they have their policies. For hunting, they have nets; for fowling, gins; for fishing, baits: not so much as even in husbandry, but the professors have their reaches; they know which way the market goes, which way it will go. Your tradesmen have their mysteries—mysteries indeed, for the mystery of iniquity is in them: they have a stock of good words to put off a stock of bad wares; in their particular qualities they are able to school Machiavel.

But draw them from their centre, earth, and out of their circumference, worldly policies, and you have not more simple fools. They have no acquaintance with God's statutes, and therefore no marvel if they misjudge vices for virtues; as Zebul told Gaal, Judges 9:36, that he mistook *umbras montium pro capitibus hominum*. A man may easily run his soul upon the rocks of rebellion, while he neither looks to the card of conscience nor regards the compass of faith.

A MAN OF THE FIELD.—We have taken the first branch of his character, the main proportion of his picture: 'he was a cunning hunter.' There is another colour added: 'he was a man of the field.' But because I take it for no other than an explanation of the former attribute, an exposition of the proposition, saving it hath a little larger extent, I do no more but name it.

We do not think, because he is called a man of the field, that therefore he was a husbandman; but, as the Septuagint calls him, a field-man, in regard that he was continually conversant in the field. There was his sport, there was his heart. Therefore, ver. 28, did Isaac love Esau, 'because he did eat of his venison.' He loved his venison, not his conditions. Some would read it thus, 'because venison was in his mouth,' and so turn his hunting into a metaphor: as if by insinuation he had wound himself into the favour of Isaac. But the other reading is better; saving that, by the way, we may give a reprehension to such mouth-hunters.

If you would know who they are, they are the flatterers, of whom we may say, as huntsmen of their dogs, they are well-mouthed; or rather, ill-mouthed. For an ordinary dog's biting doth not rankle so sore as their licking. Of all dogs they are best likened to spaniels, but that they have a more venomous tongue. They will fawn, and fawn, and leap up, and kiss their master's hand: but all this while they do but hunt him; and if they can spring him once, you shall hear them quest instantly, and either present him to the falcon, or worry and prey on him themselves, perhaps not so much for his flesh as for his feathers. For they love not dominos, but dominorum; not their master's good, but their master's goods.

The golden ass, got into sumptuous trappings, thinks he hath as many friends as he hath beasts coming about him. One commends his snout for fairer than the lion's; another his skin for richer than the leopard's; another his foot for swifter than the hart's; a fourth his teeth for whiter and more precious than the elephant's; a last, his breath for sweeter than the civet beast's. And it is wonder if some do not make him believe he hath horns, and those stronger than bulls', and more virtuous than the unicorn's. All this while they do but hunt him for his trappings; uncase him, and you shall have them baffle and kick him. This doth Solomon insinuate, Prov. 19:4, 'Riches gather many friends: but the poor is separated from his neighbours.' He says not the rich man, but riches. It is the money, not the man, they hunt.

The great one bristles up himself, and conceits himself higher by the head than all the rest, and is proud of many friends. Alas! these dogs do but hunt the bird of paradise for his feathers. These wasps do but hover about the gallipot because there is honey in it. The proud fly, sitting upon the chariot-wheel, which, hurried with violence, huffed up the sand, gave out that it was she which made all that glorious dust. The ass, carrying the Egyptian goddess, swelled with an opinion that all those crouches, cringes, and obeisances were made to him. But it is the case, not the carcase, they gape for. So may the chased stag boast how many hounds he hath attending him. They attend

indeed, as ravens a dying beast. Actæon found the kind truth of their attendance. They run away as spiders from a decaying house; or as the cuckoo, they sing a scurvy note for a month in summer, and are gone in June or July; sure enough before the fall. These hunters are gone; let them go: for they have brought me a little from the strictness and directness of my intended speech. But as a physician coming to cure doth sometimes receive some of his patient's infection, so I have been led to hunt a little wide, to find out these cunning hunters.

Be pleased to observe two general notes, and then I will come to the application:—

1. These two brethren were born together, were brought up together; yet how great difference was there in their composition of bodies, in their disposition of minds, in their events of life, or, as they say, in their fortunes!

(1.) For bodies: one was rough and hairy, the other was smooth and plain. This is seldom seen in children begot and born of the same parents, but seldom or never in two born at one birth. And we may go so far with the physiognomer to say, that complexion, though not guides, yet inclines the inward disposition.

(2.) For disposition of mind, this text shews a wide and opposite difference: 'Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; but Jacob a plain man, dwelling in tents.' And Gregory observes from this example, the remoteness or contrariety of worldlings' and holy men's delights. Men of the world hunt after the pleasures of the world, as Esau. Men of grace give themselves to the contemplation and study of virtue, as Jacob.

(3.) For events or success in this world, there was such distance as greater could not be imagined; for it is here said, 'the elder shall serve the younger.' The privilege of primogeniture belonged to Esau; yet both that and the blessing went to Jacob. If among us the eldest

son sell all his lands to a younger brother, many are ready to bless his stars, and to say, He is born to better fortunes. Divers things are here figured:—

[1.] Literally, here is intended that the Idumcans, the seed of Esau, should be subject to the Israelites, the posterity of Jacob. So we read, 2 Sam. 8:14, that they were subdued to Israel by David, 'All they of Edom became David's servants;' and so continued to the reign of Jotham. This gave the Jews not only a superiority in temporal dominion, but in spiritual blessings, the grace and mercy of God; for they were the visible church, and Edom was cut off.

[2.] Mystically, this signifies the carnal Jews subdued to the Christians, though the other were the elder people.* Therefore it is observable, that in the genealogy of Christ, Matt. 1, many of the first-born were left out. Luke 3:38, Seth is put in for the son of Adam; yet his eldest son was Cain. So, Matt. 1:2, 'Abraham begat Isaac,' yet his eldest son was Ishmael; 'Isaac begat Jacob,' yet here his first-born was Esau; 'Jacob begat Judah,' yet his first-born was Reuben. And David begat Solomon in Matthew's genealogy, Nathan in Luke's; yet both younger brethren by Bathsheba. Exod. 4:22, Israel is called God's first-born, and his chosen people, his appropriation. *Populus Judæus adumbratus fuit in his progenitis*,—the Jews were figured in these first-born; and we the Gentiles, that were the younger brothers, have got away the birthright. Rom. 11:19, they are cast off, we grafted in; so that now the elder serveth the younger.

Which teacheth us to look well to our charter in Christ; for it is not enough to be born of believing parents, but we also must be believers. Job may sacrifice for, not expiate, his sons' sins. It is sinful for men on earth to deprive the first-born; but God may, and doth it. Gen. 48:14, 'Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand on Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly: though Manasseh was the first-born.' And, ver. 18, 'When Joseph said to him, Not so, my father, Jacob answered, I know it, my son, I know it.' Thus

generation may be cut off, regeneration never. A man may be lost though born in the faith, unless he be born again to the faith. Neither is it enough for Ishmael to plead himself the son of Abraham, unless he can also plead himself the son of God, and an heir of Abraham's faith.

2. Commend me here to all genethliacs, casters of nativities, star-worshippers, by this token, that they are all impostors, and here proved fools. Here be twins conceived together, born together; yet of as different natures and qualities as if a vast local distance had sundered their births, or as if the originary blood of enemies had run in their several veins. It is St Augustine's preclusion of all star-predictions out of this place. And since I am fallen upon these figure-casters, I will be bold to cast the destiny of their profession, and honestly lay open their juggling in six arguments:—

(1.) The falsehood of their ephemerides. The prognosticators, as if they were midwives to the celestial bodies, plead a deep insight into their secrets; or as if, like physicians, they had cast the urine of the clouds, and knew where the fit held them, that it could neither rain nor hail till some star had first made them acquainted with it. Demonstration hath proved these so false and ridiculous that they may rather commovere nauseam quam bilem, and risum more than both.

Perhaps when some appoint rain on such a day, some frost, others snow, a fourth wind, a last calm and fair weather, some of these may hit, some of these must hit. But lightly he that against his knowledge told true to-day, lies to-morrow; and he that lied yesterday may happen right next day; as a blind archer may kill a crow.

For this cause, I think, some were called erring or wandering stars; not so much that they were uncertain in their own seats and motions, as because they caused to err their clients and gaping inquisitors. And so they are called erring in the same phrase and sense as death is called pale; not that it is pale itself, but because it makes those pale

it seizeth on; and winter dirty, not formaliter, but secundum effectum, because it maketh the earth dirty. So that rather their own speculations by the stars, than the stars, are erring: both *decepto sensu cum judicio, et corruptis organis*.

Therefore some of the subtler have delivered their opinions in such spurious, enigmatical, dilogical terms, as the devil gave his oracles; that since heaven will not follow their instructions, their constructions shall follow heaven. And because the weather hath not fallen out as they have before told, they will now tell as the weather falls out. So that reading their books you would think, as the beggars have their canting, they had got a new language out of the elements, which the poor earth never did or shall understand. And it is thought that canting is the better language, because it is not so ambitious as to meddle with the stars, whereof the prognosticator's head comes as short as his tongue doth of the beggar's eloquence.

(2.) The state of fortune-tellers and prophecy-usurpers; which is not only poor and beggarly, as if the envious earth refused to relieve those that could fetch their living out of the stars, but also ridiculous:

—

'Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.'

This is not all; but they are utterly ignorant of their own destinies. Now, *Qui sibi nescius, cui præscius?*—He that is a fool for himself, how should he be wise for others? Thrasius the soothsayer, in the nine years' drought of Egypt, came to Busiris the tyrant—

'Monstratque piari

Hospitis effuso sanguine posse Jovem'—

and told him, that Jupiter's wrath might be appeased by sacrificing the blood of a stranger. The tyrant asked him what countryman he

was, of Egypt, or an alien? He told him, a stranger.

'Illi Busiris; fies Jovis hostia primus,

Inquit, et Ægypto tu dabis hospes aquam;—

'Thou, quoth the tyrant, art that lucky guest

Whose blood shall wet our soil, and give us rest.'

It is reported that Biron, that French marshal, came to an astrologer to know the future success of his plots; which because he gave disastrous, the angry duke begun to his mischievous intendments in the fate-teller's blood. Can they read other men's fates in the stars, and not their own? Therefore one wittily wrote on such a book, after throwing it into the fire—

'Thy author foretells much: alas! weak friend,

That he could not prognosticate thy end.'

(3.) The quick moving of the celestial bodies, and their remoteness from our eyes; both our sense is too weak to pierce into those fires, and those fires are too quick in motion for our apprehension. Therefore saith St Augustine, *Si tam celeriter alter post alterum nascitur, ut eadem pars horoscopi maneat, paria cuncta quæro, quæ in nullis possunt geminis inveniri;*—If one of the twins be so immediately born after the other that the same part of the horoscope abide, I require likeness and equality in them both, which can in no twins be found. We see here two brethren born together, it is most likely, under the reign of one planet or constellation; yet more different in natures than the planets themselves.

To this they answer, that even this cause, the swift motion of the planets, wrought this diversity, because they change their aspects and conjunctions every moment. This would one Nigidius demonstrate, who upon a wheel turning with all possible swiftness,

let drop at once two aspersions of ink, so near together as possibly he could; yet stante rota, &c., the wheel standing still, they were found very remote and distant. Whereby he would demonstrate, that in a small course of time, a great part of the celestial globe may be turned about. But this St Augustine soundly returns on them: that if the planetary courses and celestial motions be so swift, it cannot be discerned under what constellation any one is born. And Gregory wittily derides their folly, that if Esau and Jacob were not therefore born under one constellation, because they came forth one after another; by the same reason, neither can any one be born under one constellation, because he is not born all at once, but one part after another.

(4.) *Vita brevis hominum*,—man's short and brittle life. If our age were now as it was with the patriarchs, when the stag, the raven, and long-lived oak, compared with man's life, died very young, they might then observe and understand the motion and revolution of the stars, and behold their effects; when if any star had long absented itself from their contemplation, they could stay two or three hundred years to see it again: but now, as an English nightingale sung—

'Who lives to age

Fit to be made Methusalem his page?'

Of necessity this astrologer must live so long as to have observed the life of such a man born under such a planet, and after him another born in like manner. Nay, he must overtake the years of Methusalem in the successive contemplation of such experiments. But this life is not given, therefore not this knowledge.

(5.) The infinite number of the stars takes from them all possibility of infallible predictions. They cannot give their general number, and can they give their singular natures? To attempt it is *imprudencia cœcissima*; to affirm it, *impudentia effrontissima*,—blind dotage, shameless impudence.

(6.) The various disposition, conditions, natures, and studies coœtaneorum, of such as are born together. So Gregory reasons of these twins: Cum eodem momento mater utrumque fuderit, cur non una utriusque vitæ qualitas (vel œqualitas) fuit?—When the mother brought them forth at one instant, how comes it to pass that they have not the same quality and equality in their lives? Are not many born at the same time and under the same constellation, quorum processus et successus varios et sæpe contrarios videmus,—whose proceedings and events we behold so different.

If we may give credit that Romulus and Remus were both born of a vestal (defiled by a soldier) at one birth, both exposed together to a wild desert, both taken together and nourished of a she-wolf, both building and challenging Rome; yet Romulus slew his brother, and got the kingdom of that city, and after his own name called it Rome. Fraternali primi maduerunt sanguine muri. If Castor, Pollux, and Helena were got by Jupiter, and hatched by Leda out of one egg, how came they to so various fortunes? Cur fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit? Cicero mentions it for the Chaldean folly, that they would have omnes eodem tempore ortos, all that were born (wheresoever) together, eadem conditione nasci,—to be born to the same condition.

But were all the infants slain at one time by Herod born under one constellation? Or all the old world drowned in the deluge under one star? Or all soldiers slain in one field under the same sign? The mathematicians were wont to affirm that all born under the sign Aquarius would be fishers. But in Getulia there are no fishers: was never any there born under the sign Aquarius? The Cretians, saith Paul, were always liars: what, were they all born under Mercury? The Athenians, greedy of novelties: had they all one predominant star? The Belgics, warriors: were they therefore all born under the reign of Mars?

But I have spent too much breath about this folly of prognosticators; of whom it may be said that not only 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,' Luke 16:8, but

they would be wiser ipsa luce, than the light itself. They would know more than saints and angels, and search out the uninvestigable things of the Lord. *Nam si qui, quæ eventura sunt, prævideant, æquiparent Jovi,*—If they could foresee future things, they would brag themselves equal to God. But secret things belong to God; revealed, to us. The other is both arrogant in man and derogant to God. And Gregory says well, 'If such a star be a man's destiny, then is man made for the stars, not the stars for man.' The devils know not future events, and will these boast it? *Sus Minervam scilicet.*

They grew up together, and presently Esau was 'a cunning hunter,' Jacob 'a plain man.' We see that even youth doth insinuate to an observer the inclination and future course of a man. The sprig shooting out of the tree bends that way it will ever grow. 'Teach a child a trade in his youth, and when he is old he will not forget it,' saith Solomon. Esau entered quickly into the black way, which leads to the black gates, that stand ever ready open for black souls. *Patet atri janua Ditis.* As if he should want rather time for his sport than sport for his time, he begins early, at the very threshold of his life and morning of his years. *Nequitia cursus celerior quam ætais,*—his wickedness got the start of his age.

And did he ever stay his course? That foolish parents should be so indulgent to their children's licentiousness! nay, even ready to snib and check their forwardness to heaven with that curb, 'A young saint, an old devil,' and, 'Wild youth is blessed with a staid age!' But indeed, most likely, a young saint proves an old angel, and a young Esau an old devil.

And hence follows the ruin of so many great houses, that the young master is suffered to live like an Esau till he hath hunted away his patrimony, which scarce lasts the son so many years as the father that got it had letters in his name. But what cares he for the birthright? When all is gone, he, like Esau, can live by the sword. He will fetch gold from the Indies but he will have it. But he might have saved that journey, and kept what he had at home. If the usurer hath

bought it, though for porridge, he will not part with it again, though they weep tears. It is better to want superfluous means than necessary moderation. In se magna ruunt, summisque negatum est stare diu; especially when the huge Colosses have not sound feet. Vast desires, no less than buildings, where foundations are not firm, sink by their own magnitude. And there comes often fire ex rhamno, out of the bramble, Judg. 9:20, that burns up the men of Shechem, and sets on fire the eagle's nest in the cedars. Ps. 37:16, Parvum justo, 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.' And a plain Jacob will prosper better than a profane hunting Esau. Let a man begin then with God. 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereunto according to thy word,' Ps. 119:9.

Thus literally; let us now come to some moral application to ourselves.

Hunting is, for the most part, taken in the Holy Scripture in the worst sense. So, Gen. 10:9, Nimrod was a hunter, even to a proverb; and that 'before the Lord,' as without fear of his majesty. Now, if it were so hateful to hunt beasts, what is it to hunt men? The wicked oppressors of the world are here typed and taxed, who employ both arm and brain to hunt the poor out of their habitations, and to drink the blood of the oppressed. Herein observe—I. The persons hunted; II. The manner of hunting; and, III. The hounds.

I. The poor are their prey: any man that either their wit or violence can practise on. Not so much beggars; yet they would be content to hunt them also out of their coasts; but those that have somewhat worth their gaping after, and whose estates may minister some gobbets to their throats. Aquila non capit muscas,—the eagles hunt no flies so long as there be fowls in the air. The commonalty, that by great labour have gotten a little stay for themselves, these they hunt and lay along, and prey upon their prostrate fortunes.

If they be tenants, woe is them: fines, rents, carriages, slaveries, shall drink up the sweat of their brows There is law against coiners; and it is made treason, justly, to stamp the king's figure in forbidden metals. But what is metal to a man, the image of God! And we have those that coin money on the poor's skins: traitors they are to the King of kings.

The whole country shall feel their hunting. They hunt commons into severals, tilled grounds into pastures, that the gleaning is taken from the poor, which God commanded to be left them, and all succour, except they can graze in the highways. And to others, to whom their rage cannot extend, their craft shall; for they will hoist them in the subsidies, or overcharge them for the wars, or vex them with quarrels in law, or perhaps their servants shall in direct terms beat them. Naboth shall hardly keep his vineyard, if any nook of it disfigures Ahab's lordship. If they cannot buy it on their own price, they will to law for it; wherein they respect no more than to have *ansam querelœ*, a colourable occasion of contention; for they will so weary him, that at last he shall be forced to sell it. But Tully says of that sale, *Ereptio, non emptio est*,—It is an extorting, not a purchasing.

Thus the poor man is the beast they hunt; who must rise early, rest late, eat the bread of sorrow, sit with many a hungry meal, perhaps his children crying for food, while all the fruit of his pains is served into Nimrod's table. Complain of this whiles you will, yet, as the orator said of Verres, *pecuniosus nescit damnari*. Indeed, a money-man may not be damnified, but he may be damned. For this is a crying sin, and the wakened ears of the Lord will hear it, neither shall his provoked hands forbear it. *Si tacuerint pauperes, loquentur lapides*,—If the poor should hold their peace, the very stones would speak. The fines, rackings, enclosures, oppressions, vexations, will cry to God for vengeance. 'The stone will cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it,' Hab. 2:11.

You see the beasts they hunt. Not foxes, not wolves, nor boars, bulls, nor tigers. It is a certain observation, no beast hunts its own kind to

devour it. Now, if these should prosecute wolves, foxes, &c., they should then hunt their own kind; for they are these themselves, or rather worse than these; because here homo homini lupus. But though they are men they hunt, and by nature of the same kind, they are not so by quality; for they are lambs they persecute. In them there is blood, and flesh, and fleece to be had; and therefore on these do they gorge themselves. In them there is weak armour of defence against their cruelties; therefore over these they may domineer. I will speak it boldly: There is not a mighty Nimrod in this land that dares hunt his equal; but over his inferior lamb he insults like a young Nero. Let him be graced by high ones, and he must not be saluted under twelve score off. In the country he proves a termagant; his very scowl is a prodigy, and breeds an earthquake. He would be a Cæsar, and tax all. It is well if he prove not a cannibal. Only Macro salutes Sejanus so long as he is in Tiberius's favour; cast him from that pinnacle, and the dog is ready to devour him.

II. You hear the object they hunt; attend the manner. And this you shall find, as Esau's, to consist in two things—force and fraud. They are not only hunters, but cunning hunters.

1. For their force, they are *robusti latrones*, and have a violent, impetuous, imperious hunting. 'Desolation and destruction are in their paths,' Isa. 59:7. We may say of them as Tertullian said of the Montanists, *Non tam laborant ut œdificarent sua, quam ut destruerent aliena*,—They seek not so much their own increasing as the depopulation of others. Philosophers hold the world to be composed of three concurrent principles—matter, form, and privation; holding the last to be rather a principle of transmutation than of establishment. Oppressors, besides the matter, which is the commonwealth, and the form, which is justice, have devised to make necessary also privation.

There are sins which strive only *intra orbem suum furere*, which have no further latitude than the conscience of the committer. They are private and domestical sins, the sting whereof dies in the

proprietary. Such are prodigality, envy, sloth, pride. Though evil example may do somewhat, they have no further extension. But some are of so wild a nature that they are mallets and swords to the whole country about them. And these are distinctly the sins of the hand. So Micah 2:2, 'They covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, even a man and his heritage.' Why do they all this but because manus potest, ver. 1, 'it is in the power of their hand.' And they measure their power, saith Seneca, by the span, by the reach of their hands: Injuriis vires metiuntur. Anaxagoras thought man the wisest of all creatures because he hath hands, whereby he can express all signs. He might have concluded him the wickedest of all creatures quia manuatus, because he hath hands; for no tiger or vulture under heaven is more hurtful with his claws and talons than man with his hands. Achilles asked Palamedes going to the Trojan wars why he went without a servant? He shewed him his hands, and told him they were loco servorum, in stead of many servants. Manus organum organorum. Their dexterity and aptness chargeth them with sins whereof the other parts are no less guilty.

For the most part, those beasts have least immanity that have most strength. Oxen, and horses, and elephants are tame and serviceable, but bees and hornets have stings. So wisely hath the Creator disposed, that there may not be a conjunction et potentiae et malevolentiae,—that might and malice may not meet. So they are suffered to have will to hurt, and not power; or power, and not will. The curst cow hath short horns; but these hunters have got both. The poet saith—

'That lions do not prey on yielding things;

Pity's infeoffed to the blood of kings.'

Posse et nolle, nobile. That thou mayest harm and wilt not is laus tua, thy praise; that thou wouldest and canst not, gratia Dei, is God's providence. Haman would hang Mordecai, and cannot; he is a villain in hell for his intent. David, when he had Saul in the cave, could hurt,

and would not; he is a saint in heaven. Shimei would, but cannot kill (though rail on) David; David can, and will not, kill Shimei. The hot disciples would have fire from heaven to destroy the Samaritans, and could not; Christ could command it, and would not. How rare is a man of this disposition among us! If advantage hath thrust a booty into his hands, the lamb is in the wolves' cave with more security. Plead what thou wilt, prostrate thy own innocence, aggravate the oppressor's cruelty, he answers as Æsop's wolf answered the lamb: 'Thy cause is better than mine, but my teeth are better than thine; I will eat thee.' And this is a shrewd invincible argument, when the cause must be tried out by the teeth. *Pactum non pactum est, non pactum pactum est; quicquid illis lubet,—Bargain or not bargain, the law must be on their sides. Nemo potentes tutus potest aggredi,—*He comes to his cost, that comes to complain against them.

2. For their fraud, they are cunning hunters. They are foxes as well as lions to get their prey. Nay, the fox-head doth them often more stead than the lion's skin. 'They hunt with a net,' Micah 7:2. They have their politic gins to catch men. Gaudy wares and dark shops (and would you have them love the light that live by darkness, as many shopkeepers?) draw and tole customers in, where the crafty leeches can soon feel their pulses: if they must buy, they shall pay for their necessity. And though they plead, We compel none to buy our ware, *caveat emptor*; yet with fine voluble phrases, damnable protestations, they will cast a mist of error before an eye of simple truth, and with cunning devices hunt them in. So some among us have feathered their nests, not by open violence, but politic circumvention. They have sought the golden fleece, not by Jason's merit, but by Medea's subtlety, by Medea's sorcery.

If I should intend to discover these hunters' plots, and to deal punctually with them, I should afford you more matter than you would afford me time. But I limit myself, and answer all their pleas with Augustine: Their tricks may hold in *jure fori*, but not in *jure poli*,—in the common pleas of earth, not before the king's bench in heaven.

Neither do these cunning hunters forage only the forest of the world, but they have ventured to enter the pale of the church, and hunt there. They will go near to empark it to themselves, and thrust God out. So many have done in this land; and though it be danger for the poor hare to preach to lions and foxes, I am not afraid to tell them that they hunt where they have nothing to do. Poor ministers are dear to them, for they are the deer they hunt for. How many parishes in England (almost the number of half) have they empaled to themselves, and chased the Lord's deer out? Yea, now, if God lay challenge to his own ground, against their sacrilegious impropriations, for his own titles, they are not ashamed to tell him they are none of his; and what laws soever he hath made, they will hold them with a non obstante. They were taken into the church for patrons, defenders; and they prove offenders, thieves: for most often patrocinia, latrocinia.

You have read how the badger entertained the hedgehog into his cabin as his inward friend; but, being wounded with the prickles of his offensive guest, he mannerly desired him to depart in kindness, as he came. The hedgehog thus satisfies his just expostulation: That he for his part found himself very well at ease, and they that were not had reason to seek out another place that likes them better. So the poor horse, entreating help of the man against the stag, ever after, *Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore,*—They have rid us, and bridled us, and backed us, and spurred us, and got a tyranny over us, whom we took in for our familiar friends and favourites.

III. Now for their hounds. Besides that they have long noses themselves, and hands longer than their noses, they have dogs of all sorts.

Beagles, cunning intelligencers. *Eo laudabilior, quo fraudulentior,*—the more crafty they are, the more commendable.

Their setters, prowling promoters; whereof there may be necessary use, as men may have of dogs, but they take them for mischievous

purposes.

Their spaniels, fawning sycophants, that lick their master's hands, but are brawling ever at poor strangers.

Their great mastiffs; surly and sharking bailiffs, that can set a rankling tooth in the poor tenants' ribs.

They have their ban-dogs, corrupt solicitors, parrot-lawyers, that are their properties and mere trunks, whereby they inform and plead before justice against justice. And as the hounds can sometimes smell out the game before their master, as having a better nose than he an eye, so these are still picking holes in poor men's estates, and raking up broken titles; which if they justly be defended, *actio fit non lustralis, sed secularis*. Where if (because justice doth sometimes prevail) it go against them, yet *major est expensarum sumptus, quam sententiæ fructus*,—the cost is more chargeable than the victory profitable.

Some of them, whose pale is the Burse, have their bloodhounds; long-nosed, hook-handed brokers, that can draw the sinking estate of poor men by the blood of necessity. If they spy pride and prodigality in the streets, they watch over them as puttocks over a dying sheep. For *pascuntur scelere*, they are not doves but ravens, and therefore *sequuntur cadavera*, follow carcasses. Oh that some blessed medicine could rid our land of these warts and scabs, free us from these curs! The cunning hunters could not do so much mischief without these lurchers, these insatiate hounds.

Thus I have shewed you a field of hunters; what should I add, but my prayers to heaven, and desires to earth, that these hunters may be hunted? The hunting of harmful beasts is commended: the wolf, the boar, the bear, the fox, the tiger, the otter. But the metaphorical hunting of these is more praiseworthy; the country wolves, or city foxes, deserve most to be hunted. *Non est meæ parvitas*, &c. I am too shallow to advise you *de modo*: I only wish it might be done.

They that have authority to do it know best the means, I will but discover the game, and leave it to their hunting, naming the persons they should hunt; they know the hounds wherewithal.

1. There is the wild boar, that breaks over God's mounds, and spoils his vineyard: Ps. 80:13, 'The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.' This is the depopulator, that will forage and lay all waste, if he be not restrained. What! do you call him a wasting boar? He rather encloseth all, breaketh up none. Yes, he lays waste the commonwealth, though he encloseth to himself. He wasteth societies, community, neighbourhood of people; turns them out of their ancient doors, sends them to the wide world to beg their bread. He is a bloody boar, and hath two damnable tusks: money, to make him friends, and to charm connivance; and a wicked conscience, that cares not to swim to hell in blood. The brawny shield of this boar, whereby he bears off all blows of curses, is the security of his own dead heart. He thinks the cries and ululations of widows and orphans the best music. When the hand of God strikes him, (as strike him it will, and that fearfully,) he even rouseth and rageth on him, and dies like an angry boar, foaming at mouth, as if he were spitting defiance at heaven. Let this beast be hunted.

2. There is the fox, the crafty cheater, that steals the grapes: Cant. 2:15, 'Take us the foxes,' &c. It is God's charge to hunt him. He turns beasts out of their dens by defiling them. He sold his conscience to the devil for a stock of villanous wit. He hath a stinking breath, corrupted with oaths and lies; and a ravenous throat, to prey upon men's simpleness. If all tricks fail, he will counterfeit himself dead, that so drawing the fowls to feed upon him, he may feed upon them. The defrauder puts on a semblance of great smoothness; you would take him for a wonderful honest man. Soft! you are not yet within his clutches; when you are, Lord have mercy on you, for he will have none!

3. There is the bloody wolf; the professed cut-throat, the usurer. Hunt him, seize on his den; it is full of poor men's goods. What a golden law would that be which were called a statute of restitution! Such a one as Nehemiah enacted, chap. 5, that land and vineyards, houses and goods, mortgaged into usurers' hands, should be restored; when he sealed it with a sacramental oath, and made them swear consent to it: 'And he shook his lap, and said, So God shake out every man from his house, and from his labour, that performeth not this promise; even thus be he shaken out, and emptied. And all the congregation said, Amen,' ver. 13. But if they will not restore by themselves, they shall by their posterity. For as Pliny writes of the wolf, that it brings forth blind whelps; so the usurer lightly begets blind children, that cannot see to keep what their father left them. But when the father is gone to hell for gathering, the son often follows for scattering. But God is just. 'A good man leaveth his inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just,' Prov. 13:22.

4. There is also the badger, a beast of rapine. We have fellows among us, the engrossers of corn, the raisers of price, sweeping away whole markets; we call these badgers. The poor that comes with a little money cannot speed, but at an unreasonable rate. They engross all. And by their capacity, or rather rapacity, having so much in their hands, they sell it at the place of their transporting at their own price.

5. The dromedary would also be better hunted. I mean the vagrant rogues, whose whole life is nothing but an exorbitant course; the main begging, the byes filching and stealing. Only they are not so serviceable as the dromedary, which is a beast of quick feet and strange speed. The reason is given by Aristotle, because the extreme heat of nature doth waste all the unctuousness and fatness, and thereby gives greater agility. But these dromedaries are not swift. Let one charitable constable amongst a hundred light on him, and give him correction, and a passport to his (false-named) place of birth, and he will not travel above a mile a day. Let them alone, and they will 'traverse their ways,' Jer. 2:23, which are no ways, for they cannot

keep the beaten path; let them be where they will, they are never out of their way. They may boast themselves of the brood of Cain, for they are perpetual runagates. If the stocks and whip-post cannot stay their extravagance, there remains only the jail-house.

6. Let the roaring bull be hunted: the bulls of Bashan, the bulls of Rome, sent over by the Pope *ad interitum*, either of us or themselves; for their end is not *implere ecclesiam*, but *cœmeterium*,—to fill churchyards with dead bodies, not the church with living souls. No service would be so welcome to them as the Sicilian evensong or the Parisian matins. But since no drug is current in their shops but *diacatholicon*, treason and ruin, let it be first ministered to themselves to purge their burning fevers. And since the Pope sends his bulls into England so thick, bellowing to call his calves together, and to excite their revolting from their sovereign, let them speed no otherwise than those bulls once did, that called in another bull, which was Bull the hangman, to despatch them all.

If you be disposed to hunt, hunt these beasts that havoc the commonwealth: let the lambs alone, they do much good, no hurt. And to this chase use all your skill; in this work it shall be your commendation to be cunning hunters. The Lord shall empark you within the pale of his own merciful providence, and restrain the savage fury of your enemies. Let those whom God hath made masters of this serious game, and given commission to hunt vicious persons, look to it. Let every particular man hunt vice out of his own heart. If there be any violence to get the kingdom of heaven, use it; if any policy to overthrow Satan and his accomplices, against whom we wrestle, exercise it. This war shall be your peace. You shall help to purge the land of noxious beasts, and cleanse your own hearts from those lusts, which if you hunt not to death shall hunt you to death; as was the moral of Actæon. And God, that gives you this command and courage, shall add for it a merciful recompense; taking you at last from this militant chase to the park of his triumphant rest. Amen.

PLAIN-DEALING;

OR,

A PRECEDENT OF HONESTY

Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.—GEN. 25:27.

THE world (I take it in Paul's sense, Rom. 12:2) is grown at once deformed and subtle. And as it is commonly seen that misshapen trunks are houses of the sharpest wits,—as it was said of the Emperor Galba, *Ingenium Galbæ malè habitat*, because he had an acute wit with an uncomely body, nature recompensing her defection one way with perfection another way,—so the world is become ill-favoured and shrewd-pated, as politic in brain as it is stigmatic in limbs. Honesty, though it be elder than fraud, yet hath lost the privilege in men's estimation: it may keep the priority, the superiority is gone; and it must be fain to serve the younger.

Plain-dealing was held a good citizen, a good townsman but Double-dealing, since he came blustering in, hath thrust him *sedibus, œdibus*, out of house and home; out of repute among men, out of succour of friends; out of commons, and almost out of canons; out of his house in the town and seat in the church.

I will therefore call back antiquity, and present to your eyes the purity of the primitive times. For I may say with Tertullian, *Perfectiora prima*; the nearer the spring-head, the purer streams. Men, *quo minus ab ortu aberant*, might more perfectly discern and more constantly follow the truth. Jacob is our exemplar and pattern of plain-dealing. He 'was a plain man, dwelling in tents.'

JACOB, taken in the proper sense, signifieth to supplant. Indeed Esau abuseth it, Gen. 27:36, 'Is he not rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing.' But Jacob did not steal away his birthright, but only took the advantage to buy what careless Esau was willing to sell. And having the birthright, the

blessing did justly belong to him; for the birthright and the blessing were not to be separated. But this name was a prediction of that fell out afterwards, for Jacob indeed supplanted and overthrew his brother.

The character gives him 'a plain man, dwelling in tents.' This is a manifest description of Jacob's conversation and of his profession.

For his life, he was a plain-dealing man; simple and without fraud. Though some antithetically oppose it to Esau's roughness: that Esau was a hairy man, but Jacob was plain and smooth, without any semblance to his brother's ruggedness. We deny not that Jacob was so; that exposition is true, but not enough. It falls short of that praise which God's Spirit here means him. 'He was a plain man,' without craft or subtlety.

For his delight and profession, he 'dwelt in tents;' which, though the Hebrews expound of frequenting the tents of Shem and Heber for knowledge, is indeed only a description of such as live in the fields and employ themselves about cattle; and this we frequently find to be Jacob's desire and practice. The good patriarchs were plain men,—plain in their clothes, no seas crossed for strange stuffs and fashions,—plain in their houses, which were mere tents, not gorgeous parlours without hospitality,—plain in their diet, as Jacob here, that fed on lentil-pottage.

But having thus proposed Jacob for a precedent of plain-dealing, it is primarily necessary to prove him clearly so; otherwise, the original being faulty, there can hardly be taken a good copy out of it. There are exceptions made against Jacob's plainness, and that in regard of his dealing both with his own brother Esau and with his father-in-law Laban.

I will briefly examine either, and how far he may be justified. In regard of Esau, it is objected that he strove against him before, at, and after his birth.

BEFORE.—It is said, ver. 22, 'The children struggled together within their mother's womb.' Never brothers began so early a litigation. These two were the champions of two mighty nations, successively to be derived from their loins; and they begin this opposition in a duel or single combat, when the field was their mother's womb—the quarrel, precedence and chiefdom.

This was not a pleasant and merry contention, as some would read it. Ambrose, Hierom, Augustine, so give it: exultare, gestire, ludere,—to leap, skip, or play. But it was an earnest struggling, as we translate it; the word signifying to beat, hurt, or bruise one another.

It was not a natural strife or ordinary motion. Aristotle affirms that male twins do strive in the right side upon the fortieth day, and females in the left on the ninetieth day. But by Aristotle's leave, what woman, except Rebekah, ever complained of so strange and early a contention? Nature was not here alone, if at least she was here at all.

Nor yet was this struggling voluntary and considerate. They did not strive scientia certandi, with a knowledge capable of what they did, or with any skill of wrestling. No, it was extraordinary, moved by a higher cause, not without the presage and signification of a great effect. It portended the future concertation of two great people. Neither if it had been pleasant, natural, or usual, would Rebekah have been so strangely affected or troubled with it as to cry out, 'Why am I thus?' or to solicit God by prayer to know what it meant.

And is it any wonder that Jacob and Esau wrestle in their mother's womb, when their seed, especially after a spiritual signification, must for ever wrestle in the world? Shall the womb of the church on earth be ever free from carnal professors mingled with holy? And is it possible these should live together in perfect peace, that are of so contrary natures? The wolf shall sooner dwell with the lamb, and the leopard play with the untroubled kid, and children sit unstung at the holes of asps. The sons of Belial will not let the sons of God live in quiet; that enmity which was once put between the seed of the

woman and of the serpent will not so easily be reconciled. Indeed the seed of Esau is the greater, but they serve the less. They are more in number, stronger in power; yet cannot extend it further than the permitting hand of Heaven wills it. And even whiles they do persecute the righteous, quibus nocere volunt, prosunt plurimum, sibi autem ipsi maxime nocent,—they hurt only themselves, and benefit those to whom they intended nothing less. They are our apothecaries, to minister us bitter pills, but so that they cannot put in one ingredient more than the Lord allows them.

Origen draws from this a mystical sense, and understands these two combatants to be within us; as if it had presignified what Paul affirmeth, Gal. 5:17, 'The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other.' Rebekah may well thus figure the state of a regenerate soul, wherein till 'this mortal shall put on immortality,' and glory swallow up corruption, there must be a perpetual conflict. In men unconverted on earth, in saints glorified in heaven, there is no such unquietness: the former being without a Jacob, the latter without an Esau; these having no flesh, the other nothing but flesh. But in men called and justified by the blood of Christ, yet in a militant estate, there is a necessity of this combat. No strife, no Christian. Before sanctification there is all peace in the soul. How should there choose, when there is no enemy to resist? The unregenerate heart hath only an Esau in it; what strife can there be without a Jacob? Nature can very easily agree with itself. Disturbance is a sign of sanctification; there is no grace where there is all peace. No sooner is the new man formed in us, but suddenly begins this quarrel. The remaining corruption will fight with grace, and too often prevail against it. Indeed it hath lost the dominion, but not the opposition; the sovereignty, not the subtlety; it will dwell, though it cannot reign, Rom. 7. Never any Rebekah was so happy as to conceive none but a Jacob; Esau, the flesh, will be there also, to give trial and exercise. If grace alone sat in the heart, the hopeless devil would forbear his tentations; he knows he hath a friend in our house that will be ready to let him in. So long as there is a Judas with Christ, he will not despair of betraying him.

It is our corruption he works upon: if it were not for this Esau, he would not proffer assault. We see our combat, let us fight and conquer. Our flesh is the elder brother, grace is born after nature; but when this Jacob comes, he will get the superiority: 'The elder shall serve the younger.' This strife begins betimes; there is no Israelite but must be content to commence this war with his being. Regeneration and contention salute us at once; we cannot enter our names into Christ's muster-book but we must fight. Let the secure worldling live at his cowardly ease, we must look for a skirmish. Herein stands our comfort, 'We shall be more than conquerors, through him that loved us,' Rom. 8:37.

AT HIS BIRTH.—The strife is not ended at once, but continues, or rather is renewed at the birth: 'Afterward came his brother out, and his hand held Esau by the heel.' Lest Esau should outrun his brother into the world, Jacob catcheth fast hold of his heel. So that though Esau's body have the primogeniture, yet Jacob's hand was born before his heel. Razi hath a conceit, that though Esau was first born, yet Jacob was first conceived, and therefore the birthright did of right belong unto him. But it is without question that Esau had the start of nature, though Jacob of grace; and therefore Jacob holds him by the heel, as if he would stay him from possessing that privilege which nature (God afterwards disposing otherwise) bestowed on him.

AFTER THE BIRTH.—And herein there are two impeachments laid to Jacob's plain-dealing. He is accused with fraudulent stratagems concerning the birthright and concerning the blessing.

For the birthright.—Esau is by some few minutes the elder, and that was enough to give him just title to the birthright. That Jacob therefore might have the better claim to it, he buys that which he could not win, and by an honest art redeems the losses of nature. But this action smells of cunning, and seems to mar the credit of his plain-dealing.

1. Jacob is accused for cruel and uncharitable dealing with his brother. Esau comes hungry from the field; he is ready to die for want of sustenance; he sees his brother, in no such exigent, with food in his hand; he breaks forth into an earnest complaint, entreating his commiseration. Now, shall a brother deny relief to his brother, being ready to die, except upon such intolerable conditions? Sure it could be no less than a hard measure to take such advantage of a brother's necessity. But it is answered, that there could not be any such necessity of Esau's coveting Jacob's pottage, for there was, if not lentil-pottage, store of as good meat in the house, able to have given satisfaction to his hunger, and ready enough at his request, being the elder son. It was not, then, distressed neediness, but insatiate greediness. And it is not unfit that the luxurious appetite should pay for his folly.

2. But Jacob cannot be excused of covetousness, that would set no lower a price on his pottage than the birthright; which comprehended many privileges,—priority, government of the brethren, a double portion to the rest, the priesthood and right to sacrifice, and, what yet further commended it, a type and figure of everlasting life. And will Jacob require such a birthright, including all these privileges, for a mess of pottage? What tyrant could set such an impost on a merchandise? what citizen such a price on his engrossed commodities? Here was an exaction beyond the taxing of Tiberius. We answer, not as the Hebrews conceit, that Jacob afterwards gave a greater sum, and paid this but as an earnest, the Scripture neither expressing directly nor inferring by consequence any such matter; but we say that Jacob, by the instruction of his mother, knew that the birthright did justly belong to him, by the preordination of God, therefore now wisely taketh this opportunity to recover that to himself whereof his brother was but an usurper. For though Esau could plead the right of nature, Jacob could the right of grace, and he knew this would at last prevail. Neither yet must this particular fact of Jacob be drawn into a general imitation. His warrant was divine revelation, the silence whereof in these days sends us for direction to

the written truth, 'to the law, to the testimony,' Isa. 8:20: let this resolve and instruct thee.

3. But this birthright was a holy thing, and therefore the Apostle calls him a profane person, Heb. 12:16, for selling it. Now there is no profaneness in selling a thing not sacred. But if sanctified things cannot be sold without sin, can they be bought without sin? Did not Jacob offend as much in the one as Esau in the other? It is well answered, that Jacob intelligi potest suam redemisse vexationem,— he did but buy his own vexation. He buys not simply a thing whereunto he had no right, but only taketh this occasion to recover his own; whereof the appointment of God had made him a possible, yea, certainly, future proprietary. It was never held simony for a spiritual man to buy his own peace. Many things are detained from the clergy unjustly, which God's law hath made sacred and theirs. They may, therefore, without touch of simoniacal dealing, redeem their own quietness, and purchase a peaceable possession. I say not that any man may buy a spiritual endowment before he hath it; but when he hath it in right, he may purchase his own peaceful and quiet enjoying it. All that can be said is this, Esau preferred his belly before his birthright; Jacob his birthright before his belly. The one sold spiritual things for temporal; the other with temporal things bought spiritual.

And who will not part with transient benefits for eternal blessings? If either by suit, or strife, or purchase we can attain heaven, we are happy. For suit; there is no hour unseasonable, no prayer unwelcome, no importunity troublesome. The unjust judge could give relief to the importunate widow, Luke 18:5; and shall not our just God give ear and ease to our incessant complaints? Spare to speak and spare to speed; the timorous requester teacheth the invocated a denial. For strife; we know who taught us, that 'the kingdom of heaven suffers violence,' and must be attained by a holy kind of force. Jacob must wrestle for the blessing before he hath it; and so wrestling he shall have it, though he be sent halting to his grave. The Lord knows our strength, yet he loves our violence and importunity;

and therefore hath so conditioned the gate of heaven, that without our striving we must not look to enter it. For purchase; had a far higher rate been set on the birthright, Jacob would not have grudged to give it. He hath too much of the blood of Esau in him that will not forego all the world rather than the birthright. The wise merchant, when he knew the field wherein lay that hidden treasure, sold all he had to buy it. He is a besotted cosmopolite that refuseth to purchase such spiritual friends by his riches as may procure him a place in the celestial habitations, Luke 16:9. Grudge not him a portion of thy temporal wealth that is able to minister everlasting comfort to thy conscience. Thou art no loser, if thou mayest exchange earth for heaven.

For the blessing.—What hath secure Esau lost, if having sold the birthright he may reserve the blessing? Behold, of this he assureth himself: his father hath sent him for venison, that 'his soul might bless him,' Gen. 27:4. To hunting he is gone in haste; meaning to recover that again by his own venison which he had lost by his brother's pottage. Isaac being now blind in his eyes, but yet blinder in his affections, forgetting what decree and sentence God had formerly passed of his two sons, for some temporal regard doth favour Esau, and intends to bequeath unto him that spiritual and happy legacy of the blessing. God had said that 'the elder shall serve the younger;' yet forgetful Isaac purposeth to bless his first-born, Esau. How easy is it even for a saint to be transported with natural affections! He could not but remember that himself, though the younger, was preferred to his elder brother, Ishmael; he knew that God's command prevailed with his father Abraham above nature, when he bound him for a sacrifice. He saw Esau lewdly matched with the daughters of heathens: yet he will now think on nothing but, Esau is my first-born; and, if it be possible, he will pour the benediction upon a wrong head.

But God is often better to us than we would, and with his preventing grace stops the precipitation of erring nature. So sweet is the ordination of the divine providence, that we shall not do what we

would, but what we ought; and by deceiving us, turns our purposed evil into eventual good. We are made to do that good which we not intended. God hath ordained the superiority to the younger; he will therefore contrive for him the blessing Whatsoever Isaac affected, this God will have effected.

To bring the Lord's will to pass there never wanted means. Sinful man may have his hand in this; the just decree of God stands untouched. He determined the death of his Son, without favour to their guilt that murdered him. The affections of parents are here divided: Isaac loves Esau, and Rebekah Jacob; this difference shall make way to the fulfilling of the promise. Neither parent neglected either son; but Rebekah remembered the Lord's purpose better than Isaac. Neither is it enough what Ambrose hereon saith: *Mater affectum, pater judicium indicat; mater circa minorem tenera pietate propendit, pater circa senioem naturæ honorificentiam servat,*—The mother shews affection, the father judgment: she tenderly loves the younger, he gives the honour of nature to the elder. Nay, rather, the mother shews judgment, and the father affection. For what was Jacob to Rebekah more than Esau? Or why should she not rather love her first-born? It is God that inclines the mother's love to the younger against nature, because the father affects the elder against the promise. Hereupon she will rather deceive her own husband, than he shall deceive his own chosen son of the decreed blessing. The wife will be subtle when the husband is partial; her honest fraud shall answer his forgetful indulgence. Isaac would turn Esau into Jacob; Rebekah doth turn Jacob into Esau.

The discourse or contemplation of the provident mother and her happy son's passages in this action, I find set down by so divine and accurate a pen, that, despairing of any tolerable imitation, I shall, without distaste to the reader or imputation to myself, deliver it in his own express words:—'Rebekah, presuming upon the oracle of God, and her husband's simplicity, dares be Jacob's surety for the danger, his counsellor for the carriage of the business, his cook for the diet; yea, dresses both the meat and the man. And now puts

dishes into his hand, words into his mouth, the garments on his back, the goat's hair upon the open parts of his body, and sends him in thus furnished for the blessing; standing no doubt at the door to see how well her lesson was learned, how well her device succeeded. And if old Isaac should by any of his senses have discerned the guile, she had soon stepped in and undertaken the blame, and urged him with that known will of God concerning Jacob's dominion and Esau's servitude, which either age or affection had made him forget. And now she wisheth that she could borrow Esau's tongue as well as his garments, that she might securely deceive all the senses of him which had suffered himself more dangerously deceived with his affection. But this is past her remedy; her son must name himself Esau with the voice of Jacob.'*

We see the proceeding: it is now examinable whether this doth not somewhat impeach the credit of Jacob's plain-dealing. There have been undertakers of Jacob's justification, or at least excusation, in this fact. Let us hear what they say:—1. Gregory thus excuseth it: that Jacob did not steal the blessing by fraud, but *sibi debitam accepit*, took it as a due to himself, in respect that the primogeniture was formerly devolved to him. The truth is, he that owned the birthright might justly challenge the blessing. But this doth not wholly excuse the fact. 2. Chrysostom thus mitigates it: that *non studio nocendi contexit fraudem*,—he did not deceive with a mind to hurt, but only in respect of the promise of God. But this is not sufficient; for there was an intention of hurt, both to Isaac in deceiving him, and to Esau in depriving him of the blessing. But whatsoever may be pleaded for the defence of Jacob's dissimulation in outward gesture, there is no apology for the words of his tongue. The meaning of the speech is in the speaker; therefore his tongue cannot be guiltless when it goes against his conscious heart; but the meaning of the gesture is in the interpreter, who gives it a voluntary construction. Gesture is more easily ruled than speech; and it is hard if the tongue will not blab what a man is, in spite of his habit. Isaac's eyes might be deceived, they were dim; his hands, by the roughness of the garments; his nostrils, by the smell of them; his palate, by the savour of the meat.

All these senses yield affiance; what then shall drive Isaac to a suspicion or incredulity? None but this, the ear sticks at the judgment; that says, 'The voice is the voice of Jacob.' To help forward this deceit, three lies are tumbled out, one in the neck of another:— (1.) 'I am Esau thy first-born;' (2.) 'I have done as thou badest me;' (3.) 'Eat of my venison.' To clear him of this sin of lying hath been more peremptorily undertaken than soundly performed.

1. Chrysostom, with divers others, think that though he did lie, he did not sin, because he did it by the revelation and counsel of God. So that God, willing to have the prediction fulfilled, dispensing and disposing all things, is brought in as the preordainer of Jacob's lie, that I say not the patron. But not without derogation to his divine justice. For, (1.) it appears not that this was the counsel of God, but only Rebekah's device: Ver. 8, 'Hear my voice, my son, in that which I command thee.' 'My voice,' not God's; 'what I command,' not what God approves. (2.) If Jacob had received any oraculous warrant for this project, he would not have had so doubtful an opinion of the success. The matter was foreseen of God, not allowed; for God never inspireth lies. God's wise disposition of this means affords no warrant of his approbation. He ordereth many things which he ordained not. The means were so unlawful that Jacob himself doth more distrust their success than hope for their blessing. He knew that good Isaac, being so plain-hearted himself, would severely punish deceit in his son. Men in office truly honest are the sorest enemies to fraudulent courses in others. He therefore carries his meat in trembling hands, and scarce dares hope that God will bless such a subtlety with good event. Yet he did; but how? Here was prodigal dissembling: a dissembled person, a dissembled name, dissembled venison, dissembling answer; yet behold a true blessing, to the man, not to the means. Thus God may work his own will out of our infirmities; yet without approval of our weakness, or wronging the integrity of his own goodness.

2. Some have confessed it a lie, but a guiltless lie, by reason of a necessity imagined in this exigent; as if God could not have wrought

Isaac's heart to bless Jacob in this short interim, whiles Esau was gone a-hunting for venison. Origen says, that necessity may urge a man to use a lie as sauce to his meat; another, as physicians use hellebore. But that which is simply evil can by no apology be made good. *Causa patrocini non bona, pejor erit.*

3. Some take from it all imputation of a lie, and directly justify it. Augustine* thinks Jacob spoke mystically, and that it is to be referred to Jacob's body, not to Jacob's person; to the Christian church, that should take away the birthright from the elder. But we may better receive that Jacob fell into an infirmity than the colour of an allegory. Neither doth the success justify the means, as some philosophers have delivered, that *prosperum scelus vocatur virtus*,—lucky wickedness merits the name of goodness. But Jacob's one act of falsehood shall not disparage wholly that simplicity the Scripture gives him; he was 'a plain man.' To be unjust condemns a man, not the doing of one singular act unjustly; therefore God casts not off Jacob for this one infirmity, but makes use of this infirmity to serve his own purpose. If Esau's and Jacob's works be weighed together in a balance, one would think the more solid virtue to be in Esau's.

Esau obeyeth his father's will, painfully hunts venison, carefully prepares it; here is nothing but praiseworthy. Jacob dissembles, offers kid's flesh for venison, counterfeits Esau, beguiles his father; here is all blameworthy. I will not hereon speak as a poet,—

'Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,

Ille crucem, sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema,'—

but infer with the Apostle, Rom. 9:11, the purpose of God shall remain by election, which standeth not in works, but in grace. Therefore, howsoever Jacob got the blessing against Isaac's will, yet once given, it stood; neither did the father recant this act as an error, but saw in it the mercy of God, that prevented him of an error. So, ver. 33, 'I have blessed him, therefore he shall be blessed.' When

afterwards Esau came in, Isaac trembled; his heart told him that he should not have intended the blessing where he did, and that it was due to him unto whom it was given, not intended. He saw now that he had performed unwilling justice, and executed God's purpose against his own. He rather cries mercy for wrong intending than thinks of reversing it.

Yet then may Jacob stand for our precedent of plain-dealing, notwithstanding this particular weakness. Who hath not oftener erred, without the loss of his honest reputation? Not that this fact should embolden an imitation; let us not tell Jacob's lie to get Jacob's blessing. It would be presumption in us, what was in him infirmity; and God, that pardoned his weakness, would curse our obstinateness.

There is yet one cavil more against Jacob's integrity, concerning Laban, about the particoloured sheep; whether it were a fault in Jacob by the device of the pilled and straked rods to enrich himself. The answer is threefold:—

1. This was by the direction of God, Gen. 31:11, who, being an infinite and illimited Lord, hath an absolute power to transfer the right of things from one to another; as he might justly give the land of Canaan to the Israelites from the usurping Canaanites.

2. Jacob apprehends this means to recover his own, due unto him by a double right:—First, as the wages of twenty years' service, Gen. 31:7, yet unpaid. Secondly, as the dowry for his wives, Gen. 31:15, whom miserable Laban had thrust upon him without any competent portion. Thirdly, especially God's warrant concurring, it was lawful for him to recover that by policy which was detained from him by injury. So did the Israelites borrow of the Egyptians their best goods, jewels, and ornaments, and bore them away as a just recompense of their long service.

3. Lastly, he is quitted by that saying, *Volenti non fit injuria*. Laban sees that he was well blessed by Jacob's service; the increasing his flocks makes him loath to part. But Jacob hath served long enough for a dead pay; somewhat he must have, or be gone. His hard uncle bids him ask a hire; you know Jacob's demand. Laban readily promotes this bargain; which at last made his son-in-law rich, and himself envious. So saith Calvin, *Tractatus est pro suo ingenio*; Laban is handled in his kind. He thought by this means to have multiplied his own flocks; but those few spotted sheep and goats, upon this covenant, as if they had been weary of their old owner, alter their fashion, and run their best young into particularities, changing at once their colour and their master. So that this means which Jacob used was not fraudulent or artificial, but natural; not depending upon man's wit, but God's blessing, who, considering his tedious and painful service, pays him good wages out of his uncle's folds. for fourteen years the Lord hath for Jacob enriched Laban; therefore for these last six he will out of Laban enrich Jacob. And if the uncle's flock be the greater, the nephew's shall be the better. Most justly then is Jacob cleared from injustice; and no aspersion of fraud with Laban can be cast to discredit his plain-dealing.

HE DWELT IN TENTS.—Two things are observable in the holy patriarchs, and commendable to all that will be heirs with them of eternal life.

I. Their contempt of the world. They that dwell in tents intend not a long dwelling in a place. They are moveables, ever ready to be transferred at the occasion and will of the inhabiter. Heb. 11:9, 'Abraham dwelt in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise.' The reason is added, 'for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' These saints studied not to enlarge their barns, as the rich cosmopolite, Luke 12, or to sing requiems to their souls, in the hoped perpetuity of earthly habitations. 'Soul, live; thou hast enough laid up for many years.' Fool! he had not enough for that night. They had no thought that their houses should continue for ever, and their dwelling-places

to all generations; thereupon calling their lands after their own names, Ps. 49:11. God convinceth the foolish security of the Jews, to whom he had promised (by the Messiah to be purchased) an everlasting royalty in heaven, by the Rechabites, Jer. 35:7, who built no houses, but dwelt in tents, as if they were strangers, ready on a short warning for removal. The church esteems heaven her home, this world but a tent, a tent which we must all leave, build we as high as Babel, as strong as Babylon. When we have fortified, combined, feasted, death comes with a voider, and takes away all. 'Dost thou think to reign securely, because thou closest thyself in cedar?' Jer. 22:15. Friends must part: Jonah and his gourd, Nebuchadnezzar and his palace, the covetous churl and his barns. 'Arise, and depart, for this is not your rest,' Micah. 2:10. Though you depart with grief from orchards full of fruits, grounds full stocked, houses dightly furnished, purses richly stuffed, from music, wine, junkets, sports; yet go, you must go, every man to his own home. He that hath seen heaven with the eye of faith, through the glass of the Scripture, slips off his coat with Joseph, and springs away. They that lived thrice our age yet dwelt in tents as pilgrims that did not own this world. The shortness and weakness of our days strengthens our reasons to vilipend it. The world is the field, thy body the tent, heaven thy freehold. The world is full of troubles; winds of persecutions, storms of menaces, cold of uncharitableness, heat of malice, exhalations of prodigious terrors, will annoy thee. Love it not, I John 2:15. Who can affect his own vexations? It is thy thoroughfare; God loves thee better than to let it be thy home. Every misery on earth should turn our love to heaven. God gives this world bitter teats, that we might not suck too long on it. Satan, as some do with rotten nutmegs, gilds it over, and sends it his friends for a token. But when they put that spice into their broth, it infects their hearts. Set thy affections on heaven, where thou shalt abide for ever. This life is a tent, that a mansion: 'In my Father's house there are many mansions,' John 14:2. This casual, that firm; 'a kingdom that cannot be shaken,' Heb. 12. This troublesome, that full of rest. This assuredly short, that eternal. Happy is he that here esteems himself a pilgrim in a tent, that he may be hereafter a citizen in a stable kingdom!

2. Their frugality should not pass unregarded. Here is no ambition of great buildings; a tent will serve. How differ our days and hearts from those! The fashion is now to build great houses to our lands, till we leave no lands to our houses; and the credit of a good house is made, not to consist in inward hospitality, but in outward walls. These punkish outsides beguile the needy traveller: he thinks there cannot be so many rooms in a house, and never a one to harbour a poor stranger; or that from such a multitude of chimneys no meat should be sent to the gates. Such a house is like a painted whore; it hath a fair cheek, but rotten lungs; no breath of charity comes out of it. We say, *frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora*. What needs a house, and more rooms, than there is use for? A less house, and more hospitableness, would do a great deal better. Are not many of these glorious buildings set up in the curse of Jericho? the foundation laid in the blood of the eldest, the poor; the walls reared in the blood of the youngest, the ruin of their own posterity? This was one of the travellers-observed faults in England, *camini mali*; that we had ill clocks, and worse chimneys, for they smoked no charity.

We see the precedent: the application must teach us to deal plainly. Here is commended to us plainness in meaning and in demeaning, which instructs us to a double concord and agreement,—in meaning, betwixt the heart and the tongue; in demeaning, betwixt the tongue and the hand.

In meaning, there should be a loving and friendly agreement between the heart and the tongue. This is the mind's herald, and should only proclaim the sender's message. If the tongue be an ill servant to the heart, the heart will be an ill master to the tongue, and Satan to both. There are three kinds of dissimulation held tolerable, if not commendable; and beyond them, none without sin:—

1. When a man dissembles to get himself out of danger, without any prejudice to another. So David feigned himself mad, to escape with life, 1 Sam. 21. So the good physician may deceive his patient, by

stealing upon him a potion which he abhorreth, intending his recovery.

2. When dissimulation is directly aimed to the instruction and benefit of another. So Joseph caused the money to be put in his brethren's sacks, thereby to work in them a knowledge of themselves. So Christ, going to Emmaus with the two disciples, made as if he would go further, to try their humanity, Luke 24.

3. When some common service is thereby performed to the good of the church. Such are those stratagems and policies of war, that carry in them a direct intention of honesty and justice, though of hostility; as Joshua's, whereby he discomfited the men of Ai, Josh. 8.

Further than these limits no true Israelite, no plain-dealing man must venture. Plato was of opinion that it was lawful for magistrates, *hostium vel civium causa mentiri*, to lie, either to deceive an enemy, or save a citizen.* I might against Plato set Aristotle, who saith expressly that 'a lie in itself is evil and wicked.' † And another philosopher was wont to say, that in two things a man was like unto God, in bestowing benefits, and telling the truth. ‡ Nor will we infer with Lyranus, because there is a title in the civil law, *De dolo malo*, of evil craft, that therefore it is granted there is a craft not evil. But let us know, to the terror of liars, that the devil is the father of lying; and 'when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own,' John 8:44. And beyond exception they are the words of everlasting verity, 'No lie is of the truth,' 1 John 2:21. Therefore, into that heavenly Jerusalem shall enter none that works abomination, or maketh a lie, Rev. 21:27. A lie must needs be contrary to the rule of grace, for it is contrary to the order of nature, which hath given a man voice and words to express the meaning of the heart. As in setting instruments, they refer all to one tune, so the heart is the ground which all our instruments should go by. If there were no God to search the heart, he were a fool that would not dissemble; since there is, he is a fool that doth. Therefore Job excellently, 'All the while my breath is in me, and the Spirit of God is in my nostrils, my lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my

tongue utter deceit,' chap. 27:3. The sweetest Psalmist insinuates no less: 'My heart is inditing a good matter; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer,' Ps. 45:1. When the heart is a good secretary, the tongue is a good pen; but when the heart is a hollow bell, the tongue is a loud and a lewd clapper. Those undefiled virgins, admitted to follow the Lamb, have this praise, 'In their mouth was found no guile,' Rev. 14:5.

In demeaning, which is the good harmony betwixt the tongue and the hand. The righteous man, to whom God's celestial tabernacle is promised, 'speaketh the truth in his heart;' and when he hath sworn, though to his own hurt, he changeth not, Ps. 15:4. The paucity of these men makes the church of God so thin of saints, and the world so full of dissemblers. As the tongue must not speak false, so the hand must not do unjustly: injustice is the greatest dissimulation. We live under Libra, justice and equity: who knows whether the nights or the days pass over his head more happily? We fear not Taurus the bull, that shoots his horns from Rome; nor Scorpio, that sends his venomous sting from Spain; nor the unchristened Aries of infidels, profane and professed enemies to engine and batter our walls; if the Sagittarius of heresy do not wound us in the reins, nor the Gemini of double-dealing circumvent us in our lives. The world is full of tricks. We will not do what we ought, yet defend what we do. How many spend their wits to justify their hands! Through the unlucky and unnatural copulation of fraud and malice was that monstrous stigmatic, equivocation, engendered: a damned egg, not covered by any fair bird, but hatched, as poets feign of ospreys, with a thunder-clap.

I will now only seek to win you to plain dealing by the benefits it brings: the success to God:—

1. The principal is to please God, whose displeasure against double-dealing the sad examples of Saul for the Amalekites, of Gehazi for the bribes, of Ananias for the inheritance, testify in their destruction.

Whose delight in plain-dealing himself affirms: 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!' John 1:17.

2. The credit of a good name, which is a most worthy treasure, is thus preserved. The riches left thee by thy ancestors may miscarry through others' negligence; the name not, save by thy own fault. It is the plain-dealer's reward, his name shall be had in estimation; whereas no faith is given to the dissembler, even speaking truth. Every man is more ready to trust the poor plain-dealer than the glittering false-tongued gallant.

3. It prevents and infatuates all the malicious plots of enemies. God, in regard to thy simplicity, brings to nought all their machinations. Thou, O Lord, hadst respect to my simple pureness. An innocent fool takes fearless steps, and walks as securely as if it stood girt with a wall of brass.

4. It preserves thy state from ruin. When by subtlety men think to scrape together much wealth, all is but the spider's web, artificial and weak. What plain-dealing gets, sticks by us, and infallibly derives itself to our posterity. Not only this man's own 'soul shall dwell at ease,' but also 'his seed shall inherit the earth,' Ps. 25:13. Wicked men labour with hands and wits to undermine and undo many poor, and from their demolished heaps to erect themselves a great fortune; but God bloweth upon it a non placet; and then, as powder doth small shot, it scatters into the air, not without a great noise, and they are blown up. If thou wouldst be good to thyself and thine, use plainness

5. It shall somewhat keep thee from the troubles and vexations of the world. Others, when their double-dealing breaks out, are more troubled themselves than erst they troubled others; for shame waits at the heels of fraud. But 'blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' Matt. 5:5.

6. The curses of the poor shall never hurt thee. Though the causeless curse shall never come, yet it is happy for a man so to live that all may bless him. Now the plain man shall have this at last. Gallant prodigality, like fire in flax, makes a great blaze, a hot show; but plain hospitality, like fire in solid wood, holds out to warm the poor, because God blesseth it. So I have seen hot-spurs in the way gallop amain; but the ivy-bushes have so stayed them, that the plain traveller comes first to his journey's end.

7. It shall be thy best comfort on thy death-bed: *conscientia benè peractæ vitæ*,—the conscience of an innocent life. On this staff leans aged Samuel: 'Whose ox or ass have I taken?' To whom have I by fraud or force done wrong? On this pillow doth sick Hezekiah lay his head: 'Remember, Lord, that I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight,' Isa. 38:3. So Job solaceth himself: 'My heart shall not condemn me for my days.' When no clogs of usury with their heavy pressures, nor folds of injustice with their troublesome vexations, disquiet our peace-desiring sides, or lie upon our consciences; when thou hast no need to say to thine heir, Restore this or that which I have fraudulently or unjustly taken away; you see how false the proverb was, Plain-dealing is a jewel, and he that useth it shall die a beggar. But it is well returned in the supplement, He that will not use it, shall die a dishonest man.

8. Lastly, thou shalt find rest for thy soul. Thou hast dealt plainly; so will God with thee, multiplying upon thee his promised mercies. If thou hadst been hollow, not holy, fraudulent, not plain, thy portion had been bitter, even with hypocrites. But now of a plain saint on earth, thou shalt become a glorious saint in heaven.

THE SOLDIER'S HONOUR

PREACHED TO THE WORTHY COMPANY OF GENTLEMEN THAT EXERCISE IN THE ARTILLERY GARDEN,

AND NOW, ON THEIR SECOND REQUEST, PUBLISHED TO FURTHER USE

TO THE NOBLE COMPANY OF THE GENTLEMEN EXERCISING ARMS IN THE ARTILLERY GARDEN OF LONDON.

WE are all soldiers, as we are Christians: some more specially, as they are men. You bear both spiritual arms against the enemies of your salvation, and material arms against the enemies of your country. In both you fight under the colours of our great general, Jesus Christ. By looking a little into this mystical war, you shall the better understand to be milites cataphracti, good soldiers in all respects.

Job calls man's life a warfare, and we find, Rev. 12, that 'there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels.' Where by heaven is meant the church of God upon earth, as interpreters observe generally. For in heaven above there is no warfare, but welfare; no trouble, but peace that passeth all understanding. Now, to this war every Christian is a professed soldier, not only for a spurt for sport, as young gentlemen use for a time to see the fashion of the wars, but our vow runs thus in baptism, that every man undertakes to fight manfully under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue his faithful soldier and servant to his life's end. And this battle let us fight with courage, because we are warriors under that general that without question shall conquer. Nil desperandum Christo duce, et auspice Christo. 'They overcome by the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. 12:11. Though they lose some blood, they shall be sure to win the victory.

Bernard supposeth a great war between Christ, the king of Jerusalem, and Satan, the king of Babylon. The watchman on the walls sees a Christian soldier to be surprised by the Babylonian host, and carried captive to their tents. Hereof he informs the king, who presently chargeth Timorem, the Fear of God, to run and redeem the soldier. Fear comes thundering upon the adversary power, and forceth them trembling to surrender back their prey, which he is now returning home to the king. Hereupon steps up Spiritus Tristitiæ, Sadness, and cries, O ye Babylonians, is it not a shame that one man should rescue a prisoner from such a multitude? Well, ne timeatis a Timore isto,—Be not afraid of this fellow, Fear; I will give you a stratagem how to reduce him. This must not be done marte sed arte,—not by force but by fraud. Mark the event.

This spirit of Sadness lies in the way, and falls in with the soldier, colloquing as a friend, as a fiend; amica sed iniqua collocutione. Suspectless Fear follows a little off. But Sorrow had brought the soldier to the brink of a deep pit, Desperation, and was even upon the point of thrusting him in. The watchman observes it, and again tells the king, who, quicker than thought, despatcheth a fresh supply of succour, Hope, to his delivery. Hope, mounted upon a swift horse, Desire, comes amain, and with the sword of Gladness puts Sorrow to flight; so quits him from the gulf of Despair. Once again is the citizen of heaven freed. Now Hope sets him, being weary, upon his own horse, Desire: himself leads him with the cord of Promised Mercy: Fear comes after with a switch made of Remembrance of Sins, and so sets him forward to Jerusalem.

Hereupon the king of Babylon calls a council; where some grieve, others rage, all hell roars, that they have lost a prisoner of whom they lately thought themselves so sure. There is not more joy with the angels in heaven than there is sorrow with the devils in hell for this sinner's conversion. But yet all is not well, as the watchman certifies the king of Omnipotence. The soldier is mounted upon Desire, Hope leads him, and Fear drives him amain: but I doubt he comes too fast, because he hath neither bridle nor saddle. Hereon the king, that hath

everlasting care of all Christian souls, sends forth two of his grave councillors to him, Temperance and Prudence. Temperance gives him a bridle, that is Discretion; Prudence a saddle, that is Circumspection. This is not all: Fear and Hope give him two spurs—on the left heel, Fear of Punishment; on the right, Expectation of Bliss. Knowledge clears his eye, Diligence opens his ear, Obedience strengthens his hand, Devotion rectifies his foot, Faith encourageth his heart. And if he want anything, Prayer offers him her service, to wait upon him as a faithful messenger, promising that whensoever he sends her to the king with a petition, she will bring him back a benediction.

Thus as in a little tablet you see the whole world; that all of us must be soldiers on earth militant that will be conquerors in heaven triumphant. But are there not enemies in the flesh so well as enemies in the spirit? Is mystical armour only necessary to a Christian, and is there no use of material? No; *Æquum est Deum illis esse propitium, qui sibi non sunt adversarii*,—It is just that God should be a friend to them that are not enemies to themselves. I know prayers are good weapons; and, Exod. 17, there was more speed made to victory by lifting up of Moses's hands than of Joshua's sword. He that would overcome his enemies on earth, must first prevail with his best friend in heaven. If the mercy and strength of God be made thine by prayer, fear not the adverse powers; Rom. 8, we shall be conquerors through him that loved us. But is it enough to bend the knee without stirring the hand? Shall war march against us with thundering steps, and shall we only assemble ourselves in the temples, lie prostrate on the pavements, lift up our hands and eyes to heaven, and not our weapons against our enemies? Shall we beat the air with our voices, and not their bosoms with our swords? Only knock our own breasts, and not knock their heads? Sure, a religious conscience never taught a man to neglect his life, his liberty, his estate, his peace. Piety and policy are not opposites: he that taught us to be harmless as doves, bade us also be wise as serpents. Give way to a fiction; fables are not without their useful morals. A boy was molested with a dog; the friar taught him to say a gospel by heart, and warranted this to allay the

dog's fury. The mastiff, spying the boy, flies at him; he begins, as it were, to conjure him with his gospel. The dog, not capable of religion, approacheth more violently. A neighbour passing by bids the boy take up a stone; he did so, and throwing at the dog, escaped. The friar demands of the lad how he sped with his charm. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'your gospel was good, but a stone with the gospel did the deed.' The curs of Antichrist are not afraid of our gospel, but of our stones: let us fight and they will fly.

Fight, say you; why, who strikes us? Yield that no enemies do, are we sure that none will do? When our security hath made us weak, and their policy hath made them strong, we shall find them, like that troublesome neighbour, knocking at our door early in the morning, before we are up, when it will be too late for us to say, If we had known of your coming, we would have provided better cheer for you. They thank you, they will take now such as they find, for they purpose to be their own carvers, and the morsels they swallow shall be your hearts. Let us therefore, like good housekeepers, when such unbidden guests come, have always a breakfast ready for them: which if we give them heartily, they shall have small stomach to their dinners.

Be you but ready for war, and I durst warrant your peace. Whilst you are dissolute, they grow resolute. Ludovicus Vives reports, that the young nobles and gallants in a city of Spain were fallen to such levity of carriage, that, instead of marching to the sound of a drum, they were dancing levaltos to a lute in a lady's chamber: their beavers were turned to beaver hats. Every one had his mistress, and spent his time in courting Venus; but Mars was shut out at the back gate. The ancient magistrates observing this, consulted what should become of that country, which these men must govern after they were dead. Hereupon they conferred with the women, their daughters, the ladies; whom they instructed to forbear their wonted favours, to despise the fantastical amorists, and to afford no grace to them that had no grace in themselves. This they obeyed diligently, and it wrought so effectually that the gentlemen soon began to spy some

difference betwixt effeminateness and nobleness; and at last in honourable and serviceable designs excelled all their ancestors. If we had in England such ladies, (though I do not wish them from Spain,) we should have such lords. Honour should go by the banner, not by the barn; and reputation be valued by valour, not measured by the acre: there would be no ambition to be carpet-knights.

How necessary the readiness of arms, and of men practised to those arms, hath been to the common good, what nation hath not found, either in the habit* to their safety, or in the privation to their ruin? Only we bless ourselves in our peace, and say to them that advise us to military preparations, as the devils said to Christ, that we come to torment them before their time. But let them rest that thus will rust; and for yourselves, worthy gentlemen, keep your arms bright, and thereby your names, your virtues, your souls: you shall be honoured in good men's hearts, whilst wanton and effeminate gulls shall weave and wear their own disgraces. *Spernite vos sperni*: there are none that think basely of you whose bosoms are acquainted with other than ignoble thoughts. But I have held you too long in the gates, unless I could promise you the sight of a better city. Yet enter in, and view it with your eyes: it hath already entered your ears; God grant it may enter all your hearts! So yourselves shall be renowned, our peace secured, and the Lord's great name glorified, through Jesus Christ.

Yours to be commanded in all Christian services,

THO. ADAMS.

THE SOLDIER'S HONOUR

They chose new gods; then was war in the gates: was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel? My heart is toward the

governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.—JUDGES 5:8, 9.

IT was a custom in the heathen world after victory to sing songs of triumph.

This fashion was first observed among the Jews, as we frequently find it. After a great conquest of the Philistines, the people of Israel sung, 'Saul hath slain his thousand, and David his ten thousand.' When Joshua had overthrown those five kings,—at whose prayer the sun stood still, and the day was made longer than ever the world saw before or since,—the people sung, 'The sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon,' Josh. 10:12. When Israel had crossed the Red Sea with dry feet, and the returning waters had drowned their pursuing enemies, Moses and the people sung this song, 'The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name,' &c., Exod. 15:3. Here Deborah having conquered Sisera, with his nine hundred chariots of iron, she sung this triumphant song to the Lord: 'Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel! Hear, O ye kings, I will sing to the Lord.'

I have chosen two strains of this song, from which, as they shall teach me, so I purpose to teach you, to bless the Lord that teacheth us all. So the Psalmist: 'It is the Lord that teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight.' The Lord give me a tongue to sing it, and you ears to hear it, and us all hearts to embrace it!

In all I observe two generals, which express the nature of the two verses. There is great affliction and great affection.

The affliction: 'They chose new gods; then was war in the gates,' &c. The affection: 'My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.' In the affliction, methinks I find three points of war:—

I. The alarm: 'They chose new gods.'

II. The battle: 'Then was war in the gates.'

III. The forlorn hope: 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?'

Here is, (1.) *superstitio populi*, the apostasy of the people: 'They chose new gods.' This I call the alarm; for *impietas ad arma vocat*,—ungodliness calls to war. If we fight against God, we provoke God to fight against us. Then, (2.) *inflictio belli*, a laying on of punishment. God meets their abomination with desolation; the hand of justice against the hands of unrighteousness: 'Then was war in the gates.' This I call the battle. Then, (3.) *defectus remedii*, a destitution of remedy: 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?' Sin had not only brought war, but taken away defence; in *prælia trudit inermes*,—sent them unarmed to fight. And this I call the forlorn hope. You see the particulars: now *ordine quidque suo*.

I. THE ALARM: 'They chose new gods.' Their idolatry may be aggravated by three circumstances or degrees. They are all declining and downwards: there is *malum*, *pejus*, *pessimum*,—evil, worse, and worst of all.

1. 'They chose.' Here is *electio*, *non compulsio*,—a frank choice, no compelling. They voluntarily took to themselves, and betook themselves to, other gods. Naaman begged mercy for a sin, to which he seems enforced, if he would reserve the favour of his king and peace of his estate; and therefore cried, 'Be merciful to me in this: when I bow with my master in the house of Rimmon, in this the Lord pardon me,' 2 Kings 5:18. But here is *spontanea malitia*, a wilful wickedness: 'they chose.' There is evil, the first degree.

2. 'Gods.' What! a people trained up in the knowledge of one God: 'Jehovah, I am; and there is none besides me.' *Unissimus*, saith Bernard, *si non est unus, non est*,—If he be not one, he is none. The bees have but one king, flocks and herds but one leader, the sky but one sun, the world but one God.

'Immensus Deus est, quia scilicet omnia mensus:

Innumerabilis est, unus enim Deus est,'

says the Epigrammatist. God is therefore innumerable, because he is but one. It was for the heathen, that had, saith Augustine, mentes amentes, intoxicate minds and reprobate hearts, to have plurimos deos, a multitude of gods. They had gods of the water, gods of the wind, gods of the corn, gods of the fruits; nec omnia commemoro, quia me piget, quod illos non pudet,—neither do I mention all, because it grieves me to speak what they were not ashamed to do. Prudentius says, they had so many things for their gods as there were things that were good.

'Quicquid humus, pelagus, cœlum mirabile gignunt,

Id duxere deos, colles, freta, flumina, flammæ.'

Insomuch that πολυθεότης ἀθεότης. But Israel knew that unicus Deus, there was but one God; that others were dii titulares, gods in name: theirs only Deus tutelarior, God in power. 'Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges,' Deut. 32:31. Do these bring other gods in competition with him? Pejus, this is worse.

3. 'New gods.' Will any nation change their gods? No; the Ekronites will keep their god, though it be Beelzebub; the Ammonites will keep their god, though it be Melchom; the Syrians will stick to their god, though it be Rimmon; the Philistines will not part with their god, though it be Dagon. And shall Israel change Jehovah, viventem Deum, the living God? Pessimus, this is worst of all.

These be the wretched degrees of Israel's sin: God keep England from such apostasy! We have one God: let the Romists choose them another; as the canonists style their Pope, Dominus Deus noster Papa,—Our Lord God the Pope. But we have 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all,

and in us all,' Eph. 4:6. We have one God in profession; this God grant that we have but one in affection! But unum colimus ore, multos corde,—we worship one with our mouths, many in our hearts. Tot sunt nostræ deitates, quot cupiditates,—we have so many gods as we have lusts. Honour is the ambitious man's god; pleasure the voluptuous man's god; riches the covetous man's god. Hæc tria pro trino numine mundus habet,—This is the trinity the world worships. These three tyrants, like those three Romans, Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, have shared the world between them, and left God least, that owns all.

The people of Israel, when they had turned beast, and calved an idol, cried in triumph, 'These are thy gods, O Israel,' Exod. 32:4. So we may speak it, with horror and amazement of soul, of these three idols: These are thy gods, O England. 'The idols of the heathen were silver and gold,' saith the Psalmist. It is but inverting the sentence: mutato nomine nos sumus fabula,—change but the names, and we are the subject of whom the tale is told. Their idols were silver and gold; and silver and gold are our idols. He that railed on Beelzebub, pulled all Ekron about his ears; he that slighted Melchom, provoked the Ammonites. But he that condemns Mammon, speaks against all the world.

But if God be our God, mammon must be our slave; for he that is the servant of God must be the master of his money. If God be our king, he must be our king only; for the bed and the throne brook no rivals. When the soldiers had chosen Valentinian emperor, they were consulting to join with him a partner. To whom Valentinian replied: 'It was in your power to give me the empire when I had it not; now I have it, it is not in your power to give me a partner.' God must be our God alone. Æquum est deos fingere, ac Deum negare,—It is all one to choose new gods, and to deny the true God. If therefore we will have novum deum, a new god, we shall have nullum Deum, no God. No, let the heathen choose new gods; thou, O Father of mercy, and Lord of heaven and earth, be our God for ever!—This is the alarm.

II. We come now to the BATTLE: 'Then was war in the gates.' If Israel give God an alarm of wickedness, God will give them a battle of desolation. Idolatry is an extreme impiety; therefore against it the gate of heaven is barred. 'Know ye not, that no idolater shall inherit the kingdom of God?' 1 Cor. 6:9. The idolater would thrust God out of his throne, therefore good reason that God should thrust him out of his kingdom. The punishment is also extreme, and hath in it a great portion of misery; though not a proportion answerable to the iniquity, for it deserves not only war and slaughter in the gates of earth, but eternal death in the gates of hell. But not to extend the punishment beyond the proposed limits, let us view it as it is described. And we shall find it aggravated by three circumstances:—

1. A natura: 'War.' There is the nature of it.
2. A tempore: 'Then.' There is the time of it.
3. A loco: 'In the gates.' There is the place of it.

There is quid, quando, ubi,—what, when, and where. War, that is the quid. Then, that is the quando. In the gates, that is the ubi. 'Then was war in the gates.'

1. The nature of it; what? 'War.' War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden, and leaves it behind it like Sodom and Gomorrah, a desolate and forsaken wilderness. Let it be sowed with the seed of man and beast, as a field with wheat, war will eat it up. *Bellum. quasi minime bellum*; or rather in vicinity to the name, *mos belluarum*. For men, *solummodo justum, quibus necessarium*,—not just, but when it is necessary and cannot well be avoided. Not to be waged by a Christian without observation of St Augustine's rule: *Esto bellando pacificus*,—In war seek peace; though thy hand be bloody, let thy heart be peaceable. *Pacem debet habere voluntas, bellum necessitas*,—Let necessity put war into the hands, religion keep peace in the heart. In itself it is a miserable punishment. This is the nature; what?

2. The time, or quando? 'Then.' When was this war? Tempore idololatriæ, in the time of idolatry. 'They chose new gods; then.' When we fight against God, we incense him to fight against us. Indeed we have all stricken him; which of us hath not offered blows to that sacred Deity? Our oaths proffer new wounds to the sides of Jesus Christ; and our merciless oppressions persecute him through the bowels of the poor: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Acts 9:4. Saul strikes upon earth, Jesus Christ suffers in heaven. Yet if timely repentance step in, we escape his blows, though he hath not escaped ours. He is ready to say, as Cato to the man that hurt him in the bath, (when in sorrow he asked him forgiveness,) Non memini me percussum,—I do not remember that I was stricken.

But if Israel's sins strike up alarm, Israel's God will give battle. If they choose new gods, the true God will punish. 'Then was war.'

It is a fearful tiling when God fights. When he took off the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians, they cried, 'Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians,' Exod. 14:25. The heathen gods could not defend their friends, nor subdue their enemies, nor avenge themselves.

'Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, et res

Non potuit servare suas;'

Their stout god of war might lose his helmet, his target, the victory; unable to deliver himself. But God is the Lord of hosts. 'God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.' Once, twice, yea, a thousand times, have we heard it, read it, seen it, that God is powerful. That, as Augustine, Verba toties inculcata, vera sunt, viva sunt, sana sunt, plana sunt,—Things so often repeated and pressed must needs be plain and peremptory. God hath soldiers in heaven, soldiers on earth, soldiers in hell, that fight under his press. So that he hath mille nocendi artes,—a thousand ways to avenge himself.

In heaven he hath armies: of fire to burn Sodom; of floods to drown a world; of hailstones to kill the Amorites; of stars, as here Deborah sings: 'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' ver. 20. And whilst Israel slew their enemies, at their general's prayer 'the sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon,' Josh. 11. Yea, there are heavenly soldiers: Luke 2, 'Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.' One of these celestial soldiers slew in one night above a hundred thousand Assyrians, 2 Kings 19:35.

Below he hath seas to drown Pharaoh; swallows of the earth to devour Korah. With fierce lions, fell dragons, hissing serpents, crawling worms, he can subdue the proudest rebels.

In hell he hath an army of fiends, though bound in chains that they shall not hurt the faithful, yet let loose to terrify the wicked. There was an evil spirit to vex Saul; foul spirits in the gospel made some deaf, others dumb, and cast many into fire and into waters.

Thus stands the wicked man environed with enemies. God and man, angels and devils, heaven and earth, birds and beasts, others and himself, maintain this war against himself. God may be patient a long time; but *læsa patientia fit furor*,—patience too much wronged becomes rage; and *furor arma ministrat*,—wrath will quickly afford weapons.

'*Serior esse solet vindicta severior*,'—

The sorest vengeance is that which is long in coming; and the fire of indignation burns the hotter, because God hath been cool and tardy in the execution. Impiety and impunity are not sworn sisters; but if wickedness beat the drum, destruction will begin to march. The ruined monuments and monasteries in some provinces seem to tell the passengers, *Hic fuit hostilitas*,—War hath been here. We may also read in those rude heaps, *Hic fuit iniquitas*,—Sin hath been here. It was idolatry rather than war that pulled down those walls. If there

had been no enemy to rase them, they should have fallen alone, rather than hide so much superstition and impiety under their guilty roofs. In chap. 10:6 of this book, when the Israelites 'served Baalim and Ashtaroth, the gods of Syria, and the gods of Zidon, then was the anger of the Lord hot against them; and he sold them into the hands of the Philistines, and into the hands of the children of Ammon.' Then those enemies destroyed their cities, and depopulated their countries, making them spectacles of cruelty and justice,—cruelty of man, justice of God. This is the time, when.

3. The place, or ubi. 'In the gates.' This is an extreme progress of war, to come so near as the gates. If it had been in terra inimicorum,—in the land of their enemies, a preparation of war a great way off; *sonus hostilitatis*,—the noise of war. As Jer. 6, 'Behold, a people cometh from the north, a nation shall be raised from the sides of the earth. Their voice roareth like the sea;' and 'we have heard the fame thereof.' Here is war, but coming, raising, roaring; *audivimus tantum*,—we have only heard the noise of it. Yea, if it had come but to the coasts, and invaded the borders, as the Philistines did often forage the skirts of Israel, yet it had been somewhat tolerable, for then *vidimus tantum*,—we have but seen it only. *Ostendisti populo gravia*,—'Thou hast shewn thy people grievous things,' Ps. 60:3; shewed, but not inflicted; shaken the rod, but not scourged us. But here *venit ad limina bellum*,—war is come to their thresholds, yea, to the heart of the land, to defy them in the very gates. And now they more than hear or see it; *sentiunt*, they feel it.

The gates in Israel were those places where they sat in justice, as we may frequently read, 'They gave judgment in the gates.' They distributed the corn in the gates, where that unbelieving prince was trodden to death, 2 Kings 7:17. And Absalom sat in the gates, and said to every man that had a controversy, 'See, thy matters are good and right; but here is no man deputed of the king to hear thee,' 2 Sam. 15:3. So that *pacis loca bellum occupat*,—war possesseth the places of peace, and thrusts her out of her wonted residence and presidence, the gates. 'In the gates:' war is not then in the right ubi,

as they said of Pope Sixtus, because he delighted in bloody wars, that he ill became the seat of peace, according to that epitaph on him:—

'Non potuit sævum vis ulla extinguere Sixtum,

Audito tandem nomine pacis obit,'—

No war could kill Sixtus; but so soon as ever he heard of peace, he presently died. War is got very far when it possesseth the gates.

You now see the punishment. Happy are we that cannot judge the terrors of war but by report and hearsay! that never saw our towns and cities burning, our houses rifled, our temples spoiled, our wives ravished, our children bleeding dead on the pavements, or sprawling on the merciless pikes! We never heard the groans of our own dying and the clamours of our enemies' insulting confusedly sounding in our distracted ears; the wife breathing out her life in the arms of her husband, the children snatched from the breasts of their mothers, as by the terror of their slaughters to aggravate their own ensuing torments. We have been strangers to this misery in passion, let us not be so in compassion. Let us think we have seen these calamities with our neighbours' eyes, and felt them through their sides.

When Æneas Sylvius reports of the fall of Constantinople, the murdering of children before the parents' eyes, the nobles slaughtered like beasts, the priests torn in pieces, the holy virgins savagely abused, he cries out, O miseram urbis faciem!—O wretched face of a city! Many of our neighbours have been whirled about in these bloody tumults; they have heard the dismal cries of cruel adversaries, Kill, kill; the shrieks of women and infants, the thunders of those murdering pieces in their ears, their cities and temples flaming before their eyes, the streets swimming with blood, when

'Permisti cæde virorum

Semianimes volvuntur equi,'—*

men and horses confusedly wallowing in their mingled bloods.

Only to us the iron gates of war have been shut up. We sit and sing under our own fig-trees; we drink the wine of our own vineyards. 'There is no breaking in, nor going out; no complaining in our streets,' Ps. 144:14. We have the peace of God; let us be thankful to the God of peace. But it is good to be merry and wise. Let not our peace make us secure. The Jews in their great feast had some malefactor brought forth to them, Matt. 27:15; so let it be one good part of our solemnity to bring forth that malefactor, Security, a rust grown over our souls in this time of peace, and send him packing. We have not the blessings of God by entail or by lease, but hold all at the good-will of our landlord; and that is but during our good behaviour. We have not so many blessings but we may easily forfeit them by disobedience. When we most feared war, God sent peace; now we most brag of peace, God prevent war!

Do our sins give an alarm to Heaven, and shall not Heaven denounce war against us? *Nulla pax impiis*,—'There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God,' Isa. 48:22. Joram said, 'Is it peace, Jehu? But he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witch-crafts are so many?' 2 Kings 9:22. They are our sins that threaten to lose us our best friend, God; and if God be not our friend, we must look for store of enemies. Our great iniquities hearten our adversaries; they profess to build all their wickedness against us upon our wickedness against God. If they did not see us choose new gods, they would never have hope to bring war to our gates. If we could prevail against our own evils, we should prevail against all our enemies. The powers of Rome, the powers of hell, should not hurt us, if we did not hurt ourselves. Let us cast down our Jezebels that bewitch us, those lusts whereby we run a-whoring after other gods, and then peace shall stand sentinel in our turrets. God shall then 'strengthen the bars of our gates, and establish peace in our borders,' Ps. 147:13. Let us, according to that sweet singer's doctrine, Ps. 34:14, 'depart from evil, and do good; then seek peace, and pursue it.' Yea, do well, and thou shalt not need to pursue it;

peace will find thee without seeking. Augustine says, *Fiat justitia, et habebis pacem*,—Live righteously, and live peaceably. Quietness shall find out righteousness, wheresoever he lodgeth. But she abhorreth the house of evil. Peace will not dine where grace hath not first broken her fast. Let us embrace godliness, and 'the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, shall preserve our hearts and minds in Jesus Christ,' Phil. 4:7. The Lord fix all our hearts upon himself, that neither ourselves, nor our children after us, nor their generations, so long as the sun and moon endureth, may ever see war in the gates of England!—Thus we have run through the battle, and considered the terrors of a bloody war.

III. We now come to the FORLORN HOPE: 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?' Was there? There was not. This question is a plain negative. Here is *defectus remedii*,—the want of help; great misery, but no remedy; not a spear to offend, no, not a shield to defend. War, and war in the gates, and yet neither offensive nor defensive weapon! *Miserrima privatio, quæ omnem tollit ad habitum regressum*. It takes away all, both present possession and future possibility; *rem et spem*,—help and hope.

But suppose that only some one company had wanted, yet if the rest of the forces had been armed, there were some comfort. No, not a shield nor spear among many, among thousands, among many thousands, among forty thousand. A host of men, and not a weapon! Grievous exigent! If it had been any defect but of armour, or in any other time but the time of war, or only in one city of Israel, and not in all. But is there war, and war in the gates, and do many, even thousands, want? What? armour enough? So they might easily. Nay, but one shield, one spear? Miserable calamity!

They were in great distress under the reign of Saul, 1 Sam. 13:22, 'The spoilers came out of the camp of the Philistines in three companies,' &c.; yet 'it came to pass in the day of battle, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan: but with Saul, and with Jonathan

his son, was there found.' Here was a great want; three bands of the enemies, and but two swords: yet there were then two; and it so pleased God that those two were enough. As the Apostle said to Christ, Luke 22:38, *Ecce duo gladii*,—'Master, here are two swords; and he answered, It is enough.' But two swords for so many, and against so many; a word of great misery. But God saith, *Satis est*,—Those two are enough; a word of great mercy. He can give victory with two swords, with one sword, with no sword; and so he did here, that convinced Israel might see it was the Lord that fought for them, and so be moved to bless the Lord.

You see now all the parts of the affliction: the alarm in sin, the battle in war, and the forlorn hope in the want of remedy. Two useful observations may hence be deduced:—

1. That war at some times is just and necessary; indeed, just when it is necessary: as here. For shall it come to the gates, and shall we not meet it? Yea, shall we not meet it before it come near the gates? There is, then, a season when war is good and lawful. St Augustine observes that when the soldiers, among the rest of the people, came to John the Baptist to be catechised, 'What shall we do?' he did not bid them leave off being soldiers, but taught them to be good soldiers. 'Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages,' Luke 3:14. *Milites instruit, militare non prohibet*,—he directs them to be good men, not forbids them to be warlike men.

God himself is termed 'a man of war,' Exod. 15:3; and he threatens war: 'The Lord hath sworn that he will have war with Amalek from generation to generation,' Exod. 17:16. Many of the Philistines, Canaanites, and Sidonians were left to teach Israel war, Judges 3:2. *Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis*,—Too much warmth of prosperity hatcheth up luxury. There must be some exercise, lest men's spirits grow rusty.

'The standing water turns to putrefaction,

And virtue is no virtue but in action,'

sings the divine poet. Idleness doth neither get nor save, but lose. If exercise be good, those are best which tend to most good. The exercises of war step in here to challenge their deserved praise. As with wooden wasters men learn to play at the sharp; so practice in times of peace makes ready for the time of war. It is good to be doing, that when Satan comes, *inveniat occupatum*,—he may find thee honestly busied. The bird so long as she is upon wing, flying in the air, is safe from the fowler; but when she sits lazy on a tree, pruning her feathers, a little shot quickly fetcheth her down. So long as we are well exercised, the devil hath not so fair a mark of us; but idle, we lie prostrate objects to all the shot of his temptations. Now there are two cautions observable in the justness of wars:—(1.) That they be undertaken *justa causa*, upon just and warrantable cause. (2.) That they be prosecuted *bono animo*, with an honest mind.

(1.) The cause must be just. For,—

'*Frangit et attollit vires in milite causa*,'—

The cause doth either encourage or discourage the soldier; indeed, it makes or mars all. This just cause is threefold; well comprised in that verse—'*Pax populi, patriæque salus, et gloria regni*,'—

The peace of the people, the health of the country, and the glory of the kingdom.

[1.] The peace of the people; for we must aim by war to make way for peace. We must not desire truce to this end, that we may gather force for an unjust war; but we desire a just war that we may settle a true peace. So Joab heartened his brother Abishai, and the choice men of Israel, against the Syrians: 'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God,' 2 Sam. 10:12.

[2.] The health and safety of our country: *periclitantur aliqui, ne pereant omnes*,—some must be endangered that all may not be

destroyed. And I would here that the dull and heavy spirits of our rotten worldlings would consider *quorum causa*, for whose sake these worthy men spare neither their pains nor their purses in this noble exercise. Even for theirs; theirs, and their children's, that so contemptibly judge of them.

If war should be in the gates, whither would you run for defence, where shroud yourselves, but under their colours which you have despised? Who should keep the usurer's money from pillaging? all his obligations, mortgages, and statutes from burning? Who should keep the foggy epicure in his soft chair after a full meal fast asleep? Who should maintain the nice lady in her carriage whirling through the popular streets? Who should reserve those delicate parlours and adorned chambers from fire and flames? Who should save virgins from ravishment, children from famishment, mothers from astonishment, city and country, temples and palaces, traffics and markets, ships and shops, Westminster Hall and the Exchange, two of the richest acres of ground in England, from ploughing up; from having it said, *Jam seges ubi Troja fuit*,—Corn groweth where London stood,—all from ruin? Who but the soldier under God? 'The sword of God, and the sword of Gideon,' Judges 7:18.

[3.] The glory of the kingdom; and that is *evangelium Christi*, the gospel of Jesus Christ. Wars for God are called God's battles. The destruction of their cities that revolt from God to idols, and the whole spoil, is for the Lord; it is the Lord's battle and the Lord's spoil, Deut. 13:16. Saul thus encourageth David to war, 'Be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles,' 1 Sam. 18:17. The most and best warriors were called the sons of God. So Abraham, Moses, David, Joshua, Gideon. And that centurion was a man of war whose praise Christ so sounded forth in the gospel, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,' Matt. 8:10. And the best wars are for God; so Christians bear in their ensigns the cross, to shew that they fight for the honour of Jesus Christ.

When, therefore, there is hazard to lose the peace of the people, the safety of the country, the glory of all, the gospel of our Saviour Christ, here is just cause of war. They that go forth to fight upon these terms shall conquer.

'Causa jubet melior superos sperare secundos,'—

A good cause gives assurance of victory. God shall marshal that army; yea, himself will fight for them.

(2.) The next caution, after a good ingression, is to be sure of a good prosecution. We say of the chirurgeon, that he should have a lady's hand and a lion's heart; but the Christian soldier should have a lady's heart and a lion's hand. I mean, though he deal valiant blows, yet not destroy without compassion. *Fortitudo virtus bellica, mansuetudo virtus bella*,—Though manfulness be a warlike virtue, yet gentleness is a Christian virtue. The sword should not be bloodied but in the heat of battle. And after victory, when a soldier looks on the dead bodies of his enemies, pity should sit in his eyes rather than insultation. He should not strike the yielding, nor prey upon prostrate fortunes.

I know that divers aspersions are cast upon men of this rank. They think that many take arms, *non ut serviant, sed ut sæviant*,—not to serve for their country, but to rage and forage; making their coat-armour a defence for drinking, whoring, swearing, dicing, and such disorders. As if it were impossible that a tender conscience should dwell in one bosom with a valiant heart. *Olim castra quasi casta dicebantur; quia castratur in iis libido*,—The camp seemed to take the denomination, saith he, from chastity; because in the wars lust was beaten down. But now Venus is gotten into the arms of Mars.

'*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido*,'—

Cupid hath displayed his colours, and pitched his tent in the midst of the army; as if it were the only bravery of a soldier to drink valiant healths to his mistress. One writes of the Turks, that though they are

the most monstrous beasts at home in peace, and sin even against nature, yet in wars *cautè et castè vivunt*,—they live charily and chastely. Not as the friars say, *cautè si non castè*. The Turks are better than the friars in this. *Vitia sua domi deponunt*, saith he,—they leave all their naughtiness behind them at home. But he adds withal, to our reproach, *Christianus assumit*,—the Christians there take up those vices, as if they found them sown in a pitched field. That there is often, saith he, *gravior turba meretricum, quam militum*,—it is hard to judge whether the number of soldiers or of harlots be greater. Hence it is said that

'*Rara fides pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur*,'—

There is so little fidelity and pity in men that follow the wars. These be the common invectives against soldiers.

But now do not many tax them, that are worse themselves? Who can endure to hear a usurer tax a pillager? an epicure find fault with a drinker? a man-eating oppressor with a gaming soldier?

'*Quis tulerit Gracchum de seditione loquentem*?'—

Who can abide to hear Gracchus declaim against sedition? or the fox preach innocency to the geese? Say that some are faulty, must therefore the whole profession be scandalised? Will you despise the word of God because some that preach it are wicked men? No—

'*Dent ocium omnes*,

Quas meruere pati, sic stet sententia, pœnas,'—

Lay the fault where it should lie; be they only blamed that deserve it. Some persons may be reproveable, but the profession is honourable.

The martialist may be a good Christian; in all likelihood should be the best Christian. *Mors semper in oculo*, therefore should be *semper in animo*. How should death be out of that man's mind that hath it

always in his eye? His very calling teacheth him to expound St Paul, who calls the Christian's life a warfare. His continual dangers, to the good soldier, are as it were so many meditations of death. If he die in peace, he falls breast to breast with virtue. If in war, yet he dies more calmly than many a usurer doth in his chamber. Though he be conquered, yet he is a conqueror; he may lose the day in an earthly field, but he wins the day against sin, Satan, and hell; and sings with Paul, like a dying swan, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; now there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' 2 Tim. 4:7.

2. The other inference that may hence be deduced is this, that munition and arms should at all times be in readiness. How grievous was it, when Jabin had such a host, and not a 'shield or spear among forty thousand in Israel!' For ourselves, we have not our peace by patent, we know not how long it will continue; let us provide for war, in training some up to military practices. If war do come, it is a labour well spent; if war do not come, it is a labour very well lost. Wise men in fair weather repair their houses against winter storms; the ant labours in harvest that she may feast at Christmas. *Diu apparandum est bellum, ut vincas celerius,**—Be long in preparing for war, that thou mayest overcome with more speed. *Longa belli præparatio celerem facit victoriam,*—A long preparation makes a short and quick victory.

Tut, we say, if that day comes, we shall have soldiers enough; we will all fight. *O dulce bellum inexpertis,*—They that never tried it, think it a pleasure to fight. We shall fight strangely if we have no weapons, and use our weapons more strangely if we have no skill. *Non de pugna, sed de fuga cogitant, qui nudi in acie exponuntur ad vulnera,*—Their minds are not so much on fighting as on flying, that are exposed to the fury of war without weapons; neither will all be soldiers that dare talk of war. *Non dat tot pugna socios, quot dat mensa convivas,*—All that are your fellow-guests at the table will not be your fellow-soldiers in the field.

Could any tongue forbear to tax the rich men of this honourable city, if their houses be altogether furnished with plate, hangings, and carpets, and not at all with weapons and armour to defend the commonwealth? How fondly do they love their riches that will not lay out a little to secure the rest! When the Turk invaded the Greek empire, before the siege was laid to Constantinople, the metropolitan city, the emperor solicits the subjects to contribute somewhat to the repair of the walls, and such military provision and prevention; but the subjects drew back and pleaded want. Hereupon the Turk enters and conquers: and in ransacking the city, when he found such abundance of wealth in private houses, he lift up his hands to heaven, and blessed himself that they had so much riches, and would suffer themselves to be taken for not using them.

So if ever London should be suprised by her enemies,—which the wonted mercies of our God defend for ever!—would they not wonder to find such infinite treasures in your private houses, when yet you spent none of them to provide shield or spear, munition to defend yourselves? What scope can you imagine, or propound to your own hearts, wherein your riches may do you service? You can tell me; nay, I can tell you. You reserve one bag for pride, another for belly-cheer, another for lust, yet another for contention and suits in law. Oh the madness of us Englishmen! We care not what we spend in civil jars, that yet will spend nothing to avoid foreign wars. They say the Jew will spend all on his paschs, the barbarian on his nuptials, and the Christian on his quarrels or lawsuits. We need not make ourselves enemies by our riches, we have enough made to our hands. Christ says, 'Make you friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,'—make to yourselves friends by your charity, not adversaries by your litigation. 'Seek peace,' saith the prophet, 'and pursue it,'—seek peace, war will come fast enough. And if it do come, it will hardly be made welcome. The Spaniards have often threatened, often assaulted, ever been prevented, ever infatuated. Take we heed, if they do prevail, they will be revenged once for all. God grant we never try their mercy. Whether they come like lions rampant, or like foxes

passant, or like dogs couchant, they intend nothing but our ruin and desolation.

O Lord, if we must fall by reason of our monstrous sins, let thine own hand cast us down, not theirs; for there is mercy in thy blows. When that woful offer was made to David of three things, 'Choose thee one of them, that I may do it unto thee,'—either seven years' famine, or three months' persecution, or three days' plague,—he answered unto Gad, and by him unto God, 'I am in a wonderful strait;' but suddenly resolves, 'Let us now fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hands of man,' 2 Sam. 24:14. If it be thy will, O Lord, to plague us, take the rod into thine own hands; do thou strike us.

'Liceat perituro viribus ignis,

igne perire tuo; clademque authore levare.'

Why shouldst thou sell us into the hands of those idolatrous Romists, that will give thine honour to stocks and stones, bless this or that saint, and not be thankful to thy majesty, that gives them the victory. For thine own sake, be merciful to us; yea, thou hast been merciful, therefore we praise thee, and sing with thy apostle, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord,' 1 Cor. 15:57.

I have held you long in the battle; it is now high time to sound a retreat. But as I have spoken much of Israel's affliction, so give me leave to speak one word of the prophetess's affection, and of this only by way of exhortation: 'My heart is set on the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.' Here is considerable both the subjectum in quo and the objectum in quod,—the subject in which this affection resides, and the object on which this affection reflects.

The subject wherein it abides is cor, the heart,—a great zeal of love. Not only affectio cordis, but cor affectionis; not only the affection of

the heart, but the heart of affection: 'My heart is set.'

The object on which it reflects is double, man and God; the excellent creature, and the most excellent Creator; the men of God, and the God of men. Upon men: 'My heart is towards the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people.' Upon God: 'Bless ye the Lord.'

Among men two sorts are objected to this love: superiors in the first place, inferiors in the latter. To the commanders primarily, but not only; for if they offered themselves willingly among the people, as we read it, then certainly the people also willingly offered themselves, as the other translations read it, 'Those that were willing amongst the people.' You see here is a foundation laid for a great and ample building of discourse; but I know you look to the glass, therefore promise nothing but application. And that—

1. To the governors of our Israel; that they offer for themselves willingly to these military designs, not on compulsion. *Quoniam probitate coacta, gloria nulla venit,*—His brows deserve no wreathed coronet that is enforced. Come with a willing mind. In every good work there must be *sollicitudo in effectu*, and *fervor in affectu*,—cheerfulness in the affection, and carefulness in the action. God loves a cheerful giver; so thou gainest no small thing by it, but even the love of God. Whatsoever good thing thou doest, saith Augustine, do it cheerfully and willingly, and thou doest it well. *Si autem cum tristitia facis, de te fit, non tu facis,*—If thou doest it heavily and grudgingly, it is wrought upon thee, not by thee: thou art rather the patient than the agent in it. God could never endure a lukewarm affection, Rev. 3:16. No man was admitted to offer to the building of the tabernacle that did it grudgingly: 'Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering,' Exod. 25:2. In all thy gifts shew a cheerful countenance, saith the wise man; in all, whether to God or man. St Chrysostom gives the reason: *Cum tali vultu respicit Deus, cum quali tu facis,*—God respects it with such a countenance as thou performest it. God's service is *libera servitus*, where not necessity but

charity serves. *Non complacet Deo famulatus coactus*,—God could never endure forced service. Do all then with willingness of heart.

Think with a reverend courage of your noble ancestors; how their prowess renowned themselves and this whole nation. Shew yourselves the legitimate and true-born children of such fathers. The fame of Alexander gave heart to Julius Cæsar to be the more noble a warrior. Let the consideration of their valour teach you to shake off cowardice. They fought the battles that you might enjoy the peace. You hold it an honour to bear arms in your scutcheons; and is it a dishonour to bear arms in the field? The time hath been when all honour in England came a *Marte* or *Mercurio*; from learning or chivalry, from the pen or the pike, from priesthood or knighthood.

It would be an unknown encouragement to goodness if honour still might not be dealt but upon those terms. Then should many worthy spirits get up the highgate of preferment; and idle drones should not come nearer than the Dunstable highway of obscurity. It was a monstrous story that *Nicippus's* sheep did bring forth a lion; but it is too true that many of our English lions have brought forth sheep. Among birds you shall never see a pigeon hatched in an eagle's nest: among men you shall often see noble progenitors bring forth ignoble cowards.

But let virtue be renowned, rewarded, wheresoever she dwells. Though *Bion* was the son of a courtesan, I hope no man will censure him with *partus sequitur ventrem*. *Non genus sed genius; non gens sed mens*. Never speak of thy blood, but of thy good; not of thy nobility, thou art beholden to thy friends for it, but of thy virtue. Even the duke fetcheth the honour of his name from the wars, and is but *dux*, a captain. And it seems the difference was so small between a knight and a common soldier among the Romans that they had but one word, *miles*, to express both their names.

You that have the places of government in this honourable city, offer willingly your hands, your purses, yourselves, to this noble exercise.

Your good example shall hearten others. Be not ashamed to be seen among the people: upon such did Deborah set her heart. Alexander would usually call his meanest soldiers, friends and companions. Tully writes of Cæsar, that he was never heard speaking to his soldiers, *Itē illuc*, Go thither; but *Venite huc*, Come hither: I will go with you. The inferior thinks that labour much easier which he sees his captain take before him. *Malus miles qui imperatorem gemens sequitur*,—He is an ill soldier that follows a good leader with a dull pace. So Gideon to his soldiers, Judges 7:17, 'Look on me, and do likewise: when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be that as I do, so shall ye do.' So Abimelech to his men of arms, Judges 9:48, 'What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done.' The good captain is first in giving the charge, and last in retiring his foot. He endures equal toil with the common soldiers: from his example they all take fire, as one torch lighteth many.—And so much for the governors.

2. Now for you that are the materials of all this, let me say to you without flattery, Go forth with courage in the fear of God, and the Lord be with you. Preserve unity among yourselves, lest as in a town on fire, whilst all good hands are helping to quench it, thieves are most busy to steal booties; so whilst you contend, murmur, or repine one at the honour of another, that subtle thief Satan, through the crack of your divisions, step in, and steal away your peace.

Offer yourselves willingly; and being offered, step not back. Remember that *turpe est militem fugere*,—it is base for a soldier to fly. When Bias was environed with his enemies, and his soldiers asked him, What shall we do? he replied, Go ye and tell the living that I die fighting, and I will tell the dead that you did scape flying. Our chronicles report, that when William the Conqueror landed at Pemsey, near to Hastings in Sussex, he commanded all his ships to be sunk, that all hope of returning back might be frustrate. You have begun well; go on, be perfect, be blessed.

And remember always the burden of this song, which everything that hath breath must sing, 'Bless ye the Lord.' Those heavenly soldiers that waited on the nativity of Jesus Christ sung this song: 'Glory be to God on high,' Luke 2:14. Upon this Lord the heart of Deborah, of Israel, of us all, should be set. It is he that teacheth us to fight, and fighteth for us.

To conclude with an observation of a reverend divine: England was said to have a warlike saint, George; but Bellarmine snibs Jacobus de Voragine for his leaden legend of our English George. And others have inveighed against the authentic truth of that story. Sure it is their malice that have robbed England of her saint. St James is for Spain, St Denis for France, St Patrick for Ireland; other saints are allotted and allowed for other countries; only poor England is bereaved of her George: they leave none but God to revenge our quarrels. I think it is a favour and an honour, and we are bound to thank them for it. Let them take their saints, give us the Lord! 'Bless ye the Lord.' So let us pray with our church, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord; for there is none that fighteth for us but thou, O God.' To this merciful God be all glory, obedience, and thanksgiving, now and for ever! Amen.

THE SINNER'S MOURNING-HABIT

Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.—JOB
42:6.

THIS is in many dear regards a mourning and penitential season,* therefore I thought best to accommodate it with a penitential sermon: 'I abhor myself,' &c.

Affliction is a winged chariot, that mounts up the soul toward heaven; nor do we ever so rightly understand God's majesty as when we are not able to stand under our own misery. It was Naaman's leprosy that brought him to the knowledge of the prophet, and the prophet brought him to the saving knowledge of the true God. Had he not been a leper, he had still been a sinner. Schola crucis, schola lucis,—there is no such school instructing as the cross afflicting. If Paul had not been buffeted by Satan, he might have gone nigh to buffet God, through danger of being puffed up with his revelations.

The Lord hath many messengers by whom he solicits man. He sends one health, to make him a strong man; another wealth, to make him a rich man; another sickness, to make him a weak man; another losses, to make him a poor man; another age, to make him an old man; another death, to make him no man. But among them all, none despatcheth the business surer or sooner than affliction; if that fail of bringing a man home, nothing can do it. He is still importunate for an answer; yea, he speaks, and strikes. Do we complain of his incessant blows? Alas! he doth but his office, he waits for our repentance; let us give the messenger his errand, and he will begone. Let him take the proud man in hand, he will humble him: he can make the drunkard sober, the lascivious chaste, the angry patient, the covetous charitable; fetch the unthrift son back again to his father, whom a full purse had put into an itch of travelling, Luke 15:17. The only breaker of those wild colts, Jer. 5; the waters of that deluge, which (though they put men in fear of their lives) bear them up in the ark of repentance higher toward heaven. It brought the brethren to the acquaintance of Joseph, and makes many a poor sinner familiar with the Lord Jesus.

Job was not ignorant of God before, while he sat in the sunshine of peace, but resting his head on the bosom of plenty, he could lie at his ease and contemplate the goodness of his Maker. But as when the sun shines forth in his most glorious brightness, we are then least able to look upon him,—we may solace ourselves in his diffused rays and comfortable light, but we cannot fix our eyes upon that burning

carbuncle,—these outward things do so engross us, take up our consideration, and drown our contemplative faculty in our sense, that so long we only observe the effects of God's goodness, rather than the goodness of God itself. Necessity teacheth us the worth of a friend; as absynthium (wormwood) rubbed upon the eyes makes them smart a little, but they see the clearer. Therefore Job confessed that in his prosperity he had only, as it were, heard of God; but now in his trial he had seen him. Ver. 5, 'I heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee'—that is, he had obtained a more clear and perspicuous vision of him; the eye being more apprehensive of the object than the ear: *segnius irritant animos demissa per aures*. When we hear a man described, our imagination conceives an idea or form of him but darkly; if we see him, and intently look upon him, there is an impression of him in our minds: we know his stature, his gesture, his complexion, his proportion: *sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat*. Such a more full and perfect apprehension of God did calamity work in this holy man; and from that speculation proceeds this humiliation, 'Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'

Where we may consider three degrees of mortification: the sickness, the death, and the burial of sin. 'I abhor myself,' there sin is sick and wounded; 'I repent,' there it is wounded and dead; 'in dust and ashes,' there it is dead and buried. To deny one's-self maims concupiscence, that it cannot thrive; to repent kills it, that it cannot live; in dust and ashes, buries it, that it cannot rise up again. I throw it into the grave, I cover it with mould, I rake it up in dust and ashes.

But I will not pull the text in pieces; only I follow the manuduction of the words: for there is not a superfluous word in the verse, as the Psalmist said of the army of Israel, 'There was not one feeble person among them.' It begins as high as the glory of heaven, and ends as low as the basest of earth. The first word, 'therefore,' respects an infinite God: the last words, 'dust and ashes,' declare a humbled man. The meditation of the former is the cause of the latter, and the condition of the latter is the way to the former. To study God, is the

way to make a humble man; and a humble man is in the way to come unto God. Such a consideration will cast us down to dust and ashes: such a prostration will lift us up to glory and blessedness. Here, then, is a Jacob's ladder, but of four rounds: divinity is the highest, 'I have seen thee; therefore;' mortality is the lowest, 'dust and ashes;' between both these sit two others, 'shame' and 'sorrow;' no man can abhor himself without shame, nor repent without sorrow. Let your honourable patience admit Job descending these four stairs, even so low as he went; and may all your souls rise as he is!

Wherefore.—This refers us to the motive that humbled him; and that appears by the context to be a double meditation,—one of God's majesty, another of his mercy.

1. Of his majesty, which being so infinite, and beyond the comprehension of man, he considered by way of comparison, or relation to the creatures; the great behemoth of the land, the greater leviathan of the sea, upon which he hath spent the precedent chapters. Mathematicians wonder at the sun, that, being so much bigger than the earth, it doth not set it on fire and burn it to ashes: but here is the wonder, that God being so infinitely great, and we so infinitely evil, we are not consumed. 'Whatsoever the Lord would do, that did he in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and in all deep places,' Ps. 135:6. If man's power could do according to his will, or God's will would do according to his power, who could stand? 'I will destroy man from the face of the earth,' saith the Lord, Gen. 6:7. The original word is, 'I will steep him,' as a man steeps a piece of earth in water, till it turn to dirt; for man is but clay, and forgets his Maker and his matter. None but God can reduce man to his first principles, and the original grains whereof he was made; and there is no dust so high, but this great God is able to give him a steeping.

2. Or this was a meditation of his mercy, than which nothing more humbles a heart of flesh. 'With thee, O Lord, is forgiveness, that thou mightest be feared,' Ps. 130:4. One would think that punishment should procure fear, and forgiveness love; but *nemo magis diligit,*

quam qui maxime veretur offendere,—no man more truly loves God than he that is most fearful to offend him. 'Thy mercy reacheth to the heavens, and thy faithfulness to the clouds,'—that is, above all sublimities. God is glorious in all his works, but most glorious in his works of mercy; and this may be one reason why St Paul calls the gospel of Christ a 'glorious gospel,' 1 Tim. 1:11. Solomon tells us, 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.' Herein is God most glorious, in that he passeth by all the offences of his children. Lord, who can know thee and not love thee, know thee and not fear thee; fear thee for thy justice and love thee for thy mercy; yea, fear thee for thy mercy and love thee for thy justice, for thou art infinitely good in both!

Put both these together, and here is matter of humiliation, even to 'dust and ashes.' So Abraham interceding for Sodom, 'Behold, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes,' Gen. 18:17. Quanto magis sancti Divinitatis interna conspiciunt, tanto magis se nihil esse cognoscunt. It is a certain conclusion, no proud man knows God. Non sum dignus, I am not worthy, is the voice of the saints: they know God, and God knows them. Moses was the meekest man upon earth, and therefore God is said to know him by name, Exod. 33:17. 'I am less than the least of thy mercies,' saith Jacob, Gen. 32:10; lo, he was honoured to be father of the twelve tribes, and heir of the blessing. Quis ego sum, Domine, says David, —'Who am I, O Lord?' He was advanced from that lowly conceit to be king of Israel. 'I am not worthy to loose the latchet of Christ's shoe,' saith John Baptist, Matt. 3:11; lo, he was esteemed worthy to lay his hand on Christ's head. 'I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof,' says the centurion; therefore Christ commended him, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,' Matt. 8:8. 'I am the least of the apostles,' saith Paul, 'not worthy to be called an apostle,' 1 Cor. 15:9; therefore he is honoured with the title of the Apostle. 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord,' saith the holy virgin; therefore she was honoured to be the mother of the Lord, and to have all generations call her blessed. This non sum dignus, the humble annihilation of themselves, hath gotten them the honour of saints. In

spiritual graces let us study to be great, and not to know it, as the fixed stars are every one bigger than the earth, yet appear to us less than torches. In alto non altum sapere, not to be high-minded in high deserts, is the way to blessed preferment. Humility is not only a virtue itself, but a vessel to contain other virtues: like embers, which keep the fire alive that is hidden under it. It emptieth itself by a modest estimation of its own worth, that Christ may fill it. It wrestleth with God, like Jacob, and wins by yielding; and the lower it stoops to the ground, the more advantage it gets to obtain the blessing. All our pride, O Lord, is from the want of knowing thee. O thou infinite Maker, reveal thyself yet more unto us; so shall we 'abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.'

I abhor myself.—It is a deep degree of mortification for a man to abhor himself. To abhor others is easy, to deny others more easy, to despise others most easy. But it is hard to despise a man's self, to deny himself harder, hardest of all to abhor himself. Every one is apt to think well, speak well, do well to himself. Not only charity, a spiritual virtue, but also lust, a carnal vice, begins at home. There is no direct commandment in the Bible for a man to love himself, because we are all so naturally prone to it. Indeed, we are bound to love ourselves: so much is implied in the precept, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself;' therefore love thyself, but *modus præcipiendus, ut tibi prosis,** so love thyself, as to do thyself good. But for a man, upon good terms, to abhor himself, this is the wonder. He is more than a mere son of Eve that does not overvalue himself. *Qui se non admiratur, mirabilis est,*—He that doth not admire himself, is a man to be admired.

Nor is this disease of proud flesh peculiar only to those persons whose imperious commands, surly salutations, insolent controlments, witness to the world how little they abhor themselves; but it haunts even the baser condition, and foams out at the common jaws. A proud beggar was the wise man's monster; but pride is the daughter of riches. It is against reason, indeed, that metals should make difference of men; against religion that it should make such a

difference of Christian men. Yet commonly reputation is measured by the acre, and the altitude of countenance is taken by the pole of advancement. And as the servant values himself higher or lower according as his master is, so the master esteems himself greater or less according as his master is,—that is, as his money or estate is. His heart is proportionably enlarged with his house: his good and his blood riseth together. 'Is not this the great Babylon, which I have built for the honour of my majesty?' Dan. 4:30. But, you know, he was turned into a beast that said so. Gold and silver are heavy metals, and sink down in the balance; yet, by a preposterous inversion, they lift the heart of man upwards, as the plummet of a clock, which, while itself poiseth downwards, lifts up the striking hammer. As Saul upon his anointing, so many a one upon his advancing, is turned quite into another man. 'God, I thank thee,' says the Pharisee, 'that I am not as other men are, nor as this publican,' Luke 18:11. 'Not as other men,' and for this he thanks God: as if because he thought better of himself, God must needs think better of him too. Now he must no more take it as he hath done; a new port for a new report. He abhors all men, but admires himself Yet after these blustering insolences and windy ostentations, all this thing is but a man, and that, God knows, a very foolish one.

But the children of grace have learned another lesson,—to think well of other men, and to abhor themselves. And indeed, if we consider what master we have served, and what wages deserved, we have just cause to abhor ourselves. What part of us hath not sinned, that it should not merit to be despised? Run all over this little Isle of Man, and find me one member of the body, or faculty of the soul, that can say with Job's messenger, chap. 1:15, *Ego solus aufugi*,—'I alone have escaped.' What one action can we justify? Produce *ex tot millibus, unum*. Where is that innocency which desires not to stand only in the sight of mercy? There is in our worst works wickedness, in our best weakness, error in all. What time, what place, are not witnesses against us? The very Sabbath, the day of rest, hath not rested from our evils. The very temple, that holy place, hath been defiled with our obliquities. Our chambers, our beds, our boards, the ground we

tread, the air we breathe, can tell our follies. There is no occasion which, if it do not testify what evil we have done, yet can say what good we should and have not done.

If all this do not humble us, look we up, with Job here, to the majesty which we have offended. To spoil the arms of a common subject, or to counterfeit his seal, is no such heinous or capital crime; but to deface the arms of the king, to counterfeit his broad seal or privy signet, is no less than treason, because the disgrace redounds upon the person of the king. Every sin dishonours God, and offers to stick ignominy upon that infinite majesty; therefore deserves an infinite penalty. 'Against thee, O Lord, against thee have I sinned,' Ps. 51:4. I, thy creature, against thee, my Maker: here is a transcendency, which when a man considers, he is worthy to be abhorred of all men that does not abhor himself.

Yet when God and our own selves stand in competition, which do we most respect? Temptation is on our left hand, in a beautiful resemblance, to seduce us; the will, the glory, the judgment of God is on our right hand to direct us: do we now abhor ourselves? Commodity sets off iniquity, and woos us to be rich, though sinners; Christ bids us first seek the kingdom of heaven, and tells us that other things shall come without seeking, they shall be added unto us: do we now abhor ourselves? Such a sin is pleasing to my lust and concupiscence, but it is displeasing to God and my conscience: do I now abhor myself? That we love God far better than ourselves, is soon said; but to prove it is not so easily done. He must deny himself that will be Christ's servant, Mark 8:34. Many have denied their friends, many have denied their kindred, not a few have denied their brothers, some have denied their own parents; but to deny themselves, *durus hic sermo*, this is a hard task. *Negare suos, sua, se;* to deny their profits, to deny their lusts, to deny their reasons, to deny themselves? No, to do all this they utterly deny.

Yet he that repents truly abhors himself. *Non se ut conditum, sed se ut perditum,*—Not the creature that God made, but the creature that

himself made. Repentance loves animam, non malitiam; carnem, non carnalitatem,—the soul, not the venom of the soul; the flesh, not the fleshliness of it. So far as he hath corrupted himself, so far he abhors himself; and could rather wish non esse, not to be at all, than malum esse, to be displeasing to his Maker.

Thus, if we despise ourselves, God will honour us; if we abhor ourselves, God will accept us; if we deny ourselves, God will acknowledge us; if we hate ourselves, God will love us; if we condemn ourselves, God will acquit us; if we punish ourselves, God will spare us; yea, thus if we seem lost to ourselves, we shall be found in the day of Jesus Christ.

I repent.—Repentance hath much acquaintance in the world, and few friends; it is better known than practised, and yet not more known than trusted. My scope now shall not be the definition of it, but a persuasion to it. It is every man's medicine, a universal antidote, that makes many a Mithridates venture on poison. They make bold to sin, as if they were sure to repent. But the medicine was made for the wound, not the wound for the medicine. We have read, if not seen, the battle betwixt those two venomous creatures, the toad and the spider, where the greater being overmatched by the poison of the less, hath recourse to a certain herb, some think the plantain, with which she expels the infection, and renews the fight; but at last, the herb being wasted, the toad bursts and dies. We suck in sin, the poison of that old serpent, and presume to drive it out again with repentance; but how if this herb of grace be not found in our gardens? As Trajan was marching forth with his army, a poor woman solicited him to do her justice upon the murderers of her only son. 'I will do thee justice, woman,' says the emperor, 'when I return.' The woman presently replied, 'But what if my lord never return?' How far soever we have run out, we hope to make all reckonings even when repentance comes; but what if repentance never comes?

It is not many years, more incitations, and abundance of means, that can work it; but repentance is the fair gift of God. One would think it

a short lesson, yet Israel was forty years a-learning it; and they no sooner got it but presently forgot it. Rev. 16:11, we read of men plagued with heat, and pains, and sores, yet they repented not. Judas could have a broken neck, not a broken heart. There is no such inducement to sin as the presumption of ready repentance, as if God had no special riches of his own, but every sinner might command them at his pleasure. The king hath earth of his own, he lets his subjects walk upon it; he hath a sea, lets them sail on it; his land yields fruit, lets them eat it; his fountains water, lets them drink it. But the moneys in his exchequer, the garments in his wardrobe, the jewels in his jewel-house, none may meddle with but they to whom he disposeth them. God's common blessings are not denied; his sun shines, his rain falls, Matt. 5:45, on the righteous and unrighteous. But the treasures of heaven, the robes of glory, the jewels of grace and repentance, these he keeps in his own hands, and gives not where he may, but where he will. Man's heart is like a door with a spring-lock; pull the door after you, it locks of itself, but you cannot open it again without a key. Man's heart doth naturally lock out grace; none but he that 'hath the key of the house of David,' Rev. 3:7, can open the door and put it in. God hath made a promise to repentance, not of repentance; we may trust to that promise, but there is no trusting to ourselves. Nature flatters itself with that singular instance of mercy, one malefactor on the cross repenting at his last hour. But such hath been Satan's policy, to draw evil out of good, that the calling and saving of that one soul hath been the occasion of the loss of many thousands.

Wheresoever repentance is, she doth not deliberate, tarries not to ask questions and examine circumstances, but bestirs her joints, calls her wits and senses together; summons her tongue to praying, her feet to walking, her hands to working, her eyes to weeping, her heart to groaning. There is no need to bid her go, for she runs; she runs to the word for direction, to her own heart for remorse and compunction, to God for grace and pardon; and wheresoever she findeth Christ, she layeth faster hold on him than the Shunammite did on the feet of Elisha, 2 Kings 4:30: 'As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will

not let thee go;' no Gehazi can beat her off. She resolves that her knees shall grow to the pavement, till mercy hath answered her from heaven. As if she had felt an earthquake in her soul, not unlike that jailor when he felt the foundations of his prison shaken, she 'calls for a light,' Acts 16:29, the gospel of truth, and springs in trembling; and the first voice of her lips is, 'O what shall I do to be saved?' She lows with mourning, like the kine that carried the ark, and never rests till she comes to Bethshemesh, the fields of mercy. The good star that guides her is the promise of God; this gives her light through all the dark clouds of her sorrow. Confidence is her life and soul; she draws no other breath than the persuasion of mercy, that the 'king of Israel is a merciful king,' 1 Kings 20:31. Faith is the heart-blood of repentance. The matter, composition, constitution, substance of it, is amendment of life; there be many counterfeits that walk in her habit, as King Ahab had his shadows, but that is her substance. Her countenance is spare and thin; she hath not eyes standing out with fatness. Her diet is abstinence; her garment and livery, sackcloth and ashes; the paper in her hand is a petition; her dialect is Miserere; and lest her own lusts should be baue within her, she sweats them out with confession and tears.

We know there is no other fortification against the judgments of God but repentance. His forces be invisible, invincible; not repelled with sword and target; neither portcullis nor fortress can keep them out; there is nothing in the world that can encounter them but repentance. They had long since laid our honour in the dust, rotted our carcasses in the pit, sunk our souls into hell, but for repentance. Which of those saints, that are now saved in heaven, have not sinned upon earth? What could save them but repentance? Their infirmities are recorded not only for the instruction of those that stand, but also for the consolation of them that are fallen. Instruunt patriarchæ, non solum docentes, sed et errantes,—They do not only teach us by their doctrines, but even by their very errors. Noah was overcome with a little wine, that escaped drowning with the world in that deluge of water. Lot was scorched with the flame of unnatural lust, that escaped burning in the fire of Sodom. Samson, the strongest,

Solomon, the wisest, fell by a woman. One balm recovered them all, blessed repentance. Let our souls, from these premises, and upon the assurance of God's promises, conclude, that if we repent, our sins are not greater, God's mercies cannot be less. Thus was Nineveh overthrown, that she might not be overthrown. *Quæ peccatis periit, fletibus stetit.* Every man must either be a Ninevite or a Sodomite; a Ninevite sorrowing for sin, or a Sodomite suffering for sin. *Doleat peccata reus, ut deleat peccata Deus.* If we grieve, God will forgive.

Nor yet must we think with this one short word, 'I repent,' to answer for the multitude of our offences; as if we, that had sinned in parcels, should be forgiven in gross. It were a rare favour, if we paying but one particular of a whole book of debts, should be granted a general acquittance for them all. No, let us reckon up our sins to God in confession, that our hearts may find a plenary absolution. Nor is it enough to recount them, but we must recant them. Do we think, because we do not remember them, that God hath forgotten them? Are not debts of many years' standing to be called for? Man's justice doth not forbear old offenders; no tract of time can eat out the characters of blood. 'Thou writest bitter things against me, when thou makest me to possess the sins of my youth,' Job 13:26. 'These things hast thou done,' saith God, 'and I held my peace: therefore thou thoughtest me altogether such a one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes,' Ps. 50:21. Therefore let us number all the sins we can, and then God will forgive us all the sins we have.

If we could truly weigh our iniquities, we must needs find a necessity either of repenting or of perishing. Shall we make God to frown upon us in heaven, arm all his creatures against us on earth? shall we force his curses upon us and ours; take his rod, and teach it to scourge us with all temporal plagues; and not repent? Shall we wound our own consciences with sins, that they may wound us with eternal torments; make a hell in our bosoms here, and open the gates of that lower hell to devour us hereafter; and not repent? Do we by sin give Satan a right in us, a power over us, an advantage against us; and not

labour to cross his mischiefs by repentance? Do we cast brimstone into that infernal fire, as if it could not be hot enough, or we should fail of tortures except we make ourselves our own tormentors; and not rather seek to quench those flames with our penitent tears?

If we could see the farewell of sin, we would abhor it, and ourselves for it. Could David have conceived the grief of his broken bones beforehand, he had escaped those aspersions of lust and blood. Had Achan foreseen the stones about his ears, before he filched those accursed things, he would never have fingered them. But it may be said of us, as it was of our first parents, when they had once sinned and fallen: *Tunc aperti sunt oculi eorum*,—'Then their eyes were opened,' Gen. 3:7; then, not before. In this place comes in repentance, as a rectifier of disorders, a recaller of aberrations, a repairer of all decays and breaches. So it pleaseth God's mercy that the daughter should be the death of the mother. *Peccatum tristitiam peperit, tristitia peccatum conteret*,—Sin bred sorrow, sorrow shall kill sin; as the oil of scorpions healeth the sting of scorpions.

If I should give you the picture of repentance, I would tell you that she is a virgin fair and lovely; and those tears, which seem to do violence to her beauty, rather indeed grace it. Her breast is sore with the strokes of her own penitent hands, which are always either in Moses's posture in the mount, lift up towards heaven, or the publican's in the temple, smiting her bosom. Her knees are hardened with constant praying; her voice is hoarse with calling to heaven; and when she cannot speak, she delivers her mind in groans. There is not a tear falls from her, but an angel holds a bottle to catch it. She thinks every man's sins less than her own, every man's good deeds more. Her compunctions are unspeakable, known only to God and herself. She could wish, not only men, but even beasts, and trees, and stones, to mourn with her. She thinks no sun should shine, because she takes no pleasure in it; that the lilies should be clothed in black, because she is so apparelled. Mercy comes down like a glorious cherub, and lights on her bosom, with this message from God, 'I have heard thy prayers, and seen thy tears;' so with a handkerchief of

comfort dries her cheeks, and tells her that she is accepted in Jesus Christ.

In dust and ashes.—I have but one stair more, down from both text and pulpit; and it is a very low one—'dust and ashes.'

An adorned body is not the vehicle of a humbled soul. Job, before his affliction, was not poor. Doubtless he had his wardrobe, his change and choice of garments. Yet now, how doth his humbled soul contemn them, as if he threw away his vesture, saying, I have worn thee for pomp, given countenance to a silken case; I quite mistook thy nature; get thee from me, I am weary of thy service; thou hast made me honourable with men, thou canst get me no estimation before the Lord. Repentance gives a farewell not only to wanted delights, but even to natural refreshings. Job lies not on a bed of roses and violets, as did the Sybarites; nor on a couch beautified with the tapestry of Egypt; but on a bed of ashes. Sackcloth is his apparel; dust and ashes the lace and embroidery of it. Thus Nineveh's king, upon that fearful sentence, 'rose from his throne, laid his robe from him, covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes,' Jonah 3:6. Oh, what an alteration can repentance make! From a king of the earth to a worm of the earth; from a footcloth to sackcloth; from a throne to a dunghill; from sitting in state to lying in ashes! Whom all the reverence of the world attended on, to whom the head was uncovered, the knee bowed, the body prostrated; who had as many salutations as the firmament stars,—God save the king!—he throws away crown, sceptre, majesty, and all, and sits in ashes. How many doth the golden cup of honour make drunk, and drive from all sense of mortality! Riches and heart's ease are such usual intoxications to the souls of men, that it is rare to find any of them so low as dust and ashes.

Dust, as the remembrance of his original; ashes, as the representation of his end. Dust, that was the mother; ashes, that shall be the daughter of our bodies.

Dust, the matter of our substance, the house of our souls, the original grains whereof we were made, the top of all our kindred. The glory of the strongest man, the beauty of the fairest woman, all is but dust. Dust, the only compounder of differences, the absolver of all distinctions. Who can say which was the client, which the lawyer; which the borrower, which the lender; which the captive, which the conqueror, when they all lie together in blended dust?

Dust; not marble nor porphyry, gold nor precious stone, was the matter of our bodies, but earth, and the fractions of the earth, dust. Dust, the sport of the wind, the very slave of the besom. This is the pit from whence we are digged, and this is the pit to which we shall be resolved. 'Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return again,' Gen. 3:18. They that sit in the dust, and feel their own materials about them, may well renounce the ornaments of pride, the gulf of avarice, the foolish lusts of concupiscence. Let the covetous think, What do I scrape for? a little golden dust; the ambitious, What do I aspire for? a little honourable dust; the libidinous, What do I languish for? a little animated dust, blown away with the breath of God's displeasure.

Oh, how goodly this building of man appears when it is clothed with beauty and honour! A face full of majesty, the throne of comeliness, wherein the whiteness of the lily contends with the sanguine of the rose; an active hand, an erected countenance, an eye sparkling out lustre, a smooth complexion, arising from an excellent temperature and composition; whereas other creatures, by reason of their cold and gross humours, are grown over, beasts with hair, fowls with feathers, fishes with scales. Oh, what a workman was this, that could raise such a fabric out of the earth, and lay such orient colours upon dust! Yet all is but dust, walking, talking, breathing dust; all this beauty but the effect of a well-concocted food, and life itself but a walk from dust to dust. Yea, and this man, or that woman, is never so beautiful as when they sit weeping for their sins in the dust: as Mary Magdalene was then fairest when she kneeled in the dust, bathing the feet of Christ with her tears, and wiping them with her hairs; like

heaven, fair sight-ward to us that are without, but more fair to them that are within.

The dust is come of the same house that we are, and when she sees us proud and forgetful of ourselves, she thinks with herself, Why should not she that is descended as well as we bear up her plumes as high as ours? Therefore she so often borrows wings of the wind, to mount aloft into the air, and in the streets and highways dasheth herself into our eyes, as if she would say, Are you my kindred, and will not know me? Will you take no notice of your own mother? To tax the folly of our ambition, the dust in the street takes pleasure to be ambitious.

The Jews in their mourning used to rend their garments, as if they would be revenged on them for increasing their pride and keeping them from the sight of their nakedness. Then they put on sackcloth, and that sackcloth they sprinkled over with dust, and overstrawed with ashes, to put God in mind that if he should arm his displeasure against them, he should but contend with dust and ashes. And what glory could that be for him? 'Shall the dust praise thee, O God? or art thou glorified in the pit?' Ps. 30:9. Nay, rather, how often doth the Lord spare us, 'because he remembers we are but dust?' Ps. 103:14. To shew that they had lifted up themselves above their creation, and forgot of what they are made, now by repentance returning to their first image, in all prostrate humility they lie in the dust, confessing that the wind doth not more easily disperse the dust than the breath of God was able to bring them to nothing.

Thus dust is not only *materia nostra*, or *mater*, our mother, or matter whereof we are made, for our 'foundation is in the dust,' Job 4:19, but *patria nostra*, our country where we shall dwell. 'Awake, ye that dwell in the dust,' Isa. 26:19. We are no better than the dust we shake off from our feet, or brush off from our clothes. Oh, therefore, let us turn to God in dust, before he turn us into dust! Yea, St Augustine goes further, and says, that not only the bodies of all men, but even the souls of some men, are no better than dust. They are so set upon

earth and earthly things, that they are transformed into earth and dust, and so become the food of that old serpent, whose punishment was to eat the dust.

For ashes, they are the emblem or representation of greater misery. Dust only shews us that we have deserved the dissolution of our bodies. Ashes put us in mind that we have merited also the destruction of our souls. Ashes are the leavings of the fire, the offals of consumed substances. When God shall give up the largest buildings of nature to the rage of that element, it shall reduce them to a narrow room, the remnants shall be but ashes. This was all the monument of those famous cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, and the rest; heaps of ashes, 2 Pet. 2:6. *Ecce vix totam Hercules implevit urnam*, says the poet,—That great giant scarce makes a pitcher of ashes.

For this cause the ancients used to repent in ashes, remonstrating to themselves that they deserved burning in endless fire more than those ashes wherein they wallowed. Yea, if Abraham compared himself to dust and ashes, I may compare my soul to a spark hid in the ashes, which when sickness and death shall stir up, like fire she takes her flight upwards, and leaves the heavy fruitless ashes of my body behind her.

In both, we have a lesson of our own mortality. The finger of God hath written the epitaph of man, the condition of his body, like characters printed in the dust. Man's body, so well as the ice, expounds that riddle, that *gignit filia matrem*,—the daughter begets the mother. Dust begot a body, and a body begets dust. Our bodies were at first strong cities, but then we made them the forts of rebels; our offended liege sent his servant Death to arrest us of high treason. And though, for his mercies' sake in Christ, he pardoned our sins, yet he suffers us no more to have such strong houses, but lets us dwell in paper cottages, mud walls, mortal bodies. Methusalem lived nine hundred sixty-nine years, yet he was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of

Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of dust. Ask the woman that hath conceived a child in her womb, Will it be a son? Peradventure so. Will it be well-formed and featured? Peradventure so. Will it be wise? Peradventure so. Will it be rich? Peradventure so. Will it be long-lived? Peradventure so. Will it be mortal? Yes, this is without peradventure; it will die. Even a heathen, when he heard that his son was dead, could say without changing countenance, Scio me genuisse mortalem,—I know I begot a mortal man.

An old man is said to give Alexander a little jewel, and told him that it had this virtue, so long as he kept it bright, it would outvalue the most fine gold or precious stone in the world; but if it once took dust it would not be worth a feather. What meant the sage, but to give the monarch an emblem of his own body, which, being animated with a soul, commanded the world; but once fallen to dust, it would be worth nothing, 'for a living dog is better than a dead lion,' Eccles. 9:4.

I conclude; I call you not to casting dust on your heads or sitting in ashes, but to that sorrow and compunction of soul whereof the other was but an external symbol or testimony. Let us rend our hearts and spare our garments, humble our souls without afflicting our bodies, Isa. 58:5. It is not a corpse wrapped in dust and ashes, but a contrite heart, which the Lord will not despise, Ps. 51:17. Let us repent our sins and amend our lives; so God will pardon us by the merits, save us by the mercies, and crown us with the glories of Jesus Christ.

HEAVEN MADE SURE;

OR,

THE CERTAINTY OF SALVATION

Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.—PSALM 35:3.

THE words contain a petition for a benediction. The supplicant is a king, and his humble suit is to the King of kings: the king of Israel prays to the King of heaven and earth. He doth beg two things:—1. That God would save him; 2. That God would certify him of it. So that the text may be distributed accordingly, in salutem, et certitudinem,—into salvation, and the assurance of it.

The assurance lies first in the words, and shall have the first place in my discourse; wherein I conceive two things—the matter, and the manner. The matter is assurance; the manner, how assured: *Die animæ*, 'Say unto my soul.'

I. From the matter, or assurance, observe—

1. That salvation may be made sure to a man. David would never pray for that which could not be. Nor would St Peter charge us with a duty which stood not in possibility to be performed: 2 Pet. 1:10, 'Make your election sure.' And to stop the bawling throats of all cavilling adversaries, Paul directly proves it: 2 Cor. 13:5, 'Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?' We may then know that Christ is in us: if Christ be in us, we are in Christ; if we be in Christ, we cannot be condemned; for, Rom. 8:1, 'There is no damnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'

But I leave this point, that it may be sure, as granted; and come to ourselves, that we may make it sure. The Papists deny this, and teach the contrary, that salvation cannot be made sure: much good do it them, with their sorry and heartless doctrine! If they make that impossible to any which God hath made easy for many, 'into their secret let not my soul come, Gen. 49:6.

2. That the best saints have desired to make their salvation sure. David that knew it, yet entreats to know it more. Ps. 41:11, 'I know thou favourest me;' yet here still, *Dic animæ*, 'Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.' A man can never be too sure of his going to heaven. If

we purchase an inheritance on earth, we make it as sure, and our tenure as strong, as the brawn of the law, or the brains of the lawyers, can devise. We have conveyance, and bonds, and fines, no strength too much. And shall we not be more curious in the settling our eternal inheritance in heaven? Even the best certainty hath often, in this, thought itself weak. Here we find matter of consolation, of reprehension, of admonition: comfort to some, reproof to others, warning to all.

(1.) Of consolation. Even David desires better assurance to keep us from dejection, behold, they often think themselves weakest that are the strongest. *Sum peccatorum maximus, dicit apostolorum non minimus,*—He calls himself the 'chiefest of sinners,' 1 Tim. 1:15, that was not the least of saints. Indeed sometimes a dear saint may want feeling of the spirit of comfort. Grace comes into the soul as the morning sun into the world: there is first a dawning, then a mean light, and at last the sun in his excellent brightness. In a Christian life there is *professio, profectio, perfectio*. A profession of the name of Christ wrought in our conversion; not the husk of religion, but the sap: 'A pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned.' Next, there is a profection, or going forward in grace, 'working up our salvation in fear and trembling.' Last, a perfection or full assurance, that we are 'sealed up to the day of redemption.'

And yet after this full assurance there may be some fear: it is not the commendation of this certainty to be void of doubting. The wealthiest saints have suspected their poverty; and the richest in grace are yet 'poorest in spirit.' As it is seen in rich misers: they possess much, yet esteem it little in respect of what they desire; for *plenitudo opum non implet hiatus mentis,*—the fulness of riches cannot answer the insatiable affection. Whence it comes to pass that they have restless thoughts, and vexing cares for that they have not, not caring for that they have. So many good men, rich in the graces of God's Spirit, are so desirous of more, that they regard not what they enjoy, but what they desire: complaining often that they have no

grace, no love, no life. God doth sometimes, from the best men's eyes, hide that saving goodness that is in their hearts:—

[1.] To extend their desires, and sharpen their affection. By this means he puts a hunger into their hearts after righteousness; whereas a sensible fulness might take away their stomachs. Deferred comforts quicken the appetite.

[2.] To enlarge their joys, when they shall find again the consolation which they thought lost. *Desiderata diu dulcius veniunt*,—What we much wished before it came, we truly love when it is come. Our lady had lost our Lord, Luke ii., three days: who can express the joy of her soul when she found him! She rejoiced not only as a mother finding her son, but as a sinner finding her Saviour. *Jucunde obtinetur, quod diu detinetur*,—What was detained from us with grief, must needs be obtained of us with joy.

[3.] To try whether we will serve God gratis, and be constant in his obedience though we find no present recompense. Satan objects that against Job, *Pro nihilo?*—'Doth Job fear God for nought?' chap. 1:9. Thus are we put to the test whether our service proceed from some other oblique respect, or merely out of love to God, when nothing but smart is presented to our instant sense.

[4.] That our care may be the greater to keep this comfort when we have it. *Quod lugemus ademptum, vigilanter servamus adeptum*,—If we so sorrowfully lamented the loss, sure we will look well to the possession.

In all this, *Deus dona sua non negat, sed commendat*,—God intends not to deny us his comforts, but to instruct our hearts how to value them. *Cite data vilescunt*,—If we might have them for the first asking, their worth would fall to the opinion of cheapness and contempt. We shall have it, though we stay for it. And to comfort us, let us assuredly know that this mourning for God's absence is an evident demonstration of his presence.

(2.) Of reprehension to others, that say they are sure of the purchase before they ever gave earnest of the bargain. Presumption is to be avoided so well as despair. For as none more complain that they want this assurance than they that have it, so none more boast of it than they that have it not. The fond hypocrite takes his own presumption for this assurance: he lives after the flesh, yet brags of the Spirit. This false opinion ariseth partly from his own conceit, partly from Satan's deceit.

[1.] From his own conceit: he dreams of the Spirit, and takes it granted that it ever rests within him; but when his soul awakes, he finds there no such manner of guest: the Holy Spirit never lodged there. Prov. 30:12, 'There is a generation that is pure in their own eyes, yet are not washed from their filthiness.' These pure people so vaunt their assurance of salvation, that they will scarce change places in heaven with St Peter or St Paul, without boot. The infallible mark of distinction which the Apostle sets on the sons of God is this: they are 'led by the Spirit,' Rom. 8:14. Gal. 5:18, 'So many as are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God.' The Holy Ghost is their God and their guide; and this Spirit 'leads them into all truth,' John 16:13, and guides them 'into the land of righteousness,' Ps. 143:10. But these men will Spiritum ducere, lead the Spirit. They are not ductible; they will not be led by the Spirit into truth and peace, but they will lead the Spirit, as it were, overrule the Holy Ghost to patronise their humours. Let them be adulterers, usurers, bribe-corrupted, sacrilegious, &c., yet they are still men of the Spirit. But of what Spirit? Nescitis: we may say to them, as Christ to his two hot disciples, Luke 9:55, 'Ye know not of what spirit ye are.' It is enough, they think, to have oculos in cœlo, though they have manus in fundo, animos in profundo,—It is held sufficient to have eyes fixed on heaven, though covetous hands busy on earth, and crafty minds deep as hell. This over-venturous conceit that heaven is theirs, how base and debauched lives soever they live, is not assurance, but presumption.

[2.] This ariseth from Satan's deceit: who cries, like Korah, Num. 16:3, 'Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation is holy, every one of them.' You are holy enough, you are sure of heaven: what would you more? You may sit down and play: your work is done. Hereupon they sing peace and requiems to their souls, and begin to wrap up their affections in worldly joys. But *tranquillitas ista tempestas est*,—this calm is the most grievous storm. This is carnal security, not heavenly assurance. As the Jews went into captivity with *Templum Domini*—'The temple of the Lord,' &c.—in their lips; so many go to hell with the water of baptism on their faces, and the assurance of salvation in their mouths.

(3.) Of instruction, teaching us to keep the even way of comfort; eschewing both the rock of presumption on the right hand, and the gulf of desperation on the left. Let us neither be *tumidi* nor *timidi*, neither over-bold nor over-fainting, but endeavour by faith to assure ourselves of Jesus Christ, and by repentance to assure ourselves of faith, and by an amended life to assure ourselves of repentance. For they must here live to God's glory that would hereafter live in God's glory.

3. In the next place, observe the means how we may come by this assurance. This is discovered in the text: *Dic animæ*, 'Say unto my soul.' Who must speak? God. To whom must he speak? to the soul. So that in this assurance God and the soul must meet. This St Paul demonstrates, Rom. 8:16, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.' The word is *συμμαρτυρεῖν*, *contestari*, to bear witness together. Neither our spirit alone, nor God's Spirit alone, makes this certificate, but both concurring.

Not our spirit alone can give this assurance; for man's heart is always evil, often deceitful. At all times evil: Gen. 6:5, 'Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually.' At some times deceitful: Jer. 17:9, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?' *Non novi animam meam*, saith Job, chap. 9:21, 'I know not my own soul, though I were

perfect.' And Paul, concerning his apostleship: 1 Cor. 4:4, 'I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified.' And if David's soul could have made a sufficient testimony alone, what need he pray, *Dic animœ*, 'Say thou to my soul?' Some have a true zeal of a false religion, and some a false zeal of a true religion. Paul, before his conversion, had a true zeal of a false religion: Gal. 1:14, 'I was exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers.' The Laodiceans had a false, or rather no zeal of a true religion: Rev. 3:15, 'I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold.' So that when about this certificate a man deals with his heart singly, his heart will deal with him doubly.

No; nor doth God's Spirit alone give this testimony, lest a vain illusion should be taken for this holy persuasion. But both God's Spirit and our spirit meeting together are concord and contestes, joint witnesses. Indeed, the principal work comes from God's Spirit; he is the primary cause of this assurance. Now, he certifies us by word, by deed, and by seal. By word, terming us in the Scripture God's children, and putting into our mouths that filial voice whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father.' By deed: Gal. 5:22, 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering,' &c. By these is our 'election made sure,' saith St Peter, 2 Epist. 1:10. By seal: 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, by whom you are sealed to the day of redemption.' Now our spirit witnesseth with him from the sanctity of our life, faith, and reformation. 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself,' 1 John 5:10.

4. Lastly, this is the sweetest comfort that can come to a man in this life, even a heaven upon earth, to be ascertained of his salvation. There are many mysteries in the world, which curious wits with perplexful studies strive to apprehend. But without this, 'he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,' Eccles. 1:18. *Unum necessarium*, this one thing is only necessary; whatsoever I leave unknown, let me know this, that I am the Lord's. *Qui Christum discit, satis est, si cœtera nescit*,—He may without danger be ignorant of other things that truly knows Jesus Christ.

There is no potion of misery so embittered with gall but this can sweeten it with a comfortable relish. When enemies assault us, get us under, triumph over us, imagining that salvation itself cannot save us, what is our comfort? *Novi in quem credidi*,—'I know whom I have believed;' I am sure the Lord will not forsake me. *Deficit panis?* thou wantest bread; God is thy bread of life. We want a pillow; God is our 'resting-place,' Ps. 32:7. We may be *sine veste, non sine fide; sine cibo, non sine Christo; sine domo, non sine Domino*,—without apparel, not without faith; without meat, not without Christ; without a house, never without the Lord. What state can there be wherein the stay of this heavenly assurance gives us not peace and joy?

Are we clapped up in a dark and desolate dungeon? there the light of the sun cannot enter, the light of mercy not be kept out. What restrained body, that hath the assurance of this eternal peace, will not pity the darkness of the profane man's liberty, or rather the liberty of his darkness? No walls can keep out an infinite spirit; no darkness can be uncomfortable where 'the Father of lights,' James 1:17, and the 'Sun of righteousness,' Mal. 4:2, shineth. The presence of glorious angels is much, but of the most glorious God is enough.

Are we cast out in exile, our backs to our native home?—all the world is our way. Whither can we go from God? Ps. 139:7, 'Whither shall I go from thy face? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend,' &c. That exile would be strange that could separate us from God. I speak not of those poor and common comforts, that in all lands and coasts it is his sun that shines, his elements of earth or water that bear us, his air we breathe: but of that special privilege, that his gracious presence is ever with us; that no sea is so broad as to divide us from his favour; that wheresoever we feed, he is our host; wheresoever we rest, the wings of his blessed providence are stretched over us. Let my soul be sure of this, though the whole world be traitors to me.

Doth the world despise us? We have sufficient recompense that God esteems us. How unworthy is that man of God's favour that cannot

go away contented with it without the world's! Doth it hate us much? God hates it more. That is not ever worthy which man honours; but that is ever base which God despises. Without question, the world would be our friend if God were our enemy. The sweetness of both cannot be enjoyed; let it content us we have the best.

It may be, poverty puts pale leanness into our cheeks; God makes the world fat, but withal puts leanness into the soul. We decay in these temporal vanities, but we thrive in eternal riches. Job 5:22, 'The good man laughs at destruction and dearth.' Doth sickness throw us on our weary beds? It is impossible any man should miscarry that hath God for his physician. So Martha confessed to Jesus, John 11:21, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Thy body is weak, thy soul is strengthened; dust and ashes is sick, but thy eternal substance is the better for it. Ps. 119:71, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.'

Lastly, Doth the inevitable hand of death strike thee? Egrederere, anima mea, egredere,—Go forth, my soul, with joy and assurance; thou hast a promise to be received in peace. Happy dissolution, that parts the soul from the body, that it may knit them both to the Lord! Death, like the proud Philistine, comes marching out in his hideous shape, daring the whole host of Israel to match him with an equal combatant. The atheist dares not die, for fear non esse, that he shall not be at all: the profane dares not die, for fear male esse, to be damned: the doubtful conscience dares not die, because he knows not whether he shall be, or be damned, or not be at all. Only the resolved Christian dares die, because he is assured of his election: he knows he shall be happy, and so lifts up pleasant eyes to heaven, the infallible place of his eternal rest. He dares encounter with this last enemy, trample on him with the foot of disdain, and triumphantly sing over him, 1 Cor. 15:55, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He conquers in being conquered; and all because God hath said to his soul, 'I am thy salvation.'

The poor Papist must not believe this; such an assurance to him were apocryphal, yea, heretical. He must lie on his deathbed, call upon what saint or angel he list, but must not dare to believe he shall go to heaven. O uncomfortable doctrine, able to lose the soul! What can follow, but fears without and terrors within, distrustful sighs and heart-breaking groans! Go away he must with death, but whither he knows not. It would be presumption to be confident of heaven. How should purgatory stand, or the Pope's kitchen have a larder to maintain it, if men be sure of their salvation? Herefore they bequeath so great sums for masses, and dirges, and trentals, to be sung or said for them after they are dead, that their souls may at the last be had to heaven, though first for a while they be reezed in purgatory. If this be all the comfort their priests, Jesuits, and confessors can give them, they may well say to them, as Job to his friends, chap. 16:2, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.'

But he that hath Stephen's eyes, as also Paul's heart, and the saints' tongue: he that with Stephen's eyes, Acts 7:55, can see that 'Son of man standing on the right hand of God,' as if his arms were open to welcome and embrace him, must needs, with Paul, Phil. 1:23, 'desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ,' and, with the saints, cry, 'Come, Lord, how long! Amen; even so, come, Lord Jesus!'

II. Thus much for the matter of the assurance, let us now come to the manner: *Dic animæ*, 'Say unto my soul.'

SAY.—But is God a man? Hath he a tongue? How doth David desire him to speak? That God who made the ear, shall not he hear? He that made the eye, shall not he see? He that made the tongue, shall not he speak? He that sees without eyes, and hears without ears, and walks without feet, and works without hands, can speak without a tongue. Now God may be said to speak divers ways.

1. God hath spoken to some by his own voice. To Adam: *Vocem audiverunt*, Gen. 3:8, 'They heard the voice of God,' &c. To Israel: Deut. 4:15, 'The Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire; ye

heard the voice of the words, but saw no similitude; only ye heard a voice.' To Christ: John 12:28, 'There came a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and I will glorify it.' This St Peter testifies: 2 Pet. 1:17, 'There came a voice from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'

2. To omit visions, and dreams, and clouds, and cherubims, and angels. Urim and Thummim; God speaks also by his works: Ps. 19:1, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork.' *Manus loquuntur*,—his works have a tongue. *Opera testantur de me*, saith Christ,—'My works bear witness of me.' We may thus understand God *ex operibus*; his actions preach his will.

3. God speaks by his Son: Heb. 1:1, 'God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.' He is therefore called the Word, John 1. The sacred Scriptures, and sayings of the prophets, given by the inspiration of God, (for 'no prophecy is of private interpretation: it came not by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' 2 Pet. 1:20, 21,) are called *verbum Domini*, the word of the Lord. But to distinguish God the Son from those words, he is, after an eminent sort, called *ὁ λόγος*, the Word, or that excellent Word. As also he is called, not a light, but 'that Light,' John 1:8; not a lamb, but 'that Lamb,' ver. 29. Not a vocal word formed by the tongue beating the air, for he was before either sound or air, but the mental and substantial word of his Father; but—

'Ipse paterni

Pectoris effigies, lumenque à lumine vero;'—*

according to that of Paul, Heb. 1:3, 'The brightness of his glory, and express image of his person.'

4. God speaks by his Scriptures: Rom. 15:4, 'Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through

patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope.' Scripta sunt,—they are written. Things that go only by tale or tradition meet with such variations, augmentations, abbreviations, corruptions, false glosses, that, as in a lawyer's pleading, truth is lost in the quære for her. Related things we are long in getting, quick in forgetting; therefore God commanded his law should be written. *Litera scripta manet.*

Thus God doth effectually speak to us. Many good wholesome instructions have dropped from human pens, to lesson and direct man in goodness; but there is no promise given to any word to convert the soul but to God's word.

Without this, antiquity is novelty, novelty subtlety, subtlety death. *Theologia scholastica multis modis sophistica*,—School divinity is little better than mere sophistry. *Plus argutiarum quam doctrinæ, plus doctrinæ quam usus*,—It hath more quickness than soundness, more sauce than meat, more difficulty than doctrine, more doctrine than use.

This Scripture is the perfect and absolute rule. Bellarmine acknowledgeth two things requirable in a perfect rule—certainty and evidence. If it be not certain, it is not rule; if it be not evident, it is no rule to us. Only the Scripture is, both in truth and evidence, a perfect rule. Other writings may have canonical verity; the Scripture only hath canonical authority. Others, like oil, may make cheerful man's countenance; but this, like bread, strengthens his heart. This is the absolute rule: 'And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God,' Gal. 6:16.

Oh that we had hearts to bless God for his mercy, that the Scriptures are among us, and that not sealed up under an unknown tongue! The time was when a devout father was glad of a piece of the New Testament in English; when he took his little son into a corner, and with joy of soul heard him read a chapter, so that even children became fathers to their fathers, and begat them to Christ. Now, as if

the commonness had abated the worth, our Bibles lie dusty in the windows; it is all if a Sunday-handling quit them from perpetual oblivion. Few can read, fewer do read, fewest of all read as they should. God of his infinite mercy lay not to our charge this neglect!

5. God speaks by his ministers, expounding and opening to us those Scriptures. These are *legati à latere*,—dispensers of the mysteries of heaven; 'ambassadors for Christ, as if God did beseech you through us: so we pray you in Christ's stead, that you would be reconciled to God,' 2 Cor. 5:20. This voice is continually sounding in our churches, beating upon our ears; I would it could pierce our consciences, and that our lives would echo to it in an answerable obedience. How great should be our thankfulness!

God hath dealt with us as he did with Elijah: 1 Kings 19:11, 'The Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: after the wind came an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still voice;' and the Lord came with that voice. After the same manner hath God done to this land. In the time of King Henry the Eighth, there came a great and mighty wind, that rent down churches, overthrew altarages, impropriated from ministers their livings, that made laymen substantial parsons, and clergymen their vicar-shadows. It blew away the rights of Levi into the lap of Issachar. A violent wind; but God was not in that wind. In the days of King Edward the Sixth, there came a terrible earthquake, hideous vapours of treasons and conspiracies, rumbling from Rome, to shake the foundations of that church, which had now left off loving the whore, and turned Antichrist quite out of his saddle. Excommunications of prince and people; execrations and curses in their tetrical forms with bell, book, and candle; indulgences, bulls, pardons, promises of heaven to all traitors that would extirpate such a king and kingdom. A monstrous earthquake; but God was not in the earthquake. In the days of Queen Mary came the fire, an unmerciful fire, such a one as was never before kindled in England,

and, we trust in Jesus Christ, never shall be again. It raged against all that professed the gospel of Christ; made bonfires of silly women for not understanding that their ineffable mystery of transubstantiation; burnt the mother with the child. Bonner and Gardiner were those hellish bellows that set it on flaming. A raging and insatiable fire; but God was not in that fire. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory, came the still voice, saluting us with the songs of Sion, and speaking the comfortable things of Jesus Christ. And God came with this voice. This sweet and blessed voice is still continued by our gracious sovereign. God long preserve him with it, and it with him, and us all with them both!

Let us not say of this blessing, as Lot of Zoar, 'Is it not a little one?' nor be weary of manna with Israel, lest God's voice grow dumb unto us, and, to our woe, we hear it speak no more. No, rather let our hearts answer with Samuel, 2 Sam. 3:10, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servants hear.' If we will not hear him say to our souls, 'I am your salvation,' we shall hear him say, 'Depart from me, I know you not' So saith Wisdom, Prov. 1:24–26, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; I will therefore laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.' The gallant promiseth himself many years, and in them all to rejoice. He thinks of preachers, as the devil said to Christ, that we come to 'torment him before his time.' Well, then, 'Rejoice,' saith God, Eccles. 11:9; 'let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.' But ironice, he mocks when he says so. Now, quod Deus loquitur ridens, tu lege lacrymans,—what God speaks laughing, do thou read lamenting. If God once laughs, it is high time for us to weep. They will not hear God when he preacheth in their health; God will not hear them when they pray in their sickness. They would not hearken to him in the pulpit, nor he to them on their deathbed.

6. God speaks by his Spirit: this 'Spirit beareth witness with our spirit,' &c. Perhaps this is that 'voice behind us,' Isa. 30:21, as it were whispering to our thoughts, 'This is the way, walk in it.' This is that speaking Spirit: 'It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you,' Matt. 10:20. It is this Spirit that speaks for us,

and speaks to us, and speaks in us. It is the church's prayer, Cant. 1:2, 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.' Sanctus Spiritus osculum Patris,—The Holy Ghost is the kiss of God the Father. Whom God kisseth, he loveth.

Now by all these ways doth God speak peace to our consciences, and say to our souls that he is our salvation:—

1. He may speak with his own voice: and thus he gave assurance to Abraham, Gen. 15:1, 'Fear not, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.' If God speak comfort, let hell roar horror.
2. He may speak by his works: actual mercies to us demonstrate that we are in his favour, and shall not be condemned. Ps. 41:11, 'By this I know thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.'
3. He may speak by his Son: Matt. 11:28, 'Come to me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will ease you.'
4. He may speak by his Scripture: this is God's epistle to us, and his letters patent, wherein are granted to us all the privileges of salvation. A universal siquis: 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.'
5. He may speak by his ministers, to whom he hath given 'the ministry of reconciliation,' 2 Cor. 5:19.
6. He doth speak this by his Spirit: he 'sendeth forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father,' Gal. 4:6. By all these voices God says to his elect, 'I am your salvation.'

TO MY SOUL.—Many hear God speaking comfort to the corporal ear, that hear him not speaking this to the soul. They hear him, but they feel him not. The best assurance is from feeling, 'Come near, let me feel thee, my son,' said Isaac to Jacob, Gen. 27:21. Let me feel thee, my Father, say we to God. The thronging Jews heard Christ, but Zaccheus, that believing publican, felt Christ. 'This day is salvation come to thy house,' Luke 19:9.

MY SOUL.—There is no vexation to the vexation of the soul; so no consolation to the consolation of the soul. David in this psalm, ver. 17, calls it his 'darling.' 'Rescue my soul from their destructions, my

darling from the lions.' The same prophet complained of a great unrest, when 'his soul was disquieted within him,' Ps. 42:11. Jonah, of a grievous sickness, when his soul fainted, chap. 2:7. Joseph had a cruel bondage, when the iron entered his soul, Ps. 105:18. So, no comfort to the comfort of the soul. 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts have refreshed my soul,' Ps. 94:19. The wicked hear tell of God's mercies,—*communiter audimus verbum salutis*,—but God speaks not to their souls. Therefore they cannot say with Mary, 'My soul rejoiceth.' This joy, when God speaks peace to the soul, is *ineffabile gaudium*,—a jubilation of the heart, which a man can neither *recitare* nor *reticere*, neither suppress nor express. It gives end to all jars, doubts, and differences; overcomes the world, nonsuits the devil, and makes a man keep Hilary-term all his life.

TO MY SOUL.—Mine. I might here examine whose this *meæ* is. Who is the owner of this *my*? A prophet, a king, a man after God's own heart; that confessed himself the beloved of God; that knew the Lord would never forsake him; holy, happy David owns this *meæ*: he knows the Lord loves him, yet desires to know it more; *Dic anima meæ*,—Say to my soul.

But let this teach us to make much of this *my*. Luther says there is great divinity in pronouns. The assurance that God will save some is a faith incident to devils. The very reprobates may believe that there is a book of election; but God never told them that their names were written there. The hungry beggar at the feast-house gate smells good cheer, but the master doth not say, This is provided for thee. It is small comfort to the harbourless wretch to pass through a goodly city, and see many glorious buildings, when he cannot say, *Hæc mea domus*,—I have a place here. The beauty of that excellent city Jerusalem, built with sapphires, emeralds, chrysolites, and such precious stones, the foundation and walls whereof are perfect gold, Rev. 21, affords a soul no comfort, unless he can say, *Mea civitas*,—I have a mansion in it. The all-sufficient merits of Christ do thee no good, unless *tua pars et portio*, he be thy Saviour. Happy soul that can say with the Psalmist, 'O Lord, thou art my portion!' Let us all

have oil in our lamps, lest if we be then to buy, beg, or borrow, we be shut out of doors, like the fools, not worthy of entrance. Pray, 'Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.'

I AM THY SALVATION.—The petition is ended. I will but look into the benediction, wherein I should consider these four circumstances: Quis, Quid, Cui, Quando,—Who, What, To whom, When.

WHO?—The Lord. To the Lord David prays. He hath made a good choice, for there is salvation in none other. Hos. 13:9, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.' The world fails, the flesh fails, the devil kills, only the Lord saves.

WHAT?—Salvation. A special good thing; every man's desire. Who would not be saved? Every man would go to heaven, though perhaps he runs a course directly to hell. *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse*,—Man would be blessed, though he takes the course to be cursed. I will give thee a lordship, saith God to Esau. I will give thee a kingdom, saith God to Saul. I will give thee an apostleship, saith God to Judas. But, I will be thy salvation, he says to David, and to none but saints.

Indeed this voice comes from heaven, comes unto earth; but only through the Mediator betwixt heaven and earth, Jesus Christ. He is the alone Saviour. Worldlings possess many things, but have right to nothing, because not right to him that is 'the heir of all things,' Christ, Heb. 1:2. The soul is the perfection of the body, reason of the soul, religion of reason, faith of religion, Christ of faith. A man can warrant us on earth that our land is ours, our garment ours, our money, servant, beast ours, and that he is a thief who robs us of these. But all the men in the world cannot warrant us our salvation, but only Jesus Christ. Therefore that we may have assurance that all these are ours, and that we shall never answer for every bit of bread we have eaten, and for every drop of wine we have drunk; that our possessions are our own, our gold, robes, rents, revenues, are our own; let us be Christ's. 1 Cor. 3:22, 'Whether Paul, or Apollos, or

Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Be sure of salvation, and be sure of all. For 'he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' Rom. 8:32.

TO WHOM?—My salvation. Not others' only, but mine. A man and a Christian are two creatures. He may be a man that hath reason and outward blessings; he is only a Christian that hath faith, and part in the salvation of Christ. God is plentiful salvation, but it is not ordinary to find a cui,—to whom. Much of heaven is lost for lack of a hand to apprehend it. All passengers in this world presume they are going to heaven, but we may guess by the throng that the greater part take the broader way. Christ leaving the earth in respect of his bodily presence, left there his gospel to apply to men's souls the virtue of his death and passion. Ministers preach this gospel, people hear this gospel, all boast of this gospel; yet himself foretells that when he comes again he shall scarce 'find faith upon the earth.' No doubt he shall find Christians enough, but scarce faith. Salvation is common, as St Jude speaketh, ver. 3, 'When I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation;' but few make it proper to themselves. That God is my salvation and thy salvation, this is the comfort.

WHEN?—In the time present, I am. Sum; non sufficit, quod ero. It is comfort to Israel in captivity that God says, Ero tua redemptio,—I will redeem thee; but the assurance that quiets the conscience is this, 'I am thy salvation.' As God said to Abraham, 'Fear not, I am with thee.' Deferred hope faints the heart. Whatsoever God forbears to assure us, oh, pray we him not to delay this: 'Lord, say to our souls, I am your salvation.'

To conclude: it is salvation our prophet desires; that God would seal him up for his child, then certify him of it. He requests not riches; he knew that man may be better fed than taught, that wealth doth but frank men up to death. He that prefers riches before his soul, doth but sell the horse to buy the saddle, or kill a good horse to catch a

hare. He begs not honour: many have leapt from the high throne to the low pit. The greatest commander on earth hath not a foot of ground in heaven, except he can get it by entitling himself to Christ. He desires not pleasures; he knows there are as great miseries beyond prosperity as on this side it. And that all vanity is but the indulgence of the present time; a minute begins, continues, ends it: for it endures but the acting, and leaves no solace in the memory. In the fairest garden of delights there is somewhat quod in ipsis floribus angat, that stings in the midst of all vain contents.

In a word, it is not momentary, variable, apt to either change or chance, that he desires; but eternal salvation. He seeks, like Mary, 'that better part which shall never be taken from him.' The wise man's mind is ever above the moon, saith Seneca: let the world make never so great a noise, as if it all ran upon coaches, and all those full of roarers, yet all peace is there. It is not sublunary, under the wheel of changeable mortality, that he wishes, but salvation. To be saved is simply the best plot: beat your brains, and break your sleeps, and waste your marrows, to be wealthy, to be worthy—for riches, for honours; plot, study, contrive, be as politic as you can; and then kiss the child of your own brains, hug your inventions, applaud your wits, doat upon your advancements or advantagements; yet all these are but dreams. When you awake, you shall confess that to make sure your salvation was the best plot; and no study shall yield you comfort but what hath been spent about it. What should we then do but work and pray? 'Work,' saith Paul, Phil, 2:12,—'Work up your salvation with fear and trembling;' and then pray with our prophet, 'Lord, say to our souls, thou art our salvation,' with comfort and rejoicing.

A GENERATION OF SERPENTS

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear.—PSALM 58:4.

THIS verse spends itself on a double comparison; of persons and conditions.

The persons compared are men and serpents; the conditions or qualities upon which the similitude stands are poison and deafness. The former whereof is indefinite: 'Their poison is as the poison of a serpent,' any serpent. The latter is restrictive: 'Their deafness is like the adder,' one kind of serpents.

I. I will begin with the conditions; for if the same qualities be found in men that are in serpents, there will follow fitly, too fitly, a comparison of their persons. The first quality here ascribed to the wicked by the Psalmist is—

POISON.—There is such a thing as poison; but where to be found? *Ubi* cunque fuerit, in homine quis quæreret?—Wheresoever it is, in man who would look for it? God made man's body of the dust; he mingled no poison with it. He inspireth his soul from heaven; he breathes no poison with it. He feeds him with bread; he conveys no poison with it. *Unde venenum?*—Whence is this poison? *Matt. 13:27*, 'Didst not thou, O Lord, sow good seed in thy field?' *Unde zizaniæ*, —'From whence then hath it tares?' Whence? *Hoc fecit inimicus*, —'The enemy hath done this.' We may perceive the devil in it. That great serpent, the red dragon, hath poured into wicked hearts this poison.

His own poison, *malitiam*, wickedness. *Cum infundit peccatum, infundit venenum*,—When he pours in sin, he pours in poison. Sin is poison. Original pravity is called corruption; actual, poison. The violence and virulence of this venomous quality comes not at first. *Nemo fit repente pessimus*,—No man becomes worst at the first dash. We are born corrupt, we have made ourselves poisonous. There be three degrees, as it were so many ages, in sin:—First, Secret sin;

an ulcer lying in the bones, but skinned over with hypocrisy. Secondly, Open sin, bursting forth into manifest villany. The former is corruption, the second eruption. Thirdly, Frequented and confirmed sin, and that is rank poison, envenoming soul and body.

When it is imposthumated to this ripeness and rankness, it impudently justifies wickedness for goodness; *venenum pro nutrimento*,—poison for nutriment. It feeds on, swallows, digests sin, as if it were nourishment; as hemlock is good meat for goats, and spiders for monkeys. It despiseth all reproof, 'sitting in the scorner's chair,' Ps. 1:1; which, for the poison, is called by divines, *sedes pestilentiae*,—the seat of pestilence. *Peccator cum in profundum venerit, contemnet*,—When a wicked man comes to the depth and worst of sin, he despiseth. Then the Hebrew will despise Moses, Exod. 2:14, 'Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?' Then Ahab will quarrel with Micaiah, 1 Kings 22:18, because he doth not prophesy good unto him. Every child in Bethel will mock Elisha, 2 Kings 2:23, and be bold to call him 'bald-pate.' Here is an original drop of venom swollen to a main ocean of poison: as one drop of some serpents' poison, lighting on the hand, gets into the veins, and so spreads itself over all the body, till it hath stifled the vital spirits.

In this poison there is a double pestilent effect—*inficit, interficit*.

It is to themselves death; to others, a contagious sickness.

1. To themselves.—It is an epidemical corruption, dispersing the venom over all parts of body and soul. It poisons the heart with falsehood, the head with lightness, the eyes with adultery, the tongue with blasphemy, the hands with oppression, the whole body with intemperance. It poisons beauty with wantonness, strength with violence, wit with wilfulness, learning with dissension, devotion with superstition, religion with treason. If they be greater gifts, it poisons them with pride, putting cantharides into the oil-pot. If meaner, it poisons them with hypocrisy, putting coloquintida into the porridge pot. And where the cantharides of pride or coloquintida of hypocrisy

are, there is *venenum et exitium*,—poison and death. This poison, faster than a gangrene, runs from joint to joint; as an enemy takes fort after fort till he hath won the whole country.

(1.) It is in the thought: Gen. 6:5, the imaginations are full of poison. Every evil thought is not thus poisonous. There is *malum innatum*, and *inseminatum*, saith Bernard,—an evil bred in us, and an evil sown in us. Sins, like weeds, will grow fast enough without sowing; but *qui seminaverit*,—'He that sows to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption,' Gal. 6:8. He that shall sow this venomous seed, poisons his soul. Jer. 4:14, 'Cleanse thy heart from iniquity, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?' Lodge! He doth not speak of transient, but permanent sins: such as 'meditate mischief,' Mic. 2:1; study to be naught; whose imaginations suck poison out of every object, yea, though it be good, as the spider sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

Vanishing thoughts, that pass through a good man without approbation, not without suppression, are properly *non mors*, sed *morbus animæ*, sed *deformitas*,—the disease, not death of the soul, but the deformity. They are *immissæ*, Satan's darts shot through us: in *corde*, non *de corde*, in the heart, not of the heart. Which the godly *sentiunt*, non *consentiunt*,—feel, but give no liking to. They are our crosses, rather than our sins. Such a thought is but *morbus mentis*, the disease of the mind; the other *morsus serpentis*, the wound or poison of the serpent. The allowed filthy cogitation is the poison. Thus are the thoughts poisoned.

(2.) From thence it runs to the senses, and sets open those windows to let in the poisonous air of wickedness. The five senses are the *Cinque Ports*, where all the great traffic of the devil is taken in. They are the pores whereby Satan conveys in the stinking breath of temptation.

The ear is set wide open to receive in the poison of scurrilous songs, obscene jests, seditious libels. It is not only an Athenian ear, *novitatis*

avida, greedy of news; but a Cretian ear, pravitas avida, greedy of evil. It listens to hear of civil wars, uncivil treasons. It would fain have heard the great thunder-clap which the gunpowder should have made at the blowing up of the Parliament-house. Here is an ear for the devil. Such ears have the Jesuits: they would fain hear of the ruin of kingdoms. What would make others' ears tingle, 1 Sam. 3:11, makes their ears tickle. *Aures illæ in se sentiant, quod audire de aliis cupiunt*,—Let such ears feel that woe themselves which they desire so earnestly to hear of others.

The eyelid is set open with the gags of lust and envy. A libidinous eye draws in much poison. There be 'eyes full of adultery,' saith the Apostle. They fetch in seeds of poison from the theatre; yea,—I tremble to speak it,—from the church of God. It beholds beauty, (God's rare workmanship on a piece of clay,) not to bless the Creator, but to draw a curse on the creature. Like a melancholy distracted man, that drowns himself in a clear crystal river. To such, chaste beauty is like the bellows; though its own breath be cold, it makes them burn.

There is another kind of eye that derives poison to the heart: the envious eye, that is vexed at the richer furniture, fatter estate, or higher honour of another; thinking his own not good, because his neighbour hath better. Any man's advancement is so capital an offence to his malice, that he could shoot out his own eyes, so they might be balls of wild-fire to consume him. But his malice sucks up the greatest part of his own venom, and therewith poisons himself, rather than others. A man that sees him would say he is poisoned; for his blood looks of a yellowish colour, like those that are bitten with vipers. His gall flows as thick in him as if he had a poisoned stomach. If he had, as Seneca wished to the envious, eyes in every place, his uncontainable poison would soon burst him. As he is, he would be another's enemy, but is his own mischief.

(3.) From the senses it runs to the tongue, and sets it a-swelling, a-swearing, that it infects the air, and poisons the very 'walls of the

house,' Zech. 5:4. The excrements of the Jews, spat upon the face of our Saviour, were not so feculent. Their blasphemies strive to blast, not only the plants of the earth, but even the planets of heaven—the sun and stars; and, if it were possible, they would make new wounds in the side of Jesus Christ. If any swearer think I do his tongue wrong, let him read Rom. 3:13, 'The poison of asps is under their lips.' If you would know what that pestilent poison is, the next verse expounds it: ver. 14, 'Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.' They carry worse poison in ore, in their mouth, than any serpent in cauda, in his tail. 'Their tongue is full of deadly poison,' James 3:3. [1.] They have poison; [2.] not dead, but deadly; mortal poison; [3.] not a little, but saturity of it; full of deadly poison.

Poison hath thus got from their silent thoughts to their moving senses, and from thence to their loud and lewd-talking tongues. And this bewrays their venom, as the serpent's hissing betrays his malice. 'The heart of fools is in their mouth; but the mouth of the wise is in their heart,' Ecclesiast. 21:26. Cæsar said, he feared not Antony, whose heart was in his tongue, but Cassius, whose tongue was in his heart. A wicked man's tongue discovers him. A bell may have a crack, though invisible; take the clapper and strike, and you shall soon perceive it. The ungodly may conceal his wickedness by silence; but if the clapper strikes, if his tongue walks, you shall quickly perceive he is cracked. A poisoned tongue cannot forbear to sputter abroad his venom.

(4.) From the tongue this poison runs to the hands. Anaxagoras thought man the wisest of all creatures, because he hath hands: he might have thought him the wickedest of all creatures, because he hath hands. No creature doth so much hurt with his teeth or talons as the wicked man with his poisoned hands. A man doth greatly express himself by his hands. Paul, by beckoning his hand, Acts 21:40, procured silence. Much is done majestate manus, as the poet,* by majesty of the hand. The wit seems to manifest itself in the hands: as the Italians say of the Dutchmen, that their wit dwells in their fingers' end. The power is seen in the hands. An nescis longas regibus

esse manus? Yield the hand a principal instrument, yet corruptio optimi pessima. The evil hand doth not so much manifest man's wittiness as his wickedness. 'They devise iniquity, and practise it, because it is in the power of the hand,' Mic. 2:1. The poison that was conceived in their thoughts dilates itself into their hands: cogitant, agitant.

God reproveth the Jews that they had manus sanguinum, bloody hands, Isa. 1:15. And the same prophet seems to liken it to a venomous infection, Isa. 59:3, 'Your hands are defiled with blood.' And if the tongue can be possibly brought to smother the incherished poison, yet manus manifestabit, the hand will discover it: ver. 6, 'The act of violence is in their hands.' The Israelites soon suspected what a king Rehoboam would be, when he threatened gravitatem manus, to make his hand heavy; yea, his 'finger heavier than his father's loins.' Ahab quite disgraced himself for being thought religious, when he laid a violent hand on Naboth's vineyard. Jeroboam makes it plain that he bore no love to God's prophets, cum extendit manum. when he put forth his hand to strike one. Many landlords seem Christians, but they have Rehoboam's hand, a heavy hand on their tenants. Many usurers come to church, but they have Ahab's hand, to take the forfeit of the poor debtor's heritage. Many parishioners seem to love their prophets, but they have Jeroboam's hand, a hand that strikes them, if not in person, yet in estate, undoing them and their families. This is venenata manus, a poisoned hand.

(5.) Lastly, this poison having got possession of the thoughts, words, works, it must needs follow that it hath taken the heart. Cor dolet, —'The whole heart is sick,' Isa. 1:5. These corrupted symptoms prove that the heart is rotten. Job 20:14, 16, 'The very meat in their bowels is turned to the gall of asps. They suck in the poison of asps.' If you ask why they feel it not, Paul says their sense is lost, 'they are past feeling,' Eph. 6:19. Their whole self is changed into a disease. Their body is no longer corpus, but morbus. As Lucan, Totum est pro vulnere corpus,—Their whole body is as one wound or sickness.

Neither can we say so properly of them that they are sick, as that they are dead. *Non ægroti, sed defuncti*,—not diseased, but deceased.

And in all this observe the effect of this poison in themselves. For it doth not only annoy others, but mostly destroy themselves. And herein their poison is not only *tale and tantum*, such and so much as that of serpents; but *plus et perniciosius*, more and more dangerous. Seneca says, *Venenum quod serpentes in alienam perniciem proferunt, sine sua continent*,—The poison which serpents cast out to the damage of others, they retain without their own prejudice. But the poison of the wicked, *dum alios inficit, seipsos interficit*, whilst it infects others, kills themselves. 'His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself,' Prov. 5:22.

Their own wickedness, like poison, hath in themselves these three direful effects:—It makes them, (1.) swell; (2.) swill; (3.) burst.

(1.) It makes them swell with pride, and blows up the heart as a bladder with a quill. *Quis est David?*—'Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse?' 1 Sam. 25:10. Yea, *Quis est Dominus?*—'Who is the Almighty, that we should serve him?' Job 21:15. Thus the spider, a poisonous vermin, 'climbs up to the roof of the king's palace,' Prov. 30:28. If he be in prosperity, nothing can hold him to a man. Be he but a 'thistle,' 2 Kings 14:9, he sends to the king of Lebanon for his daughter to be his son's wife. Though he be but a dwarf in comparison, he would swell to a son of Anak. Sin hath puffed him up, and he forgets his Maker. Jer. 5:7, 'The Lord hath fed him to the full,' and he rebels against him. We have then good cause to pray with our church, 'In the time of our wealth, good Lord, deliver us.'

(2.) It makes them swill; the poison of sin is such a burning heat within them, that they must still be drinking. And the devil, their physician, holds them to a diet-drink; they shall not have the water of the sanctuary, that would cool them, but the harsh, harish, and ill-brewed drink of corruption. They shall taste nothing but sin; more

poison still. Which is so far from quenching their thirst that it inflames it.

'Totis exquirat in agris,

Quas modo poscit aquas, sitiens in corde venenum.'*

So a man puts out the lamp by pouring in more oil, and extinguisheth the fire by laying on fuel. This may for a small time allay the heat, as cold drink to a burning fever. So Ahab's fervour was a little delayed with a draught of wine out of Naboth's vineyard. But Satan holds his guests to one kind of liquor, and that is rank poison, the mud of sin and wickedness. He allows them no other watering-place but this puddle-wharf.

(3.) It makes them burst. Here be the three sore effects of sin in the soul, as of poison in the body. First, it makes a man swell; then it makes him drink; lastly, it bursts him. Judas is hoven with covetousness, he drinks the money of treason, and then he bursts. *Rumpuntur viscera Judæ*, 'he burst out,' Acts 1:18. This is the catastrophe of a wicked life. 'Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death, James 1:15.

2. To others.—You see how fatal the poison of the wicked is to themselves. It doth not only *rumpere se*, but *corrumpere alios*, burst themselves, but corrupt others. It deprives them of their own good, it depraves others' good. The hurt it doth to others consists in *correptione et corruptione*, in outward harming, in inward defiling them.

Outwardly.—Their poison breaks forth in the injuries of all about them. They spare neither foreigner nor neighbour. There be little snakes in Babylon, that bite only foreigners, and not inhabitants. Pliny writes of scorpions in the hill Caria, that when they sting only wound the natural-born people of the country; but *extraneos leviter morderet*, but bite strangers gently or not at all. These, like fools, not

only strike them that are nearest, but betem their poison in ruinam omnium, to the overthrow of all. Such a one cannot sleep except he have done mischief; nay, he dies, if others do not die by him. Et si non aliqua nocuisset, mortuus esset. A man's land cannot escape the poison of the depopulator, nor his estate the poison of the usurer, nor his children the ravisher, nor his peace the contender, nor his name the slanderer. If their poison cannot prevail ad interitum hominis, they will spend it ad interitum nominis. If they cannot murder, they will murmur. They are the devil's ban-dogs, as one calls parsons the Pope's Cerberus. If they cannot come to bite, they will bark. If their sting cannot reach, their mouth shall sputter out their venom.

Yea, some of them do not only this mischief whilst they live, but etiam mortui, even dead. As Herod, that caused the noble sons of the Jews to be slain post mortem suam, after his death. They write of some serpents, that their poison can do no hurt except it be shot from the live bodies of them; but these leave behind them a still evil working poison. As we say of a charitable man, that he doeth good after he is dead; his alms maintain many poor souls on earth when his soul is in heaven,—et quamvis ipse sepultus, alit: so these wicked sin perpetually even dead. The encloser of commons sinneth after he is dead, even so long as the poor are deprived of that benefit. He that hath robbed the church of a tenth, and so leaves it to his heir, sins after he is dead, even so long as God is made to lose his right. Moriente serpente, moritur venenum; but here, Moriente homine, vivit peccatum. As one said of a lawyer, that, resolving not to be forgotten, he made his will so full of intricate quirks, that his executors, if for nothing else, yet for very vexation of law, might have cause to remember him. Jeroboam's sin of idolatry outlived him. The unjust decrees of a partial judge may outlive him, even so long as the adjudged inheritance remains with the wrongful possessor. The decrees of divers Popes, as in abusing the sacrament, forbidding marriage, &c., are their still living sins, though themselves be dead and rotten.

Inwardly.—Their poison doth most hurt by infection; their company is as dangerous as the plague; a man cannot come near them but he shall be contaminated. Like the weed called gosses, they make the ground barren wheresoever they grow. Their poison is got, (1.) per contactum, (2.) contractum, (3.) compactum, (4.) conspectum.

(1.) By touching. He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled. It is dangerous to sport and dally with them: Dum ludunt, lædunt. Prov. 26:18, 'He casteth firebrands, and arrows, and death; and saith, Am I not in sport?' As Solomon saith, 'Their very mercies are cruel;' so their very jest is killing earnest.

(2.) By companying with them. They hurt by sporting, but worse by sorting. Prov. 1:14, 'Cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse.' They that will quarter themselves with the wicked must drink of their poison. If you ask how haps it that their infection is not smelt, Bernard answers: Ubi omnes sordent, unus minime sentitur,—One is not smelt, where all stink.

(3.) By confederacy; which is yet a higher degree of receiving their poison. The first was a light dallying with their humours, the next a society with them in some drunken riots and disorders; but this third is a conspiracy with them in their pernicious and deadly plots. Thus a Seminary comes from Rome, and whistles together a number of traitors: he brought poison with him in a bull's horn, and they all must drink it; as they report, that once one scabbed sheep from Spain rotted all the sheep of England.

In this manner is this poison of adultery spread from a harlot. In selling her flesh, she sells pretium peccati, and takes præmium peccati. Either præmium pacti or præmium facti, she hath her price, and gives her male his reward. This is a damnable combination: he that goeth after her poisons himself per compactum, he bargains for his own destruction.

(4.) By sight. As those that look on ill-affected eyes attract some of the anguish by a kind of reflection, so the very beholding of their wicked example derives corruption to the heart by resultance. Many sins had been unknown if they had not been learned by precedent. Great men graceless are the devil's special factors; they have their new tricks of vanity to teach others. And they often broach these new fashions of damnation, not so much out of affection to the thing itself, as to be talked of. As Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail, that all the people might talk of his curtail. Oh the unspeakable deal of poison that is thus conveyed into men's hearts, and the innumerable souls that go to hell by pattern! Thus they hurt others.

But I have been too copious in discovery of their poison. I should come to their deafness: but I am loath to speak of deafness till the end of the sermon.

II. Their poison being thus compared with the poison of serpents, let us now compare their persons.

They are here said to be sicut serpentes, like serpents. But, Matt. 23:33, Christ calls the Pharisees very serpents; and John Baptist, Matt. 3:7 a 'generation of vipers.' And God tells Ezekiel that he did 'dwell among scorpions,' chap. 2:6. In these places the sicut is left out, and the wicked are called very serpents. Not that the frame and form of their bodily constitution was serpentine.

It was a foolish opinion among the heathen that there were Ophiogenes, or Anguigenæ. They write of Ophion, the companion of Cadmus, and builder of Thebes, that he was made by Pallas of a dragon's tooth. So Ephesus was once called Colubraxis, and the people thereof Ophiussæ.

I have read of one Exagon, an ambassador to Rome, being at the consul's command cast into a tun of snakes; that they licked him with their tongues, and did him no harm. But to conclude hereon that

these were of serpents' brood, we might as well say Daniel was born of lions because they did not hurt him.

They are mystical serpents I mean. And if wicked men think scorn to be called serpents, let them abhor the qualities of serpents. Sin is of that power that it can work metamorphoses, and transform men into beasts and serpents.* Let us now see what serpents we have among us.

1. We have the salamander, the troublesome and litigious neighbour, who ever loves and lives in the fire of contention. Whatsoever they talk that the salamander is nourished by the fire, yet Galen and Dioscorides affirm that if it tarry long in it it will be burned, when the humidity is wasted. Whatsoever a man gets by the fire of vexation, at last his humour will be wasted, his wealth spent, and himself consumed in his own flames. Let no man think to get by his troublesomeness, as if he could be fed with fire. They talk of a net at Rome, wherein Christ's napkin is preserved, that it is washed in nothing but fire. And Paulus Venetus speaks of a kind of earth in Tartaria, which being spun into a thread, and woven into cloth, is only purged from all spots by washing it in the fire. But if ever any man grow happy by his contentiousness, I will believe that fire is nourishment.

Some make the emblem of strife the snake. Alecto sent a snake to move contention in the family of Amata.

'Unum de crinibus anguem

Conjicit, inque sinum, præcordia ad intima, subdit.'†

Let the unquiet man, that is still vexing his neighbours with suits and quarrels, here take his choice, whether he will be a snake or a salamander.

2. We have the dart, and that is the angry man. This is the serpent that is thought to leap on Paul's hand, Acts 28: *Jaculum vocat Africa.*

It gathers itself into a heap on the top of a tree, and so flies at a man, *tanquam sagitta*, as a dart. Such a serpent is the hasty, furious man; he flies upon another with a sudden blow. Some conjecture, I know not how probably, that these were the fiery serpents in the desert.

3. There is the *dipsas*, the drunkard. This serpent lives altogether in moorish places: the serpent in the fens, the man at the ale-house. Ovid writes of an old drunken woman, *Est quædam nomine Dipsas anus: ex re nomen habet*. Her name did agree with her nature. It is ever dry, saith Lucan: *Mediis sitiabant Dipsades undis*. If this serpent wound a man, it turns all his blood into poison: so the drunkard turns his blood to water, his bread to drink, his reason to poison, his very soul to froth.

4. There is the crocodile, the hypocrite. He will sob, and sigh, and weep, to get a man into his clutches. If his hypocrisy can get him into a good house, he will devour the patron that breeds him, the maintainer that feeds him: he undoes the family where he once sets a foot into their doors, or puts a finger into their purses. Pliny saith, the crocodile is so delighted with the sunshine, that it lies on the earth immoveable, as if it were stark dead. Let the hypocrite be franked up with prosperity, and he sleeps as securely as if earth had lost all winds and heaven the thunder. His pampered body grows so fat that his soul lies soft in it, at great ease, and is loath to rise.

5. The cockatrice, that is said to kill with the eyes. *Illius auditos expectant nulla susurros.** The reason why it kills by sight is thus given, because the beams of a cockatrice's eye corrupt the visible spirits of a man; which corrupted, corrupt the other spirits coming from the brain, and life of the heart. Our common phrase hath found out creatures to match this kind of serpents—whores, usually called cockatrices. I would to God they were believed as dangerous as they are, and are named.

The cockatrice is a very hot creature, and therefore made with spiraments and breathing places all over the body, lest the compage

and juncture of the whole composition should be dissolved. The intemperate heat of harlots is worse, and in some kind a very reflection from the fire of hell. There is an old tale, that England was once so pestered with cockatrices, that a certain man found out one only trick to destroy them; which was by walking up and down in glass before them, whereby their own shapes were so reflected upon their own faces that they died. But it is idle, for it is more likely that the man should die by the corruption of the air from the cockatrice, than the cockatrice by the resultance of its own similitude from the glass; as the harlot will sooner pervert a man than he shall convert the harlot. Indeed they say, if they first see us, they kill us; if we first see them, they die. So if we first see the damnation of a courtesan, we save ourselves; if they first see and wound us, we die of it.

6. There is the caterpillar: you all know this to be the covetous. I confess that other serpents are also fit emblems of the covetous; as the toad, that eats sparingly of the very earth, for fear it should be all wasted, and no food left for her. The German painters, to signify covetousness, do picture an old woman sitting upon a toad. Or the earth-worm: these worms eat up the fat of the earth, toads eat up those worms, and dragons eat up those toads. So lightly petty usurers eat up the fat of the country, great oppressors devour those little extortioners, and at last the great red dragon swallows those oppressors.

But here I especially liken them to caterpillars. Pliny saith, that little worms, bred in the green leaves of plants, prove in three days caterpillars, and eat up those plants. The country breeds these covetous wretches, and they devour her. He writes also that caterpillars are bred by a dew, incrassated and thicked by the heat of the sun; it is the warmth of prosperity that breeds and feeds our usurers. Others say, that they come of butterflies' eggs, which the heat of the sun hatcheth, working so fit a passive matter to the form of a caterpillar; so commonly your usurer hatcheth his riches out of the butterflies' eggs laid abroad by prodigal young gallants. The Scripture calls them great devourers, Joel 1:4. *Erucam vix pascit*

hortus unam,*—A whole country will not content one avarous caterpillar. At last the caterpillars perish of themselves, as ours do wilfully, through famine, and are transformed into a bare and empty bag or case. If they perish in summer, out of their rind, being broken, comes forth a butterfly. Just as we see often from the ruins of a dead usurer, that was a caterpillar, springs a prodigal heir, that is a painted butterfly.

7. We have also the asp, that is the traitorous Seminary. Lucan writes that the original of asps was Africa, and that merchants translated them into Europe.

'Sed quis erit nobis lucri pudor! Inde petuntur

Huc Lybicæ mortes, et fecimus aspida merces;—

But what is our gain? saith he. We have made the asps a merchandise. So these our asps are bred in Italy, and shipped over into England as a precious merchandise. They speak themselves so gentle, that 'a sucking child may play at the holes of these asps,' Isa. 11:8; but we have found their burrows the holes of treason, and their vaults the vaults of gunpowder. There is feud betwixt the ichneumon and the asp: they oft fight. If the asp bite first, the ichneumon dies; if the ichneumon first, the asp dies. Let us strike them with punishment, lest they strike us with death. These asps kill many souls in our land.

'Aspidis et morsu læsum dormire fatentur

In mortem, antidotum nec valuisse ferunt;—

If the bewitched people once receive their poison, they sleep to death; and no hope prevails, for they will not come to the church to be cured.

8. There is also the lizard, the emblem of the slothful; as is also the slow-worm, or the serpentine tortoise. They write of the lizard, that

having laid eggs, she forgets the very place where she laid them. She will lie still till you cut her in pieces; and then the fore-part runs away upon two legs, and the hinder part on other two, living apart till they meet again, and then are naturally conjoined. If the lazy will follow the qualities, let them take the name of lizards.

9. There is also the sea-serpent, and that is the pirate; a thief cross to all kind of thieves: for other thieves first fall to robbery, and then are cast into prison; but he first casts himself into a prison, and then falls to robbery. In a little vessel, a very jail, with a large grave round about it, he does all mischief. At last, when he grows great, he ruins himself. They write of a sea-dragon that grows to a huge vastness; but then the winds take him up into the air, and by a violent agitation shake his body to pieces. A notable part of God's providence, to tame that himself which his creatures cannot.

10. There is the stellion, and that is the extortioner. Extortion and cozenage is proverbially called *crimen stellionatus*, the sin of stellature. When the stellion hath cast his skin, he greedily devours it again; which, saith Theophrastus, he doth in envy, because he understands that it is a noble remedy against the falling sickness. So in malice it lines the guts with that covered the back; and eats that in summer wherewith it was clothed in winter. It destroys the honey of bees. *Stellio sæpe favos ignotus ademit.** So the extortioner spoils the hives, and devours all the honey of poor men's gathering. It is a beast full of spots.

'Aptumque colori,

Nomen habet, variis stellatus corpore guttis.'†

The spots that stick upon an extortioner are more innumerable. It were well if such extortioners were served, as Budæus relates a history of two tribunes, *qui per stellaturas militibus multum abstulissent*,—whom the emperor commanded to be stoned to death.

11. The last is the great serpent of all, draco, the devil; who is called the 'great red dragon,' Rev. 12:3. In idolatrous times and places dragons have been worshipped. The common distinction is, angues aquarum, serpentes terrarum, dracones templorum,—snakes of the water, serpents of the earth, dragons of the temple. There are too many wicked worldlings that still worship this god of the world, the red dragon. The dragons haunt principally trees of frankincense. Satan loves to have men sacrifice to him; he tempted the Son of God to fall down and worship him. Nothing but the smoke of styrax can drive away dragons; not holy water, not crossings, but only faith in the Lord Jesus can put the devil to flight. Serpens serpentem devorando fit draco,—The devil at first was but a serpent; now, by devouring many millions of these serpents, the wicked, he is become a dragon.

I should here shew you two things:—

1. The remedy to draw out this poison, and to cure the soul; which is only sanguis medici, the blood of our physician. John 3:14, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,' so was Christ lifted up as a serpent, that what eye of faith soever looks on him, he may be healed of the sting of those fiery serpents, and have the damnable poison of sin drawn out.

2. That our next course is repentance for our sins; that as the oil of scorpions is the best remedy for them that are stung with scorpions, so repentance for sin is the best remedy within us to expel the poison of sin. Think of the wise man's counsel, Ecclesiast. 21:2, 'Fly from sin as from the face of a serpent: if thou comest too near it, it will bite thee.'

Their deafness remains to be spoken, and must remain unspoken. How should they be cured that are deaf to the counsel of their physician? Though there be poison in us, even the poison of dragons, yet God bless us from the deafness of the adder! Let us hear our remedy, and embrace it; pray to God for it, and receive it; and 'the

blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all our sins,' 1 John 1:7. To this Saviour let all that are saved give praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

THE RAGE OF OPPRESSION

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.—PSALM. 66:12.

THIS verse is like that sea, Matt. 8:24, so tempestuous at first that the vessel was covered with waves; but Christ's rebuke quieted all, and there followed a great calm. Here are cruel Nimrods riding over innocent heads, as they would over fallow lands; and dangerous passages through fire and water; but the storm is soon ended, or rather the passengers are landed: 'Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.'

So that this strain of David's music or psalmody consists of two notes—one mournful, the other mirthful; the one a touch of distress, the other of redress: which directs our course to an observation of misery and of mercy, of grievous misery, of gracious mercy. There is desolation and consolation in one verse: a deep dejection, as laid under the feet of beasts; a happy deliverance, 'brought out into a wealthy place.'

In both these strains God hath his stroke: he is a principal in this concert. He is brought in for an actor and for an author; an actor in the persecution, an author in the deliverance. 'Thou causest,' &c.; 'Thou broughtest,' &c. In the one he is a causing worker, in the other

a sole-working cause. In the one he is joined with company, in the other he works alone. He hath a finger in the former, his whole hand in the latter.

We must begin with the misery, before we come to the merry. If there were no trouble, we should not know the worth of a deliverance. The passion of the saints is given, by the hearty and ponderous description, for very grievous: yet it is written in the forehead of the text, 'The Lord caused it.' 'Thou causedst men to ride,' &c.

Hereupon some wicked libertine may offer to rub his filthiness upon God's purity, and to plead an authentical derivation of all his villany against the saints from the Lord's warrant: 'He caused it.' We answer, to the justification of truth itself, that God doth ordain and order every persecution that striketh his children, without any allowance to the instrument that gives the blow. God works in the same action with others, not after the same manner. In the affliction of Job were three agents—God, Satan, and the Sabeans. The devil works on his body, the Sabeans on his goods; yet Job confesseth a third party: 'The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away.' Here oppressors trample on the godly, and God is said to cause it. He causeth affliction for trial, (so, ver. 10, 11, 'Thou hast tried us,' &c.;) they work it for malice: neither can God be accused nor they excused.

In a sinful action there be two things, the material and the formal part; which we commonly distinguish into the act and defect. The material part is of God, from whom is all motion; the formal is from the pravity of the agent. Persecutors could not accuse us maliciously, if God gave not motion to their tongues; nor strike us wrongfully, if he denied strength to their hands. Thought, sight, desire, speech, strength, motion, are God's good gifts; to turn all these to his dishonour is the wicked person's fault.

God hath another intent than man hath, even in man's work. The Chaldeans steal Job's wealth to enrich themselves; the devil afflicts his body in his hatred to mankind; God suffers all this for the trial of

his patience. Man for covetousness, the devil for malice, God for probation of the afflicted's constancy, and advancing his own glory. In the giving of Christ to death, as Augustine observes, Epist. xlviij., the Father gave the Son, the Son gave himself, Judas betrayed him, and the Jews crucified him. In one and the same tradition, God is to be blessed and man condemned. Quia in re una quam fecerunt, causa non una ob quam fecerunt,—Because in that same thing they all did, there was not the same cause why they all did it. God's end was love; Judas's, avarice; the Jews', malice.

The covetous extortioner taketh away the goods of his neighbour; that robber spoileth. He could have no tongue to plead, nor wit to circumvent, nor hands to carry away, without God; from him he hath those creatures, together with the notion of mind and motion of body. But to pervert all these to damnify others, and to damn himself, ariseth from his own avarous and rancorous pravity. His intent is wicked; yet not without God's wisdom to raise profit from it. Perhaps the oppressed had too good a liking to the world, and began to admit a little confidence in their wealth: the Lord hath benefited them in taking away these snares, to save their souls.

Yet without toleration, countenance, or help to the wicked. The usurer hath done thee good; by making thee poor in purse, helped thee to the riches of grace; yet he goes to hell for his labour. They that do God service against their wills, shall have but shrewd wages. It cannot be denied but the devil did God service in trying Job, winnowing Peter, buffeting Paul, executing Judas; yet shall not all this ease the least torment of his damnation. For trial here are these oppressors suffered to ride over the godly's heads, and to drive them through fire and water; when these have, like furnaces, purged them from dross and corruption, themselves shall be burnt. For it is usual with God, when he hath done beating his children, to throw the rod into the fire. Babylon a long time shall be the Lord's hammer to bruise the nations; at last itself shall be bruised. Judas did an act that redounds to God's eternal honour and our blessed salvation, yet was his wages the gallows. All these hammers, axes, rods, saws, swords,

instruments, when they have done those offices they never meant, shall for those they have meant be thrown to confusion.

I will now leave God's justice to himself, and come to the injustice of these oppressors, and the passion of the sufferers. And because the quality of these latter shall add some aggravation to the cruel malice of the former, I will first set before your eyes the martyrs. The psalm being written by David, and the sufferers spoken of in the first person plural,—we, us, and our,—it follows that it was both David and such as David was: beloved of God holy, saints.

And whom doth the world think to ride over but saints? Ps. 44:22. Who should be appointed to the slaughter but sheep? The wolf will not prey on the fox, he is too crafty; nor on the elephant, he is too mighty; nor on a dog, he is too equal; but on the silly lamb, that can neither run to escape nor fight to conquer. They write of a bird that is the crocodile's tooth-picker, and feeds on the fragments left in his teeth whiles the serpent lies a-sunning; which when the unthankful crocodile would devour, God hath set so sharp a prick on the top of the bird's head, that he dares not shut his jaws till it be gone. And they speak of a little fish that goes bristling by the pike, or any other ravenous water creature, and they dare not for his pricks and thorns touch him. Those whom nature or art, strength or sleight, have made inexposable to easy ruin, may pass unmolested. The wicked will not grapple upon equal terms; they must have either local or ceremonial advantage. But the godly are weak and poor, and it is not hard to prey upon prostrate fortunes. A low hedge is soon trodden down; and over a wretch dejected on the base earth an insulting enemy may easily stride. While David is down, (or rather in him figured the church,) 'the plowers may plow upon his back, and make long their furrows,' Ps. 129:3.

But what if they ride over our heads, and wound our flesh, let them not wound our patience. Though we seal the bond of conscience with the blood of innocence, though we lose our lives, let us not lose our patience. Lactantius* says of the philosophers, that they had a sword

and wanted a buckler; but a buckler doth better become a Christian than a sword. Let us know, non nunc honoris nostri tempus esse, sed doloris, sed passionis,—that this is not the time of our joy and honour, but of our passion and sorrow. Therefore 'let us with patience run the race,' &c., Heb. 12:1.

But leave we ourselves thus suffering, and come to speak of that we must be content to feel, the oppression of our enemies. Wherein we will consider the agents and the actions.

The AGENTS are men: 'Thou hast caused men to ride,' &c. Man is a sociable-living creature, and should converse with man in love and tranquillity. Man should be a supporter of man; is he become an overthrower? He should help and keep him up; doth he ride over him and tread him under foot? O apostasy, not only from religion, but even from humanity! Quid homini inimicissimum? Homo, † —The greatest danger that befalls man comes whence it should least come, from man himself. Cætera animantia, says Pliny, in suo genere, probe degunt, &c.,—Lions fight not with lions; serpents spend not their venom on serpents; but man is the main suborner of mischief to his own kind.

It is reported of the bees, that ægrotante una, lamentantur omnes,—when one is sick, they all mourn. And of sheep, that if one of them be faint, the rest of the flock will stand between it and the sun till it be revived. Only man to man is most pernicious. We know that a bird, yea, a bird of rapine, once fed a man in the wilderness, 1 Kings 17:6; that a beast, yea, a beast of fierce cruelty, spared a man in his den, Dan. 6:22. Whereupon saith a learned father, Feræ parcunt, aves pascunt, homines sæviunt, ‡ —The birds feed man, and the beasts spare him, but man rageth against him. Wherefore, I may well conclude, with Solomon, Prov. 17:12, 'Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.'

God hath hewn us all out of one rock, tempered all our bodies of one clay, and spirited our souls of one breath. Therefore, saith Augustine,

sith we proceed all out of one stock, let us all be of one mind. Beasts molest not their own kind, and birds of a feather fly lovingly together. Not only the blessed angels of heaven agree in mutual harmony, but even the very devils of hell are not divided, lest they ruin their kingdom. We have one greater reason of unity and love observed than all the rest. For whereas God made nor all angels of one angel, nor all beasts of the great behemoth, nor all fishes of the huge leviathan, nor all birds of the majestic eagle, yet he made all men of one man. Let us then not jar in the disposition of our minds, that so agree in the composition of our natures. You see how inhuman and unnatural it is for man to wrong man; of his own kind, and, as it were, of his own kin.—Thus for the agents.

The ACTION is amplified in divers circumstances, climbing up by rough stairs to a high transcendency of oppression. It ariseth thus—1. In riding. 2. In riding over us. 3. In riding over our heads. 4. In driving us through fire and water.

1. They ride. What need they mount themselves upon beasts, that have feet malicious enough to trample on us? They have a 'foot of pride,' Ps. 36:11, from which David prayed to be delivered; a presumptuous heel, which they dare lift up against God; and therefore a tyrannous toe, to spurn dejected man. They need not horses and mules, that can kick with the foot of a revengeful malice, Ps. 32:9.

2. Over us. The way is broad enough wherein they travel, for it is the devil's road. They might well miss the poor: there is room enough besides; they need not ride over us. It were more brave for them to juggle with champions that will not give them the way. We never contend for their path; they have it without our envy, not without our pity. Why should they ride over us?

3. Over our heads. Is it not contentment enough to their pride to ride, to their malice to ride over us, but must they delight in bloodiness to ride over our heads? Will not the breaking of our arms

and legs, and such inferior limbs, satisfy their indignation? Is it not enough to rack our strength, to mock our innocence, to prey on our estates, but must they thirst after our bloods and lives? Quo tendit sæva libido?—Whither will their madness run?

But we must not tie ourselves to the letter. Here is a mystical or metaphorical gradation of their cruelty. Their riding is proud; their riding over us is malicious; and their riding over our heads is bloody oppression.

1. They ride. This phrase describes a vice compounded of two damnable ingredients, pride and tyranny. It was a part of God's fearful curse to rebellious recidivation, Deut. 28, that their enemies should ride and triumph over them, and they should come down very low under their feet. It is delivered for a notorious mark of the great 'whore of Babylon's' pride, that she 'rides upon a scarlet-coloured beast,' Rev. 17:4. St Paul seems to apply the same word to oppression, 1 Thess. 4:6, 'that no man oppress his brother.' The original ὑπερβαίνειν, to go upon him, climb on him, or tread him under foot.

O blasphemous height of villany! not only, by false slanders, to betray a man's innocence, nor to lay violent hands upon his estate; but to trip up his heels with frauds, or to lay him along with injuries, and then to trample on him! And because the foot of man, for that should be soft and favouring, cannot despatch him, to mount upon beasts, wild and savage affections, and to ride upon him.

2. Over us. This argues their malice. It were a token of wilful spite for a horseman, in a great road, to refuse all way, and to ride over a poor traveller. Such is the implacable malice of these persecutors. Isa. 59:7, 'Wasting and destruction are in their paths;' yea, wasting and destruction are their paths. They have fierce looks and truculent hearts: their very path is ruin, and every print of their foot vastation. They neither reverence the aged, nor pity the sucking infant; virgins

cannot avoid their rapes, nor women with child their massacres. They go, they run, they stride, they ride 'over us.'

The language of their lips is that which Babylon spake concerning Jerusalem, Ps. 137:7, 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.' Desolation sits in their eyes, and shoots out through those fiery windows the burning glances of waste, havoc, ruin: till they turn a land into solitude, into a desert, and habitation for their fellow-beasts, and their worse selves. O unmerciful men! that should be to mankind as God, but are more ragingly noxious than wolves. They have lost the nature, let them also lose the name of men.

'Vix reperit unum,

Talibus è multis, hominem consultus Apollo.'

But it is ever true, *optimi corruptio pessima*,—the fairest flowers putrefied, stink worse than weeds: even an angel falling became a devil; and man debauched strives to come as near this devil as he can. They should put their hands under our falling heads, and lift us up; but they kick us down, and ride over us.

3. Over our heads. This notes their bloodiness, unpacifiable but by our slaughters. The pressing, racking, or breaking of our inferior limbs contents not their malice: they must wound the most sensible and vital part, our heads. The Lord be blessed, that hath now freed us from these bloody tidings, and sent us peace with truth! Yet can we not be forgetful of the past calamities in this land; nor insensible of the present in other places. The time was when the Bonners and butchers rode over the faces of God's saints, and made the earth with their bloods, every drop whereof begot a new believer. When they martyred the living with the dead; burnt the impotent wife with the husband, who is content to die with him with whom she may not live, yea, rejoicing to go together to their Saviour: when they threw the new-born (yea, scarce-born) infant, dropping out of the mother's

belly, into the mother's flames; whom, if they had been Christians, they would first have christened, if not cherished;—this was a fiery zeal indeed, set on fire with the fire of hell. They love fire still: they were then for faggots, they are now for powder. If these be catholics, there are no cannibals. They were then mounted on horses of authority, now they ride on the wings of policy.

Our comfort is, that though all these, whether persecutors of our faith or oppressors of our life, ride over our particular heads, yet we have all one Head, whom they cannot touch. They may massacre this corporal life, and spoil the local seat of it, whether in head or heart; but our spiritual life, which lies and lives in one Head, Jesus Christ, they cannot reach. No hellish stratagems nor combined outrages, no human powers nor devilish principalities can touch that life; for it is 'hid with Christ in God,' Col. 3:3.

Indeed this Head doth not only take their blows as meant at him, but he even suffers with us: Acts 9:4, 'Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul strikes on earth; Christ Jesus suffers in heaven. There is more lively sense in the head than in other members of the body. Let but the toe ache and the head manifests by the countenance a sensible grief. The body of the church cannot suffer without the sense of our blessed Head. Thus saith Paul, 2 Cor. 1:5, 'The sufferings of Christ abound in us.' These afflictions are the showers that follow the great storm of his passion: Col. 1:24, 'We fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in our flesh.' We must be content for him, as he was for us, to weep, and groan, and bleed, and die, that we may reign. If we sow not in tears, how shall we look to reap in joy? Ps. 126:5. How shall we shine like stars in heaven, if we go not through the fiery trial? or land at the haven of bliss, if we pass not the waves of this troublesome water?

You see riders; but you will say, What is this to us? We have no such riders. Yes, many, too many; even so many as we have oppressors, either by tongue or hand. Shall I name some of them?

The malicious slanderer is a perilous rider; and he rides, like death, upon a pale horse, Rev. 6:2, Envy. Thus were the Pharisees mounted when they rode over Christ, even the Head of our heads. If Jesus will not be a Pharisee, they will nail him to the cross. These venomous cantharides light upon God's fairest flowers, and strive either to blast them with their contumelious breaths, or to tread them under their malicious feet.

The griping usurer is a pestilent rider; and he is mounted on a heavy jade, Mammon, or love of money. Every step of this beast wounds to the heart, and quasheth out the life-blood. Oh that this sordid beast of usury, with all his ponderous and unwieldy trappings,—bills, obligations, pawns, mortgages,—were thrown into a fire temporal, that the rider's converted soul might be saved from the fire eternal! If any Alcibiades had authority and will to kindle such a fire in England as was once at Athens, I believe that no tears would be shed to quench it; but the music of our peace would sound merrily to it, and the rather because there would be no more groans to disturb it.

The destructive depopulator is another pestiferous rider. He is a light-horseman; he can leap hedges and ditches, and therefore makes them in the midst of plain fields. He loves to ride in his own ground; and for this purpose expelleth all neighbours. Though Solomon says, Eccles. 5:9, that 'the king is served by the field that is tilled;' yet he, as if he were wiser than Solomon, promiseth to serve him better with grass. He posteth after the poor, and hunts them out of his lordship. He rides from town to town, from village to village, from land to land, from house to house; à doloso furto ad publicum latrocinium, and never rest till he hath rid to the devil.

And there is a fourth rider gallops after him amain, as if he had sworn not to be hindmost—the oppressing landlord. And he rides upon a horse that hath no pace but racking; for that is the master's delight, racking of rents: and he hath two lacqueys or pages run by him—fines and carriages. Thus ascended and attended, he rides over the heads and hearts of the poor tenants, that they can no more grow

in wealth than corn can that is scattered in the highway; for they, as that, are continually overridden by their merciless landlord. Let these riders take heed, lest the curses of the poor stumble their horses, and break their necks.

The churlish cormorant is a mischievous rider: he sits on a black jade, Covetousness; and rides only from market to market, to buy up grain when he hath store to sell: and so hatcheth up dearth in a year of plenty. Our land is too full of these riders: they repine and complain of the unseasonableness of the weather, of the barrenness of the earth; but they conceal the true cause, whereof their own souls are conscious, their uncharitableness. The earth hath never been so frozen as their consciences; nor is the ground so fruitless of plenty as they of pity. This is not mala terra, bona gens; but mala gens, bona terra,—we have bad minds, good materials. The earth hath not scanted her fruits, but our concealings have been close, our enhavacings ravenous, our transportations lavish. The Lord sends grain, and the devil sends garners. The imprecations of the poor shall follow these riders, and the ears of God shall attend their cries.

There is the proud gallant, that comes forth like a May-morning, decked with all the glory of art; and his adorned lady, in her own imagination a second Flora: and these are riders too, but closer riders. The world with them runs upon wheels; and they, hastening to overtake it, outrun it. Their great revenues will not hold out with the year: the furniture on their backs exceeds their rent-day. Hence they are fain to wring the poor sponges of the country, to quench the burning heat of the city. Therefore say the countrymen, that their carts are never worse employed than when they do service to coaches.

There is the fraudulent tradesman, that rides no further than between the burse and the shop, on the back of a quick-spirited hobby called Cheating: and whereas greatness presseth the poor to death with their weight, this man trips up their heels with his cunning. They have one God at the church, another at their shops;

and they will fill their coffers, though they fester their consciences. This rider laughs men in the face while he treads on their hearts; his tongue knows no other pace but a false gallop.

The bribe-groping officer, in what court soever his dition lies, is an oppressing rider: they that would have their suits granted, must subject their necks to his feet, and let him ride over them. He confutes the old allegory of Justice, that is usually drawn blind, for he will see to do a petitioner ease by the light of his angels.* Nothing can unlock his lips but a golden key. This rider's horse, like that proud emperor's, must be shod with silver; and the poor man must buy of him, and that at a dear rate, his own treading on.

I come to him last, whom I have not least cause to think upon, the church-defrauder, that rides upon a winged horse, as if he would fly to the devil, called Sacrilege. He may appear in the shape of a Protestant, but he is the most absolute recusant; for he refuseth to pay God his own. He wears the name of Christ for the same purpose the Papists wear the cross, only for a charm. These are the merchants of souls; the pirates of God's ship, the church; the underminers of religion, they are still practising trains to blow it up. They will not pay their Levites; their Levites must pay them. They will not part with their cures, whereof they have the donation, but upon purchase. But it is no wonder if they sell the cures, that have first sold their souls. The charitable man dreams of building churches, but starts to think that these men will pull them down again.

There is yet one other rider, though he spurs post, must not pass by me unnoted: the truth-hating Jesuit, that comes trotting into England on a red horse, like Murder, dipped and dyed in the blood of souls; and, if he can reach it, in the blood of bodies too. Neither doth he thirst so much after ordinary blood, that runs in common veins, as after the blood-royal. There is no disease, saith one, that may so properly be called the king's-evil. He is the devil's make-bait, and his chief officer to set princes together by the ears. He sits like the raven on a dead bough, and when the lion and leopard come forth to fight,

he sounds out a point of war, hoping whichsoever falls, his carcase shall serve him for a prey to feed on. His main study is to fill the schools with clamours, the church with errors, the churchyard with corpses, and all Christian States with tragedies. The Seminaries were once like that strange weed, tobacco, at the first coming up; but here and there one entertained in some great man's house, now may you find them smoking in every cottage. They have deservedly increased the disgrace of that religion; so that now, in the common censure, a Papist is but a new word for a traitor. They have received their errand at Tiber, and they deliver it at Tyburn.

There are many other riders, so properly ranking themselves in this number, and assuming this name, which, for modesty's sake, I bury in silence; considering that *quædam vitia nominata docentur*,—some sins are taught by reporting their names.

But I perceive a prevention: I have not time enough to end our misery, much less to enter the speech of our mercy. The journey they make us take through fire and water requires a more punctual tractation than your patience will now admit. Two short uses shall send away our oppressors with fear, ourselves with joy.

1. For them. Let all these tyrannous riders know, that there is one rides after them,—a great one, a just one,—even he that 'rides on the wings of the wind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet:' he that hath a bridle for these Sennacheribs, and strikes a snaffle through their jaws, and turns their violence with more ease than the wind doth a vane on the house-top. Then 'a horse shall be but a vain thing to save a man,' saith the Psalmist. Horse and master shall fall together.

Then the covetous Nimrod, that rode on the black beast, Oppression, shall be thundered down from his proud height, and the jade that carried him shall dash out his brains, and lie heavier than a thousand talents of lead on his conscience. His oppression shall damn himself,

as before it did damn others. It was to them a momentary vexation, it shall be to him an eternal pressure of torment.

Then the blood-drawing usurer, that rode so furiously on his jade, Extortion, shall (if timely deprecation and restitution stay him not) run full butt against the gates of hell, and break his neck. And he that at the bars of temporal judgments cried out for nothing but justice, justice, and had it, shall now cry louder for mercy, mercy, and go without it.

And let the cormorant, that rides on the back of Engrossing, whose soul is like Erisicathon's bowels in the poet—

'Quodque urbibus esse,

Quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni'—

that starves men to feed vermin—know, that there is a pursuivant flies after him, that shall give him an eternal arrest, and make him leave both horreum and hordeum, his barn and his barley, to go to a place where is no food but fire and anguish.

And the lofty gallant, that rides over the poor with his coaches and caroches, drawn by two wild horses, Pride and Luxury; let him take heed, lest he meet with a wind that shall take off his chariot-wheels, as Pharaoh was punished, Exod. 14, and drown horses, and chariots, and riders; not in the Red Sea, but in that infernal lake whence there is no redemption.

Let all these riders beware lest he that rides on the wings of vengeance, with a sword drawn in his hand, and that will eat flesh and drink blood; that will make such haste in the pursuit of his enemies that he will not bait or refresh himself by the way; lest this God, before they have repented, overtake them. Ps. 45:4, 5, 'Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously,' &c.; 'and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.' Then shall the 'Lord remember the children of Edom in the

day of Jerusalem,' Ps. 137:7, 8; and 'reward them as they served us.' Lo, now, the end of these riders: Ps. 36:11, 'There are the workers of iniquity fallen: they are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.' Zech. 10:5, 'The riders on horses shall be confounded.'

2. For us. Though passion possess our bodies, let 'patience possess our souls.' The law of our profession binds us to a warfare; *patiendō vincimus*, our troubles shall end, our victory is eternal. Hear David's triumph, Ps. 18:38–40, 'I have wounded them, that they were not able to rise; they are fallen under my feet. Thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me. Thou hast also given me the neck of mine enemies,' &c. They have wounds for their wounds; and the treaders down of the poor are trodden down by the poor. The Lord will subdue those to us that would have subdued us to themselves; and though for a short time they rode over our heads, yet now at last we shall everlastingly tread upon their necks. Lo, then, the reward of humble patience and confident hope. *Speramus et superamus*. Deut. 32:31, 'Our God is not as their God, even our enemies being judges.' Ps. 20:7, 'Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses.' But no chariot hath strength to oppose, nor horse swiftness to escape, when God pursues. Ver. 8, 'They are brought down, and fallen; we are risen, and stand upright.' Their trust hath deceived them; down they fall, and never to rise. Our God hath helped us; we are risen, not for a breathing space, but to stand upright for ever.

Tentations, persecutions, oppressions, crosses, infamies, bondage, death, are but the way wherein our blessed Saviour went before us; and many saints followed him. Behold them with the eyes of faith, now mounted above the clouds, trampling all the vanities of this world under their glorified feet; standing on the battlements of heaven, and wafting us to them with the hands of encouragement. They bid us fight, and we shall conquer; suffer, and we shall reign. And as the Lord Jesus, that once suffered a reproachful death at the hands of his enemies, now sits at the right hand of the Majesty in the highest places, far above all principalities and powers, thrones and dominations, 'till his enemies be made his footstool;' so one day they

that in their haughty pride and merciless oppressions rode over our heads, shall then lie under our feet. 'Through thee will we push down our enemies; through thee will we tread them under that rise up against us.' At what time yonder glorious sky, *coelum stellatum*, which is now our ceiling over our heads, shall be but a pavement under our feet. To which glory, he that made us by his word, and bought us by the blood of his Son, seal us up by his blessed Spirit! Amen.

THE VICTORY OF PATIENCE;

WITH

THE EXPIRATION OF MALICE

We went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.—PSALM 66:12.

I DID not, in the former sermon, draw out the oppressing cruelty of these persecutors to the utmost scope and period of their malice, nor extend their impium imperium to the furthest limit and determination thereof. There is yet one glimpse of their stinking candle before the snuff goes out; one groan ere their malice expire. 'We went through fire and water.'

The Papists, when they hear these words, 'went through fire and water,' startle, and cry out, Purgatory! direct proofs for purgatory! With as good reason as Sedulius,* on that dream of Pharaoh's officer, Gen. 40:10, 'A vine was before me, and in the vine were three branches,' says that the vine signifies St Francis, and the three branches the three orders derived from him. And as a Pope, on that of Samuel, 1 Sam. 15:22, 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; and stubbornness is as idolatry,' infers, that not to obey the apostolic see of Rome was idolatry by the witness of Samuel. Or as one writes of St Francis, that because it is said, 'Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven,' he commanded one Massæus to tumble round like a little child that he might enter. Or as when the contention was betwixt the services of Ambrose and Gregory, which should take place; by the common consent, both the mass-books were laid on the altar of St Peter, expecting some decision of that doubt by revelation. The church-doors being opened in the morning, Gregory's missal-book was rent and torn into many pieces, but Ambrose's lay whole and open upon the altar. Which event, in a sober exposition, would have signified the mass of Gregory cancelled and abolished, and that of Ambrose authentic

and allowed. But the wise Pope Adrian expounds it thus: that the rending and scattering of Gregory's missal intended that it should be dispersed over all the Christian world, and only received as canonical. † Or as that simple friar, that finding Maria in the Scripture, used plurally for seas, cried out, in the ostentation of his lucky wit, that he had found in the Old Testament the name of Maria for the Virgin Mary.

But I purpose not to waste time in this place, and among such hearers, in the confutation of this ridiculous folly; resting myself on the judgment of a worthy learned man in our church,* that purgatory is nothing else but a mythology, a moral use of strange fables. As when Pius the Second had sent abroad his indulgences to all that would take arms against the Turk, the Turk wrote to him to call in his 'epigrams' again. Or as Bellarmine excused Prudentius, when he appoints certain holidays in hell, that he did but poetise. So all their fabulous discourse of purgatory is but epigrams and poetry; a more serious kind of jest, wherein they laugh among themselves how they cozen the world, and fill the Pope's coffers, who for his advantage, *ens non esse facit, non ens fore*. So that if Roffensis† gather out of this place that in purgatory there is great store of water,—'We went through fire and water,'—we may oppose against him Sir Thomas More, who proves from Zech. 9 that there is no water at all: 'I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, where is no water.' Set then the frost against the rain, and you may go in purgatory dry-shod. If there be nothing left but fire, I make no question but there is not a spark difference betwixt purgatory and hell.

I should narrow up the scope and liberty of God's Spirit, if I should here tie my discourse to the letter, 'We went through fire and through water.' It is an effect of our persecution, and may thus be resolved: We were by their malice driven to great extremity. Fire and water are two elements which, they say, have no mercy; yet either of them more than our oppressors. The time was that a Red Sea divided its waters, and gave dry passage to its children of Israel and of God, Exod. 14. Whereof the Psalmist here sings, ver. 6, 'He turned the sea

into dry land: they went through the flood on foot; there did we rejoice in him.' And the fire in an oven whose heat was septupled touched not those three servants of the Lord. But these more incensed and insensible creatures have no mercy, nor can they invent a cruelty which they forbear to execute.

Some translations have it, 'We went into fire and into water;' which extends their persecution to our deaths, and comprehends the latitude of mortal martyrdom. And thus understood, the next words of the deliverance, 'Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place,' must be meant of our glory in heaven. But the evident circumstances following deny that interpretation; therefore I adhere to the last and best translation, 'We went through fire and through water.'

Wherein two things may seem to be imported and imparted to our consideration:—First, We went. They went, so conveniently as they might, and so conscionably as they durst, from the hands of their persecutors. Secondly, The hard exigents they were driven to, when to pass through fire and water was but a less evil compared with that they eschewed.

'Per mare mactantes fugimus, per saxa, per ignes.'

1. From the former, observe, That it may be lawful in time of persecution to fly. This was granted, yea, in some respects, enjoined by Christ. But must be warily understood; and the rule, in a word, may be this: When our suffering may stand the church of God in better stead than our flying, we must then lose our lives, to save God's honour and our own souls. To deny God this fealty and tribute of our bloods, when his glory hath use of such a service at our hands, is not only to deny him that is his own by many dear titles,—of creation, which was *ex spiritu oris*, by the breath of his mouth; and of redemption, which was *ex sanguine cordis*, by the blood of his heart,—but to withdraw this justly required testimony is to betray and crucify him, and scarce inferior to their perjury whose false witness condemned him.

In this we restore to God his talent with profit; not only our own soul he gave us, but as many more as our example works upon and wins to him. When the people admired the great bounty of John, called Eleemosynarius, he answered them, O brethren, I have not yet shed my blood for you, as I ought to do for my Master's sake and testimony. In the early morning of the world did Abel dedicate martyrdom without example; and the Lord did approve it by accepting Abel's sacrifice, and Abel for a sacrifice.* I have read that a worthy martyr of ours, Dr Rowland Taylor, wrote first with ink, and after with his blood, that it is not enough to profess the gospel of Christ ad ignem exclusivè, but we must cleave to it even ad ignem inclusivè. This was an honour that Christ accepted presently after his birth, Matt. 2, the holocaust or hecatomb of many innocent infants, murdered and martyred for his sake.

So that suffering for Jesus is a thing to which he promiseth an ample reward. 'No man shall forsake parents, or friends, or inheritance, or living, or life, for my sake, but he shall have' in exchange 'a hundred-fold' so much comfort 'in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.' But all times and occasions yield not warrant for such a service. Much less can the Seminaries, dying in England for treason, arrogate to themselves the glory of martyrdom, though a vicious affectation of it hath hardened them to such a prodigality of their bloods. They come not to maintain the verity of Scriptures, but the vanity of traditions; the entangling perplexities of school-men; the obscure, tetrical, and contradictory assertions of Popes, who command them to seal that with their lives which not only is in involved being, but in future contingence—whatsoever the Roman church, that is, the Pope, shall hereafter constitute or declare.

2. From the latter words, through fire and water, observe, That the children of God must not expect a gentle and soft entertainment in this world, but hard exigents; when to fly from their enemies they are fain to pass through fire and water. Affliction for the gospel is called by Paul, Gal. 6:17, 'the marks of the Lord Jesus.' The world often sets a man as those three servants of God were set in Daniel's prophecy,

Dan. 3. On the one side, a harmony of sweet music, the cornet, flute, &c.; on the other side, a burning furnace, heated above ordinary seven times. Worship the idol, and enjoy the delight of music; not worship it, and be cast into the fiery oven. Join with the world in his ungodly customs, and the world will love, feast, tickle your ears with music. Separate yourselves, and it will hate you: John 15:19, 'If you were of the world, the world would love his own: but because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.' Thou shalt be like Abraham's ram, Gen. 22:13, tied in a bush of thorns; from which thou canst not extricate thyself till thou be made a sacrifice.

I have read that Caligula the tyrant being dead, there were found in his closet duo libelli,—one called a sword, the other a dagger; wherein many were by name pricked for death, and destined to it in the emperor's bloody intention. Presumptuous enemies so cast lots on a nation before they have it, and talk of dividing a spoil ere they come at it. Judges 5:30, 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey?' So the proud adversary in that wonderful year '88, that came with an invincible navy and implacable fury, the ensigns of whose ships were Victoria, victoria, brought ready with them instruments of torture, as if the land of peace and mercy had in it no such engines of cruelty, and swallowed down an abundant hope of our desolation. They threw at dice for our wives and daughters, lands and vineyards, houses and heritages, shires and kingdom. They purposed to drive us through fire and water, but fire and water was their destruction. Fire broke the sinews of their combination, and the waves devoured both their hopes and themselves. The godly at last shall be as mighty men, Zech. 10:5, 'treading down their enemies in the mire of the streets in the battle; and they shall fight, because the Lord is with them.'

The grievousness of these afflictions must teach us two useful lessons—1. Patience; 2. Prayer.

1. Patience. Acts 5:41, the apostles 'departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ.' A true Christian rejoiceth in his tribulation, especially when it is for his Saviour's sake, and takes greater pleasure in his iron fetters than a proud courtier doth of his golden chain. Rev. 14:13, 'Blessed are they that die in the Lord.' But if it be so blessed a thing to die in the Lord, what is it to die for the Lord? Ps. 116:15, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' It was Harding's invective against our reverend, learned, and precious Jewell, that Protestants were worse than the devil; for whereas bread and water and the cross could scare away devils, princes could be rid of them by no means but fire. To whom that excellent bishop answers, That though it pleased his malicious humour to make but a jest of the blood of God's saints, yet it was no more ignominy for lambs to suffer what Christ suffered, than it was praise and credit for wolves to betray him, as Judas did.

Our patience is our crown and others' conversion. Eusebius from Clement reporteth, that when a wicked accuser had brought St James to condemnation, seeing his Christian fortitude, he was touched in conscience, confessed himself a Christian, and so was taken to execution with him. Where earnestly beseeching St James to forgive him, he after a little pause kissed him, and said, 'Peace be to thee, brother,' and they were beheaded together. O blessed patience! which not only gets honour to ourselves, but brings others to salvation, and in all glorifies God.

2. Prayer. This was the apostles' refuge in the time of affliction, Acts 2:24. Bernard, in a fiction, doth excellently express this necessity, enforce this duty. He supposeth the kings of Babylon and Jerusalem (by whom he means the world and the church) to be at war one against the other. During this hostility, a soldier of Jerusalem was fled to the castle of Justice. Siege was laid to this castle, and a multitude of enemies environed and entrenched it round. There lies near this soldier a faint-hearted coward called Fear. This speaks nothing but discomfort, and when Hope would step in to give him

courage, Fear thrusts her out of doors. Whilst these two opposites, Fear and Hope, stand debating, the Christian soldier resolves to appeal to the direction of sacred Wisdom, who was chief councillor to the captain of the castle, Justice. Hear Wisdom speak: Dost thou know, saith she, that the God whom we serve is able to deliver us. Is he not the Lord of hosts, even the Lord mighty in battle? We will despatch a messenger to him with information of our necessity.

Fear replies, What messenger? Darkness is on the face of the world; our walls are begirt with an armed troop, which are not only strong as lions, but also watchful as dragons. What messenger can either escape through such a host, or find the way into so remote a country? Wisdom calls for Hope, and chargeth her with all speed to despatch away her old messenger. Hope calls to Prayer, and says, Lo here a messenger speedy, ready, trusty, knowing the way. Ready, you cannot sooner call her than she comes; speedy, she flies faster than eagles, as fast as angels; trusty, what embassage soever you put in her tongue she delivers with faithful secrecy. She knows the way to the court of Mercy, and she will never faint till she come to the chamber of the royal presence.

Prayer hath her message, away she flies, borne on the sure and swift wings of faith and zeal; Wisdom having given her a charge, and Hope a blessing. Finding the gate shut, she knocks and cries, 'Open, ye gates of righteousness; and be ye open, ye everlasting doors of glory, that I may enter, and deliver to the king of Jerusalem my petition.' Jesus Christ hears her knock, opens the gate of mercy, attends her suit, promiseth her infallible comfort and redress.

Back returns Prayer, laden with the news of consolation. She hath a promise, and she delivers it into the hand of Faith: that were our enemies more innumerable than the locusts in Egypt, and more strong than the giants, the sons of Anak, yet Power and Mercy shall fight for us, and we shall be delivered. Pass we then through fire and water, through all dangers and difficulties, yet we have a messenger,

holy, happy, accessible, acceptable to God, that never comes back without comfort—Prayer.

And here fitly I will end our misery, and come to God's mercy. Desolation hath held us long, but our consolation is eternal. 'But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.'

The song, you see, is compounded like music; it hath acutum and grave, high and low, sharp and flat. 'Thou causedst men to ride over us. But thou broughtest us out.' Sorrow and joy, trouble and peace, sour and sweet, come by vicissitudes. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*. This discord in music hurts not, but graceth the song. Whiles grief and pleasure keep this alternation in our life, they at once both exercise our patience and make more welcome our joys. If you look for the happiness of the wicked, you shall find it in *primis*, at the beginning; but if you would learn what becomes of the righteous, intelliges in *novissimis*, you shall know it at last. Ps. 37:37, 'Mark the upright man, and behold the just: for the end of that man is peace.' We were sore oppressed, 'but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.'

Every word is sweetly significant, and amplifies God's mercy to us. Four especially are remarkable:—1. The deliverer; 2. The deliverance; 3. The delivered; and, 4. Their felicity or blessed advancement. So there is in the deliverer, *aliquid celsitudinis*, Thou; in the delivery, *certitudinis*, brought out; in the delivered, *solitudinis*, us; in the happiness, *plenitudinis*, into a wealthy place. There is highness and lowness, sureness and fulness. The deliverer is great, the deliverance certain, the distress grievous, the exaltation glorious. There is yet a first word, that like a key unlocks this golden gate of mercy, a *veruntamen*:—

BUT.—This is *vox respirationis*, a gasp that fetcheth back again the very life of comfort. 'But thou broughtest,' &c. We were fearfully endangered into the hands of our enemies; they rode and trode upon us, and drove us through hard perplexities: 'But thou,' &c. If there

had been a full point or period at our misery, if those gulfs of persecution had quite swallowed us, and all our light of comfort had been thus smothered and extinguished, we might have cried, *Periit spes nostra, yea, periit salus nostra.*—Our hope, our help is quite gone. He had mocked us that would have spoken, *Be of good cheer.* This same but is like a happy oar, that turns our vessel from the rocks of despair, and lands it at the haven of comfort. 'But,' &c.

THOU.—Thou only, without help or succour of either man or angel; that art able to save with a few as well as with many; that art 'a man of war,' *Exod. 15:3*, and comest armed against thine enemies, with a spear of wrath and a sword of vengeance: thou, of whose greatness there is no end, no limits, no determination: thou, O Lord, without any partner either to share thy glory or our thanks: 'thou broughtest us out.'

Thou of thine own goodness, so well as by thy own greatness, hast delivered us. No merit of ours procured, or deserved this mercy at thy hands; but our freedom comes only by thy majesty, of thy mercy. Here were no arms of flesh, nor armies of angels, in this work of our redemption; but 'thou hast brought us out,' that we might praise thy name. Therefore we say, 'Bless the Lord, O our souls: O Lord, thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour and majesty,' *Ps. 104:1*.

Eduxisti: BROUGHTEST OUT.—Great works become a great God. *Opera testantur de me*, saith our Saviour,—'My works bear witness of me.' I heal the sick, cleanse the leprous, give sight to the blind, raise the dead, cast out devils. Will you not believe, O ye carnal eyes, unless you see? Will you trust your five senses above the four Gospels? 'Come then, and see the works of God.' See works: not a fancy, speculation, or deceiving shadow; but real, visible, acted, accomplished works. *Eduxisti. Sensus assensus.* Let demonstration convince you; 'The snare is broken, and we are delivered.' The Lord works potenter and patenter. There is not only manifold mercy, but manifest mercy, in his doings. He 'brought us out.'

When the ungodly see us so low brought, that persecutors ride over our heads, they are ready to say, 'Where is now their God?' Behold, hic est Deus,—our God is here, where there was need of him; opus Deo, a work fit for the Deity to perform. Misery had wrapped and entangled us; the wicked hands had tied us, as the Philistines did Samson, with the bands of death. Here then was dignus vindice nodus,—a knot worthy the finger of God to untie. Ps. 102:20, 'He looked down from the height of his sanctuary: from heaven did the Lord behold the earth.' For what purpose? 'To hear the groaning of the prisoner: to loose those that are appointed to death.' Behold, the waters went over our soul, yet we were not drowned. Malice had doomed us to the fire; but our comfort is, nihil potestatis in nos habuisse ignem,—that the fire had not power over us. They trod us under their cruel insultations, but the Lord hath lifted us up. 'The Lord of hosts was with us: the God of Jacob was our refuge,' Ps. 46:11.

US.—To this act of God, if we tie the subject wherein he works, and knit to eduxisti, nos,—which I called verbum solitudinis, a word of former wretchedness and calamity,—we shall find our misery a fit subject for God's mercy; especially if you set the others' malice against our meekness, their wickedness against our weakness, the persons whom God delivers, and the persons from whom, will greatly commend the mercy of our deliverance.

It is a pleasure to God to have his strength perfected in our infirmity. When the danger is most violent in its own nature and our sense, then is his helping arm most welcome. Isa. 17:11, 'In the day of grief and of desperate sorrow, the harvest shall be great;' a plentiful crop of joy. Qui Deus est noster, Deus est salutis; Ps. 68:20, 'He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.' He delights to have us say in this deep extremity, Eduxisti, 'Thou hast brought us out.' When Jonah was taken up by the mariners, put from the succour of the ship, no help in any rocks, nor mercy in the waters; neither means nor desire to escape by swimming,—for he yields himself into the jaws of death with as

mortified affection as if a lump of lead had been thrown into the sea, —a man would have thought that salvation itself could not have saved Jonah. Yet Jonah shall not die. Here is now a delivery fit for God, a cure for the almighty hand to undertake.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity. Distressed desire is importunate. Ps. 102:13, 'It is time that thou have mercy upon us; yea, the time is come.' But if God do not presently answer, we are ready to pant out a groan of despair, 'The time is past.' If our importunity prevail not, we think all opportunity is gone. But God says, *Tempus nondum venit*,—The time is not yet. God waits the maturity of the danger, the more to increase his honour. As Alexander cheered himself when he should fight with men and beasts, haughty enemies, and huge elephants: *Tandem par animo meo periculum video*,—I see at last a danger somewhat equal to my mind. Will you hear when this time is come? John 11:21, Martha tells Christ, 'Master, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Christ knew that before: ver. 15, 'Lazarus is dead; and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, that you might believe.' Observe the different thoughts of God and man. Martha is sorry, Christ is glad. She thought that the time of help was past; Christ thought that the time was not opportune till now. Jairus's servant comes and tells him, Mark 5:35, 'Thy daughter is dead; trouble the Master no further.' This was the word Christ expected to hear; and now he says, 'Be not afraid, only believe.' Hear the Israelites' desperate complaint. The waters of the sea roar before their faces; the wheels of the chariots rattle behind their backs; hereon they cry to Moses, Exod. 14:11, 'Were there no graves in Egypt, that thou hast brought us hither to die?' Now saith Moses, 'Fear not, stand still, and see the salvation of God.'

From that which hath been spoken, and that which follows, we may observe two works of God's mercy: which consists—1. *Removendo*; 2. *Promovendo*; the one removing away much evil, the other preferring to much good. *Eduxisti*, shews his kindness in freeing us from calamity; in *locum opulentum*, his goodness in exalting us to dignity.

The former is an act of deliverance, the latter of advancement. So there is terminus à quo, from whence we are freed; and terminus ad quem, to which we are exalted.

1. For the former, we have God here educentem, bringing out of trouble. Sometimes we find God ducentem, leading, guiding, directing: 'Wilt not thou, O Lord, go forth with our hosts?' And, 'he led them through the wilderness, by the hand of Moses and Aaron.' Sometimes inducentem: ver. 11, 'Thou broughtest us into the net; thou hast laid affliction upon our loins.' Sometimes adducentem: 'Thou, O Lord, hast brought us home to thyself,' &c. Sometimes reducentem: Ps. 126:4, 'Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.' Often educentem: Ps. 105:43, 'He brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness.' Never seducentem, beguiling, deceiving, causing to err; for that is opus diaboli, who is the accuser and seducer of men.

2. For the latter: into a wealthy place. The greatness of our felicity doth far transcend the grievousness of our past misery. The dimension of our height exceeds that of our depth; neither did affliction ever bring it so low, as our elevation hath advanced us high. Hereon St Paul, Rom. 8:18, 'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us,' whether we compare their strength or their length.

(1.) For their vigour or strength; the affliction of man, in the greatest extremity that he can lay it on man, is but finite as the afflicter. The blow comes but from an arm of flesh, and therefore can wound but flesh. Yield the extension of it to reach so far as any possible malice can drive it, yet it can but rack the body, distend the joints, sluice out the blood, and give liberty to the imprisoned soul: which soul they cannot strike. Therefore saith Christ, 'Fear not him that hath power over the body' only, not over the soul. And even in the midst of this dire persecution, God can either quite deliver us, that the storm shall blow over our heads, and hurt us not; or if he suffers us to suffer that, yet he will so qualify the heat of it, that the cool refreshing of his

blessed Spirit inwardly to the conscience shall in a manner extinguish the torment. But now this 'wealthy place,' the spring of joy that succeeds this winter of anguish, is illimited, inexpressible, infinite: so strongly guarded with an almighty power, that no robber violently, nor thief subtly, can steal it from us. Some pleasure is mixed with that pain, but no pain is incident to this pleasure. There was some laughter among those tears, but there shall be no tears in this laughter; for 'tears shall be quite wiped from our eyes.' By how much then the power of God transcends man's, yea, God's mercy man's malice, by so much shall our rejoicing exceed our passion. By how much the glorious city of heaven, walled with jasper and pure gold, shining as brass,* Rev. 21:12, 18, is stronger than the undefenced and naked cottage of this transient world; our future comforts arise, in measure, pleasure, and security, above our past distress.—Thus for strength.

(2.) If we compare their length, we shall find an infinite inequality. Paul calls affliction momentary, glory eternal, 2 Cor. 4:17. Time shall determine the one, and that a short time, a very winter's day; but the other is above the wheels of motion, and therefore beyond the reach of time. 'For a moment, in mine anger,' saith the Lord, 'I did hide my face from thee; but with everlasting mercy I have had compassion on thee.' Nothing but eternity can make either joy or sorrow absolute. He can brook his imprisonment that knows the short date of it; and he finds poor content in his pleasure that is certain of a sudden loss. We know that our pilgrimage is not long through this valley of tears and miserable desert; but our Canaan, home, inheritance, is a wealthy place: glorious for countenance, blessed for continuance; wealthy, without want; stable, without alteration; a constant mansion, an immoveable kingdom. Unto which our Lord Jesus in his appointed time bring us! To whom, with the Father and Spirit of consolation, be all praise and glory for ever. Amen.

GOD'S HOUSE;
OR,
THE PLACE OF PRAISES

I will go into thy house with burnt-offerings: I will pay thee my
vows.—PSALM 66:13.

THE former verse connexed with this demonstrate, with words of life, David's affliction and affection.

His affliction, to be overridden with persecutors; his affection, to bless God for his deliverance. Great misery, taken away by great mercy, requires great thankfulness: 'I will go into thy,' &c.

Before we put this song into parts, or derive it into particulars, two general things must be considered: the matter, or substance; and the manner, or form.

The matter and substance of the verse is thankfulness; the manner and form, resolution. The whole fabric declares the former; the fashion of the building, the latter. The tenor of all is praising God; the key of tune it is set in, purpose: 'I will go into thy house; I will pay thee my vows.' So that first I must entreat you to look upon a solution and a resolution; a debt to be paid, and a purpose of heart to pay it.

The DEBT is thankfulness. This is the matter and substance of the words. God having first, by affliction, taught us to know ourselves, doth afterwards, by deliverance, teach us to know him. And when his gracious hand hath helped us out of the low pit, he looks that, like Israel, Exod. 15, we should stand upon the shore and bless his name. David, that prayed to God de profundis, Ps. 130:1, 'Out of the depths

have I called unto thee,' doth after praise him in excelsis, with the highest organs and instruments of laud.

General mercies require our continual thanks, but new favours new praises. Ps. 98:1, 'O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things.' There is a fourfold life belonging to man, and God is the keeper of all: his natural, civil, spiritual, and eternal life. Bloody man would take away our natural life, (Ps. 37:32, 'The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him;') God keeps it. The slanderous world would blast our civil life; God blesseth our memory. The corrupted flesh would poison our spiritual life; God 'hides it in Christ,' Col. 3:3. The raging devil would kill our eternal life; God preserves it in heaven. Unworthy are we of rest that night wherein we sleep, or of the light of the sun that day wherein we rise, without praising God for these mercies. If we think not on him that made us, we think not to what purpose he made us. When I consider the works of God, saith Augustine, I am wonderfully moved to praise the Creator, *qui prorsus ita magnus est in operibus magnis, ut minor non sit in minimis,**—who is so great in his great works, that he is not less in his least. But when we consider his work of redemption, about which he was, not as about the creation, six days, but above thirty years, where *non sua dedit, sed se,*—he gave not his riches, but himself, and that *non tam in dominum, quam in servum et sacrificium,*—not to be a lord, but a servant, a sacrifice; we have adamantine hearts, if the blood of this salvation cannot melt them into praises.

But special favours require special thanks, whether they consist in *eximendo* or in *exhibendo*; either in redeeming us from dangers, or heaping upon us benefits. Our prophet, in five instances, Ps. 107, exemplifieth this duty: of travellers, captives, sick men, seamen, and others subject to the manifold varieties of life.

For travellers: ver. 4, 'They wander in the wilderness in a solitary way; hungry and thirsty, their soul fainting in them. They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivers them out of their

distresses.' For captives: ver. 10, 'They sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, fast bound in affliction and iron.' Their prayers find a way out of the prison to God, and God delivers them out of the prison to liberty. For sick: ver. 17, 'Because of their transgression they are afflicted: their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.' The strength of their prayers recovers the strength of their bodies. For mariners: ver. 27, 'They reel to and fro, staggering like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.' They by their prayers appease the wrath of God, and he appeaseth the wrath of the waves and winds.

Now the burden of the song to all these deliverances is this, ver. 8, 15, 21, 31, 'Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!' And because these four dangers are short of the innumerable calamities incident to man's life, therefore in the end of the psalm much misery is heaped up, and the Lord is the scatterer and dissolver of that heap; that all flesh might sing, 'Salvation is of the Lord.'

And because these mercies are infinite, so that what Christian may not say with David, Ps. 23:6, 'Thy goodness hath followed me all the days of my life;' therefore I infer with Paul, 1 Thess. 5:18, 'In all things give thanks.' So our Psalmist, 'My mouth shall be filled with thy praise all the day long.' What is meant by 'all the day,' saith Augustine, but a praise without intermission? As no hour slips by thee without occasion, let none slip from thee without manifestation of gratitude. 'I will praise thee,' saith he, 'O Lord,' in prosperis, quia consolaris; in adversis, quia corrigis,—in a prosperous estate, because thou dost bless me; in affliction, because thou dost correct me. Fecisti, refecisti, perfecisti,—Thou madest me when I was not, restored me when I was lost, suppliest my wants, forgivest my sins, and crownest my perseverance. But as quo acerbior miseria, eo acceptior misericordia,—the more grievous the misery, the more gracious the mercy; so the richer benefit requires the heartier thanks. Great deliverances should not have small gratitude, where much is given, there is not a little required. To tell you what God hath done

for us, thereby to excite thankfulness, would be to lose myself in the gates of my text. I told you this was the ground and module of the psalm. But I know your curious ears care not so much for plain-song; you expect I should run upon division. Hear but the next general point, and I come to your desire, reserving what I have more to say of this to my farewell and last application.

I come from the debt to be paid, to his resolution to pay it: 'I will go into thy house; I will pay,' &c. Though he be not instantly solvendo, he is resolvendo. He is not like those debtors that have neither means nor meaning to pay. But though he wants actual, he hath votal retribution. Though he cannot so soon come to the place where this payment is to be made, yet he hath already paid it in his heart: 'I will go; I will pay.' Here, then, is the debtor's

RESOLUTION.—There is in the godly a purpose of heart to serve the Lord. This is the child of a sanctified spirit, born not without the throbs and throes of true penitence. Not a transient and perishing flower, like Jonah's gourd,—*filius noctis; oriens, moriens*,—but the sound fruit, which the sap of grace in the heart sends forth. Luke 15:18, when the prodigal son 'came to himself,' saith the text,—as if he had been formerly out of his wits,—his first speech was, 'I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned.' And what he purposed, he performed: he rose and went.

I know there are many that intend much, but do nothing; and that earth is full of good purposes, but heaven only full of good works; and that the tree gloriously leaved with intentions, without fruit, was cursed; and that a lewd heart may be so far smitten and convinced at a sermon, as to will a forsaking of some sin. Which thoughts are but swimming notions, and vanishing motions; embryos, or abortive births.

But this resolution hath a stronger force: it is the effect of a mature and deliberate judgment, wrought by God's Spirit, grounded on a voluntary devotion, not without true sanctification, though it cannot,

without some interposition of time and means, come to perform that act which it intends. It is the harbinger of a holy life; the little cloud, like a hand, that Elijah's servant saw, 1 Kings 18:44, pointing to the showers of devotion.

Well, this is but the beginning; and, you know, many begin that do not accomplish: but what shall become of them that never begin? If he doeth little that purposeth and performs not, what hope is there of them that will not purpose? It is hard to make a usurer leave his extortion, the unclean his lusts, the swearer his dishallowed speeches, when neither of them saith so much as, I will leave them. The habit of godliness is far off, when to will is not present; and we despair of their performance in whom cannot be wrought a purpose.

But to you of whom there is more hope, that say, We will praise the Lord, forget not to add David's execution to David's intention. God loves the present tense better than the future, a facio more than a faciam. Let him that is president over us be a precedent for us: Heb. 10:7, 'Ἰδοὺ, ἤκω, 'Behold, I come'—not, I will come, but, I do come —'to do thy will, O God.'

You have heard the matter and manner of the song: the substance is gratitude; the form, a resolution to give it. To set it in some

DIVISION OR METHOD

That every present soul may bear his part, here be three strains, or stairs, and gradual ascents, up which our contemplations must mount with David's actions.

1. An entrance into God's house: 'I will go into thy house.' It is well that David will bring thither his praises himself. But many enter God's house that have no business there, that both come and return empty-hearted, that neither bring to God devotion, nor carry from God consolation.

2. Therefore the next strain gives his zeal: he will not come empty-handed, but 'with burnt-offerings.' Manifold and manifest arguments of his hearty affection. Manifest, because burnt-offerings; real, visible, actual, and accomplished works. Manifold, because not one singular oblation, but plurally, offerings, without pinching his devotion.

3. But yet divers have offered sacrifices, and burnt-sacrifices, that stunk, like Balaam's, in God's nostrils: tendering bullocks and goats, not their own hearts. Therefore the third strain affirms that David will not only offer beasts, but himself: 'I will pay thee my vows.' So that in his gratitude is observable, *quo loco, quo modo, quo animo.*

In what place? God's house; after what manner? with burnt-offerings; with what mind? I will pay thee my vows. His devotion is without exception: all the labour is to work our hearts to an imitation.

I will go into thy house.—The first note hath two strains: place and entrance.

The place he purposeth to enter is described by the property, *domus*; the proprietary, *Dominus*.

This house was not the temple, for that was after built by Solomon, but the tabernacle, or sanctuary. God had his house in all ages; as the wise Creator of all things, he reserved to him a portion in all things; *non propter indigentiam*, not that he had need of them, but that he might be acknowledged in them. Though he be Lord of all nations in the world, because the maker of all men, yet he reserved a particular number of men, and appropriated them to himself; and these he called *suum populum*, 'his people,' Luke 1:68.

Though thousands of angels stand before him, and ten thousand thousands of those glorious spirits minister unto him, yet he culleth and calleth out some particular men to celebrate his service,

sanctifying or setting them apart to that office; and these he calls suos ministros, his priests, his ministers.

Though he be a spirit, immortal, most rich, and Lord of all things, —'The earth is his, and the fulness thereof;' yea, heaven and the glory thereof: Ps. 50:12, 'If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; for the world is mine,' &c.,—yet he reserveth to himself a certain share of these inferior things: and this he calls suam sortem, his portion; Mal. 3:8, 'his tithes, his offerings.'

Though he be eternal, first and last, without beginning, without end; God of all times, and yet under no time; with whom 'a thousand years is but as one day;' and everlastingly to be honoured;—yet he reserveth to himself a certain time wherein he looks for our general worship; and that he calls suum diem, his day, 'his sabbaths,' Isa. 58:13.

Though he be the 'high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy,' Isa. 57:15; though infinite and comprehended in no place, yet he sets apart some special place wherein his great name shall be called on; and this he calls suam domum, his house. So, Matt. 21:13, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer.' Here, 'I will go into thy house.'

God never left his church destitute of a certain sacred place, wherein he would be worshipped. Adam had a place wherein he should present himself to God, and God did present himself to him—Paradise. God appeared to Abraham in a place, and sanctified it; and there, Gen. 12:7, 'Abraham built an altar,' for it was holy. When he commanded him to sacrifice his son Isaac, he appointed him a place on a mountain, Gen. 22:2. And on this very mountain, 2 Chron. 3:1, was afterwards Solomon's temple built. Jacob, according to the several places he dwelt in, built several altars to serve God on. The Israelites were translated out of Egypt for this very cause, that they might have a place to sacrifice to the Lord. When they were come into Canaan, God commanded and directed Moses to make a

tabernacle; which was but mobile tabernaculum, to be dissolved when Solomon's glorious temple was finished. Now all these particular places were consecrated to the service of God, and called *loca Dei*, God's places; as David calls this *domum Dei*, God's house.

This is the first note of the strain, the place. The next is his entrance; wherein observe—

1. That David's first care is to visit God's house. It is very likely that this psalm was written by David either in exile under Saul, or in persecution by Absalom, or in some grievous distress; whereout being delivered, he first resolves to salute God's house. Chrysostom in *Opere Imperfecto*, or whosoever was the author of that book, notes it the property of a good son, when he comes to town, first to visit his father's house, and to perform the honour that is due to him. We find this in Christ. Matt. 21:10–12, so soon as ever he came to Jerusalem, first he visits his Father's house: 'He went into the temple.' What the Son and Lord of David did there, the same course doth the servant of his Son take here: first, 'I will go into thy house.'

Oh for one dram of this respect of God's house in these days! Shall that place have a principal place in our affections? We would not then think one hour tedious in it, when many years delight us in the 'tents of Kedar.' This was not David's opinion: Ps. 84:10, 'One day in thy courts is better than a thousand.' Nor grudge at every penny that a levy taxeth to the church, as if *tegumen parietibus impositum* was enough,—bare walls, and a cover to keep us from rain; and *aliquid ornatus* was but superfluous, except it be a cushion and a wainscot seat, for a gentleman's better ease. The greatest preparation usually against some solemn feast is but a little fresh straw under the feet, the ordinary allowance for hogs in the sty or horses in the stable. For other cost, let it be *domus opportuna volucrum*,—a cage of unclean birds; and so it must be so long as some sacrilegious persons are in it. It was part of the epitaph of King Edgar—

'*Templa Deo, templis monachos, monachis dedit agros,*'—

He gave temples to God, ministers to those temples, and maintenance to those ministers. But the epitaphs of too many in these days may well run in contrary terms. They take tenths from good ministers, good ministers from the churches, yea, and some of them also the churches from God. But here quicquid tetigero ulcus erit, that which I should touch is an ulcer; and I will spend no physic in immedicabile vulnus, upon an incurable wound; but leave it ense recidendum Domini, to be cut off with the sword of God's vengeance.

2. Observe the reason why David would go into God's house; and this hath a double degree. To give him, (1.) praise; (2.) public praise.

(1.) Praise. Might not David praise God in any place? Yes; David might and must bless the Lord in any place, in every place; but the place that is principally destined to this purpose is domus Dei, God's house. The name which God imposed on his house, and by which, as it were, he christened it, was domus orationis, the house of prayer. As Christ, Matt. 21:13, derives it from Isa. 56:7, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer.' Therefore those houses were called in the primitive times dominica, the Lord's houses; and oratoria, houses of prayer, devoted to the praise of God.

I might here take just cause to tax an error of our times. Many come to these holy places, and are so transported with a desire of hearing, that they forget the fervency of praying and praising God. The end is ever held more noble than the means that conduce unto it. Sin brought in ignorance, and ignorance takes away devotion. The word preached brings in knowledge, and knowledge rectifies devotion. So that all our preaching is but to beget your praying; to instruct you to praise and worship God. The most immediate and proper service and worship of God is the end, and hearing but the means to that end. And the rule is true: *Semper finis excellit id quod est ad finem*,—The end ever excels that which leads to the end. *Scientia non est qualitas activa, sed principium quo aliquis dirigitur in operando*,*—Knowledge is not an active quality, but only a means to direct a man in working.

Non tarn audire, quam obedire requirit Deus,—God reckons not so much of our audience as of our obedience: not the hearers, but the 'doers, are blessed in their deed,' James 1:25. Indeed, Christ saith, 'Blessed are they that hear the word of God;' but with this condition, that 'they keep it.' The worship of God is the fruit of hearing; shew me this fruit. Our oratoria are turned into auditoria, and we are content that God should speak earnestly to us, but we will not speak devoutly to him. I hope that no man will so ignorantly and injuriously understand me, as if I spake against hearing of sermons frequently. God forbid; you must hear, and we must preach. The apostles 'gave themselves continually to prayer, and to the preaching of the word,' Acts 6:4: where yet prayer is put in the first place.

I complain not that our churches are auditories, but that they are not oratories; not that you come to sermons, (for God's sake, come faster,) but that you neglect public prayer: as if it were only God's part to bless you, not yours to bless God. And hereof I complain with good company. Chrysostom saith,[†] that such a multitude came to his sermons, that there was scarce room for a late comer; and those would all patiently attend the end of the sermon: but when prayers were to be read, or sacraments to be administered, the company was thin, the seats empty. *Vacua desertaque ecclesie reddebatur.*

Beloved, mistake not. It is not the only exercise of a Christian to hear a sermon; nor is that Sabbath well spent that despatcheth no other business for heaven. I will be bold to tell you, that in heaven there shall be no sermons; and yet in heaven there shall be hallelujahs. And this same end, for which David came to God's house, shall remain in glory—to praise the Lord. So that all God's service is not to be narrowed up in hearing, it hath greater latitude; there must be prayer, praise, adoration, and worship of God. Neither is it the scope of Christianity to know, but the scope of knowledge is to be a good Christian. You are not heathen, to ask, *Quid credendum?* What must we believe? nor catechists, to demand, *Quid faciendum?* 'What must we do?' Luke 3:10. You know what to believe, you know what to do. Our preaching hath not so much need *monere* as *movere*; though you

also need instruction, yet more need of exhortation; for you have learned more than ever you have followed. Come then hither, both to hear God and to praise God; as David was not only here a praiser, but, ver. 16, a preacher: 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.'

(2.) Which fitly brings me to the further exemplifying of this cause moving David to enter into God's house. Which was not only to praise him, but to praise him publicly. Otherwise he might have muttered his orisons to himself; no, he desires that his mouth should be a trumpet of God's glory; as frequently in the Psalms: 'I will praise thee before the great congregations.' There are some, that whatsoever service they do to God, desire many witnesses of it; others desire no witnesses at all.

The former are hypocrites, who would have all men's eyes take notice of their devotion; as if they durst not trust God without witness, for fear he should deny it. Such were the Pharisees; they gave no alms without the proclamation of a trumpet, and their prayers were at the corners of streets; such corners where divers streets met, and so more spectable to many passengers. To these Christ, Matt. 6:4, 'Do thy devotion in secret; and he that seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.'

The other have a little desire to serve God, but they would have no witnesses at all. They depend upon some great man, that will be angry with it. And these would fain have God take notice of their devotion, and nobody else. So Nicodemus stole to Christ by night; and many a Papist's servant would come to church if he were sure his master might not know of it. For he fears more to be turned out of his service than out of God's service. To these Christ, Luke 12:4, 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body,' and no more; 'but fear him that hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him,' A man may better lose his landlord's favour than the Lord's favour; his farm on earth than his manor or mansion in heaven.

David was neither of these. His thankfulness shall not be hidden *præ timore minantium*, nor yet will he manifest it *pro amore laudantium*,—neither for fear of commanders nor for love of commenders. He is neither *timidus* nor *tumidus*, not fearful of frowns nor luxurious of praises; but only desires to manifest the integrity of his conscience in the sight of God. It is the manner of the godly not only to ruminate in their minds God's mercies, but to divulge them to the bettering of others. When we yield thus to the world a testimony of our faith and thankfulness in God's public honour, we provoke others to hearken to religion, and inflame their hearts with a fervent desire to partake the like mercies. The fame of Alexander gave heart to Julius Cæsar to be the more noble warrior. The freedom of our devotion gives an edge to others.

*Beneficium qui dedit, taceat; narret qui accepit,**—Let him that gives a benefit be silent; let him speak of it that hath received it. There is that law of difference, saith that philosopher, betwixt the doer of a good turn and the receiver of it: *Alter statim oblivisci debet dati; alter accepti nunquam,*—The one ought quickly to forget what he hath given; the other ought never to forget what he hath received. We are the receivers, and must not forget. God gave the law to Israel, and the custom of the saints observed it: Ps. 78:3, 4, 'What we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, we will not hide from our children, shewing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord.'

Indeed there was a time when Christ forbade the publishing of his benefit: Mark 1:44, to the leper, 'See thou say nothing to any man of it,' But 'he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter.' I know, divers divines, by curious distinctions, have gone about to excuse the matter, by making this an admonitory, not an obligatory precept. But I subscribe to Calvin and Marlorat, who tax it for an offence, and manifest breach of Christ's commandment. And Jerome on that place says that *non erat necesse ut sermone jactaret, quod corpore præfererat,*—his tongue might be silent, for his whole body was turned into a tongue to publish it. The act was good, but not good at that time. Disobedient he was, be it

granted; yet of all disobedient men commend me to him. Let not then any politic or sinister respects tie up our tongues from blessing him that hath blessed us. Suffocate not the fire of zeal in thy heart by silent lips, lest it prove key-cold; but say with our prophet, Ps. 26:12, 'My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord.'

We perceive now the motive-cause that brought David into God's house. I would take leave from hence in a word to instruct you with what mind you should come to this holy place. We are in substance inheritors of the same faith which the Jews held; and have—instead of their tabernacle, sanctuary, temple—churches, places set apart for the assembly of God's saints; wherein we receive divine mysteries, and celebrate divine ministries; which are said by Damascene,* *Plus participare operationis et gratiæ divinæ*,—There is nothing lost by the gospel which the law afforded; but rather all bettered. It is observable that the building of that glorious temple was the maturity and consummation of God's mercy to the Jews. Infinite were his favours betwixt their slavery in Egypt and their peace in Israel. God did, as it were, attend upon them to supply their wants. They have no guide: why, God himself is their guide, and goes before them in a pillar of fire. They have no shelter: the Lord spreads a cloud over them for a canopy. Are they at a stand, and want way? The sea shall part and give them passage, whilst the divided waters are as walls unto them. For sustenance, they lack bread: heaven itself shall pour down the food of angels. Have they no meat to their bread? A wind shall blow to them innumerable quails. Bread and flesh is not enough without drink: behold, a hard rock, smitten with a little wand, shall pour out abundance of water. But what is all this, if they yet in the wilderness shall want apparel? Their garments shall not wax old on their backs. Do they besiege? Jericho's walls shall fall down before them; for want of engines, hailstones shall brain their enemies; lamps, and pitchers, and dreams shall get them victory. 'The sun shall stand still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon,' Josh. 10:12, to behold their conquests. Lack they yet a land to

inhabit? The Lord will make good his promise against all difficulties, and give them a land that 'flows with milk and honey.'

But is all this yet short of our purpose, and their chief blessedness? They want a house to celebrate his praise that hath done all this for them: behold, the Lord giveth them a goodly temple; neither doth he therein only accept their offerings, but he also gives them his oracles, even vocal oracles between the cherubims. I might easily parallel England to Israel in the circumference of all these blessings; but my centre is their last and best, and whereof they most boasted: Jer. 7:4, 'The temple of the Lord,' and the law of their God. To answer these we have the houses of God, and the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have all, though all in a new manner: 2 Cor. 5:17, 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' They had an 'Old Testament,' Heb. 8:13; we have the 'New Testament.' They had the Spirit; we have a new Spirit. They had commandments; we have *novum mandatum*,—the 'new commandment,' John 13:34. They had an inheritance, Canaan; we have a new inheritance promised: *Vidi novum cœlum et novam terram*,—Rev. 21:1, 'I saw a new heaven and a new earth.' To conclude, they had their temple, we have our churches; to which as they were brought by their sabbath, so we by our Lord's day; wherein as they had their sacraments, so we have our sacraments. We must therefore bear the like affection to ours as they did to that. We have greater cause. There was the shadow, here is the substance; there the figure, here the truth; there the sacrifices of beasts, here of 'the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world.'

I find myself here occasioned to enter a great sea of discourse; but you shall see I will make but a short cut of it. It is God's house you enter; a house where the Lord is present; the place where his honour dwelleth. Let this teach us to come—

1. With reverence. Lev. 19:30, 'Ye shall hallow my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.' The very mention of this reverence, methinks, should strike our hearts with our self-known guiltiness. How few look to their feet before they enter these holy

doors! Eccles. 5:1; and so they offer the sacrifice of imprudent and impudent fools. If they are to hear, they regard quis, not quid: anything is good that some man speaks, the same in another trivial. If the man like them not, nor shall the sermon. Many thus contend like those two Germans in a tavern. One said he was of Dr Martin's religion, the other protested himself of Dr Luther's religion; and thus among their cups the litigation grew hot between them: whereas indeed Martin and Luther was but one man. Others, when they come first into the church, they swap down on their seats, clap their hats before their eyes, and scarce bow their knees; as if they came to bless God, not to entreat God to bless them. They would quake in the presence of an offended king, who are thus impudent-faced in the house of God. But saith the Lord, whose 'throne is the heaven, and the earth his footstool; I will look to him that trembleth at my word,' Isa. 66:2. So Jacob, Gen. 28:17, 'was afraid, and said, How fearful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Whereupon Bernard, *Terribilis plane locus, &c.*—'A fearful place indeed, and worthy of all reverence; which saints inhabit, holy angels frequent, and God himself graceth with his own presence.' As the first Adam was placed in paradise to keep it, so the second Adam is in the congregation of his saints to preserve it. Therefore enter not without reverence: Ps. 5:7, 'I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercies; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.'

2. With joy. None but a free-will offering is welcome to God. It is a common opinion in the world that religion doth dull a man's wits and deject his spirits, as if mirth and mischief were only sworn brothers. But God's word teacheth, and a good conscience findeth, that no man can be so joyful as the faithful; nor is there so merry a land as the holy land; no place of joy like the church. Let the wicked think that they cannot laugh if they be tied to the law of grace, nor be merry if God be in the company; but the Christian knows there is no true joy but the good joy: and if this be anywhere, it is in the temple. Ps. 124:1, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.' Indeed, therefore, we are not merry enough,

because we are not enough Christians. Can you wish more joy to be received than that, Rom. 14:17, 'peace of conscience, and joy of the Holy Ghost,'—*hilaris cum pondere virtus*, a joy that can neither be suppressed nor expressed,—or more joy to be communicated than, Col. 3:16, 'in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord?' Think, think, thy God is here. The angels of heaven rejoice in his glorious presence, and crown it as their chief felicity; and shall not poor man rejoice in his gracious presence,—as it were, his most blessed society? Yes; the light of thy countenance, O Lord, shall put more gladness into our hearts than into the worldlings' their abundance of corn and wine, Ps. 4:6, 7. Cast away then your dulness and unwillingness of heart; come merrily and with a joyful soul into the house of God.

3. With holiness. It is holy ground, not by any inherent holiness, but in regard of the religious use. For that place which was once Bethel, the house of God, proved afterward Bethaven, the house of iniquity. But it is thus God's sanctuary, the habitation of his sanctity: *Procul hinc, procul este profani*. 'Put off thy shoes,'—doff thy carnal affections,—'the place where thou standest is holy ground;' 'wash thy hands,' yea, thy heart, 'in innocency,' before thou 'come near to God's altar.' Be the minister never so simple, never so sinful, the word is holy, the action holy, the time holy, the place holy, ordained by the Most Holy to make us holy. Saith a reverend divine, God's house is for godly exercises; they wrong it, therefore, that turn sanctuarium into promptuarium, the sanctuary into a buttery, and spiritual food into belly-cheer. And they much more, that pervert it to a place of pastime, making the house of praise a house of plays. And they most of all, that make it a house, not *laudis*, but *fraudis*,—Matt. 21:13, 'My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves,'—robbing, if not men of their goods, yet God of the better part, sincerity of conscience.

What a horrid thing would it be, beloved, if you should depart from this church, where you learn to keep a good conscience, but into the market, and there practise deceit, circumvention, oppression,

swearing, drunkenness! Oh, do not derive the commencement of your sins from God's house! What a mockery is this, and how odious in the sight of heaven, if you should begin your wickedness with a sermon, as the Papists begin their treasons with a mass! I tax no known person; but for the facts and faults, *non ignota cano*, I do not speak of things unknown. I would to God your amended lives might bring me with shame again hither to recant and unsay it.

But it often so falls out, that as those conspirators met at the Capitol, so the church is made the *communis terminus*, where many wickednesses have appointed to meet. 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' 2 Cor. 6:16. Begin not the day with God, to spend all the rest with Satan. Your tongues have now blessed the Lord; let not the evening find them red with oaths, or black with curses. Let not that saying of Luther be verified by you, that in *nomine Domini incipit omne malum*,—in the name of God begins all mischief. Whatsoever your morning sacrifice pretend, look to your afternoon. You have done so much the worse, as you have made a show of good; and it had been easier for your unclean hearts to have missed this admonition. This caveat, before I leave God's house, I thought to commend to your practice, when you leave it.

I have held you too long in the church, speaking of the church. It was the most material point I propounded to my discourse; forgive the prolixity, the brevity of the rest shall make amends. The first strain or stair was his entrance into God's house. Now he is in, what doth he? What bringeth he? We find—

Burnt-offerings.—I have three dissuasions from punctual tractation of this point. First, The poor remnant of the fugitive time. Secondly, I have liberally handled it on former occasions.* Thirdly, The necessity is not great of discoursing the sacrifices of the law in these days of the gospel. We have the light, and therefore need not trouble ourselves to cast back the shadows.

Sacrifices are of great antiquity. Not only the book of God, but even the law of nature, hath imprinted in man's heart that sacrifices must be offered. It is written in the conscience, that a homage is due to the superior power, which is able to revenge itself of dishonour and contempt done it, and to regrantify them with kindness that served it. But David's sacrifice was the earnest of a thankful heart. I might amplify it, and perhaps pick up some good gleanings after others' full carts.

I could also observe, that David came not before God empty-handed, but brought with him some actual testimony of his devoted affection, —burnt-offerings,—to the confusion of their faces who will no longer serve God if he grows chargeable to them. If they may receive from God good things, and pay him only with good words, they are content to worship him. But if they cannot be in his favour but it must cost them the setting on, they will save their purses though they lose their souls. If he requires aught for his church, poor ministers or poor members, they cry with Judas, *Ad quid perditio hæc?*—Why is this waste? They are only so long rich in devotion as they may be rich by devotion, and no longer.

But for ourselves, be we sure that the best sacrifice we can give to God is obedience; not a dead beast, but a living soul. The Lord takes not delight in the blood of brutish creatures, a spirit in bodies, the impassible in savours arising from altars. It is the mind, the life, the soul, the obedience, that he requires: 1 Sam. 15:22, 'To obey is better than sacrifice.' Let this be our burnt-offering, our holocaust, a sanctified body and mind given up to the Lord, Rom. 12:1, 2. First the heart: 'My son, give me thy heart.' Is not the heart enough? No, the hand also: Isa. 1:16, 'Wash the hands' from blood and pollution. Is not the hand enough? No, the foot also: 'Remove thy foot from evil.' Is not the foot enough? No, the lips also: 'Guard the doors of thy mouth;' Ps. 34:13, 'Refrain thy tongue from evil.' Is not thy tongue enough? No, the ear also: 'Let him that hath ears to hear, hear.' Is not the ear enough? No, the eye also: 'Let thine eyes be toward the Lord.' Is not all this sufficient? No, give body and spirit: 1 Cor. 6:20, 'Ye are

bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.' When the eyes abhor lustful objects, the ears slanders, the foot erring paths, the hands wrong and violence, the tongue flattery and blasphemy, the heart pride and hypocrisy; this is thy holocaust, thy whole burnt-offering.

I will pay thee my vows.—The third and highest degree of this song is, vows; 'I will pay thee my vows.' And here among vows, I might sooner than with burnt-offerings lose the time, your patience, and myself. This vow was no meritorious or supererogatory work in David. But though the law generally binds him to God's service, yet to some particular act of God's service he may newly bind himself by a vow. So, Gen. 28:20, 22, 'Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me,' &c., 'this stone that I have set for a pillar shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.' Our prophet did vow performance of that duty to which without vowing he was obliged: Ps. 119:106, 'I have vowed and sworn, and will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.'

There are many cautions in vows which I must vow to omit: only Solomon's rule excepted, Eccles. 5:4, 6, 'When thou vowest a vow to God, defer not to pay it; for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that thou hast vowed. Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin.' Let nothing be vowed that is not *penes voventem*, in the power of the vower; and then the thing being good, and thou enabled to perform it, this vow must be kept. For thy vows are a heavy charge: Ps. 56:12, 'Thy vows are heavy upon me, O God.'

The Papists have strange, and often impossible vows, of poverty, virginity, pilgrimage. I will teach thee to make vows too; God enable thee to keep them! If thou wilt vow poverty, let it be in spirit. Vow thyself not in the world a beggar, but a beggar to Christ. Many blessed saints have served God with their wealth, and thought not that religion was only in them that begged. If thou wilt vow virginity, vow thyself a virgin to Christ; whether thou be married or single, keep the bed undefiled, that, 2 Cor. 11:2, 'thou mayest be presented a

pure virgin to Christ.' If thou wilt vow pilgrimage, let it not be to our Lady of Loretto, or of Halle and Zichem, indeed not to our Lady, but to our Lord; vow thyself a pilgrim to Christ. Load not thyself with the luggage of this world, lest it hinder thy journey; and cease not travelling till thou come to thy home, the place of peace and eternal rest. These are lawful, laudable vows; the Lord send us all to make them, and to keep them!

You see I am quickly got up these two latter stairs. Some more special use remains only to be made, and so give way to conclusion. I will take from these three branches a just reproof of three sorts of people,—refusers, intruders, backsliders. Refusers to come, being called; intruders, that come being not prepared; and backsliders, that make vows but not keep them. The first say not, 'We will go into thy house.' The second say, 'We will go into thy house,' but not 'with burnt-offerings.' The last deny not both the former: 'We will go into thy house,' and 'with burnt-offerings;' but non solvent vota, they will not 'pay their vows.'

1. Refusers or recusants are of two sorts—Papists and separatists, or schismatics.

(1.) Papists; and they have so much recourse ad transmarina judicia, to beyond-sea judgments, that they dare not come into God's house because of the Pope's interdiction. And the Popes have so wrought and brought it about now, that they will not only in abstracto be had in reverence, but in concreto be feared with observation. Though at first thirty bishops there successively yielded their heads to the block for Christ; yet afterwards, by change of bishops in that see, and of humours in those bishops, such alteration hath followed, that Rome is no liker to what Rome was than Michal's image on a pillow of goat's hair, 1 Sam. 19, was like David. The cause therefore of their not communicating with us is awe of the Pope's supremacy. For some of their greatest writers have justified our communion-book to contain all doctrine necessary to salvation. The not suffering them to come to God's house is then rather a point of Popish policy and state than of

Christian devotion. But indeed they are the satanical Jesuits that set them afoot. The common people, like the mare mortuum, a dead sea, would be quiet enough, if these blustering winds did not put them into tumult. And so long as those dogs can bark against God's house, the poor affrighted people dare not come there. So that England may have their bodies, but Rome hath their hearts; and the danger is fearful, lest Satan also come in for his share, and take possession of their souls.

(2.) Schismatics; who, because their curious eyes, looking through the spectacles of opinion, spy some morpew* of corruption upon the church's face, will utterly forsake it. There are some that refuse peaceable obedience, as the poet made his plays, to please the people; or as Simon Magus was christened, for company. The separatists are peevishly wretched; discontent drives them from God, and though they say they fly for their conscience, indeed they fly from their conscience, leaving all true devotion behind them, and their wives and children upon the parish.

2. Well, they are gone, and my discourse shall travel no further after them, but fall upon others nearer hand. There are some so far from refusers, that they are rather intruders. They will come into God's house, but they will bring no burnt-offerings with them; no preparation of heart to receive benefit in the church. They come without their wedding-garment, and shall one day hear that fearful and unanswerable question, 'Friends, how came you in hither?'

These are the utterly profane, that come rather with a lame knowledge than a blind zeal. For some of them, good clothes carry them to church; and they had rather men should note the fashion of their habits than God the habit of their hearts. They can better brook ten disorders in their lives than one in their locks. Others are the secure semi-atheistical cosmopolites; and these come too: and none take a truer measure of the sermon, for their sleep begins with the prayer before it, and wakens just at the psalm after it. These think that God may be served well enough with looking on; and their

utmost duty, but to bring their bodies a little further living than they shall be brought dead: for then perhaps they shall come to the churchyard, now they will bring them to the church. Devotion and they are almost strangers, and so much as they know of it, they dishonour by their acquaintance. Their burnt-offerings are nothing else but a number of eyes at utmost lift up to heaven; their heart hath another centre. They bring as many sins with them every day to church as they have been all their lives in committing. Their hands are not washed from aspersions of lust and blood; their eyes are full of whoredom, their lips of slander, their affections of covetousness, their wits of cheating, their souls of impiety. If there were no saints in the church, how could they hope the roof would not fall on their guilty heads? But I will leave them to the Lord's reproof: Jer. 7:9–11, 'Will ye steal, murder, commit adultery, and swear falsely; and come and stand before me in this house,' staring me in the face, as if you were innocent? 'Behold, even I have seen it, saith the Lord.'

3. There is yet a last sort, that will come into God's house, and bring with them burnt-offerings, a show of external devotion; but they will not pay their vows. Distress, war, captivity, calamity, famine, sickness, brings down the most elate and lofty spirits. It turns the proud gallant's feather into a kerchief; pulls the wine from the lips of the drunkard; ties up the tongue of the swearer, whom thunder could not adjure to silence; makes the adulterer loathe the place of his sin, the bed. And though the usurer stuff his pillow with nothing but his bonds and mortgages, softer and sweeter in his opinion than down or feathers, yet his head will not leave aching.

This misery doth so sting, terrify, and put sense into the dead flesh of the numbed conscience, that (all worldly delights being found like plummetts of lead tied about a man while he is cast into this sea, so far from helping him to swim, that they sink him rather,) the eye looks about for another shore, and finds none but God. To this so long forgotten God, the heart begins to address a messenger, and that is prayer. God, the wicked see, must be called on, but they know not how. They have been so mere strangers to him, that they cannot

tell how to salute him. Like beggars that are blind, they are forced to beg, but they see not of whom. Or if their eyes are so far open, vident quasi e longinquo salutem, sed interjacente pelago; vident quo eundum, non qua,—they see health afar off, as it were beyond the sea; they see whither they would go, but not which way.

If any inferior thing or created prop could uphold them, God should not be solicited. If friends will, if physic will, if money will, if all the delicate objects for any sense will ease or appease their grief, they will not seek to heaven. Yea, if Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, can cure them, they will not trouble the God of Israel. But all lower pleasures to one thus sick are but like a sweet harmony of music to a deaf man. There is no hope of comfort but from above the clouds. Health and prosperity is but as a coach to carry our desires to heaven, but sickness is the post-horse. Only this sub-pœna can bring us to put up a supplication in the high court of requests and mercy. Now, lo, they pray, they beseech, they sigh, they weep, they bleed, and lastly they vow.

What vow they? Either some new act to be done, or some old act to be left undone. Now the drunkard vows abstinence, the lustful vows continence, the swearer vows to leave his blasphemy, the encloser vows to throw open his taken-in commons, the proud vow to leave their gaudy vanity, the worldling vows to be charitable and to relieve the poor; and perhaps, at such a pinch or dead lift, one usurer in a thousand years may vow to forsake his usury, and to restore all that he hath so gotten. Now they say, Lord, remove from me this malady, this extremity, and I will hereafter serve thee better, love thee more, believe thy gospel, relieve thy poor, give something to an hospital, or do some such act as may testify my thankfulness.

Well, God hears and grants; health comes, strength is recovered, the danger is over, they are well. Now ubi vota?—where be their vows? Alas! we rise from our beds of sickness, and leave our vows behind us.

'Ægrotus surgit, sed pia vota jacent.'

Physicians have a rule among themselves concerning their patients: Take whiles they be in pain. For whatsoever they promise sick, when they are well they will not perform it. So God had need to take what devotion he can get at our hands in our misery, for when prosperity returns we forget our vows. You have often heard that old verse—

'Dæmon languebat, monachus tunc esse volebat;

Dæmon convaluit, dæmon ut ante fuit;'

and as wittily Englished—

'The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;

The devil was well, the devil of monk was he.'

The moral of it suits full to our present purpose. It is reported of Constantinople that a terrible earthquake had overthrown many houses, slain much people. Hereupon the remaining inhabitants, affrighted, fell devoutly to their prayers and vows, privately in their chambers, publicly in their churches; the poor were relieved, justice administered, their lives much amended. But afterwards, when God held his hand, they held their tongues; he forbore plaguing, and they forbore praying; the rod ceased, and their piety withal: they forgot their vows.

When the Lord hath stricken us by famine, in withholding the rain from us, or in pouring down too much too fast upon us; or by a grievous plague, turning our popular streets into a desert; we straight grow penitent: zeal carries up our cries to heaven, we pray, we sigh, we weep. Sorrow sits in our eyes, devotion on our lips; God hath at that time more hearty prayers in an hour than ordinarily in a year. But as the poet spake—

'Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane;'—

The Lord no sooner takes off the burden of misery, but we also shake off the burden of piety; we forget our vows. Oh the mercy of God, that such forgetfulness should possess Christian hearts! This was unthankful Israel's fault: Ps. 106:13, 'They soon forgot his works;' they forgat, yea, soon; they made haste to forget, so the original is: 'They made haste, they forgat.' Like men that in sleep shake Death by the hand, but when they are awake will not know him.

It is storied of a merchant, that in a great storm at sea vowed to Jupiter, if he would save him and his vessel, to give him a hecatomb. The storm ceaseth, and he bethinks that a hecatomb was unreasonable; he resolves on seven oxen. Another tempest comes, and now he vows again the seven at least. Delivered then also, he thought that seven were too many, and one ox would serve the turn. Yet another peril comes, and now he vows solemnly to fall no lower; if he might be rescued, an ox Jupiter shall have. Again freed, the ox sticks in his stomach, and he would fain draw his devotion to a lower rate; a sheep was sufficient. But at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep too much, and purposeth to carry to the altar only a few dates. But by the way he eats up the dates, and lays on the altar only the shells. After this rate do many perform their vows. They promise whole hecatombs in sickness, but they reduce them lower and lower still as they grow well. He that vowed to build an hospital, to restore an impropriation to the church, to lay open his enclosures, and to serve God with an honest heart, brings all at last to a poor reckoning, and thinks to please the Lord with his empty shells. There was some hope of this man's soul's health while his body was sick; but as his body riseth to strength, his soul falls to weakness.

It is the reproach of Rome, No penny, no paternoster; let it not be our reproach and reproof too, No plague, no paternoster; no punishments, no prayers. Thy vows are God's debts, and God's debts must be paid; he will not, as men do desperate debtors, dismiss thee on a slight composition. No; *juste exigitur ad solvendum, qui non cogitur ad vovendum*,*—he is justly required to pay that was not compelled to vow. *Non talis eris, si non feceris quod vovisti, qualis*

mansisses si nihil tale vovisses: minor enim tunc esses, non pejor,†—
Thou remainest not the same, having vowed and not performed, as
thou hadst been hadst thou not vowed: thou hadst then been less,
thou art now worse.

Well then, beloved, if we have vowed a lawful vow to the Lord, let us
pay it. Let it not be said of us, that we do *aliud sedentes, aliud*
stantes,—one thing sitting in our chair of sickness, another thing
standing in our stations of health. The Lord doth not deliver us out of
the bond of distress, that we should deliver ourselves out of the bond
of obedience. Gal. 6:7, 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for
whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.' The next blow of his
hand will be heavier, because thou hast soon forgotten this. Who can
blame justice, if he strike us with yet greater plagues, that have on
our deliverance from the former so mocked him with the falling
fruits of our vowed devotion? Come we then whose hearts the mercy
of God and blood of Jesus Christ hath softened, and say with our
Psalmist, 'We will go to thy house, O Lord: we will pay thee our
vows.'

You see all the parts of this song; the whole concert or harmony of all
is praising God. I have shewed you *quo loco*, in his house; *quo modo*,
with burnt-offerings; *quo animo*, paying our vows. Time hath
abridged this discourse, contrary to my promise and purpose.

In a word, which of us is not infinitely beholden to the Lord our God,
for sending to us many good things, and sending away from us many
evil things? Oh, where is our praise, where is our thankfulness?
'What shall we do unto thee, O thou preserver of men?' What but
'take the cup of salvation, and bless the name of the Lord?' Ps. 100:4,
'Oh, let us enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts
with praise: let us be thankful unto him, and bless his name.' And let
us not bring our bodies only, but our hearts; let our souls be
thankful.

Man's body is closed up within the elements: his blood within his body, his spirits in his blood, his soul within his spirits, and the Lord resteth in his soul. Let then the soul praise the Lord; let us not draw near with our lips, and leave our hearts behind us; but let us give the Searcher of the hearts a hearty praise. Ingratitude is the devil's text; oaths, execrations, blasphemies, and lewd speeches are commentaries upon it. But thankfulness is the language of heaven; for it becometh saints to be thankful. As therefore we would give testimony to the world, and argument to our own conscience, that we serve the Lord, let us promise and perform the words of my text, 'We will go into thy house with burnt-offerings: we will pay thee our vows.' The Lord give thankfulness to us, and accept it of us, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

THE SACRIFICE OF THANKFULNESS

God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.—PSALM 118:27.

THE first and last words of this psalm are, 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.'

Thanksgiving is the prescript and the postscript. He that is Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, requires that our beginning and ending should be, 'Praise to the Lord.'

You see the head and the foot, the bulk, body, members, are not dissonant, There is scarce any verse in the psalm that is not either a hosanna or a hallelujah; a prayer for mercy, or a praise for mercy.

I have singled out one; let it speak for the rest: 'God is the Lord, that hath shewed,' &c.

Here is somewhat received; somewhat to be returned. God hath blessed us, and we must bless God. His grace, and our gratitude, are the two lines my discourse must run upon. They are met in my text; let them as happily meet in your hearts, and they shall not leave you till they bring you to heaven.

The sum is, God is to be praised. The particulars are—I. Wherefore he is to be praised; and, II. Wherewith he is to be praised.

I. Wherefore: 'God is the Lord, that hath shewed us light.'

II. Wherewith: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.'

I. In the for what we will consider—1. The author; and, 2. His blessing.

1. The author: 'God is the Lord.'

2. His blessing: 'That hath shewed us light.'

The Lord, the light. The author is called God and Lord; which lead us to look upon his goodness and his greatness.

1. GOD AND GOOD.—Lo, I begin with him that hath no beginning, but is the beginning of all other beings—God; and would only tell you, (for I must not lose myself in this mystery,) that this God is good. In himself goodness; good to us. Ps. 100:5, 'The Lord is good: his mercy is everlasting.' He is true life, saith Augustine:* A quo averti cadere; in quem converti resurgere; in quo manere vivere est, —From him to turn is to fall; to him to return is to rise; in him to abide is to live for ever.

David, in the 59th Psalm, calls him his mercy: ver. 10, *Deus meus, misericordia mea*,—'My God, my mercy.' Whereupon Augustine sweetly discourses:—

'If thou hadst said, My health, I know what thou hadst meant; because God gives health. If thou hadst said, My refuge, I understand; because thou fliest unto him. If thou hadst said, My strength, I conceive thy meaning; because he gives strength. But *Misericordia mea; quid est? Totum, quicquid sum, de misericordia tua est*,—My mercy; what is it? I am by thy mercy, whatsoever I am.'*

Bernard[†] would have us speak of God in abstracto: not only to call him wise, merciful, good, but wisdom, mercy, goodness, because the Lord is without accidents at all. For as he is most great without quantity, so he is most good without quality. *Nil habet in se nisi se*,—He hath nothing in him but himself.

God, then, being good,—not only formaliter, good in himself, but also effectivè, good to us,—teacheth us to love him. We should love goodness for its own sake; but when it reflects upon us, there is a new invitation of our love.

THE LORD.—We have heard his goodness; listen to his greatness. In this title we will consider his majesty, as we did in the other his mercy.

Lord implies a great state: the title is given to a great man upon earth. But if an earthen lord be great, *quantus est Dominus, qui dominos facit?*[‡]—how great is the Lord, which makes lords! Yea, and unmakes them, too at his pleasure.

This is an absolute and independent Lord. 1 Cor. 8:5, 'There may be many gods, and many lords.' But this is ille Dominus,—the Lord, or that Lord, that commands and controls them all. They are *Domini titulares*, this is *Dominus tutelar*. They are in title and name, this in deed and power.

There are many, saith St Paul. Many in title, many in opinion. Some are lords and gods ex autoritate; so are kings and magistrates. Ps. 82:1, 'God standeth in the congregation of lords: he is judge among the gods.' Others will so style themselves ex usurpatione; as the canonists say of their Pope, Dominus Deus noster Papa,—'Our Lord God the Pope.' But he is but a lord and god in a blind and tetrical opinion.

The Lord is only almighty; able to do more by his absolute power than he will by his actual; able for potent, not impotent works. He cannot lie, he cannot die. § Dicitur omnipotens faciendo quod vult, non patiendo quod non vult,—He is called almighty in doing what he pleaseth, not in suffering what he pleaseth not.

This is his greatness. As his mercy directs us to love him, so let his majesty instruct us to fear him. I will briefly touch both these affections; but love shall go foremost.

LOVE.—Our God is good, and good to us; let us therefore love him. (1.) It is an affection that God principally requires. (2.) It is a nature wherein alone we can answer God.

(1.) For the former; God requires not thy wisdom to direct him, nor thy strength to assist him, nor thy wealth to enrich him, nor thy dignity to advance him; but only thy love. 'Love him with all thy heart.'

(2.) For the second; man cannot indeed answer God well in any other thing. When God judgeth us, we must not judge him again. When he reproves us, we must not justify ourselves. If he be angry, we must answer him in patience; if he command, in obedience. But when God loves us, we must answer him in the same nature, though not in the same measure, and love him again. We may not give God word for word; we dare not offer him blow for blow; we cannot requite him good turn for good turn; yet we may, can, must, give him love for love. *Nam cum amat Deus, non aliud vult quam amari.**

Now, because every man sets his foot upon the freehold of love, and says, It is mine, let us ask for his evidence whereby he holds it. We call an evidence a deed; and deeds are the best demonstration of our right in love. If thou love God for his own sake, shew it by thy deeds of piety. If thou love man for God's sake, shew it by thy deeds of charity. The root of love is in the heart; but it sends forth veins into the hands, and gives them an active and nimble dexterity to good works. 'If you love me,' saith Christ, 'keep my commandments,' John 14:15. If you love man, shew your compassion to him, 1 John 3:17. Obedience to our Creator, mercy to his image, testify our loves. He that wants these evidences, these deeds, when that busy informer, the devil, sues him, will be unhappily vanquished.

FEAR.—Let us pass from love to fear. We must love our good God; we must fear our great Lord. It is objected against this passage of union, that 'perfect love casteth out fear,' 1 John 4:18. It is answered that fear brings in perfect love, as the needle draws in the thread. And it is not possible that true love should be without good fear; that is, a filial reverence. For slavish fear, be it as far from your hearts as it shall be from my discourse.

Now this fear is a most due and proper affection, and, I may say, the fittest of all to be towards God. Indeed God requires our love; but we must think that then God stoops low, and bows himself down to be loved of us. For there is such an infinite inequality betwixt God and us, that without his sweet dignation, and descending to us, there could be no fitness of this affection. But look we up to that infinite glory of our great Lord, look we down on the vileness of ourselves, sinful dust, and we will say, that by reason of the disproportion between us, nothing is so suitable for our baseness to give so high a God as fear. Therefore, Ps. 34:11, 'Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.' Ps. 31:23, 'Fear the Lord, all ye his servants;' as well as 'Love the Lord, all ye his saints,' Ps. 2:11.

Now this fear hath as many challengers as love had. When this book is held out, every man's lips are ready to kiss it; and to say and swear

that they fear the Lord. Love had the testimony, charity; and fear must have his, service. Ps. 2, 'Serve the Lord with fear.'

It is man's necessitated condition to be a servant. Happy they that can truly call Christ Master! 'Ye call me Lord and Master: and ye say well; for so I am,' John 13:13.

He that serves the flesh serves his fellow; and a beggar mounted on the back of honour rides post to the devil. This is a choleric master; so fickle, that at every turn he is ready to turn thee out of doors. We may say of him, as of the Spaniard, he is a bad servant, but a worse master.

He that serves the world serves his servant, as if Ham's curse was lighted on him: *servus servorum*,—a drudge to slaves, a slave to drudges.

He that serves the devil serves his enemy, and this is a miserable service. Sure it was a lamentable preposterous sight that Solomon saw, Eccles. 10:7, 'I have seen servants on horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth.' And Agur, Prov. 30:22, numbers it among those four things whereby the world is disquieted: 'A servant when he reigneth, and a fool when he is filled with meat; an odious woman when she is married, and a handmaid that is heir to her mistress.'

Judge then how horrible it is that men should set (as the savages of Calicut) the devil, or his two angels, the world and the flesh, in the throne, whiles they place God in the footstool; or that in this commonwealth of man, reason, which is the queen or the princess over the better powers and graces of the soul, should stoop to so base a slave as sensual lust. 'Delight is not seemly for a fool: much less for a servant to have rule over princes,' Prov. 19:10.

St Basil, not without passion, did envy the devil's happiness, who had neither created us, nor redeemed us, nor preserveth us, but violently labours our destruction; that yet he should have more servants than

God that made us, than Jesus Christ that, with his own precious blood and grievous sufferings, bought us. Well, he is happy that can truly say with David, Ps. 116:16, 'I am thy servant, O Lord; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid.' This service is true honour; for so kings and princes, yea, the blessed angels of heaven, are thy fellows.

God is good, that we may love him; the Lord is great, that we may fear him. We have heard both severally; let us consider them jointly, and therein the security of our own happiness. It is a blessed confirmation, when both these, the goodness and the greatness of God, meet upon us. His greatness that he is able, his goodness that he is willing to save us. Were he never so great, if not good to us, we had little help. Were he never so good, if not great, and of ability to succour us, we had less comfort. He would stand us in small stead if either his will or his power was defective; if either he could not or would not save us.

His goodness without his greatness might fail us; his greatness without his goodness would terrify us. It is a happy concurrence when 'mercy and truth meet together; when righteousness and peace kiss each other,' Ps. 85:10. So sweetly sings the Psalmist, Ps. 116:5, 'Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.' Whereupon St Ambrose, *Bis misericordiam posuit, semel justitiam*,* —He is once said to be righteous, but twice in one verse to be gracious. It is sweet when both are conjoined, as in the first and last verse of this psalm: 'O give thanks to the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.' The Lord is good; though great, yet also good; and his mercy, so well as his justice, endures for ever. Man hath no such assurance of comfort in God as to meditate that his great power and good-will, his glory and grace, his majesty and mercy, meet together.

These be God's two daughters, justice and mercy. Let us honour them both, but let us kiss and embrace mercy. But, alas! we have

dealt unkindly with them both. God hath two daughters, and we have ravished them.

There is a story of a man, that meeting in a desert with two virgin sisters, he did ravish both of them. Afterwards, on his apprehension, the former desired that he might justly die for it. The other did entreat as earnestly that he might live, and that she might enjoy him for her husband.

Man is that ravisher, and those two virgins are the justice and mercy of God. Against his justice we have sinned, and provoked his indignation to strike us; yea, even his mercy we have abused. For her sake we have been spared, and a longer day of repentance given us; yet we have despised the riches of this mercy, and presuming on mercy, have dared to multiply our transgressions. Justice pleads to God that we should die; urgeth this law, 'Whosoever sinneth shall die,' and, 'Death is the wages of sin.' Mercy entreats, beseecheth that we may live, and produceth the gospel, 'Whosoever repents, shall be pardoned: whosoever believes, shall be saved;' and for further assurance, brings forth that blessed pardon, sealed in the wounds and blood of Jesus Christ. God hearkens to mercy for his Son's sake; though we have ravished and wronged his mercy, yet for mercy's sake we shall be forgiven. But then we must be married to mercy; married in our faith, believing on Christ; married in our good life, being merciful unto men.

2. THE BLESSING.—We see the author; let us look on his blessing, light. 'He hath shewed us light.' We are come into the light, and therefore have light enough of an ample discourse. But my purpose is only to shew you this light, as the word is in my text, not to dwell on it, though I pray that all you and myself may for ever dwell in it.

Light.—Such as the giver is, such is the gift. 1 John 1:5, 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.' And St James, chap. 1:17, calls him the 'Father of light.' God is—

So glorious a light, that as the sun dazzleth the eyes too steadfastly fixed on it, so his incomprehensible majesty confounds all those that too curiously pry into it.

So clear a light, that he sees into all corners. Prov. 15:3, 'The eyes of God are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' He searcheth more narrowly than the beams of the sun. He sees bribery in the office, adultery in the closet, fraud in the shop, though the pent-house makes it as dark as a room in bedlam.

So good a light, that in him is no darkness; not so much as a shadow. There is none in him, there comes none from him. Indeed he made 'outward darkness' of hell, the wages of sin. But he never made the inward darkness of the soul, which is sin.

So constant a light, that though the sun be variable in his course, sometimes shining bright, often clouded, yet God is without change, as the moon; without eclipsing, as the sun; without setting, as the stars.

So spreading a light, that he communicates it to us. John 1:9, 'This is the true light, which lighteth every one that cometh into the world.' Without whom we should have been wrapped in an eternal miserable darkness, but that he sent one 'to give light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet in the way of peace,' Luke 1:79.

And this is the light which he here sheweth us. By the consent of all expositors, in this psalm is typed the coming of Christ, and his kingdom of the gospel. This is manifested by an exaltation, by an exultation, by a petition, by a benediction.

The exaltation: ver. 22, 'The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.' The Jews refused this stone, but God hath built his church upon it.

The exultation: ver. 24, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.' A more blessed day than that day was wherein he made man, when he had done making the world; 'Rejoice we, and be glad in it.'

The petition: ver. 25, 'Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.' Thy justice would not suffer thee to save without the Messiah; he is come, 'Save now, O Lord, I beseech thee. Our Saviour is come, let mercy and salvation come along with him.

The benediction makes all clear: ver. 26, 'Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' For what David here prophesied, the people after accomplished: Matt. 21:9, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'

The corollary or sum is in my text: ver. 27, 'God is the Lord, that hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar.'

It was truly said, *Lex est lux*,—The law is light. But unable to light us to heaven; not through its own, but our deficiency. Hereon it did not save, but condemn us. *Lex non damnans est ficta et picta lex*,*—That law that doth not condemn us is a feigned and painted law. The Apostle calls it the 'ministration of death.'

Let then the less light give place to the greater. *Legalia fuerunt ante passionem Domini viva, statim post passionem mortua, hodie sepulta*, †—The legal rites were before the passion of Christ alive, straight after his passion dead, now buried. Or as another: The ceremonies of the law were, in their prime, *mortales*; in Christ's age, *mortuæ*; in our time, *mortiferæ*. They were at first dying, in our Saviour's time dead, in ours deadly. 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ,' John 1:17.

We have now found out the light, and, blessed be God, above these fifty years we have found it: that if any should say, as Philip to Christ,

John 14:8, 'Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us;' to whom Jesus answers, 'Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;'—so if any should say, Shew us the light, and it sufficeth us, I answer, Hast thou been so long in the light, and hast thou not known it? Art thou one of the country that Apollonius writes of, that can see nothing in the day, but all in the night? Hath the light made thee blind? If no other, the continuance of this exercise shews that the light is among us.

I should trifle the time to prove by arguments to the ear a thing so visible to the eye; and waste the light of the day to demonstrate the evidence of this light being amongst us. Meditation and wonder better become this subject than discourse.

It is the blessing of God's right hand. Prov. 3:16, 'Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour,' saith Solomon of Wisdom; he meant it of Christ. This light shall procure to a man blessed eternity. All those blessings of the left hand, as riches and honour, are frail and mortal. Nothing lasts long in this world, except a suit at law. But this light, if ourselves fault not, shall outshine for countenance, and outlast for continuance, the sun in the firmament. Therefore our Psalmographer, ver. 15, having shewed that 'the voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous,' he adds, 'The right hand of the Lord hath done valiantly;' yea, he doubles and trebles it: 'The right hand of the Lord is exalted; the right hand of the Lord hath done valiantly.' This is the God of lights, that 'had the seven stars in his right hand,' Rev. 1:16.—This light must enlighten us to some duties.

1. Rejoice in this light: ver. 24, 'This is the light-day that the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.' Not for a spurt, as the stony ground, Matt. 13:20, that with joy receives the sermon, but goes home as stony-hearted as Judas after the sop. Nor as the Jews, to whom John Baptist was 'a burning and a shining lamp; and they for a season rejoiced in his light,' John 5:35; but afterwards never

rested till they had eclipsed the Sun on the cross, and slain his morning-star in the prison. Nor as children, that come abroad to play in the sunshine, and make no more account of it. Nor as a people that never saw the sun, step out of their doors to gaze upon it, and then turn their backs on it. But rejoice with a solid joy, as they whom God hath 'brought out of darkness into his marvellous light.'

2. Walk worthy of this light. This was St Paul's request to his Ephesians, that they would 'walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called,' Eph. 4:1. The night is past, the light is come; let us 'therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light,' Rom. 13:12. Be children of the light. As the light shines on thee, let it shine in thee. Thou hast small comfort to be in the light unless the light be in thee. Saith the prophet to the church, Isa. 60:1, 'Arise, shine; for thy light cometh, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' As God hath shewed his light to you, 'so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,' Matt. 5:16. There are some that boast their communion with God; against whom St John reasons a *natura Dei*, 1 John 1:5, 6, 'God is light: if we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and know not the truth.' St Paul's argument is of the same fashion: 'What communion hath light with darkness?' The holy writ calls all sins *opera tenebrarum*, the 'works of darkness.' Because—

(1.) They are perpetrated against God, who is the 'Father of lights,' James 1:17.

(2.) They are suggested by the devil, who is the 'prince of darkness,' Eph. 6:12.

(3.) They are most usually committed in the dark. *Male agens odit lucem*. 'They that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken be drunken in the night,' 1 Thess. 5:7.

(4.) They are the effects of blindness of mind; and ignorance is a grievous inward darkness. 'Their foolish heart was darkened;' and hence issued those deadly sins, Rom. 1:11.

(5.) Their reward shall be utter darkness: 'Cast that unprofitable servant into utter darkness,' Matt. 25:30; and, Jude, ver. 13, 'To them is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.'

If then God hath shewed thee light, shew not thou the deeds of darkness; but 'walk honestly, as in the day,' Rom. 13:13.

3. Take heed of sore eyes. Pleasures, lusts, and vanities make the eyes sore that are dotingly fastened on them. The usurer with telling his gold; the haughty with contemplating his greatness; the drunkard with looking at the wine laughing in the cup; the lustful with gazing on his painted damnations, make their eyes so sore, that they cannot look up and behold this light.

4. Take benefit of this light while it shines. It may be clouded, as it was in the days of Popery. Either this light may be set to thee, or thou be set to it. That to thee, by removing the candlestick; thou to that, by the hand of death, which shall send thee to the land of forgetful darkness. Our Saviour taught us this, not only in precept, but in practice: John 9:4, 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.' Let us not do like some courtiers, that having light allowed them, play it out at cards, and go to bed darkling.

5. Lastly, help to maintain this light, that it go not out. If you would have the lamps of the sanctuary shine, pour in your oil. Grudge not a little cost to keep this light clear. The Papists have their Candlemass; they bestow great cost in lights about a service of darkness. Repine not you then at a little charges for the everlasting lamp of the gospel. Some of you, I bear you witness, do not grudge it. Go on and prosper; and whiles you make the church happy, make yourselves so.

II. WHEREWITH.—I must now step from heaven to earth; I pass from the for what to the with what God is to be praised.

He hath shewed you his light, shew him yours. He hath given us an inestimable blessing, what shall we return him? What? 'Bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar.'

This is man's thankfulness for God's bountifulness. We will first cast over the particulars, and then sum them.

1. Here is sacrifice to be offered.
2. This sacrifice must be bound: 'Bind the sacrifice.'
3. This sacrifice must be bound with cords: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords.'
4. This sacrifice must be bound with cords to the altar: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar.'
5. This sacrifice must be, (1.) bound; (2.) with cords; (3.) to the altar; (4.) yea, even to the horns of the altar. Ye see the totum is thankfulness; and the bill hath five particulars:—

- (1.) The sacrifice is devotion.
- (2.) Binding the sacrifice, constant devotion.
- (3.) With cords, fervent devotion.
- (4.) To the altar, rectified devotion.
- (5.) To the horns of the altar, confident devotion

Devotion is the mother, and she hath four daughters:—

1. Constancy. Bind the sacrifice.

2. Fervency. Bind it with cords.
3. Wisdom. Bind it to the altar.
4. Confidence. Even to the horns of the altar.

Sacrifice is the act of our devout thankfulness. I might here (to no great purpose) travel a large field of discourse for sacrifices. But it were no other but where the Scripture offereth us the company a mile, to compel it to go with us twain.

All sacrifices are either expiatory or gratulatory; expiatory for the condonation of sins, gratulatory for the donation of graces. So, in a word, they were either sin-offerings or peace-offerings.

The sin-offerings of the Jews had two main ends—

1. To acknowledge peccati stipendium mortem,—that death was the wages of sin, due to the sacrificers, laid on the sacrificed.
2. Mystically and symbolically to prefigure the killing of the 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' So Calvin: *Semper illis ante oculos symbola proponi oportuit*,—They had ever need of signs, and types, and figurative demonstrations before their eyes.

But those sacrifices are abolished in Christ, Heb. 10:12, 'who offered one sacrifice for sins for ever;' and that was such a one as was 'a sweet-smelling savour to God,' Eph. 5:2. It was a pretty observation, that the last character of the Hebrew alphabet was a plain figure of Christ's cross, to shew that his sacrifice ended all theirs.

Ours is the second kind, gratulatory sacrifice; our prophet here speaking of the days of the gospel. Then 'bind this sacrifice with cords,' &c. Christ is our altar, let ourselves be the sacrifice; the fire that kindles it, the love of God; the smoke that goes up, the consumption of our sins.

That this sacrifice may be acceptable, I will shew you how it must be done, how it must not be done.

1. What is to be excluded.

2. How it ought to be qualified.

1. Exclusively. It must be *sine pelle*, *sine melle*, *sine felle*, *sine macula*.

(1.) *Sine pelle*, without the skin of ostentation; which indeed makes them not *sacrificia* but *sacrilegia*, not sacrifices but sacrileges. They are so *opera muta*, dumb deeds; nay, rather, *opera mendacii*, loudly-lying works; as if they told God a good tale how they loved him, when they meant to deceive him. God will require all untruths between man and man; but fallacies and falsehoods done between the porch and the altar, in the shadow of the church and under the pretence of his service, he will sorely revenge.

The casting up of the eyes, the bowing down of the knees, the uncovering the head, moving the lips, knocking the breast, sighing and crying, what mean they? Are they not symptoms and demonstrative witnesses of an inward compunction? Are they not a protestation that the soul is speaking to God? If there be not an honest heart within, this is but the skin of a sacrifice; and they that give God the skin for the body, God will give them the skin for the body; the shadow of blessings for the substance.

It is storied of one that sold his wife glasses for pearls, *Imposturam fecit, passus est*,—He cozened, and was cozened. They that sell the Lord of eaven (howsoever they may deceive his spouse, the church on earth) glasses for pearls, shells for kernels, copper for gold, bark for bulk, show for substance, fancy for conscience, God will be even with them, and give them stones for bread, images of delight for substantial joys. *Imposturam faciunt, et patientur*,—They deceive, and shall be deceived.

(2.) *Sine melle*; there must be no honey of self-complacency in this sacrifice. Ps. 51:17, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' A true sacrifice consists not only *faciendo*, but *patiendo*,—in doing, but in dying or suffering for Christ.

In the law, beasts appointed for sacrifice were first slain, and so offered. In the gospel, Christians must first mortify their earthly members and crucify their carnal lusts, and then offer up themselves. As death takes away the natural life, so mortification must take away the sensual life. *Moriatur ergo homo, ne moriatur; mutetur, ne damnetur,**—Let a man die, that he may not die; let him be changed, that he be not damned. Only the mortified man is the true 'living sacrifice.' It must not then be honey to our palates, but bitter; even so bitter as *abnegare suos, sua, se*,—to deny our friends, to deny our goods, to deny ourselves, for Christ's cause.

(3.) *Sine felle*; there must be no *amarulentia*, no gall of bitterness in this sacrifice. Matt. 5:23, 'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer it.' If thy brother hath aught against thee, God hath more. If thou have somewhat against thy brother, God hath somewhat against thee. 'Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice,' Matt. 9:13.

Whiles you trip up men's heels with frauds, lay them along with suits, tread on them with oppressions, blow them up with usuries, injuries; your sacrifice is full of gall. It was said in wonder, 'Is Saul among the prophets?' So, what makes a slanderer, a defrauder, a usurer, an oppressor, at church? They come not *sine felle*, without the gall of uncharitableness; they shall return *sine melle*, without the honey of God's mercies. Heb. 13:16, 'To do good, to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' Merciful works are *pro sacrificiis*, *imo præ sacrificiis*,—equal to sacrifices, above sacrifices in God's acceptance.

(4.) Sine macula. Lev. 22:20, God commands that his sacrifices be 'without blemish; nor blind, nor broken, nor maimed, nor infected,' &c. Therefore a lamb without spot was offered for a morning and an evening sacrifice. And the Lamb of God, in an antitypical relation, is truly said, immaculatus, 'a lamb without spot, without blemish,' 1 Pet. 1:19.

The drunkard is without a head, the swearer hath a garget in his throat, the covetous hath a lame hand, he cannot give to the poor, the epicure hath a gorbelly, the adulterer is a scabbed goat, the worldling wants an eye, the ruffian an ear, the coward a heart: these are mutila sacrificia,—lame, defective, luxate, unperfect sacrifices.

The prophet Isaiah begins and ends his prophecy with a denunciation of God's contempt and refusal of such oblations; who will forget those to be the sons of grace that forget his sacrifices to be the sacrifices of a God. Isa. 66:3, 'He that sacrificeth a lamb is as if he cut off a dog's neck.'

2. Affirmatively. It must be cum thure, cum sale, cum sanguine, cum integritate.

(1.) Cum thure. The frankincense is prayer and invocation: Ps. 141:2, 'Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.'

These the prophet calls vitulos labiorum,—the calves, not of our folds, but of our lips; whereof the Lord more esteemeth than of the bullock that hath horn and hoof.

This is the special sacrifice here meant. God expects it of us: non ut avarus, (as Ambrose,*) not as if he were covetous of it, but ex debito. Yet as he must give the beast to us before we can give it to him, Joel 2:14, for the Lord must 'leave a blessing behind him, even a meat-offering and a drink-offering for himself;' so this spiritual sacrifice of prayers and praise must be datum as well as mandatum, conferred as

required. *Tribuat Deus, ut homo retribuatur*,—Let God give it to man, that man may give it to God. He that commands it must bestow it.

(2.) *Cum sale*. There must be salt to season this sacrifice: Lev. 2:13, 'With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.'

Salt hath been usually taken for discretion. What St Paul speaks of our words should hold also in our deeds: Col. 4:6, 'powdered with salt.' The proverb is true, An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of learning. *Tolle hanc, et virtus vitium erit*,—Banish this, and you shall run virtue into vice, blow heat into a flame, turn conscience into a fury, and drive devotion out of her wits. Zeal without this is like a keen sword in a mad hand.

(3.) *Cum sanguine*. Not literally, as in the sacrifices of the law, —'Almost all things by the law are purged with blood,' Heb. 9:22,—but spiritually, to make them acceptable, they must be dipped, not in ours, but in the blood of Jesus Christ.

Without this they are not holy: as one expounds, *Sanctum, quasi sanguine consecratum*. Here is then the necessity of a true faith, to sprinkle all our sacrifices with our Saviour's blood; no sacrifice otherwise good. For 'whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' Rom. 14:23. Therefore if any man comes to the church more for fear of the law than love of the gospel, he offers a thankless sacrifice.

(4.) *Cum integritate*. And this in respect *sacrificii et sacrificantis*.

Of the sacrifice. God reproveth the Jews, Mal. 1:7, 8, that they had 'laid polluted bread upon his altar. If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? If ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil?' The Lord's sacrifice must be fat and fair; not a lean, scraggling, starved creature.

Paul beseecheth the Romans that they would 'present themselves a living' or quick 'sacrifice to God,' Rom. 12:1. When infirmities have crazed it, and age almost razed it, then to offer it—alas! it is not a

living, but a dying; not a quick, but a sick sacrifice. This must be a whole and holy oblation.

Of the sacrificer. The life and soul of a sacrifice is not the outward action, but the inward affection of the heart. *Mens cujusque, is est quisque*,—As the mind is, so is the man; as the man is, so is his sacrifice. If we bring our sheep to God's altar, and them alone, we had as good left them behind us as an unprofitable carriage: Micah 6:6, 'Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? With burnt-offerings, and calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?' No; learn another oblation: 'God hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth he require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

The poet could ask the priest, *In templo quid facit aurum?* He bids them bring *compositum jus, fasque animi, &c.* Put these into my hands, *et farre litabo*. Lay upon the altar of your heart, faith, repentance, obedience, patience, humility, chastity, charity, *bona pignora mentis*, and consecrate these to the Lord.

When the Searcher of the reins shall find a carcase of religion without a quickening spirit, he will turn his countenance from it. Beasts died when they were sacrificed.

The oracle answered, to him that demanded what was the best sacrifice to please God, *Da medium lunæ, solem simul, et canis iram*,—Give the halfmoon, the whole sun, and the dog's anger; which three characters make *COR*, the heart. *Deus non habet gratum offerentem propter munera, sed munera propter offerentem*,—God values not the offerer by the gift, but the gift by the offerer. Let not then thy heart be as dead as the beast thou immolatest.

So Peter Martyr (in Rom. 12) expounds Paul's 'living sacrifice.' Those things that can move themselves are living and quick: they are dead

that cannot stir themselves but by others' violence. Compelled service to God—as to keep his statutes for fear of man's statutes—is an unsound oblation, not quick and lively. God loves a cheerful giver and thanksgiver. *Non respicit Deus munera, nisi te talem præstes, qualem te munera promittunt,*—God regards not thy gifts, unless thou dost shew thyself such a one as thy gifts promise thee. *Ad te, non munera spectat.*

You see the sacrifice, Devotion. The mother hath held us long; we will deal more briefly with her daughters.

Constancy.—The first-born is Constancy: 'Bind the sacrifice.' Grace is like a ring, without end; and the diamond of this ring is constancy. Deut. 6:8, 'Thou shalt bind my statutes for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.' It is the advice of Wisdom, Prov. 3:3, 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; and write them upon the table of thy heart.'

The leaf of a righteous man never fadeth, saith the Psalmist. If it doth, then *lapsus foliorum, mortificatio arborum*, saith the Gloss,—the fall of the leaves will be the death of the tree. It is to small purpose to steer the vessel safe through the main, and split her within a league of the haven; to put your hand to the plough, and thrive well in the best husbandry, and with Demas to look back.

Vincenti dabitur; and fulfilled holiness wears the crown, Rev. 2, 3. Some have derived *sanctum, quasi sancitum*,—an established nature. All virtues run in a race; only one winneth the garland, the image of eternity, happy Constancy. 'Wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her; and blessed is he that retains her,' Prov. 3:18: therefore, 'make sure your election;' fast bind, fast find. 'Bind the sacrifice.'

Fervency.—The next daughter of this righteous generation is Fervency: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords.' Thou canst not make heaven too sure. Men use to bind the world to them faster than the

Philistines Samson, or the jailor his fugitive prisoner, with cords, with cords of iron; that it may not start from them, and run away.

Riches is known to be a wild bedlam; therefore they will keep it in bonds They bind their lands with entails, their goods with walls, their moneys with obligations, that on no condition they may give them the slip. But they care not how loose the conscience be: they give that liberty enough, even to licentiousness.

But the sacrifice of devotion must be bound with cords: a cord of love, a cord of fear, a cord of faith; and this 'threefold cord is not easily broken, Eccles. 4:12.

Wisdom.—A third daughter, and one of the beautifulest, is Wisdom: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar.' Rectified devotion is specially acceptable.

A man may be devout enough; too much, when their zeal is like the horn in the unicorn's head; it doth more hurt than good. You would not have wished Baal's priests do more for their master; lo, the gashes and mouths of their self-given wounds speak their forwardness: they wanted a lamp of direction to guide it to God's altar.

Aristotle* calls discretion, virtutum normam et formam,—the eye of the soul, the soul of virtue. I would to God some amongst us had one dram of this grace mingled with their whole handfuls of zeal. It would a little cool the preternatural heat of the fling-brand fraternity, as one wittily calleth them.

Hollerius writes of an Italian, that, by often smelling to the herb basil, had scorpions bred in his brain. Proud faction is the weed they so much smell on, and make posies of, that the serpents bred in their brains do sting and wound the bosom of the church. These 'bind,' and 'with cords,' but not to the altar. Devotion is not their scope, but distraction. Oh, may the spirit of meekness bind their sacrifice to the altar, direct their zeal with discretion, to the glory of God! And let us

every one say resolutely with David, Ps. 26:6, 'I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord: and so will I compass thine altar.' Wisdom is a fair daughter in this progeny. 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar.'

Confidence.—The youngest daughter of this fair sisterhood is Faith. Copious matter of discourse might here be offered me about the site, matter, fashion of the altar; and to what purpose these four horns of the altar served: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar.'

Perhaps many precious mines of mysteries might here be found out, which I dig not for. Among divers other ends, I find that these horns of the altar were for refuge; and guilty men did flee unto them for fear of the law. 1 Kings 1:50, 'Adonijah feared because of Solomon, and arose, and went, and caught hold on the horns of the altar.' So Joab, in the next chapter, ver. 28, 'fled to the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar.' They fled thither in a hopeful confidence of mercy.

Christ is our altar, Heb. 13:10; his merits the horns of the altar. Ver. 15, 'By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name.' Our faith must catch hold on these horns, Christ's merits, that our sacrifice may be acceptable.

The law of God shall surprise us, and the sword of eternal death shall kill us, if we bind not our sacrifice to the horns of the altar; if we rest not upon the all-sufficient merits of Jesus Christ.

This is the mother of her, of whom she is also the daughter. It may be said of these, as the poet of ice and water, the mother brings forth the daughter, and the daughter brings forth the mother.

All her sisters are beholden to her. Never a damsel of Israel dares enter Ahasuerus's court but she. She alone must bring all graces to the horns of the altar. O blessed Faith, 'many daughters have done

virtuously, but thou excellest them all!' Prov. 31:29. 'Bind, then, the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.'

You hear the mother and her children: these are the daughters that true Devotion bringeth forth. Compare we our progeny with these, and we shall find that we bring forth daughters of another countenance.

Distinguish this land of ours (let the word divide be held heresy in manners) into four C's—Court, City, Country, Church.

The Court may be said to have three daughters—as Fulco boldly told Richard the First*—which are vicious, and of a wicked disposition. The king answered, he had no daughters at all. Fulco said, he cherished three in his court that were no better than strumpets; and therefore wished him timely to provide them husbands, or else they would undo him and his realm. The angry king would have them named. Fulco told him they were Pride, Avarice, and Luxury. The blushing, penitent, and discreet prince confessed, and resolved to bestow them. So he gave Pride to the Templars, Avarice to the Cistercian monks, and Luxury to the Popish prelates: the like matches, as fitter then in England could not be found for them.

The City hath four daughters too: Fraud, Hypocrisy, Usury, Sensuality. Let me say, the breeding and indulgence to such daughters shame you. Shall I tell you how to cast them away upon husbands? Marry Fraud to the professed cheaters. Bestow Usury upon the brokers. Banish Sensuality to the forest, to see if any beast will take it up. And for Hypocrisy wed it to the brain-sick separatist, though you send it to them with a letter of mart to Amsterdam.

The Country hath three daughters: Ignorance, Uncharitableness, and Ill-custom. Ignorance they might bestow on the Papists; they will make much of it. Let them send Uncharitableness to the savages and Saracens; and Ill-custom to the Jews, who will rather keep their customs than their Saviour.

For the Church; we have but two children, and those none of our own breeding neither, though we are fain to bring them up with patience, Poverty and Contempt; and take them who will, so we were rid of them.

These are not the daughters of Devotion, but the wretched brood of our indevotion.

There are amongst us—

1. Some that will not bind.
2. Some that will bind, but not with cords.
3. Some that will bind with cords, but not the sacrifice.
4. Some that will bind the sacrifice with cords, but not to the altar.
5. Some that will bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar, but not to the horns of the altar.

1. Some will not bind; nay, they will not be bound. There are so many religions in the world, that they will be tied to none of them. Such a one is like a loose tooth in the head, of little use, of much trouble. Their trepidations are more shaking than cold ague-fits; their staggers worse than a drunkard's.

A feather in the air, a vane on the house, a cock-boat in the sea, are less inconstant. The course of a dolphin in the water, of a buzzard in the air, of a whore in the city, is more certain. They are full of farraginous and bullimong mixtures; pour them forth into liberty, and they run wilder than quicksilver on a table.

But let a good man be, as John Baptist was commended by our Saviour, 'no reed shaken with the wind.' Let our actions have ballast, our affections balance. Be we none of those that will not bind.

2. Some will bind, but not with cords. They will take on them an outward profession, but not be fervent in it: they will not bind themselves to devotion, as the Philistines bound Samson with new withs or with new ropes, Judg. 16; but only with a rush, or a hair, or a twine-thread of coldness.

A sermon or a mass is all one to them; they come with equal devotion to either. All the religion in the world with these Gergesenes is not worth a flitch of bacon. For handfuls of barley and morsels of bread you may win them to worship the 'queen of heaven,' Jer. 44:17.

Their lukewarmness is so offensive that they trouble all stomachs. God shall spue them out of the church, the earth shall spue them into the grave, and the grave shall spue them into hell.

3. Some will bind, and with cords, but not the sacrifice. Such are the utterly irreligious, the openly profane. They have their cords to bind, but they will not meddle with the sacrifice, devotion. The prophet Isaiah gives them a Væ for their labour, chap. 5:18, 'Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope!' But in a just quittance for their strong-haled wickedness, they draw on their own destruction with cords, and damnation as it were with a cart-rope. So those funes peccatorum that Solomon speaks of, Prov. 5:22, shall be rewarded: 'His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.' There is such a concatenation of their wickedness,—rioting, swearing, drunkenness, whoredom,—that at last the cord's end reaches to hell.

Their whole life is but like a firework, that runs along the rope of wickedness, till at last he goes out in the grave, and is rekindled in the flaming pit. They bind sin sure to themselves with cords, and with the same cords the devil binds them as fast to him. They shall speed as himself doth, and be at last bound with the cords or chains of darkness.

The magistrate should do well, in meantime, to bind them with material cords of severe punishment. Chain up their feet from brothel-houses, manacle their hands from slaughters; give them the cords of correction, lest at last by a cord they depart the world.

The three special twists of this cord are—drunkenness, whoredom, cozenage. If you could untwine these three, and separate them, there were some hope of breaking them all. You say, on their apprehension they have sure punishment; be as careful to find them out. But it is reported you have roused these sins from their old nests, and sent them home to your own houses. Cheating winds into some of your own shops; adultery creeps into some of your own chambers; and, I know not how, sometimes justices and magistrates have whipped drunkenness out of the alehouse into their own cellars.

There is one amongst us that is a terrible binder, and that is the usurer. He binds strangely, strongly, with the cords of obligations. You know he that enters into obligation is said to come into bonds; it is all one, into cords. This man's whole life is spent in tying of knots; his profession is cordage. And for this cause he is beloved of the cord-makers, for setting them on work; and of nobody else.

This fellow binds, but he will never bind the sacrifice; his conscience shall be loose enough. I could say much to this binder, if there were any hope of him. But I remember a true story that a friend told me of a usurer. There was a godly preacher in his parish, that did beat down with all just convictions and honest reproofs that sin. Many usurers flocked to his church, because he was a man of note. Among the rest, this usurer did bid him often to dinner, and used him very kindly. Not long after, this preacher began to forbear the touching usury, not in any connivance or partiality, but because he had dealt plentifully with it, and now his text led him not to it. Now begins the usurer to be heavy, sorrowing, and discontent, and turned former kindness into sullenness. The preacher must needs observe it, and boldly asked him the reasons of this sudden aversion. The usurer replied, If you had held on your first course to inveigh against usury,

I had some hope you would have put all the usurers down, and so I should have had the better vent and custom for my money. For my part, say what you will, I never meant to leave it; but I should have been beholden to you if you could have made me a usurer alone. You see the hope of a usurer's conversion.

But I would to God that every one thus bound with the cords of wickedness would consider, that so long as a cord is whole it is not easily broken; but untwist it, and lay it thread by thread, and you may snap it asunder. Beloved, first untwine the cord of your sins by serious consideration, and then you may easily break them off by repentance.

4. Some will bind with cords, yea, and the sacrifice, but not to the altar. There are many of these in our land: they bind the sacrifice exceeding fast to themselves, not to the altar. All the altaragia, the dues that belong to them that serve at God's altar, and which the laws of God and man bound to the altar, they have loosened, and bound to themselves and their heirs.

These bind the sacrifice, and with cords, but not to the right place; nay, I would to God they would bind no more. But now the fashion is to hold God to custom; and if a poor minister demand those remanents which are left to the altar, he is overthrown by custom. Oh the pity of God, that England should have any such custom!

And for you that never think yourselves well but when you have bound the sacrifice to yourselves; and imagine that the milk or fleece of your flocks, which God hath tithed for himself, is too good for the minister; and will either astu or armis, with force of law or craft of cozening, keep it to yourselves; that will plead the rate of a penny in law for a pound in conscience; chop and change your sheep, to defraud Christ of his tenth fleece;—know, that as you bind the sacrifice from the altar, so you shall have no comfort by the altar, but the justice of God shall bind you from his mercy. Though you may repent,—which if you restore not, is impossible, and your restitution

is improbable,—yet for the present the devil hath eleven points of the law against you; that is, possession.

5. Lastly, some bind the sacrifice with cords to the altar, but not to the horns of the altar. These are deficient in a special degree of devotion—faith. They have many good moral virtues; but they want that which should make both their virtues and themselves acceptable to God, faith in his Son Jesus Christ. It is a vain devotion whence this is excluded; the law finds no works righteous. But *quod lex operum minando imperat, lex fidei credendo impetrat**—what the law of works commanded with threatening, the law of faith obtains by believing. Affy we then the merits of our blessed Saviour, who is our only refuge, and take fast hold on the horns of the altar: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.'

The Sum.—To gather these scattered branches to their root; now we have cast over the particulars, let us sum them. The sum is our thankfulness: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords,' &c.

Ingratitude hath been ever held a monster, a preternatural thing; one of those privations and deficiencies which God never made, but the devil thrust in upon the absence of the positive and primitive virtues. Hereupon we call an ungrateful person an unnatural man.

No man wonders at dogs, and wolves, and foxes; but at satyrs, and centaurs, and such monsters in nature, all gaze upon. Ebriety, adultery, avarice, though equally heinous, are less odious, because they have nature and custom on their side; but an unthankful person named, we all detest, as a solecism in sense, a paradox in manners, a prodigy in nature.

To demonstrate this sin to be so far from humanity, that the very beasts abhor it:—There is a story of a poor man that went often to a forest to gather sticks, where suddenly one day he heard the voice of a man in distress. Making towards it, he found a rich neighbour fallen into a deep pit; and together with him an ape, a lion, and a

serpent. He made his moan, being endangered both of the pit and of the beasts. Pity and charity moved the poor man to help the rich, and that seldom moves the rich to help the poor. He lets down the cord wherewith he bound his sticks, and up comes the ape. Again he puts for the man, and the lion ascends. A third offer he makes, and the serpent takes the advantage. Last he draweth up the man, who, freed by his help from instant death, promised him a bounteous requital, if on the next day he did visit him. The poor man affying his word, came to him accordingly, in a hopeful expectation of reward. But now the rich man would not know him. He hath forgotten that ever he stood in any need of him, and impudently denies him any recompense. The discomfited poor man is fain to travel the forest again for his fuel, where the ape spying him, had ready broken, with his teeth and nails, sticks enough for his burden: there was his utmost gratitude. Another day coming, the lion approacheth him, presenting to him divers laden camels, which driving home and disburdening, he found precious treasure that enriched him. A third time, upon other occasions travelling the forest, the serpent, creeping, salutes him with a precious stone in her mouth, letting it fall at her saver's feet. The intent of the fable is to demonstrate that beasts and serpents condemn man of ingratitude.

You will say this is but a fiction; then hear a truth: Isa. 1:3, 'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.' The very beast looketh to his master's hand that feeds him.

The vice is so horrible, that God need not sit to judge it; the devil himself will condemn it. When he reasoned with God about Job, he pleads, chap. 1:10, that God had 'set a hedge about him, and blessed the work of his hands;' and therefore implies, 'Doth Job serve God for nought?' If he will be unthankful to a God so kind, Satan himself will censure him. It must needs be a horrid sin that the devil taxeth and abominates. If we be unthankful, we are sure to be condemned; for if God would not condemn it, the devil will. An ungrateful man, then, in some sort, is worse than the devil.

Men and brethren, let us be thankful. Let our meditations travel with David, in the 148th Psalm, first up into heaven: ver. 1, even the very 'heavens and heights praise him;' and those blessed angels in his court sing his glory. Descend we then by the celestial bodies, ver. 3, and we shall find 'the sun, moon, and all the stars of light praising him.' Pass we by the waters, ver. 4, which the Maker's decree hath confined there, and we shall hear these praising him. A little lower, ver. 8, we shall perceive the meteors and upper elements, the 'fire and hail, snow and vapour, magnifying him;' even the 'wind and storms fulfilling his word.' Fall we upon the centre, the very earth, we shall hear the 'beasts and cattle, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, extolling his name.' The chirping birds sing sweet psalms and carols to their Creator's praise every morning when they rise, every evening ere they go to rest. Not so much as the very 'creeping things,' saith the Psalmist, noisome dragons, and crawling serpents in the deep, but they do, in a sort, bless their Maker. Let not then man, the first-fruits of his creatures, for whose service all the rest were made, be unthankful. If these, much more let all 'kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the world; young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord,' ver. 11, 12.

There are some that 'kiss their own hands,' Job 31:27, for every good turn that befalls them. God giveth them blessings, and their own wit or strength hath the praise. Others receive them but as due debt, as if God were obliged to them. But, alas! 'What hast thou,' O man, that is good, 'that thou hast not received?' Thou hast not a rag to thy back, nor a bit to thy belly, nor a good hair on thy head, nor a good thought in thy heart but God giveth it.

Our evils are properly our own. *Omnia mea mala pure sunt mala, et mea sunt; omnia mea bona pure sunt bona, et mea non sunt,**—All my evils are truly evil, and mine own; all my good things are truly good, but none of my own. Now, is not the Author of all good, good enough to be remembered? When the benefits are gotten, must the benefactor be forgotten? And shall thanks wax old whiles gifts are

new? *Boni siquid habeo, a Deo sumpsi, non a me præsumpsi?* † — Shall we then set the receivers in the place of the giver, and worship ourselves?

This is a sacrilegious theft. The stealing of temporal goods may be requited with restitution; but the purloining of God's glory can never be answered. These are subtle thieves: for though heaven be sure and secure enough from violent robbers, yet these by a wily insidiation enter into it, and rob God of his honour. Other thieves steal for necessity, and but from their equals, men. These filch from God his holy right, and that out of a scornful pride.

It would here be examined whether England hath any ground in it guilty of this barren ingratitude. If I should fall to discoursing the favours of God, rained in such plentiful showers upon us,—our peace, plenty, tranquillity, and all those gifts of his left hand; together with that grace of his right, which blesseth all the rest, and without which they were but a summer without a spring, full of heat, but infertile, the gospel,—you would say, *Satis hæc*, We have heard this often enough, *ad nauseam usque*. A sermon of such repetition is but like a suit of the old make. Your curious ears are too fine for such recognitions. You think we never speak of these things but for want of other matter.

The wonders which God wrought in Egypt by Moses, in Canaan by Joshua, were commanded to be proclaimed to all succeeding generations. How many psalms did this sweet 'singer of Israel' compose of this subject? How many excellent sermons did the prophets preach when they had no other ground or text but those principles? Neither did the people fling away from before the pulpit with—We have heard these things often enough; they are tedious.

God's mercies to us shall vie in weight and number with theirs. We are, if not their parallel, yet their second in the favours of heaven. God hath hedged us in with his providence, and 'compassed us about with songs of deliverance.' We are the plant of his own hand, and he

continually waters us with the saving showers of his gospel. We need not travel to our neighbours' cisterns; every man hath his own well, and such a well as yields the water of life, if we would bring buckets with us—ears of attention, and hearts of retention—to draw it out withal. What nation, so far as the world is christened, hath so many learned divines? Neither is this learning like a coal, burning to themselves, but a bright lamp shining to us. Even those reverend fathers that sit at the stern of the church, and charge their minds with her greatest troubles, are yet continually preaching to some particular congregation. It cannot be denied but the 'Lord hath shewed us light.'

Now where be the fruits that he must look for? I dare scarcely enter into this search, as the elephant refuseth to drink in a clear water, lest he should see his own deformity. I fear to find the correspondency of the deeds of darkness. I know God hath his number amongst us; I hope it is not small. God every day increase it, to his glory and the church's comfort! Let me have freedom to speak generally.

Beloved, our lives shame us. If men and angels should hold their peace, our own open and manifest iniquities will proclaim us unthankful. Fraud in our houses, drunkenness in our streets, oppression in our fields, adultery in corners, injustice on seats, impiety in our temples, rapine upon our temples, devastation of our temples, at least of the means that God hath given them: these, these are the fruits too many of us return for God's mercies. Thus, thus do we adorn the gospel.

The greatness of God's kindness to us we strive to match with our unkindness to God. He that in his own person stood for our defence, and bore the heat and burden of the day for us, hath this requital, to have his cause put off to others. We dare not stand for his glory. Could we else brook his holy days profaned, holy name abused, holy church despised, his servants impoverished, if we were as kind to him as he is to us?

Whereas every man hath a charge for God's glory, we put it off from one to another: the poor man to the rich, and says he should look to these disorders; the rich man to the minister; the minister, after a hearty dehortation, to the magistrate. But still wickedness holds up the head, and the heat of rebellion is not qualified.

It is storied of a certain king, that fighting a desperate battle, for the recovery of his daughter injuriously stolen from him, found ill success, and the day utterly against him; till by the faithful valour of a strange prince, disguised in habit of a mean soldier, that pitied his loss, and bore love to his daughter, he recovered both her and victory; the prince interposing himself to hazard of death and many wounds for the other's redemption. Not long after, this prince received some wrong concerning his honour, which he deservedly prized. He made his complaint to the king, and besought him to give a just censure of his cause. The forgetful king put him over to a judge. The prince replies, O king, when thou wast lost, I endangered myself for thy rescue: I did not bid another save thee, but I saved thee myself. Lo, the scars of those wounds I bore to free thee and thy state from inevitable ruin. And now my suit is before thee, dost thou shuffle me off to another?

Such was our case. Satan had stolen our dear daughter, our soul. In vain we laboured a recovery; principalities and powers were against us, weakness and wretchedness on our sides. Christ the Son of God took pity on us; and though he were an eternal Prince of peace, disguised himself in the habit of a common soldier,—*induens formam servi*,—putting on him the 'likeness of a servant,' undertook this war against our too strong enemies, set himself betwixt us and death, bore those wounds which should have lighted on us. By no angel nor saint, by no gold or precious minerals, did he redeem us, but by his own grievous sufferings. Now his glory is in question, his name, his honour is abused, dear to him as his own majesty, we stand by and behold it: he appeals to our censure, remembers us of the wounds, passions, sorrows he endured for us; we put him off from one to another, and let the cause of him that saved us fall to a

loss. Who shall plead for our ingratitude? Heaven and earth, sun and stars, orbs and elements, angels and devils, will cry shame upon us.

If we ask now, as the wicked will at the latter day, Matt. 25, 'Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and did not feed thee? when naked, and did not clothe thee?'—when was thy cause before us, which we defended not?—I answer, Any day, every day, when we hear swearers wound and tear his holy name in pieces; when we see idolaters give his honour to carved or painted blocks; when ruffians speak contemptibly of his holy rites; when his sabbaths, sacraments, word, ministers, are vilipended, ourselves standing by with a guilty silence. Oh, which of us hath not been guilty of this ingratitude!

It was the exprobration of Athens, that she suffered those men to die in exile, ignominy, oblivion, that with their virtuous endeavours had reared her up on the pillars of fame. Miltiades, Aristides, Solon, Phocion: Ubi vixerunt? ubi jacent?—Where lived they? where lie they? Their worthy acts gave glory to that city, and that city covered them with the inglorious dust of obscurity. So the Lord Jesus had made us live that were dead, and we do what we can to let his living name die amongst us.

The Grecians had a proverb amongst them against them—

'Pro meritis male tractarunt Agamemnona Graii;'—

Agamemnon, for the honour of Greece, had done great service to the conquest and subversion of Troy; and when he came home was slain by his own wife, Clytemnestra, by the help of Ægisthus, the adulterer. Christ loved us as his wife, endowed us with all his own riches; conquers Troy for us, subdues all our enemies; and returning home, when he expects to find peace and kind entertainment in our hearts, we fall to vexing and wounding him, forsaking his love, and cleaving to the world in a cursed adultery. So

'Dulcem pro meritis tractamus acerrime Christum,'—

So bitterly do we requite our sweet Saviour for his mercies.

Scipio had made Rome lady of Africa. And coming home with triumph over that and Hannibal, the senate banished him into a base village; where dying, he commanded this sculpture to be engraven on his tomb: *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem mea habes*,—Unthankful country, thou hast not so much as my very bones. Many and mighty deliverances hath the Lord given us: from furious Amalekites, that came with a navy, as they bragged, able to fetch away our land in turfs; from an angry and raging pestilence, that turned the popular streets of this city into solitude; from a treason wherein men conspired with devils, for hell was brought up to their conjurations, and a whole brewing of that salt sulphur was tunned up in barrels for us to drink.

Behold, and kiss the feet of his mercy. We are delivered by Jesus Christ from all these miseries and mischiefs. Oh, let us not voluntarily call upon ourselves a worse than all these by our own unthankfulness. Let not Christ say, *Ingrata Anglia, ne ossa quidem mea habes*,—Unthankful England, thou hast not so much as (my bones) the prints and sensible impressions of these favours in thy memory. Thou hast shut thy Saviour out of thy mind, and buried him in neglectful oblivion. Take heed, lest in a just quittance he exclude thee from his thoughts, and forget to do thee any more good; lest he take away his name, his glory, his light, his gospel from thee, and bestow it on those unchristened borders where now his great majesty is not adored.

How justly might he leave us in our former wretchedness! There is a pretty fable, the moral of it will profitably fit our present discourse. A serpent accidentally enclosed betwixt two great stones, that he could no ways extricate himself, made his moan to a man passing by to deliver him. The man with much force removed the stone, and set him free. The serpent now feeling his liberty, thus bespake his deliverer: I confess you have done me kindness in helping me out, being almost famished; but now I am out, my hunger is so violent,

that I must needs take the benefit of my fortune, and devour you. The man urged his ingratitude, but to no purpose, for the serpent would eat him. Instantly he spied an ass coming, and desired the serpent to put it to his judgment. The serpent was contented, knowing that the ass durst not but condemn the man for his prey, lest he endangered himself. The case was pleaded on both sides; the man urging his kindness, the serpent his hunger. But the ass gave judgment on the serpent's side, who is now ready to set on the man. Hereupon flies by an eagle, to whom the man appealed for judgment in this controversy. The eagle hearing the cause debated, demanded of the serpent if he could have freed himself without the man's aid. The serpent answered affirmatively, and said it was only his policy by this trick to get the man within his reach. The eagle desires to see the place, the man shews it. The eagle bids the serpent go into the hole again for the more certain demonstration. The serpent doth so, and the man removes the other stone as it was before, and re-encloseth the serpent. The eagle now bids the serpent deliver himself; he replied he could not. Then, quoth the eagle, this is my judgment: the next time the man lets thee forth, do thou take him for thy prey, and eat him.

It cannot be denied but we were once surer in Satan's hold than this serpent is imagined to be between the stones. The man Christ Jesus in pity redeemed us and gave us liberty. We are no sooner out but we fall to devour him; to make his poor members, his poor ministers our prey; to wound his name with blasphemies; to steal his goods with sacrilege; and to give his honour either to other creatures or to our own wits, as if we could have delivered ourselves. Let any be judge but the ass, our own flesh and blood, and we are sure to be condemned for ingratitude. But if Christ should, in his justice, put us again into our former hole, leave us in the power of Satan, who would not say with the eagle, the next time he sets us free, let us take him for our booty, and devour our Redeemer?

It is recorded of Alexander, an emperor famed for his liberality, and of Julius Cæsar, no less commended for his patience, that the

former would never give, nor the other forgive, an ungrateful person. Wretched were we if the Lord should withhold from us either of these mercies: if he should shut up the of his bounty, and cease giving; or lock up the treasure-house of mercy, and leave forgiving. If he should neither donare bona sua, nor condonare mala nostra, woe unto us! We might curse our births, or rather our ingratitude.

We hope still God will be merciful to us for Christ's sake; so God of us, he hopes we will be obedient to him for Christ's sake. *Petimusque, damusque vicissim.* As we expect God should save us for the merits of his Son, so God expects we should serve him for the merits of his Son. If the bitter sufferings and heart-blood of Jesus cannot get of us the forbearance of iniquity, how shall it get for us the forgiveness of iniquity? As we entreat God, for his mercy, to be good to us; so God entreats us, for his mercy, to be good to him, and therein most good to ourselves.

Oh, let that goodness that reconciles us both prevail with us both! With God, to bless us by his bountifulness; with us, to bless God by our thankfulness. What should I say? For Jesus Christ's sake, let us be thankful. Ps. 92:1, 'It is a good thing to give thanks to the Lord,' saith our Psalmist. Good for the virtue of the action; good for the excellency of the object; good for the happiness of the retribution.

For the action; it is better to bless than to curse. Rom. 12:14, 'Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not.'

For the object; our praises are sung to a most glorious God, one that is beauty itself, Ps. 27:4, and only worthy to 'inhabit the praises of Israel.'

For the retribution; if we bless God, God will bless us: as one notes that all David's psalms were either Hosanna or Hallelujah,—that is, 'God bless,' or 'God be blessed;' either a prayer for mercy or a praise for mercy. *Ascendat ergo gratia ut descendat gratia; for gratiarum cessat decursus, ubi recursus non fuerit,*—Grace will not come down

unless gratitude go up; all rivers run back to the sea, whence they were first derived.

Let us send up our gifts to God, that he may send down his gifts to us. Let us not *uti datis, tanquam innatis*, but remember that we hold all in *capite*, and are suitors to the court of heaven; worthy to forfeit our estates if we pay not the quit-rent of thankfulness, acknowledge not gratitude and obedience.

God will not long *catulis indulgere luporum*, pamper the wolves' whelps, as the proverb speaks; but he will forget them that forget him. We have a saying from Aristotle, *Nec in puerum, nec in senem collocandum esse beneficium*,—That our beneficence should not be fixed upon a child or an old man; for the child, before he comes to age will forget it, and the old man will die before he can requite it. Are we all either children or old men, that we either not remember, or not return thankfulness to God for his mercies? Yet, saith the Psalmist, Ps. 148:12, 'Old men and children, praise the name of the Lord.'

With him let us then say, 'What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits towards us?' Ps. 116:12. David was inward with God; yet he studied what present he should offer him. He lights upon that which he was only able to give, and God most willing to receive, thankfulness. 'I will take the cup of salvation, and bless the name of the Lord.' Pray we then to God to give us thankfulness, that we may give it him; for of ourselves we have not what to give, unless the Lord give us wherewith to give.

Let us 'shew forth his loving-kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night,' Ps. 92:2. Morning and evening let us praise him, that hath made the day for our labour, and the night for our rest; and that not *ex usu, magis quam sensu*, but with a hearty humility. 'Give unto the Lord the glory due to his name; bring your sacrifice, and come into his courts,' Ps. 96:8. Let no opportunity steal by neglected, but 'rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at

the remembrance of his holiness,' Ps. 97:12. No garment better becomes you, though you have almost put it out of fashion, than to praise the Lord; for 'praise is comely for the righteous,' Ps. 33:1.

Thanksgiving is the best sauce to our meat, and blesseth all the dishes on the table. 'When thou hast eaten, and art full, thou shalt bless the Lord thy God,' Deut. 8:10. Whether we eat or drink, work or rest, let us set that golden posy on all our labours which the angel to Zechariah gave of the headstone, 'Grace, grace unto it,' chap. 4:7. He spake pleasant truth that said, He that riseth from the table without giving of thanks, goes his way and owes for his ordinary. He is unthankful that is unmindful of a benefit, unthankful that requites it not, unthankful that dissembles it, but most unthankful that denies it. Though we cannot requite God's favour, we will neither forget it, nor dissemble it, nor deny it.

I have purposely been liberal in this doctrine; neither beg I pardon for prolixity. It was necessary for the text; no less for our times. 'God hath shewed us his light,' and we bring forth the works of darkness.

We say we all are thankful. Our words will not pass with God without our deeds. Our words are so fickle and false, that we dare not trust one another without manuscripts. Scriveners must be employed in all our commerce; and shall God take our words, with whom we have broke so often? No, beloved, we must set our hands to it; and, to speak to our capacity in the city, seal it, and deliver it as our act and deed. We must work that which is good.

I appeal from men's lips to their lives. Verba rebus probate, saith Seneca,—The form, the life, the soul of thankfulness is obedience. We, like blind Isaac, cannot see your hearts, but say, 'Let me feel thee, my son.' If your lives be rugged, like the hands of Esau, we dare not trust your voice for the voice of Jacob. If your deeds be rough, and sensible of rebellion, in vain you tell us you are thankful. It is somewhat that you 'enter into his courts, and speak good of his name,' Ps. 100:4; but you must also do good for his name, and you

shall be blessed. I have begun and will end with a psalm: Ps. 95:1–3, 'O come, then, let us sing unto the Lord; let us rejoice to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise to him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.' 'God is the Lord, that hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar.'

GOD'S BOUNTY;
OR,
THE BLESSINGS OF BOTH HIS HANDS
(THE FIRST SERMON)

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.—PROV. 3:16.

BY Wisdom here we understand the Son of God, the Saviour of man. In the first to the Corinthians, chap. 1:24, he is called the 'wisdom of God.' Col. 2:3, 'In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

Wisdom is formerly commended for her beauty, here for her bounty: 'Length of days is in her right hand; in her left, riches and honour.' Conceive her a glorious queen sitting on a throne of majesty, and calling her children about her, to the participation of those riches which from everlasting she had decreed them.

Not to travel far for distribution, the parts of this text are as easily distinguished as the right hand from the left. Here be two hands, and they contain two sorts of treasures. The right hand hath in it 'length of days;' the left, 'riches and honour.'

The right hand is, upon good reason, preferred, both for its own worth whereby it excels, and for the worth of the treasure which it contains. It hath ever had the dignity, as the dexterity.

Length of days is the treasure it holds. This cannot be properly understood of this mortal life, though the sense may also stand good with such an interpretation. 'For by me,' saith Wisdom, 'thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased,' Prov. 9:11. Wisdom is the mother of abstinence, and abstinence the nurse of health; whereas voluptuousness and intemperance, as the French proverb hath it, digs its own grave with the teeth.

But all a man's wisdom cannot keep him still alive. Eccles. 2:16, 'The wise man dieth as the fool,' saith Solomon. And the father of Solomon excludes it from having power to keep a man: Ps. 49:9, 'That he should live still for ever, and not see corruption.' Methusalem lived nine hundred sixty and nine years; yet he was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of dust. The best constitutions, that communicate in the sanguine of the rose and snow of the lily, have this parentage; they are the sons and daughters of dust.

This 'length,' then, is not subject to the poles, nor are these 'days' measured by the sun in his zodiac; all is pitched above the wheel of changeable mortality. It is eternity that fills the right hand of Wisdom.

Length of days.—Days for the clarity; length for the eternity.

DAYS.—Man's life in this world is called a day—a short day, a sharp day. Short; for instat vesper, it is not sooner morning, but it is presently night. The sun of life quickly sets, after it is once risen. Sharp; for misery is born with life, brought up with life, and to the good dies with life; to the wicked remains in death Like Hippocrates's twins, inseparable in their beginning, process, end. So that aged patriarch to Pharaoh, Gen. 47:9, 'My days have been few and evil.' So Job, chap. 14:1, 'Man is of few days, and many troubles.' Animal ævi brevissimi, solitudinis infinitæ.* And Paul calls it 'the evil day,' Eph. 6:13. It is somewhat to comfort, that though it be sharp, evil, yet it is but short—a day. Eph. 5:16, 'Redeem the time, for the days are evil.' But howsoever semper mali dies in seculo, yet semper boni dies in Domino, as Augustine sweetly, (in Ps. 33),—Though the world hath always evil days, yet God hath always good days.

And this day shall have no night. Nox non erit illic,—Rev. 21:25 'There shall be no night.' The sun that enlightens it cannot be eclipsed Ver. 23, 'That city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light of it.' No clouds shall draw a veil of obscurity over it. Here, the light of the sun darkens the moon, and the moon obscures the lustre of the stars; sometimes† half the earth is in light, and the rest in darkness. But in these days, albeit 'there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and another of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in glory,' 1 Cor. 15:41; yet the light of one increaseth the light of another, and the glory of one is the glory of all. Dispar est gloria singulorum, sed communis lætitia omnium.‡ So, in sum, here we live but a short day: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' But in that world we shall have days, and those good days, and great days; days of eternal length, for they shall have no night.

LENGTH.—As the glory is clear for the countenance, so it is long for the continuance. Nullus erit defectus, nullus terminus. There shall be æterna charitas, chara æternitas. God's eternal decree to choose us in Christ had no beginning, but it shall have an end—when the elect are

taken up to glory. The possession of this decreed inheritance shall have a beginning, but no end: 1 Thess. 4:17, 'We shall ever be with the Lord.' God's mercy in both hath neither beginning nor end, for it is from everlasting to everlasting.

Here then is both the countenance—it is a clear day; and the continuance—it is of length; the very same length that everlastingness itself. Hezekiah's day was a long day, when, 2 Kings 20:11, 'the shadow of the sun went ten degrees backward in the dial of Ahaz.' Joshua had a long day when the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon: Josh. 10:14, 'And there was no day like that before it or after it.' But both these days had their nights; and the long-forbearing sun at last did set. Here the days are so long that it shall never be night. You see the clearness and the length; both are expressed, Dan. 12:3, 'They that be wise shall shine as the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars,' there is the clarity; and that 'for ever and ever,' there is the eternity.

There is nothing made perfectly happy but by eternity; as nothing but eternity can make perfect misery. Were thy life a continued scene of pleasures, on whose stage grief durst never set his unwelcome foot; were the spoil of Noah's ark the cates of thy table; hadst thou King Solomon's wardrobe and treasury; did the West Indies send thee all her gold, and the East her spices; and all these lying by thee whiles a late succession of years without cares snows white upon thy head; thou wert ever indulgent to thyself, and health to thee;—yet suddenly there comes an impartial pursuivant, Death, and he hath a charge to take thee away medio de fonte leporum, bathing thyself in thy delights. Alas! what is all thy glory but a short play, full of mirth till the last act, and that goes off in a tragedy? Coudest thou not have made Death more welcome if he had found thee lying on a pad of straw, feeding on crusts and water-gruel? Is not thy pain the more troublesome because thou wast well? Doth not the end of these temporary joys afflict thee more than if they had never been? Only then eternity can give perfection to pleasure; which because this

world cannot afford, let us reckon of it as it is, a mere thoroughfare, and desire our home, where we shall be happy for ever.

In her left hand, riches and honour.—The gift of the right hand is large and eternal; of the left, short and temporal. Yet you see I am short in the long part; give me leave to be long in the short part. Herein we have many things considerable:—

I. That riches and honour are God's gifts.

II. That all are not so, but some; and therefore it is necessary for us to learn whether God gave unto us that riches and honour which we have.

III. That wealth and worship are for the most part companions; for both those gifts lie in one and the same hand.

IV. That albeit they are his gifts, yet but the gifts of his left hand.

I. Riches and honour are God's gifts, therefore in themselves not evil: *Sunt Dei dona, ergo in se bona*. Saith Augustine,* *Ne putentur mala, dantur et bonis; ne putentur summa bona, dantur et malis*,—That they may not be thought evil, they are given to good men; that they may not be thought the best good, they are given also to evil men. A rich man may be a good man, and a poor man may be wicked. Christ sanctified riches as well as poverty; and that in his birth, his life, and his death.

1. In his birth. He sanctified poverty, when his chamber of presence was a stable, his cradle a manger, his royal robes coarse rags. He sanctified riches, when he received of the wise men precious gifts, *Matt. 2:11*, 'Gold, frankincense, and myrrh,'—*quæ si fuissent ipsissima mala, dedignatus esset*; which, if they had been simply evil, he would not have accepted.

2. In his life. He sanctified poverty, when he was maintained eleemosynarily, having no garment to put on; and the good women

kept him by their contributions. He was glad to borrow an ass-colt when he was to ride; and to angle for money in the sea when he paid tribute; and, as if he wanted a bed, to complain, Matt. 8:20, 'The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to rest his head.' He sanctified riches, when he called Zaccheus, a wealthy usurer, Luke 19:2, and raised Lazarus, a wealthy citizen, John 11; had his steward, which gave alms to the distressed, and bore his purse, John 12:6; and, like a prince, feasted thousands at one banquet.

3. In his death. He sanctified poverty, when he had not a grave of his own, but was buried in another man's sepulchre, Luke 23:53; nay, not a sheet to wrap him in, but was beholden to another for his linen; and even dying, converted a poor malefactor on the cross by him. He sanctified riches, when he accepted the kindness of Joseph (whom Matthew calls a rich man, chap. 27:57; Mark, an honourable, chap. 15:43) for his sepulchre; and Nicodemus's costly unction, John 19:39, even a hundred pound weight, mixed with myrrh and aloes.

Though riches be to some pernicious, a fuming wine which turns their brains; yet to others they are a vessel, wherein they may with more speed sail to heaven, though no compass, star, or cause to bring them thither. Others are called by David *viri divitiarum*, men of riches, because they possess not their riches, but their riches have subjugated them. We have a kind of presage, though we conceive it not, in saying of such a one, He is a man of wealth. The speech signifies him a slave to his riches: the wealth is not the man's, but the man the wealth's.

But otherwise a rich man may be a good man; for wickedness is not bound to wealthiness, as heat is to fire; and arrogancy or lewdness may be incident to poverty and baseness. Pauper superbus, a poor man proud, was one of Cyprian's twelve abuses. A rotten log will yield as much sawdust as a piece of good timber; and a peasant ill-nurtured is also ill-natured. A great gentleman will shew more humble courtesy than a thrashing hind or a toiling ploughman.

Hagar was but a gipsy, a bondwoman; yet was her excellent mistress, Sarah, 'despised in her eyes,' Gen. 16:4. As Jerome reprov'd the monks, *Quid facit sub tunica pœnitentis regius animus?*—so not seldom a russet coat shrouds as high a heart as a silken garment. You shall have a paltry cottage send up more black smoke than a goodly manor. It is not wealth therefore, but vice, that excludes men out of heaven.

The friars and Jesuits have very strongly and strangely backbit'd riches; but all their railing on it is but behind the back: secretly and in their hearts they love it. When they are out of the reach of eyes, then gold is their sun by day, and silver their moon by night. Some of them for enforced want, like the fox, dispraise the grapes they cannot reach. Or, as Eusebius notes of Licinius the emperor, that he used to rail at learning, and to say nothing worse became a prince, because himself was illiterate; so they commend nothing more than poverty, because they are, and must be, poor against their wills.

Others of them find fault with riches, whereof they have great store, but would that none should covet it beside themselves. So the cozening epicure made all his fellow-guests believe that the banquet was poisoned, that all they refusing, he might glut himself alone. These often cheat themselves, and work their own bane: whiles they so beat off others from the world, and wrap themselves up in it to their confusion. The fox in the fable, with divers other beasts, found a rich booty of costly robes and jewels. He persuades the lion that he needs not trouble himself with them, because he is king, and may command all at his pleasure. He tells the stag, that if he should put them on, they would so molest him that he could not escape the huntsmen. For the boar, he says they would evil-favour'dly become him; and the wolf he shuffles off with the false news of a fold of lambs hard by, which would do him more good. So all gone, he begins to put on the robes himself, and to rejoice in his lucky fraud. But instantly came the owners, and surprised him, who had so puzzled himself in these habiliments, that he could not by flight escape; so they took him, and hanged him up.

The subtle foxes, Jesuits and friars, dissuade kings from coveting wealth, because of their power to command all; and great men, because it will make them envied and hunted after for their trappings; countrymen it will not become, they say; and all the rest, that it will hinder their journey to heaven. So in conclusion they drive all away, and get the whole world for their master Pope and themselves. But at last these foxes are caught in their own noose; for the devil finds them so wrapped and hampered in these ornaments, and their hearts so besotted on money and riches, that he carries them with as much ease to hell as the chariot drew Pharaoh into the Red Sea.

For us, beloved, we teach you not to cast away the bag, but covetousness. *Non facultatem, sed cupiditatem reprehendimus.* We bid you 'use the world,' but enjoy the Lord. And if you have wealth, 'make you friends with your riches, that they'—so made friends by your charity—'may receive,' and make way for, 'you into everlasting habitations,' Luke 16:9. It is not your riches of this world, but your riches of grace, that shall do your souls good. 'Not my wealth, nor my blood, but my Christianity makes me noble,' quoth that noble martyr Romanus. And though the philosopher merrily, when he was asked whether were better, wisdom or riches, answered, Riches; for I have often, said he, seen poor wise men at rich fools' doors, but never rich fools at poor wise men's doors: yet wealth may be joined with wisdom, goodness with greatness. Mary and Martha may be sisters: righteousness and riches may dwell together.

Chrysostom, on that aphorism of Christ, Matt. 6:24, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' observes that he doth not say, Ye cannot have God and Mammon; but, Ye cannot serve God and Mammon: for he that is the servant of God must be the master of his wealth. The Lord Jesus is able to sanctify and save the rich man's soul as well as the poor's, and to send poor Lazarus into the bosom of rich Abraham: where consider not only *qui sublatus*, but *quo sublatus*.^{*} Poor but good Lazarus is carried into rich but good Abraham's bosom; to signify that neither poverty deserves heaven, nor riches hell. *Divitiæ*

non iniquæ, sed iniquis,—Riches are not unrighteous, but to the unrighteous. *Nec culpabile est habere ista; sed hæerere istis,*—It is not a sin to have them, but to trust them.

As much might be said for honour. It is the Lord that advanceth: 1 Sam. 2:30, 'Those that honour me I will honour,' saith God. 'It is God,' saith Job, 'that putteth on the king's girdle,' chap. 12:18, that fasteneth his honour about him. 'Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, nor from north nor south,' Ps. 75:6, but only from the Lord. Hence it follows that great men may be good men: yea, hence it should follow that great men ought to be good men.

They may be good. Christ had his faithful followers even in Cæsar's family. Bernard indeed complained[†] that the court is wont to receive good men, but to make them bad men. *Bonos facilius recipere, quam facere:* and, *Plures illic defecisse bonos, quam profecisse malos,*—The court doth sooner take good men than make good men: there more good are perverted to evil than evil converted to good. Yet in the court of Pharaoh was a good Joseph; in the court of Darius, a good Daniel; in the court of Ahasuerus, a good Mordecai. Neither is it ever true that *quo quis corruptior moribus, et corrumpentior muneribus,*—the more a man is corrupt with vices, and corrupting with bribes, so much the more set by. The Pharisees' objection, John 7:48, is sometimes false: 'Have any of the rulers believed on him?' They may be good; yea—

They must be good. For they are unprinted statutes, whereout every man reads his duty. They are *legis factores*, and therefore should not be *legis fractores*. Aristotle calls them *loquentes leges*, speaking laws. Inferiors often set their eyes to supply the place of their ears, and rather look to see their duties than to hear them. All should live by precept, but most will live by precedent. A superior therefore should teach men to take the measure of his greatness by his goodness. These two should be of an even length, of an equal pace. If honour outruns honesty, it will hardly be overtaken. Let such a one appear to the people as he would have them be; and be himself such a one as

he appears. A great person is like a great hill, which gives a fair prospect, but is subject to the lightning and thunder of censures.

II. But it may here be objected, that if riches and honour be God's gifts, then is he the giver of Judas's wealth and Haman's honour. Perhaps you would here learn whether your riches and honours come from God or no: your demand is requisite, and I will strive to give you satisfaction.

First, for riches; if they come from God, they are honestly gotten, justly disposed, and patiently lost.

1. They are well gotten: for God is not the patron of unjust gains. He can bless a man well enough without the help of the devil. There are many that will have wealth, though they go a-fishing for it, either with Habakkuk's net, chap. 1:15, or Hophni's hooks, 1 Sam. 2:13. They do not only trouble the waters for it, but they bloody the waters, fetch it out of the bowels and life-blood of the poor. This is not from God, nor will he bless it. But 'as it was gathered of the hire of a harlot, so it shall return to the hire of a harlot,' Mic. 1:7.

It is easy for that man to be rich that will make his conscience poor. He that will defraud, forswear, bribe, oppress, serve the time, use, abuse all men, all things, swallow any wickedness, cannot escape riches. Whereas he whose conscience will not admit of advancing or advantaging himself by indirect means, sits down with contented poverty. But *bonus non cito evasit dives*,—a good man seldom becomes rich on the sudden. Wealth comes not easily, not quickly, to the honest door. Neither let us envy the gravel that sticks in the throat of injustice. For he that will swallow the bait which hangs on the line of another man's estate, shall be choked with it. Of riches let us never desire more than an honest man may well bear away. *Mallet me miserum sanctum quam prosperum peccatorem*,—I had rather be a miserable saint than a prosperous sinner. When the raising of thy roof is the raising of another's foundation, 'the stones shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer

it,' Hab. 2:11. Thus non accipimus data, sed arripimus prohibita,—we take not things with a beggar's hand, but with a tyrant's; they are not God's gifts, but our felonies.

For this cause riches are called bona fortunæ, the goods of fortune: not that they come by chance, but that it is a chance if ever they be good. Væ accumulanti non sua, Hab. 2:6; and, ver. 9, 'Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house!' We think the oppressor's avarice evil only to the houses of the oppressed; but God saith it is most evil to his own. Whether fraud or force bring in unjust gain, it is as a coal of fire put in the thatch of his house.

And to shew that God is not the giver of this, he pours a curse upon it; that often they who thus desire most wealth shall not have it: the world being to them like a froward woman, the more wooed, the further off. Isa. 33:1, 'Woe to thee that spoilest, and wast not spoiled! when thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled.' And, Hab. 2:8, 'Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee, and thou shalt be for booties unto them.' Many a great fish in the sea of this world devours another, and instantly comes a greater and devours him; as that emperor suffered his officers to be like sponges, sucking up the goods of the commonalty, and being once full, he squeezed them into his own coffers.* Pharaoh's lean kine, that devoured the fat, were yet themselves never the fatter, Gen. 41:21.

Philip was wont to say, that an ass laden with gold would enter the gates of any city; but the golden load of bribes and extortions shall bar a man out of the city of God. All that is so gotten is like quicksilver, it will be running. If the father leave all to his son, yet the son will leave nothing for his son, perhaps nothing for himself; never resting till

'Quodcumque profundo

Traxit avaritia, luxu pejore refundat,'—†

until he hath thrown abroad all with a fork which his father got together with a rake. Nah. 2:12, 'The lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with ravin. But I will be against thee, saith the Lord: and the sword shall devour thy young lions.' The father plays the lion for his whelps, oppresseth and consumeth the poor; but his young lions, which he so provides for, shall be destroyed.

'Non habet eventus sordida præda bonos.'[‡]

We have seen huge hills of wealth, like mountains of ice, thus suddenly thawed as wax, with the heat of luxury. But *Parvum justo*, Ps. 37:16, 'A little that the righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:' the strength of their state shall be confounded. Their wealth is not God's, therefore he takes no charge of it. But the riches of the good is the riches of God, and he will prosper it.

2. These riches are well disposed or used. Piety, not lust, rules them. He whom God's blessing hath made rich, gives God his part, man his part, and keeps the thirds to himself. He returns part—

(1.) To God. It is reason that he who gives all should have part of all. And because thou shouldest not grudge it, he challengeth but a little part, but the tenth part. Wretched men, that will not give him one that gave them ten! As Pilate's wife sent her husband word, Matt. 27:19, 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man;' meddle not with God's portion, lest a voice come to thee, as to Abimelech, Gen. 20:3, 'Thou art but a dead man.' This was good Jacob's resolution, Gen. 28:22, 'Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.' Go to now, ye that say the gospel hath no law for tithes, and that they were merely ceremonial. Jacob paid them under nature; they are therefore unnatural men that deny them. You can find no law commanding your payment, but you shall find a law condemning your non-payment.

What can then be pleaded for our accursed impropriations? Did the heavenly Wisdom ever give you those riches? Shew us your patent, and we will believe you. If ever God did convey his own portion to you, shew his hand and seal for it. Where did ever Jesus pass away his royal prerogative, or acknowledge any fine before a judge, that you say, *Hæc nostra sunt*,—These are ours? What money did you ever pay him for them? Where is your acquittance? Shew your discharge. Oh, but you plead prescription! If you were not past shame, you would never dare to prescribe against the eternal God. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*,—The king of heaven had these from the beginning, and will you now plead prescription? You may thus undo the poor minister in these terrene courts, but your plea shall be damned in the courts of God. We can produce his act and deed whereby he separated tenths to himself; have you nothing to shew, and will you take away his inheritance? Go to, you have a law, and by your own law this proceeding is intolerable. You say you hold them by your law, by your law you shall be condemned.

Perhaps you think to make amends for all, for you will increase the stipend of the vicar. When the father hath gotten thousands by the sacrilegious impropriation, the son perhaps may give him a cow's grass, or a matter of forty shillings per annum; or bestow a little whitening on the church, and a wainscot seat for his own worship. Yea, more; he may chance to found a little alms-house, and give twelve pence a-piece a-week to six poor people. Oh, this oppressor must needs go to heaven! what shall hinder him? But it will be, as the byword is, in a wheelbarrow: the fiends, and not the angels, will take hold on him.

For is it not a great piece of charity to get five hundred pounds a-year from God, and to bestow twenty marks a-year on the poor? When David, providing for the temple's building, saw how bountifully the princes and people offered, he gives solemn thanks to God, acknowledging that they had all received this first from him. 1 Chron. 29:14, 'For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.' The original is, 'of thine hand.' What here the left hand of God

gave to them, their right hand returns to God. They did not, as our church-sackers and ransackers do, rob God with the right hand, and give him a little back with the left; take from him a pound, and restore him a penny. Well, you would know whether God hath given you your wealth; and he says, whatsoever you have gotten by tenths was none of his giving; and, besides everlasting malediction, it shall make your posterity beggars.

(2.) The second rule of using our riches well is, when God hath his own, in the next place, *tribuere cuique suum*, to render every man his due. If they be God's gifts, they must be disposed with justice. This is double—commutative and distributive justice. The one arithmetical, the other geometrical. Arithmetical is to give every one alike; geometrical is to give every one according to his deserts. First, *Cum res adæquatur rei*; secondly, *Cum res adæquatur personæ*. There are two rules for him that would be just: a negative and an affirmative rule. First, the negative: Tobit 4:15, 'Do that to no man which thou wouldest not have done to thyself,'—*Quod tibi non vis, alteri ne facias*. Secondly, the affirmative: Matt. 7:12, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Not what every man, out of his own disordered passions, would have another do to him; but what in his composed and deliberate judgment he approves done to himself, let him do that to others. Wouldest thou be relieved? Relieve. Wouldest thou borrow? Lend.

If I should follow this point of just distribution, as a mark to discern of your riches whether they are God's goods or not, how distasting would my speech be! How few of your houses are filled with those treasures only which the heavenly Wisdom here dispenseth! How little of them is found to come in God's name! It may be some of your wealth was given you of God; but your evil usage alters the nature of it, and it can no more properly be ascribed to him. It is hard to draw this circumstance into a square; it is so confused in your actions, that I cannot tell how to find a method for it in my discourse. You may make your riches none of God's blessings by using them ill in respect of others, especially three ways: either *detinendo debita*, by detaining

things due to others; or *extrudendo vilia*, by putting forth base things for good; or *corrumpendo utilia*, by corrupting with good things others.

[1.] By detaining those things that are due to others; and these are either debts or promises.

First, Debts. Rom. 13:8, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.' Indeed there must be some owing, as there must be some lending; without this mutual commerce we are worse than savages. But we must pay again: Ps. 37:21, 'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.' Debt is not deadly sin when a man hath no means, but when he hath no meaning to pay. There must be votal restitution, if there cannot be actual. Restore *quoad affectum*, though you cannot *quoad effectum*. 2 Cor. 8:12, 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not to that he hath not.' God reckons that as done which a man *vere voluit*, *tametsi non valuit adimplere*,*—faithfully would, though not fully could accomplish.

There are that will restore some, but not all; to this they have *posse*, but no *velle*; let the creditors be content with one of four. But this little detiny is great iniquity. For a mite is debt, as well as a million: *tam*, though not *tantum*,—so good a debt, though not so great a debt. And, 'He that is faithful in a little shall be made ruler over much,' Matt. 25:23.

What shall we then say of their goods that break, and defraud others? Come they from God's hand or from the devil's? Surely Satan's right hand gave them, not God's left. *Hæc mea sunt*, saith the devil; *meæ divitiæ*, *mei divites*,—These are mine, my riches, and my rich men. Oh that men would see this damnable sin! Methinks their terrified conscience should fear that the bread they eat should choke them; for it is stolen, and stolen bread fills the belly with gravel. They should fear the drink they swallow should poison them; being the very blood of good householders, mixed with the tears of widows and orphans. The poor creditor is often undone, and glad of bread and

water; whiles they, like hogs lurking in their sties, fat and lard their ribs with the fruit of others' labours. They rob the husband of his inheritance, the wife of her dowry, the children of their portions; the curse of whole families is against them.

And if this sin lie upon a great man's soul, he shall find it the heavier, to sink him lower into perdition. They are the lords of great lands, yet live upon other men's moneys; they must riot and revel, let the poor commoners pay for it. They have protections; their bodies shall not be molested, and their lands are exempted. What then? Shall they escape? No, their souls shall pay for it. When the poor creditor comes to demand his own, they rail at him, they send him laden away, but with ill words, not good money. In the country they set labourers on work, but they give them no hire. Tut, they are tenants, vassals. Must they therefore have no pay? Yet those very landlords will bate them nothing of their rents. But the riches so had are not of God's giving, but of the devil's lending, and he will make them repay it a thousand-fold in hell.

Secondly, Promises are due debts, and must not be detained. If the good man promise, though 'to his own hurt, he changeth not,' Ps. 15:4. Indeed, now promissis dives quilibet esse potest,—men are rich in promises, but they are poor in performance. More respect is had to commodity than to honesty. Men have their evasions to disannul their promises; either they equivocate or reserve; or, being urged, plead forgetfulness. But the truth is, they have sufficient memory, but not sufficient honesty. It is said that a good name is the best riches; *qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris*. But what care they for a name, so long as they save their money? *Quid enim salvis infamia nummis?**

A Pilate could say, John 19:22, *Quod scripsi, scripsi*,—'What I have written, I have written;' and shall not a Christian say, *Quod dixi faciam*,—'What I have promised I will perform?' Hence it comes that there is so little faith in the world; that scriveners have so much work; that the proverb runs in everybody's mouth, Fast bind, fast

find; that there is no hope of good deeds, but sealed and delivered; that there is more trust to men's seals than to their souls. For the law of God holds us not so fast as the laws of men. There is more awe of judgment in the Common Pleas, than of a sentence of condemnation in the court of heaven. The sheriff is altogether feared, not God; there is no dread of any execution but his. Is the wealth thus detained, in your own consciences, God's blessing? Deceive not your own souls. God requires us to be in our words as righteous as in all our ways. A Christian's word should be as current as his coin. Thus you see this first circumstance of injustice taxed. Therefore 'Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it,' Prov. 3:27.

[2.] By putting forth base things for good. The prophet Amos, chap. 8:6, speaks of some that 'sell the refuse of their wheat,' the basest wares; neither do they sell them for base, but for good. If half a score lies, backed with as many oaths, will put off their vile commodities, they shall not lie upon their hands. Not upon their hands. I say; though upon their consciences.

'Plenius æquo

Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere merces.'†

Their rule for themselves is vincat utilitas; for others, caveat emptor. Either they will shew you one thing, and sell you another; and this cozenage hath longer arms than all other tricks, and overreaches them: or they will conceal the insufficiency of the wares; and for this cause they darken their shops, lest the light should reveal their works of darkness: John 3:19, 'They love darkness more than light.' Let them take heed lest it be unto them according to their desires; lest, as they have brought hell into their shops, so their shops send them into hell.

Or if the commodity be discerned bad, you must have that or none. If your necessity forceth you to buy, it shall force you to buy such base

stuff. This is a grievous sin in all professions, especially amongst apothecaries, because with their injustice may be also mixed a spice of murder. But you will say, We compel none to buy our commodities; we but shew them, and make the price. But it is craft *tendere plagas, etsi agitaturus non sis*,—to lay snares, though you drive not men into them. Or be it what it will, yet rather than refuse your money, they will protest to give you the buying. Yea, rather than fail, they will sell it you cheaper than before they swore it cost them.

'*Quis metus aut pudor est properantis avari?*'—‡

What! sell cheaper than they buy? How should they then live? The answer is easy, they live by their lying.

Now doth this wealth come in God's name? Is this the blessing of heaven? Which of your consciences dare think so? St Augustine* speaks of a certain jester that undertook to tell the people what they all did most desire. Multitudes came to hear this, to whose expectation he thus answered, *Vili vultis emere et chare vendere*,—You would buy cheap and sell dear. And this is every man's desire, that desires to be rich more than to be just.

[3.] By making others bad with his goods. And here we may fitly proceed to the condemnation of bribery. Deut. 16:19, 'A gift blindeth the eyes of the wise.' They that see furthest into the law, and most clearly discern the causes of justice, if they suffer the dusts of bribes to be thrown into their sight, their eyes will water and twinkle, and fall at last to blind connivance. It is a wretched thing when justice is made a hackney that may be backed for money, and put on with golden spurs, even to the desired journey's end of injury and iniquity.

If the party be innocent, let his cause be sentenced for his innocence's sake; if guilty, let not gold buy out his punishment. If the cause be doubtful, the judge shall see it worse when he hath blinded his eyes with bribes. But the will of the giver doth transfer right of the gift to the receiver. No, for it is not a voluntary will. But as a man

is willing to give his purse to the thief rather than venture his life or limb, so the poor man gives his bribes rather than hazard his cause. Thou sayest, The thief has no right to the purse so given; God saith, Nor thou to the bribe.

And this is sinful in a justicer though he pass true judgment on the cause; but much more accursed when for this he will condemn the cause he should allow, or allow the cause he should condemn. 'To justify the wicked and condemn the innocent' are alike abomination to the Lord. Far be from our souls this wickedness, that the ear which should be open to complaints is thus stopped with the ear-wax of partiality. Alas, poor Truth, that she must now be put to the charges of a golden ear-pick, or she cannot be heard!

But to shew that these riches are not of God's giving, his anger is hot against them: Job 15:34, 'Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.' The houses, or tabernacles, the chambers, halls, offices, studies, benches, a fire shall consume them. They may stand for a while, but the indignation of the Lord is kindled; and if it once begin to burn, all the waters in the south are not able to quench it. These riches, then, come not of God's blessing; but I pray that God's blessing may be yours, though you want those riches. Time, that severe moderator, chargeth me silence, and I rather choose abruptly to break off my discourse than immodestly to abuse your tried patience. The Lord send us the gifts of his left hand at his own good pleasure, but never deny us the blessings of his right, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

GOD'S BOUNTY;
OR,
THE BLESSINGS OF BOTH HIS HANDS
(THE SECOND SERMON)

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.—PROV. 3:16.

WE are looking into the left hand of Wisdom, and there have found, first, that riches and honour are God's gifts; secondly, that every man's riches and honour are not so, 'that the mouth of wickedness might be stopped.' Therefore to satisfy our own consciences that they are God's blessings to us, I observed that they must be, first, honestly gotten; secondly, justly disposed, and that by rendering sincerely that which is due, first, to God; secondly, to man; thirdly, to ourselves. Duties to others ended my former discourse; I must now begin at—

(3.) Ourselves. The third act of disposing our riches well, when God hath his portion and man his portion, is to take the thirds to ourselves. It is God's will that with the wealth he hath given thee thou shouldest refresh and console thyself. Ps. 23:5, 'Thou preparest a table before me: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.' Wherefore hath God spread a table before thee, but that thou shouldest eat? Wherefore given thee a cup running over, but that thou shouldest drink? If thou have wine, make thy heart glad; if oil, let thy face shine; if bread, strengthen thy spirits, Ps. 104:15. Wear thy own wool, and drink the milk of thy own flocks. It is a blessing which the Lord gives to those that fear him: Ps. 128:2,

'Thou shalt eat the labour of thine own hands: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.' But a curse to the wicked, that they shall plant vineyards, and not taste the fruit thereof. The riches that God truly gives, man truly enjoys. Eccles. 5:19, 'Every man to whom God hath given riches and wealth, and hath given him power to eat thereof, and to take his portion, and to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.' Now, a man may take from himself this comfort in abusing his wealth, and this many ways; especially four—superstition, malice, riot, misery.

[1.] By spending them upon works of superstition, to the dishonour of God. And this is a high degree of ingratitude. When God hath given them a sword to defend themselves, and they turn the point of it upon his own breast. So God gave Israel sheep and oxen, and they offer them up to Baal. Many in England are beholden to God for great revenues, lands, and lordships; and they therewith maintain Jesuits and Seminaries, his professed enemies. These use their riches as the Israelites did their ear-rings and jewels: God gave them for their own ornament, and they turn them to an idol.

[2.] By malice, in abusing them to unnecessary quarrels and contentions of law, to the hindrance of God's peace and their neighbours' welfare: when men will put out one of their own eyes to put out both their neighbour's; nay, both their own for one of his. Thus what they get by the happiness for foreign peace they spend in civil wars. How unnatural is it for one hand thus to beat and wound another! Either of them gets a shell; you know who goes away with the meat.

[3.] By riot. *Quicquid dant, dant vel veneri vel ventri.* They spend more upon the tavern than upon the tabernacle, at the house of plays than at the house of praise, more upon their own hounds than upon God's poor children. Julius Cæsar seeing women carry little dogs under their arms, asked if they had no children. God asketh you, that give your bread to dogs, if he hath no children for your charity. But they answer all, as the wicked in the 12th Psalm, 'Our tongues are our

own.' They stop the mouth of all exhortation to frugal courses with, It is my own; a man may spend his own as he list; I waste none of your goods; and what hath friend in private or preacher in public to do with it? But they shall find one day that they were but stewards, that these riches were but entrusted to them, and they shall give a strict account. Nothing is properly a man's own but peccata sua, his sins. Thy sins are thine own, thy riches God's.

[4.] By miserable niggardice, in forbearing to take his own portion; and so becometh his own consumption. No marvel if such a miser starve others, when he famisheth himself. Such a one is the worst vermin the land bears; another vermin seeks but to feed itself, but he, hoarding up his grain, feeds many thousands of them. Let him beware lest they also at last devour himself. As that German bishop,* that having great store of corn in a grievous famine, refused to sell it to the poor, and suffered the rats to eat it; but by the just judgment of God, the mice and rats which he fed with his grain did also feed upon him, albeit he built a tower in the midst of the river Rhine to avoid them, which the Germans call still Rat's Tower. How shall they which slander heaven with pretended dearths, be admitted as friends to that place which they have belied?

You see how these riches must be gotten, how disposed—honestly gotten, justly dispensed; now it follows, also, in the next place, that they must be—

3. Patiently lost. When God gives riches to the good, he gives them also a heart to trust in himself; in himself, I say, not in them. 1 Tim. 6:17, 'Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy.' He gives abundantly, but he forbiddeth trust in that abundance. He commends riches to us, as a great man doth a servant to his friend: Work him, but trust him not; put labour to him, not confidence in him. Wealth may do us good service, but if it get the mastery of our trust, it will turn tyrant, termagant; we condemn ourselves to our own galleys.

To the godly riches are never so dear but they can be content to forego them. They receive them at God's hands with much thankfulness, and they lose them with much patience. When God takes aught from us, he does us no wrong. *Retrahit sua, non abstrahit nostra,**—He doth but take back his own, not take away ours. So Job, chap. 1:21, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away.' The Lord giveth, therefore he may take away. Yea, Faith says, Lord, take all, so thou give me thyself. 'We have left all, and followed thee,' saith Peter, Matt. 19:27. *Nos sequamur Christum, cætera sequentur nos,*—Let us follow Christ, other things shall follow us. But if they do not, it is gain enough to have Christ. He is too covetous whom the Lord Jesus cannot satisfy. We may lose *divitias Dei*, but never *Deum divitiarum*. We may be forsaken of these riches of God, but never of the God of riches. *Amittamus omnia, dum habeamus habentem omnia,*—Let us lose all, so we have him that hath all.

That was never perfectly good that might be lost. Of this nature are riches; they have made many prouder, none better. As never man was better, so never wise man thought himself better for them. That wise prophet would never have prayed against riches if their want had been the want of blessedness. The devil indeed says, 'All these will I give thee;' but the two dearest apostles say, 'Silver and gold have I none.' Who would not rather be in the state of those saints than of that devil? Riches are such things as those that have them not want them not; those that have them may want them: they are lost in a night, and a man is never the worse for losing them. How many kings—not fewer than nine in our island—that have begun their glory in a throne, have ended it in a cell; changing their command of a sceptre for the contemplation of a book! Alas, silly things, that they should dare ask one dram of our confidence! *Non tanta in multis fælicitas quanta in paucis securitas,*—There is not so much happiness in the highest estate as there is content and peace in the lowest. Only then God be our trust, whose mercy we can no more lose than himself can lose his mercy.

Thus you see this second general point amplified, if riches be God's blessings, (not only in themselves, so they are always good, but to us,) then they are gotten honestly, disposed justly, lost patiently. As much happily might be said, secondly, for honour, wherein I will briefly consider how and when it is of God.

God indeed gives honour and riches, but not all honour; as you heard before, not all riches. There are four things in an honoured person:—First, His person, wherein he partakes of the common condition of mankind; lives and dies a man. Even the sons of princes have their breath in their nostrils. Secondly, His honour and dignity; this, simply considered, is of God, whosoever he be that hath it, a Joseph or a Haman. Thirdly, The manner of coming to his honour; and this is no longer of God than the means are good. If it be God's honour, God must give it, not man usurp it. Fourthly, The managing of this honour; and this is also of the Lord, if it be right and religious. It happeneth often that Potens, the great man, is not of God. Hos. 8:4, 'They have set up kings, but not by me; they have made princes, and I knew it not.' The manner of getting dignity is not always of God. Richard the Third came to the crown of England by blood and murder; Alexander the Sixth obtained the popedom by giving himself to the devil. Yet the dignity is of God. Prov. 8:15, 'By me kings reign; by me princes and nobles.'

It is a hard question wherein honour consists. Is it in blood, descending from the veins of noble ancestors? Not so, except nature could produce to noble parents noble children. It was a monstrous tale that Nicippus's ewe should yean a lion. Though it be true among irrational creatures, that they ever bring forth their like,—eagles hatch eagles, and doves doves,—yet in man's progeny there is often found not so like a proportion as unlike a disposition. The earthy part only follows the seed, not that whose form and attending qualities are from above. Honour must therefore as well plead a charter of successive virtue as of continued scutcheons, or it cannot consist in blood. The best things can never be traduced in propagation: thou mayest leave thy son heir to thy lands in thy will,

to thy honour in his blood; thou canst never bequeath him thy virtues. The best qualities do so cleave to their subjects, that they disdain communication to others.

That is then only true honour where dignity and desert, blood and virtue meet together; the greatness whereof is from blood, the goodness from virtue. Among fools dignity is enough without desert; among wise men desert without dignity. If they must be separated, desert is infinitely better. Greatness without virtue *laudatur ore alieno, damnatur conscientia sua*, is commended by others' tongues, condemned in thy own heart. Virtue, though without promotion, is more comforted in thy own content than disheartened by others' contempt. It is a happy composition when they are united: think it your honour, ye great men, that you are ennobled with virtues; not that you have, but that you deserve honour. Let this that hath been spoken teach us some lessons concerning honour.

1. Take it when God sends it, but be not ambitious of it. *Indigni est arripere, non accipere honorem*. It is an argument of unworthiness to snatch it denied, not to accept it offered. 1 Pet. 5:5, 'God resisteth the proud,'—opposeth himself in a professed war against him, as if he held a sword against his breast, when he would rise up in glory, to nail him fast down to the earth,—but 'he giveth grace to the humble;' like a great and good prince, he gives those servants grace and honour whom he perceives least ambitious of it. Such men seek not for honour as for a jewel they would fain find, but only stumble on it, as Saul sought but his father's asses when he lighted on a kingdom. Pride, like smoke, will surge upward, though it vanish into air; massy virtue, like gold, keeps below, and is more precious respected.

He that would mount, cares not what attendance he dances at all hours, upon whose stairs he sits waiting, what enormities he soothes, what deformities he imitates, what base offices he does prostrate himself to, so he may rise. His carriage is *alienum a se*, quite another thing from himself; he doth glue it on indecently, that he may screw himself into favour. This man never understood the charge that goes

with honour, which the most wise disposition of God hath coupled together. Charge without some honour would overlay a man. If a man could have honour without some trouble, it would so transport him that he were continually in danger of running mad. The poor man envies the great for his honour; the great perhaps envies the poor more for his peace, for as he lives obscurely, so securely. He that rightly knows the many public and more secret vexations incident to honour, would not, as that king said of his crown, stoop to take it up, though it lay at his feet before him.

2. Live worthy of that honour thou hast. Greatness not gooded with grace is like a beacon upon a high hill: qui conspiciunt, dispiciunt,—they that behold it hate it, though perhaps they dare not censure it. The knee may be forced to reverence, but the mind cannot but abhor so unworthy a statue. In his pride he stomachs the covered head or the stiff knee of a good Mordecai, fretting that other men do not think him so good as he thinks himself. But indeed he doth not think himself more honourable than others think him base. All the poor honour that he hath is only kept above-ground with his body; both corrupt, fall, and rot together: and if it be conjured up at the funeral to present itself, yet it fails not to go back with the heralds.

3. Forget not your original, ye whose brows the wreaths of honour have, above hopes, engirt. If the Lord hath 'raised you out of the dust, and lifted you up out of the dunghill, and set you among the princes of the people,' Ps. 113:7, 8; yet forget not your father's house, nor the place of your beginning. Miseranda oblivio, originis non meminisse,—He never truly understands what he is, that forgets what he hath been. Solomon's observation is often true, 'Folly is set in great dignity,' Eccles. 10:6; albeit this be not the right ubi,—folly in excellency. Now these excellent fools soon forget from how low estate they are risen. They consider not how glad their carcasses would once have been of a warm covering, that are now richer than lilies, more gorgeous than May; scarce 'Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these,' Matt. 6:29. They consider not that need once made them trudge through the mire, even many tedious journeys, that

climb by unjust riches to that dignity, as in their caroches to be whirled through the popular streets.

It was Jacob's humble acknowledgment of God's mercy to him, Gen. 32:10, 'With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.' If blind ingratitude would suffer many proud eyes to see it, how justly might divers say, With my staff came I hither walking, and now I ride in triumph with attendants! To these let me apply the words of the prophet, Isa. 51:1, 'Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.' Remember your poor beginning, that you may bless God for your advancing. Say, not only in general, *Quis homo?* Ps. 8:4, 'What is man, that thou, O Lord, art so mindful of him?' but *Quis ego?* 1 Sam. 9:21, 'What am I, and what is my father's house, that God should thus raise me up?'

4. If thou have honour, keep it, but trust it not. Nothing is more inconstant; for it depends upon inconstancy itself, the vulgar breath, which is *bellua multorum capitum*,—a beast of many heads, and as many tongues, which never keep long in one tune. As they never agree one with another, so seldom do they agree long with themselves. Acts 14, Paul and Barnabas come to Lystra, and raise an impotent cripple; hereat the amazed people would needs make them gods, and draw bulls and garlands to the altars for sacrifice to them. Not long after they draw Paul out of the city and stone him. They suddenly turn him from a god to a malefactor, and are ready to kill him, instead of killing sacrifice to him. Oh the fickleness of that thing which is committed to the keeping of vulgar hands! Trust not then popularity with thy honour, so it is mutable; but trust virtue with it, so it is durable. Nothing can make sure a good memory but a good life. It is a foolish dream to hope for immortality and a long-lasting name by a monument of brass or stone. It is not dead stones, but living men, that can redeem thy good remembrance from oblivion. A sumptuous tomb covers thy putrified carcase; and be thy life never so lewd, a commending epitaph shadows all: but the passenger that knew thee tells his friends that these outsides are hypocritical, for thy

life was as rotten as is thy corpse; and so is occasioned by thy presumed glory to lay open thy deserved infamy. Neither can the common people preserve thy honour whilst thou livest, nor can these dull and senseless monuments keep it when thou art dead. Only thy noble and Christian life makes every man's heart thy tomb, and turns every tongue into a pen to write thy deathless epitaph.

5. Lastly, if God gives to some men honour, it is then manifest that God allows difference of persons. He ordains some to rule and others to obey; some masters, others servants; he setteth some up on high, and placeth others in a low degree. To repine at others' greatness and our own meanness, is to cavil with God, as if he wanted wisdom and equity in disposing these inferior conditions. It is a savage and popular humour to malign and inveigh against men in eminent places. That rhyme—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,

Who was then a gentleman?'—

seems to be made among Jack Straw's followers, and to savour of rebellious discontent. God allows no man to vilify where he hath honoured; no scurrilous libels, disgracing those that live, yea, disparaging to the very dead, shall pass the court of God's justice uncensured. Where the Lord confers and confirms honour, woe to the tongue that shall traduce it!—This second point hath held us long, the brevity of the rest shall ease it.

III. Observe that Solomon, in the donation of the left hand, couples together riches and honour, as if these two were for the most part inseparable companions. Eccles. 6:2, 'God gives to a man riches and honour.' First riches and then honour, for it is lightly found,—so much riches, so much honour,—and reputation is measured by the acre. I have wealth enough, saith the worldling, Luke 12; I will turn gentleman, 'take my ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' Riches are the stairs whereby men climb up into the height of dignity, the

fortification that defends it, the food it lives upon, the oil that keeps the lamp of honour from going out. Honour is a bare robe if riches do not lace and flourish it, and riches a dull lump till honour give a soul to quicken it. Fitly, then, riches and honour, wealth and worship, do bear one another company.

IV. Lastly, observe, that though riches and honour be God's gifts, yet they are but the gifts of his left hand: therefore it necessarily follows, that every wise man will first seek the blessings of the right. Matt. 6:33, 'First seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and these things shall be added unto you.' Godliness is the best riches, riches the worst. Let us strive for the former without condition; for the other, if they fall in our way, let us stoop to take them up. If not, let us never covet them. It is no wisdom to refuse God's kindness, that offers wealth; nor piety to scratch for it when God withholds it. When the Lord hath set thee up as high as Haman in the court of Ahasuerus, or promoted thee to ride with Joseph in the second chariot of Egypt; were thy stock of cattle exceeding Job's, chap. 1:3, 'seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen;' did thy wardrobe put down Solomon's, and thy cupboard of plate Belshazzar's when the vessels of God's temple were the ornature,—yet all these are but the gifts of Wisdom's left hand; and the possessors may be under the malediction of God, and go down to damnation. If it were true that *sanctior qui ditior*,—that goods could make a man good, I would not blame men's kissing this left hand, and sucking out riches and honour. But, alas! what antidote against the terror of conscience can be chymed* from gold? What charm is there in brave apparel to keep off the rigour of Satan? *Quod tibi præstat opes non tibi præstat opem*,—That which makes thee wealthy cannot make thee happy.

Jonah had a gourd that was to him an arbour: he sat under it secure; but suddenly there was a worm that bit it, and it died. Compare, secretly in your hearts, your riches to that gourd; your pleasure to the greenness of it; your pomp, attendance, vanities, to the leaves of it; your sudden increase of wealth, to the growing and shooting up of it.

But, withal, forget not the worm and the wind. The worm that shall kill your root is death, and the wind that shall blow upon you is calamity. There is a greater defect in this wealth and worship than their uncertainty. *Non modo fallacia quia dubia, verum insidiosa quia dulcia,*—They are not only deceitful through their fickleness, but dangerous through their lusciousness. Men are apt to surfeit on this luxuriant abundance: it is a bait to security, a bawd to wantonness.

Here is the main difference between the gifts of God's right hand and of his left. He gives real blessings with the left, but he doth not settle them upon us; he promiseth no perpetuity. But with the graces of his right he gives assurance of everlastingness. Christ calls riches the 'riches of deceitfulness,' Matt. 13:22; but grace 'the better part, that shall never be taken away,' Luke 10:42. David compares the wealthy to a flourishing tree that is soon withered, Ps. 37:35; but faith stablisheth a man like 'Mount Sion, never to be removed,' Ps. 125:1. He that thinks he sits surest in his seat of riches, 'let him take heed lest he fall.' When a great man boasted of his abundance, saith Paulus Emilius, one of his friends told him, that the anger of God could not long forbear so great prosperity. How many rich merchants have suddenly lost all! How many noblemen sold all! How many wealthy heirs spent all! Few Sundays pass over our heads without collections for shipwrecks, fires, and other casualties; demonstrative proofs that prosperity is inconstant, riches casual. And for honour, we read that Belisarius, an honourable peer of the empire, was forced in his old age to beg from door to door: *Obolum date Belisario.* Frederic, a great emperor, was so low brought, that he sued to be made but the sexton of a church.

Oh, then, let us not adhere to these left-hand blessings, but first seek length of days, eternal joys never to be lost. A man may enjoy the other without fault: the sin consisteth *præferendo vel conferendo*, either in preferring riches or in comparing them with faith and a good conscience. *Utere caducis, fruere æternis,*—thou must necessarily use these transient things; only enjoy and rest upon the everlasting comforts of Jesus Christ. When God hath assured to a

Christian spirit the inheritance of heaven, he joyfully pilgrims it through this world: if wealth and worship salute him by the way, he refuseth not their company; but they shall not stray him out of his path, nor transport his affections, for his heart is where his hope is, his love is where his Lord is; even with Jesus his Redeemer, at the right hand of God. Now this man's very riches are blessed to him; for as from the hand of God he hath them, so 'from the hand of God he hath to enjoy good in them,' Eccles. 2:24. Whereas to some, saith Solomon, Eccles. 5:13, 'I have seen riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.' To the good man 'they shall work to the best,' Rom. 8:28; blessing his condition in this life, and enlarging his dition in heaven; as the wise man sweetly, Prov. 10:22, 'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; and he addeth no sorrow with it.'

Thus, in particular, if we confer the right hand with the left, we shall generally learn—

1. That both God's hands are giving: it is enough if man give with one hand, but the Lord sets both his hands a-doling his alms of mercy. *Nemo tuarum unam vincet utraque manu.* No man can do so much with both hands as God with one hand, with one finger. He hath *manum plenam, extensam, expansam*,—a hand full, not empty; so full, that it can never be emptied with giving. Innumerable are the drops in the sea, yet if one be taken out, it hath, though insensibly, so much the less; but God's goodness can suffer no diminution, for it is infinite. Men are sparing in their bounty, because the more they give the less they have; but God's hand is ever full, though it ever disperse: and the filling of many cisterns is no abatement to his ever-running fountain. Our prayers, therefore, are well directed thither for blessings; whence, though we receive never so much, we leave no less behind. Let this Master of requests in heaven have all our suits: we are sure either to receive what we ask, or what we should ask.

It is *extensa*, a hand put forth, and stretched out: 'Stretched out, not to receive, but to give,' Ecclesiasticus 4:31. The prophet speaks of rulers that stretch out their hands for bribes, and cry, 'Give ye,' Hos.

4:18; but the Lord's hand is put forth to offer good things. Rom. 10:21, 'All day long have I stretched forth my hands to a disobedient people.' Indeed God hath a hand, and woe to the man against whom it is stretched! Homer saith, that all the gods could not ward a blow of Jupiter's hand. His hands are not only χεῖρες ἄαπτοι, hands that cannot be sufficiently praised, but χεῖρες ἄαπτοι, hands that cannot be resisted. It is a heavy hand when it lights upon men in anger: 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' When revolting Israel fell to serve Baal and Ashtaroth. Judg. 2:15, 'whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil.' When the men of Ashdod were smitten with emerods, 1 Sam. 5:6, it is said 'the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them.' So David, in his grievous misery, Ps. 38:2, 'Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.' It is not this hand that God here stretcheth out. Bernard saith,* God hath two hands—fortitudo and latitudo: a hand of strength, qua defendit potenter, wherewith he protects his friends and confounds his enemies; a hand of bounty, qua tribuit affluenter, whereby he disperseth and disposeth the largess of his gifts. This is the hand here put forth, manus regalis; and gives munus regale,—a royal hand, full of real mercies; let us humbly kiss it.

It is expansa, not a shut hand, but open. Ps. 145:16, 'Thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.' 'God gives richly,' saith Paul, 1 Tim. 6:17. Man is poor, because he is a creature: the very name of creature infers poverty; it implies a receiving of all. Quid habes quod non accepisti? The Creator hath the possession of all, and the disposition of all, at his own pleasure. James 1:17, 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.' Bread, in the Lord's prayer, is called ours: 'Give us this day our daily bread;' but, ne putetur a nobis, dicimus 'Da nobis,' †—lest we should imagine it our own from ourselves, we are taught daily to beg it of our Father in heaven, whose it is. It is the Lord's hand that barreth the gates of our cities, 'that filleth our garners with plenty,' Ps. 144:13, that sets peace about our walls, and

prosperity in our palaces; that blesseth our goings out and comings in, even all the works of our hands.

But what speak I of temporal things, the gifts of his left hand, in comparison of 'length of days,' everlasting joys, the treasures of his right? Repentance, humility, charity, and the lady of all graces, faith, come from his hand, and are the fair gifts of God. *Ipsum velle credere, Deus operatur in homine,**—The first will to believe is wrought in man by God. If any ask, *Cur illi ita suadeatur, ut persuadeatur; illi autem non ita?*—Why doth this man believe, and another man remain in infidelity? *hic digitus Dei,*—the hand of God hath been here, working faith in the soul of him that believeth. All comes from this hand of mercy. *Quisquis tibi enumerat merita sua, quid tibi enumerat nisi munera tua?†*—He that reckons to God his merits, what doth he reckon but God's mercies? *Quæ bona mea, dona tua,*—Those that are my goods, as God's gifts.

2. Though hands be here attributed to God, yet it is but by way of metaphor; not literally, and in a true propriety of speech. To conceive God to be as man, with human dimensions, was the heresy of the Anthropomorphites; and he that thus grossly thinks of God, saith Jerome, makes an idol of God in his heart. But herein God stoops to the quality of our understandings, ascribing to himself anger and displeasure, as it were passions to the impassible; whereas *nec Deus affectu capitur, nec tangitur ira,*—they are not passions, but perfections. God hath a mouth by which he teacheth man wisdom; he hath feet, by which he walketh on the earth his footstool; he hath hands, by which he giveth food to all flesh. He hath none of these organically, as men have, but in the variety of effects which he produceth. So Bernard,‡ *Per effectum hæc habet, non per naturam.*

3. Observe that in the left hand there is a double benefit, riches and honour; in the right but a single one, length of days; yet this one far transcends both the other. For if we should restrain it to this world, long life is a great blessing, and more valuable than wealth or worship. But taking it, as it is meant, for eternity,—for this life is but

a span long; a span then, now scarce the length of a finger; as Ps. 23:6, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever;' originally, 'to length of days,' but fitly translated, 'for ever,'—the left hand is as far exceeded by the right, as short mortality is by everlastingness. Aged Israel to his grandchildren, Ephraim and Manasseh, two sons of Joseph; when the father had placed the first-born Manasseh to his right hand, and Ephraim the younger to his left, he crossing his hands, laid the right upon Ephraim, and the left upon Manasseh, Gen. 48:14. When Joseph would have removed his hands, he refused: 'I know it, my son, I know it. Manasseh also shall become a people, and he also shall be great; but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he.' The Lord doth bless many Manassehs with his left hand in riches and honours; but blessed be that Ephraim to whom his right hand is commended. Lord, let others enjoy the treasures of thy left hand, but lay thy right upon our souls!

4. I conclude. Since the Lord out of both his hands pours and showers upon us these mercies, what should we do but be thankful? Shall we receive benefits by heaps, and is the incense of our gratitude of so thin a smoke? *Et capitur minimo thuris honore Deus?* All these blessings seem to say to man, Take, and take heed: *accipe, redde, cave*,—receive, return, beware. Take warmth from me, saith apparel; heat from me, saith fire; strength from me, saith bread. Restore thankfulness to the Giver. Or else beware lest the fire burn thee, water drown thee, air choke thee: lest all give destruction that should give comfort. Receive in the name of God, return in the praise of God, or beware in the fear of God. To whom, for the blessings of both his hands, be glory ascribed from all lips and hearts, for ever and ever! Amen.

THE FATAL BANQUET

(THE FIRST SERMON)

Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.—PROV. 9:17, 18.

I HAVE here chosen two texts in one, intending to preach of a couple of preachers; one by usurpation, the other by assignation; the world's chaplain, and the Lord's prophet. Where conceive—1. The preachers; 2. Their texts; 3. Their sermons; 4. Their pulpits; 5. Their commissions.

1. The preachers are two. The first hath a double name: literally here, the harlot; metaphorically, sin, the mind's harlot; for between them is all spiritual adultery committed. Some understand it more synecdochically, the temptation to sin; but (*omne majus includit minus*) their interpretation is like that short bed, you cannot lay this harlot at her full length in it. Others conceive an antithesis here, and by conferring the 4th verse with the 16th, collect an opposition of two sorts of preachers: the sincere prophets of Wisdom, and the corrupted teachers of traditions, errors, leasings. I cannot subscribe to this sense, as full enough; let it go for a branch, call it not the body of the tree. This first preacher, then, is the delightfulness, Heb. 11:25, or, if you will, the deceitfulness, Heb. 3:13, of sin. The second is Solomon, not erring, adulterating, idolatrising Solomon, but converted, confirmed Solomon; a king and a preacher.

2. Their texts. (1.) Sin's text is from hell's *Scriptum est*: taken out of the devil's spell; either Lucian's old testament, or Machiavel's new; laws made in the court of damnation, enacted in the vault of darkness, like those under the Parliament-house; gunpowder-laws, fit for the justices of hell. (2.) Solomon's text is the word of eternal truth: with a *Scriptum est, cœlitus inspiratum*,—given from heaven. This is *desuper*, the other *desubter*. This, as 'all Scripture, is given by inspiration from God, profitable,' &c., 2 Tim. 3:16; the former is the

'delusion of the devil,' 2 Thess. 2:11, that 'lying spirit in the mouth of Ahab's prophets,' 1 Kings 22:22, the divinity of hell.

3. The sermons differ as well as the texts. (1.) The harlot's dicit, ver. 16, is thus amplified: 'Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant.' Tullius, nor Tertullus, nor Hermes, the speaker in the parliament of the heathen gods, never moved so eloquent a tongue. She preaches, according to the palate of her audience, placentia; nay, it is placenta, a sweet cake, whose flour is sugar, and the humour that tempers it honey, sweet, pleasant. She cannot want auditors for such a sermon; for as it is in fairs, the pedlar and the balladmonger have more throng than the rich merchant: Vanity hath as many customers as she can turn to, when Verity hath but a cold market. (2.) Solomon's sermon is opposed to it with a but: 'But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.' A cross blow, that disarms the devil's fencer; a flat conviction, or non-plus, given to the arguments of sin; a little coloquintida put into the sweet pot. That, as I have observed in some beguiling pictures, look on it one way, and it presents to you a beautiful damsel; go on the adverse side, and behold it is a devil, or some misshapen stigmatic: sin shews you a fair picture—'Stolen waters are sweet,' &c., suave et deliciosum, pleasure and delight; Solomon takes you on the other side, and shews you the ugly visages of death and hell—'The dead are there,' &c. If sin open her shop of delicacies, Solomon shews the trap-door and the vault; if she boast her olives, he points to the prickles; if she discovers the green and gay flowers of delice, he cries to the ingredients,* Latet anguis in herba,—The serpent lurks there. Illa movet, iste monet,—she charms, and he breaks her spells. As curious and proud as her house is, Solomon is bold to write 'Lord, have mercy on us,' on the doors, and to tell us the plague is there: 'Stolen waters are sweet,' &c.; 'but the dead are there,' &c.

4. Their pulpits have local and ceremonial difference. (1.) The harlot's is described ver. 14, 'She sits at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city.' [1.] Sedet, 'she sits;' she is got into

that enchanted chair, Ps. 1: [2.] 'at her house;' she need not stray far for customers: *in se turba ruunt luxuriosa, proci*,—they come in troops to her: [3.] 'at her door;' she presents herself to the common eye, and would be notable, though not able to answer the show: [4.] 'on a seat;' *novit suum locum*. Vice knows her seat; the devil is not without his rendezvous. What say you to a tavern, a playhouse, a feast, a may-game? that I say not, an ordinary: [5.] 'in the city.' Whoredom scorns to live obscurely in the suburbs. She hath friends to admit her within the walls. [6.] Nay, 'in the high places of the city;' in the largest streets, populous and popular houses: *in excelsis urbis*,—one of the most curious and stately edifices in the city.

Thus sin reads not a highway lecture only, as among thieves; nor a chamber-lecture only, as among courtesans; nor a mass-lecture only, as among Jesuits; nor a vault-lecture only, as among traitors; nor a table-lecture only, as among humorists; nor a tap-house-lecture only, as among drunkards, that fetch authority from the pot, like Augustus Cæsar, to tax all the world: but a city-lecture, such a one as Jezebel read to Israel, 1 Kings 21:10; a public preaching, her pulpit being *excelsa civitatis*, top-gallant; filling eminent places with eminent poisons. (2.) Solomon's pulpit is yet transcendent and above it; for it is a throne, a 'throne of ivory, overlaid with gold,' 1 Kings 10:18; such a throne as no kingdom could match it. The preacher is a king, the pulpit a throne; nay, an oracle, 1 Kings 4:31; *de solio rex oracula fundit*. For God gave him wisdom, yea, such a wisdom that no man but his Antitype, God and man, did ever excel him.

5. Their commissions. (1.) The devil gave sin her errand; gilded her tongue, and poisoned her heart; put a cup of damnation into her hand, and the sugar of temptation to sweeten it; allowed her for his city-recorder, or his town-clerk; and sealed her a commission from hell, as Saul had from the high-priest, Acts 9:1, to bind with snares, *filios terræ*, the sons of men. (2.) But God gave Solomon a celestial roll to eat, as to Ezekiel, chap. 2:9; and 'touched his lips with a coal from his own altar,' as to Isaiah, chap. 6:6, putting into his mouth *documenta vitæ*, the ordinances of eternal life.

God hath set this day before you two diverse pulpits, adverse preachers, dissonant texts; declares who speaks by his warrant, who besides it, against it. 'Behold,' as Moses said, 'I have set life and death before you;' take your choice.

The dialogue of both the verses present us with a banquet: convivium, or convitium rather,—a feast, but a fast were better; a banquet worse than Job's children's, Job 1:19, or the Dagonals of the Philistines, Judges 16:30, (like the Bacchanals of the Mænades,) when for the shutting up of their stomachs, the house fell down, and broke their necks. You have offered to your considerations, ver. 17, (supplying but the immediately precedent word, dixit,) 1. The inviter; 2. The cheer. Solomon comes after, as with salt and vinegar, and tells you, 3. The guests; and, 4. The banqueting-house, ver. 18, 'But the dead are there,' &c.

1. The inviter. It is a woman, 'She saith to him;' but that name is too good, for she hath recovered her credit: a woman, as she brought woe to man, so she brought forth a weal for man: causa delicti, solatium relictum,—an instrumental cause of transgression, 1 Tim. 2:14, and no less of salvation, Gal. 4:4. If you say, she brought forth sin without man, so she brought forth a Saviour without man; as the devil tempted her to the one, Gen. 3:4, so the Holy Ghost overshadowed her to the other, Luke 1:35. This not a woman then, but a harlot, meretrice mulier, a degenerate woman, unwomaned, et pudore et pudicitia, of both modesty and chastity.

The feast is like to be good when a harlot is the hostess. And sure the Scriptures found some special parity, if not identity, of these two: not making their names convertible, which had been much; but expressing by one word both of them, which is more, Josh. 2:1; as if it concluded their professions and conditions, names and natures, all one, which is most of all. Impleta in nostris hæc est Scriptura diebus. Experience hath justified this circumstance. A harlot, then, bids, and feasts, and kills; what other success can be looked for? If Delilah

invite Samson, ware his locks; she will spoil the Nazarite of his hairs: there are many Delilahs in these days.

I have read of many inviters in the holy writ; some good, many indifferent, most evil, this worst of all. (1.) Good: Matt. 22:1, you have the King of heaven a feastmaker; Cant. 5:1, you have the King's Son a feastmaker—Jesus Christ bids, 'Eat, O friends; drink abundantly, O beloved;' Rev. 22:17, you have the Spirit of glory a feastmaker, and an inviter too, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' To this feast few come, but those that do come are welcome, Luke 14:21: well come in regard of themselves, for there is the best cheer—Rev. 19:9, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb;' welcome in respect of God, who doth not grudge his mercies. (2.) Many indifferent: Abraham's feast at Isaac's weaning, Gen. 21:8; Samson's at his marriage, Judg. 14:10; the wedding-feast in Cana, where the King of glory was a guest, and honoured it with a miracle, with the first miracle that ever he wrought there, John 2:11. (3.) Evil: Nabal's feast at his sheep-shearing, a drunken feast, 1 Sam. 25:36; Belshazzar's feast to a thousand of his lords, surfeiting with full carouses from the sacred bowls, a sacrilegious feast, Dan. 5:2; the Philistines' feast to the honour of Dagon, an idolatrous feast, Judges 16:23; Herod's birthday-feast, when John Baptist's head was the last course of the service, a bloody feast, Mark 6:28; the rich churl's, a quotidian feast, a voluptuous surfeit, all bad, Luke 16:19. (4.) This yet worst of all, the harlot's feast, where the guests at once comedunt et comeduntur, their souls feast on evils, and are a feast to devils; for whiles men devour sins, sins devour them, as Actæon was eaten up of his own dogs. This is a bloody banquet, where no guest escapes without a wound, if with life; for if sin keep the revels, lusts are the junkets, ebriety drinks the wine, blasphemy says the grace, and blood is the conclusion.

But allegorically sin is here shadowed by the harlot; voluptuousness, meretricum meretrix, the harlot of harlots, whose bawd is Beelzebub, and whose bridewell is broad hell. Wickedness (*fœminei generis dicitur*) is compared to a woman, and hath all her senses: lust is her

eye to see; injury, her hands to feel; sensuality, her palate to taste; malice, her ears to hear; petulancy, her nose to smell; and, because she is of the feminine sex, we will allow her the sixth sense, tittle-tattle is her tongue to talk. This is the common hostess of the world, Satan's housekeeper, whose doors are never shut: noctes atque dies patet, &c. There is no man in the world keeps such hospitality, for he searcheth the air, earth, sea, nay, the kitchen of hell, to fit every palate. Vitellius searched far and wide for the rarities of nature, birds, beasts, fishes of inestimable price, which yet brought in, the bodies are scorned, and only the eye of this bird, the tongue of that fish, is taken, that the spoils of many might be sacrifices to one supper. The emperor of the low countries—hell—hath delicates of strange variety, curiosity. Doth Judas's stomach stand to treason? There it is; he may feed liberally on that dish. Doth Nero thirst for homicides? The devil drinks to him in bowls of blood. Is Jeroboam hungry of idolatry? Behold, a couple of calves are set before him, 1 Kings 12:28. Hath Absalom the court appetite, ambition? Lo, a whole kingdom is presented him for a mess, a shrewd bait, 2 Sam. 15: Machiavel's position, 'Faith-breach for kingdoms is no sin.' The devil thought this dish would please Christ himself, and therefore offered him many kingdoms for a morsel, Matt. 4:9, reserving this to the last, as the strongest argument of his sophistry. Doth Herod affect envy? Behold, a banquet of revenge, furnished with the murdered corpses of thousands of infants, Matt. 2:16. Doth the ravening maw of the Pope, Ahab-like, 1 Kings 21:4, forbear meat, because he cannot get the vineyard of a kingdom? Or hath he bound himself with the spells of devilish contestations (like those in the Acts, chap. 23:14) not to eat or drink till he hath killed Paul? Behold, here is wine set before him in a golden cup, (wine of abomination, Rev. 17:4,) wherewith whole nations reel: locusts and vipers, pestilent and serpentine poisons whereof the world laughing dies. Is any courtier proud? Here are piles of silks. Is any officer troubled with the itch in his hands? Here is unguentum aureum to cure it; a mess of bribes. Hath any gentleman the hunger-worm of covetousness? Here is cheer for his diet: usuries, oppressions, exactions, enclosings, rackings, rakings, pleasing gobbets of avarice. Is any tradesman

light-fingered and lighter-conscienced? Here is a whole feast of frauds, a table furnished with tricks, conveyances, glossings, perjuries, cheatings. Hath any Papist a superstitious appetite? He is set down in the chair of ignorance, and to him are served in, by Sorbonnists, Jesuits, Seminaries, Loyolists, a large and lavish feast of crucifixes, unctions, scrapings, traditions, relics, &c.; and, as cheese to digest all the rest, yet itself never digested, treason. For your rout of epicures, ruffians, roarers, drunkards, boon companions, you may know the place easily where these kestrels light, even at the carcass-feast. Sin hath invited them, and they scorn to be scornful. Hither they come, and every man hath a dish by himself,—eat whiles he blows again,—except their appetites agree in the choice. You hear the inviter.

Let it not pass us without observation: Satan is not without his factors abroad. He hath spirits enough of his own,—'My name is legion,' Mark 5:9,—but he is not content except he suborn man against man, till homo be homini dæmon,—man a Judas to his friend, woman an Eve to her husband. I confess he hath many setters of this disposition in a literal sense; harlots, scattering his stews, like the lice of Egypt, over all the world. But I will not restrain his kingdom to these narrow limits only, which is not bounded but with the earth. He that compasseth it, Job 2:2, and hath such dealings in all kingdoms, is not without his plotters and intelligencers in every corner.

He hath superstitious Seminaries in the country, mercenary in the hall, a long lane for brokers and usurers in the city, and sometimes a dangerous brood of Jesuits in foreign courts, croaking like frogs, even in their Pharaoh's chambers, Ps. 105:30; whilst himself roves on the sea of this world like a pirate. Cardinals and Jesuits are his mariners, and the Pope sits at the stern. Antichrist is his steward,—strange, he who calls himself Christ's vicar should be the devil's steward!—and hath ever been faithful to his kingdom. Many souls have they successively sent to people his low world, whiles their own went also for company. The wickedness of some Popes has been

monstrous, and almost forbidding all the officers of Satan to match them: that if a score of the most prodigious reprobates should be mustered out of hell, it is likely enough that nineteen of them would be Popes; and perhaps, to make up the twentieth, there would be some strife between a Jesuit and a cardinal.

Rome is this harlot's local seat, her house, styled by the Scripture, 'the whore of Babylon.' Her doctrine is here expressed: 'Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant'—waters of heresy, stolen from the cisterns of superstition, Jer. 2:13; the bread of deceit, moulded by error, and baked in the oven of tradition. We have three common enemies: as we are men, the devil; as Christians, the Turk; as professors of the gospel, the Pope. The first hath the two last for his factors; of whom we pray, *aut convertantur, ne pereant; aut confundantur, ne noceant*,—either for their conversion, to save themselves; or for their confusion, not to hurt us. Amongst us the Pope doth most present mischief. Peter told Christ, Luke 22:38, 'Behold, here are two swords:' Christ told Peter, Matt. 16:19, 'Behold, here are the keys.' Peter lays by the swords, and takes the keys; the Pope now lays by his keys, and falls to the sword. Oh quantum mutatus hic Petrus ab illo!—What difference betwixt the true Peter and his false successor! Yet, as if he were heaven's porter, men flock to him; whom let me appose with that of the poet—

'Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?'—

'What foolish wind blows you to Rome?'

He hath infinite petty stales, to tempt men to sin, whom he hath officed for bidders to this feast. Will you take a short muster of some of his inviters?—*organa iniquitatis*, engineers, bidders to this banquet of vanity; they have all their several stands.

(1.) In the Court he hath set Ambition, to watch for base minds, that would stoop to any villany for preferment, and to bring them to this

feast. This attempt can tempt none but the base; the noble spirit cannot be so wrought upon. This is a principal bidder.

(2.) In Foro, at the hall gates, he sets inviters, that beckon contention to them, and fill the world with broils. I mean neither the reverend judges, nor the worthy councillors, nor the good attorneys; but the libels of law—Solicitors indeed, for they are a solicitation to our peace; pettifoggers, Satan's firebrands, and mortal things, which 'he casteth abroad to make himself sport.' But they do more hurt amongst the barley, the commons of this land, than Samson's foxes with the fire at their tails, Judges 15:5. Oh that they were shipped out for Virginia, or, if they would trouble so good a soil, into some desert, where they might set beasts together by the ears, for they cannot live without making broils!

(3.) Pride is another bidder, and keeps a shop in the City. You shall find a description of her shop, and take an inventory of her wares, from the prophet, Isa. 3, 'the tinkling ornaments, the cauls, and the moon-tires,' &c. She sits upon the stall, and courts the passengers with a What lack ye? Nay, besides her person, she hangs out her picture; a picture unlike herself, though she appears not unlike her picture—all paint. Infinite traffic to her, but with the same luck and success that visitant beasts came to the sick lion—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*; or at best, as the runners to Rome, that return with shame and beggary.

(4.) Engrossing is another inviter, and hath a large walk; sometimes he watcheth the landing of a ship; sometimes he turns whole loads of corn besides the market. This bidder prevails with many a citizen, gentleman, farmer, and brings in infinite guests; the devil gives him a letter of mark for his piracy.

(5.) Bribery is an officious fellow, and a special bidder to this feast. He invites both forward and froward: the forward and yielding, by promises of good cheer, *secunda dies*, that they shall have a fair day of it; the backward honest man, by terrors and menaces that his

cause shall else go westward: (indeed, it goes to Westminster!) Yea, with pretence of commiseration and pity, as if the conscience of their right did animate him to their cause. Thus with a show of sanctimony they get a saint's money; but indeed, argentum fæcundum, argumentum facundum,—there is no persuasion more pathetic than the purse's. Bribery stands at the stair-foot in the robes of an officer, and helps up injury to the place of audience; thus Judas's bag is drawn with two strings, made of silk and silver, favour and reward.

All officers belong not to one court; their conditions alter with their places. There are some that seem so good that they lament the vices, whereupon they yet inflict but pecuniary punishments. Some of them are like the Israelites, with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, with the motto of that old emblem, In utrumque paratus; as the one hand daubs up justice, so the other cuts breaches of division. They mourn for truth and equity, as the sons of Jacob for Joseph, when themselves sold it; they exclaim against penal transgressions. So Caius Gracchus defends the treasury from others' violence, while himself robbed it; so the poinder chafes and swears to see beasts in the corn, yet will pull up a stake, or cut a tether, to find supply for his pin-fold; so Charles the Fifth was sorry for the Pope's durance, and gave orders of public prayers for his release, yet held him in his own hands prisoner.

(6.) Faction keeps the Church, and invites some vain-glorious priests to this feast: schism and separation, like a couple of thorns, prick the church's side, wound our mother till her heart bleeds. All seminaries of sedition are Satan's special factors.

(7.) Riot is his inviter in a tavern. He sits like a young gallant at the upper end of the table, and drinks so many and so deep healths to the absent, that the present have no health left them. This is a frequented inviting place, that I say not the feast itself. Covetousness often is the host, Ebriety-drinks the liquor, Swearing keeps the reckoning, Lust holds the door, and Beggary pays the shot.

(8.) Oppression hath a large circuit, and is a general bidder to this banquet. This factor hath abundance of the devil's work in hand: he untiles the houses of the poor, that whiles the storms of usury beat them out, he may have peaceable entrance; he joins house to house, as if he was straitened of room: tell him from me, there is room enough for him in hell.

There are infinite swarms of inviters besides, which run like vagabonds on the devil's errand, with salutems in their mouths, as Judas to Jesus, 'All hail;' but it proved a rattling salutation, for death's storm followed it. All these declare to us the banquet's preparation. Infinite among ourselves, Rome offers us more help; but we answer them, as Octavian did of the crow, *Satis istarum avium habemus domi*,—We have enough of these birds at home. They are messengers of our wreck, porpoises premonishing a tempest; usurers, brokers, vagrants, ruffians, blasphemers, tipplers, churls, wantons, pedlars of pernicious wares, seminaries, incendiaries, apostates, humorists, seditious troublers of our peace; you may perceive that our winter is busy by the flying abroad of these wild geese. All are bidders.

Use.—These instruments of tentation cannot hurt us, except we be enemies to ourselves. They do their worst: *Vertitque in meliora Deus*,—Rom. 8:28, 'God turns all to our best.' Like wandering planets, they are carried with a double motion, *suo et primo mobili*, with their own and a superior mover. (1.) By their own, which though *non sine errore, tamen sine terrore*,—wandering and stalking with big looks, yet are not so feared as they expect. (2.) By the first and great mover's, which overrules them with a violent hand. Perhaps they exercise us with tentations, as Ashur did Israel, Isa. 10:5, with Isa. 10:15; but the work done, the rod is thrown into the fire. They are but rubbish to scour the vessels of God's house; apothecaries to minister us bitter drugs, not able to put in one dram more than God our physician prescribes; shepherd's dogs with their teeth beaten short, to hunt us to the sheepfolds of peace. In all their works, the villany is their own, the virtue God's; as in Christ's betraying, *opus Dei*

redemptio, opus Judæ proditio. If we think they flourish too long, let us satisfy ourselves with Job, chap. 21:17–30, and David, Ps. 73:19, that subito ad inferos, 'they go suddenly down into the pit.' So the poet propped up his tottering hesitations with this conclusion—

'Abstulit hunc tandem Ruffini pœna tumultum,

Absolvitque deos.'*

In the end, God clears his justice from any imputation, by turning the workers of wickedness into hell.

2. Do not think, because I have held you long with the bidders, that I mean to forestall you of the banquet. Behold, I have brought you now to the feast, such as it is. 'Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant.' Thus it is in gross; to cut it up and serve it in, in several dishes, you have, (1.) a prescription; (2.) a description; (3.) an ascription;—a prescription of their names; a description of their natures; an ascription of their qualities. Quæ, quanta, qualia:—(1.) The junkets are prescribed, quæ sint, of what kind they are; waters, bread. (2.) They are described, quanta sint, of what property, virtue, nature; stolen, secret. (3.) They are ascribed to, qualia sint, of what operation, relish, or quality; sweet, pleasant, stolen waters, &c. Thus have you their quiddity, their quantity, their quality. This is the banquet, lautum, lætum, dainty and cherishing; cheap, for it is stolen; delightful, for it is sweet. We will ascend to view this feast, not to feed on it, by the stairs and degrees of my text. You have, (1.) waters; (2.) stolen; (3.) sweet. So you have, (1.) bread; (2.) eaten in secret; (3.) pleasant. Of them all, first literally and morally, then doctrinally.

(1.) Waters. Not the waters that the Spirit moved on at the creation, the first waters, Gen. 1:2; nor the waters of regeneration, moved by the same Spirit, sanctifying waters, Isa. 44:3; nor the waters of Bethesda, stirred by an angel, salutary and medicinal waters, John 5:4; nor the 'waters issuing from under the threshold of the

sanctuary,' preservative waters, Ezek. 47:1: but the bitter waters of Marah, Exod. 15:25, without the sweet wood of grace to season them; 'waters of trouble,' from which David prays for delivery, Ps. 144:7, tumultuous waters; waters that turn into blood, bloody waters, Exod. 7:17; waters of tribulation, 2 Sam. 22:17, to them that digest it, though waters of titillation to them that taste it: much like our hot waters in these days; strange chemical extractions, quintessences of distilled natures; viscera, ne dicam, mysteria terræ,—the bowels, nay, the mysteries of earth; good and happy in their opportune and moderate use, but wretched in our misapplied lusts; to turn the blood into fire, and to fill the bones with luxury: not to make nature swim in a river of delights, but even to drown it.

Waters: neither succory nor endive, &c.; no refrigerating waters, to cool the soul's heat, but waters of inflammation: Spain's *rosa solis*, water of Inquisition; Tyrone's *usquebagh*, water of rebellion; Turkey's *aqua fortis*, a violent and bloody water; Rome's *aqua inferna*, a superstitious water, stilled out of sulphur and brimstone, through the limbeck of heresy. Oh, you wrong it: it is *aqua vitæ* and *aqua cœlestis*! Let the operation testify it: it is *aqua fortis*, *aqua mortis*—*vinum barathri*, the wine of hell: no poisons are so baneful. It tastes like honey, but if Jonathan touch it, he will endanger his life by it, 1 Sam. 14:43. These are wretched waters, worse than the moorish and fenny rivers, which, the poets feign, run with a dull and lazy course; *tranquilla, alta*,—streams still at the top, but boiling like a caldron of molten lead at the bottom. *Phlegeton et Pyriphlegeton, ignitæ et flammeæ undæ*, were mere fables and toys to these waters: they are truculent, virulent, noxious waters, derived by some filthy gutters from the *mare mortuum* of iniquity.

The Pope hath waters not much unlike these of the devil's banquet—holy waters: holy indeed, for they are conjured with a holy exorcism, saith their mass-book. Of wonderful effects; either sprinkled outwardly, they refresh the receiver, as if his head was wrapped with a wet clout in a cold morning; or drunk down, they are powerful to cleanse the heart and scour out the devil. Oh, you wrong Rome's holy

water, to think it the devil's drink, when the proverb says, the devil loves no holy water. Yes, he will run from it, as a mendicant friar from an alms! To speak duly of it, it is a special river of deceit, and drowns more than ever did the Red Sea, when it swallowed a whole army of the Egyptians, Exod. 14. Why, but holy water is a special ransom to free souls out of purgatory, and digged out of the fountain of Scripture. Ps. 51:7, Asperges me, Domine, hysopo,—'Thou shalt sprinkle me, O Lord, with hysop;' for so their translation hath it; the sense of which place is, saith the Romist, that the priest must dash the grave with a holy-water sprinkle. You must suppose that David was dead and buried when he spake these words, and his soul in limbo. It is added that Dives desired in hell 'a drop of water to cool his tongue,' Luke 16:24. Oh, then, how cooling and comfortable are the sprinklings of these waters on the graves of the dead! But if they can speak no better for them, they will prove some of these waters here served in at sin's banquet; for if Antichrist can make a man drunk with his holy water, he will swallow all the rest of his morsels with the less difficulty.

These then are the waters: not the waters of regeneration, wherein our fathers and we have been baptized; nor the waters of consolation, which 'make glad the city of God;' nor the waters of sanctification, wherein Christ once, the Spirit of Christ still, washeth the feet, the affections of the saints; not the Hyblæan nectar of heaven, whereof he that drinks 'shall never thirst again,' John 4:14; nor the waters of that 'pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God,' Rev. 22:1; but the lutulent, spumy, maculatory waters of sin, either squeezed from the spongy clouds of our corrupt natures, or surging from the contagious (veins of hell) springs of temptation.

I might here blab to you the enemy's secrets, and tell you his riddles, his tricks, his policies, in that he calls sins waters, and would make his guests believe that they wonderfully refresh; but I reserve it to a fitter place: the sweetness shall carry that note from the waters.* I will contract all to these four observations, as the sum of that I would write of the waters, not on the waters—de aquis, non super aquas: I

have better hope of your memories. [1.] The preferment of waters at Satan's banquet. [2.] The devil's policy in calling sins by the names of waters. [3.] The similitude of sins to waters. [4.] The plurality and abundance of these waters.

[1.] Water is here preferred to bread; for lightly sin's guests are better drinkers than eaters; they eat by the gomer and drink by the ephah. Indeed, a full belly is not of such dexterity for the devil's employment as a full brain. Gluttony would go sleep, and do neither good nor harm: Ebriety hath some villany in hand, and is then fitted with valour; the drunkard is a Hercules furens, he will kill and slay. How many do that in a tavern which they will repent at a Tyburn! You will say, it is not with drinking water; yes, the harlot's waters, such as is served in at the devil's banquet, mixed with rage and madness. Water is an element: the sap in the vine, the juice in the grape, the liquid in the ale or beer, is water. Indeed, sometimes Neptune dwells too far off from Bacchus's door, and the water is mastered with additions; yet it may alienate the property, not annihilate the nature and essence of water: water it is still, though compounded water; compounded in our drinks, but in wines derived, à primis naturæ per media, not extinguished in the being, not brought to a nullity of waters. Drink, then, bibendum aliquid; though the harlot gives it a modest and cool name, 'waters' is the first dish of this fatal banquet. The first entertainment into this Appii forum, Acts 28:15, is with the three taverns; not so much a drunkenness to the brain as to the conscience. There is a 'drunkenness, not with wine: there is a staggering, not with strong drink,' Isa. 29:9. The devil begins his feast with a health, as Belshazzar, Dan. 5, whatsoever the upshot be. He propounds the water, and he propines it; he will not give them worse than he takes himself; as Jupiter is said to have at his court gate two great tuns, whereof they that enter must first drink, and himself begins to them.

'Jupiter ambrosia satur est: est nectare plenus.'*

Intemperance is the first dish to be tasted of: it is, if not principalis, yet, si ita dicam, principialis,—if not the prime dish, yet the first dish: Satan must first intoxicate the brains, and extinguish the eye of reason; as the thief that would rob the house first puts out the candle. Understanding is first drowned in these waters,—Acrasia præit, Acrasia sequitur,—Riot justles, and the wit is turned besides the saddle. The 'sons of the earth' would not so dote on the 'whore of Babylon' if the 'wine of her fornication' had not made them drunk, Rev. 17:2. The guests here 'rise early to the wine,' Isa. 5:11; it is the first service; and are indeed, as the apostles were slandered, nine-o'clock drunkards, Acts 2:13, 15. The day would be without his sufficient sorrow, active and passive mischiefs, if the morning wine should not inflame them. They that are daily guests at the devil's table know the fashions of his court; they must be drunk at the entrance. It is one of his laws, and a physic-bill of hell, that they must not wash till they have drunk. These waters are to be applied inwardly first; and once taken down, they are fitted to swallow any morsel of damnation that shall afterwards be presented them.

[2.] Water was the first drink in the world, and water must be the first drink at the devil's banquet. There is more in it yet: the devil shews a trick of his wit in this title. Water is a good creature, and many celestial things are shadowed by it. It is the element wherein we were baptized; and dignified to figure the grace of the Holy Spirit, Matt. 3:11. Yet this very name must be given to sin. Indeed, I know the same things are often accepted in divers senses by the language of heaven. Leaven is eftsoons taken for hypocrisy, as in the Pharisees; for atheism, as in the Sadducees; for profaneness, as in the Herodians; and generally for sin, by Paul, 1 Cor. 5:7; yet by Christ, for grace, Luke 13:21. God is compared to a lion, Amos 3:8; and Christ is called 'the Lion of the tribe of Judah,' Apoc. 5:5; and the devil is called a lion, 'a roaring lion,' &c., 1 Pet. 5:8. Christ was figured by a serpent, John 3:14; and to a serpent is Satan compared, 2 Cor. 11:3. Stones are taken in the worst sense, Matt. 3:9, 'God is able of these stones to raise,' &c.; stones in the best sense, 1 Pet. 2:5, 'living stones;' and Christ himself, 'the head stone of the corner,' Ps.

118:22. 'Be like children,' saith Paul, and 'not like children:' be children in simplicity, not in knowledge. Graces are called waters; so here vices: but the attribute makes the difference. Those are 'living waters,' these are the 'waters of death.' The devil in this plays the sophister; but I spare to follow this circumstance here, because I shall meet it again in the next branch, 'bread of secrecies.'

[3.] Sins may in some sense be likened to waters; yea, even to waters in the cup, for to waters in the sea they are most like. The one drowns not more bodies than the other souls. They know the danger of the sea 'that prosecute their business in great waters,' Ps. 107:23: they might know the hazards of sin that sail in this barge of luxury. I may say of them both with the poet—

'Digitis à morte remoti

Quatuor, aut septem, si sit latissima tæda;—

They are within four or seven inches of death. How many souls are thus shipwrecked! How many weep out a De profundis, that would not 'sing the songs of Zion' in the land of the living! They forgot Jerusalem in their mirth, and therefore 'sit down and howl by the waters of Babel;' but these here are festival, not marinal waters.

First, Water is an enemy to digestion; so is sin, clogging the memory (the soul's stomach) with such crudities of vice, that no sober instructions can be digested in it: especially waters hurt digestion in these cold countries, naturally cold in regard of the climate, but spiritually more cold in devotion, frozen up in the dregs of iniquity. Surely many of our auditors drink too deep of these waters before they come to Jacob's well: our waters of heavenly doctrine will not down with them. The waters of sin so put your mouths out of taste that you cannot relish the waters of life, John 4; they are Marah to your palates. It seems you have been at that other banquet, and therefore 'thirst not after righteousness,' Matt. 5:6. The cup of the old temptation hath filled you; you scorn the cup of the testament. If you

had not drunk too hard of these waters, you would ask Christ for his living water, John 4:10; but Achan hath drunk cursed gold, when he should come before Joshua, Josh. 7; Gehazi hath drunk bribes, when he should come to Elisha, 2 Kings 5. No marvel if you suck no juice from the waters of God, when you are so full and drunken with the waters of Satan.

Secondly, Water dulls the brain, and renders the spirits obtuse and heavy. It is an enemy to literature, saith Horace merrily—

'Who in a rhyme rehearses,

That water-drinkers never make good verses.'

We have no skill in the hymns of the Spirit, no alacrity to praise God, no wisdom to pray to him. Why? We have drunken of these stolen waters. The chilling and killing cold of our indevotion, the morose and raw humours of our uncharitableness, the foggy, dull, stupid heaviness of our invincible ignorance, shew that we have been too busy with these waters; nothing will pass with us but rare and novel matters, jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit;* and in these we study to admire the garb, not to admit the profit.

Thirdly, We find grace compared to fire, and gracelessness to water. The Spirit came down on the apostles in the likeness of fiery tongues, Acts 2:3, at the day of Pentecost; and John Baptist testifies of Christ, that he should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, Matt. 3:11. The spirit of sin falls on the heart like a cold dew. It is implied, Rev. 3:15, that zeal is hot, wickedness cold, neutrality lukewarm. Fire is hot and dry; water is cold and moist, predominantly, and in regard of their habitual qualities. So zeal is hot; no incendiary, no preternatural, but a supernatural heat, equally mixed with love and anger: such was Elias's zeal for the Lord of hosts; he could not be cold in this life that went up in 'fire to heaven,' 2 Kings 2:11. Dry; not like Ephraim, 'a cake baked on the one side,' but crude and raw on the other: no, the heat of zeal hath dried up the moisture of

profaneness. But wickedness is cold, a gelid nature, a numbness in the conscience; that, as when the air is hottest, the springs are coldest, so when the Sun of grace warms the whole church, is yet shaking of an ague; nay, and will not creep, like Simon Peter, to the fire. Moist; not *succi et sanguinis plenum*, full of juice and sap; but sin runs like a cold rheum over the conscience. This metaphor follows St Paul, 1 Thess. 5:19, 'Quench not the Spirit;' wherein he fully justifies this circumstance, forbidding the water of impiety to quench the fire of grace.

Here, then, see the impossibility of uniting the two contrary natures in one conscience, as of reconciling fire and water into the same place, time, and subject. If sin keep court in the conscience, and sit in the throne of the heart, grace will not peep in at the gates, 2 Cor. 6:14; or if it doth, with cold entertainment. I have heard report of a generation of men that carry fire in the one hand, and water in the other; whose conversation mingles *humida et sicca*, wet and dry together, like the Syriphian frogs in Pliny, whose challenge was, *Mihi terra lacusque*,—I have land and sea for my walk; but, alas! if the water be true water of sin, believe it, the fire is but a false fire, the blaze of hypocrisy. But the hermit turned his guest out of doors for this trick, that he could warm his cold hands with the same breath wherewith he cooled his hot pottage.

Fourthly, Water is a baser element, and, I may say, more* elementary, more mixed, and, as it were, sophisticate with transfusion. Fire is in the highest region, the purest element, and next to heaven. This is the seat of grace, *non inferiora secuta*,—scorning the lower things. Sin is, like water, of a ponderous, crass, gross, stinking, and sinking nature. They that have drunk the 'cup of slumber' had need to be bidden 'awake, and stand up,' Isa. 51:17, for they are sluggish and laid. Grace, though in the orb of sin, yet hath her 'conversation in heaven,' Phil. 3:20, and *cor repositum, ubi præmium depositum*,—her heart laid up where her love and treasure is. Her motto is, *Non est mortale quod opto*. She hath a holy aspiration, and seeketh to be as near to God as the clog of flesh will

let her. Sin is like water, though raging with the surges and swellings, and only bounded in with God's non ultra, 'Here I will stay thy proud waves,' Ps. 104:9, yet deorsum ruit, whiles these waters swim in the heart, the heart sinks down like a stone, as Nabal's.

Fifthly, Physicians say that water is a binder. You may apply it, that men in these days are terrible water-drinkers, for the times are very restrictive. You may as well wring Hercules's club out of his fist as a penny from Avarice's purse. Men's hearts are costive to part with any thing in pios usus; their hands clutched, doors shut, purses not open; nay, the most laxative prodigals, that are lavish and letting-fly to their lusts, are yet heart-bound to the poor. It is a general disease procured by these waters, to be troubled with the griping at the heart. Such were the 'kine of Bashan,' Amos 4:1: soluble to their own lusts,—'Bring, let us drink,'—bound up and strait-laced to the poor; not refreshing, but oppressing; not helping, but crushing the needy. They 'grieve not for Joseph,' Amos 6:6; nay, they grieve Joseph. These kine are dead, but their calves are in England, abundantly multiplied. These are not the days of peace, that 'turn swords into sickles but the days of pride, wherein the iron is knocked off from the plough, and, by a new kind of alchymistry, converted into plate. The farmer's painfulness runs into the mercer's shop, and the toiling ox is a sacrifice and prey to the cunning fox. All the racked rents in the country will not discharge the books in the city.

Great men are unmerciful to their tenants, that they may be over-merciful to their tendants, that stretch them as fast as they retch the others. The sweat of the labourer's brows is made an ointment to supple the joints of pride. Thus two malignant planets reign at once, and in one heart, costive covetousness and loose lavishness; like the serpent Amphisbœna, with a head at each end of the body,* who, whiles they strive which should be the master-head, afflict the whole carcass: whilst covetise and pride wrestle, the estate catcheth the fall. They eat men alive in the country, and are themselves eaten alive in the city. What they get in the hundred, they lose in the shire. Sic prædæ patet esca sui,—They make themselves plump for the prey,

for there are that play the rob-thief with them. *Unius compendium, alterius dispendium*,—If there be a winner, there must be a loser. *Serpens serpentem devorando fit draco*,—Many landlords are serpents to devour the poor, but what are they that devour those serpents? Dragons. You see what monsters, then, usurious citizens are. Thus whiles the gentleman and the citizen shuffle the cards together, they deal the poor commons but a very ill game.—These are the similitudes. I could also fit you with some discrepancies:—

First, Waters mundify and cleanse; these soil and infect. The conscience grows more speckled by them, till men become not only spotted but spots, as Lucan said of the wounded body, *Totum est pro vulnere corpus*,—The whole body was as one wound.

Secondly, Add, that waters quench the thirst and cool the heat of the body, but these waters rather fire the heart and inflame the affections, puff the spleen, which swollen, all the other parts pine and languish into a consumption. The heart is so blown with lusts that all the graces of the soul dwindle like blasted imps. These are *aquæ soporiferæ*, waters of slumber, that cast the soul into a dead sleep, whilst the devil cauteriseth and sears up the conscience.

Thirdly, We say of water, It is a good servant, though an ill master; but we cannot apply it to sin. It is not good at all; indeed less ill when it serves than when it reigns. If this false Gibeonite will needs dwell with thee, set him to the basest offices. So Israel kept in some Canaanites, 'lest the wild beasts should come in upon them.' Our infirmities and mastered sins have their use thus, to humble us with the sense of our weakness, lest the furious beasts of pride and security break into our freeholds. But sin of itself is good neither in egg nor bird, neither in root nor branch, neither hot nor cold, neither in the fountain nor in the vessel.

[4.] The plurality of these waters prolongs and determines my speech. Their nature is not more pernicious than their number numerous: *indefinita locutio, infinita turba*,—an undefined word, an

unconfined number. If there were but one cup alone, it would cloy, and satiate, and procure loathing, as even manna did to Israel; therefore Satan doth diversify his drinks, to keep the wicked man's appetite fresh and sharp. If he be weary of one sin, behold, another stands at his elbow. Hath Dives dined? He may walk up to his study, and tell his money, his bags, his idols; or call for the key of his wardrobe, to feed his proud eye with his silks: for *divitiæ et deliciæ*, riches and pleasure, serve one another's turn. If Nabal be weary of counting his flocks, or laying up their fleeces, he may go and make himself drunk with his sheep-shearers. Hence it is that *ex malis moribus oriuntur plurimæ leges*,[†]—to meet with the multiplicity of sins there is required a multitude of laws; as, when physicians grow rich, it is an evident sign of an infected commonwealth. Sin stood not single in God's view, when he threatens so fearful a punishment, as the whole book again cannot match it, Hos. 4:3, 'Therefore the land shall mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beasts of the field, with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fish of the sea also shall be taken away,'—a universal vastation. But as, first, privatively, there was no truth, yet if there had been mercy; nay, no mercy; somewhat yet, if knowledge had stood constant; no knowledge in the land: so, secondly, positively, there was swearing. Can swearing be without lying? No; lying too. Is the tongue alone set on fire at the devil's forge? James 3. No; the hand is also a firebrand of hell. Killing, stealing, adultery, join their forces; and to give testimony against their singularity, 'blood toucheth blood.' How should reprobates else 'fill up the measure of their sins?' Thus when the ungodly have eaten and drunk, they may 'rise up to play,' 1 Cor. 10:7.

Will you descend to personal instances? Lo, some Judas is new come from this banquet; give him a vomit, and what lies on his stomach? Strange waters, and abundance of them. Behold, the Spanish waters of pride, the Romish waters of treason, the Italian waters of murder, the Jewish of hypocrisy, the Turkish of thievery, the Grecian of all villany. Ask Mary Magdalene what variety was at this banquet; she will tell you of seven vials, seven devils. You may hear another tell his

name, Legion. Bid Absalom give you a tavern-bill or short inventory of these waters, and he will read you: In primis, the swelling waters of pride. Item, the surfeiting waters of luxury. Item, the scalding waters of adultery. Item, the red waters of bloodiness. Item, the black waters of treason. And for the shot, ask him the total sum of the bill, and he will tell you, damnation. If sins be thus familiarly linked in one man, how do they tune in a concert? How agree they in company? Nothing better; not a broker and a pawn, not a dear year and a cormorant. Hence Christ calls the way to perdition 'the broad way,' Matt. 7:13. You cannot stir a foot in the great road to the city of hell, Pluto's court, but you meet sins in throngs. Vanity is the largest and most beaten thoroughfare in the world. Some double in their companies, some treble, some troop, none go single. *Væ soli*; if one sin were alone, it would be easily vanquished. The devil knows that *vis unita fortior*, collected strengths are unconquerable, Eccles. 4:10; and therefore drives his waters so that *undæ super advenit unda*, one wave seconds the former. Sometimes they go, like beasts, by couples: Rom. 13:13, 'riot and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness, strife and envy;' Jer. 23:10, 'Adultery and oaths;' and Jer. 2:13, 'My people have committed two evils,' &c. Sometimes they dance in triads, by threes: Phil. 3:19, 'gluttony, pride, covetousness;' Gal. 5:26, 'vain-glory, provocation, malice;' Amos 1:3–6, 'For three transgressions and for four,' &c.; if there be not rather a great number meant. St John abridgeth all the vanity of the world into a triplicity: 1 John 2:16, 'All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life.' This is the trinity the world doth worship: *Hæc tria pro trino numine mundus habet*. Sometimes they come by whole herds and droves, like the host of the Aramites. Gal. 5:19, you may read them mustered up: 'Adultery,' &c.

Thus I have shewed you the multiplicity of these waters; what remains but that the same fire of God's altar, that hath enlightened your understandings, do a little also warm your consciences? I should prevent the method of my text, if I should yet shew you the direful, dismal operation of these waters; yet somewhat I must say to make you loathe them. As captains provoke their soldiers *per verbum*

vocale, per semivocale, per mutum,—by vocal speeches, semivocal drums and trumpets, mute ensigns; so God dissuades you from these waters—1. By his words; *viva et vivifica voce*,—a living and enlivening word: either in the thunders of Sinai or songs of Zion, which the Word incarnate hath spoken. 2. Or by his semivocal writings; for at the beginning God talked with man himself, but after, finding him estranged from his Creator, he sent him his mind in writing;* and this he makes sounding by his ministers. 3. Or by his dumb ensigns—wonders, terrors, judgments, upon the lovers of these waters.

Use 1.—Trust not too much to these waters; they are not so virtual as the described inviters, the devil's prophets, tell you. Satan had long since his water-prophets; such were the oracles Colophonium and Branchidicum, † wherein one by drinking of waters, the other by receiving the fume of waters, foretold future things. Porphyry observes that antiquity called them *μανίαν*, madness; but the error and impudence of succeeding ages *μαντείαν*, divinations. These are the priests of Bacchus, welcome to the world, as those would have been to Israel, that 'prophesy of wine and strong drink,' Micah 2:11. Men hear of strange fountains, famed for wondrous cures, and run straight thither. The devil is a juggler, and would make men believe that if they drink at his fountain of idolatry, they shall have good luck after it; he blushed not to lay this battery of temptation to the Son of God, Matt. 4:9. As good luck as Samson had, when he drank out of the ass's tooth, and presently after lost his eyes, Judges 15; or rather, as he that, to find his horse, must, by the mass-priest's direction, drink at St Bride's well, and accordingly found his horse, and riding home thereon broke his neck. Yield it a fable, the moral shall yield us this: That we trust nothing which hath not God's word for warrant. Charms, spells, conjurations, are all vanities, 'lying vanities; he that trusts thereto forsakes his own mercy,' Jonah 2:8.

Use 2.—Fear these waters, for they are dangerous. Sin is not more cool in the taste than it is fiery in the operation. Affliction is hot to the relish, ('You cannot drink of my cup,' Matt. 20:22,) but cool, easeful in the digestion; but these waters are *mel in ore, fel in corde*,

—sweet in the palate, bitter in the stomach. The oracle gave it: *Ninum prius capi non posse, quam fluvius ei fiat hostis,* †—Nineveh should not be taken before the waters became her enemy. She feared no inundation, the sea was too remote; yet in the third year of her siege, the waters of the clouds broke loose, and with abundant rain overwhelmed the walls,—*muros dejecit ad stadia viginti,*—to twenty furlongs. We live secure, and devour these waters of iniquity as fishes the water of the sea; but when God shall make our sins compass us at the heels, Ps. 49:5, and raise up these floods against us, we shall cry, as the drowning world, 'Woe unto us, the waters are become our enemies!' the floods of our sins overwhelm us. So the drunkard drinks a river into his belly, that drowns his vital spirits with a dropsy.

Use 3.—Let us pump out these waters of sin which we have devoured. It is the only course we have left to keep our ship from sinking: *Evomite, quos bibistis, fluvios.* Cast them out by repentance,—this is a saving vomit,—or else God will give you a vomit of sulphur, and 'shameful spewing shall be for your glory.' We have all drunk liberally of these waters; too prodigally at sin's fountain, *quando voluimus et quantum valuimus;* when we would, as much as we were able; not only to drunkenness, but even to surfeit and madness: if we keep them in our stomachs, they will poison us. Oh, fetch them up again with buckets of sighs, and pump them out in rivers of tears, for your sins! Make your 'heads waters, and your eyes fountains,' Jer. 9:1; weep your consciences empty and dry again of those waters. Repentance only can lade them out. They that have dry eyes have waterish hearts, Ps. 119:136; and the proverb is too true for many, 'No man comes to heaven with dry eyes:' let your eyes gush out tears, not only in compassion for others, but in compunction for yourselves, 'that have not kept God's law.' Weep out your sullen waters of discontent at God's doings, your garish waters of pride, freezing obduracy, burning malice, foggy intemperance, base covetise. Oh, think how you have despised the waters of life, turned Jesus Christ out of your inn into a beastly stable, whiles pride sits uppermost at your table, malice usurps the best chamber in your

minds, lust possesseth your eyes, oaths employ your tongue, ebriety bespeaks your tastes, theft and injury enthrone themselves in your hands, mammon obsesseth your affections. Sick, sick all over! You may cry with the Shunammite's son, 2 Kings 4:19, *Caput dolet*,—'My head, my head!' and with Jerusalem, Jer. 4:19, 'My bowels, my bowels!' Oh, let faith and repentance make way, that the blood of our Saviour may heal you!

We are not only guilty of averseness from God, but of adverseness against God. Oh, where is our reverting to God. The waters of lusts are *aquæ τῆς ἀνοίας*, the waters of folly and madness; but our tears are *aquæ τῆς μετανοίας*, the waters of change of mind and repentance! *Pœnitentia est quasi pœnæ tenentia*,—Repentance is a taking punishment of ourselves. Oh, take this holy punishment on your souls! Weep, weep, weep for your vanities. Achan cannot drink up his execrable gold, nor Gehazi devour his bribes, nor Ahab make but a draught of a vineyard mingled with blood, nor Judas swallow down his cozenage and treason, without being called to a reckoning. *Nos quare non credimus, quod omnes astabimus ante tribunal?**—Why account we not of our future standing before a judgment-seat? *Omnium aures pulso*. All we whom these walls compass have been drunken with these waters: some, that hate swearing, with dissembling; some, that abhor idolatry, with profaneness; some, that avoid notoriousness, with hypocrisy; many, that pretend ill-will to all the rest, with those *lares et lemures*, household gods, or rather household goblins and devils, which almost no house is free from—fraud and covetousness. We know, or at least should know, our own diseases, and the special dish whereon we have surfeited. Oh, why break we not forth into ululations, mournings, and loud mournings for our sins? Cease not till you have pumped out the sins of your souls at your eyes, and emptied your consciences of these waters.

Use 4.—And then, behold other, behold better, behold blessed waters, John 4:14. You taste of them in this life, and they fill your bones with marrow and your hearts with joy; they alone satisfy your thirst, Matt. 5:6; without which, though you could with Xerxes' army

drink whole rivers dry, your burning heat could not be quenched. Here drink, Cant. 2:4, *Bibite et inebriamini*,—Drink and be drunken in this wine-cellar; only, having drunk hearty draughts of these waters of life, retain them constantly. Be not queasy-stomached, Demas-like, to cast them up again: the token of a cold stomach not yet heated by the Spirit; for as the loathing of repast is a token that nature draws towards her end, so when these holy waters prove fastidious, it is an argument of a soul near her death. Take then and digest this water. *Recipitur aure, retinetur corde, perficitur opere*,—The ear receives, the heart retains, the life digests it. But, alas! we retain these waters no longer than the finger of the Holy Ghost keeps them in us; like the garden-pot, that holds water but whiles the thumb is upon it.

Leave then, beloved, the devil's wine-cellar, as venerable Beda calls it, *ubi nos dulcedo delectationis invitavit ad bibendum*,[†]—where the sweet waters of delight tempt us to drink. But David, though he longed for it, would not drink 'the water of the well of Bethlehem,' which his three worthies fetched, because it was 'the water of blood,' 1 Chron. 11:19, brought with the danger of life. And shall we drink the waters of this fatal banquet, the venture of blood, with the hazard of our dearest souls? No, come we to this *aqua cœlestis*, be we poor or rich, have we money or none, all that come are welcome, Isa. 55:1. And know, that having drunk liberally at the fountain of grace, you shall have yet a large and pleasant draught at the fountain of glory; that 'river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb,' Rev. 22:1, to which the 'Spirit and the bride' are inviters, and 'say, Come.' It is a delightful banquet we enjoy here: 'The kingdom of heaven is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17. None know the sweetness of these joys but they that feel them. But the supper of joy, the banquet of glory, the waters of blessedness, are such as 'no eye hath seen,' &c., 1 Cor. 2:9. *Illic beata vita in fonte*,^{*}—There is the spring-head of happiness: they cannot want water that dwell by the fountain.

'*Nam licet allata gratus sit sapor in unda,*

Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ;—

That which is derived to us in pipes is pleasant; oh, what is the delight at the well-head! The devil, like an ordinary host, 'sets forth his best wine first, and when the guests have well drunk, worse;' but thou, O Lord, 'hast kept the best wine till the last,' John 2:10. They are sweet we taste here, but *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*. There are some persecutions, crosses to embitter them, the sweet meat of the passover is not eaten without sour herbs; but 'in thy presence, O Lord, is the fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore,' Ps. 16:11. There is no bitterness in those waters; they are the same that God himself and his holy angels drink of: so that, as for Christ's sake we have drunk the bitter cup of persecution, so we shall receive at Christ's hands the cup of salvation, and shall bless the name of the Lord. To whom, three Persons, one only true and eternal God, be all praise, glory, and obedience, now and for ever! Amen.

THE FATAL BANQUET

THE SECOND SERVICE

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—
PROV. 9:17

WE have already served in the first course at this Fatal Banquet, and feasted your ears with those waters, from which God keep your souls fasting. Some things are proposed to our practice, some things are exposed to our contempt and dislike. The more accurately the Scriptures describe sins, the more absolutely they forbid them; where wickedness is the subject, all speech is declamation. As no

spectator at those horrid tragedies, where Œdipus is beheld the incestuous husband of his own mother, or Thyestes drunk with the blood of his own children, or at any of the bleeding banquets of the Medea, can receive those horrors at the windows of his senses, without terror to his bowels, and trembling to his bones: so when you hear the relation of the devil's cheer, all the flattering, petulant, insidious, nature-tickling dishes of delight,—the rarities of impiety, the surfeits of the world, horse-leeches to the blood, witches to the affections, devils to the consciences of men,—think that they are related that they may be rejected. To bestow upon the devil's cats his own names: the glory of pride, the satiety of epicurism, the gallantness of ebriety, the credit of murder, the greatness of scorn, the gracefulness of swearing, the bravery of the stigmatic fashion, the security of usury, the singularity of opinion, the content of superstition; nunciantur, ut renuncientur. Think not they are prescribed for you when they are described to you. Monstrantur ut monstra,—they are set forth as monsters, that they might be loathed; they are advanced as traitors' heads, in terrorem futuri proditoris,—to the terror of him that should be tempted to future treason.

God's intent in declaring this banquet of sin is to make you loathe it; and that which 'is written is for our instruction,' 1 Cor. 10:11, to deter, not to commend: as some of the heathen had a custom in their solemn feasts, to make a bond-slave drunk, and then set him forth as a ridiculous object to their children. This banquet, then, perhibetur una et prohibetur, is at once declared and declaimed, spoken of and forbidden; lest through ignorance you should like and eat it, you are more fully made acquainted with the vileness of it. Hence our royal preacher draws the curtain of the world, and shews you all the delicacies of her table; not to whet your appetites to feed on them, but to cool your courage, dishearten your opinions, alienate your affections; giving you a true censure of their worth: 'All is vanity, and vexation of soul,' Eccles. 1:14. They are detected, that they might be detested. Therefore if any of Gracchus's brood shall like a Catilinary disposition the better because Tully hath indicted, interdicted, condemned it; if any son of Belial shall more affectedly devour some

morsel of damnation at this feast, because the preacher hath execrated it, and derive at once notice and encouragement from our terrifying censures, *testimonium sibi ferat condemnationis*,—let him bear in himself the evidence of his own condemnation. They are wretched men that most impetuously pursue what all good men dissuade; running with Ahimaaz the more eagerly, because their friend Joab forbids them, 2 Sam. 18:22. So blasphemously spake the sacrilegious spoilers of Proserpine's temple in Locris, whose ringleader was Dionysius: *Videtisne amici, quam bona navigatio ab ipsis dris sacrilegis tribuatur?**—sailing home, and now arriving at the haven safe, 'See you not, my friends,' saith Dionysius, 'how fair and fortunate a navigation the gods vouchsafe to sacrilege?' As if they therefore robbed the church because they were by the oracle expressly inhibited; so *gens humana ruit in vetitum nefas*,—man's nature precipitates itself into forbidden wickedness. This is a horrid sin: *peccatum primæ impressionis et sine nomine adæquato*,—a wickedness of that nature that there is no name significant enough to express it.

The manners of the heathen might justify, and exemplarily make good that verse:—

'*Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata;*'—

'We hunt for things unlawful with swift feet,

As if forbidden joys were only sweet.'

But such a report among Christians is so strange, that *fictum non factum esse videatur*,—it would seem rather a fable than a fact, a tale than a deed. 2 Sam. 1:20, 'Publish it not in Gath, nor tell it in the streets of Askelon,' that any Israelite should the more desperately cleave to Baal because Elias hath cursed it. There are none such; neither is there rain in the clouds. Indeed, charity would not believe it, for it is even the order of nature that *tarda solet magnis rebus adesse fides*,—slow faith is given to great reports; but, alas! we are

forced to see, what we would not believe, such refractory recusants to all Christianity, living and speaking κατὰ τὰς ἐπιθυμίας, 'according to their own lusts.' That would not be so ill, if they had not been taught to be better: Quibus res divinæ lusus sunt, iis et voluptas pro vita, et libido pro ratione est, † —They that play with divinity, and make religion a mock, guide their life by pleasure, and their reason by lust. Time was, 'the kingdom of heaven suffered violence, and men took it by strong hand,' Matt. 11:12; now it offers violence, and men by strong hand repel it: before it so was precious, that 'every man pressed and crowded into it, Luke 16:16; now it presseth upon us, and we are glad to be rid of it, as covetousness of poverty at his door. And as the fountains would not be so cold if the sun had not heated the air, and forced the contrary quality into such abstruse corners, many would have been less outrageous in their filthiness if the gospel of grace had not so universally spread his beams. Their whole life is a continual prevarication; and it is the cordial physic to fat their spleens, that they can be cross to God.

But *lex in sermone tenenda*,—I speak to Christians, of whom we cannot but hope better things. If there be any here that hath sold his faith for his pleasure, as Adam did his life for an apple, or Esau his birthright for a mess of pottage, and will venture himself a guest at the devil's banquet, maugre all devitation; let him stay and hear the reckoning, for there is a shot to be paid, which cannot be avoided. As Circe's cup turns men into beasts, so it brings them to a beastly end; it fats them against the slaughter-day of judgment.

(2.) We leave then the prescription of the waters, and come to the description of their natures: stolen. It is a word of theft, and implies, besides the action of stealth, some persons active and passive in this business: some that do wrong, and steal; some that suffer wrong, and are robbed. Robbery is a sin, literally forbidden only in one commandment, but by inference in all. What sin is committed, and some person is not robbed? Doth not idolatry rob God of his worship? Blasphemy of his honour? Sabbath impiety of his reserved time? Doth not irreverence rob our betters? Murder rob man of his

life? Theft of his goods? False testimony of his good name or right? Doth not the harlot here knit the eighth precept to the seventh, and call adulterium, furtum,—the pleasure of a forbidden bed, 'stolen waters?' 'Let us solace ourselves with loves, for the goodman is not at home,' &c. Justice gives cuique suum: Deo religionem, sibi munditiam, parentibus honorem, familiaribus providentiam, filiis correctionem, fratribus amorem, dominis subjectis benignitatem, œquitatem omnibus.*

Since, then, all sins are waters of stealth, it is an inevitable consequent that every sin robs some; let us examine whom. The parties robbed are God, man, ourselves; and there be divers sins rob either of these. Of every circumstance a little, according to the common liking; for some had rather hear many points than learn one: they would have every word a sentence, and every sentence a sermon; as he that wrote the Paternoster in the compass of a penny. Only I entreat you to observe, that this is a thievish banquet, where is nothing but stolen waters; all the cates be robberies: the guests cannot drink a drop but there is injury done. Accordingly, I will jointly proceed to describe the waters of sin at this feast; and withal, to prove them stolen waters, such as rob either our God, our brethren, or ourselves. I need not clear the feast from an opinion of coarseness, because the prime service goes under the name of waters; this alone doth enforce the delicacy. Neither is all water, for the bread of secrecy is one half of the banquet. Let us not be too nice in the letter and shadow: the substance is, the devil invites and tempteth men to feed on vanity, to feast on sin. Those sins I have laboured to display, so far as the metaphor would give me leave; only let your affections follow me, that as I fear not to make the iniquities hateful to your understandings, so I may hope they will be loathed of your hearts, eschewed of your lives: in confidence whereof I proceed.

The first course of these waters are such sins as more immediately rob God; and here, as it is fit, Atheism leads in the rest, a principal vial of these stolen waters.

[1.] Atheism is the highest theft against God, because it would steal from him not sua, sed se, his goods, but himself; proceeding further than 'Deus hæc non curat,' to 'Deus non est,'—than to say, 'God will not regard it,' Ps. 10:11–13; but, 'There is no God to regard it,' Ps. 14:1. These offer not only a wicked hand to their own conscience, to scrape out the deep-engraven and indelible characters of the Divinity there, but a sacrilegious hand to heaven, as if they would empty it of a Deity, and pull Jehovah out of his throne, and make him a non ens. All, with them, is begun and done either by the necessity of fate or contingency of fortune. Te facimus fortuna deam. If any strange vice be committed, the planets shall be charged with it: Mercury told the lie, Mars did the murder, Venus committed the whoredom. Thus, by looking to the inferior causes, producing necessary effects, they rob God, who is prima causa creans causas,—the causing cause, and the original mover of all things. These are worse than the devil; for if at first he doubts and tempts Christ, yet seeing, feeling his power and miracles, he confesseth: only impudent Caiaphas saw and knew, yet tempts, Matt. 26:63. Thus often the instrument excels the agent; and there be Machiavels, politicians, atheists, have tricks beyond the devil. The devil 'believes and trembles,' James 2:19; these have neither faith nor fear. The devil quakes at the day of judgment: Matt. 8:29, 'Torment us not before the time;' these deride it: 'Where is the promise of his coming?' 2 Pet. 3:4. Strange! Even the father of sins comes short of his children; and that there should be atheists on earth when there is none in hell!

These monsters are in the wilderness! No, they burrow in Zion: if seldom such as say, 'There is no God,' yet frequent that call religion a fable, or at least testify no less of it in their lives; for quorum est commune symbolum, facillimus est transitus,—How many make that their gospel which they can spell into their purses, and embrace no other creed than their lord and master's humour! That turn articles of piety to particles of policy; and sophisticate old singleness into new singularity! If a Seminary's argument shall be more gold-weighty than the best sermon of ours, they are for Rome the next tide: any religion that can enrich their coffers shall have their

applauses. What differ these from atheists, or that Pope* who, hearing Cardinal Bembus speak of the gospel, burst forth into this blasphemy: *Quantum nobis ac nostro cætui profuerit ea de Christo fabula, satis est omnibus seculis notum,*†—How gainful the fiction or tale of Christ hath been to us and our crew, the whole world may know and witness? All religion is with them a fable, or at best fallible. They would fit religion to their own humours, as Procrustes dealt with his guests:‡ for all that came he had but one bed. If they were shorter than his bed, he racked them out to make them long enough; if longer, he would cut them shorter till they were fit. These are cruel thieves, that would rob God of himself.

[2.] The second vial is Heresy: a dangerous water, because it soon tickles the brain, and makes the mind drunk. This sin robs God of his truth. There are many of these thieves, though contrary among themselves, whose opinions are as cross one to another as Samson's foxes, but their tails meet to scatter the fire of dissension in the church. No lawyers wrangle more in public, nor more lovingly feast one another in private with the gains of their dissimulation. How bitterly the Brownists on the right hand, the Papists on the left, rail at each other! how friendly agree they, like Herod and Pilate, to afflict Christ! How in effect do they sing both in one tune, to build up devotion with ignorance, to wrangle with the prince for his supremacy!

In elder times, you had Cerinthus and Arius robbing Christ of his divinity, Manichæus and Marcion of his humanity, the Nestorians of the unity of both natures in one person. They are dead; oh, bury them, bury them! Let their heresies rot. Alas! how are the spirits of them all, by a kind of transanimation, come into Romists! Christ is there robbed of his truth, of his garments, of his peace, of his life, as well as at Jerusalem; and that without show of being his enemies: *Spoliastis amici,*—You are my friends, yet rob me. Bones rob Christ of his adoration, stones of his prayers, the Pope of his power. Remission of sins, validity of merits, ease of pains, the Pope must give—who would give the world that he had them for himself. Too

much shall be given to the name of Jesus, more than he would have: that a wicked man shall by it cast out devils; to whom, if the devils reply not, as they did once to the audacious sons of Sceva, Acts 19:15, 'Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye?' yet God answers them, *Quis hæc, &c.*,—'Who hath required this at your hands?' Isa. 1:12. Too little to the truth of Jesus: man's merits shall share with him in justification, penance in satisfaction, angels and saints in intercession. These are subtle thieves, that have their bodies for a communion, their consciences for a mass, their voices for the prince, their hearts for the Pope, their souls for anybody.

[3.] The third vial of this course is Sacrilege: a water like some winding Meander, that runs through our corn-fields, and washeth away the tenth(?), God's part. This sin robs God of his goods: Mal. 3:8, 'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.' Oh that none among us durst drink of these stolen waters! But, alas! what law can be given to rob-altars? If Blind Asinus be a man of gifts, so justified by the sensible presenter, what should cross his admission? Is not a Quare impedit his special friend? Yes: and yet not more than a Prohibition is often a good minister's foe. Hence now there is little difference betwixt serving at the altar and starving at the altar. Ministers have multos laudatores, paucos datores,—many praisers, few raisers; many benedictors, few benefactors.

Plead not that they are not stolen, because conveyed by the ministers' consent; for the right is originally in God. *Spoliastis me*,—'You have robbed me,' saith the Lord. The incumbent consenting is not robbed, God is. They zealously require a learned ministry, when themselves embezzle the rewards of learning: they complain of an ignorant, not of a beggarly clergy. They are content we should stand in the pulpit, so long as they may sit in a tithe-shock; and seem wonderfully affected with the oraculous voice of their minister, but the creaking noise of a tithe-cart into their own barn is better music. Oh the fearful cry of this sin in the ears of God against this land! He hath sprinkled some drops of his angry vial for it: droughts, blastings,

witherings are but his *Distringis*. He destroys all, because we will not pay some: *Si domino decimam non dederis, ad decimam reverteris,**—He doth justly take away the nine when we deny him the tenth. Indeed, I confess that many an *Eliashib* compacts with *Tobiah* to steal holy things, *Neh. 13:5*: a Gnostic patron, a Paphian priest; so the one have ease, let the other take benefit. *Tobiah* must have the tithe-corn, the glebe land, and perhaps the very house for a dairy; and his cousin *Eliashib* shall have the tithe-geese and the eggs at Easter. 'Shall not the Lord visit for such wickedness as this? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation?' *Jer. 5:9*.

Whiles the rewards of knowledge are diverted to profane uses, God and his heaven is robbed of thousand thousand souls. Oh, pray we, (*quid enim nisi vota supersunt?*)—pray we, with that most reverend bishop, † that God would rather convert; if not, confound those that rob him of his goods, the church of her right, the people of understanding. But if no contestation of God, nor protestation of man, can stint their swallowing these stolen waters, let some good *Nehemiah* be revived, to reinforce from their felonious hands that holy rent which God hath from every tenant of his reserved: let the zeal of some *Phinehas* turn away God's wrath from our *Israel*. *Decimate, quibus debetis, et divites fietis,*—Pay your tithes to whom you should pay them, and you shall be enriched. *Mal. 3:10*, 'Bring ye all your tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' Read and ponder *Heliodorus's* deed and doom, *2 Macc. 3*, and quake at it. You cannot steal waters from the living God, but they will poison you.

[4.] The fourth vial is *Faction*: a water of trouble to the drinker; this robs God of his order and peace. The waters of schism are stolen waters; yet such as many a separatist loves to drink of: they steal peace from the church. *Christi tunica* must be *unica*,—Christ's coat was without seam, his truth must be without rent: we must be all at one, lest at all none. Let us not plead so hard for parity in the church,

till we bring auarchy into the commonwealth. Let our dispositions be like Abraham's, Gen. 13:8, 'I pray thee, let there be no strife between me and thee, for we are brethren.' Let not God's eutaxy, order, by our frivolous scruples be brought to ataxy, confusion. Let Calvin's rule overrule our turbulent and refractory spirits: *Omnia indifferentia in ecclesiæ libertate posita sunt*,*—All indifferent things are put to the disposition and ordering of the church. O you, whom Christ hath made fishers of souls, fish no longer in troubled waters! Let us not wrangle any more about colours, as the Constantinopolitans did once in the days of Justinian, about blue and green, till they were all neither blue nor green, but red; the streets swimming in blood, and the emperor himself endangered. So the factions of the Bianchi and Neri, about the two colours of black and white, cost the dukedom of Florence dear, even the beauty and peace of the country. What, have we all been deceived? Hath God been a stranger to us all this while? John 14:9, 'Have I been so long time with you, and have you not known me?' saith Christ to Philip. Hath the truth been hid in corners, that we must grope for it in a sectary's budget? Or are not such men rather sick of Donatism? That every novelist with a whirligig in his brain must broach new opinions, and have those made canons, nay, sanctions, as sure as if a general council had confirmed them! Wretched men, that shake off the true, comely habit of religion, to bespeak them a new-fashioned suit of profession at a humorist's shop! Oh that their sore eyes could, before they left us, have seen what sacrilegious breaches they have made into God's freehold; robbing his church of her peace, and waking 'the spouse of Christ' with their turbulent noises! Factions are stolen waters.

[5.] The last vial of this first course is Profaneness: a compounded water, whereout no sin is excluded. There was no poison the devil could think on left out when he tempered this water. It robs God of his glory. We are born to honour God; it is his due, and that he will have, either a te or de te,—by thee or upon thee. Irreligion robs him of his honour, *solummodo hoc habet*, &c.; only he hath this to help himself, that he can make it shine in thy just confusion. So Menahem

destroyed Tipsah, because they would not open unto him, 2 Kings 15:16; but these will open to Christ knocking, if he will be content—

Stramineas habitare casas,' &c.;—

'Basely to dwell in the divided part

Of the foul, sluttish, and polluted heart.'

If Christ will dwell with Belial, and share part of the conscience with wickedness, let him come, and welcome; but he scorns to be an inmate, and let Satan be lord of the house. He that accepted a stable for his presence-chamber in his humility, doth justly disdain such abodes now in his glory. Though the walls be but clay, if the furniture be good, humility and repentance, and the cheer answerable, faith and charity, he will enter in and feast, Rev. 3:10. But as his womb was wherein born, and his tomb wherein buried, so must his temple be now he is glorified. He was conceived in a womb where none else was conceived, received into a tomb where none else was interred; so he will temple himself in a heart where no affected sin shall be his equal. The profane among the heathen were thrust from their sacrificial solemnities:—

'Innocui veniant: procul hinc, procul impius esto,

Casta placent superis; pura cum mente venite;'—

'Pure, innocent, and spotless sprites

Are welcome to these holy rites:

To the profane and sensual state,

Be ever shut the temple-gate.'

But now our profane save that labour; they thrust from themselves all pious rites. They sing not with the church, a *Tenebo te, Domine, I*

will hold thee fast, O Lord, Cant. 3:4; but with Simeon, a Nunc dimittis, though with another spirit: they are glad to be gone. Christ is as welcome to them as Cæsar's taxers to the Jews, or the beadle to the brothel-house; so the Gergesites tell him to his face, Matt. 8:34: Sir, to be plain with you, you are no guest for us; our secure lives and your severe laws will never cotton.

Men live without considering themselves: unde, ubi, quomodo, quo, —whence they are, where they are, how they do, whither they go: that all these mathematical lines have earth for their centre. Whence are we? From earth. Where are we? On earth. How live we? Unworthy of the earth, or any blessing upon it. Whither go we? To earth. Terram terra teget,—'Earth to earth.' We are composed of four elements, and they strive in us for mastery; but the lowest gets the better, and there is no rest till earth have the predominance. These men live as if there was neither earth to devour their bodies, nor gulf lower than earth to swallow their souls.

This is profaneness. The world is rank and manured with sin. Atheism grows up as a tree, error and ignorance are the leaves, profaneness and rebellion the fruit, and the end is the axe and the fire, Matt. 3:10. Their best is verbal devotion, seconded with actual abomination *Dividunt opera à fide, et utrumque perimitur*,—They separate works from faith; they divide the child and kill it. Works are dead without faith, and faith is not alive without works. They take away that visible distinction betwixt Christians and infidels, whiles they live as honest men. Oh that I could cut this point short, and yet keep my discourse but somewhat even with the subject; but the world drinks too greedily of these profane waters, which rob God of his glory. Most men are no longer tenants to the devil, and retailers of his wares, but proprietaries; perverted and perverse persons, they strive to be as deep sharers as himself. Machiavel will no longer work journey-work with the devil; he will now cut out the garment of damnation himself. The vices of these men are so monstrous, that they no less benumb in all good men the tenderness of affection, than in themselves the sense of all humanity. *Vox faucibus hæret*,—It

is a shame to utter, an amazement to hear, yet they blush not to commit such execrable impieties. Impudence is only in fashion, and there is no forehead held so graceful as that the prophet calls graceless, and 'harlot's forehead,' that cannot blush, Jer. 3:3. Swearing swaggers out admonition; drunkenness guzzles down sorrow and penitence; usury flouts at hell.

It was epitaphed on Pope Alexander's tomb, *Jacet hic et scelus et vitium*,—Here lies wickedness itself; it could not be so buried up. He was vile enough: *Thais Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus*. Lucrece was his daughter, his whore, his son's wife. Horrid! that viper went not to hell issueless. What is the common profession but infidelity and atheism, though not in antecedente, yet in consequente,—if not verbal, yet real; under the 'form of godliness,' an implicit renegation of 'the power,' 2 Tim. 3:5. *Multi adorant crucem exterius, qui crucem spiritualem per contemptum conculcant*,*—Many superstitiously adore the crucifix that are 'enemies to the cross of Christ,' Phil. 3:18, and 'tread his holy blood under their scornful feet,' Heb. 10:29. Nay, they are not wanting that brag with Pherecides,† that they have as much prosperity, though they never sacrifice, as they that offer whole hecatombs. They will be wicked, if it be for nothing else, to scape the rod of affliction, Job 21. They make sport with the book of God, as Daphias with the Delphic oracle,‡ who inquired of it whether he should find the horse which he had lost, when indeed he had none. The oracle answered, *inventurum quidem, sed ut eo turbatus periret*,—that he should find a horse, but his death withal. Home he is coming, joyful that he had deluded the oracle; by the way he fell into the hands of the wronged King Attalus, and was by his command thrown headlong from a rock called the Horse, and so perished. As fabulous as you may think it, the moral of it will fall heavy on the deriders of God.

These are the sins that immediately rob God, fitly called by our whorish sorceress 'stolen waters,' which shall be carried away without account. The second sort of stolen waters are those sins which mediately rob God, immediately our brethren, depriving them

of some comfort or right which the inviolable law of God hath interested them to; for what the law of God, of nature, of nations, hath made ours, cannot be extorted from us without stealth, and may be, even in most strict terms, called stolen waters.

[1.] Here, fitly, Irreverence is served in first: a water of stealth that robs man of that right of honour wherewith God hath invested him. Even Abimelech, a king, a Gentile king, revered Abraham, Gen. 21; even stately Herod, poor John Baptist, Mark 6. Yes, let reverence be given to superiority, if it be built on the basis of worthiness; and to age, if it be 'found in the way of righteousness,' Prov. 16:31. Indeed it should be so, that *seniores annis* should be *saniores animis*, and *præfectus*, *perfectus*,—that eminency of place and virtue should concur, that greatness and goodness should dwell together; but the 'conscience of reverence' is fetched from God's precept, not man's dignity, Rom. 13:5, and therefore the omission is a robbery. The neglect of honour to whom it belongs is a stolen water. Prov. 30:17 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother,'—doth he think them worthy, or not?—'the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles eat it.' But, alas! these are those unreverent days, where *infælix lolium, et steriles dominantur avenæ*,—invectives, railings, calumnies, grow up among sober and wholesome admonitions: the same ground produceth both herbs and weeds, and so nourisheth both sheep and serpents.

'Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes

Nutrit, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est. '*

The nettle grows up with the rose, and the lamb must graze in the wolf's company. These are like furious beasts, that, ranging for their prey, and being hampered in the snare, when they cannot break loose to forage, they lie down and roar.

From this foul nest have fluttered abroad all those clamorous bills, slanderous libels, malicious invectives, seditious pamphlets, whence

not only good names have been traduced, but good things abused. Self-conceit blows them up with ventosity; and if others think not as well of them as they of themselves, straight like porcupines they shoot their quills, or like cuttles vomit out ink to trouble the waters. That impudent and insolent claim is made ordinary in these days: 'With our tongue we will prevail; for our lips are our own,' Ps. 12:4. When the eagle in the air, panther in the desert, dragon in the deep, leviathan in the ocean are tamed, yet 'the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison,' James 3:8. It is fired, and with no weaker fire than hell's, ver. 6. Their hearts are ovens, heated with malice, and their tongues burning peels; they are never drawn but there is a batch for the devil. These are not only the geese in the Capitol, to gaggle at statesmen in the commonwealth, but foxes also about the temple, that, if they be seen stealing the grapes, fall abiting their decriers by the shins. Because the church hath not heretofore given some the keys of her treasure, nor called for them when bishoprics and promotions were a-dealing, they will indict her of incontinency with Rome. Miserable sons, to slander their mother with adultery! What they would and cannot do themselves, they blame in others; with Korah, Num. 16:3, 'Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi.' Libels are stolen waters.

[2.] Murder usurps the second room: red water, that robs man of his life. Whether they be Popish commissions to cut throats, for the whore of Babylon can drink nothing but blood; or the monstrous illuminations of the Anabaptists, deriving revelation from the spirit of horrid murder, that the brother should cut off the brother's head by a command from heaven, the father and mother standing by,—Luther calls this a gross devil, *Est hæc rudis cacodæmonis technæ*; or the sudden quarrels of our age, where evidences of pusillanimity, or, at best, inconsiderate fury, are produced as arguments of valour, a cross word is ground enough for a challenge: and what issue hath streamed from these devils, who can think and not quake? 'The land is defiled with blood,' Ps. 106:38; not shed by an alien hand,—God hath been content *talem nobis avertere pestem*, to free us from that plague,—but civil, uncivil broils. We fall out for feathers; some lie

dead in the channel, whiles they stood too much for the wall. Others sacrifice their hearts' blood for the love of a harlot. Not to pledge a health is cause enough to lose health and life too. Oh, who shall wash our land from these aspersions of blood? Murder is but manslaughter, and manslaughter no more than dog-slaughter. *Parce civium sanguini* should be our condition of life, as it is a sanction of nature to spare the blood of citizens, connatural, collateral, connational with ourselves; but now it is not spared *sanguini vel civium vel sanctorum*,—to spill the blood of either citizens or saints. Yet 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the blood of his saints,' when the blood of his enemies shall not be impunely shed.

There is not a drop of blood thus spilt upon the earth but swells like an ocean, and nothing can dry it up till it be revenged. The most excellent of God's creatures on earth, the beauty, the extract, the abstract, or abridgement of the world, the glory of the workman, the confluence of all honour that mortality can afford, and, what is above all the rest, the image of the almighty God, with pain born, with expense nurtured, must fall in a moment; and by whom? One son of Adam by another. The proverb is exiled, *Homo homini deus*,—Man is a god to man; nay, it is rare, saith the philosopher, to find a man to man. For want of using reason, how many are beasts! and for not using it well, how many devils! Hear the law, ye lawless brood of Cain, that 'slay a man in your anger:' 'Blood for blood.' You think to scape with a pardon, but there is no pardon of earth can ease the bleeding conscience. 'Let none kill Cain,' that so every day kills himself. As in that great plague on Egypt, all the waters in their rivers, streams, ponds, pools, vessels were changed into blood, *Exod. 7:19*, so shall it be in the conscience of the murderer. His eyes shall behold no other colour but red, as if the air were of a sanguine dye; his visions in the night shall be all blood; his dreams sprinkling blood on his face; all his thoughts shall flow with blood. If any David scapes the wounds of man's sword to his body, or God's to his soul, let him thank the blood of the crucified Jesus, whose wounds must intercede for his, and procure a pardon. This is that blood which doth *κρείττονα λαλεῖν*, 'speak better things,' *Heb. 12:24*, and stint the

ceaseless cry of 'the blood of Abel.' But all this to none but those that bleed in soul for those sins.

Purge the land of this blood, ye magistrates; for 'the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of them that shed it,' Num. 35:33.

'They that in spilling blood such pleasure have,

Let them not go but bleeding to their grave.'

Purge it, then, lest God in revenge make his arrows 'drunk with blood.' Fear not to find them, ye jurors, lest whiles you save a murderer, you expose, object, hazard your own throats to his sword. Hear this also, ye physicians; think it is the life of man is questioned. The epigram comes here to my mind:—

'Furtum non facies; juristæ scribitur hæc lex

Hæc, non occides, pertinet ad medicum;'

'Thou shalt not steal, the lawyers' square to right them;

Thou shalt not kill, is the physician's item.'

Sell not insufficient drugs, nor pitch so high a price on your ignorance. Let it not be true of you that *pessimus morbus est medicus*,—the worst disease is the physician. That emperor (Adrian) found it true, by a mortal experience, that *turba medicorum interfecit regem*,—physicians killed him. Blood is precious, let it be preserved.

[3.] Adultery knows her place: a filthy water, yet in special account at this feast. It may well be called a stolen water; for it robs man of that comfort which the sacred hand of heaven hath knit to him; unravels the bottom of that joy which God hath wound up for him; suborns a spurious seed to inherit his lands; damps his livelihood, sets paleness

on his cheek, and impastures grief in his heart. It is that special instance of wickedness whereby Solomon here expresseth all the rest. The whorish woman calls the pleasures of a forbidden bed, stolen waters. Woe is to him that is robbed,—I mean the bitter woe of a temporal discontent, which is an inseparable consequent of conjugal affection wronged,—but more woe to the robber, who, besides the corporal strokes of heaven's angry hand in this life, shall feel the fearful addition of an eternal woe in hell: Heb. 13:4, 'Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.' If a present punishment be suspended, the future shall never be dispensed with. Our firmament hangs too full of these falling stars, Jer. 23:10; corrupt meteors, wandering planets, that only glimmer in the night, when the sun of vigilancy is set. This cursed weed begins to grow almost as rank in England as in Italy; only no authority gives toleration to it: they are here aquæ surreptitiæ, waters of stealth; but there, invitant adaperata viros male limina spurcos,—the open doors invite their entrance, whiles the law doth not only wink but warrant. There is no hope to keep out Venus, when Drunkenness, her gentleman-usher, and Dice, her old company-keeper, are let in. Many nightingales have sung sad lamentations, woe and ruin against these rapes and whoredoms; but the unclean sparrows, chirping the voice of lust on the house-tops, are suffered to have nests in the roof, when the good nightingale is driven to the woods.

There are not wanting by report, (and those no beggars,) that justify this, and clear it from sin by arguments; strong wits, and those sublimed; the wittier, the wickeder. I will give them a double answer, which no distinction shall evade. God hath charged, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Hazard thyself to dispute against and enervate God's prohibition, and try if the second confute thee not—the black poison of thy own conscience, which is set on fire by lust here, and though it have the fire of hell added to it, shall never be wasted. The devil was modest when he came to Eve with Præcepitne Deus, &c., 'Hath God charged you not to eat?' &c., Gen. 3:1. Now bluntly, Non præcepit Deus, 'God hath not concluded adultery a sin.' Inaudita

oracula fundit. Impudence in the highest degree, to give God the lie, and except against the absoluteness of his precept.

I intend brevity in the broaching these stolen waters; the matter forceth me to prolixity against my will. Lust hath many friends in these days; many promoters whereby she insinuates herself to the world. Among all, those in print do most mischief; Libri Sybaritici, as the same-sin-guilty Martial calls them; books of epicurism and sensuality. Ovid's Amatories have bright and trite covers, when the book of God lies in a dusty corner. The devil plays with us, as Hippomenes with Atalanta; seeing us earnest in our race to heaven, throws us here and there a golden ball, an idle pamphlet. If Cleanthes open his shop, he shall have customers. Many a traveller there sets down his staff, though he pulls off his eyes with Ovid's dole, *Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?**—Why have I so covetously beheld these vanities? *Paucis de philosophia gustandum*, was the old charge,—Let few drink at the fountain of philosophy; but we are drunk with that which all philosophy condemned. The stationer dares hardly venture such cost on a good sermon as for an idle play; it will not sell so well: wicked days the whiles! Oh that they were all condemned to an Ephesian fire! Acts 19; that we might say, as Alcibiades of that Athenian heap of burning scrolls, *Nunquam vidi ignem clariorem*,—We never saw a clearer fire.

[4.] Thievery needs no more than the name to prove it a 'water of stealth.' This robs man of his goods, those temporal things whereof God hath made him a proprietary: a sin which usurers and moneymongers do bitterly rail at. They that are of no religion, yet plead religion hard against thieves; they can lay the law to them, that have no conscience themselves; they rob a country, yet think themselves honest men, and would hang a poor petty robber for forty pence. Let him answer them in the Satire—

'O major, tandem parcas, insane, minori.'

As no theft can scape condemnation, so yet different degrees shall be punished with different torments. Extortion, usury, fraud, injustice, are not less thefts because less manifest. Antiochus could make a black horse which he had stolen seem white, and a white black; so these thieves have tricks to make 'evil good, and good evil,' Isa. 5:20; especially tacente lege, so long as the law holds her peace. But as the other escape not the gallows, so one day dabit Deus his quoque funem,—God will give these also condign punishment. They say that the dung of the blackbird falling on the oak turns into slime; of that slime is made birdlime; of that birdlime is the bird herself snared. So these grand thieves twine a cord of three strings, injury, usury, fraud. Covetousness twists them into a rope, the devil makes the noose, and of this cord they are strangled; 'A threefold cable is not easily broken.' Whiles they steal from others the interest, they rob themselves of the principal, their souls. They please the world with their baits, ready money; but there is a hook under the bait:—

'Munera magna quidem misit, sed misit in hamo;

*Sic piscatorem piscis amare potest.'**

I have read of an Athenian, such another fisher, that he had in an apparition a net given him to catch whole cities in; but for all that, he died a beggar. These thieves have such nets to catch whole towns, commons, churches, steeples, and all; but in the end the net breaks, and the fisher topples into the deep, whence he never comes out again; for these swine so root into the earth, till they eat themselves into hell.

I do not spare with connivance the junior thieves, because I bring their fathers to the bar first. He that shall with a violent or subtle hand, lion-like or fox-like, take away that which God hath made mine, endangers at once his body to the world's, his soul to heaven's, sword of justice; and shall pass from a temporal bar to the judgment tribunal of Christ. Let not misconstruction hear me: there are more of these die honest men than of usurers; for one usurer's repentance

I will produce you ten executed thieves'. Only here it is, the great thieves agree one with another: 'Claw me, and I will claw thee;' wink at mine, and I will not see thy faults. They tune like bells, and want but hanging. For these thieves, I might indeed be silent and spare my breath to the conversion of more hopeful sinners; but we must free our consciences from the guiltiness of not reprovng, lest they curse us on their death-beds, as that usurer made his will, wherein he bequeathed his soul to the devil for extorting, his wife for inducing, his deacon for enduring, or not reprovng. Though every usurer makes account to walk to hell,—yet since both hell and heaven be equally set to his choice, why should he choose the worst way?—let not his minister, for silence, bear him company.

Well, the thief knows his doom, a double banishment—out of the territories of earth, out of the confines of heaven; therefore, Eph. 4:28, 'let him that hath stolen steal no more.' Repentance shall be sure of mercy. And let not the great thief think to scape; as he is a gallimaufry of all sins, so he shall have a rendezvous of all punishments. His house is the devil's tavern; the guests have sweet wine, but a sharp reckoning. The devil's fence-school; all the stabbings, woundings, hackings, rackings, which torture the commonwealth, are there experimentally taught. The devil's brothel-house; where the usurer is the bawd, and his moneys the harlots: only they differ from harlots in their pregnancy and teeming, for they lay, like pigeons, every month. Marry, because the devil is landlord, his rent eats out all their gains.

[5.] Slander is a water in great request; every guest of the devil is continually sipping of this vial. It robs man of his good name, which is above all riches, Prov. 22:1. There be some think to scape this censure; though they speak evils of others, yet true evils; but Ham is cursed for declaring his father's nakedness, though true, Gen. 9:22–25. These are like vultures, ad male olentia feruntur,—they pass over meadows and flowers to fall upon carrions; like flies, they leap over all a man's good parts and virtues to light upon his sores. If Noah had not been once drunk, Ham had lost his sport. There are many of

these Ziphims, 1 Sam. 23:19, that to curry favour with Saul betray David; but in my opinion, Doeg's truth, 1 Sam. 22:19, was worse than Rahab's lie, Josh. 2:5. A man's good name is dear. *Plerique famam qui non conscientiam verentur,*—Many stand upon their credit that neglect their conscience. *Vilium, est hominum alios viles facere, et qui suo merito placere non possunt, placere velle aliorum comparatione,*—It is the part of vile men to vilify others, and to climb up to unmerited praise by the stairs of another's disgrace. This is no new dish at some novelist's table, to make a man's discredit as sauce to their meat; they will toss you the maligned's reputation, with the rackets of reproach, from one to another, and never bandy it away till they have supped. If they want matter, jealousy is fuel enough; it is crime enough for a formalist, (so they term him,) that he is but suspected guilty. But the matron of the cloister would never have sought the nuns in the vault if she had not been there herself. It was Publius Clodius's best policy, lest Cicero should accuse him justly of sacrilege, to step in first and tell the senate that Tully profaned all religion in his house. Thus he that hath most corrupt lungs soonest complains of the unsavoury breath of others.

The calumniator is a wretched thief, and robs man of the best thing he hath, if it be a true maxim that the efficacy of the agent is in the apt disposition of the patient; whiles thou deprivest man of his credit, thou takest from him all power to do good. The slanderer wounds three at one blow: *uno ictu, uno nictu*—(1.) The receiver, in poisoning his heart with an uncharitable conceit. (2.) The reputation of the slandered: for a man's name is like a glass, if it be once cracked it is soon broken; every briar is ready to snatch at the torn garment. (3.) The worst blow lights on his own soul; for the arrow will rebound: *maledixit sibi*. The slandered scapes best: 'for God shall bring forth his righteousness as the light,' &c., Ps. 37:6.

These are those hogs in a garden, which root up the flowers of a man's good parts. But if there were no receiver there would be no thief; men would not so burden themselves with the coals of contumely, if they had nowhere to unload them. It were well for

Mephibosheth that Ziba dwelt a good way from court. If Saul were deaf, or Doeg dumb, no matter which; for these are two whelps of that litter that must go to hell; one hath the devil in his ear, the other in his tongue. It is a good general rule of St Bernard, to govern our tongues by: *Sint verba tua rara, vera, ponderosa: rara, contra multiloquium; vera, contra falsiloquium; ponderosa, contra vaniloquium,*—Let thy words be few, true, substantial: many words, false words, vain words, become not a Christian's lips. Invectives against other men are ever evil, but then worse when they be false. A man may sin even in speaking the truth, when just circumstances forbid it; but he cannot but sin in lying, and there is no circumstance can clear him. *Cor linguæ foederat naturæ sanctio, veluti in quodam certo connubio; ergo cum dissonent cor et locutio, sermo concipitur in adulterio,*—Nature hath knit the heart and the tongue together in the bands of marriage; that which the tongue brings forth without (or contrary to) the heart is the birth of adultery. Speak then 'the truth from thy heart,' but wrong not thy brother with a needless truth. Thus calumnies are stolen waters! Beware then, you diaboli, accusers of your brethren, dogs with arrows in your thighs, that are troubled with sore mouths, and cankers in your teeth; you drink stolen waters, and minister them to others also; both physician and patient shall die for it.

[6.] The last vial of this course is Flattery, a water taken out of Narcissus's well; whereof when great men drink plentifully, they grow mad in their own admiration: and when self-love hath once befooled the brains, the devil himself would not wish the train of consequent sins longer. This is a terrible enchantment, that robs men with delight; that counts simplicity a silly thing, and will swear a falsehood to please a Felix. This man outruns the devil: he is the 'father of lies,' yet we never read that he swore to a lie; for he that swears acknowledgeth the being that he swears by greater than himself, which the devil scorns to do. The flatterer, in announcing a lie and swearing to it, hath a trick beyond the devil. The superlative titles of these men cause others to overvalue themselves. Pride derives her encouragement from the flatterer's artificial

commendations. Thou art far in debt, and fearest arrests; he that should come and tell thee thou art rich, able to purchase, swimst in a full and flowing stream, thou givest no credit to him, though he would give too much credit to thee. Thy soul's state is more beggarly, broken, bankrupt of grace, and run in arrearages with God, Rev. 3:17; yet the flatterer praiseth the riches of thy virtues, and thou believest him. It is a fearful and fanatical blindness for a man to carry his eyes in a box, like Plutarch's Lamiaë, and only look into himself by the eyes of his parasites; as if he desired to read the catalogue of his own good parts through the spectacles of flattery, which makes the least letter of a great show, and sometimes a cipher to be mistaken for a figure. The sycophant's language is a false glass, and represents thy conscience white when thou mayest change beauty with the Moor, and lose not by the bargain. Let Herod be as hollow as a kecks, and as light as air, yet weighed in his parasites' balance, he shall poise with solid virtue, nay, with God himself.

Oh for some golden statute against these Aristophanes' fawners and Herodian pickthanks, that cry, 'Ευ, εὖ, and Vox Dei, like the churchwardens' bills, Omnia bene, everything is as it should be, when 'all the foundations of the earth are out of course:' these Italianate apes, and French parrots, that can spin themselves silken suits, ex assentando, on the voluble wheels of their pleasing tongues! Oh that we could think, when these beasts play and skip above their wont, that there is some tempest a-coming! The flatterer is a delightful cozenage, smooth perjury, rumour's friend, conscience's adversary, honesty's murderer. He allures to vice unkenneled; colours vice perpetrated; the horriblest sin is but an error in his verdict. He can 'bless and curse with one mouth,' James 3; laugh and cry with one look; kiss and betray with the sign, Luke 22:48. Bion compares him to a beast; Plato to a witch; all to a thief; some to a devil. Plus nocet lingua adulatoris quam manus persecutoris.* There is no foe to the flatterer. The grammarians fitly, mobile cum fixo; like the adjective, he varies case and gender with his substantive. A chameleon tetigit quoscunque colores, to all colours, except red and white, saith Pliny; red signifying modesty, white innocency.

'Natio comoeda est: rides? majore cachinno

Concutitur,' &c.;—*

If thou sayest it is hot, he wipes his forehead; if cold, he quakes of an ague. As in the Delphic oracle, Pythia did never prophesy but when she was set on a trivet and the wind blew intelligence into her; so this devil's prophet is dumb till you set him on the tripod of ease, credit, gain, and stroke him on the head like a spaniel, and then he will lick your hand, and fill your ears with the oracles of hell. He is sibi natus, multis notus, omnibus nocuus; mundi nothus, inferni nixus,—He is born to himself, known to many, hurtful to all; the world's bastard, hell's true-born child. Patitur dum potitur,—He suffers much that he may put up somewhat; when he speaks of the absent, he knows no case but the accusative, loves none, from his patron, but the dative. Hic laudes numerat, dum ille munerat,—He will multiply thy praises, if thou wilt divide to him thy goods. There is a monstrous fable in the Alcoran, that the earth is placed upon the sharp end of an ox's horn, the weakness whereof is the cause of earthquakes; but he that fixeth his estate on a flatterer's sharp tongue will put an earthquake into it, and soon run to ruin. Our chronicles report of Canutus, that when his flatterers stiled him ruler of sea and land, he commanded his chair of estate to be brought to the sea-side; and when the waves beat on him, he cried, 'I command you to return;' the sturdy waves, scornful of such a control,—as the devils were of the sons of Sceva, Acts 19:15, 'Jesus we know, but who are ye?' God we know, calming floods, quieting the winds, but who art thou?—beat on him more furiously. Then, Lo, saith Canutus, what a goodly god I am; and behold my command! convincing his flatterers. Oh that some strong west wind would rid our land of these locusts! Exod. 10:19.

The third and last sort of vials served in at this course are stolen waters which immediately rob ourselves. The devil finds us cheer at our own cost; and with cates stolen from our own possessions, he makes us a bounteous feast. Truth is, every cup of sin we drink of is a water that, at least indirectly, robs ourselves: neither can we feed on

atheism, heresy, sacrilege, murder, adultery, but we rifle our souls of grace, our consciences of peace; for the devil's banquet never makes a man the fatter for his feeding. The guests, the more they eat, the more lean and meagre they look: their strength goes away with their repast, as if they fed on nothing but sauce; and all their sweet delicacies in taste were but fretting in digestion, like vinegar, olives, or pulse; neither doth batten and cherish, because it wants a blessing unto it. Only it gets them a stomach: the more heartily they feed on sin, the greater appetite they have to it. Though custom of sin hath brought them 'past feeling,' Eph. 4:19, and they have long since made a deed of gift of themselves into the hands of licentiousness, yet behold in them still an eager prosecution of sin, even with greediness. Though mischief was the last thing they did when they went to bed, nay, the only action of their bed, yet 'they rise early, so soon as the morning is light, to practise it,' Micah 2:1. They may be sick of sin's incurable surfeit, yet feel themselves hungry still; that the cup of their wickedness may be filled to the brim, and so receive a portion and proportion of torment accordingly. Thus as the *gyrovagi equi, molam trahentes, multum ambulans, parum promovent*.—the mill-turning horse, conjured into his circle, moves much, but removes little; or as the poet of Ixion, *Volvitur Ixion, qui se sequiturque fugitque*: so the more these guests eat, the more unsatisfied they rise up: Micah 6:14, 'Ye shall eat, and not be satisfied; ye shall drink, and not be filled;' as he that dreameth of good cheer, but awakes with an hungry soul. All the delights of sin put not the least drop of good blood into the veins, nor bless the heart with the smallest addition of content. They browse like beasts on these sweet boughs, but they look thin after it, as if they had devoured their own bowels.

[1.] The first vial of this nature is Pride: a stolen water indeed, but derived from thine own fountain. It may strike God, offend thy brother, but it doth immediately rob thyself. The decoration of the body is the devoration of the substance: the back wears the silver that would do better in the purse. *Armenta vertuntur in ornamenta*, —The grounds are unstocked to make the back glisten. Adam and Eve

had coats of beasts' skins, Gen. 3:21; but now many beasts, flesh, skins, and all, will scarce furnish a prodigal younger son of Adam with a suit. And as many sell their tame beasts in the country to enrich their wild beasts in the city, so you have others that to revel at a Christmas will ravel out their patrimonies. Pride and good husbandry are neither kith nor kin; but Jabal and Jubal are brethren, Gen. 4:20, 21: Jabal, that dwelt in tents, and tended the herds, had Jubal to his brother, who was the father of music, to shew that Jabal and Jubal, frugality and music, good husbandry and content, are brothers, and dwell together. But Pride and Opulence may kiss in the morning, as a married couple, but will be divorced before sunset. They whose fathers could sit and tell their Michaelmas-hundreds, have brought December on their estates, by wearing May on their backs all the year.

This is the plague and clog of the fashion, that it is never unhampered of debts. Pride begins with Habeo, ends with Debeo; and sometimes makes good every syllable gradatim. Debeo, I owe more than I am worth. Beo, I bless my creditors; or rather, bless myself from creditors. Eo, I betake me to my heels. Thus England was honoured with them whiles they were gallants; Germany or Rome must take them, and keep them, being beggars. Oh that men would break their fasts with frugality, that they might never sup with want. What folly is it to begin with Plaudite, 'Who doth not mark my bravery?' and end with Plangite, 'Good passenger, a penny!' Oh that they could from the high promontory of their rich estates foresee how near pride and riot dwell to the Spital-house! Not but that God alloweth both garments for necessity, Gen. 4:21, and ornaments for comeliness, Esther 6:11, according to thy degree; but such must not wear silks that are not able to buy cloth. Many women are propter venustatem invenustæ, saith Chrysostom,—so fine that they are the worse again. Fashions far-fetched and dear-bought fill the eye with content, but empty the purse. Christ's reproof to the Jews, Luke 11:47, may fitly be turned on us, 'Why do ye kill the prophets, and build up their tombs?' Why do ye kill your souls with sins, and garnish your bodies with braveries? The maid is finer than the

mistress, which, St Jerome saith, would make a man laugh, a Christian weep to see. Hagar is tricked up, and Sarah put into rags; the soul goes every day in her work-day clothes, unlighted with graces, whiles the body keeps perpetual holiday in gayness. The house of Saul is set up, the flesh is graced; the house of David is persecuted and kept down, the spirit is neglected.

I know that pride is never without her own pain, though she will not feel it; be her garments what they will, yet she will never be too hot nor too cold. There is no time to pray, read, hear, meditate; all goes away in trimming. There is so much rigging about the ship, that, as Ovid wittily, *pars minima est ipsa puella sui*,—a woman for the most part is the least part of herself *Fœmina culta nimis, fœmina casta minus*,—Too gaudy bravery argues too slender chastity. 'The garment of salvation,' Isa. 61:10, is slighted; and the 'long white robe,' Rev. 7:9, of glory scorned; the Lord Jesus Christ, a garment not the worse, but the better for wearing, Rom. 13:14, is thrown by; and the ridiculous chain of pride, Ps. 73:6, is put on. But *ornamentum est quod ornat; ornat, quod honestiorem facit*,—that alone doth beautify which doth beatify or make the soul happy; no ornament doth so grace us as that we are gracious. Thus the substance is emptied for a show; and many rob themselves of all they have to put a good suit on their backs.

[2.] The next cup of these stolen waters is Epicurism: a water which whiles we sup of, we suck ourselves; a sin that whiles men commit it, it commits them, either to the highway or the hedges; and from thence, either by a writ or a warrant, an arrest or a mittimus, to the prison. Solomon saith, Prov. 21:17, 'he shall not be rich.' The gut is a gulf that will easily swallow all his comings in. Meat should be, as wise Agur prayed, 'food convenient for thee,' or as the Hebrew phrase is, the food of thy allowance. This dish is to feed on all dishes that may please the appetite, or rather may delight surfeit, for appetite dares not lodge in an epicure's house. This sin is *instar omnium*, like the feast itself, save that the glutton feeds on God's good creatures corporally; but on Satan's mystical board is set

nothing but what is originally evil, and absolutely baneful. So that here, gluttony, that feeds on all dishes, is but a private dish itself, and though perhaps for the extent and largeness it takes up the greater room, yet for the number it is but one.

It is most rank idolatry, says Paul; and so near to atheism, with a no God, that it makes a carnal god, Phil. 3:19. In mea patria Deus venter: as profound and profane as the Babylonians' sacrifice; they to their Bel, these to their belly. Perhaps, you will say, they are more kind to themselves; not a whit, for they wrap up death in their full morsels, and swallow it as pills in the pap of delicacy. They overthrow nature with that should preserve it, as the earth that is too rank mars the corn. They make short work with their estates, and not long with their lives; as if they knew that if they lived long, they must be beggars: therefore at once they make haste to spend their livings, and end their lives. Full suppers, midnight revels, morning junkets, give them no time to blow, but add new to their indigested surfeits. They are the devil's crammed fowls, like Æsop's hens, too fat to lay, to produce the fruits of any goodness. They do not dispensare, but dissipare bona Domini—wisely dispense, but blindly scatter the gifts of God. They pray not so much for daily bread as for dainty bread and think God wrongs them, if they may not, Dives-like, 'fare deliciously every day.' Sense is their purveyor; appetite their steward. They place paradise in their throats, and heaven in their guts. Meantime, the state wastes, the soul pines, and though the flesh be puffed and blown up, the spirits languish; they love not to live in a fen, but to have a fen in them.

It is not plague enough that God 'withal sends leanness into their souls,' but their estates sink, their lives fall away; they spin a web out of their own bowels: worse than the ἀνθρωπόφαγοι, men-eaters, they are αὐτόφαγοι, self-eaters. They put a pleurisy into their bloods, a tabe and consumption into their states, an apoplexy into their souls. 'The meat that perisheth not,' John 6:27, is fastidious to their palates; that they may feed on that which feeds on them: and so at once devour and be devoured; drink of a cup that drinks up them.

[3.] The third vial is Idleness: a filching water too, for it steals away our means, both to get goods and to be good. It is a rust to the conscience, a thief to the estate. The idle man is the devil's cushion, whereupon he sits and takes his ease. He refuseth all works, as either thankless or dangerous. Thus characterized, he had rather freeze than fetch wood; he had rather steal than work, and yet rather beg than take pains to steal; and yet in many things rather want than beg. *Ignavi sunt fares*, saith Melancthon,—sluggards are thieves; they rob insensibly the commonwealth, most sensibly themselves: 'Poverty comes on him as an armed man,' Prov. 24:34. The Idlesby* is poverty's prison; if he live without a calling, poverty hath a calling to arrest him. When the cistern of his patrimony is emptied, and seems to invite his labour to replenish it, he flatters himself with enough still, and looks for supply without pains. Necessity must drive him to any work, and what he cannot auferre, he will differre—avoid, he will delay.

Every get-nothing is a thief, and laziness is a stolen water. If the devil can win thee to ply hard this liquor, he knows it will whet thy stomach to any vice. Faction, thievery, lust, drunkenness, blood, with many birds of this black wing, offer themselves to the idle mind, and strive to prefer their service. Would you know, says the poet, how *Ægistus* became an adulterer? *In promptu causa est; desidiosus erat*,—The cause is easy, the answer ready: he was idle. He that might make his estate good by labour, by idleness robs it. This is a dangerous water, and full of vile effects; for when the lazy have robbed themselves, they fall aboard and rob others. This is the idle man's best end, that as he is a thief and lives a beast, so to die a beggar.

[4.] The fourth cup is Envy: water of a strange and uncouth taste. There is no pleasure in being drunk with this stolen water; for it frets and gnaws both in palates and entrails. There is no good relish with it, either in taste or digestion. Only it is like that *acidula aqua* that Pliny speaks of, which makes a man drunk sooner than wine. Envy keeps a register of injuries; and graves that in marble which Charity

writes in the dust, wrong. It cannot endure that any should be conferred with it, preferred to it.

'Nec quemquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,

Pompeiusve parem;'

Cæsar can brook no greater, Pompey no rival. John Baptist was of another spirit: John 3:29, when he heard that the people had left him to follow Christ, he spake with the voice of content, 'My joy is fulfilled. He must increase, and I must decrease.' *Invidus non est idoneus auditor*,[†]—The envious man is an incompetent hearer; his ears are not fit to his head. If he hears good of another, he frets that it is good; if ill, he is discontent that he may not judge him for it. If wronged, he cannot stay God's leisure to quit him: he is straight either a Saul or an Esau; by secret ambushes, or by open hostility, he must carve himself a satisfaction. No plaster will heal his pricked finger, but his heart-blood that did it; if he might serve himself, he would take unreasonable pennyworths. St Augustine would cool his heat. *Vis vindicari, Christiane?*—Wilt thou be revenged of thine adversary, O Christian? Tarry a while: *nondum vindicatus est Christus*,—thy Lord and Saviour is not yet avenged of his enemies.

Malice is so mad, that it will not spare friends to wreak vengeance on foes. So Garnet told the powder-traitors, that some innocent might be destroyed with many nocent, if the public good could not otherwise be perfected. His instance was, that in a town besieged, though some friends were there, yet no wrong nor offence, at advantage to cut all their throats. Hence, if there had been Papists in the Parliament-house, yet rather than lose so holy a massacre, they must have flown up with others. Call you these saints? *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* It was God's reservation in the Old Testament, for accursed Sodom, Gen. 18:32, *Si decem justi*,—'If ten righteous persons be found there,' &c. It was Christ's suspension in the New, Matt. 13:29, 'Let the tares alone till harvest, lest the wheat be plucked up withal.' Theodosius was taxed that *insontes una cum*

sontibus trucidasset,—that he had slain the good with the guilty, and might not be suffered to enter into the temple. In the primitive church the bishops stayed process against the Priscillian heretics, ne catholici cum illis perirent,—lest some good Christians should perish with them. Jehu, intending due destruction to the worshippers of Baal, made a special search that 'none of the Lord's servants were amongst them,' 2 Kings 10:23. But malice is ever blind, to see what sequel attends her courses. The envious man is content to lose one eye of his own, so he may put out both his neighbour's; nay, which is worse, he will lose both his own to put out one of his. The least trespass shall not pass without suit. The devil can send him on a very slight errand to Westminster Hall. Be the case never so broken, if the lawyers' wit can stitch it together, that it may hold to a nisi prius, it is enough. I may, with a little inversion, read his destiny from the poet —

'Hunc neu dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,

Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, vel tarda podagra;

Garrulus hunc quando consumet;—

Let him not fear domestical poison, nor foreign sword, nor a stitch in his sides, nor a cough in his lungs, nor the gout in his joints: Hunc proprius livor consumet,—He will fret himself to dust. His præcordia are steeped in vinegar. Prov. 14:30, 'A sound heart is the life of the flesh; but envy is the rottenness of the bones.' The drunkard rots his flesh, the malicious his bones; he burns up his blood in the furnace of hatred.

'Insanit; cum aliena nequit, sua pectora rodit;—

'Mad, that his poison will not others kill,

He drinks it off himself, himself to spill.'

Envy is thrown like a ball of wild-fire at another's barn; rebounds and fires thine own. The swallow having crossed some lands and seas returns next summer to her old chimney; the arrow of malice shot far off turns upon his heart that set it flying. Bless yourselves; you know not whither you will be carried if once you be horsed on the back of the envious man. Forbear, then, this water, as thou lovest thy health, blood, life, and peace.

[5.] The fifth cup is Drunkenness: a vial of the waters of stealth, a liquid food literally taken. For that which ebriety sins withal is wine and strong drink. *Væ fortibus ad potandum!*—'Woe to them that are mighty to devour drink!' Isa. 5:22; and strong to carry it away, for their hability encourageth their more frequent sinning. But drunkenness, as it is a cup of this service, is a special water of itself at the devil's banquet. This sin is a horrible self-theft; God hath passed his word against him: 'The drunkard and the glutton shall come unto poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags,' Prov. 23:21. He that drinks more in a day than he can earn in a week, what will his gettings come to at the year's end? There is no remedy; he must shake hands with beggary, and welcome it into his company. How many, in the compass of our knowledge, have thus robbed themselves, and been worse enemies to their own estates than the most mischievous thieves! Thieves cannot steal land, unless they be Westminster Hall thieves, crafty contenders that eat out a true title with a false evidence; but the drunkard robs himself of his lands. Now he dissolves an acre, and then an acre, into the pot, till he hath ground all his ground at the maltquern, and run all his patrimony through his throat. Thus he makes himself the living tomb of his forefathers, of his posterity. He needs not trouble his sick mind with a will, nor distrust the fidelity of executors. He drowns all his substance at the ale-fat, and though he devours much, is the leaner every way. Drunkenness is *regius morbus*, a costly sin. It is like gunpowder, many a man is blown up by it. He throws his house so long out at windows, till at last his house throws him out at doors. This is the tippler's progress: from luxury to beggary; from beggary

to thievery; from the tavern to Tyburn; from the alehouse to the gallows.

[6.] The last vial of these self-stolen waters is Covetousness: a dish of drink at this banquet which more come for than for all the rest. The covetous is a cruel thief to himself, worse than the devil, for the devil would give much for a soul. How much would he give for himself? The covetous man loves money better than his own soul. This mercenary soldier is fit for any office in the devil's camp. There is no sin so ugly, so hideous, but sent to the covetous man's door in a golden vizor, it shall have entertainment. This sin is like a great beast, which, violently breaking upon God's freehold, makes a gap wide enough for the whole herd to follow. *Fruitur mundo, utitur Deo,* —The covetous possesseth the world, and makes use of God; but if a man cannot serve 'God and Mammon,' he can much less serve 'Mammon and God.' God scorns to be set after the world. He heavens himself on earth, and for a little pelf cozens himself of bliss. He steals quiet from his own bones, peace from his conscience, grace from his soul. Is not this a thief?

How much of fame, liberty, peace, conscience, is laid out to purchase gold! Some for love of it would pluck down heaven, and empty it of a Deity; others, to overtake it, run quick to hell. And they that seek it find it; for if a man will sell heaven for pelf, he shall not fail of his purchase. Hence Mammon is the god of no beggars, but the merchants, and gentles, and cormorants, and usurers, and chuffs. 'The idols of the heathen were silver and gold.' It is but inverting the sentence. Their idols are silver and gold, and silver and gold are our idols.

Many a wretched father plays the thief with himself, and starves his own carcase to leave wealth to his babe. He lives on roots that his prodigal heir may feed on pheasants; he keeps the chimney corner that his heir may frequent ordinaries; he drinks water that his heir may drink wine, and that to drunkenness. Though he be richer than Dives, he lives like an alchemist. Miserable fathers make wretched

sons; none often have more undone them than they that have done most for them. They make heritages, but God makes heirs: the children of such churls seldom roast what their fathers 'took in hunting,' Prov. 12:27. Now, what thief can more spoil another than such a man doth himself? He cannot find in his heart to put a good morsel into his belly. He dares not eat an egg lest he should lose a chicken. A poor beggar is in better estate than a rich miser. He wants many things, but this wants all things. Corpus extenuat, ut lucrum extended,—He wrinkles and contracts his body that he may enlarge and replenish his purse. He pincheth his carcase to stuff his cap-case. No marvel if that he hear not the moans of the poor, when he is deaf to the complaints of his own belly. Whereas, Prov. 16:26, 'He that laboureth, laboureth for himself, for his mouth craveth it of him.' It is the voice not only of God's Spirit, that so it should be, nor of reason only, that so it must be, but even of nature, that so it is; unless in such unreasonable beasts as the covetous, or rather—worse than beasts, for they serve the necessity of nature—unnatural wretches, dressing, like cooks, much good meat, and not vouchsafing to lick their own fingers. 'There is an evil,' saith Solomon, 'under the sun,'—and such an evil that the sun can scarce see a worse,—'a man to whom God hath given riches,' and that so abundantly 'that he wanteth nothing of all that his soul can desire, yet God giveth him not the power to cat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and an evil disease,' Eccles. 6:1, 2. A disease it is, and fitly called the dropsy.

Thus the covetous man pines in plenty, like Tantalus, up to the chin in water, yet thirsty. He that hath no power to take part of God's blessings, which he keepeth, plays the thief finely, and robs himself. His extortion hath erst stolen from others, and now he plays robbery, and steals from himself. They say the rule of charity should be fetched from home. He that is miserable to himself will never be liberal to others; he that pines himself, God bless me from begging at his door! It is miserable living at this man's finding, for, like a chymist, he turns everything into silver, what he should wear and what he should eat, and so robs both back and belly of warmth, of

sustenance. All to conjure a little money into the circle of his purse, which he will do, though he fetch spells from the devil to do it; yet keeps it only to look on, not to use. *Nemini bonus, sibi pessimus*,—As he is good to none, so, let it be his plague, he is worst to himself. He is ever in debt to his belly; the purest metal is for his coffer; the coarsest meat is good enough for his stomach. He doth so cross the vanity of pride, which esteemeth the dearest things the best, that he thinks nothing sweet but what is cheap. If ever he satisfy his complaining stomach with a good morsel, it shall be from his neighbour's trencher.

He hath not so much idle time as to sleep, but either he dreameth of his gold or riseth to see if the doors be fast. So Claudian, amongst others, describes the covetous's dream: *Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes*,—He seeks that in his sleep which he could not find waking. The covetous give better ear to the priests of Janus than to the apostles of Jesus. *Quærenda pecunia primum est*,—First seek money, hath thrust out *Quærite primum regnum Dei*,—'First seek the kingdom of God,' Matt. 6:33. They will hear us willingly, if our text be commodity, and our sermon policy. A bill that contains the sale of a lordship, or the news of a mortgage, or the offer of good security for ten in the hundred, is more heeded than a book on the stationer's shop with *The Way to Heaven* for the title. Neither let us, as is said, judge him only to drink of this water that extorts from others, but even him that pincheth himself. So St Augustine, *Non solum avarus est qui rapit aliena, sed qui cupide servat sua*,—He is not only covetous that raketh from others, but he also that taketh from himself. The niggard's looks to his entering guests are like Diana's image in Chios, which frowned with a lowering countenance on all that came into the temple, but looked blithe and smiled on them that departed. This is he that thinks there are no such angels as his golden ones; no such paradise as in his counting-house. He cares not to run quick to the devil of an errand, so gain sends him, and pays him for his pains. He is a special guest at the devil's board, and never misseth his ordinary, which he affects the more because he pays nothing.

The more he devours, the hungrier he is; a full supper of profit gives him the more eager appetite to his morrow's breakfast, Mic. 2:1. All he eats is like physic to him; he looks thinner after it. He takes great pains to go to hell; whither since he will go, he might do it with more ease. He hath no heaven, neither present nor future; and having sold bliss for riches, as Æsop's dog did the flesh for the shadow, behold he loseth both. Other sinners, for their damnation, have somewhat which they call delightful: the covetous man buys hell with hell; eternal, with present anguish. Thus he robs himself of all content; and when all is done he is a man undone, and 'pierced through with many sorrows,' 1 Tim. 6:10.

We have now ended the service of the waters with, (1.) The prescription of their being, waters; and, (2.) The description of their natures, stolen. The vices which under this smooth name the devil tempts his guests to surfeit on, are to your hearing odious. I will step no further to fetch in application than from the word stolen.

All stolen things are accountable for; the law of all nations hath provided that *cuique suum*, every man may enjoy his own. God is a just judge, a retributor of every man his own. No thief can scape the apprehension of his pursuivants, the appearance to his sessions, the penalty of his sentence. He hath appointed a general assizes, a day 'wherein he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained,' &c., Acts 17:31. To which there is a necessity of appearance: 'For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body,' &c., 2 Cor. 5:10. At which time an account is not avoidable: 'God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil,' Eccles. 12:14. What, then, will be the success of these stolen waters? We carry out our robberies now without question; we invade our brethren, we evade the law: but behold 'at evening-tide trouble; and before the morning he is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us,' Isa. 17:14.

Felony is the indictment, a rebellion against our Sovereign's crown and dignity. Ambitious thieves in the court, simoniacal thieves in the church, hollow-hearted thieves in the city, oppressing and men-eating thieves in the country—all must be summoned, their debts summed, their doom sentenced. The impartial conscience from the book of their lives shall give in clear evidence. There is no retaining of counsel, no bribing for a partial censure, no trick of demur, no putting off and suspending the sentence, no evading the doom. The cursed generation of thefts are now easily borne, and borne out. Subtlety can give them the help of a conveyance, and money purchase a connivance. But then, alas! what shall become of them, and of many souls for them? What shall become of all the traitors, gory murderers, impudent atheists, secret church-robbers, speckled adulterers, rusty sluggards, nasty drunkards, and all the defiled wretches that have sucked damnation from the breasts of black iniquity? An impenetrable judge, an impleadable indictment, an intolerable anguish shall seize upon them. Mountains of sand were lighter, and millions of years shorter, than their torments, Rev. 6:16.

Oh, think, think of this, ye sons of rapine, that with greediness devour stolen waters: you cannot rob God of his glory, man of his comfort, yourselves of your happiness, but God, man, your own souls, shall cry against you! What thunder can now beat into you a fear of that which then no power shall ease you of? Why strive we not, Nineveh-like, to make the message of our overthrow the overthrow of the message, and so work, that, according to Samson's riddle, 'the destroyer may save us?' Wherefore are we warned, but that we might be armed? and made acquainted with hell in the speculation, but that we may prevent the horror of it in passion? Let me tell you, ye thieves that sit at Satan's board, there is a thief shall steal on you, steal all from you: 2 Pet. 3:10, 'The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise,' &c.;—κλέπτης, a thief; ἀπὸ τοῦ κλέπτειν, to take away privily, or by stealth; or ἀπὸ τοῦ καλύπτειν, of hiding or covering. Fur à furuo, quia in obscuro venit,—a thief as well for stealing on us, as for stealing from us. He comes in the dark, when

nobody sees; treads on wool, that nobody hears; watcheth an hour, that nobody knows.

This thief shall steal on you, perhaps, banqueting at this feast of vanity, as the flood came on the old world whiles they ate and drank, and were merry, Luke 17:27. 'Watch therefore, for you know not what hour your Lord doth come,' Matt. 24:42. So Chrysostom on that place, from our Saviour's comparison of the goodman of the house: *Non læderetur ille furto, si sciret venturum: vos scitis, paratiores esse debetis,**—The thief should not hurt him, if he knew of his coming: you know he will come, prepare for his welcome. We are all householders: our bodies are our houses; our souls our goods; our senses are the doors and windows; the locks are faith and prayer. The day of our doom will come as a thief; let our repentance watch, let it never sleep, lest we perish. *Si præscirent homines quando morituri sint, diligentiam super eam rem ostenderent,*—If men foreknew the time of their death, they would shew carefulness in their preparation: how much more being ignorant? But, alas! ignorance covenants with death; and security 'puts far away the evil day, and causeth the seat of violence to come near,' Amos 6:3. When the prophets of our Israel threaten judgments, you flatter yourselves with the remoteness,—Ezek. 12:27, 'The vision that he seeth is for many days to come, and he prophesieth of the times that are far off,'—as if it concerned you not what ruin laid waste the land, so 'peace might be in your days.' But, Isa. 57:21, 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' Our rosebuds are not withered, our dances are not done: sleep, conscience; lie still, repentance. Thus, with the sentence of death instant, and in a prison of bondage to Satan present, saith St Augustine, *maximo gaudio debacchamur,*—we are drunken, we are frantic with pleasures. There may be other, there can be no greater, madness.

Lo the success of these stolen waters. You hear their nature: time hath prevented their sweetness. God of his mercy, that hath given us his word to inform our judgment, vouchsafe by his Spirit to reform

our consciences, that we may conform our lives to his holy precepts!
For this let us pray, &c.

'What here is good, to God ascribed be,

What is infirm belongs of right to me.'

THE FATAL BANQUET

THE BREAKING-UP OF THE FEAST

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—
PROV. 9:17.

THE custom of sin hath, so benumbed the sense of it, and the delighted affections brought the conscience so fast asleep in it, that he 'troubles Israel,' 1 Kings 18:17, who would waken Israel; and his speech is harsh barbarism that speaks against the devil's Diana, Acts 19:34, the idol of vice, which many worship. Our understandings think well of heaven; but our affections think better of earth. Alexander, after his great conquests, wrote to the Grecian senate, ut se deum facerent,—that they would accept him into the number of their gods. With a resolute consent, they denied it. At last a right politician stood up, and told them, that videndum est, ne, dum cœlum nimis custodirent, terram amitterent,—they should look well to it, lest, whiles they were so religious for heaven, they lost their part of earth.* Hence they made, though but a perfunctory and fashionable decree, Quoniam Alexander deus esse vult, deus esto,—Since Alexander will be a god, let him be one. God commends to us his heavenly graces; Satan, 'his lying vanities,' Jonah 2:8. Our judgments must needs give assent to God; but because his precepts

go against the grain of our affections, and the devil tells us that curiosity for the uncertain joys of heaven will lose us the certain pleasures of earth, we settle upon the Grecian resolution, though more seriously, not to be so troubled for our souls as to lose a moment of our carnal delights. This is the devil's assertion, in calling stolen waters sweet; the truth whereof I am bold, though a little I disquiet your lusts, to examine. You have heard the prescription, waters; the description, stolen.

(3.) The ascription of the quality, in itself, or effect to others, of these waters, if we may believe temptation, is sweet: 'Stolen waters are sweet.' It is the speech of the 'father of lies,' and therefore to carry little credit with us. Sweet! to none but those that are lust-sick; like them that are troubled with the green sickness, that think chalk, and salt, and rubbish, savoury. It is a strangely-affected soul that can find sweetness in sin. Sin is the depravation of goodness. The same that rottenness is in the apple, sourness in the wine, putrefaction in the flesh, is sin in the conscience. Can that be sweet which is the depraving and depriving of all sweetness? Let any subtlety of the devil declare this riddle. The pro-existent privations were deformity, confusion, darkness. The position of their opposite perfections was the expulsion of those foul contraries. Sin comes like bleak and squalid winter, and drives out these fair beauties; turns the sunshine to blackness, calmness to tempests, ripeness to corruption, health to sickness, sweetness to bitterness.

They desperately thrust themselves on the pikes of that threatened woe, Isa. 5, that dare say of 'bitter, It is sweet;' and consent to the devil in the pleasantness of his cheer, when the impartial conscience knows it is 'gall and wormwood,' Jer. 9:15. Yet such is the strong enchantment whereby Satan hath wrought on their affections, that bloodiness, lust, perjury, oppression, malice, pride, carry with these guests an opinion of sweetness. If frothy and reeling drunkenness, lean and raking covetousness, meagre and blood-wasted envy, keen and rankling slander, nasty and ill-shapen idleness, smooth and fair-spoken flattery, be comely, what is deformed? If these be sweet, there

is no bitterness. But though the devil be not 'an angel of light,' yet he would be like one, 2 Cor. 11:14. Though he never speaks truth, yet he would often speak the colour of truth, Matt. 4:6. Therefore, let us observe what fallacies and deceitful arguments he can produce to make good this attribute, and put the probability of sweetness into his stolen waters. For the devil would not be thought a dunce; too weak to hold a position, though it be never so absurd. Stolen waters, iniquities, are sweet to the wicked in three respects:—[1.] Because they are stolen; [2.] Because they are cheap; [3.] Because they give delight and persuaded content to the flesh.

[1.] Stolen or forbidden. Even in this consists the approbation of their sweetness, that they come by stealth, and are compassed by dangerous and forbidden pains. *Furta placent, etiam quod furta,*—Theft delights, even in that it is theft. The fruits of a wicked man's own orchard are not so pleasant-tasted as his neighbours'; neither do they reserve their due sweetness if they be freely granted. But as the proverb hath it, *Dulcia sunt poma, cum abest custos,*—Apples are sweet when they are plucked in the gardener's absence. Eve liked no apple in the garden so well as the forbidden, Gen. 3:6. Antiochus scorns venison as base meat if it be not lured. It is a humour as genuine to our affections as moisture is inseparable to our bloods, that *nitimur in vetitum semper,*—we run mad after restrained objects. We tread those flowers under our disdainful feet, which, mured from us, we would break through stone walls to gather. The liberty of things brings them into contempt; neglect and dust-heaps lie on the accessible stairs. Difficulty is a spur to contention; and there is nothing so base as that which is easy and cheap. *Sol spectatorem, nisi cum deficit, non habet: nemo observat lunam nisi laborantem,*—The two great lights of heaven, that rule in their courses the day and night, are beholden to no eyes for beholding them so much as when they are eclipsed. We admire things less wonderful, because more rare. If the sun should rise but once in our age, we would turn Persians, and worship it.

Wines would be less set by, if our own lands were full of vineyards. Those things that nature hath hedged from us we long and languish for; when manna itself, because it lies at our doors, is loathed, *Virtutem præsentem fere in nostris odimus; sublatam ex oculis procul quærimus invidi.* The more spreading good things are, the more thought vile; and, though against that old and true rule, the community shall detract from the commodity. It is the perverseness of our natures, till sanctification hath put a new nature into us, that God's yoke, Matt. 11:30, is too heavy for our shoulders. We cannot draw in the gears of obedience. We can travel a whole day after our dogs; but if authority should charge us to measure so many miles, how often would we complain of weariness! The bird can sit out the day-measuring sun, see his rise and fall without irksomeness, whiles she is hatching her eggs; if her nest were a cage, with what impatience would she lament so long a bondage! So the usurer, though he began his first bag with the first hour, and pulls not off his hands or his eyes till the eye of heaven is ashamed of it, and denies further light, he is not weary; let him sit at church two hours, the seat is uneasy, his bones ache, either a cushion to fall asleep with or he will be gone: that Christ may justly and fitly continue that his reproof upon such, Matt. 26:40, 'Can ye not watch with me one hour?'

Thus the command makes things burdensome, and prohibition desirable. The wicked would not so eagerly catch at vanities if God had not said, *Nolite tangere*,—Touch them not. Rapine, lust, ebriety, sacrilege, would sit idle for want of customers, if God's interdiction had not set a *ne ingrediatis* on their doors: 'Enter not,' Prov. 4:14. Rome, I know not how truly, brags—and let her boast her sin, Phil. 3:19—that she hath the fewer adulterers because she sets up the stews. It is reported that Italy did never more abound with students than when Julian had shut up the school-doors, and turned learning into exile. He had fellows in that empire of so contrary dispositions, that some restrained all things, some forbade nothing, and so made their times either tyrannous or licentious; insomuch that it was a busy question in those times, whether of those emperors were worse

—one that would let every man do as he list, and the other that would suffer no man to do as he would.

It is observed of the Jews, that whiles the oracles of heaven were open, and religion leaned on the shoulders of peace, they fell frequently to idolatry; but with the Babylonian bridle in their mouths, they eagerly pursue it: their persecution for it increased their prosecution of it. So the blood of martyrs feeds the church; as if from their dead ashes sprung, phoenix-like, many professors.

If trodden virtue grow so fast, like camomile, how then doth restrained vice thrive! Sure this hydra rather multiplies his heads by the blows of reproof. True it is, that *ex malis moribus oriuntur plurimæ leges*,—if men were not prone to infinite sins, a more sparing number of laws would serve our turns. And the more dangerous the law hath made the passage of injustice, the more frequently, fervently they love to sail after it. What they quake to suffer, they tickle to do; as if their itch could not be cured till the law scratch them: so perverse is their disposition, that only coaction must force them to good, only correction bind them from evil. Now, as it is shame that necessity should draw us to that whereunto our own good should lead us, so it is past shame to war for that which God hath charged us to ware of. *Malum est agere quod prohibetur, sed agere quia prohibetur pessimum*,—He that doth that which is forbidden is evil; he that doth it because it is forbidden is a devil. But as the honest man, that hath somewhat to take to, is in most care to come out of debt; so he that hath neither honesty nor lands takes care only to come into debt and to be trusted.

Thus we all long for restrained things, and dote on difficulties; but look with an overly scorn and winking neglect on granted faculties. Pharaoh is sick of God's plague; the peaceable dismissal of Israel will cure him: he sees his medicine; no, he will be sicker yet, Israel shall not go, *Exod. 8*. Oh that these who wrestle with God would think that the more fiercely and fierily they assault him, they are sure of the sorer fall! The harder the earthen vessel rusheth upon the

brazen, the more it is shivered in pieces. But nothing doth give the ungodly such content as that they dangerously pull out of the jaws of difficulty. No flowers have so good a smell as the stolen; no repast so savoury as the cates of theft.

'Quæ venit ex tuto, minus est accepta voluptas;'—

Facility and liberty only takes off the edge of lust; and what God doth restrain, man pursues. The adulterer cares not for the chaste society of a fair and loving wife, but the lusts of uncleanness, which he steals with hazard from another's bed, are sweet in his opinion. Ahab's whole kingdom is despised in his thoughts, whiles he is sick of Naboth's vineyard, 1 Kings 21:4. Hear Esau, Gen. 25:32, 'What is my birthright to me, when I cannot taste of those red pottage?' Oh the crossness of our refractory dispositions, that are therefore the more earnestly set upon the pro because God hath more clearly charged them with the contra! as if our natural course was crab-like, to go backward; and our delight was to be a second cross to Christ, whereby though we cannot crucify his flesh, yet we oppose and oppugn his Spirit; as if cynically we affect snarling, or, like the giants, would try our strengths with God.

Thus we have examined the devil's reason, and find the natures of the wicked actually disputing for the truth of his assertion; and so, *interdicta placent*, the waters of sin seem sweet, and are more greedily swallowed, because they are stolen. The 'prince of the air so rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience,' Eph. 2:2, that their appetites only covet prohibited meats, and their affections languish after discharged objects. But 'your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay,' Isa. 29:16. And, 'those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me,' Luke 19:27. God hath a hook for Sennacherib, a curb for Saul, a bridle for these horses and mules, Ps. 32:9: the highest mover overrules the swift motion of these inferior spheres, that they cannot fire the world; but as they delight to make other men's possessions theirs by stealth, so they shall one day be

glad if they could put off that is theirs upon other men, and shift away the torments that shall for ever stick on their flesh and spirits.

[2.] The second argument of their sweetness is their cheapness. The sins of stealth please the wicked because they are cheap; what a man gets by robbery comes without cost. The ungodly would spare their purse, though they lay out of their conscience. *Parcatur sumptui*. They will favour the temporal estates, though their eternal pay for it. Judas had rather lose his soul than his purse; and for thirty silverlings he sells his Master to the Pharisees, and himself to the devil. Yet when all is done, he might put his gains in his eye. It is but their conceit of the cheapness; they pay dear for it in the upshot. The devil is no such frank chapman, to sell his wares for nothing. He would not proffer Christ the kingdoms without a price; he must be worshipped for them, *Matt. 4*. The guests carry not a draught from his table, but they must make courtesy to him for it. His worship must be thanked at least; nay, thanks will not serve,—affected, obeyed, honoured. He is proud still, and stands upon it, beyond measure, to be worshipped. He will part with an ounce of vanity for a dram of worship; but the worshipper had better part with a talent of gold.

The devil indeed keeps open house; *noctes atque dies*, &c. He makes the world believe that he sells Robin Hood's pennyworths; that he hath *manum expansam*, a prodigal hand, and gives all gratis: but *viis et modis*, he is paid for it; and such a price that the whole world comes short of the value. Only he is content to give day, and to forbear till death; but then he claps up his debtors into everlasting imprisonment, and lays a heavy execution on them, that even the Spanish Inquisition comes short of it. Thus as the king of Sodom said to Abraham, *Gen. 14:21*, *Da mihi animas*, 'Give me the souls,' take the rest to thyself; the prince of darkness is content that thou shouldest have riches and pleasures cheap enough; only give him thy soul, and he is satisfied. The devil would have changed his arithmetic with Job, and rather have given addition of wealth than subtraction, if he could have so wrought him to blaspheme God.

Satan seems marvellous frank and kind at first: *munera magna quidem præbet, sed præbet in hamo.* They are *beneficia viscata*,—ensnaring mercies; as the tree is the bird's refuge when she flies from the snare, and lo, there she finds birdlime, that tears off her flesh and feathers. *Convivia, quæ putas, insidiæ sunt*,—They are baits which thou takest for banquets. The poor man is going to prison for a small debt: the usurer lends him money, and rescues him; two or three winters after, his fit comes again, and by how much a usurer is sharper than a mere creditor, he is shaken with the worse ague. That kindness plungeth him into a deeper bondage; the first was but a threaden snare, which he might break, but this is an infrangible chain of iron. Men are in want, and necessity is *durum telum*, a heavy burden; the devil promiseth supply. Behold, the drunkard shall have wine, the thief opportunity, the malicious revenge; if they be hungry, he hath a banquet ready: but, as I have seen empirics give sudden ease to a desperate and inveterate grief, yet either with danger of life, or more violent revocation of the sickness; so their misery ere long is doubled, and that which was but a stitch in the side is now a shrewd pain at the heart. The stag and the horse, saith the fiction, were at variance: the horse, being too weak, desires man to help him; man gets on the horse's back, and chaseth the stag *usque ad fugam, usque ad mortem*,—to flight, to death. Thus the horse gets the victory, but is at once *victor et victus*, captain and captive; for after that he could never free his mouth from the bit, his back from the saddle: *Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.* Man is beset with exigents; he wails his weakness; the devil steps in with promises of succour. Judas is made rich, Gehazi gets change of suits, Nero is crowned emperor; but withal he gets possession of their affections, whence all the power of man cannot untenant him. Thus 'the last slavery is worse than the first,' Matt. 12:45, and the cheer is not so cheap at sitting down as it is dear at rising up.

This is the devil's cheapness; no, 'every good and perfect gift is from above,' James 1:17. The devil gives nothing, but 'God gives to all *πλουσίως*, richly,' or abundantly, 1 Tim. 6:17, so that when he gives, he takes nothing back; for 'the gifts of the Spirit are *ἀμεταμέλητα*,

without repentance,' Rom. 11:29. 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters of life, and he that hath no money,' &c., Isa. 55:1. God hath waters, no stolen waters, but waters of freedom; and other blessings, if ye love liquid things, of answerable nature, greater virtue; and those whereof he is a true proprietary: wine and milk—milk to nourish, wine to cherish the heart of man: 'buy them without money,' let not your poverty keep you back; here is cheapness, if you have a saving desire; come freely and take your fills. 'The gospel is preached to the poor,' Matt. 11:5. Think not 'to buy the graces of God with money,' lest 'you and your money perish,' Acts 8:20. Only take your time, and come whiles God is a-giving; for there is a time when the door of bounty is shut. Though he stretch forth his hand of mercy all the day, Rom. 10:21, yet the night comes when he draws it back again. They that answer him, proffering graces, as Daniel to Belshazzar, chap. 5:17, 'Keep thy rewards to thyself, and give thy gifts to another,' may knock at his gates, and be turned away empty. Now, spare to speak, and spare to speed. Then, though you cry unto me, I will not hear; 'To-day, then, harden not your hearts,' Heb. 3:7. Pray unto him, and 'he will give good things to them that ask him,' Matt. 7:11. He doth not sell, but give; not the shadows, but the substances of goodness. The conclusion then is clear: blessings and graces are truly cheap, Ps. 84:11, 'And no good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly;' 'All things shall work to their good' that are good, Rom. 8:28. The devil gives nothing, but sells all for price; neither are they good things he selleth, but *figuras boni*, the mere forms and counterfeits of goodness.

But if the cheapness of sin so affect men, what mean they to run to Rome for it? Where I do not say only, that sin and damnation hath a shrewd price set upon them, but even bliss and comfort; and no pilgrim can get the least salve-plaster to heal his wounded conscience, but at an unreasonable reckoning. But soft! It is objected, that Rome is still baited in our sermons; and when we seek up and down for matter, as Saul for his asses, we light upon the Pope still. I answer, that I can often pass by his door and not call in; but if he

meets me full in the face and affronts me, for good manners' sake, non prætereo insalutatum,—I must change a word with him.

The Pope is a great seller of these stolen waters; yet his chapmen think them cheap. He thrusts his spear into the mountains, and sluiceth out whole floods; as it is fabled of Æolus. He usurps that of God, that he can 'span the waters in his fist;' that he hath all the graces of God in his own power, and no water can pass besides his mill: as if he could 'call for the waters of the sea, and pour them out upon the face of the earth,' Amos 5:8; or as Job speaketh of behemoth, chap. 40:23, 'Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not; and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.' As if all the graces of God were packed up in a bundle, or shut into a box, and the Pope only was put in trust to keep the key, and had authority to give and deny them. So Æolus, the god of winds, saith the poet, gave Ulysses a mail, wherein all the winds were bound and wrapped up together, except the western wind, which he must needs occupy to carry himself home. The Pope brags that all waters are banked up into his fountain, and none can drink but by his leave; except the supremacy, and perfect sanctity; which is the wind and the water he must use himself, thereby to sail to heaven,—a haven that few Popes arrive at,—but otherwise there is no grace to be had but from the mother-church of Rome, whose uncontrollable head is the Pope. A miserable engrosser, that would shut up all goodness into his own warehouse. Yet when he lists, he will undertake to 'pour floods on the solid ground,' Isa. 44:3, and 'make rivers run in dry places,' Ps. 105:41.

He hath a huge pond of purgatory, whereout whole millions drink, and are pleased. But as Darius, pursued, drank puddle-water, and said it was the best drink that ever he tasted; so it is the menaced terror, and the false alarms that the Jesuits ring in ignorance's ear, that make men drink so greedily at the Pope's puddle-wharf. He is a great landlord of these stolen waters: 'He sits upon many waters,' Rev. 17:1. Some he steals from the Jews, some from the Turks, some from the Pagans, much from idolatry, all from heresy. That as John

de Rupe Scissa in a popular sermon, if every bird should fetch her own feathers, you should have a naked Pope. Let every river challenge her own waters, you will have a dry Rome. But now—

'Expatriata ruunt per apertos flumina campos;'—

His waters spread over the face of the earth; neither are they cheap, believe but a bird of their own cage:—

'Temples and priests are merchandised for pelf,

Altars, prayers, crowns, nay, heaven and God himself.'

'Vendit Alexander cruces, altaria, Christum:

Vendere jure potest; emerat ille prius.'

'Rome's sea is sold, to quench the Pope's mad thirst:

Well might he sell it; for he bought it first!'

But is the shop never opened but to the mart of so good commodities? Yes, if their penance-parlour was opened, you might find a rate for stolen waters: pardon for offences committed, nay, indulgences for future sins, which but for an impregnable toleration might not be done. And let the traffickers speak from their own feeling how cheap they are. They have a pecuniary patronage, and are warranted from the Pope's exchequer rather than his chancery. Even that corrupt justice gives such sins no connivance but when the dusts of bribery have shut his eyelids. It is their carefulness, *quod hujusmodi dispensationes non concedantur pauperibus*,—that such dispensations be not granted to the poor.

If this doctrine were true, it was time to rase Christ's speech out of the Scriptures, Matt. 19:23, 'It is hard for a rich man to enter into heaven;' for it is easy for the rich, that can open the gate with a golden key, and the poor are only in danger of exclusion; and, that

which would be most strange, hell should be peopled with none but beggars. Not a usurer, not an epicure, not a cormorant, not a vicious potentate, should grace the court of Satan; for the Pope will for money seal them a passport for heaven. Nay, how doth this disgrace purgatory, when none but beggarly wretches shall be in danger of drowning in that whirlpool, whence all their friends, being equally poor, have not money enough for their redemption! These are the rotten posts whereon the fabric of Rome stands. Think not these stolen waters cheap: your purses must pay for them. Yet happy were you, if no higher price was set on them. All is not discharged with your ready money; there is another reckoning: your souls must pay for them. The devil ties his customers in the bond of debts, and woe to them that are too far in his books; for if Christ cancel not 'his handwriting against them,' Col. 2:14, he will sue them to an eternal outlawry, and make them pay their souls for that they boasted they had so good cheap.

[3.] The third argument of these waters' sweetness is derived from our corrupt affections. Sin pleaseth the flesh. *Omne simile nutrit simile*. Corruption inherent is nourished by the accession of corrupt actions. Judas's covetousness is sweetened with unjust gain. Joab is heartened and hardened with blood, 1 Kings 2:5. Theft is fitted to and fattened in the thievish heart with obvious booties. Pride is fed with the officious compliments of observant grooms. Extortion battens in the usurer's affections by the trolling in of his moneys. Sacrilege thrives in the church-robber by the pleasing distinctions of those sycophant priests, and helped with their not laborious profit. Nature is led, is fed with sense. And when the citadel of the heart is once won, the turret of the understanding will not long hold out. As the suffumigations of the oppressed stomach surge up and cause the headache; or as the thick spumy mists, which vapour up from the dank and foggy earth, do often suffocate the brighter air, and to us more than eclipse the sun; the black and corrupt affections, which ascend out of the nether part of the soul, do no less darken and choke the understanding. Neither can the fire of grace be kept alive at God's altar, (man's heart,) when the clouds of lust shall rain down such

showers of impiety on it. *Perit omne judicium, cum res transit ad affectum,*—Farewell the perspicuity of judgment, when the matter is put to the partiality of affection.

Let, then, the taste be judge at this feast, and not the stomach; lust, and not conscience; and the cates have unquestionable sweetness. He is easily credited that speaks what we would have him. 1 Kings 22:12, 'Go up to Ramoth-gilead and prosper,' was pleasing music in Ahab's ears. Gen. 3:4, 'Ye shall not die,' though you eat, delighted Eve. The Sirens' song is more esteemed than the oracle of Pallas, because it is sung to lustful, not wise auditors. The strange distinctions which they give in these days, that claw the devil, flatter a usurer for gain, are believed, before the sermons of the sons of the prophets, of the Son of God. Let a factious novelist maintain the justness of impropriations at the church-wronger's table for a meal, his talk is held arguments, when the Scripture arguments are held but talk. As Micah, chap. 2:11, speaks of the prophets, that would preach for drunkenness; so these sell their conscience for countenance, and feed men's humours whiles they have a humour to feed them. *Quod nimis miseri volunt, hoc facile credunt,**—Though they be prophets for profits, yet they are readily believed. So easily the brain drinks poison which the affection ministers. It is not then strange if these cates be sweet, when concupiscence tastes them. *Pascitur libido conviviis, nutritur deliciis, vino accenditur, ebrietate flammatur, †*—Lust is fed with banquets, nourished with delights, kindled with wine, set on fire and flame with drunkenness.

What could make the religion of Rome so sweet and welcome to many but the congruence and pleasingness of it to corrupt nature? Whiles nature finds ascribed to herself freedom of will, validity of merits, the latitude of an ignorant and cursory faith, she runs mad of conceit. That indulgences for all sins may be derived from that open exchequer; that if a man wants not money, he needs not lose heaven; that the bare act of the sacraments confers grace without faith; and the mere transient sign of the cross, whoever makes it, can keep off the devil. O religion sweet to nature! Nay, to speak nearer to our

district instance, lust not only affectual, but actual, is dispensed with. Priests are licensed their concubines, though inhibited wives. Adultery is reckoned among their petty sins. I have read it quoted out of Pope Innocentius the Third of their priests, *Mane Filium virginis offerunt in choro; nocte filiam veneris agitant in thoro*. The priests do not engross all the market of venery to themselves, yet they do prettily well for their allowance. One benefice with one wife is unlawful, but two benefices and three whores are tolerable. But the stews, like the common bath, is afforded to the laity, and, if their states will maintain it, a private supply besides. *Urbs est jam tota lupanar*,—The whole city is become a mere stews. As the prophet Isaiah said once of Jerusalem, chap. 1:21, so we may say of Rome, 'The holy city is become a harlot.' Full of harlots, they will not stick to yield, and so full of adulterers, Jer. 5:7. Nay, the city itself is a harlot, and 'hath left her first love,' Rev. 2:4. She commits idolatry, which is the vilest adultery, with stocks and stones.

Thus nature drinks pleasant waters, but they are stolen. Lust encroacheth upon the law, and concupiscence's gain is God's loss. Some of them, saith Bishop Jewell, have written in defence of filthiness. What black vice shall want some patronage? But *causa patrocini non bona, pejor erit*. Powerful arguments, no doubt, yet powerful enough to overcome the yielding spirit. Strong affection gives credit to weak reasons. A small temptation serves to his perversion that tempts himself, and would be glad of a cloak to hide his leprosy, though he steal it. How can it then be denied that sins are sweet, whiles lust doth take, taste, censure them?

The devil's banquet is not yet done; there is more cheer a-coming. The water-service is ended. Now begin cates of another nature; or, if you will, of another form, but the nature is all one: the same method of service, the same manner of junkets. It may be distinguished, as the former, into, (1.) A prescription, *de quo*, bread. (2.) A description, *de quanto*, bread of secrecies. (3.) An ascription, *de quali*, bread of pleasure.

(1.) Bread hath a large extent in the Scriptures. Vult sufficientiam vitæ et præsentis et futuræ. Under it is contained a sufficiency of food and nourishment—[1.] For the body; [2.] For the soul. Therefore some would derive the Latin word, panem, from the Greek word, πᾶν, and so make it a general and comprehensive word, to signify omne quod nobis necessarium,—all things needful, whether to corporal or animal sustenance.

[1.] Corporal: the fourth petition in that absolute prayer, lessoned to us by our Master, implies so much: 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Where, saith St Augustine, Omnem necessariam corporis exhibitionem petimus,—We beg all necessary sustentation to our temporal life. So, Gen. 3:19, in sudore vultus vesceris pane tuo,—all thy repast shall be derived from thy travail. 'Set bread before them,' saith Elisha to the king of Israel, 2 Kings 6:22; and 'he made great provision for them,' ver. 23. Job's kindred 'did eat bread,' Job 42:11; that is, feasted with him. 'He that ate of my bread,' saith David, Ps. 41:9, or did feed on the delicacies of my palace.

[2.] For the soul: 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever,' John 6:51. It is not straitened of this sense. Matt. 15:26, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to throw it to dogs.' Christ and all his benefits are shadowed forth by bread. The loss of the word is called by the prophet Amos, chap. 8:11, a 'famine,' or loss of bread.

Bread, then, implies multitudinem salutem, magnitudinem solaminum, plenitudinem omnium bonorum,—much health, great comforts, fulness of all requisite good things. And what? Will Satan brag that he can give all these, and that his bread, intensivè, is so virtual in its own nature; and extensivè, that it shall afford so much strength of comfort, validity of nutriment, and never fail the collation of health to his guests? This is in him a hyperbolic, and almost a hyperdiabolical impudence, to make the bread of sin equal with the 'bread of life,' and to ascribe unto it potentiam virtutis and virtutem dulcedinis,—that it is bread, and sweet bread, nourishing and well-

tasted. As Ceres must be taken and worshipped for the goddess of corn, and Bacchus for the god of wine, when they were, at the utmost, but the first inventors of grinding the one and pressing the other,—for God is the God of both fields and vineyards,—so the devil would seem owner of bread and water, when God only is Lord of sea and land, that made and blesseth the corn and the rivers. His power containeth all, and his providence continueth all that is good unto us.

Observe how the devil is God's ape, and strives to match and parallel him, both in his words and wonders. He follows him, but, not *passibus œquis*, with unequal steps. If Christ have his 'waters of life' at the Lamb's wedding-feast, the devil will have his waters too at lust's banquet. If 'the Highest give his thunder, hailstones, and coals of fire,' Ps. 18:13, (as to Elias's sacrifice,) the red dragon doth the like: Rev. 13:13, 'He maketh fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men.' If Moses turn his rod to a serpent, the sorcerers do the like; but yet they fall short, for Moses's rod devoured all theirs, Exod. 7:12. Must Abraham sacrifice his son to the God of heaven? Gen. 22:2. Agamemnon must sacrifice his daughter to the prince of darkness. A ram redeems Isaac, a hind Iphigenia. For Jehovah's temple at Jerusalem, there is great Diana's at Ephesus, Acts 19:27. It is said of the Son of God, that he shall 'give sight to the blind,' Isa. 42:7. and heal the sicknesses of the people. The son of Jupiter, Æsculapius, shall have the like report. Ovid and Hesiod have their chaos, in imitation of sacred Moses. Noah's deluge shall be quitted with Deucalion's. For our Noah, they have Janus; for our Samson, a Hercules; for our Babel-builders, they that lay Pelion upon Ossa, giants. If Lot's wife be turned to a pillar, lo, Niobe is metamorphosed to a stone. Let God historify his Jonah, Herodotus will say more of Arion. Of which St Augustine well: We may suspect the Greek tale of the one means the Hebrew truth of the other.* Thus, if Christ at his table offer to his saints his own body for bread, blood for wine, in a mystical sort; the devil will proffer some such thing to his guests, bread and waters, waters of stealth, bread of secrecy. He is loath to give God the better; he would not do it in heaven, and therefore was turned out; and do you think he will yet yield it? No, in spite of God's

water of crystal, Rev. 22, peace and glory, he will have his waters of Acheron, guilt and vanity. But, by Satan's leave, there is a bread that nourisheth not: Isa. 55:2, 'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?' It seems, but is not, bread; and, if it be, yet it satisfies not. Say it could, yet, Matt. 4:4, 'man lives not by bread only, but by the word' and blessing of God. Τὰ ὀψώνια, all the delicacies that sin can afford us, are but ἀρρώστια ψυχῆς, the bane of the soul: Pabula peccati, pocula lethi. Ὅψον properly signifies πᾶν τῷ πύρι κατασκευάσομενον ἐς ἐδώδην,—all meat prepared with fire. † There is no cheer at this banquet dressed without fire; either present of lust, or future of torment.

Now, since the devil will put the form of bread upon his tempting wickedness, let us examine what kind of bread it is:—

[1.] The seed is corruption: 'an unclean seed,' Lev. 11:38. No other than the tares which the enemy sowed, Matt. 13:28. God sowed good corn, but 'whence are the tares?' The seed whereof this bread is made is not wheat or good corn, but cockle, darnel, tares—dissension, rebellion, lies, vanities. The devil is herein a seedsman, but he sows corrupt seed, that infects and poisons the heart which receives it.

[2.] The heat of the sun, influence of the air, sap and moisture of the ground, that ripens this seed, are temptations. The seed once sown in the apt ground of our carnal affections, is by the heat of Satan's motion soon wrought to ripeness. So that it is matured suggerendo, imprimendo, tentando,—suggestion, impression, tentation hasten the seed to grass, to a blade, to spindling, to a perfect ear, to growth in the heart; and all suddenly, for an ill weed grows apace. Rather than it shall dwindle and be stunted, he will crush the clouds of hell, and rain the showers of his malediction upon it. Before he sows, here he waters.

[3.] The seed thus ripened is soon cut down by the sickle of his subtlety; whose policy to preserve his state Florentine is beyond

Machiavel's. His speed is no less, else he could not so soon put a girdle about the loins of the earth. But what policy can there be in shortening the growth of sin? This trick rather enervates his power, weakens his kingdom. The devil doth not ever practise this cunning, but then alone when he is put to his shifts.* For some are so vile that the devil himself would scarce wish them worse. Such are atheists, rob-altars, usurers, traitors, &c. But some living in the circumference of the gospel are by man's awe and law restrained from professed abominations. What would you have him now do? Sure Satan is full of the politics: *Dæmonas grammatici dictos volunt, quasi δαήμονας, id est, peritos ac rerum scios.* † He is a devil for his craft. I call therefore the reaping his subtlety; for he might seem therein to dissolve his kingdom, and spoil the height of sin by cutting it down. But the sequel and success proves he doth it rather to corroborate the power thereof, by making it fitter for application. Thus 'he transforms himself to an angel of light,' 2 Cor. 11:14, and is content to top the proud risings of palpable and outward impieties, that he may more strongly possess the soul by hypocrisy. Thus there may be an expulsion of Satan from the house of the heart *quoad veterem eruptionem*, when his repossession is made stronger *quoad novam corruptionem*. Common grace throws him out, but 'he finds the house empty, swept, and garnished,' Matt. 12:44,—that is, trimmed by hypocrisy,—and therefore enters and fortifies with 'seven other spirits more wicked than the first.' What he cannot do by notorious rebellion, he performs by dissimulation. So that, as sorcerers and witches converse with evil spirits in plausible and familiar forms, which in ugly shapes they would abhor; so many would not endure him, *ut rudis cacodæmon*, as a rough and gross devil, in manifest outrageous enormities, who yet, as a smooth, sleek, fine, and transformed devil, give him entertainment. This, then, is his harvest.

[4.] Being thus reaped and housed, he soon thresheth it out with the flail of his strength. He is called 'the strong man,' Luke 11:22. Where he takes possession, he pleads prescription; he will not out. His power in the captived conscience scorns limitation. He is not content to have the seed lie idle in the heart; he must thresh it out, cause thee

to produce some cursed effects. He doth not, to speak for your capacity in the country, hoard up his grain; but with all his might, and the help of all his infernal flails, he thresheth it out, and makes it ready for the market. If any Cain or Judas be so hasty that he will not stay till it be made bread,—tarry for tentation,—but tempt himself, the devil is glad that they save him a labour: howsoever, he will have his grain ready; his suggestion shall not be to seek when he should use it. He would be loath that the lustful eye should want a harlot, the corrupt officer a bribe, the Papist an image, the usurer a mortgage, the thief a booty. He knows not what guests will come, he will thresh it ready.

[5.] Being threshed out, it must, you know, be ground. Satan hath a water-mill of his own; though founded on *mare mortuum*, a dead sea, (for all sins are 'dead works,' Heb. 9:14,) yet the current and stream that drives it runs with swifter violence than the Straits of Gibraltar. The flood of concupiscence drives it. The mill consists of two stones, *deliciæ et divitiæ*,—pleasure and profit. There is no seed of sin which these two cannot grind to powder, and make fit for bread, when concupiscence turns the mill. Rapine, sacrilege, murder, treason, have been prepared to a wicked man's use by these instruments. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogunt?* Covetousness and carnal delight bid any sin welcome. Only pleasure is the nether stone. Idleness would lie still, but covetousness is content to trudge about, glad when any sack comes to the mill. These two grind all the devil's grist, and supply him with tentations for all the world. All the ugly births of sins, that have shewed their monstrous and stigmatic forms to the light, have been derived from these parents, carnal pleasure and covetousness. You see how the devils grind.

[6.] It is ground you hear; it wants leavening. The leaven is the colourable and fallacious arguments that persuade the sweetness of this bread. This is either the 'leaven of the Pharisees,' Luke 12:1, or the leaven of the Sadducees, or the leaven of the Herodians. The leaven Pharisaical is described by Christ himself to be hypocrisy; a tradition to 'make clean the outside of the cup,' Matt. 23:25, but no

devotion to keep the inside pure from extortion and excess. The 'leaven of the Sadducees' is the 'doctrine of the Sadducees:' as the mistaken apostles (about bread) corrected their own errors, Matt. 16:12. This doctrine was a denial of resurrection, of angel, of spirit, Acts 23:8. The Herodian leaven, Mark 8:15, was dissolute profaneness, derived from the observation of fox-like Herod. These pleadings for sin, by the devil's mercenary advocates, put, like leaven, a better taste into his bread. Thus it is leavened.

[7.] It lacks now nothing but baking. Sure, the oven that bakes this corrupt bread is our own evil affections, which the devil heats by his temptations, and with supply of fuel to their humours. Thus by sin he makes way for sin, and prepares one iniquity out of another. He strikes fire at the covetous heart of Judas, and so bakes both treason and murder. He hath made Absalom's affections so hot by ambition, that incest and parricide is easily baked in them. The prophet Hosea speaks the sins of Israel in this allegory, chap. 7:4: 'They are all adulterers, as an oven heated by the baker, who ceaseth from raising after he hath kneaded the dough, until it be leavened;' ver. 6, 'They have made ready their heart like an oven, whiles they lie in wait: their baker sleepeth all the night; in the morning it burneth as a flaming fire. They are all hot as an oven,' &c.; yea, ver. 8, Ephraim itself is a 'cake half-baked.' Thus, when our affections are made a fiery oven, through the greediness of sin, there is soon drawn out a batch of wickedness.

Thus the devil runs through many occupations before his bread be baked, his banquet prepared for his guests. He is a seedsman, a waterer, a reaper, a thresher, a miller, a moulder, a baker. A baker here for his bread, as before a brewer for his waters. And to conclude, a host, that makes the wake, invites the guests, and banquets them with their own damnation.

(2.) You have heard how this service may be called bread; and therein the subtlety of the devil's prescription. Let us as justly poise the next in the balance, and see how it holds weight—secret bread, or

the bread of secrecy, nay, of secrecies; for sin is not like the rail that sits alone, but like the partridges, which fly by coveys. Secret: this will be found a fraudulent dimension; for 'there is nothing so secret that shall not be made manifest,' Mark 4:22; Luke 12:2. The speeches of whispering, the acts of the closet, shall not scape publishing. The allegory of uncleanness is prosecuted: forbidden lusts, stolen by snatches, and enjoyed in secret, are sweet and pleasant. It is instanced in this particular, but hath a general extent to all the parallels, every sister of that cursed stock. I will hold with it thus far, that sin loves secrecy; and I will testify against it a degree further, that no sin is so secret as the tempter here affirms it, or the committers imagine it. And from these two roots I will produce you a double fruit of instruction.

First, Unjust things love privacy. The adulterer, saith Job, 'loves the dark.' Thais draws Paphnutius into the secret and more removed chambers. The two wicked elders thus tempt the emblem of chastity: *Ostia pomerit clausa sunt*,—The gates of the orchard are shut, and nobody sees us.* Hence the generation of sins are called 'the works of darkness,' Rom. 13:12; and reformation of life is compared to our 'decent walking in the day,' ver. 13. Though the light of grace shines, saith the Sun of brightness, yet 'men love darkness better, because their deeds are evil,' John 3:19. Ignorance and the night have a fit similitude:—

[1.] Both seasons are still and hushed: no noise to waken the Sybarites, unless the cocks, the ministers,—*nuncii Dei et diei*,—and their noise is not held worth the hearing. Few will believe Christ's cock, though he crows to them that the day is broken.

[2.] Both seasons procure stumbling. The way of our pilgrimage is not so even but that we need both light to shew the rubs, and eyes to discern them. The gospel is the day, Christ is the light; faith is the eye that apprehends it. Light without eyes, eyes without light, are defective to our good. If either be wanting, the stumbling feet

endanger the body. In the spiritual privation of either gospel or faith, the affections are not able to keep upright the conscience.

[3.] Both are uncomfortable seasons. *Nox et erroris et terroris plenissima*,—The night is full of wondering, of wandering. Imagine the Egyptians' case in that gross and palpable darkness, *Exod. 10:23*, the longest natural night that the book of God specifies. A silent, solitary, melancholy, inextricable season: in which ἀκούει οὐδείς οὐδέν οὐδενοῦ; no murmur disquiets the air; no man hears his name; no birds sing, except the owl and the night-raven, which croak only dismal things.

[4.] Both are fit seasons for foul spirits to range in. It hath been fabled of night-walking spirits. Let it be false, yet this is true: the devil is the 'prince of darkness,' *Eph. 6:12*; his kingdom is a 'kingdom of darkness;' and his walks are the walks of darkness. In the caliginous night of superstition and ignorance, he plays *Rex*, and captivates many a soul to his obedience. His children, as it is fit, have the same disposition with their father. They are tenebrious, and love *nocturnos conventus*,—meetings in the dark; as the powder-traitors met in the vault. But the eyes of Jehovah see not only things done on the tops of the mountains, but could spy the treason of the vault.

Secondly, And this is the consequent instruction which I would the devil's blinded guests should know: God sees.

Παντ' ἔφορᾷ, παντ' ἀκούει, καὶ παντὰ βραβεύει.†

There is nothing secret to his eye. He sees out sins in the book of eternity, before our own hearts conceived them. He sees them in our hearts when our inventions have given them form, and our intentions birth. He sees their action on the theatre of this earth, quite through the scene of our lives. He sees them when his wrathful eye takes notice of them, and his hand is lift up to punish them. There is nothing so secret and abstracted from the senses of men, ut *Creatoris aut lateat cogitationem, aut effugiat potestatem*,*—that it

may either lurk from the eye, or escape from the hand of God. No master of a family is so well acquainted with every corner of his house, or can so readily fetch any casket or box he pleaseth, as the Master of 'the whole family in heaven and earth,' Eph. 3:15, knows all the angles and vaults of the world.

'Jupiter est, quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris,'—

Acts 17:28, 'In him we live, move, and have our being.' The villany of the cloisters were not unseen to his revenging eye. Perhaps they took a recluse life that they might so preclude all suspicion; promising to the world contemplation, to their own thoughts close wickedness. They thought themselves secure, shadowed from the eye of notice, and fenced from the hand of justice. So they were in opinion out of the world; but in proof the world was in them: they were not more *politi*, strict in profession, than *polluti*, loose in conversation. But as dark as their vaults were, the all-seeing God descried their whoredoms and destroyed their habitations, or at least emptied them of so filthy tenants. The obscurity of their cells and dorters, thickness of walls, closeness of windows, with the cloak of a strict profession thrown over all the rest, could not make their sins dark to the eye of heaven.

Our impieties are not without witness. *Te videt angelus malus, videt te bonus, videt et malis major angelis, Deus,*†—The good angel, and the bad, and he that is better than the angels, 'far above all principalities and powers,' Heb. 1:4, sees thee. The just man sets forth his actions to be justified. *Lucem et æthera petit, et teste sole vivit,*‡—He loves the light, and walks with the witness of the sun. It is recorded of Jacob, Gen. 25:27, 'He was a plain man, dwelling in tents.' Nathanael, by the testimony of the best witness, was 'an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile,' John 1:47. It was the Rabbin's counsel to his scholar: Remember, there is a seeing eye, a hearing ear, a book written. *Sic vive cum hominibus quasi Deus videat: sic loquere Deo quasi homines audiant,*§—So converse with men as if God saw thee: so speak to God as if men heard thee. For,

non discessit Deus, quando recessit,—God is not absent, though thou dost not feel him present. Corporeal substances are in one place locally and circumscriptively; incorporeal created substances, neither locally nor circumscriptively, but definitively. God, the creating substance, is every whit in every place; not circumscriptively as the bodies, nor definitively as angels, but repletively, (*Jovis omnia plena*,) filling every place by his essence. He is hypostatically in Christ, graciously in his saints, gloriously in heaven, powerfully in hell. You see then the falsehood of the devil's assertion; sins would be secret, but they are not.

(3.) The bread of secrecy being described, I should come, in the third and last place, to the ascription, 'It is pleasant.' But because the former adjunct of sweetness doth but little diversify from this of pleasure, and I shall have just occasion to convince the promised delicacy from the proved misery, and for conclusive application, give me the leave of your patience to examine the truth of the (former) secrecy.

APPLICATION.—It is the devil's policy, though he cannot blind His eyes that made the light in heaven and the sight in man, yet he would darken our sins with the veil of secrecies from the view of the world. And are they so? No; the suffering eye sees them, and can point them out; nay, sensible demonstration speaks them to the ears, and objects them to the sight of man. The iniquities of these days are not ashamed to shew their faces, but walk the streets without fear of a serjeant. The sins of the city are as pert and apert as the sons of the city. I would iniquity was not bolder than honesty; or that innocence might speed no worse than nocence. *Absit ut sic, sed utinam ut vel sic*, saith St Augustine, in the like case; God forbid it should be so bad; yet I would it were no worse. For the times are so wheeled about to their old bias, that *vix licet esse bonum*, it is scarce safe to be an honest man. Suspicion makes the good evil, and flattery makes the evil good; the first in the opinion of others, the last in the opinion of themselves. Our faith is small, and led with reason; our life evil, and led without reason. *Corruptio morum tollit scientiam ethicam*,*—Our

evil manners shut up philosophy, and divinity too, into the cave of ignorance.

This forest of man and beast, the world, grows from evil to worse; like Nebuchadnezzar's dreamed image, Dan. 2:32, whose 'head was golden, silver arms, brazen thighs, but his feet were of iron and clay.' What Ovid did but poetize, experience doth moralise, our manners actually perform. This last stage is (as it must be) the worst. Our covetise saith, It is *terrea ætas*, an earthen age; our oppression, *ferrea ætas*, an iron age; our impudence, *ahenea ætas*, a brazen age. Neither *aurea* nor *argentea*, saith necessity. For the poor may say as the priest, 'Silver and gold have I none,' Acts 3:6. Let me say, our sins have made it worthy to be called *inferna ætas*, a hellish age.

Sin is called by Paul, Eph. 4, 'the old man;' but he is stronger now than he was in his infancy, *diebus Adami*,—in the days of Adam. Most men's repentance is in the knee or tongue, but their wickedness in the heart and hand. Money mars all; for this, and the pleasures this may procure, Esau sells his birthright, Heb. 12:16; Judas sells his Master, Matt. 26:15; Ahab sells himself to work wickedness, 1 Kings 21:25. Sin was wont to love privacy, as if she walked in fear. The tippler kept his private ale-bench, not the market-place; the adulterer his chamber, not (with Absalom, 2 Sam. 16:22) the house-top; the thief was for the night, or sequestrate ways; the corrupt lawyer took bribes in his study, not in the open hall; but now *peccata nullas petitura tenebras*—our sins scorn the dark. Men are so far from being ashamed of their fruitless lives, Rom. 6:21, that *mala comittunt, commissa jactant, jactata defendunt*,—they commit evil, boast that they committed, and defend that they boasted. 'Pride is worn as a chain, and cruelty as a garment,' Ps. 73:6; *conspectu omnium*—as proud of the fashion. They talk of a conscience that seeks covers, like Adam's fig-leaves; but these 'glory in their shame, whose end is damnation,' saith St Paul, Phil. 3:19. The very harlot comes short of them; she wipes her lips, and saith she hath not sinned. Better fare those that yet would be accounted honest.

We may justly parallel these times and our complaints to the prophet Isaiah's, chap. 3:9, 'The show of their countenance doth witness against them; they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. But woe be to their souls! for they have rewarded evil to themselves.' So the Jews answered God, pleading hard to them: 'There is no hope: no; for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go,' Jer. 2:25. Nay, resolutely they discharged God of further pains: ver. 31, 'We are lords, we will no more come unto thee.' Therefore Ezekiel denounceth their destruction, chap. 21:24, 'For this cause ye shall be taken with the hand' of judgment, 'because your sins are discovered; and in all your doings your transgressions do appear.' So the same people to the Son, as they had erst to the servants: 'We will not come unto thee.' 'How often would I have gathered you, but you would not!' 'Ye will not come at me, that you might have life,' John 5:40. The way is easy; you shall have life for coming; it is worth your labour; you can have it nowhere else; then 'come to me.' No; you will not come at me: as Daniel answered Belshazzar, 'Keep thy rewards to thyself, and give thy gifts to another,' Dan. 5:17.

These are sins with lifting up the hand and heel against God: the hand in opposition, the heel in contempt. There are two ladders whereby men climb into heaven—the godly by their prayers, the wicked by their sins. By this latter ladder did Sodom and Nineveh climb. God grant our sins be not such climbers, that press into the presence-chamber of heaven, and will be acquainted with God, though to our confusion. Are our wickednesses done in this region and sphere of sin, the earth; and must they come to heaven first? Must the news be in the court of what is done in the country, before the country itself know of it? Our consciences take no notice of our own iniquities; but they complain in the audience-court of heaven, and sue out an outlawry against us. So impudent and unblushing is our wickedness, that with the prophet we may complain, 'Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? nay, they were not at all ashamed; neither could they blush,' Jer. 6:15, 8:12, (both places in the same words.) Our sins keep not low water, the tide of them is ever swelling; they are objects to the general eye, and proud that they

may be observed. And let me tell you, many of the sins I have taxed, as secret and silent as you take them, and as hoarsely as they are thought to speak, are no less than thunder to heaven, and lightning to men. They do vocally ascend, that would actually, if they could.

The labourer's hire cries in the gripolous landlord's hand, James 5:4. The furrows of the encloser cry, complain, nay, weep against him; for so is the Hebrew word, Job 31:38. The vain-glorious builder hath 'the stone crying out of the wall against him, and the beam out of the timber answering it,' Hab. 2:11. The blasphemer's 'tumult cries, and is come up into the ears of God,' 2 Kings 19:28. The oppressor's rage and violence reacheth up to heaven, and 'is continually before me, saith the Lord,' Jer. 6:7. These are crying sins, and have shrill voices in heaven; neither are they submiss and whispering on the earth.

To be short: most men are either publicans or Pharisees,—either they will do no good, or lose that they do by ostentation. Many act the part of a religious man, and play devotion on the world's theatre, that are nothing beside the stage; all for sight; angels in the highway, devils in the byway; so monstrous out of the church that they shame religion. It was proverbied on Nero, 'It must needs be good that Nero persecutes:' their wicked lives give occasion to the world to invert it on them, 'It must needs be evil that such wretches profess.' Others are like publicans. Only they were christened when they were babes, and could not help it; but, as angry at that indignity, they oppose Christ all their lives.

Take heed, beloved! hell was not made for nothing. The devil scorns to have his court empty: you will not bend, you shall break; you will not serve God, God will serve himself of you. How many stand here guilty of some of these sins! How many may say with Æneas, *Et quorum pars magna fui*, whereof I have a great share! Many cry out, 'The days are evil,' whiles they help to make them worse. All censure, none amend. If every one would pluck a brand from this fire, the flame would go out of itself. But whiles we cast in our iniquities as fuel, and blow it with the bellows of disobedience, we make it strong

enough to consume us; yea, and all we have. For God will not spare ever; he is just, and must strike.

Shall we loosen our hands to impiety, and tie God from vengeance? I have often read and seen that 'mercy and truth meet together,' that 'righteousness and peace kiss one another,' Ps. 85:10. But mercy and sinfulness keep not the same house; peace and wickedness are mere strangers. To reconcile these is harder than to make the wolf and lamb live together in quiet, Isa. 57:21. Think not that God cannot strike. *Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, et res non potuit servare suas.** The heathen gods could not avenge their own quarrels; but our God can punish a thousand ways—fire, plague, war, famine, &c. *Mille nocendi artes.* Our sins may thrive a while, and batten, because they live in a friendly air and apt soil; but in the end they will overthrow both themselves and us. *Civitatis eversio est morum, non murorum, casus, †*—A city's overthrow is sooner wrought by lewd lives than weak walls. Were the walls of our cities as strong-turreted and inexpugnable as the wall that Phocas built about his palace, yet it may be really performed on them, as the voice in the night told him. Did they reach the clouds, they may be scaled: the sin within will mar all. *Graviores sunt inimici mores pravi, quam hostes infesti. ‡* Our worst enemies are our sins. And though these punishments fall not suddenly, yet certainly, if repentance step not between. Adam did not die presently on his sin; yet God's word was true upon him: for he became instantly mortal, sure to die, and fell, as it were, into a consumption that never left him, till it brought him to the grave. God hath leaden feet, but iron hands. Take heed, ye feasting robbers: when God struck that secret thief Judas, he struck home; he took away the world from him, or rather him from the world, and sent him 'to his own place,' Acts 1:25. Feast, revel, riot, covet, engross, extort, hoard, whiles you will. Earth is not your house, but your bridge; you must pass over it, either to Canaan or Egypt, heaven or hell; every man to his own place.

Grant, O dear Father, that we may so run our short pilgrimage on earth, that our dwelling-place may be with thy majesty in heaven,

through the merits and mercies of our Saviour Jesus Christ! Amen.

THE FATAL BANQUET

THE SHOT; OR, THE WOEFUL PRICE WHICH THE WICKED PAY FOR THE FEAST OF VANITY

But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.—PROV. 9:18.

SATAN'S guests are unhappily come from the end of a feast to the beginning of a fray. As the Sodomites ate and drank till the fire was about their ears, so these are jovial and sing care away; but it seems by the sequel that the devil will not be pleased with a song, as the host in the fable with the singing guest. He cries out, as the usurer at his spawning hour, 'Give me my money.' Arguments are held compliments; persuasions, entreaties, promises of speedy satisfaction, will do no good on him that hath no good in him: he is like the cuckoo, always in one tune, 'Give me my money.' The debtor may entreat, this creditor will not retreat; he will to war, (you know the usurer's war,) except he may have his money. So the great usurer, the devil,—I hope usurers do not scorn the comparison,—when the feast is done, looks for a reckoning. The usurer, perhaps, will take security; so will the devil. Security and deadness of heart will a great while please him. But when Dives hath dined, the devil takes away. Death is his knife, and hell his voider. He takes away one dish more than he set down: instead of the reversion, the feasters themselves, nay, the feastmaker too; for Dives is the founder and Satan is the confounder: the one provides meat for the belly, the other, by God's sufferance, 'destroys them both,' 1 Cor. 6:13. Satan, according to the tricks of some shifting hostess, bids many friends to a feast, and then beats them with the spit. Dainty cheer, but a saucy reckoning. The feast is vanity, the shot vexation, Eccles. 1. Thus they that worship their belly as god, temple themselves in hell; and as 'their end is

damnation,' Phil. 3:19, so their damnation is without end. 'Therefore shall they go captive with the first that go captive, and the banquet of them that stretched themselves shall be removed,' Amos 6:7.

I would willingly lead you through some suburbs before I bring you to the main city of desolation, and shew you the wretched conclusion of this banquet, and confusion of these guests. All which arise from the conterminat situation, or, if I may so speak, from the respondent opposition of these two sermons, Wisdom's and Folly's,—that is, God's and Satan's. For this sad sequel is, if not a relative, yet a redditive demonstration of their misery; for after the infection of sin follows that infliction of punishment. The turrets I would lead you by are built and consist of farewells and welcomes; of some things deposed, and some things imposed; positive and privative circumstances; valedictions and maledictions: they take their leaves of temporal and affected joys, and turn upon eternal and cursed sorrows. I will limit these general observations into four.

Obs. 1.—All sinful joys are dammed (if not damned) up with a but. They are troubled with a but-plague, like a bee with a sting in her tail. They have a worm that crops them, nay, gnaws asunder their very root; though they shoot up more hastily, and spread more spaciously than Jonah's gourd. There is great preparation of this banquet, properation to it, participation of it; all is carried with joy and jousance: there is a corrective but, a veruntamen spoils all in the upshot; a little coloquintida, that embitters the broth; a perilous, a pernicious rock, that splits the ship in the haven. When all the prophecies of ill success have been held as Cassandra's riddles, when all the contrary winds of afflictions, all the threatened storms of God's wrath, could not dishearten the sinner's voyage to these Netherlands, here is a but that shipwrecks all; the very mouth of a bottomless pit, not shallower than hell itself.

It is observable that Solomon's proverbial says are so many select aphorisms, containing, for the most part, a pair of cross and thwart sentences, handled rather by collation than relation, whose

conjunction is disjunctive. The proverbs are not joined with an et but an at, with a but rather than with an and. 'Stolen waters are sweet,' &c.; 'but he knoweth not,' &c. It stands in the midst, like a rudder or oar, to turn the boat another way. 'Rejoice, O young man,' &c.; 'but know that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment,' &c., Eccles. 11:9. All runs smooth, and inclines to the bias of our own affections, till it lights upon this rub. The Babel of iniquity is built up apace, till confusion steps in with a but. It is like the sudden clap of a serjeant on a gallant's shoulder. He is following his lusts, full scent and full cry; the arrest strikes him with a but, and all is at a loss.

As in a fair summer's morning, when the lark hath called up the sun, and the sun the husbandman; when the earth hath opened her shop of perfumes, and a pleasant wind fans coolness through the air; when every creature is rejoiced at the heart, on a sudden the furious winds burst from their prisons, the thunder rends the clouds, and makes way for the lightning, and the spouts of heaven stream down showers; a hideous tempest sooner damps all the former delight than a man's tongue can well express it. With no less content do these guests of sin pass their life; they eat to eat, drink to drink, often to sleep, always to surfeit; they carol, dance, spend their present joys, and promise themselves infallible supply. On a sudden this but comes like an unlooked-for storm, and turns all into mourning, and such mourning as Rachel had for her children, that will not be comforted, because their joys are not.

A wicked man runs headlong in the night of his unwaked security after his wonted sports, and because he keeps his old path, which never interrupted him with any obstacle, he nothing doubts but to speed as he had wont; but his enemy hath digged a pit in his way, and in he topples, even to the depths of hell. Thus wicked joys end with wretched sorrows, and as man hath his sic, so God hath his sed. If we will have our will in sin, it is fit he should have his will in punishing. To this sense, Solomon frequently in his Proverbs. They will pursue wickedness, but they shall be plagued. I have forbidden usury, adultery, swearing, malice, as unclean meats; you will feed on

them; but you shall be punished. There is a reckoning behind, a butt they never shot at; but they shot besides the butt the whiles. God hath prepared them as the miserable marks, Job 7:20, that shall receive the arrows of his vengeance, till they are drunk with blood. They shall suffer that in passion which Job spake in apprehension: chap. 6:4, 'The arrows of the Almighty shall be within them, the poison whereof shall drink up their spirits; and the terrors of God shall set themselves in array against them.' So Moses sung in the person of God against the wicked, Deut. 32:42, 'I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall cut flesh,' &c. They forget that when God shall 'rebuke them in his wrath, and chasten them in his hot displeasure, his arrows shall stick fast in them, and his hand shall press them sore,' Ps. 38:1, 2. This is their sad epilogue, or rather the breaking off their scene in the midst. The banquet of stolen waters and secret bread is pleasant; but 'the dead are there, and the guests be in the depths of hell.'

Obs. 2.—The devil doth but cozen the wicked with his cates: as before in the promise of delicacy, so here of perpetuity. He sets the countenance of continuance on them, which indeed are more fallible in their certainty than flourishable in their bravery. Their banqueting-house is very slippery, Ps. 73:18; and the feast itself a mere dream, ver. 20. Let the guest preserve but reason, and he shall easily make the collection: that if for the present *gaudia plus aloe quam mellis habent*, to the compound of his joys there go more bitter than sweet simples, what will then the end be? Even such a one as at once *consumit delicias, consummat miserias*,—makes an end of their short pleasures, and begins their lasting pains. This my text salutes them as the mason was wont to salute the emperor at his coronation, with a lapful of stones:—

'Elige ab his saxis, ex quo, augustissime Cæsar,

Iipse tibi tumulum me fabricare velis;—

'Choose, great emperor, out of this whole heap, what stone thou best likest for thine own sepulchre.' You that crown your days with rosebuds, and flatter your hearts with a kingdom over pleasures, think of a low grave for your bodies, and a lower room for your souls. It is the subtlety of our common enemy to conceal this woe from us so long, that we might see it and feel it at once. For if we could but foresee it, we would fear it; if we truly feared it, we would use the means not to feel it.

Our most fortified delights are like the child's castle, done down with a fillip: σκία, nay, σκιάς ὄναρ, a shadow, the very dream of a shadow; a rotten post, slightly painted; a paper tower, which the least puff overturns.

'Cuncta trahit secum, vertitque volubile tempus;'

Time whirls about the world, and makes all inferior things to travel and spend themselves together with him. Sinful and earthly delight is well called amiable, fragile, feeble, a thing soon loved, sooner ended; but long, very long, lamented: a rotten nut, fair, but hollow. Though philosophy saith there is no vacuity in rerum natura, yet divinity saith there is nothing but vacuity in naturæ rebus. Nature, as it is not only corrupt of itself, but made more foul in the evil man's use, hath nothing in it but vanity; and vanity is nothing, a mere emptiness, a vacuity. Hence, if Aristotle commends the 'nature of things,' the better philosopher, Solomon, discommends the 'things of nature,' especially in their base and bad usage. Only the devil's feast-house hath a fair bush at the door, (yet if the wine were good, what needs the ivy?) and 'therefore his people turn in thither, and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them,' Ps. 73:10. But when they are once in, they find themselves deceived, for 'the dead are there,' &c.

Then put no trust in so weak comforts, that will be unto you, as Egypt to Israel, a reed, which when you lean upon, it will not only fail you, but the splinters shall run into your hand. 'You shall be ashamed of your weak confidence. The burden of the beasts of the south: into

the land of trouble,' &c., Isa. 30:5, 6. I am no prognosticator; yet if cosmography affirm that we live in a southern climate, and experience testify that we have many beasts among us, methinks the words lie as fit for us as if they were purposely made. How many in our land by loss of conscience are become atheists, and by loss of reason, beasts; who run so fast to this Egyptian feast of wickedness, that he speaks easiest against them that speaks but of a burden! These having found Satan's temptations sweet for the daintiness, judging by their own lusts, dare also take his word for the continuance. But if the great table of this earth shall be overthrown, what shall become of the dainties that the hand of nature hath set on it? To which purpose saith Jerome, *Oh si possemus in talem ascendere speculam, de qua universam terram sub nostris pedibus cerneremus, jam tibi ostenderem totius orbis ruinas, &c.,**—If it could be granted us to stand on some lofty pinnacle, from which we might behold the whole earth under our feet, how easy a persuasion would make these earthly pleasures seem vile in our opinion! You say, your pleasures are for number manifold, for truth manifest, for dimension great; grant all, though all be false; yet they are for time short, for end sour. *Breve est, quod dilectat: æternum, quod cruciat,*—It is short, that pleaseth them; everlasting, that plagueth them. Pleasure is a channel, and death the sea whereinto it runs. *Mellifluus ingressus, fellifluus regressus,*—Yield your joys sweet at the porch, so you grant them bitter at the postern. *Securus et securis* must meet; wickedness and wretchedness must be made acquainted. The lewd man's dinner shall have that rich man's supper, Luke 12:20, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' The devil then, you see, is a crafty and cheating host, whose performance falls as short of his promise as time doth of eternity. Let then the Apostle's caveat, Eph. 5:6, be the use of this observation: 'Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience.'

Obs. 3.—The punishments of the wicked are most usually in the like; proper and proportional to their offences. Solomon here opposeth the 'house of mourning' to the 'house of feasting;' as in express

terms, Eccles. 7:2: for as it is fit in the body that surfeit should be followed with death, so those that greedily make themselves sick with sin become justly dead in soul. They have affected the works of hell, therefore it is just that hell should expect them, and that every one should be granted their own place, Acts 1:25. As they would not know what they did till they had done it, so they fitly know not the place whither they go till they are in it. Nescit,—'he knoweth not,' &c. For the high places, which their ambition climbed to, ver. 14, they are cast down, like Lucifer, to the lowest place, the depth of hell. As Simon Magus would fly with arrogance, so he came down with a vengeance, and broke his neck. See how fitly they are requited. 'They eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence,' Prov. 4:17; now they are scanted of both, except they will eat the bread of gall, and drink their own tears.

Thus Pharaoh drowns the Hebrew males in a river, Exod. 1:22; therefore is drowned himself with his army in a sea, Exod. 14:28. He had laid insupportable burdens on Israel; God returns them with full weight, number, measure. When Israel had cut off the thumbs and great toes of Adoni-bezek, hear the maimed king confess the equity of this judgment: Judges 1:7, 'Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God hath requited me.' As proud Bajazet threatened to serve Tamerlane, being conquered,—to imprison him in a cage of iron, and carry him about the world in triumph,—so the Scythian having took that bragging Turk, put him to the punishment which himself had lessoned; carrying and carting him through Asia, to be scorned of his own people. Thus Haman is hanged on his own gallows, Esth. 7:10. Perillus tries the trick of his own torment.

The Papists, that would have fired us in a house, were themselves fired out of a house. Gunpowder spoiled some of their eyes, musket-shot killed others, the engines of their own conspiracy; and the rest were advanced higher by the head than the Parliament-house, that would have lifted us higher, of purpose to give us the more mortal fall. God hath retaliated their works into their own bosoms. 'They

travailed with iniquity, conceived mischief;' and, lo, the birth is their own sorrow. 'They have digged a pit for us,'—and that low, unto hell, —'and are fallen into it themselves,' Ps. 7:14, 15.

'Nec enim lex æquior ulla est

Quam necis artifices, arte perire sua;'

No juster law can be devised or made,

Than that sin's agents fall by their own trade.'

The order of hell proceeds with the same degrees; though it give a greater portion, yet still a just proportion of torment. These wretched guests were too busy with the waters of sin; behold, now they are in the depth of a pit, 'where no water is.' Dives, that wasted so many tuns of wine, cannot now procure water, not a pot of water, not a handful of water, not a drop of water, to cool his tongue. Desideravit guttam, qui non dedit micam.* A just recompense! He would not give a crumb; he shall not have a drop. Bread hath no smaller fragment than a crumb, water no less fraction than a drop. As he denied the least comfort to Lazarus living, so Lazarus shall not bring him the least comfort dead. Thus the pain for sin answers the pleasure of sin. Where now are those delicate morsels, deep carouses, loose laughters, proud port, midnight revels, wanton songs? Why begins not this fellow-guest with a new health, or the music of some ravishing note? or, if all fail, hath his fool-knavish parasite no obscene jest that may give him delight? Alas! hell is too melancholy a place for mirth. All the music is round-echoing groans; all the water is muddy with stench; all the food anguish!

Thus damnable sins shall have semblable punishments; and as Augustine of the tongue, so we may say of any member: Si non reddet Deo faciendo quæ debet, reddet ei patiendo quæ debet,—If it will not serve God in action, it shall serve him in passion. Where voluntary obedience is denied, involuntary anguish shall be suffered. Know this, thou swearer, that as thy tongue spits abroad the flames

of hell, so the flames of hell shall be poured on thy tongue. As the drunkard will not now keep the cup of satiety from his mouth, so God shall one day hold the cup of vengeance to it, and he shall drink the dregs thereof. As the usurers are tormentors of the commonwealth on earth, so they shall meet with tormentors in hell, that shall transcend them both in malice and subtlety, and load them with bonds and executions, and (which is strangely possible) heavier than those they have so long traded in. The church-robber, encloser, engrosser, shall find worse prowling and pilling in hell than themselves used on earth; and as they have been the worst devils to their country's wealth, so the worst of devils shall attend them. The unclean adulterer shall have fire added to his fire. And the covetous wretch, that never spake but in the horse-leech's language, and carried a mouth more yawning than the grave's, is now quitted with his *nunquam satis*, and finds enough of fire 'in the depths of hell.'

Obs. 4.—The devil hath feasted the wicked, and now the wicked feast the devil, and that with a very chargeable banquet. For the devil is a dainty prince, and more curious in his diet than Vitellius. He feeds, like the cannibal, on no flesh but man's flesh. He loves no venison but the heart, no fowl but the breast, no fish but the soul. As the 'ungodly have eaten up God's people as bread,' Ps. 14:4, so themselves shall be eaten as bread: it is just that they be devoured by others that have devoured others. As they have been lions to crash the bones of the poor, so a lion shall crash their bones, they are Satan's feast, he shall 'devour them,' 1 Pet. 5:8. Thus they that were the guests are now the banquet: as they have been feasted with evils, so they feast the devils.

Make a little room in your hearts, ye fearless and desperate wretches, for this meditation. Behold, now, as in a speculative glass, the devil's hospitality. Once be wise; believe without trial, without feeling. Yield but to be 'ashamed of your sins,' Rom. 6:21, and then I can, with comfort, ask you 'what fruit they ever brought you.' Let me but appeal from Philip of Macedon when he is drunk, to Philip of Macedon when he is sober,—from your bewitched lusts to your

waked consciences,—and you must needs say, that *brevis hæc, non vera voluptas*. All 'the works of darkness are unfruitful,' Eph. 5:11, except in producing and procuring 'utter darkness,' Matt. 8:12. Sin is the devil's earnest-penny on earth; in hell he gives the inheritance. Temptation is his press-money: by rebellion, oppression, usury, blasphemy, the wicked, like faithful soldiers, fight his battles. When the field is won, or rather lost, (for if he conquers, they are the spoil,) in the depth of hell he gives them pay. Who, then, would march under his colours, who, though he promise kingdoms, Matt. 4:9, cannot perform a hog? Matt. 8:31. Alas, poor beggar! he hath nothing of his own but sin, and death, and hell, and torment. *Nihil ad effectum, ad defectum satis*,—No positive good, enough privative evil.

Even those that pass their souls to him by a real covenant, he cannot enrich: they live and die most penurious beggars, as they do pernicious villains. And they upon whom God suffers him to throw the riches of this world, as a snare over their hearts, which he cannot do but at second-hand, have not enough to keep either their heads from aching or their consciences from despairing. Thus, though God permit them, to help 'the rich man to fill his barns,' Luke 12, the usurer to swell his coffers, the luxurious to poison his blood, the malicious to gnaw his bowels, the sacrilegious to amplify his revenues, the ambitious to advance credit; yet there is neither will in God, nor willingness in the devil, that any of these should be a blessing unto them. All is but borrowed ware, and the customers shall pay for day: the longer they abuse them, the larger arrearages they must return. Only here I may say, that *bona sunt quæ dona sunt*,—they are goods that are gifts. God gives his graces freely, the devil his junkets falsely; for the guests must pay, and that dearly, when the least item in the bill, for pains, is beyond the greatest dish of the feast, for pleasures.

Solomon's sermon spends itself upon two circumstances:—

I. The persons.

II. The place.

I. The persons are—

1. The tempter; she, a right harlot, as appears—(1.) By her prostitution; (2.) By her prodition; (3.) By her perdition.

2. The tempted; the dead. All death, whether, (1.) corporal, (2.) spiritual, or, (3.) eternal, is from sin.

3. The attempted; he knoweth not. Whose ignorance is either—(1.) natural; (2.) invincible; (3.) affected; or, (4.) arrogant.

II. The place. Where their misery is amplified, 1. In part personally; per infirmitatem, by their weakness to resist; soon in. 2. In part locally—(1.) Per infernitatem, in hell; (2.) Per profunditatem, in the depth of hell.

I. 1. The person tempting, or the harlot, is vice; ugly and deformed vice: that with glazed eyes, sulphured cheeks, pied garments, and a Siren's tongue, wins easy respect and admiration. When the heat of tentation shall glow upon concupiscence, the heart quickly melts. The wisest, Solomon, was taken and snared by a woman; which foul adultery bred as foul an issue, or rather progeniem vitiosiore, a worse, idolatry. Satan therefore shapes his temptation in the lineaments of a harlot, as most fit and powerful to work upon man's affections. Certain it is that all delighted vice is a spiritual adultery.

The covetous man couples his heart to his gold; the gallant is incontinent with his pride; the corrupt officer fornicates with bribery; the usurer sets continual kisses on the cheek of his security. The heart is set where the hate should be; and every such sinner spends his spirits to breed and see the issue of his desires. Sin, then, is the devil's harlot, which being tricked up in tempting colours, draws in visitants, præmittendo suavia, promittendo perpetua,—giving the kisses of pleasure, and promising them perpetual. We may observe in this strumpet—

(1.) Prostitution. Prov. 7:13, 'So she caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him,' &c. Shame now-a-days begins to grow so stale, that many vices shall vie in impudent speeches and gestures with the harlot. 'Come, let us take our fill of love,' ver. 18; as Potiphar's wife to Joseph, without any preparatory circumlocutions or insinuations, 'Come, lie with me.' Sin never stands to untie the knot of God's interdiction, but bluntly breaks it; as the devil at first to the roots of mankind, Gen. 3, 'Ye shall not die.' The usurer never loseth so much time as to satisfy his conscience; it is enough to satisfy his concupiscence. A good mortgage lies sick of a forfeit, and at the usurer's mercy. It is as surely damned as the extortioner will be when he lies at the mercy of the devil. These are so far from that old quære of Christians, *Quid faciemus?*—What shall we do? that they will not admit the novel question of these toytheaded times, What shall we think? They will not give the conscience leave, after a tedious and importunate sollicitation, to study of the matter; but are more injurious and obdurate to their own souls than that unjust judge to the widow.

A cheat is offered to a tradesman, an enclosure to a landlord, an underhand fee clapped in the left hand of a magistrate; if they be evil, and corruption hath first marshalled the way, the field is won. They never treat with sin for truce, or pause on an answer, but presently yield the fort of their conscience. No wonder, then, if the devil's harlot be so bold, when she is so sure of welcome. It is our weakness that gives Satan encouragement; if we did resist, he would desist. Our weak repulses hearten and provoke his fiercer assaults. He would not shew the worldling his apparent horns, if he did not presume of his covetous desire to be horsed on the back of Mammon, and hurried to hell. Hence sin is so bold as to say 'in the wicked heart,' *Non est Deus*,—'There is no God,' Ps. 14:1; and so peremptorily to conclude to itself, Ps. 10:6, 'I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity.' Hence, Ps. 49:11, 'Even their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever,' &c. This is presumptuous and whorish prostitution, to set out iniquity barefaced, without the mask of pretexts to hide her ugly visage: an

impetuous, a meretricious impudence, that not with a feminine rapture, but rather with a masculine rape, captives the conscience. You see folly's prostitution.

(2.) Prodition is the rankling tooth that follows her ravishing kisses. Judas kissed his Master with the same heart. Iniquity hath an infectious breath, if a fair countenance. All her delights are like fair and sweet flowers, but full of serpents. The vanquished concludes with a groan—

'Sic violor, violis, oh violenta, tuis;'—

Thy soft flowers have stung me to death. For indeed it is most true, *Nemo ipsum peccatum amat, sed male amando illud quod amat, illaqueatur peccato,**—No man loves sin for its own sake; but by an irregular and sinister love to that he doth love, he is snared with sin. The devil knows that his Ephesian harlot, vice, would want worshippers, if treason and death were written upon the temple door; therefore health and content are proclaimed, and as on the theatre presented; but there is hell under the stage, there is treason in the vault.

Thus temptation misleads the navigators with a pirate's light; deceives the living fowls with a dead bird: a Siren, a Judas, a Jebusite, a Jesuit. For were the Jesuit to play the devil, or the devil the Jesuit, on the stage of this world, it would be hard to judge which was the Jesuit, which the devil, or which played the part most naturally. As iniquities are Satan's harlots to corrupt the affections, so Jesuits are his engines to pervert the brains; for if the new guest here be heart-sick, so their proselyte is brain-sick. Both are made so dissolute, till they become desolate, robbed, and destitute of all comfort.

Sin deals with her guests as that bloody prince, that having invited many great states to a solemn feast, flattered and singled them one by one, and cut off all their heads. As fatal a success attends on the

flatteries of sin. Oh, then, *fuge exulceratricem hanc*,—fly this harlot, that carries death about her. Go aloof from her door, as, they say, the devil doth by the cross; but (lest that savour of supposition, nay, of superstition) do thou in sincere devotion fly from sin, *quasi à facie colubri*,—as from a serpent. She hath a Siren's voice, mermaid's face, a Helen's beauty to tempt thee; but a leper's touch, a serpent's sting, a traitorous hand to wound thee. The best way to conquer sin is by Parthian war, to run away. So the poet—

'*Sed fuge; tutus adhuc Parthus ab hoste fuga est.*'

Tunc peccata fugantur, cum fugiantur,—We then put sin to a forced flight, when it puts us to a voluntary flight. That poetical *amoris artifex et medicus* so counsels: *Fuge conscia vestri concubitus, &c.* But beyond all exception, the holy Apostle gives the charge, 'Flee fornication.' Shun the place, suspect the appearance of evil. You see her prodition.

(3.) Her perdition follows. She undoes a man; not so much in estate of his carcase, as of his conscience. The guest is not so much damnified in respect of his goods, as damned in respect of his grace. Every man is not undone that is beggared; many, like Job, *minime pereunt, cum maxime perire videntur*,—are indeed least undone, when they seem most undone. Nay, some may say with the philosopher, *Perieram, nisi periissem*,—If I had not sustained loss, I had been lost. So David's great trouble made him a good man; Naaman's leprous flesh brought him a white and clean spirit. But the perdition that vice brings is not so visible as it is miserable. The sequel of the text will amplify this; only now I apply it to the harlot. The harlot destroys a man many ways:—

[1.] In his goods. It is a costly sin. Tamar would not yield to Judah without a hire. The hire makes the whore.

'*Stat meretrix certo quovis mercabilis ære,*

Et miseras jusso corpore quærit opes;'—

'Compared with harlots, the worst beast is good:

No beasts, but they, will sell their flesh and blood.'

The old proverb conjoins venery and beggary. The prodigal returned not from his harlot without an empty purse. Sin doth no less undo a man's estate. It is a purgatory to his patrimony. It is objected: it rather helps him to riches, and swells his purse. Doth not a bribed hand, a sycophant tongue, a covetous and griping palm, make men wealthy? Yield wealthy, not rich. He is rich that possesseth what he got justly, and useth what he possesseth conscionably. Other wealthy men are not unlike either the Capuchins or the Seculars. Some, like the former, profess beggary, though they possess the Indies; these had rather fill their eye than their belly, and will not break a sum though they endanger their healths. The other sort are like the Seculars, that will fare well, though with a hard farewell. But as the harlot, so often vice 'brings a man to a morsel of bread,' Prov. 6:26. Thus tibi fit damno, vitio lucrosa voluptas,—pleasure is no less than a loss to thee, than a gain to sin. It is not amiss to answer Satan's inviters to this feast, as the vicious poet his cockatrice—

'Cur sim mutatus quæris? quia munera poscis.

Hæc te non patitur causa placere mihi;—

It is even one reason to dissuade us from sin, that it is costly.

[2.] In his good name. No worldly undoing is like this shipwreck. Goods may be redeemed, but this semel amissa, postea nullus eris, once utterly lost, thou art nobody. It is hard to recover the set, when a man is put to the after-game for his credit. Though many a man's reputation be but hypenemium ovum, a rotten egg, whiles he is a great dealer with other men's goods, and of himself no better than a beggar; and though the most famous are but astmatici, short-breathed men, and their reputation no better than Ephraim's righteousness, but 'a morning dew;' yet actum est de homine, cum

actum est de nomine,—when a man's good name is done, himself is undone.

A man indeed may lose his good name without cause, and be at once accused and abused, when slanders against him are maliciously raised and easily accepted; but 'God shall bring forth his righteousness as the light, and his judgment as the noon-day,' Ps. 37:6. Contrarily, another man hides the ulcers of his sore conscience with the plasters of sound repute. But to be puffed up with the wrongful estimation of ourselves, by the flattering breath of others' blown praises, is a ridiculous pride. *Sæpe flagellatur in corde proprio, qui laudatur in ore alieno,*—Many that are commended in others' mouths are justly subdued in their own conscience. Such a one cozens his neighbours, they one another, and all himself. And as originally the deceit came from him, so eventually the shame will end in him. Hence they whose fames have been carried furthest on the wings of report, have been after, by the manifestation of their wickedness, more dead in men's thoughts than in their own carcase; for 'the name of the wicked shall rot,' Prov. 10:7.

This is the mischief which sin in general, as whoredom in particular, works to the name: a rotten reputation, an infamous fame, a reproach for a report; that their silent memories are never conjured up from the grave of oblivion, but, as the 'son's of Nebat,' for their own disgrace, and to deter men from the imitation of their wickedness. It were well for them, if Time, which unnaturally devours his own brood, could as well still their mention as it hath stayed their motion; or that their memorial might not survive their funeral. Now, though it be no evident demonstration, yet it is a very ominous and suspicious thing to have an ill name. The proverb saith, he is half-hanged. A thief before the judge speeds the worse for his notorious name. Is this all? No; but as he whose breath is stifled with a cord is wholly hanged, so he that hath strangled his own reputation, which is the breath of his breath, with a lewd life, is at least half suspended. His infamy hangs on the gibbet of popular

contempt till it be recovered. He is half alive, half a corpse. It was the plain meaning of the proverb.

Now, that a bad name is a broad shame, it appears, because no stew-hunter would be called a whoremonger, no Papist an idolater, no usurer a usurer. All sinners are ashamed to be accounted what they have assumed to be. But it is certain that if a man be ashamed of his name, his name may be ashamed of him. As thou lovest thy reputation with men, seek the testimony of thine own conscience. It is the best fame that carries credit with God. Let men say what they list, O Lord, thou knowest mine innocence. Yet, because it is hard to do good unless a man be reputed good, therefore dare not to darken the light of thy name by the gross clouds of thy impieties. This is the second destruction that continued vice brings her lovers. Prov. 6:33, 'A wound and dishonour shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away.' When he hath done it, he is undone by it. Perdit honorem, perdendo honestatem,—The dishonesty in him shall bring dishonour to him: he builds, Haman-like, a gallows for his own credit.

[3.] In his health. The precepts of Wisdom, practised with obedience, 'bring health to the flesh, and are life to those that find them,' Prov. 4:22; but sin is 'rottenness to the bones.' 'He that committeth fornication,' saith St Paul, 1 Cor. 6:18, 'sinneth against his own body.' Let it be inevitably true in this sin, it is, at least accidentally, true in all sins. For though God suffers some reprobates to keep 'firm health,' and to escape 'common plagues;' that they have 'fat eyes,' Ps. 73:4, 5, 7, and clear lungs, 'merry hearts' and 'nimble loins,' Job 21:12; and can stroke their grey hairs, ver. 7; yet often he either puts them on the rack of some terrible disease, or quite puts out their candle. 'Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days,' Ps. 55:23. All sickness originally proceeds from sin, all weakness from wickedness. As Mephibosheth caught his lameness by falling from his nurse, so all men their diseasedness by falling from their Christ. The evil disposition of the soul mars the good composition of the body. There is no disaster to the members but for disorder in the

manners. All diseases are God's real sermons from heaven, whereby he accuseth and punisheth man for his sins.

The harlot is a plague to the flesh: she is worse than a fever, more infectious than the pestilence. Every nation hath his several disease; but the harlot is a universal plague, whereof no nation is free. She makes the strong man glad of potion, brings health acquainted with the physician; and he that stoutly denied the knowledge of his gate, now stands trembling at his study door, with a bare head, a bending knee, and a humble phrase. She is the common sink of all corruptions, both natural and preternatural, incident to the conscience or corpse; and hath more diseases attending on her than the hospital.

The Midianitish harlot, Num. 25, sin, leads in a train of no fewer nor weaker plagues. Consumptions, fevers, inflammations, botches, emerods, pestilences, are peccati pedissequæ, the observant handmaids of iniquity. As it is, then, wicked to 'take the members of Christ, and make them the members of a harlot,' 1 Cor. 6:15; so it is wretched to divorce the affections of the mind from God, and wed them to any impiety. Thus do these pair of harlots impair the health.

[4.] They both concur to spoil a man's soul; whiles the Soul of the soul, God's Spirit, quo agitante calescimus, is by this bereaved us. Acts 17:28, 'In him we live, move, and have our being.' In illo vivimus: vivimus per naturam, bene vivimus per gratiam. In illo movemur, vel movemur potius, ad humana, ad divina opera suscipienda. Καὶ ἔσμεν; essentiam habemus, quoad esse, et quoad bene esse;—In him all live naturally, some graciously. In him we move, or rather are moved, to the performance, all of human works, some of divine. In him we have our being; both that we are at all, and that we are well. This better life is the soul spoiled of when sin hath taken it captive. 'The adulteress will hunt for the precious life,' Prov. 6:26. She is ambitious, and would usurp God's due, and claim the heart, the soul. 'He that doth love her destroyeth his own soul,' ver. 32: which she loves not for itself, but for the destruction of it; that all

the blossoms of grace may dwindle and shrink away, as blooms in a nipping frost; and all our comforts run from us, as flatterers from a falling greatness, or as vermin from a house on fire. Nay, even both thy lives are endangered. The wicked man 'goeth after her, as a fool to the correction of the stocks; till a dart strike through his liver, as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life,' Prov. 7:23. It is as inevitably true of the spiritual harlot's mischief; for 'the turning away of the simple shall slay them,' Prov. 1:32. Save my life, and take my goods, saith the prostrate and yielding traveller to the thief. But there is no mercy with this enemy: the life must pay for it. She is worse than that invincible navy, that threatened to cut the throats of all, men, women, infants; but I would to God she might go hence again without her errand, as they did, and have as little cause to brag of her conquests.

2. Thus have we described the temptress. The tempted follows, who are here called the dead. There be three kinds of death—corporal, spiritual, eternal: corporal, when the body leaves this life; spiritual, when the soul forsakes and is forsaken of grace; eternal, when both shall be thrown into hell. The first is the separation of the soul from the body; the second is the separation of body and soul from grace; and the third is the separation of them both from everlasting happiness. Man hath two parts by which he lives, and two places wherein he might live if he obeyed God: earth for a time, heaven for ever. This harlot, sin, deprives either part of man in either place of true life, and subjects him both to the first and second death. Let us therefore examine in these particulars, first, what this death is; and, secondly, how Satan's guests, the wicked, may be said to be liable thereunto.

(1.) Corporal death is the departure of the soul from the body, whereby the body is left dead, without action, motion, sense; for the life of the body is the union of the soul with it. For which essential dependence the soul is often called and taken for the life: 'Peter said unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee now? I will lay down my soul for thy sake,' John 13:37,—τὴν ψυχὴν, his soul, meaning, as it is

translated, his life. And, 'He that findeth his soul shall lose it; but he that loseth his soul for my sake shall find it,' Matt. 10:39. Here the soul is taken for the life. So that in this death there is the separation of the soul and the body, the dissolution of the person, the privation of life, the continuance of death; for there is no possible regress from the privation to the habit,* except by the supernatural and miraculous hand of God. This is the first, but not the worst, death which sin procureth. And though the special deadness of the guests here be spiritual, yet this, which we call natural, may be implied, may be applied; for when God threatened death to Adam's sin, *In illo die morieris*,—'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,'—yet Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years after. There was, notwithstanding, no delay, no delusion of God's decree; for in ipso die, in that very day, death took hold on him. And so is the Hebrew phrase, Gen. 2:17, 'dying, thou shalt die:' fall into a languishing and incurable consumption, that shall never leave thee till it bring thee to thy grave. So that he instantly died, not by present separation of soul and body, but by mortality, mutability, misery, yea, by sorrow and pain, as the instruments and agents of death. Thus said that father, 'After a man beginneth to be in this body,' by reason of his sin, 'he is even in death.'

The wicked, then, are not only called dead because the conscience is dead, but also in respect of God's decree, whose inviolable substitution of death to sin cannot be evaded, avoided. It is the statute-law decreed in the great parliament of heaven. *Statutum omnibus semel mori*,—'It is appointed unto men once to die,' Heb. 9:27. This is one special kindness that sin doth us; one kiss of her lips. She gives her lovers three mortal kisses. The first kills the conscience; the second, the carcase; the third, body and soul for ever. Rom. 5:12, 'Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.' So Paul schools his Corinthians: 1 Cor. 11:30, 'For this cause many are weak and sick among you, and many sleep.' And conclusively, Rom. 6:23, *Peccati stipendium mors*,—'The wages of sin is death.' This death is to the wicked death indeed, even as it is in its own full nature the curse of God, the suburbs of hell. Neither is this unjust dealing

with God, that man should incur the death of his body that had rejected the life of his soul. *Nisi præcessisset in peccato mors animæ, nunquam corporis mors in supplicio sequeretur,* † —If sin had not first wounded the body, death could not have killed the soul. Hence saith Augustine, 'Men shun the death of the flesh rather than the death of the spirit; that is, the punishment rather than the cause of the punishment.'^{*}

Indeed death, considered in Christ, and joined with a good life, is to God's elect 'an advantage,' Phil. 1:21; nothing else but a bridge over this tempestuous sea to paradise. God's mercy made it so, saith St Augustine, † 'not by making death in itself good, but an instrument of good to his.' This he demonstrates by an instance: 'As the law is not evil when it increaseth the lust of sinners, so death is not good though it augment the glory of sufferers.' The wicked use the law ill, though the law be good. The good die well, though the death be evil. Hence saith Solomon, Eccles. 7:1, 'The day of death is better than the day of one's birth.' For our death is *non obitus, sed abitus*,—not a perishing, but a parting. *Non amittitur anima, præmittitur tantum*,—The soul is not lost to the body, but only sent before it to joy. *Si durius seponitur, melius reponitur*,—If the soul be painfully laid off, it is joyfully laid up. Though every man that hath his Genesis must have his Exodus, and they that are born must die; yet, saith Tertullian of the saints, *Profectio est, quam putas mortem*,—Our dying on earth is but the taking our journey into heaven. Simeon departs, and that in peace. *In pace, in pacem*. Death cannot be eventually hurtful to the good; for it no sooner takes away the temporal life but Christ gives eternal in the room of it.

Alas! *σῶματα, πῶματα*, *corpora, cadavera*. Our graves shall as surely be coffins to our bodies, as our bodies have been coffins to our souls. The mind is but in bondage whiles the body holds it on earth; *σῶμα, quasi σῆμα*, as Plato affirms. Of whom saith an author, that when he saw one too indulgent to his flesh in high diet, he asked him, What do you mean, to make your prison so strong? Thus, *qui gloriatur in viribus corporis, gloriatur in viribus carceris*,—he that

boasteth the strength of his body, doth but brag how strong the prison is wherein he is jailed.

Σῶμα πάθος ψυχῆς, ἀδης, μοῖρ', ἄχθος, ἀνάγκη,—‡

The body is the disease, the grave, the destiny, the necessity, and the burden of the soul.

'Hinc cupiunt, metuuntque, dolent, gaudentque; nee auras

Respiciunt clausæ tenebris et carcere cæco;'—

'Fears, joys, griefs, and desires man's life do share:

It wants no ills that in a prison are.'

It was a good observation that fell from that Stoic,§ *Homo calamitatis fabula, infelicitatis tabula*,—Man is a story of woe, and a map of misery. So the Mantuan:—

'Nam quid longa dies nobis, nisi longa dolorum

Colluvies? Longi patientia carceris, ætas?'

It appears, then, that death is, to the good, a procurer of good. *Mors intermittit vitam, non eripit: venit iterum, qui nos in lucem reponat dies.*|| Their death is but like the taking in sunder of a clock, which is pulled a-pieces by the maker's hand, that it may be scoured and repolished, and made go more perfectly. But death to the wicked is the second step to that infernal vault, that shall breed either an innovation of their joys, or an addition to their sorrows. Dives, for his momentary pleasure, hath insufferable pains. Judas goes from the gallows to the pit; Esau from his dissolution in earth, to his desolation in hell. 'The dead are there.' Though the dead in soul be meant literally, yet it fetcheth in the body also. For as original sin is the original cause of death, so actual sins hasten it. Men speed out a commission of iniquities against their own lives. So the envious man

rots his own bones; the glutton strangles, the drunkard drowns himself. The malecontent dries up his blood with fretting. The covetous, whiles he Italianates his conscience, and would Romanise his estate, starves himself in plain English, and would hang himself when the market falls, but that he is loath to be at the charges of a halter. Thus it is a feast of death, both for the present sense and future certainty of it. 'The dead are there.'

(2.) Spiritual death is called the death of the soul; which consisteth not in the loss of her understanding and will, (these she can never lose, no, not in hell,) but of the truth and grace of God, wanting both the light of faith to direct her, and the strength of love to incite her to goodness. 'For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace,' Rom. 8:6. The soul is the life of the body, God of the soul. The spirit gone utterly from us, we are dead. And so especially are the guests of Satan dead. 'You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins,' Eph. 2:1. And the widow 'that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth,' 1 Tim. 5:6. This divorcement and separation made betwixt God and the soul by sin is *mors animæ*,—the death of the soul. 'But your iniquities have separated between you and your God,' Isa. 59:2. But 'we live by faith,' Heb. 10:38, and that 'in the Son of God,' Gal. 2:20. 'His Spirit quickens us,' Eph. 2:5, as the soul doth a lump of flesh, when God infuseth it.

Now, because these terms of spiritual death are communicated both to the elect and reprobates, it is not amiss to conceive that there is a double kind of spiritual death, both in regard to the subject that dieth, and in regard to the object whereunto it dieth. Spiritual death in the faithful is threefold:—

[1.] They are dead to sin. Rom. 6:2, 'How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?' A dead nature cannot work. He that is dead to sin cannot, as he is dead, sin. We sin indeed, not because we are dead to sin, but because not dead enough. Would to God you were yet more dead, that you might yet more live! This is called

mortification. What are mortified? Lusts. The wicked have mortification too, but it is of grace. Matt. 8:22, they are both jointly expressed: 'Let the dead bury the dead.' Which St Augustine expounds, 'Let the spiritually dead bury those that are corporally dead.' The faithful are dead to sin; the faithless are dead in sin. It is true life to be thus dead. *Mortificatio concupiscentiæ, vivificatio animæ*,—So far is the spirit quickened as the flesh is mortified. So true is this paradox, that a Christian so far lives as he is dead; so far he is a conqueror as he is conquered. *Vincendo se, vincitur à se*,—By overcoming himself, he is overcome of himself. Whiles he overrules his lusts, his soul rules him. When the outward cold rageth with greatest violence, the inward heat is more and more effectual. When death hath killed and stilled concupiscence, the heart begins to live. This war makes our peace.

This life and death is wrought in us by Christ, who at one blow slew our sins and saved our souls. *Una eademque manus vulnus opemque tulit*,—One and the same hand gave the wound and the cure. *Vulneratur concupiscentia, sanatur conscientia*,—The deadly blow to the concupiscence hath revived the conscience. For Christ takes away as well *dominandi vim* as *damnandi vim*,—the dominion of sin as the damnation of sin. He died 'that sin might not reign in our mortal body,' Rom. 6:12; he came 'to destroy' not only the devil, but 'the works of the devil,' 1 John 3:8. Hence if you would, with the spectacles of the Scriptures, read your own estates to God, 'reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord,' Rom. 6:11. This triumph consists not in being free from lusts, but in bridling them; not in scaping tentation, but in vanquishing it. It is enough that 'in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us,' Rom. 8:37.

[2.] They are dead to the law. 'For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God,' Gal. 2:19; wherein he opposeth the law against the law, the new against the old, the law of Christ against that of Moses. This accuseth the accusing, condemneth the condemning law.* The Papists understand this of the ceremonial

law; but Paul plainly expresseth that the law moral, which would have been to us a law mortal, is put under: we are 'dead unto it.' As Christ at once came under death and overcame death, et superit, et superat; so we, in him, are exempted from the condemning power and killing letter of the law, and by being dead unto it are alive over it. Indeed, the law still abides. As Christ when he rose from the dead, the grave remained still; Peter freed from the prison, the palsied from his bed, the young man from his coffin, the prison, bed, coffin remain still; the persons are delivered: so the law abides to mortify our lusts still more and more, but our conscience is freed from the bondage of it. 'We are dead unto it.'

[3.] They are dead to the world. This death is double—active and passive.

Active.—The world is dead unto us. The vanity of carnal joys, the variety of vanities, are as bitter to us as pleasant to the cosmopolite or worldling. And since we must give our voices either to God or Mammon, when God asketh, as Jehu, 'Who is on my side, who?' we stand out for our God. *Angustum est stratum pectoris humani, et utrumque operire non potest*,—Man's heart is too narrow a bed to lodge both God and the world in at once. *Qui utrumque ambit, in utroque deficiet*,—The hound that follows two hares will catch neither. *Nemo potest duobus dominis, neque dominiis, inservire*,—'No man can serve two masters,' Matt. 6:24, with true service; especially when they command contrary things. Thus is the world dead to us. For, since the world is not so precious as the soul, we leave the world, to keep our soul, since both cannot well be affected at once; therefore 'we account all things dross and loss for the excellent knowledge of Christ,' Phil. 3:8.

Passive.—We are dead to the world. As we esteem it dross, it esteems us filth: 1 Cor. 4:13, 'We are made as the filth of the world, and as the offscouring of all things unto this day.' As we, in a holy contempt, tread it under in our works, and vilify it in our words, so it looks upon us betwixt scorn and anger, and offers to set his foot on our

necks. But vicimus, we have conquered: 1 John 5:4, 'Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' Let us rejoice, therefore, in 'our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to us, and we to the world,' Gal. 6:14.

These are good deaths! Blessed souls, that are thus dead! Their death is mortification, and, like the phoenix, they are no sooner dead but they are new-born. Their old man's autumn is their new man's spring-tide. There are none thus dead at this feast.

The dead here have seared consciences, poisoned affections, warped, withered, rotten souls. 'Twice dead,' saith St Jude; and some, without hope of growing, 'plucked up by the roots.' Though the Pythagorean error, the transanimation or the departure of the soul from man to man, was brought to the Basilidean heresy; nay, which was more gross, though the poets feigned that the souls of men departed in beasts,—Orpheus into the swan, Ajax into the lion, Agamemnon into the eagle, politicians into bees and ants, the luxurious into hogs, tyrants in wolves; which were positions for Machiavel, and articles of Lucian's faith: yet they might rather (and that more favourably to their own credits, speaking according to men's lives) have affirmed that the spirits of beasts might rather seem to have entered men, if at least the beasts do not preserve their nature better than men. They live whiles they live; men are dead even living. *Impie vivere est diu mori*,—A wicked life is a continual death. And we may say of an old wicked man, not that he hath lived, but that he hath been long. *Deus vita, à qua qui distinguitur perit*,—God is the true life, without whom we cannot live.

The heart of a wicked man thus becometh dead. The devil works by suggesting, man by consenting, God by forsaking. He forsakes thus:—[1.] By suffering a hard heart to grow harder. [2.] By giving success to ill purposes, which he could have disappointed. [3.] By not imparting the assistance of his Spirit. Thus he leaves them in darkness that would not choose the light; and finding their hearts

undisposed to believe, delivers them up to infidelity. His not willing to soften is enough to harden; his not willing to enlighten is enough to darken. *Dei claudere est clausis non aperire*,—God is then said to shut up when he doth not open to them that are shut up. God is able to soften the hard heart, open the blind eye, pierce the deaf ear. When he doth, it is mercy; when not, it is justice. Only our falling is from ourselves. Hos. 13:9, 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.' For God is ever foremost in love, but last in hate. He loved us before we loved him; but we hate him before he hates us. *Multi ne laberentur detenti, nulli ut laberentur impulsu*,—God preserves many from falling, but he thrusteth none down. By his strength we stand; through our own weakness we fall.

As in the sickness of the body, so of the soul, there are critical days, secret to ourselves, but well known to God; whereby he sees our recovery unlikely, and therefore turns us over to the danger of our sickness: that now, too late, Jerusalem knows what was offered her 'in the day of her visitation.' God blinds the soul, blinded before by Satan; and hardens again Pharaoh's self-hardened heart: *Et quia non faciunt bona quæ cognoscunt, non cognoscent mala quæ faciunt*,—Because they would not do the good they knew, they shall do the evil they know not. Thus is the soul's death degreed up. Sin gathers strength by custom, and creeps like some contagious disease in the body from joint to joint; and, because not timely spied and medicined, threatens universal hazard to the whole. It swells like the sea: *unda levis, majora volumina, fluctus ad cœlum*. An egg, a cockatrice, a serpent, a fiery flying serpent. Custom indeed kills the soul. The curse that the Cretians used against their enemies was not fire on their houses, nor rottenness on their beasts, nor a sword at their hearts, but that which would treble to them all mischief—that they might be delighted with an evil custom: *Ut mala consuetudine delectentur*. Temptation assaults the heart; consent wounds it: it lies sick of action; it dies by delight in sin; it is buried by custom. The bell hath tolled for it; God's word hath mourned; the church hath prayed for it; but *quid valeant signa precesve?*—what good can signs and prayers do, when we voluntarily yield our heart to him that violently

kills it? Thus God leaves the heart, and Satan seizeth on it, whose gripes are not gentler than death.

Thus the habit of sin takes away the sense of sin; and the conscience, that was at first raw and bleeding, as newly wounded, is now 'seared up with a hot iron,' 1 Tim. 4:2. The conscience of a wicked man first speaks to him, as Peter to Christ, Matt. 16:22, 'Master, look to thyself.' But he stops her mouth with a violent hand. Yet she would fain speak to him, like the importunate widow, to do her justice. He cannot well be rid of her, therefore he sets her a day of hearing, and when it is come faileth her. She cries yet louder for audience; and when all his corrupt and bribed affections cannot charm her silence, he drowns her complaints at a tavern, or laughs her out of countenance at a theatre. But if the pulse beats not, the body is most dangerously sick; if the conscience prick not, there is a dying soul. It is a lawless school where there is an awless monitor. The city is easily surprised where the watch cannot ring the alarms. No marvel if numbness be in the heart when there is dumbness in the conscience.

These are the dead guests; dead to all goodness. Deaf ears, lame feet, blind eyes, maimed hands, when there is any employment for them in God's service. 'Eyes full of lust,' void of compassion; ears deaf to the word, open to vanity; feet swift to shed blood, slow to the temple; hands open to extortion, shut to charity. To all religion the heart is a piece of dead flesh. No love, no fear, no care, no pain can penetrate their senseless and remorseless hearts. I know, that according to the speech of the philosopher, *nemo fit repente miser*,—this is no sudden evil: they were born sick, they have made themselves dead. Custom hath inveterated the ulcer, rankled the conscience, and now sin flouts the physician's cure, knowing the soul dead. Through many wounds they come to this death. At first they sin and care not, now they sin and know not. The often taken potion never works. Even the physic of reproof turns now to their hardening. Oh that our times were not full of this deadness! How many never take the mask of religion but to serve their own turns! And when piety becomes their advantage, yet they at once counterfeit and condemn it. If a wished success

answer the intention of their minds and contention of their hands, God is not worthy of the praise; either their fortune or their wit hath the glory of the deed, and thanks for it. But if they be crossed, God shall be blasphemed under the name of destiny; and he shall be blamed for their ill to whom they will not be beholden for their good.

God is not thought of but in extremity, not spoken of but in blasphemy. O dead hearts! whose funeral we may lament, whose reviving we can almost not hope. But what? Will this deadness never be a little wakened? True it is, that God must miraculously raise up the soul thus dead, and put the life of his grace into it, or it is desperate. The conscience, I confess, will not ever lie quiet in these dead guests; but as they have jailed up that for a while in the darkness of security, so when God looseth it, it will rage as fast against them, and dog them to their graves. For as there is a heaven on earth, so a hell on earth. The dead to sin are heavened in this world; the dead in sin are helled here, by the tormenting anguish of an unappeasable conscience. As Bishop Latimer, in a sermon, told these guests of a feast in hell, which will afford them little mirth; where weeping is served in for the first course, gnashing of teeth for the second: so, after their feast on earth,—which was no better than Numa's, where the table swam with delicate dishes, but they were swimming dishes, *spectandæ non gustandæ dapes*,—let them prepare for another banquet where groans shall be their bread, and tears their drink, sighs and sorrows all their junkets; which the Erynnis of conscience and the Megæra of desperation shall serve in, and no everlastingness of time shall take away.

But these spiritually dead guests do not evermore scape so long; sometimes God gives them in this life a draught of that vial of his wrath which they shall after sup off to the bottom. The wicked man, that had no fear, now shall have too much fear. He that began with the wanton comedy of presumption and profaneness, ends with the tragedy of horror and despair. Before, he was so asleep that nothing could waken him; now, he is so waking that nothing can bring him asleep. Neither disport abroad nor quiet at home can possess him; he

cannot possess himself. Sin is not so smooth at setting forth as turbulent at the journey's end. The wicked have their day, wherein they run from pleasure to pleasure, as Job's children from banquet to banquet; their joys have changes of variety, little intermission, no cessation; neither come they faster than their lusts call for them. So God hath his day: Amos 5:18, 19, 'And woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him.' Such is the unrest of a conscience brought to fret for his sins. So Augustine (in Psal. 45): *Fugit ab agro in civitatem, à publico ad domum, à domo in cubiculum,*—He runs from the field into the city, from the city to his house, and in his house to the privatest chamber; but he cannot fly from his enemy that cannot fly from himself.

At first the devil's guest pursues pleasure so eagerly, that he would break down the bars that shut it from him, and quarrel with venture of his blood for his delights, nay, for the conditions of his own sorrow and damnation. Now pleasure is offered him; no, it will not down. Music stands at his window; it makes him as mad with discontent as it did once with joy. No jest can stir his laughter, no company can waken his unreasonable and unseasonable melancholy. Now he that was madder than Nero in delights, 'fear compasseth him on every side.' He starts at his own shadow, and would change firmness with an aspen leaf. He thinks, like the Burgundians, every thistle a lance, every tree a man, every man a devil. 'They fear where no fear was,' saith the Psalmist. They think they see what they do not see. This is the wicked man's alteration: time is, he will not be warned; time comes, he will not be comforted. Then he is satisfied with lusts that thought such a satisfaction impossible. Riches weary him now to keep them more than they wearied him once to get them; and that was enough. So I have read the oppressor's will: *Lego omnia bona mea domino regi, corpus sepulturæ, animam diabolo,*—I bequeath all my goods to the king, my body to the grave, my soul to the devil. He that did wrong to all would now seem to do right to some: in giving

his coin to the prince, whom he had deceived; his soul to the devil, whom he had served. Wherein, as he had formerly injured man, now he injures both God and himself too.

(3.) I have dwelt the longer on this spiritual deadness, because the guests at this banquet have this death in present: the precedent and subsequent are both future; the one naturally incurred by sin, the other justly inflicted for unrepented sin. For all shall die the corporal death: Eccles. 9:2, 'He that feareth an oath,' as well as 'he that sweareth;' the religious as the profane. But this last, which is eternal death, shall only seize on them that have beforehand with a spiritual death slain themselves. This therefore is called the 'second death.' Rev. 20:6, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection,' which is the spiritual life by grace; 'on such the second death hath no power.' He that is by Christ raised from the first death shall by Christ also scape the second. But he that is dead spiritually, after he hath died corporally, shall also die eternally. This is that everlasting separation of body and soul from God, and consequently from all comfort. 'Fear him,' saith our Saviour, Matt. 10:28, 'that is able to destroy both body and soul in hell.' Dan. 12:2, 'And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.' This is that death that God delights not in, Ezek. 33:11. His goodness hath no pleasure in it, though his justice must inflict it.

Man by sin hath offended God, an infinite majesty, and therefore deserves an infinite misery. Now, because he is a nature finite, he cannot suffer a punishment infinite in greatness, simul et semel, together and at once; he must therefore endure it successivè sine fine, successively without end. The punishment must be proportioned to the sin; because not in present greatness, therefore in eternal continuance. Christ for his elect suffered in short time sufficient punishment for their sins; for it is all one for one that is eternal to die, and for one to die eternally. But he for whom Christ suffered not in that short time must suffer for himself beyond all times, even for ever.

This is the last death: a living death, or a dying life, what shall I term it? If it be life, how doth it kill? If death, how doth it live? There is neither life nor death but hath some good in it. In life there is some ease, in death an end; but in this death neither ease nor end. *Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore,**—The first death drives the soul unwillingly from the body; the second death holds the soul unwillingly in the body. Rev. 9:6, 'In these days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall fly from them.' 'Their worm shall not die.' Thus saith the Scripture: *Morientur mortem*, 'They shall die the death.' Yet their death hath too much life in it. For there is a perfection given to the body and soul after this life; as in heaven to the stronger participation of comfort, so in hell to the more sensible receiving of torment. The eye shall see more perspicuously, and the ear hear more quickly, and the sense feel more sharply, though all the objects of these be sorrow and anguish. *Vermis conscientiam corrodet, ignis carnem comburet, quia et corde et corpore deliquerunt,*—The worm shall gnaw the conscience, the fire burn the flesh, because both flesh and conscience have offended. This is the fearful death which these guests incur; this is the shot at the devil's banquet. God in his justice suffers him to reward his guests as he is rewarded himself; and, since they loved his work, to give them the stipend due to his service. These are the tempted guests—dead.

The Vulgar translation, I know not upon what ground, hath interpreted here for *mortui, Gigantes*: thus, 'he knoweth not that the giants are there.' Monstrous men, that would dart thunder at God himself, and raise up mountains of impiety against heaven. As if they were only great men that feasted at Satan's banquet, whose riches were able to minister matter to their pleasure. And surely such are in these days: of whose sins when we have cast an inventory account, we might thus with the poet sum up themselves—

'*Vis dicam quid sis? magnus es Ardelio;*'—

'Thou hast great lands, great powers, great sins; and then

Dost ask me what thou art? Th' art a great man.'

The giants in the Scripture, Gen. 6:4, were men of a huge stature, of a fierce nature. The poets feigned their giants to be begotten and bred of the sun and the earth, and to offer violence to the gods: some of them having an hundred hands, as Briareus was called centimanus, meaning they were of great command; as Helen wrote to Paris of her husband Menelaus: *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?* This word giants, if the original did afford it, must be referred, either to the guests, signifying that monstrous men resorted to the harlot's table, and that it was *giganteum convivium*, a tyrannous feast; or else, and that rather, to the tormentors, which are laid in ambush, to surprise all the comers in, and carry them as a prey to hell. But because the best translations give no such word, and it is far fetched, I let it fall as I took it up.

3. The third person here inserted is the attempted, the new guest whom she strives to bring in to the rest. He is described by his ignorance: *Nescit*,—'He knoweth not' what company is in the house, 'that the dead are there.' It is the devil's policy, when he would ransack and rob the house of our conscience, like a thief to put out the candle of our knowledge; that we might neither discern his purposes nor decline his mischiefs. He hath had his instruments in all ages to darken the light of knowledge. Domitian turns philosophy into banishment. Julian shuts up the school doors. The barbarous soldiers under Clement the Seventh burned that excellent Vatican library. Their reasons concurred with Julian's prohibition to the Christians: *ἵνα μὴ οἰκείοις πτέροις βαλλώμεθα*,—lest they kill us with their own weapons. For it is said even of Gentile learning: *Hic est Goliæ gladius, quo ipse Goliath jugulandus est: hic Herculis clava, qua rabidi inter Ethnicos canes percutiendi sunt*;—This is that Goliath's sword, whereby the Philistine himself is wounded: this is that Hercules's club, to smite the mad dogs amongst the heathen. Habadallus, Mohammed's scholar, that Syrian tyrant, forbade all

Christian children in his dominions to go to school, that by ignorance he might draw them to superstition. For τοὺς ἀφιλοσόφους ἐν τῷ σκότει ὀρχεῖσθαι,—to be destitute of learning is to dance in the dark. These were all Satan's instruments; yet they come short of the Pope, whose policy to advance his hierarchy is to oppress men's consciences with ignorance; teaching that the fulness of zeal doth arise from the emptiness of knowledge,—even as fast as fire flasheth out of a fish-pond.

There are degrees in sin, so in ignorance. It is a sin to be ignorant of that we should know; but a greater sin to be ignorant of that we have means to know. Ignorance may be distinguished into five kinds: human, natural, affected, invincible, proud and puffed up.

The first is human. This is not sinful, as in Adam not to know his nakedness nor Satan's subtlety. So in the angels, yea, even in the Head of the angels, Christ himself, as man, not to know the latter day, Mark 13:32. *Proprium est naturæ humanæ futura ignorare,**—It is a thing simply proper to the nature of man, to be ignorant of future things. No legal injunction binds us to it; no censure shall pass against us for the want of it. This is called *ignorantia justa*, an unfaulty ignorance.

The second is natural: called *ignorantia infirmitatis vel imperitiæ*,—the ignorance of infirmity, incident to man's nature since his fall. For desiring to know more, he knew less. This is the effect of sin, sin in itself, and the cause of sin. It was bred by transgression, it doth breed transgression, and is no less than transgression of its own nature; for God's law binds us to the knowledge of his law. The blind swallows many a fly; the ignorant cannot be innocent. This is *ignorantia simplex, involuntaria, privata*, as the school calls it: a sin which the Papists generally, and, I fear, many Protestants particularly, never repent of. David doth. It is this that makes us aliens from God: 'Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, and through the blindness of their heart,' Eph. 4:18. St Paul calls his ignorance the

cause of his sins, 1 Tim. 1:13. Et nescius servus pœnas luet, saith Christ,—even 'the ignorant servant shall be beaten with some stripes.' 'Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge,' Isa. 5:13. A prophecy mystically fulfilled in these days, in respect of our spiritual bondage to Satan; 'the god of this world having blinded the minds of unbelievers,' 2 Cor. 4:4. This ignorance cannot excuse, for we are bound to know. The breach of our national statutes cannot go impune by the plea of ignorance. It may (à tanto, not à toto) a little qualify and allay our punishments, not annihilate them. This is ἀνοία, folly; and he that drinks of folly's cup shall have little cause to lick his lips after it. Nature is a common schoolmaster; and the Gentiles, sinning against that monitor, justly perish. For 'the invisible things of God may be understood by things that are made: so that they are without excuse,' Rom. 1:20. Even the errors of the Jews had their sacrifices, and shall not the ignorances of the Christians cry God mercy? This ignorance is sinful, yea, even in those that cannot have the means of knowledge.

The third is an affected ignorance. John 3:19, 'This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.' These shut their ears when God calleth; and, being housed in their security, will not step to the door to see if the sun shines. This ignorance, if I may say so, doth reside rather in their affection than understanding part. 'They wilfully know not,' saith St Peter, 2 Pet. 3:5. They know, but will not know, and run with broad eyes to destruction. Tell them that Christ is at Jerusalem: no, it is too far off. Nay, venit ad limina virtus, —'the kingdom of heaven is among you:' then, if they must needs go to church, they will go hooded. Prejudice of affections shall muffle the eyes of knowledge. Thus the devil carries them quietly to hell; as the falconer his hooded hawk, which barefaced would bite, and be too wild to sit on his fist. These sometimes have grey hairs and green affections. Like a man that being born near a great city, yet never travelled to it, he can direct others the way he never went. Those, to avoid that fault which the traveller found in England, horologia non bene ordinata,—that our clocks were not well kept, (he meant our

hours were ill spent,)—will have no clock at all in their house to tell them how their time passeth; no informer of their erring ways. And, as if a candle would set their house on fire, they live perpetually in the dark. Micah was glad he had got a priest; these are glad they are got far from a priest, and had as lief go to hell darkling as with a torch.

The fourth is an invincible ignorance: when God hath naturally darkened the understanding, by a sore punishment of original sin,—*idioticum hoc*. No art nor eloquence can put knowledge into that heart which nature hath not opened to receive it; as no mind can be opened which God hath locked up. He keeps the keys: Rev. 3:7, 'He openeth, and no man shutteth; he shutteth, and no man openeth.' The door of this mind is so fast barred up that no help of man can open it. Neither can there be, in this, a complaint against God's justice, since that our first sin hath deserved a greater punishment.

The last is a proud ignorance: whereof there is no hope, saith Solomon, Prov. 27:1. The other is invincible, indeed this more invincible; a fool is sooner taught. So Christ foiled the Pharisees with their own weapons, and proved their weakness by the arguments they brought for their own strength. John 9:41, 'If you were blind, you should have no sin: but now you say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.' The Pharisees, though blind, will be seers: Nicodemus 'a master in Israel,' and yet knew nothing of regeneration, John 3:10. *Nihil gravius, quam si id, quod ignorat quis, scire se credat,**—There is nothing more grievous than that a man should be persuaded he knows that soundly whereof he is totally ignorant. Therefore saith Chrysostom, *Præstat proba ignoratione detineri quam falsa opinione mancipari,†*—It is better to be held in with an honest ignorance than to run out with a false opinion. It is hard ploughing in the ground not stocked; ill writing on a paper full of lines. These fly from instruction as the tiger from the trumpet. Others are comprehended of the light; these think they comprehend the light, when, as the Apostle saith, 'they are held of darkness.'‡

Let us now see which of these ignorances are here meant. I answer, exempting the first, Satan's harlot, vice, hath guests of all these sorts: many that 'go after her as an ox to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks,' Prov. 7:22. Some run to the banquet, and know not; some know, and run: all are fools, and destitute, if not of natural, yet of spiritual understanding. To this purpose she apteth her speech here: ver. 16, 'Who is simple, let him turn in hither; and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith,' &c. Knowledge is good, yet if disjoined from grace, οὐδέν ἐστίν, 'it is nothing,' 1 Cor. 13:2. Nihil in esse gratiæ, quamvis aliquid in esse naturæ,—Nothing in grace, though something in nature. Knowledge human is a good stirrup to get up by to preferment; divine, a good gale of wind to waft us to heaven; but charity is better. 'Knowledge often bloweth up, but charity buildeth up,' 1 Cor. 8:1. Aristotle calls knowledge the soul's eye; but then, saith our Saviour, 'If the light be darkness, how great is that darkness?'

True it is that knowledge without honesty doth more hurt. The unicorn's horn, that in a wise man's hand is helpful, is in the beast's head hurtful. If a man be a beast in his affections, in his manners; the more skilful, the more wilful. Knowledge hath two pillars, learning and discretion. The greatest scholar without his two eyes, of discretion and honesty, is like blind Samson; apt to no good, able to much mischief. Prudence is a virtue of the soul, nay, the very soul of virtue, the mistress to guide the life in goodness. All moral virtues are beholden to Wisdom. She directs bounty what to give, when to give, where to give; and fortitude, with whom, for what, and how to fight. Knowledge is excellent to prevent dangers imminent, and to keep us from the snares of this 'strange woman.' But if the devil in our days should have no guests but those that are merely ignorant, his rooms would be more empty than they are, and his ordinary break for want of customers. But now-a-days,—alas! when was it much better, and yet how can it be much worse?—we know sin, yet affect it, act it. Time was, we were ignorant and blind; now we have eyes and abuse them. Tyre and Sidon burn in hell, and their smoke ascends for evermore, that had no preaching in their cities; but our

country is sown with mercies, and ourselves fatted with the doctrine of life. Who shall excuse our lame, lean, and ill-favoured lives? Let us beware Bethsaida's woe. If the heathen shall wring their hands for their ignorance, then many Christians shall rend their hearts for their disobedience. Heb. 10:28, 'He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses.' He that despiseth, not he that transgresseth, for so do all. He that rejected and departed from the law and church of Israel 'died without mercy' eternally, for other transgressors died without mercy temporally. Ver. 29: 'Of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy that treads under his foot,' not Moses, but 'Christ, and counts,' not the 'blood' of goats, but of 'God's Son unholy; and despiseth,' which is more than despiseth, 'the Spirit,' not of fear and bondage, but 'of grace?''* All the learning of the philosophers was without a head, because they were ignorant of God: seeing, they were blind; speaking, they were dumb; hearing, they were deaf, like the idol-gods in the psalm. We want not a head, but a heart; not the sense of knowledge, but the love of obedience: we hear, and see, and say, and know, but do not.

If you know that God's cheer is so infinitely better, why do you enter commons at Satan's feast? The school calls one kind of knowledge *scientia contristans*, a sorrowful knowledge. Though they intend it in another sense, it may be true in this, for it is a woeful knowledge when men with open eyes run to hell. This is Uriah's letter, containing his own death. These tell Christ, Luke 13:26, 'We knew thee:' Christ tells them, Matt. 7:23, 'I know not you.' These times are sick of Adam's disease, that had rather eat of the tree of knowledge than of the tree of life: speculative Christians, not active and obedient saints. You cannot plead that you 'know not the dead are there;' behold, we have told you: quit yourselves. But many men's ignorance is disobedience: they will 'not know that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.' Which now presseth upon us to be considered.

II. Solomon hath described the persons feasting and feasted. The place remains, 'the depths of hell.' This is the banqueting-house. It

amplifies the misery of the guests in three circumstances:—1. Their weakness; they are soon in. 2. The place; hell. 3. The unrecoverableness of it; the depth of hell.

1. *Per infirmitatem*,—In regard of their weakness. No sooner come to the banquet, but presently in the pit; they are in, they are soon in. They would not resist the temptation when it was offered; they cannot resist the tribulation when it is to be suffered: they are in. No wrestling, no contending can keep them from falling in. Into the pit they run against their will, that ran so volently, so violently to the brink of it: as a man that hath taken his career, and runs full fling to a place, cannot recoil himself, or recall his strength on the sudden. He might have refused to enter the race, or recollected himself in time, but at the last step he cannot stop, nor *revocare gradum*, rescue himself from falling. The guests that hasten themselves all their life to the feast of vanity, and neither in the first step of their youth nor in the middle race of their discreetest age return to God, do at last (without Christ's help) precipitate themselves into the depth of hell. Think, oh think, ye greedy dogs, that can never fast enough devour your sinful pleasures, if in the pride of your strength, the May of your blood, the marrow and virtue of your life, when you are seconded with the gifts of nature, nay, blest with the helps of heaven, you cannot resist the allurements of Satan; how unable will you be to deal with him, when custom in sin hath weakened your spirits, and God hath withdrawn his erst afforded comforts! They that run so fiercely to the pit are quickly in the pit. 'The guests are in the depths of hell.'

2. *Per infernitatem*,—In regard of the place, it is hell. The prophet Isaiah, chap. 30:33, thus describes it: 'Tophet is prepared of old; he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a flame of brimstone, doth kindle it.' Tophet was a place which the children of Israel built in the valley of Hinnom, to burn their sons and daughters in the fire to Moloch, 2 Kings 23:10; which valley was near to Jebus, afterwards Jerusalem, as appears Josh. 18:16. The council of Jerusalem, whiles their power lasted, used to punish certain offenders in that valley, being near

their city. By this is hell resembled; and that, in Peter Martyr's opinion, for three reasons. (1.) Being a bottom, a low valley, it resembleth hell, that is believed to be under the earth. (2.) By reason of the fire wherewith the wicked are tormented in hell, as the children were in that valley burnt with fire. (3.) Because the place was unclean and detestable, whither all vile and loathsome things were cast out of the city Jerusalem, Jer. 7:31, 32. So hell is the place where defiled and wicked souls are cast, as unworthy of the holy and heavenly city.

This place shall begin to open her cursed jaws, when the Judge of all men and angels shall have given his last sentence: at that day, when *quæsitore scelerum veniet, vindexque reorum*,—the Searcher of all, and Punisher of wicked hearts, shall give his double voice of dread and joy; when, having spoken peace to his saints, he shall thunder out condemnation to the wicked: 'Go ye into everlasting fire.'

'Dent ocius omnes,

Quas meruere pati, sic stat sententia, pœnas.'

And if here on earth *se iudice, nemo nocens absolvitur*, a man's own conscience condemn him for his sins, how much greater shall be the just sentence of God? 1 John 3:20. Then all murdering Cains, scoffing Hams, persecuting Sauls, thievish and sacrilegious Achans, oppressing Ahabs, covetous Nabals, drunken Holofernesses, cruel Herods, blasphemous Rabshakehs, unjust Pilates, shall reap the seed in their eternal deaths which they have sown in their temporal lives. There shall be scorching heat and freezing cold: *ex vehementissimo calore, ad vehementissimum frigus*,—without either act of refreshing or hope of releasing. Every day hath been their holiday on earth: every day shall be their work-day in hell. The poets feigned three furies—

'Scindet latus una flagello:

Altera tartareis sectos dabit anguibus artus:

Tertia fumantes incoquet igne genas;—

'One brings the scorpion, which the conscience eats:

Another with iron whips the black flesh beats:

Whiles the third boils the soul in scalding heats.'

Nemo ad id sero venit, unde nunquam, cum semel venit, poterit reverti,*—No man can come too late to these sufferings, from whence, being once come, he can never return.

This is hell; where darkness shall be their prison, everlastingness their fetters, flames their torments, angry angels their tormentors: ubi nec tortores deficiant, nec torti miseri moriantur,*—where the scourgers shall never be weary of afflicting, nor the scourged fail in their suffering; but there shall be always torments for the body, and a body for torments. Fire shall be the consummation of their plagues, not the consumption of their persons. Ubi per millia millia annorum cruciandi, nec in secula seculorum liberandi, † —Myriads of years shall not accomplish nor determine their punishments. It shall be their misery, semper velle quod nunquam erit, semper nolle quod nunquam non erit, ‡ —to have a will never satisfied, a will never gratified.

3. Per profunditatem,—The depth of hell. The Scripture is frequent to testify hell a deep place, and beneath us. Luke 10:15, Capernaum 'shall be cast down to hell.' Solomon so speaks, Prov. 15:24, 'The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath.' And of this harlot, chap. 7:27, 'Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death;' chap. 5:5, 'Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell.' Down and beneath do witness the depth of hell. There are three places—earth, heaven, hell. Earth we all enjoy, good and bad, promiscuously. Heaven is prepared for the good; and it is upwards: Col. 3:1, 'If ye be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above.' Hell is ordained for the wicked; and it is downward, called here profundum, a depth. To define the local place

of hell, it is too deep for me; I leave it to deeper judgments. I do not give Demonax's answer, being asked where hell was: *Expecta simul ac illuc venero, et tibi per literas significabo*,§—Tarry till I come thither, and I will send thee word by letters. I only say this, there is one, we are sure of it; let us by a good life be as sure to escape it.

But to confine my speech to the bounds of my text: I take it, that by hell, and the depth of it, here, is meant the deep bondage of the wicked souls; that they are in the depth of the power of hell, Satan having by sin a full dominion over their consciences. For hell is often allegorically taken in the Scriptures. So Jonah 'cries unto God out of the belly of hell,' chap. 2:2. David sung *De profundis*, Ps. 130:1, 'Out of the depth have I cried unto thee, O Lord.' So Christ spake of the unbeliever, John 3:18, that he is 'already damned.' And the reprobate are here affirmed in the depth of hell. This exposition I esteem more natural to the words. For as the godly have a heaven, so the wicked a hell, even upon earth; though both in a spiritual, not a literal sense. The reprobates' hell on earth is double, or of two sorts:—

(1.) In that the power of hell rules in his conscience: Eph. 2:2, 'He walks according to the course of this world, and according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience.' He is taken and led captive of the devil; as hereafter in the chains of damnation, so here in the bands of dominion; which Solomon calls *funes peccatorum*: as he hath 'drawn iniquity with the cords of vanity,' Isa. 5:18, so he 'shall be holden with the cords of his sins,' Prov. 5:22.

(2.) There is a hell in his conscience. So St Augustine,|| *Sunt duo tortores animæ, Timor et Dolor*,—The soul hath two tormentors even in this life—grief for evil felt, fear of evil to be felt. Whereof the poet—

'*Sic mea perpetuos curarum pectora morsus,*

Fine quibus nullo conficiantur, habent.'

These are the fearful terrors whereof the guilty heart cannot be quitted, cannot be quieted, though pleasure itself were his physician, and the whole world his minstrel. *Domino privante suo gaudio, quid esse potest in gaudium?**—When God withholds his music and peace, what can make the heart merry? Polidore Virgil thus writes of Richard the Third's dream the night before Bosworth-field: that he thought all the devils in hell pulled and haled him, in most hideous and ugly shapes; and concludes of it at last: *Id credo, non fuit somnium, sed conscientia scelerum,*—I do not think it was so much his dream as his wicked conscience that brought those terrors. When this evil spirit comes to a wicked Saul, let him go to his merriest good-fellows, beguile at once the time and himself with plays and sports, feast away his cares at his own table, or bury them together with his wits at a tavern: alas! these are piteous shifts, weaker than walls of paper.

Sleep cannot make his conscience sleep; perhaps the very dreams are fearful. It will not leave thee till it hath shewed thee thy hell; no, not when it hath shewed thee it, will it leave thee quiet. The more thou offerest to dam up this current, the more ragingly it swells and gusheth over the resisting banks. This wounded conscience runs, like the stricken deer with the arrow of death in the ribs, from thicket to thicket, from shelter to shelter, but cannot change her pain with her place. The wound rankles in the soul, and the longer it goes on, the worse still it festers. Thus sin, that spake thee so fair at her inviting to the banquet, now presents to thy wicked soul her true form, and plays the makebate betwixt God and thee, betwixt thee and thyself. So long as security hath kept thee sleeping in thy delighted impieties, this quarrel is not commenced. The mortalest enemies are not always in pitched fields one against another.

This truce holds some till their deathbeds; neither do they ever complain till their complaints can do them no good. For then at once, the sick carcase, after many tossings and turnings to find the easiest side, moans his unabated anguish; and the sicker conscience, after trial of many shifts, too late feeleth and confesseth her unappeased

torment. So Cain, Judas, Nero, in vain seek for foreign helps when their executioner is within them. The wicked man cannot want furies so long as he hath himself. Indeed, the soul may fly from the body, not sin from the soul. An impatient Judas may leap out of the private hell in himself into the common pit below, as the boiling fishes out of the caldron into the flame; but the gain hath been the addition of a new hell without them, not the riddance of the old hell within them. The worm of conscience doth not then cease her office of gnawing, when the fiends begin their office of torturing. Both join their forces to make the dissolutely wicked desolately wretched. If this man be not in the depth of hell, deeply miserable, there is none.

Lo now the shot at the devil's banquet! A reckoning must be paid, and this is double:—(1.) The earnest in this life; (2.) The full payment in the life to come. The earnest is, whiles hell is cast into the wicked; the full satisfaction is, when the wicked shall be cast into hell. Rev. 20:15, 'Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.' I will take leave to amplify both these a little further:—

(1.) The earnest is the horror of an evil conscience, which sparkles with the beginning of future torments. I know that some feel not this in the pride of their vanities, or at least will not seem to feel it. Some 'whorish foreheads' can outface their sins, and laugh them out of countenance, Jer. 3:3; wide gorges, that can swallow perjuries, bloodiness, adulteries, usuries, extortions, without trouble. But it may be, the heart doth not laugh with the look, 2 Cor 5:12. He dares be a hypocrite that durst be a villain. If he would speak truth of himself, he would testify that his thoughts will not afford him sleep, nor his sleep afford him rest; but whiles his senses are bound, his sin is loose. No command of reason can quiet the tempest in his heart. No son of Sceva, no help of the world, can cast out this devil. The blood of the body, often being stopped in the issue at the nostrils, bursts out at the mouth, or finds way into the stomach. The conscience thus wounded will bleed to death, if the blood of Jesus Christ do not stanch it.

'Think of this, ye that forget God,' Ps. 50:22, and are only indulgent to yourselves: the time shall come you shall remember God, neither to your thanks nor ease, and would forget yourselves. Happy were it for you, if you, having lost your God, could also lose yourselves! But you cannot hide yourselves from yourselves. Conscience will neither be blinded in seeking, nor bribed in speaking. You shall say unto it, as that wicked Ahab to Elias, 1 Kings 21:20, 'Hast thou found me, O thou mine enemy?' Yet, alas! all this is but the earnest. A hell, I may call it, and a deep hell; and, as I may say, a little smoke reeking out of that fiery pit, whereby the afflicted may give a guess at hell, as Pythagoras guessed at the stature of Hercules by the length of his foot. But else, *par nulla figura gehennæ*,—nothing can truly resemble hell.

(2.) The earnest is infinitely short of the total sum. Matt. 18:34, 'And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.' The guest must endure a death not dying, live a life not living: no torment ends without the beginning of a worse. The sight is afflicted with darkness and ugly devils; the hearing with shrieks and horrible cries; the smelling with noisome stench; the taste with ravenous hunger and bitter gall; the feeling with intolerable, yet unquenchable fire. Thousands pointing at, not one among thousands pitying, the distressed wretch. I know this earth is a dungeon in regard of heaven, yet a heaven in respect of hell; we have misery enough here, it is mercy to what is there. Think of a gloomy, hideous, and deep lake, full of pestilent damps and rotten vapours, as thick as clouds of pitch, more palpable than the fogs of Egypt, that the eye of the sun is too dull to pierce them, and his heat too weak to dissolve them. Add hereunto a fire flashing in the reprobate's face, which shall yield no more light than with a glimpse to shew him the torments of others, and others the torments of himself; yet withal, of so violent a burning, that, should it glow on mountains of steel, it would melt them like hills of snow.

This is the guest's reckoning: a sore, a sour payment, for a short and scarce sweet banquet. All his senses have been pleased, now they are

all plagued. Instead of perfumes and fragrant odours, a sulphurous stench shall strike up into his nostrils; instead of his lascivious Delilahs, that fathomed him in the arms of lust, behold adders, toads, serpents, crawling on his bosom; instead of the Dorian music charming his ears, mandrakes and night-ravens still shrieking to them the reverberating groans of ever and never dying companions, tolling their funeral—not final—knells and yells round about him; instead of wanton kisses, snakes ever sucking at his breath, and galling his flesh with their never-blunted stings.

Think of this feast, you riotous feasters in sin. There is a place called hell, whither, after the general and last assizes, the condemned shall be sent through a black way,—death is but a shadow to it,—with many a sigh and sob, and groans, to those cursed fiends that must be their tormentors, as they have been their tempters. Behold now a new feast, a fatal, a final one. To sup in the vault of darkness with the princes and subjects of horror, at the table of vengeance, in the chair of desperation: where the difference on earth betwixt master and servant, drudge and commander, shall be quite abolished; except some atheistical Machiavel, or traitorous Seminary, or some bloody delegate of the Inquisition, be admitted the upper end of the table. But otherwise there is no regard of age, beauty, riches, valour, learning, birth. The usurer hath not a cushion more than his broker. There is not the breadth of a bench between Herod and his parasites. The Pope himself hath no easier a bed than the poorest mass-priest. Corinthian Lais speeds no better than her chambermaid. The cardinal hath not the upper hand of his pander. There is no priority between the plotter and the intelligencer, between the vestal and the nun, between the proud prodigal and his unconscionable creditor.

Indeed, the greatest sinner shall have the greatest punishment; and he that hath been a principal guest to the devil on earth, shall—and that on earth were a strange privilege—hold his place in hell: Rev. 18:6, 7, 'Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived

deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her.' Dives, that fed so heartily on this bread of iniquity, and drank so deep draughts of the waters of sin, reserves his superiority in torment that he had in pleasure. Behold, he craves, with more floods of scalding tears than ever Esau shed for the blessing, but 'one drop of water to cool his tongue,' and could not be allowed it, Luke 16:25. But what if all the rivers in the south, all the waters in the ocean, had been granted him, his tongue would still have withered and smarted with heat, himself still crying, in the language of hell, a Non sufficit,—It is not enough! Or what if his tongue had been eased, yet his heart, liver, lungs, bowels, arms, legs, should still have fried!

Thus he that ate and drank with superfluity, the purest flour of the wheat, the reddest blood of the grape, his body kept as well from diseases as soft linen and fine raiment could preserve it, here finds a fearful alteration: from the table of surfeit, to the table of torment; from feeding on junkets, to gnaw his own flesh; from bowls of wine, to the want of cold water; from the soft folds of fine silks, to the winding lashes of furies; from chains of gold for ornament, to chains of iron for torment; from a bed of down, to a bed of flames; from laughing among his companions, to howling with devils; from having the poor begging at his gates, to beg himself, and that, as that rich man, for one drop of water. Who can express the horror and misery of this guest?

'Non mihi si centum linguæ sint, oraque centum,

Ferrea vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere formas,

Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possim.'*

'No heart of man can think, no tongue can tell,

The direful pains ordain'd and felt in hell.'

Now sorrows meet at the guest's heart as at a feast; all the furies of hell leap on the table of his conscience. Thought calls to fear, fear to

horror, horror to despair, despair to torment, torment to extremity—all to eternity: Come and help to afflict this wretch. All the parts of his body and soul leave their natural and wonted uses, and spend their times in wretchedness and confusion. He runs through a thousand deaths, and cannot die. Heavy irons are locked on him: all his lights and delights are put out at once. He hath no soul capable of comfort. And though his eyes distil like fountains, yet God is now inexorable: his mittimus is without bail, and the prison can never be broken. God will not hear now, that might not be heard before.

That you may conceive things more spiritual and remote by passions nearer to sense, suppose that a man, being gloriously robed, deliciously feasted, prince-like served, attended, honoured, and set on the proudest height of pleasure that ever mortality boasted, should, in one unsuspected moment, be tumbled down to a bottom more full of true miseries than his promontory was of false delights; and there be ringed about with all the gory murderers, black atheists, sacrilegious church-robbers, and incestuous ravishers, that have ever disgorged their poison on earth, to reassume it in hell: nay, add further to this supposition, that this depth he is thrown into was no better than a vast charnel-house, hung round with lamps burning blue and dim, set in hollow corners, whose glimmering serves to discover the hideous torments; all the ground, instead of green rushes, strewed with funeral rosemary and dead men's bones; some corpses standing upright in their knotted winding-sheets, others rotted in their coffins, which yawn wide to vent their stench; there the bare ribs of a father that begat him, here the hollow skull of a mother that bare him;—how direful and amazing are these things to sense!

Or if imagination can give being to a more fearful place, that, or rather worse than that, is hell. If a poor man, suddenly starting out of a golden slumber, should see his house flaming about him; his loving wife and loved infants breathing their spirits to heaven through the merciless fire; himself infringed with it, calling for despaired succour; the miserable churl, his next neighbour, not vouchsafing to

answer, when the putting forth of an arm might save him;—such shall be their miseries in hell, and not an angel nor a saint shall refresh them with any comfort. These are all but shadows, nay, not shadows, of the infernal depth here expressed. You hear it; fear it, fly it, scape it. Fear it by repentance, fly it by your faith, and you shall scape it by God's mercy.

This is their *pœna sensus*, positive punishment. There is also *pœna damni* to be considered, their privative punishment. They have lost a place on earth, whose joy was temporal; they have missed a place in heaven, whose joy is eternal. Now they find that 'a dinner of green herbs, with God's love, is better than a stalled ox, and his hatred withal,' Prov. 15:17. A feast of salads, or Daniel's pulse, is more cherishing, with mercy, than Belshazzar's banquet without it. Now they find Solomon's sermon true, that though 'the bread of deceit be sweet to a man,' yet the time is come that 'the mouth is filled with gravel,' Prov. 20:17. No, no; 'the blessing of God only maketh fat,' Prov. 28:25; and 'he addeth no sorrow unto it.' Waters the wicked desired, and bread they lusted after; behold, after their secure sleep and dreamed joys on earth, with what hungry souls do they awake in hell!

But what are the bread and the waters they might have enjoyed with the saints in heaven? Such as shall never be dried up, Isa. 58:11. 'In thy presence is the fulness of joy; and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore,' Ps. 16:11. Happy is the undefiled soul, who is innocent from 'the great offence;' all whose sins are washed 'as white as snow,' in that blood which alone 'is able to purge the conscience from dead works!' Heb. 9:14. 'He that walketh righteously,' &c., 'he shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure,' Isa. 33:15, 16. His joys are certain and stable; no alteration, no alternation, shall impair them. The wicked, for the slight breakfast of this world, lose the Lamb's supper of glory, Rev. 19:9; where these four things concur that make a perfect feast: *Dies lectus, locus electus, cœtus bene*

collectus, apparatus non neglectus,—A good time, eternity; a good place, heaven; a good company, the saints; good cheer, glory.

(1.) God himself is the feast-maker: he is landlord of the world, and 'fillet every living thing with goodness.' The eagles and lions seek their meat of God. But though all the sons of Jacob have good cheer from Joseph, yet Benjamin's mess exceeds. Esau shall have the prosperity of the earth, but Jacob goes away with the blessing. Ishmael may have outward favours, but the inheritance belongs to Isaac. The king favoureth all his subjects, but they of his court stand in his presence, and partake of his princely graces. God's bounty extends to the wicked also, but the saints shall only sit at his table in heaven. This is that feaster qui est super omnia, et sine quo nulla sunt omnia. 'Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever,' Rom. 11:36.

(2.) The cheer is beyond all sense, all science: 1 Cor. 2:9, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for them that love him.' The eye sees much, the ear hears more, the heart conceives most; yet all short of apprehension, much more of comprehension, of these pleasures. Therefore 'enter thou into thy Master's joy,' for it is too great to enter into thee.

(3.) The company is excellent: the glorious presence of the blessed Trinity—the Father that made us, the Son that bought us, the Holy Ghost that brought us to this place; the holy and unspotted angels, that rejoiced at our conversion on earth, much more at our consolation in heaven; all the patriarchs, prophets, saints, before the law, in the law, in the gospel; the full communion of saints. Here, the more the merrier, yea, and the better cheer too. Oh the sweet melody of hallelujahs, which so many glorified voices shall sing to God in heaven! the hoarseness of sin and the harshness of punishment being separated from us with a bill of everlasting divorce.

(4.) Admirable is the banqueting-place: the high court of heaven, where our apparel shall be such as beseemeth the attendants on the King of kings, even 'the fashion of the glorious body of Christ,' Phil. 3:21. The purest things are placed highest. The earth, as grossest, is put in the lowest room, the water above the earth, the air above the water, the fire above the air, the spheres of heaven above any of them; and yet the place where this feast is kept is above them all, the heaven of heavens. Take here a slight relish of the cheer in God's kingdom, where your welcome shall be answerable to all the rest: 'Eat, O my friends; and make you merry, O well-beloved,' Cant. 5:1. And then, as those that have tasted some delicate dish find other plain meats but unpleasant, so you that have tasted of heavenly things cannot but contemn the best worldly pleasures. And therefore as some dainty guest, knowing there is so pleasant fare to come, let us reserve our appetites for that, and not suffer ourselves to be cloyed with the coarse diet of the world. Thus as we fast on the eves that we may feast on the holidays, let us be sure that, after our abstinence from the surfeits of sin, we shall be everlastingly fed and fatted with the mercies of God. Which resolution the Lord grant us here; which banquet the Lord give us hereafter! Amen.

THE FOOL AND HIS SPORT

Fools make a mock at sin.—PROV. 14:9.

THE Proverbs of Solomon are so many select aphorisms, or divinely moral says, without any mutual dependence one upon another. Therefore to study a coherence, were to force a marriage between unwilling parties. The words read spend themselves on a description of two things—I. The fool; and, II. His sport. The fool is the wicked man; his sport, pastime, or bauble is sin. Mocking is the medium or

connexion that brings together the fool and sin. Thus he makes himself merry; they meet in mocking. The 'fool makes a mock at sin.'

I. FOOLS.—The fool is the wicked. An ignorant heart is always a sinful heart, and a man without knowledge is a man without grace. So Tamar to Amnon under his ravishing hands: 2 Sam. 13:13, 'Do not this folly;' if thou doest it, 'thou shalt be as one of the fools in Israel.' Ignorance cannot excusare à toto; wilful, not à tanto. 2 Thess. 1:8, 'Christ shall come in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God.' The state of these fools is fearful. Like hooded hawks, they are easily carried by the infernal falconer to hell. Their lights are out, how shall their house scape robbing? These fools have a knowledge, but it is to do evil, Jer. 4:22. They have also a knowledge of good, but not scientiam approbationis,—they know, but they refuse it. So God justly quits them; for though he know them ad scientiam, he will not know them ad approbationem, but gives them a *Discedite, nescio vos*: Matt. 7:23, 'I know you not: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.' A man may be a fool two ways: by knowing too little, or too much.

1. By knowing too little: when he knoweth not those things whereof he cannot be ignorant, and do well. 1 Cor. 2:2, 'I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' But every man saith he knows Christ. If men knew Christ's love in dying for them, they would love him above all things. How do they know him that love their money above him? *Nemo vere novit Christum, qui non vere amat Christum*,—No man knows Christ truly that loves him not sincerely. If men knew Christ, that he should be judge of quick and dead, durst they live so lewdly? *Non novit Christum qui non odit peccatum*,—He never knew Christ that doth not hate iniquity. Some attribute too much to themselves, as if they would have a share with Christ in their own salvation. *Nesciunt et Christum et seipsos*,—They are ignorant of both Christ and themselves. Others lay too much on Christ, all the burden of their sins; which they can with all possible voracity swallow down, and with blasphemy vomit up again upon him. But they know not Christ who thus seek to divide

aquam à sanguine,—his blood from his water; and they shall fail of justification in heaven that refuse sanctification upon earth.

2. By knowing too much. When a man presumes to know more than he ought, his knowledge is apt to be pury and gross, and must be kept low. Rom. 12:16, 'Mind not high things,' saith the Apostle. Festus slandered Paul, Acts 26:24, that 'much learning had made him mad.' Indeed, it might have done, if Paul had been as proud of his learning as Festus was of his honour. This is the 'knowledge that puffeth up,' 1 Cor. 8:1. It troubles the brain, like undigested meat in the stomach, or like the scum that seethes into the broth. To avoid this folly, Paul forbids us to 'be wise in our own conceits,' Rom. 12:16: whereof I find two readings, 'Be not wise in yourselves;' and 'Be not wise to yourselves.'

Not in yourselves. Conjure not your wit into the circle of your own secret profit. We account the simple, fools; God accounts the crafty, fools. He that thinks himself wise is a fool ipso facto. It was a modest speech that fell from the philosopher:* *Si quando fatuo delectari volo, non est mihi longe quærendus; me video.* Therefore Christ pronounced his woes to the Pharisees, his doctrines to the people. The first entry to wisdom is *scire quod nescias*,—to know thy ignorance. Sobriety is the measure for knowledge, as the gomer was for manna. Curiosity is the rennet that turns our milk into curds.

Not to yourselves. 'Let thy fountain be dispersed abroad,' saith the wisest king, Prov. 5:16; communicate thy knowledge. Matt. 5:15, Christians must be like lights, that waste themselves for the good of those in God's house. *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*,—He that will be wise only to himself takes the ready way to turn fool. *Non licet habere privatam, ne privemur ea*,—The closer we keep our knowledge, the likelier we are to lose it. Standing water soon puddles; the gifts of the mind, if they be not employed, will be impaired. Every wicked man is a fool; by comparing their properties:

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(1.) It is a fool's property *futura non prospicere*, to have no foresight of future things. So he may have from hand to mouth, he sings care away. So the grasshopper sings in harvest when the ant labours; and begs at Christmas when the ant sings. The wicked takes as little care what shall become of his soul, as the natural fool what shall become of his body. *Modo potiar*, saith the epicure,—Let me have pleasure now; 'It is better to a living dog than to a dead lion,' Eccles. 9:4. They do not in fair weather repair their house against storms; nor in time of peace provide spiritual armour against the day of war. They watch not; therefore 'the day of the Lord shall come upon them as a thief in the night,' and spoil them of all their pleasures. The main business of their soul is not thought of; nor dream they of an audit, till they be called by death away to their reckoning.

(2.) It is a fool's property to affect things hurtful to himself. *Ludit cum spinis*,—he loves to be playing with thorns. Neither yet *quod nocuit, docuit*, hath that which hurt him taught him caution, but he more desperately desires his own mischief. The wicked do strongly appropriate to themselves this quality. *Cum illis ludunt, quæ illos lædunt*,—They hover to dally with their own vexation who else would dote on the world; and hover like wasps about the gallipot, till for one lick of honey they be drowned in it. What is your ambition, O ye world-affecters, saith Augustine, but to be affected of the world? What do you seek, but *per multa pericula pervenire ad plura? per plurima ad pessima?**—but through many dangers to find more? through easier to find the worst of all? Like that doting Venetian, for one kiss of that painted harlot, to live her perpetual slave. The world was therefore called the fool's paradise; there he thinks to find heaven, and there he sells it to the devil. *Noxia quærunt improbi*,—'They haste as a bird to the snare,' Prov. 7:23. The devil doth but hold vanity as a sharp weapon against them, and they run full breast upon it. They need no enemies; let them alone, and they will kill themselves. So the envious pines away his own marrow; the adulterer poisons his own blood; the prodigal lavisheth his own estate; the drunkard drowns his own vital spirit. Wicked men make war upon themselves with the engines of death.

(3.) It is a fool's property to prefer trifles and toys before matters of worth and weight. The fool will not give his bauble for the king's exchequer. The wicked prefer bodies of dust and ashes to their soul of eternal substance; this sin-corrupted and time-spent world, to the perfect and permanent joys of heaven; short pleasures to everlasting happiness; a puff of fame before a solid weight of glory. What folly can be more pitiable, than to forsake corn for acorns; a state of immortality for an apple, as Adam did; a birthright, with all the privileges, for a mess of pottage, belly-cheer, as Esau did; a kingdom on earth, yea, in heaven too, for asses, as Saul did; all portion in Christ, for bacon, as the Gergesites did, Matt. 22; a royalty in heaven for a poor farm on earth, as the bidden guest did! This is the worldling's folly: villa, boves, uxor, &c.—

'Mundus, cura, caro, cœlum clausere vocatis;'—

To esteem grace and glory less than farms, oxen, wives; manna than onions; mercy than vanity; God than idols. They may be fitly paralleled with the prodigal, Luke 15. He forsook, [1.] His father's house for a strange country: these the church, God's house, for the world; a place wherein they should be strangers, and wherein, I am sure, they shall not be long dwellers. [2.] His father's inheritance for a bag of money: so these will not tarry for their heritage in heaven, but take the bags which Mammon thrusts into their hands on the present. Who but a fool will refuse the assured reversion of some great lordship, though expectant on the expiration of three lives, for a ready sum of money not enough to buy the least stick on the ground? This is the worldling's folly, rather to take a piece of slip-coin in hand than to trust God for the invaluable mass of glory. [3.] He forsakes his loving friends for harlots, creatures of spoil and rapine: so these the company of saints for the sons of Belial; those that sing praises, for those that roar blasphemies. [4.] Lastly, the bread in his father's house for husks of beans: so these leave Christ, the true bread of life, for the draff which the swine of this world puddle in. Here is their folly, to fasten on transient delights, and to

neglect the 'pleasures at the right hand of God for evermore,' Ps. 16:11.

(4.) It is a fool's property to run on his course with precipitation. Yet can he not outrun the wicked, whose 'driving is like Jehu's, the son of Nimshi,' 2 Kings 9:20: he driveth as if he were mad; as if he had received that commission, 'Salute no man by the way.' 'The wise man seeth the plague, and hideth himself; but the fool runneth on, and is punished,' Prov. 27:12. He goes, he runs, he flies; as if God, that rides upon the wings of the wind, should not overtake him. He may pass apace, for he is benefited by the way; which is smooth, without rubs, and down a hill, for hell is a bottom, Prov. 15:24. *Facilis descensus Averni*. Haste might be good, if the way were good, and good speed added to it. But this is *cursus celerrimus præter viam*. He needs not run fast; for *nunquam sero ad id venit, à quo nunquam receditur*,—the fool may come soon enough to that place from whence he must never return. Thus you see the correspondency of the spiritual to the natural fool in their qualities. Truly the wicked man is a fool. So Solomon expounds the one by the other: Eccles. 7:17, 'Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish; why shouldst thou die before thy time?'

FOOLS.—Observe, this is plurally and indefinitely spoken. The number is not small; *stultorum plena sunt omnia*. Christ's 'flock is little,' but Satan's kingdom is of large bounds. *Plurima pessima*,—vile things are ever most plentiful. Wisdom flies, like the rail, alone; but fools, like partridges, by whole coveys. There is but one truth, but innumerable errors; which should teach us—

1. Not to 'follow a multitude in evil.' In civil actions it is good to do as the most; in religious, to do as the best. It shall be but poor comfort in hell, *socios habuisse doloris*. Thou pleadest to the judge, I have done as others; the judge answers, And thou shalt speed as others.

2. To bless God that we are none of the many; as much for our grace, whereby we differ from the fools of the world, as for our reason,

whereby we differ from the fools of nature.

Now as these fools are many, so of many kinds. There is the sad fool and the glad fool; the haughty fool, and the naughty fool:—

1. The sad or melancholy fool is the envious, that repines at his brother's good. An enemy to all God's favours, if they fall besides himself. A man of the worst diet; for he consumes himself, and delights in pining, in repining. He is ready to quarrel with God because his neighbour's flock scape the rot. He cannot endure to be happy, if with company. Therefore envy is called by Prosper,* *de bono alterius tabescentis animi cruciatus*,—the vexation of a languishing mind, arising from another's welfare. *Tantos invidus habet justæ pœnæ tortores, quantos invidiosus habuit laudatores*,—So many as the envied hath praisers, hath the envious tormentors.

2. The glad fool—I might say the mad fool—is the dissolute; who, rather than he will want sport, makes goodness itself his minstrel. His mirth is to sully every virtue with some slander, and with a jest to laugh it out of fashion. His usual discourse is filled up with boasting parentheses of his old sins; and though he cannot make himself merry with their act, he will with their report: as if he roved at this mark, to make himself worse than he is. If repentance do but proffer him her service, he kicks her out of doors; his mind is perpetually drunk; and his body lightly dies, like Anacreon, with a grape in his throat. He is stung of that serpent, whereof he dies laughing.

3. The haughty fool is the ambitious; who is ever climbing high towers, and never forecasting how to come down. Up he will, though he fall down headlong. He is weary of peace in the country, and therefore comes to seek trouble at court, where he haunts great men, as his great spirit haunts him. When he receives many disappointments, he flatters himself still with success. His own fancy persuades him, as men do fools, to shoot away another arrow, thereby to find the first; so he loseth both. And, lastly, because his pride will admit of no other punisher, he becomes his own torment;

and having at first lost his honesty, he will now also lose his wits: so truly becomes a fool.

4. The naughty fool is the covetous. This is the folly that Solomon 'saw under the sun.' You heard before of a merry fool, but the very fool of all is the avarous; for he will lose his friends, starve his body, damn his soul, and have no pleasure for it. So saith the prophet, Jer. 17:11, 'He shall leave his riches in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.' He wastes himself to keep his goods from waste; he eats the worst meat, and keeps his stomach ever chiding. He longs, like a fool, for everything he sees; and at last may habere quod voluit, non quod vult,—have what he desired, never what he desires. He fears not the day of judgment, except for preventing the date of some great obligation. You would think it were petty treason to call a rich man fool; but He doth so that dares justify it: Luke 12:20, 'Thou fool, this night shall they fetch away thy soul from thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?'

II. We have anatomised the fool; let us behold his sport: 'He maketh a mock at sin.'

The fathers call this *infimum gradum*, and *limen inferni*,—the lowest degree of sin, and the very threshold of hell. It is *sedes pestilentiae*,—'the scorner's chair,' Ps. 1:1, wherein the ungodly sits, blaspheming God and all goodness. *Nemo fit repente pessimus*,—No man becomes worst at first. This is no sudden evil. Men are born sinful; they make themselves profane. Through many degrees they climb to that height of impiety. This is an extreme progress, and almost the journey's end of wickedness. *Improbo lætari affectu*. Thus Abner calls fighting a sport: 2 Sam. 2:14, 'Let the young men arise and play before us.' 'They glory in their shame,' saith the Apostle, Phil. 3:19; as if a condemned malefactor should boast of his halter. 'Fools make a mock at sin.'

We shall the more clearly see, and more strongly detest, this senseless iniquity, if we consider the object of the fool's sport—sin.

1. Sin, which is so contrary to goodness; and though to man's corrupt nature pleasing, yet even abhorred of those sparks and cinders which the rust of sin hath not quite eaten out of our nature as the creation left it. The lewdest man, that loves wickedness as heartily as the devil loves him, yet hath some objurgations of his own heart; and because he will not condemn his sin, his heart shall condemn him. The most reprobate wretch doth commit some contraconscient iniquities, and hath the contradiction of his own soul, by the remnants of reason left in it. If a lewd man had the choice to be one of those two emperors, Nero or Constantine; who would not rather be a Constantine than a Nero? The most violent oppressor that is cruel to others, yet had rather that others should be kind to him than cruel. The bloodiest murderer desires that others should use him gently, rather than strike, kill, or butcher him. Nature itself prefers light to darkness; and the mouth of a sorceress is driven to confess, *Video meliora, proboque*. The most rigid usurer, if he should come before a severe judge, would be glad of mercy, though himself will shew none to his poor bondmen.

'In bene vivendo requiem natura fateri

Cogitur.'

It is then first a contranatural thing to 'make a mock at sin.'

2. Sin, which sensibly brings on present judgments. 'Thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee,' John 5:14. Sin procured the former, and that was grievous—thirty-eight years bedrid: sin is able to draw on a greater punishment; 'Lest a worse thing come unto thee.' If I should turn this holy book from one end to the other; if I should search all fathers, yea, all writers, whether divine or human, I should evince this conclusion, that sin hales on judgment. *Pedissequus sceleris supplicium*. If there be no fear of impiety, there is no hope of impunity. Our Machiavellian politicians have a position, that *summa scelera incipiuntur cum periculo, peraguntur cum præmio*,—the greatest wickedness is begun with

danger, gone through with reward. Let the philosopher stop their mouths: *Scelus aliguis tutum, nemo securum tulit*,—Some guilty men have been safe, none ever secure.

This every eye must see. Let adultery plead that nature is the encourager and director of it, and that she is unjust to give him an affection, and to bar him the action; yet we see it plagued, to teach us that the sin is of a greater latitude than some imagine it: unclean, *foedifragous*, perjured. Broad impudence, contemplated bawdery, an eye full of whores, are things but jested at: the committers at last find them no jest, when God pours vengeance on the body, and wrath on the naked conscience.

Let drunkenness stagger in the robes of good-fellowship, and shroud itself under the wings of merriment, yet we see it have the punishment, even in this life. It corrupts the blood, drowns the spirits, beggars the purse, and enricheth the carcass with surfeits: a present judgment waits upon it. He that is a thief to others is at last a thief also to himself, and steals away his own life. God doth not ever forbear sin to the last day, nor shall the bloody ruffian still escape; but his own blood shall answer some in present, *Ps. 55:23*, and his soul the rest eternally. Let the Seminary pretend a warrant from the Pope to betray and murder princes, and build his damnation on their tetrical grounds, which have *parum rationis, minus honestatis, religionis nihil*,—little reason, less honesty, no religion; yet we see God reveals their malicious stratagems, and buries them in their own pit. Percy's* head now stands sentinel where he was once a pioneer.

If a whole land flow with wickedness, it escapes not a deluge of vengeance. For England, have not her bowels groaned under the heavy pestilence? If the plague be so common in our mouths, how should it not be common in our streets? With that plague wherewith we curse others, the just God curseth us. We shall find in that imperial state of Rome, that till Constantine's time almost every emperor died by treason or massacre; after the receiving of the

gospel, none except that revolter Julian. Let not sin then be made a sport or jest, which God will not forbear to punish even in this life.

3. But if it bring not present judgment, it is the more fearful. The less punishment wickedness receives here, the more is behind. God strikes those here whom he means to spare hereafter; and corrects that son which he purposeth to save. But he scarce meddles with them at all whom he intends to beat once for all. The almond-tree is forborne them who are bequeathed to the boiling pot. There is no rod to scourge such in present, so they go with whole sides to hell. The purse and the flesh scapes, but the soul pays for it. This is *miseriordia puniens*, a grievous mercy, when men are spared for a while that they may be spilled for ever. This made that good saint cry, Lord, here afflict, cut, burn, torture me, *ut in æternum parcas*,*—so that for ever thou wilt save me. No sorrow troubles the wicked, no disturbance embitters their pleasures; but 'remember,' saith Abraham to the merry-lived rich man, 'thou wert delighted, but thou art tormented,' Luke 16:25. *Tarditas supplicii gravitate pensatur*; and he will strike with iron hands that came to strike with leaden feet. *Tuli, nunquid semper feram?* No; their hell-fire shall be so much the hotter, as God hath been cool and tardy in the execution of his vengeance. This is a judgment for sin that comes invisible to the world, insensible to him on whom it lights: to be 'given over to a reprobate mind, to a hard and impenitent heart,' Rom. 1:28, 2:5. If anything be vengeance, this is it. I have read of plagues, famine, death, come tempered with love and mercy: this never but in anger. Many taken with this spiritual lethargy, sing in taverns, that should howl with dragons; and sleep out Sabbaths and sermons, whose awaked souls would rend their hearts with anguish. 'Fools,' then, only 'make a mock at sin.'

4. Sin, that shall at last be laid heavy on the conscience: the lighter the burden was at first, it shall be at last the more ponderous. The wicked conscience may for a while lie asleep; but *tranquillitas ista tempestas est*, †—this calm is the greatest storm. The mortalest enemies are not evermore in pitched fields, one against the other; the

guilty may have a seeming truce, true peace they cannot have. A man's debt is not paid by slumbering; even while thou sleepest, thy arrearages run on. If thy conscience be quiet without good cause, remember that *cedat injustissima pax justissimo bello*,—a just war is better than unjust peace. The conscience is like a fire under a pile of green wood—long ere it burn, but once kindled, it flames beyond quenching. It is not pacifiable whiles sin is within to vex it; the hand will not cease throbbing so long as the thorn is within the flesh. In vain he striveth to feast away cares, sleep out thoughts, drink down sorrows, that hath his tormentor within him. When one violently offers to stop a source of blood at the nostril, it finds a way down the throat, not without hazard of suffocation. The stricken deer runs into the thicket, and there breaks off the arrow; but the head sticks still within him, and rankles to death. Flitting and shifting ground gives way to further anguish. The unappeased conscience will not leave him till it hath shewed him hell; nor then neither. Let then this fool know, that his now seared conscience shall be quickened; his deathbed shall smart for this; and his amazed heart shall rue his old wilful adjournings of repentance. How many have there raved on the thought of their old sins, which in the days of their hot lust they would not think sins! Let not, then, the 'fool make a mock at sin.'

5. Sin, which hath another direful effect of greater latitude, and comprehensive of all the rest: *divinam incitat iram*,—it provokes God to anger. The 'wrath of a king is a messenger of death;' what is the wrath of the King of kings! 'For our God is a consuming fire,' Heb. 12:29. If the fire of his anger be once thoroughly incensed, all the rivers in the south are not able to quench it. What pillar of the earth, or foundation of heaven, can stand when he will shake them? He that in his wrath can open the jaws of earth to swallow thee, sluice out floods from the sea to drown thee, rain down fire from heaven to consume thee. Sodom, the old world, Korah, drank of these wrathful vials. Or, to go no further, he can set at jar the elements within thee, by whose peace thy spirits are held together; drown thee with a dropsy bred in thy own flesh; burn thee with a pestilence begotten in thy own blood; or bury thee in the earthly grave of thine own

melancholy. Oh, it is a fearful thing 'to fall into the hands of the living God!' It is then wretchedly done, thou fool, to jest at sin that angers God, who is able to anger all the veins of thy heart for it.

6. Sin, which was punished even in heaven. *Angeli detruduntur propter peccatum,—2 Pet. 2:4*, 'God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell.' It could bring down angels from heaven to hell; how much more men from earth to hell? If it could corrupt such glorious natures, what power hath it against dust and ashes? Art thou better or dearer than the angels were? Doest thou flout at that which condemned them? Go thy ways, make thyself merry with thy sins; mock at that which threw down angels. Unless God give thee repentance, and another mind, thou shalt speed as the lost angels did; for God may as easily cast thee from the earth as he did them from heaven.

7. Sin, which God so loathed that he could not save his own elect because of it, but by killing his own Son. It is such a disease that nothing but the blood of the Son of God could cure it. He cured us by taking the receipts himself which we should have taken. He is first cast into a sweat; such a sweat as never man but he felt, when the bubbles were drops of blood. Would not sweating serve? He comes to incision; they pierce his hands, his feet, his side, and set life itself abroach. He must take a potion too, as bitter as their malice could make it, compounded of vinegar and gall. And lastly, he must take a stranger and stronger medicine than all the rest—he must die for our sins. Behold his harmless hands pierced for the sins our harmful hands had committed! his undefiled feet, that never stood in the ways of evil, nailed for the errors of our paths! He is spitted on, to purge away our uncleanness; clad in scornful robes, to cover our nakedness; whipped, that we might escape everlasting scourges. He would thirst, that our souls might be satisfied; the Eternal would die, that we might not die eternally. He is content to bear all his Father's wrath, that no piece of that burden might be imposed upon us; and seem as forsaken a while, that we by him might be received for ever. Behold his side become bloody, his heart dry, his face pale, his arms

stiff, after that the stream of blood had run down to his wounded feet. Oh, think if ever man felt sorrow like him, or if he felt any sorrow but for sin!

Now, is that sin to be laughed at that cost so much torment? Did the pressure of it lie so heavy on the Son of God, and doth a son of man make light of it? Did it wring from him sweat, and blood, and tears, and unconceivable groans of an afflicted spirit; and dost thou, O fool, jest at it? Alas! that which put our infinite Redeemer, God and man, so hard to it, must needs swallow up and confound thee, poor sinful wretch! It pressed him so far that he cried out, to the amazement of earth and heaven, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Shall he cry for them, and shall we laugh at them? Thou mockest at thy oppressions, oaths, sacrileges, lusts, frauds; for these he groaned. Thou scornest his gospel preached; he wept for thy scorn. Thou knowest not, O fool, the price of sin; thou must do, if thy Saviour did not for thee. If he suffered not this for thee, thou must suffer it for thyself. *Passio æterna erit in te, si passio Æterni non erat pro te,*—An eternal passion shall be upon thee, if the Eternal's passion were not for thee. Look on thy Saviour, and make not 'a mock at sin.'

8. Lastly, Sin shall be punished with death. You know what death is the wages of it, Rom. 6:23; not only the first, but 'the second death,' Rev. 20:6. Inexpressible are those torments, when a reprobate would give all the pleasures that he ever enjoyed for one drop of water to cool his tongue: where there shall be unquenchable fire to burn, not to give light, save a glimmering; *ad aggravationem, ut videant unde doleant: non ad consolationem, ne videant unde gaudeant,**—to shew them the torments of others, and others the torments of themselves.

But I cease urging this terror; and had rather win you by the love of God than by his wrath and justice. Neither need I a stronger argument to dissuade you from sin than by his passion that died for us being enemies. For if the agony, anguish, and heart-blood of Jesus Christ, shed for our sins, will not move us to repentance, we are in a desperate case. Now, therefore, I fitly leave Paul's adjuration, so

sweetly tempered, in your bosoms; commending that to your consciences, and your consciences to God: Rom. 12:1, 'I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.'

MYSTICAL BEDLAM;

OR,

THE WORLD OF MADMEN

The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live: and after that they go to the dead.—
ECCLES. 9:3.

THE subject of the discourse is man; and the speech of him hath three points in the text:—I. His comma; II. His colon; III. His period. I. 'Men's hearts are full of evil;' there is the comma. II. 'Madness is in their hearts while they live;' there is the colon. III. Whereat not staying, 'after that they go down to the dead;' and there is their period. The first begins, the second continues, the third concludes, their sentence.

Here is man's setting forth, his peregrination, and his journey's end. I. At first putting out, 'his heart is full of evil.' II. 'Madness is in his heart' all his peregrination, 'whiles they live.' III. His journey's end is the grave, 'he goes to the dead.'

I. Man is born from the womb, as an arrow shot from the bow. II. His flight through this air is wild, and full of madness, of indirect courses. III. The centre, where he lights, is the grave.

I. His comma begins so harshly, that it promiseth no good consequence in the colon. II. The colon is so mad and inordinate, that there is small hope of the period. III. When both the premises are so faulty, the conclusion can never be handsome. Wickedness in the first proposition, madness in the second, the ergo is fearful; the conclusion of all is death.

So then, I. The beginning of man's race is full of evil, as if he stumbled at the threshold. II. The further he goes, the worse; madness is joined tenant in his heart with life. III. At last, in his frantic flight, not looking to his feet, he drops into the pit, goes down to the dead.

I. To begin at the uppermost stair of this gradual descent; the COMMA of this tripartite sentence gives man's heart for a vessel. Wherein observe—

1. The owners of this vessel; men, and derivatively, the sons of men.
2. The vessel itself is earthen, a pot of God's making, and man's marring; the heart.
3. The liquor it holds is evil; a defective, privative, abortive thing, not instituted, but destituted, by the absence of original goodness.
4. The measure of this vessel's pollution with evil liquor. It is not said sprinkled, not seasoned, with a moderate and sparing quantity; it hath not an aspersion, nor imbution, but impletion; it is filled to the brim, 'full of evil.' Thus, at first putting forth, we have man in his best member corrupted.

1. The owners or possessors—sons of men. Adam was called the son of God, Luke 3:38, 'Enos was the son of Seth, Seth the son of Adam, Adam the son of God:' but all his posterity the sons of men; we receiving from him both flesh and the corruption of flesh, yea, and of soul too; though the substance thereof be inspired of God, not traduced from man: for the purest soul becomes stained and corrupt when it once toucheth the body.

The sons of men. This is a derivative and diminutive speech; whereby man's conceit of himself is lessened, and himself lessened to humility. Man, as God's creation left him, was a goodly creature, an abridgement of heaven and earth, an epitome of God and the world: resembling God, who is a spirit, in his soul; and the world, which is a body, in the composition of his. *Deus maximus invisibilium, mundus maximus visibilium*,—God the greatest of invisible natures, the world the greatest of visible creatures; both brought into the little compass of man.

Now man is grown less; and as his body in size, his soul in vigour, so himself in all virtue is abated: so that 'the son of man' is a phrase of diminution, a bar in the arms of his ancient glory, a mark of his derogate and degenerate worth.

Two instructions may the sons of men learn in being called so:—(1.) Their spiritual corruption; (2.) Their natural corruptibleness.

(1.) That corruption and original pravity which we have derived from our parents. Ps. 51:5, 'Behold,' saith David, 'I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' The original word is, 'warm me;' as if the first heat derived to him were not without contamination. I was born a sinner, saith a saint.

It is said, Gen. 5:3, that 'Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth.' This image and likeness cannot be understood of the soul: for this Adam begat not. Nor properly and merely of the body's shape; so was Cain as like to Adam as Seth, of whom it is spoken. Nor did that image consist in the piety and purity of Seth: Adam could not propagate that to his son which he had not in himself; virtues are not given by birth, nor doth grace follow generation, but regeneration. Neither is Seth said to be 'begotten in the image of Adam' because mankind was continued and preserved in him. But it intends that corruption which descended to Adam's posterity by natural propagation. The Pelagian error was, *peccatum primæ transgressionis in alios homines, non propagatione, sed imitatione transisse*,—that the guilt of the first sin was derived to other men, not by propagation, but by imitation; but then could not Adam be said to beget a son in his own image, neither could death have seized on infants, who had not then sinned. But all have sinned: Rom. 5:12, 'As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.'

This title, then, 'the sons of men,' puts us in mind of our original contamination, whereby we stand guilty before God, and liable to present and eternal judgments. *Dura tremenda* refers. You will say

with the disciples, John 6:60, 'This is a hard saying; who can hear it?'—bear it; nay, be ready to conclude with a sadder inference, as the same disciples, after a particular instance, Matt. 19:25, 'Who then can be saved?'

I answer, We derive from the first Adam sin and death; but from the second Adam, grace and life. As we are the sons of men, our state is wretched; as made the sons of God, blessed. It is a peremptory speech, 1 Cor. 15:50, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.' It is a reviving comfort in the 6th chapter of the same epistle, ver. 11, 'Such we were; but we are washed, but we are sanctified, but we are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.' The conclusion or inference hereon is most happy: Rom. 8:1, 'Now therefore there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.' We may live in the flesh, but 'if after the flesh, we shall die,' ver. 13,—*si voluntati et voluptati carnis satisfacere conemur*, if our endeavours be wholly armed and aimed to content the flesh; but if we be 'led by the Spirit,' *cum dilectione, cum delectatione*, with love, with delight, we are of the sons of men made the sons of God, ver. 14.

It is our happiness, not to be born, but to be new-born, John 3:3. The first birth kills, the second gives life. It is not the seed of man in the womb of our mother, but the seed of grace, 1 Pet. 1:23, in the womb of the church, that makes us blessed. Generation lost us; it must be regeneration that recovers us. 'As the tree falls, so it lies;' and lightly it falls to that side which is most laden with fruits and branches. If we abound most with the fruits of obedience, we shall fall to the right hand, life; if with wicked actions, affections, to the left side, death.

It is not, then, worth the ascription of glory to, what we derive naturally from man. David accepts it as a great dignity to be son-in-law to a king. To descend from potentates, and to fetch our pedigree from princes, is held *mirabile et memorabile decus*, a dignity not to be slighted or forgotten; but to be a monarch—

'Imperium oceano, famam qui terminat astris,'—*

'Whose fame and empire no less bound controls,

Than the remotest sea, and both the poles'—

oh, this is *celsissima gloria mundi*,—the supremest honour of this world! Yet 'princes are but men,' saith the Psalmist. Ps. 146:3, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth.' They may be high by their calling, 'princes;' yet they are but low by their nature, 'sons of men.' And merely to be the son of man is to be corrupt and polluted. They are sinful, 'the sons of men;' weak, 'there is no help in them;' corruptible, 'their breath goeth forth;' dying, 'they return to their earth.'

It is registered as an evident praise of Moses's faith, Heb. 11:24, that, 'for the rebuke of Christ, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.' There is no ambition good in the sons of men, but to be adopted the sons of God: under which degree there is no happiness; above which, no cause of aspiring.

(2.) Our corruptibleness is here also demonstrated. A mortal father cannot beget an immortal son. If they that brought us into the world have gone out of the world themselves, we may infallibly conclude our own following. He that may say, I have a man to my father, a woman to my mother, in his life, may in death, with Job, chap. 17:14, 'say to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.'

It hath been excepted against the justice of God, that the sin of one man is devolved to his posterity; and that for 'the fathers' eating sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge,' Ezek. 18:2, according to the Jewish proverb, Jer. 31:29. As if we might say to every son of man, as Horace sung to his friend: *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*,—Thou being innocent, dost suffer for thy nocent superiors. This a

philosopher objected against the gods; strangely conferring it, as if for the father's disease physic should be ministered to the son.

I answer, Adam is considered as the root of mankind; that corrupt mass, whence can be deduced no pure thing. Can we be born Morians without their black skins? Is it possible to have an Amorite to our father, and a Hittite to our mother, without participation of their corrupted natures? If a man slip a scion from a hawthorn, he will not look to gather from it grapes. There is not, then, a son of man in the cluster of mankind, but eodem modo et nodo, vinctus et victus, —is liable to that common and equal law of death.

'Unde superbus homo, natus, satus, ortus ab humo?'—

'Proud man forgets earth was his native womb,

Whence he was born; and dead, the earth's his tomb.'

Morieris, non quia œgrotas, sed quia vivis, saith the philosopher,*—Thou shalt die, O son of man, not because thou art sick, but because the son of man. Cui nasci contigit, mori restat,—Who happened to come into the world, must upon necessity go out of the world.

It is no new thing to die, since life itself is nothing else but a journey to death. Quicquid ad summum pervenit, ad exitum properat,—He that hath climbed to his highest, is descending to his lowest. All the sons of men die not one death, for time and manner; for the matter and end, one death is infallible to all the sons of men. The corn is sometimes bitten in the spring, often trod down in the blade, never fails to be cut up in the ear, when ripe. Quisquis queritur hominem mortuum esse, queritur hominem fuisse,†—Who laments that a man is dead, laments that he was a man.

When Anaxagoras heard that his son was dead, he answered without astonishment, Scio me genuisse mortalem,—I know that I begat a mortal man. It was a good speech that fell from that shame of philosophy, Epictetus: Non sum æternitas, sed homo: particula

universi, ut hora diei: venire igitur oportet ut horam, præterire ut horam,—I am not eternity, but a man: a little part of the whole, as an hour is of the day: like an hour I came, and I must depart like an hour.

'Mors dominos servis, et sceptræ ligonilus æquat:

Dissimiles simili conditione ligat;—

'Death's cold impartial hands are used to strike

Princes and peasants, and make both alike.'

Some fruit is plucked violently from the tree, some drops with ripeness; all must fall, because the sons of men.

This should teach us to arm ourselves with patience and expectation, to encounter death. Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus: morimur, nec volumus,—Often we ought to prepare for death, we will not: at last, we die indeed, and we would not. Adam knew all the beasts, and called them by their names; but his own name he forgot—Adam, of earth. What bad memories have we, that forget our own names and selves, that we are the sons of men, corruptible, mortal! Incertum est, quo loco te mors expectat; itaque tu illam omni loco expecta,—Thou knowest not in what place death looketh for thee; therefore do thou look for him in every place. Matt. 24:42, 'Watch therefore; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come.'—Thus for the owners.

2. The vessel itself is the heart. The heart is man's principal vessel. We desire to have all the implements in our house good; but the vessel of chiefest honour, principally good. Quam male de te ipse meruisti, &c., saith St Augustine,—How mad is that man that would have all his vessels good but his own heart! We would have a strong nerve, a clear vein, a moderate pulse, a good arm, a good face, a good stomach, only we care not how evil the heart is, the principal of all the rest.

For howsoever the head be called the tower of the mind, the throne of reason, the house of wisdom, the treasure of memory, the capitol of judgment, the shop of affections, yet is the heart the receptacle of life. And spiritus, which, they say, is copula animæ et corporis, a virtue uniting the soul and the body, if it be in the liver natural, in the head animal, yet is in the heart vital. It is the member that hath first life in man, and it is the last that dies in man, and to all the other members gives vivification.

As man is microcosmus, an abridgment of the world, he hath heaven resembling his soul; earth his heart, placed in the midst as a centre; the liver is like the sea, whence flow the lively springs of blood; the brain, like the sun, gives the light of understanding; and the senses are set round about, like the stars. The heart in man is like the root in a tree: the organ or lung-pipe, that comes of the left cell of the heart, is like the stock of the tree, which divides itself into two parts, and thence spreads abroad, as it were, sprays and boughs into all the body, even to the arteries of the head.

The Egyptians have a conceit that man's growing or declining follows his heart. The heart of man, say they, increaseth still till he come to fifty years old, every year two drams in weight, and then decreaseth every year as much, till he come to a hundred; and then for want of heart he can live no longer. By which consequence, none could live above a hundred years. But this observation hath often proved false. But it is a vessel, a living vessel, a vessel of life.

It is a vessel properly, because hollow: hollow to keep heat, and for the more facile closing and opening. It is a spiritual vessel, made to contain the holy dews of grace, which make glad the city of God, Ps. 46:4. It is ever full, either with that precious juice, or with the pernicious liquor of sin. As our Saviour saith, Matt. 15:19, 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.' 'Know ye not,' saith the Apostle, 1 Cor. 3:16, 'that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' If our corpus be templum Domini, sure our cor is

sanctum sanctorum. It was the answer of the oracle, to him that would be instructed what was the best sacrifice:—

'Da medium lunæ, solem simul, et canis iram;'

'Give the half-moon, the whole sun, and the dog's anger;'

which three characters make COR, the heart. The good heart is a receptacle for the whole Trinity; and therefore it hath three angles, as if the three Persons of that one Deity would inhabit there. The Father made it, the Son bought it, the Holy Ghost sanctifies it; therefore they all three claim a right in the heart. It hath three cells for the three Persons, and is but one heart for one God. The world cannot satisfy it: a globe cannot fill a triangle. Only God can sufficiently content the heart.

God is, saith a father, non corticis, sed cordis Deus,*—not regarding the rind of the lips, but the root of the heart. Hence Satan directs his malicious strength against the heart. The fox doth gripe the neck, the mastiff flies at the throat, and the ferret nips the liver, but the devil aims at the heart, inficere, interficere. The heart he desires, because he knows God desires it; and his ambition still inclines, intends his purposes and plots, to rob God of his delight. The heart is the chief tower of life to the body, and the spiritual citadel to the whole man: always besieged by a domestical enemy, the flesh; by a civil, the world; by a professed, the devil. Every perpetrated sin doth some hurt to the walls; but if the heart be taken, the whole corporation is lost.

How should Christ enter thy house, and 'sup with thee,' Rev. 3:20, when the chamber is taken up wherein he would rest, the heart? All the faculties of man follow the heart, as servants the mistress, wheels the poise, or links the first end of the chain. When the sun riseth, all rise; beasts from their dens, birds from their nests, men from their beds. So the heart leads, directs, moves the parts of the body and powers of the soul; that the mouth speaketh, hand worketh, eye

looketh, ear listeneth, foot walketh, all producing good or evil 'from the good or evil treasure of the heart,' Luke 6:45. Therefore the penitent publican beat his heart, as if he would call up that, to call up the rest.

It is conspicuous, then, that the heart is the best vessel whereof any son of man can boast himself possessor; and yet (proh dolor!) even this is corrupted. To declare this pollution, the next circumstance doth justly challenge; only one caveat to our hearts, of our hearts, ere we leave them. Since the heart is the most precious vessel man hath in all his corporal household, let him have good regard to it. *Omni custodia custodi cor tuum,—*'Keep thy heart with all diligence,' saith Solomon. God hath done much for the heart, naturally, spiritually.

For the former; he hath placed it in the midst of the body, as a general in the midst of his army: bulwarked it about with breast, ribs, back. Lest it should be too cold, the liver lies not far off, to give it kindly heat; lest too hot, the lungs lie by it, to blow cool wind upon it. It is the chief, and therefore should wisely temper all other members: by the spleen we are made to laugh, by the gall to be angry, by the brain we feel, by the liver we love, but by the heart we be wise.

Spiritually, he hath done more for the heart, giving the blood of his Son to cleanse it, soften it, sanctify it, when it was full both of hardness and turpitude. By his omnipotent grace he unroosted the devil from it, who had made it a stable of uncleanness; and now requires it, being created new, for his own chamber, for his own bed. The purified heart is God's sacrary, his sanctuary, his house, his heaven. As St Augustine glosseth the first words of the Paternoster, 'Our Father which art in heaven'—that is, in a heart of a heavenly disposition. *Quam propitia dignatio ista*, that the King of heaven will vouchsafe to dwell in an earthly tabernacle!

The heart, then, being so accepted a vessel, keep it at home; having but one so precious suppellectile or moveable, part not with it upon

any terms. There are four busy requirers of the heart, besides he that justly owneth it—beggars, buyers, borrowers, thieves.

(1.) He that begs thy heart is the Pope; and this he doth not by word of mouth, but by letters of commendations,—condemnations rather,—his Seminary factors. He begs thy heart, and offers thee nothing for it, but crucifixes, images, &c.,—mere images or shadows of reward,—or his blessing at Rome; which, because it is so far distant, as if it lost all the virtue by the way, doth as much good as a candle in a sunshine.

(2.) He that would buy this vessel of us is the devil; as one that distrusts to have it for nothing: and therefore, set what price thou wilt upon it, he will either pay it or promise it. Satan would fain have his jewel-house full of these vessels, and thinks them richer ornaments than the Babylonian ambassadors thought the treasures of Hezekiah, 2 Kings 20:13. Haman shall have grace with the king, Absalom honour, Jezebel revenge, Amnon his lusts satisfied, Judas money, Demas the world, if they will sell him their hearts. If any man, like Ahab, sell his heart to such a purchaser, let him know that qui emit, interimit,—he doth buy it to butcher it.

(3.) The flesh is the borrower, and he would have this vessel to use, with promise of restoring. Let him have it a while, and thou shalt have it again; but as from an ill neighbour, so broken, lacerated, deformed, defaced, that though it went forth rich, like the prodigal, it returns home tattered and torn, and worn, no more like a heart than Michal's image on the pillow was like David. This suitor borrows it of the citizen, till usury hath made him an alderman; of the courtier, till ambition hath made him noble; of the officer, till bribery hath made him master; of the gallant, till riot hath made him a beggar; of the luxurious, till lust hath filled him with diseases; of the country churl, till covetise hath swelled his barns; of the epicure, till he be fatted for death; and then sends home the heart, like a jade, tired with unreasonable travel. This is that wicked borrower in the psalm, 'which payeth not again.' Thou wouldest not lend thy beast, nor the

worst vessel in thy house, to such a neighbour; and wilt thou trust him with thy heart? Either not lend it, or look not for it again.

(4.) The world is the thief, which, like Absalom, 'steals away the heart,' 2 Sam. 15:6. This cunningly insinuates into thy breast, beguiling the watch or guard, which are thy senses, and corrupting the servants, which are thy affections. The world hath two properties of a thief:—First, It comes in the night time, when the lights of reason and understanding are darkened, and security hath gotten the heart into a slumber. This dead sleep, if it doth not find, it brings.

'Sunt quoque quæ faciunt altos medicamina somnos,

Vivaque Lethæa lumina nocte premunt;'—*

'The world's a potion; who thereof drinks deep,

Shall yield his soul to a lethargic sleep.'

Secondly, It makes no noise in coming, lest the family of our revived thoughts wake, and our sober knowledge discern his approach. This thief takes us, as it took Demas, napping; terrifies us not with noise of tumultuous troubles, and alarum of persecutions, but pleasingly gives us the music of gain, and laps us warm in the couch of lusts. This is the most perilous oppugner of our hearts; neither beggar, buyer, nor borrower could do much without this thief. It is some respect to the world that makes men either give, or sell, or lend the vessel of their heart. *Astus pollentior armis*,—Fraud is more dangerous than force. Let us beware this thief.

First, turn the beggar from thy door; he is too saucy in asking thy best moveable, whereas beggars should not choose their alms. That Pope was yet a little more reasonable, that shewed himself content with a king of Spain's remuneration: The present you sent me was such as became a king to give, and St Peter to receive. But *da pauperibus*, the Pope is rich enough.

Then reject the buyer; set him no price of thy heart, for he will take it of any reckoning. He is near driven that sells his heart. I have heard of a Jew that would, for security of his lent money, have only assured to him a pound of his Christian debtor's living flesh; a strange forfeit for default of paying a little money. But the devil, in all his covenants, indents for the heart. In other bargains, caveat emptor, saith the proverb,—let the buyer take heed; in this, let the seller look to it. Make no mart nor market with Satan.

'Non bene pro multo libertas venditur auro,'—

'The heart is ill sold, whatever the price be.'

Thirdly, for the borrower: lend not thy heart in hope of interest, lest thou lose the principal. Lend him not any implement in thy house, any affection in thy heart; but to spare the best vessel to such an abuser is no other than mad charity.

Lastly, ware the thief; and let his subtlety excite thy more provident prevention. Many a man keeps his goods safe enough from beggars, buyers, borrowers, yet is met withal by thieves.

Therefore lock up this vessel with the key of faith, bar it with resolution against sin, guard it with supervising diligence, and repose it in the bosom of thy Saviour. There it is safe from all obsidious or insidious oppugnations, from the reach of fraud or violence. Let it not stray from this home, lest, like Dinah, it be deflowered. If we keep this vessel ourselves, we endanger the loss. Jacob bought Esau's birthright, and Satan stole Adam's paradise, whiles the tenure was in their own hands. An apple beguiled the one, a mess of pottage the other. Trust not thy heart in thine own custody; but lay it up in heaven with thy treasure. Commit it to Him that is the Maker and Preserver of men, who will lap it up with peace, and lay it in a bed of joy, where no adversary power can invade it, nor thief break through to steal it.

3. The liquor this vessel holds is evil. Evil is double, either of sin or of punishment; the deserving and retribution; the one of man's own affecting, the other of God's just inflicting. The former is simpliciter malum, simply evil of its own nature; the latter but secundum quid, in respect of the sufferer, being good in regard of God's glory, as an act of his justice. For the evils of our sufferings, as not intended here, I pretermit. Only, when they come, we learn hence how to entertain them: in our knowledge, as our due rewards; in our patience, as men, as saints; that tribulation may as well produce patience, Rom. 5:3, as sin hath procured tribulation. Non sentire mala sua non est hominis, et non ferre non est viri,*—He that feels not his miseries sensibly is not a man; and he that bears them not courageously is not a Christian.

The juice in the heart of the sons of men is evil; all have corrupted their ways. Solomon speaks not here in individuo, this or that son of man, but generally, with an universal extent, the sons of men. And leaving the plural with the possessors, by a significant solecism, he names the vessel in the singular,—the heart, not hearts,—as if all mankind had cor unum in unitate malitiæ, one heart in the unity of sin; the matter of the vessel being of one polluted lump, that every man that hath a heart, hath naturally an evil heart. Adam had no sooner by his one sin slain his posterity, but he begot a son that slew his brother. Adam was planted by God a good vine, but his apostasy made all his children sour grapes. Our nature was sown good; behold, we are come up evil. Through whose default ariseth this badness?

God created this vessel good; man poisoned it in the seasoning. And being thus distained in the tender newness, servat odorem testa diu, —it smells of the old infection, till a new juice be put into it, or rather itself made new. As David prays, Ps. 51:10, 'Create in me, O Lord, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.' God made us good, we have marred ourselves, and, behold, we call on him to make us good again. Yea, even the vessel thus recreated is not without a tang of the former corruption. Paul confesseth in himself a 'body of death,'

Rom. 7, as well as David a native 'uncleanness,' Ps. 51. The best grain sends forth that chaff, whereof, before the sowing, it was purged by the fan. Our contracted evil had been the less intolerable if we had not been made so perfectly good. He that made heaven and earth, air and fire, sun and moon, all elements, all creatures, good, surely would not make him evil for whom these good things were made. How comes he thus bad? *Deus hominem fecit, homo se interfecit.* In the words of our royal preacher, Eccles. 7:29, 'Lo, this only I have found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.' Man was created happy, but he found out tricks to make himself miserable. And his misery had been less if he had never been so blessed; the better we were, we are the worse. Like the posterity of some profuse or tainted progenitor, we may tell of the lands, lordships, honours, titles that were once ours, and then sigh out the song, *Fuimus Troes*,—We have been blessed.

If the heart were thus good by creation, or is thus good by redemption, how can it be the continent of such evil liquor, when, by the word of his mouth that never erred, 'a good tree cannot bring forth bad fruits?' Matt. 7:18. I answer, that saying must be construed in *sensu composito*: a good tree, continuing good, cannot produce evil fruits. The heart born of God, in *quanto renatum est, non peccat*,—'doth not commit sin,' 1 John 3:9, so far as it is born of God. Yet even in this vessel, whiles it walks on earth, are some drops of the first poison. And so—

'*Dat dulces fons unus aquas, qui et præbet amaras;*'—

The same fountain sends forth sweet water and bitter; though not at the same place, as St James propounds it, chap. 3:11.

But Solomon speaks here of the heart, as it is generate or degenerate, not as regenerate; what it is by nature, not by grace; as it is from the first Adam, not from the second. It is thus a vessel of evil. Sin was brewed in it, and hath brewed it into sin. It is strangely, I know not how truly, reported of a vessel that changeth some kind of liquor put

into it into itself, as fire transforms the fuel into fire. But here the content doth change the continent, as some mineral veins do the earth that holds them. This evil juice turns the whole heart into evil, as water poured upon snow turns it to water. 'The wickedness of man was so great in the earth,' that it made 'every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually,' Gen. 6:5.

Here, if we consider the dignity of the vessel, and the filthiness of the evil it holds, or is rather holden of, (for non tam tenet, quam tenetur,) the comparison is sufficient to astonish us.

'Quam male conveniunt vas aureum, atrumque venenum!'

Oh, ingrate, inconsiderate man! to whom God hath given so good a vessel, and he fills it with so evil sap. 'In a great house there be vessels of honour, and vessels of dishonour,' 2 Tim. 2:20; some for better, some for baser uses. The heart is a vessel of honour, scaled, consecrated for a receptacle, for a habitacle of the graces of God. 1 Cor. 6:15, 'Shall we take the member of Christ, and make it an harlot's?' the vessel of God, and make it Satan's? Did God infuse into us so noble a part, and shall we infuse into it such ignoble stuff? Was fraud, falsehood, malice, mischief, adultery, idolatry, variance, variableness ordained for the heart, or the heart for them? When the seat of holiness is become the seat of hollowness; the house of innocence, the house of impudence; the place of love, the place of lust; the vessel of piety, the vessel of uncleanness; the throne of God, the court of Satan, the heart is become rather a jelly than a heart: wherein there is a tumultuous, promiscuous, turbulent throng, heaped and amassed together, like a wine-drawer's stomach, full of Dutch, French, Spanish, Greek, and many country wines; envy, lust, treason, ambition, avarice, fraud, hypocrisy obsessing it, and by long tenure pleading prescription: that custom, being a second nature, the heart hath lost the name of heart, and is become the nature of that it holds, a lump of evil.

It is detestable ingratitude in a subject, on whom his sovereign hath conferred a golden cup, to employ it to base uses; to make that a wash-pot which should receive the best wine he drinketh. Behold, the King of heaven and earth hath given thee a rich vessel, thy heart, wherein, though it be a piece of flesh or clay of itself, he hath placed the chief faculties of thy spirit and his. How adverse to thankfulness and his intent is thy practice, when thou shalt pour into this cup lees, dregs, muddy pollutions, tetrical poisons, the waters of hell, wines which the infernal spirits drink to men; taking the heart from him that created it, from him that bought it, from him that keeps it, and bequeathing it, in the death of thy soul, to him that infects, afflicts, tempts, and torments it; making him thy executor which shall be thy executioner, that hath no more right to it than Herod had to the bed of his sister! What injury, what indignity, is offered to God, when Satan is gratified with his goods, when his best moveable on earth is taken from him and given to his enemy!

The heart is *flos solis*, and should open and shut with the 'Sun of righteousness,' Mal. 4:2. To him, as the landlord *duplice jure*, it should stand open, not suffering him to knock for entrance till 'his locks be wet with the dew of heaven,' Cant. 5:1. Alas! how comes it about that he which is the owner can have no admission? that we open not the doors of our hearts that the King of glory might enter, who will then one day open the doors of heaven that a man of earth may enter? Did God erect it as a lodging for his own majesty, leaving no window in it for the eye of man so much as to look into it, as if he would keep it under lock and key to himself, as a sacred chalice, whereout he would drink the wine of faith, fear, grace, and obedience, wine which himself had sent before for his own supper, Rev. 3:20; and must he be turned forth by his own steward, and have his chamber let out for an ordinary, where sins and lusts may securely revel? Will not he that made it one day 'break it with a rod of iron, and dash it in pieces like a potter's vessel?' Ps. 2:9.

Shall the great Belshazzar, Dan. 5:2, that tyrant of hell, sit drinking his wines of abomination and wickedness in the sacred bowls of the

temple, the vessels of God, the hearts of men, without ruin to those that delightfully suffer him? Was it a thing detestable in the eyes of God to profane the vessels of the sanctuary; and will he brook with impunity the hearts of men to be abused to his dishonour? Sure, his justice will punish it, if our injustice do it. The very vessels under the law, that had but touched an unclean thing, must be rinsed or broken. What shall become of the vessels under the gospel, ordained to hold the faith of Christ, if they be—more than touched—polluted with uncleanness? They must either be rinsed with repentance, or broken with vengeance.

I am willingly led to prolixity in this point. Yet in vain the preacher amplifies, except the hearer applies. Shall none of us, in this visitation of hearts, ask his own heart how it doth? Perhaps security will counterfeit the voice of the heart, as Jacob did Esau's hands, to supplant it of this blessing; saying, I am well; and stop the mouth of diligent scrutiny with a presentment of *Omnia bene*. Take heed, the heart of man is deceitful above measure. *Audebit dissimulare, qui audet malefacere*,—He will not stick to dissemble, that dares to do evil. Thou needest not rip up thy breast to see what blood thy heart holds, though thou hast been unkind enough to it in thine iniquities; behold, the beams of the sun on earth witness his shining in heaven; and the fruits of the tree declare the goodness or badness. *Non ex foliis, non ex floribus, sed ex fructibus dignoscitur arbor*.

What is lust in thy heart, thou adulterer? Malice in thine, thou envious? Usury in thine, thou covetous? Hypocrisy in yours, ye sons of Gibeon? Pride in yours, ye daughters of Jezebel? Falsehood in yours, ye brothers of Joab? And treachery in yours, ye friends of Judas? Is this wine fit for the Lord's bowl, or dregs for the devil to carouse of? Perhaps the sons of Belial will be filthy; 'let them be filthy still,' Rev. 22:11. Who can help them that will not be saved? Let them perish.

Let me turn to you that seem Christians,—for you are in the temple of Christ, and, I hope, come hither to worship him,—with confidence

of better success. What should uncleanness do in the holy city, evil in a heart sanctified to grace, sealed to glory? The vessel of every heart is by nature tempered of the same mould; nor is there any (let the proud not triumph) quorum præcordia Titan de meliore luto finxit. But though nature knew none, grace hath made difference of hearts; and the sanctified heart is of a purer metal than the polluted. A little living stone in God's building is worth a whole quarry in the world. One poor man's honest heart is better than many rich evil ones. These are dead, that is alive; and 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Solomon's heart was better than Absalom's, Jude's than Judas's, Simon Peter's than Simon Magus's: all of one matter, clay from the earth; but in regard of qualities and God's acceptance, the richest mine and coarsest mould have not such difference. There is with nature grace, with flesh faith, with humanity Christianity in these hearts.

How ill becomes it such a heart to have hypocrisy, injustice, fraud, covetousness seen in it! Let these bitter waters remain in heathen cisterns. To the master of malediction, and his ungodly imps, we leave those vices; our hearts are not vessels for such liquor. If we should entertain them, we give a kind of warrant to others' imitation. Whiles polygamy was restrained within Lamech's doors, it did but moderate harm, Gen. 4:19; but when it once insinuated into Isaac's family, it got strength, and prevailed with great prejudice, Gen. 26:34, 35. The habits of vices, whiles they dwell in the hearts of Belial's children, are merely sins; but when they have room given them in the hearts of the sons of God, they are sins and examples; not simply evil deeds, but warrants to evil deeds; especially with such despisers and despisers of goodness, who, though they love, embrace, and resolve to practise evil, yet are glad they may do it by patronage, and go to hell by example.

But how can this evil juice in our hearts be perceived? What beams of the sun ever pierced into that abstruse and secret pavilion? The anatomising of the heart remains for the work of that last and great day, Eccles. 12:14, Rom. 2:16. As no eye can look into it, so let no

reason judge it. But our Saviour answers, 'Out of the heart proceed actual sins;' the water may be close in the fountain, but will be discerned issuing out. The heart cannot so contain the unruly affections, but like headstrong rebels they will burst out into actions; and works are infallible notes of the heart. I say not that works determine a man to damnation or bliss,—the decree of God orders that,—but works distinguish of a good or bad man. The saints have sinned, but the greatest part of their converted life hath been holy.

Indeed, we are all subject to passions, because men; but let us order our passions well, because Christian men. And as the skilful apothecary makes wholesome potions of noisome poisons, by a wise melling and allaying them; so let us meet with the intended hurt of our corruptions, and turn it to our good. It is not a sufficient commendation of a prince to govern peaceable and loyal subjects, but to subdue or subvert rebels. It is the praise of a Christian to order refractory and wild affections, more than to manage yielding and pliable ones. As therefore it is a provident policy in princes, when they have some in too likely suspicion for some plotted faction, to keep them down and to hold them bare, that though they retain the same minds, they shall not have the same means to execute their mischiefs; so the rebellious spirit's impotency gives most security to his sovereign, whiles he sees afar off what he would do, but knows (near at hand, that is, certainly) he cannot. So let thy heart keep a strait and awful hand over thy passions and affections, ut, si moveant, non removeant,—that if they move thee, they may not remove thee from thy rest. A man then sleeps surely, securely, when he knows, not that he will not, but that his enemy cannot hurt him. Violent is the force and fury of passions, overbearing a man to those courses which in his sober and collected sense he would abhor. They have this power, to make him a fool that otherwise is not; and him that is a fool to appear so. If in strength thou canst not keep out passion, yet in wisdom temper it; that if, notwithstanding the former, it comes to whisper in thine ears thine own weakness, yet it may be hindered by the latter from divulging it to thy shame.

Thou seest how excellent and principal a work it is to manage the heart, which indeed manageth all the rest, and is powerful to the carrying away with itself the attendance of all the senses; who be as ready at call, and as speedy to execution, as any servant the centurion had, waiting only for a Come, Go, Do, from their leader, the heart. The ear will not hear where the heart minds not, nor the hand relieve where the heart pities not, nor the tongue praise where the heart loves not. All look, listen, attend, stay upon the heart, as a captain, to give the onset. The philosopher saith, It is not the eye that seeth, but the heart; so it is not the ears that hear, but the heart.

Indeed, it sometimes falleth out, that a man hears not a great sound or noise, though it be nigh him. The reason is, his heart is fixed, and busily taken up in some object, serious in his imagination, though perhaps in itself vain; and the ears, like faithful servants, attending their master, the heart, lose the act of that auditive organ by some suspension, till the heart hath done with them and given them leave. Curious and rare sights, able to ravish some with admiration, affect not others, whiles they stand as open to their view; because their eyes are following the heart, and doing service about another matter. Hence our feet stumble in a plain path, because our eyes, which should be their guides, are sent some other way on the heart's errand. Be then all clean, if thou canst; but if that happiness be denied on earth, yet let thy heart be clean; there is then the more hope of the rest.

4. The measure of this vessel's infection—full. It hath not aspersion, nor imbution, but impletion. It is not a moderate contamination, which, admitted into comparison with other turpitudes, might be exceeded; but a transcendent, egregious, superlative matter, to which there can be no accession. The vessel is full, and more than full what can be? One vessel may hold more than another, but when all are filled, the least is as full as the greatest. Now Solomon, that was no flatterer, because a king himself, without awe of any mortal superior, because servant to the King of kings, and put in trust with the registering of his oracles, tells man plainly that his heart, not some

less principal part, is evil, not good, or inclining to goodness; nay, full of evil, to the utmost dram it contains.

This describes man in a degree further than nature left him, if I may so speak; for we were born evil, but have made ourselves full of evil. There is time required to this perfecting of sin, and making up the reprobate's damnation. Judgment stays for the Amorites, 'till their wickedness becomes full,' Gen. 15:16; and the Jews are forborne till they have 'fulfilled the measure of their fathers,' Matt. 23:32. Sin loved, delighted, accustomed, habituated, voluntarily, violently perpetrated, brings this impletion. Indeed, man quickly fills this vessel of his own accord; let him alone, and he needs no help to bring himself to hell. Whiles God's preventing grace doth not forestall, nor his calling grace convert, man runs on to destruction, as the fool laughing to the stocks. He sees evil, he likes it, he dares it, he does it, he lives in it; and his heart, like a hydropic stomach, is not quiet till it be full.

Whiles the heart, like a cistern, stands perpetually open, and the devil, like a tankard-bearer, never rests fetching water from the conduit of hell to fill it, and there is no vent of repentance to empty it, how can it choose but be full of evil? The heart is but a little thing; one would therefore think it might soon be full; but the heart holds much, therefore is not soon filled. It is a little morsel, not able to give a kite her breakfast; yet it contains as much in desires as the world doth in her integral parts. Neither, if the whole world were given to the Pellæan monarch, would he yet say, My heart is full, my mind is satisfied.

There must then concur some co-working accidents to this repletion. Satan suggests; concupiscence hearkens, flatters the heart with some persuasion of profit, pleasure, content; the heart assents, and sends forth the eye, hand, foot, as instruments of practice; lastly, sin comes, and that not alone—one is entertained, many press in. *Mala sunt contigua et continua inter se.* Then the more men act, the more they

affect; and the exit of one sin is another's hint of entrance, that the stage of his heart is never empty till the tragedy of his soul be done.

This fulness argues a great height of impiety. Paul amply delivered the wickedness of Elymas, Acts 13:10, 'O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness,' &c.; a wretched impletion. So is the reprobate estate of the heathen described, Rom. 1, to be 'filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, covetousness,' &c. The same apostle, in the same epistle, speaking of the wicked in the words of the psalm, saith, 'Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness,' Rom. 3:14. Here the heart is 'full of evil.' The commander being so filled with iniquity, every member as a soldier, in his place, fills itself with the desired corruption. 'The eye is full of adultery and lust,' saith the Apostle, 2 Pet. 2:14; the 'hand full of blood,' saith the prophet, Isa. 1:15; the foot full of averseness; the tongue full of curses, oaths, dissimulations. Every vessel will be full as well as the heart; full to the brim, nay, running over, as the vessels at the marriage in Cana, though with a contrary liquor. And when all are replenished, the heart is ready to call, as the widow in 2 Kings 4:6, 'Bring me yet another vessel,' that it may be filled.

This is the precipitation of sin, if God doth not prevent, as Satan doth provoke it; it rests not till it be full. Sinful man is evermore carrying a stick to his pile, a talent to his burden, more foul water to his cistern, more torments to be laid up in his hell: he ceaseth not, without a supernatural interruption, and gracious revocation, till his measure be full.

Thus I have run through these four circumstances of the comma, or first point of man: observing—1. From the owners, their corruptible fragility; 2. From the vessel, the heart's excellency; 3. From the liquor contained in it, the pollution of our nature; 4. And lastly, from the plenitude, the strength and height of sin. The sum is, 1. the heart, 2. of man, 3. is full, 4. of evil.

I should now conclude, leaving my discourse, and you to the meditation of it, but that you should then say I had failed in one special part of a physician; that having described the malady, I prescribe no remedy. Since it is not only expedient to be made experient of our own estate, but to be taught to help it; give me leave therefore briefly to tell you that some principal intentions to the repair of your hearts' ruins are these:—1. Seeing this vessel is full, to empty it. 2. Seeing it is foul, to wash it. 3. Since it hath caught an ill tang, to sweeten it. 4. And when it is well, so to preserve it. With these four uses go in peace.

1. There is, first, a necessity that the heart, which is full of evil by nature, must be emptied by conversion, and replenished with grace, or not saved with glory; what scuppet have we then to free the heart of this muddy pollution? Lo, how happily we fall upon repentance: God grant repentance fall upon us! The proper engine, ordained and blessed of God to this purpose, is repentance: a grace without which man can never extricate himself from the bondage of Satan; a grace whereat, when it lights on a sinful soul, the devils murmur and vex themselves in hell, and the good 'angels rejoice in heaven,' Luke 15. This is that blessed engine that lightens the hearts of such a burden, that rocks and mountains and the vast body of the earth, laid on a distressed and desperate sinner, are corks and feathers to it, Rev. 6:16.

This is that which makes the eternal Wisdom content to admit a forgetfulness, and to remember our iniquities no more than if they had never been. This speaks to mercy to separate our sins from the face of God, to bind them up in heaps and bundles, and drown them in the sea of oblivion. This makes Mary Magdalene, of a sinner a saint; Zaccheus, of an extortioner charitable; and of a persecuting Saul a professing Paul. This is that mourning master that is never without good attendants: tears of contrition, prayers for remission, purpose of amended life. Behold the office of repentance; she stands at the door, and offers her loving service: Entertain me and I will unlade thy heart of that evil poison, and, were it full to the brim,

return it thee empty. If you welcome repentance, knocking at your door from God, it shall knock at God's door of mercy for you. It asks of you amendment, of God forgiveness. Receive it.

2. The heart thus emptied of that inveterate corruption, should fitly be washed before it be replenished. The old poison sticks so fast in the grain of it, that there is only one thing of validity to make it clean—the blood of Jesus Christ. It is this that hath bathed all hearts that ever were, or shall be, received into God's house of glory. This 'blood cleanseth us from all sin,' 1 John 1:7. Paul seems to infer so much, in joining to 'the spirits of just men made perfect, Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel,' Heb. 12:23, 24; as if he would prove that it was this blood which made them just and perfect. In vain were all repentance without this: no tears can wash the heart clean but those bloody ones which the side of Christ and other parts wept, when the spear and nails gave them eyes, whiles the Son of eternal joy became a mourner for his brethren. Could we mourn like doves, howl like dragons, and lament beyond the wailings in the valley of Hadadrimmon, *quid prosunt lachrymæ*,—what boots it to weep where there is no mercy? and how can there be mercy without the blood of Christ?

This is that ever-running fountain, that sacred 'pool of Bethesda,' which, without the mediation of angels, stands perpetually unforbidden to all faithful visitants. Were our leprosy worse than Naaman's, here is the true water of Jordan, or pool of Siloam: 'Wash, and be clean.' Bring your hearts to this bath, ye corrupted sons of men. Hath God given you so precious a laver, and will you be unclean still? Pray, entreat, beseech, send up to heaven the cries of your tongues and hearts for this blood; call upon the 'preserver of men,' not only to distil some drops, but to wash, bathe, soak your hearts in this blood. Behold, the Son of God himself, that shed this blood, doth entreat God for you; the whole choir of all the angels and saints in heaven are not wanting. Let the meditation of Christ's mediation for you give you encouragement and comfort. Happy son of man, for

whom the Son of God supplicates and intercedes! What can he request and not have!

He doth not only pray for you, but even to you, ye sons of men. Behold him with the eyes of a Christian, faith and hope, standing on the battlements of heaven, having that for his pavement which is our ceiling, offering his blood to wash your hearts, which he willingly lost for your hearts; denying it to none but wolves, bears, and goats, and such reprobate, excommunicate, apostate spirits that tread it under their profane and luxurious feet, esteeming that an 'unholy thing wherewith they might have been sanctified,' Heb. 10:29. Come we then, come we, though sinners, if believers, and have our hearts washed.

3. All is not done with this vessel when washed. Shall we empty it, cleanse it, and so leave it? Did not Satan re-enter to the 'house swept and garnished, with seven worse spirits,' Matt. 12:44, whiles it was empty? Behold then, when it is emptied, and washed, and sweetened, it must be filled again: a vacuity is not allowable. It must be replenished with somewhat, either evil or good. If God be not present, Satan will not be absent. When it is evacuated of the 'works of the flesh,' Gal. 5:24, it must be supplied with the 'fruits of the Spirit.' Humility must take up the room which pride had in the heart; charitableness must step into the seat of avarice; love extrude malice, mildness anger, patience murmuring; sobriety must dry up the floods of drunkenness; continence cool the inflammations of lust; peace must quiet the head from dissensions; honesty pull off hypocrisy's vizard; and religion put profaneness to an irrevocable exile.

Faith is the hand that must take these jewels out of God's treasury to furnish the heart; the pipe to convey the waters of life into these vessels. This infusion of goodness must follow the effusion of evil. God must be let in when Satan is locked out. If our former courses and customs, like turned-away abjects, proffer us their old service, let us not know them, not own them, not give them entertainment,

not allow their acquaintance. But in a holy pride, as now made courtiers to the King of heaven, let us disdain the company of our old playfellows, *opera tenebrarum*, 'the works of darkness.' Let us now only frequent the door of mercy, and the fountain of grace; and let faith and a good conscience be never out of our society.—Here is the supply.

4. We have now done, if, when our hearts be thus emptied, cleansed, supplied, we so keep them. *Non minor est virtus, &c.*; nay, let me say, *Non minor est gratia*. For it was God's preventing grace that cleansed our hearts, and it is his subsequent grace that so preserves them; that we may truly sing—

'By grace, and grace alone,

All these good works are done.'

Yet have we not herein a patent of security and negligence sealed us, as if God would save us whiles we only stood and looked on; but 'he that hath this hope purgeth himself,' 1 John 3:3. And we are charged to 'keep and possess our vessel in sanctification and honour,' 1 Thess. 4:4; and to 'live unspotted of the world,' James 1:27.

Return not to your former abominations, 'lest your latter end be worse than your beginning,' Luke 11:26. Hath God done so much to make your hearts good, and will you frustrate his labours, annihilate his favours, vilipend his mercies, and reel back to your former turpitudes? God forbid it! and the serious deprecation of your own souls forbid it!

Yea, O Lord, since thou hast dealt so graciously with these frail vessels of flesh,—emptied them, washed them, seasoned them, supplied them,—seal them up with thy Spirit to the day of redemption, and preserve them, that the evil one touch them not. Grant this, O Father Almighty, for thy Christ and our Jesus's sake! Amen.

II. Man's sentence is yet but begun, and you will say a comma doth not make a perfect sense. We are now got to his COLON. Having left his heart full of evil, we come to his madness. No marvel if, when the stomach is full of strong wines, the head grow drunken. The heart being so filled with that pernicious liquor, evil, becomes drunk with it. Sobriety, a moral daughter, nay, reason, the mother, is lost; he runs mad, stark mad; this frenzy possessing not some out-room, but the principal seat, the heart.

Neither is it a short madness, that we may say of it, as the poet of anger, *furor brevis est*; but of long continuance, even during life, 'while they live.' Other drunkenness is by sleep expelled, but this is a perpetual lunacy.

Considerable then is, 1. The matter; 2. The men; 3. The time. *Quid, in quo, quamdiu*,—What, in whom and how long. Madness is the matter; the place, the heart; the time, whiles they live. The colon, or medium of man's sentence, spends itself in the description of—1. A tenant, madness; 2. A tenement, the heart; 3. A tenure, while they live.

1. Madness, 2. holds the heart, 3. during life. It is pity, 1. so bad a tenant, 2. hath so long time, 3. in so good a house.

1. The TENANT, madness. There is a double madness, corporal and spiritual. The object of the former is reason; of the latter, religion. That obsesseth the brain, this the heart. That expects the help of the natural physician, this of the mystical. The difference is, this spiritual madness may *insanire cum ratione, cum religione nunquam*. The morally frantic may be mad with reason, never with religion.

Physicians have put a difference betwixt frenzy and madness, imagining madness to be only an infection and perturbation of the foremost cell of the head, whereby imagination is hurt; but the frenzy to extend further, even to offend the reason and memory, and is never without a fever. Galen calls it an inflammation of the brains, or

films thereof, mixed with a sharp fever. My purpose needs not to be curious of this distinction.

To understand the force of madness, we must conceive in the brain three ventricles, as houses assigned by physicians for three dwellers—imagination, reason, and memory. According to these three internal senses or faculties, there be three kinds of frenzies or madness:—

(1.) There are some mad that can rightly judge of the things they see, as touching imagination and fantasy; but for cogitation and reason, they swerve from natural judgment.

(2.) Some being mad are not deceived so much in common cogitation and reason; but they err in fantasy and imagination.

(3.) There are some that be hurt in both imagination and reason, and they necessarily therewithal do lose their memories. That whereas in perfect, sober, and well-composed men, imagination first conceives the forms of things, and presents them to the reason to judge, and reason discerning them, commits them to memory to retain; in madmen nothing is conceived aright, therefore nothing derived, nothing retained.

For spiritual relation, we may conceive in the soul, understanding, reason, will. The understanding apprehendeth things according to their right natures. The reason discusseth them, arguing their fitness or inconvenience, validity or vanity; and examines their desert of probation or disallowance, their worthiness either to be received or rejected. The will hath her particular working, and embraceth or refuseth the objects which the understanding hath propounded, and the reason discoursed.

Spiritual madness is a depravation, or almost deprivation of all these faculties, quoad cœlestia,—so far as they extend to heavenly things. For understanding; the Apostle saith, 1 Cor. 2:14, 'The natural man perceives not spiritual things, because they are spiritually discerned.'

And the very 'minds of unbelievers are blinded by the god of this world,' 2 Cor. 4:4. For reason; it judgeth vanities more worthy of prosecution when they are absent, of embracing when they salute us: Mal. 3:14, 'It is in vain to serve the Lord; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and walked mournfully before him?' This is the voice of distracted cogitation, and of reason out of the wits. Ver. 15, 'We call the proud happy; and the workers of wickedness are set up: yea, they that tempt God are delivered.' For will; it hath lost the propenseness to good, and freedom of disposing itself to well-doing; neither hath it any power of its own to stop and retard the precipitation to evil.

Now, whereas they distinguish the soul in vegetabilem, that giveth life; in sensibilem, that giveth feeling; in rationalem, that giveth reason: the first desiring esse, to be; the second bene esse, to be well; the third optime esse, to be blest, so not resting till it be with God: behold, this spiritual madness enervates this last action of the soul, as the corporal endeavours to extinguish the two former.

They attribute to the soul five powers:—(1.) Feeling, whereby the soul is moved to desire convenient things, and to eschew hurtful. (2.) Wit, whereby she knoweth sensible and present things. (3.) Imagination, whereby she beholdeth the likeness of bodily things, though absent. And these three virtues, say philosophers, be common to men with beasts. (4.) Ratio, whereby she judgeth between good and evil, truth and falsehood. (5.) Intellectus, whereby she comprehends things, not only visible, but intelligible, as God, angels, &c. And these two last are peculiar to man, abiding with the soul, living in the flesh, and after death. It beholdeth still the higher things per intellectum, and the lower per rationem.

As corporal madness draws a thick obfuscation over these lights, so spiritual corrupts and perverts them; that as they are strangers to heaven, quoad intellectum, so at last they become fools in natural things, quoad rationem. As the Apostle plainly, Rom. 1:28, 'Even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, so God gave them

over to a reprobate mind, to do those things that are not convenient.' They that forget God shall forget nature. Hence ensue both these frenzies, and with them a dissimilitude to men, to Christian men. It is reckoned up among the curses that wait on the heels of disobedience: Deut. 28:28, 'The Lord shall smite thee with madness, blindness, and astonishment of heart.' But it is a fearful accumulation of God's judgments and our miseries, when spiritual frenzy shall possess the soul, and scatter the powers of the inner man, evacuating not only imagination, but knowledge; not reason, but faith; not sense, but conscience: when the opinion of the world shall repute men sober and wise, and the scrutiny of God shall find them madmen.

To draw yet nearer to the point of our compass, and to discover this spiritual madness; let us conceive in man's heart, for therein this frenzy consists, in answerable reference to those three faculties in the brain and powers of the soul before manifested, these three virtues, knowledge, faith, affections. The defect of grace, and destitution of integrity, to the corrupting of these three, cause madness. We will not inquire further into the causes of corporal frenzy; the madness which I would minister to is thus caused: a defective knowledge, a faith not well informed, affections not well reformed. Ignorance, unfaithfulness, and refractory desires make a man mad.

(1.) Ignorance as a cause of this madness; nay, it is madness itself,—*supplicii causa est, suppliciumque sui*. How mad are they then, that settling their corrupted souls on the lees of an affected ignorance, imagine it an excusatory mitigation of their sinfulness! But so it befalls them as it doth the frantic: *hi dementiam, illi ignorantiam suam ignorant*,—these are ignorant of their own ignorance, as those of their madness: *ἄνοια* and *ἀνομια* are inseparable companions. Wickedness is folly; and ignorance of celestial things is either madness, or the efficient cause, or rather deficient, whereupon madness ensueth. Ps. 14:4, 'All the workers of iniquity have no knowledge.' The wicked, in the day of their confusion, shall confess that the madness of their exorbitant courses, and their wildness,

'erring from the way of truth,' arose from their ignorance of the way of the Lord: 'Therefore have we erred from the way of truth, and the light of righteousness hath not shined upon us,' Wisd. 5:6. Will you hear their acknowledged reason? 'For the way of the Lord we have not known.' So, Wisd. 13:1, from the absent knowledge of the true God, and for want of understanding, and confessing by the works the workmaster, the madness of idolatry is hatched. Ver. 18, 'For health, he calleth upon that which is weak: for life, he prayeth to that which is dead: and for a good journey, he asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward.' Through this error, they were so mad as to ascribe, first, to stocks and stones, insensible creatures; secondly, to men, dust and ashes; thirdly, to wicked men, the worst of those that had a reasonable soul; fourthly, to devils, the malicious enemies of God and men, 'that incomparable name of God,' Wisd. 14:21.

Beyond exception, without question, the authority, patronage, and original fatherhood of spiritual madness is the nescience of God. No marvel if 'the people do err in their very heart,' saith the Psalmist, the local seat of this madness, when 'they have not known the ways of the Lord,' Ps. 95:10. The true object of divine knowledge is God; and the book wherein we learn him is his word. How shall they scape the rocks that sail without this compass? When the frenzy hath turned the edge of common sense, frustrated the power of reason, and captivated the regent-house of understanding, a man dreads not fire, mocks the thunder, plays at the holes of asps, and thrusts his hand into the mouths of lions: *ignoti nec timor, nec amor*; he knows not the danger.

So, whiles the supreme justice is not known, nor the avenger of wickedness understood, the ungodly are so mad as to 'mock at sin,' Prov. 14:9, to play at the brinks of the infernal pit, and to dally with those asps and crocodiles, the stinging and tormenting spirits; to precipitate themselves into that unquenched fire, to fillip the darts of thunder back again to the sender, and with a thirsty voracity to swallow down the dregs of the wrathful vial. *Quid in causa nisi ignorantia?*—What hath thus distempered the heart, and put it into

this wildness, that, without fear or wit, men run into the evident danger of vengeance, if not ignorance? Prov. 22:3, 'A prudent man foreseeth the plague, and hideth himself, but the foolish run madly on, and are punished.'

If the Romists were not madmen, or worse, they would never set up ignorance as a lamp to light men to heaven; assuring it for the dam to produce, and nurse with her cherishing milk to batten devotion; when it is indeed an original cause of madness, the mother of error and wildness, making man's way to bliss more uncertain than Hannibal's on the Alps, or a lark's in the air. The truth is, know to know, and be wise; know to obey, and be happy. 'This is eternal life, to know God, and his Son whom he hath sent, Jesus Christ.' Labour to understand the Bible, lest thou undergo the curses of it. *Lege historiam, ne fias historia.* St Paul, after the recitation of many fearful judgments, concludes: 'Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and are written for our admonition,' &c., 1 Cor. 10:11. If we will not be admonished by these ensamples, we may become ensamples ourselves, histories of madness to future generations. Let the Papists call ignorance by never so tolerable and gentle names, it is ignorance still, still cause of madness. If madness may bring to heaven, there is hope for these wilfully ignorant.

(2.) Unfaithfulness is a sufficient cause of madness. Faith is the Christian man's reason. Now on the privation of reason must needs follow the position of madness. For shall the Creator of heaven and earth, the eternal Justice, and infallible Truth affirm? Shall he swear, will you put him to his oath, and that by 'two immutable things,' the best in heaven and the best on earth? Will you have him set his hand to it, and write it with his own finger? Dare you not yet trust him without a seal? Must he seal it with that bloody wax in the impression of death on his Son? Must you have witnesses, three on earth and as many in heaven, when the King of kings might well write, *Teste meipso*? And will you not yet believe him? Is there no credit from your hearts to all these promises, attestations, protestations, signs, seals? Will not these, all these, signify, certify,

satisfy your souls of that unchangeable truth? Surely you are mad, haplessly, hopelessly mad, unmeasurably out of your spiritual wits. Were you as deeply gone in a corporal frenzy, I would sigh out your desperate case:—

'Hei mihi, quod nullis ratio est medicabilis herbis!'

Shall the Lord threaten judgments? Woe to him that trembles not! Non sapient, sentient tamen. Hell was not made for nothing. The vanguard of that accursed departing rabble, the ringleaders of the crew that dance to hell, are unbelievers, Rev. 21:8. An unsettled heart, accompanied with incredulity: 'If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established,' Isa. 7:9. Neither are they that believe not gathered within the pale and fold of the church, but wander like straggling goats and wild beasts on the mountains and forests of this world. Hereupon through the improvident and incircumspect courses that mad infidelity keeps, the soul stumbles at the rock, and is broken by that which might have been her eternal safety, 1 Pet. 2:7, 8. They that wander from the mounds and bounds of faith, madly invite dangers to salute them. *Sub clypeo fidei, et subsidio virtutis virtutus,—*But where faith is not our proctor, nor is providence our protector, what shall shield us in the absence of faith? Not Solon, not Solomon, a wise man among the Gentiles, a wiser among the Christians; but grow mad in the deficiency of faith.

Men see by unanswerable arguments that the hand of God is too strong for sinners; that the least touch of his finger staggers their lives, their souls; that he sends his executioner, death, to call the wicked away, and that in a more horrid shape than to others; arming him with plague, murder, distraction, destruction, and that often with suddenness. They behold that *cadit corpus, inde cadaver; sepelitur, seponitur,—*the body dies and turns to rottenness. They know their own building to be made of the same loam and dust, and therefore liable to that common and equal law. Frequent examples of God's immediate vengeance are added to the ancient trophies and monuments of his former desolations; spectacles set up in the vast

theatre of this world, whereof, quocunque sub axe, whithersoever thou turnest thine eyes, thou must needs be a spectator. Shall we still think that solummodo pereunt, ut pereant, vel ut pereundo alios deterreant,—they only perish to perish, and not to terrify others, threatening the like wretchedness to the like wickedness? Surely the judgments of God should be like his thunders: *pœna ad paucos, terror ad omnes*,—whilst some fall, others should fear. They that will not take example by others shall give example to others.

But we see those that are as ripe in lewdness draw long and peaceable breaths; neither is it the disposition of a singular power, but the contingency of natural causes that thus worketh. Take heed; it is not the levity but the lenity of God, not the weakness of his arm, but the mercy of his patience, that thus forbearth thee. 'The Lord is not slack, as some count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward,' &c., 2 Pet. 3:9. If this gentle physic make thee madder, he hath a dark chamber to put thee in,—a dungeon is more lightsome and delightsome,—the grave; bands of darkness to restrain thy outrages, and potions of brimstone to tame and weaken thy perverseness. Then will he demonstrate actually, *Nemo me impune lacessit*,—No man shall provoke me unpunished.

Infidelity of God's judgment is madness; unbelief of his mercies hath never been counted less. What is it else to refuse the offer of that 'Lamb which takes away the sins of the world,' John 1:29, and to cut off ourselves from that universal promise? *Moritur Christus pro indigenis, pro indignis*; and spreads out his arms on the cross to embrace both Jew and Gentile. Why does not God give faith? I answer with that father,* *Non ideo non habes fidem quia Deus non dat, sed quia tu non accipis*,—Thou dost not therefore lack faith because God doth not offer it, but because thou wilt not accept it.

The name of Jesus Christ is, saith St Augustine, *nomen, sub quo nemini desperandum est*,—a name able to defend us from desperation. But there are many implacable threatenings against our guiltiness. There are none implacable to faith; none without

reservation of mercy to repentance. Every conditional proposition hath two parts: the former suspendeth the sentence, and is called the antecedent; the latter concludeth the sentence, and is called the consequent. The first, nil ponit in esse, as a conditional promise inferreth nothing, but deriveth all force and virtue from the connexion, whereof it dependeth. So in menaces, there is either some presupposed cause or after concession, wherein it inferreth a consequence: If thou hast sinned; if thou dost not repent. There is place for remission with God, if there be place for repentance in thy own heart.

If, then, distrust of God's mercy be not madness, what is? when it causeth a man to break that league of kindness which he oweth to his own flesh, and offers to his hand engines of his own destruction, evermore presenting his mind with halters, swords, poisons, pistols, ponds; disquieting the heart with such turbulent and distracting cogitations, till it hath adjured the hands to imbrue themselves in their own blood, to the incurring of a sorer execution from the justice of God? Is he not mad that will give credit to the father of lies rather than to the God of truth? When God promiseth to penitence the wiping away her tears, the binding up her wounds, and healing her sores; and the devil denieth it, giving it for impossible to have the justice of God satisfied, and thy sins pardoned; behold, darkness is believed rather than light, and falsehood is preferred to truth.

Be not thus lion-like in your houses and frantic in your hearts, mad in your desperate follies; to shut up heaven when the Lord hath opened it; to renew that score which he hath wiped; and when he hath pulled you out of the fire, to run into it again: like tigers, to tear and devour your own souls, which that blood of eternal merit hath freed from the dragon of hell. It is not a light and inferior degree of madness, but a desperate, when the physician (even he of heaven) shall promise help to a sore, and apply plasters of his own blood to it, the patient shall thrust his nails into it, and answer, Nay, it shall not be healed. This sin is like that fourth beast, in the 7th of Daniel, without distinction of name or kind: 'dreadful, terrible, exceedingly

strong; and it had great iron teeth,' &c. The lion, bear, leopard are tame and gentle in regard of this beast. It is desperate madness; that grinds the poor with his iron teeth, and stamps his own heart under his malignant feet, and dasheth against God himself with his horns of blasphemy.

It is, then, clearer than the day that the darkness of infidelity is frenzy, whether (as it hath been instanced) it be presumptuous against God's justice, or desperate against his mercy. For who but a madman would hope for impunity to his wilfully-continued sins, where he visibly perceives that peccatum peccantem necessitat morti,—that iniquity gives soul and body liable to condemnation, and objects them to the unappeasable wrath of God? And yet who but a madman, having sinned, will despair of forgiveness, when the mercy of God hath allowed a place to repentance? 'Turn and live,' saith the Lord; 'for I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth,' Ezek. 18:32.

(3.) Refractory and perverse affections make a man frantic. This is a speeding cause, and fails not to distemper the soul whereof it hath gotten mastery. There may be, first, a sober knowledge, that the patient may say, *Video meliora*, I see better things; and, secondly, a faith, (but such as is incident to devils,) *Proboque*, I allow of them; but, thirdly, where the whole man is tyrannised over by the regent-house of irrefragable affects, *Deteriora sequor*, he concludes his course with, I follow the worse. Observe the Philistines crying, 1 Sam. 4:7, 'God is come into the camp; woe unto us!' &c. Yet they settle, hearten, harden themselves to fight against him. Ver. 8, 'Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods?' Yet, ver. 9, 'Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines: quit yourselves like men, and fight.' Twice they behold their Dagon 'fallen down before the ark,' chap. 5, yet Dagon must be their god still, and the ark is only revered for a *ne noceat*.

How many run mad of this cause, inordinate and furious lusts! If men could send their understandings, like spies, down into the well

of their hearts, to see what obstructions of sin have stopped their veins, those springs that erst derived health and comfort to them, they should find that male afficiuntur, quia male afficiunt,—their mad affects have bad effects; and the evildisposedness of their souls ariseth from the want of composedness in their affections. The prophet Jeremiah, chap. 2:24, compareth Israel to 'a swift dromedary, traversing her ways,' and to a 'wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure.' 'Be ye not,' saith the Psalmographer, 'as the horse and mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle,' Ps. 32:9. Men have understanding, not beasts; yet when the frenzy of lust overwhelmeth their senses, we may take up the word of the prophet and pour it on them: 'Every man is a beast by his own knowledge.' And therefore man that is in 'honour, and understandeth not, is like unto beasts that perish,' Ps. 49:20. Did not the bridle of God's overruling providence restrain their madness, they would cast off the saddle of reason, and kick nature itself in the face.

This is that which Solomon calls the wickedness of folly, foolishness, and madness, Eccles. 7:25; a continual deviation from the way of righteousness; a practical frenzy; a roving, wandering, vagrant, extravagant course, which knows not which way to fly, nor where to light, except like a dor* in a dunghill; an opinion without ground, a going without a path, a purpose to do it knows not what, a getting and losing, bending and breaking, building up and pulling down; conceiving a multitude of thoughts with much anxiety, and with a sudden neglect scattering them. As that woman who, being long barren, by studying and practising physic, became pregnant to the bearing of many children; upon whom she afterward exercising the same skill, brought them all to an untimely grave: so

'Per eandem redditur artem

Hæc Medæa ferox, quæ medicæa fuit.'

So madly do these frantics spend their time and strengths, by doing and undoing, tying hard knots and untying them, affecting the issue of their own brains not a day together, and destroying much seed in the birth of their thoughts, because the conception now pleaseth them not. The proverb saith, that the most wild are in least danger to be stark mad; but here, wildness is madness, and indefatigable frenzy; an erring star reserved for the black darkness; a rolling stone that never gathers any moss to stay it; an incessant and impetuous fury, that never ceaseth roving and raving till it come to the centre, hell.

Thus I have endeavoured to demonstrate madness, in the true definition, form, and colours. But as a man cannot so well judge of a sum while it lies in the heap, as when it is told and numbered out; if this united and contracted presentation of madness be not so palpable in your conceits as you would desire it, behold, to your further satisfaction, I come to particulars. The whole denominates the parts: as all of water is water; all of flesh, flesh; so every wilful sin is madness. Doubtless, when we come to this precise distribution and narrow scrutiny, to the singling out of frenzies, you will bless yourselves that there are so few bedlam-houses, and yet so many out of their wits.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia,—It were no hard matter to bring all the world into the compass of a fool's cap. I dare not go so far; only *magna est plenitudo hominum, magna solitudo sapientum*,—there is great plenty of men, and no scarcity of madmen. *Plurima pessima*,—The most are not the best. *Pretiosa non numerosa*,—Vile things breed as plentifully as mountainmice. Goodness, like the rail, flies alone; but madmen, like partridges, by coveys. Nay, we may say, *Magna solitudo hominum*, if it be true that Lactantius says: *Nemo potest jure dici homo, nisi qui sapiens est*,—He is not a man that is a madman. The fool is but *imago hominis*,—the shadow or resemblance of a man. The world is full of madmen, and the madder it is, the less it is sensible of its own distraction. *Semel insanivimus omnes*,—We have been all once mad, is too true a saying; some in

youth, others in age. The first is more obvious and common, wildness is incident to youth; the latter more perilous, and of less hope to be reclaimed. If we must be mad, better young than old; but better not to be born than be mad at all, if the mercy of God and grace of Jesus Christ recollect us not. In the words of a poet—

'All are once mad; this holds for too strong truth:

Blest man, whose madness comes and goes in youth!'

I promised to particularise and set open the gates of bedlam, to leave madness as naked as ever sin left the first propagators of it and mankind. The epicure shall lead the ring, as the foreman of this mad morisco:—

(1.) THE EPICURE.—I would fain speak not only of him, but with him. Can you tend it, belly-god? The first question of my catechism shall be, 'What is your name?' 'Epicure.' 'Epicure! what is that? Speak not so philosophically, but tell us, in plain dealing, what are you?' ' "A lover of pleasure more than of God," 2 Tim. 3:4,—φιλήδονοι μᾶλλον ἢ φιλόθεοι. One that makes much of myself; born to live, and living to take mine ease. One that would make my belly my executor, and bequeath all my goods to consumption, for the consummation of my own delights.' 'Ho! a good fellow, a merry man, a madman! What is your summum bonum?' 'Pleasure.' 'Wherein consists it? Rehearse the articles of your belief.' 'I believe that delicacies, junkets, quotidian feasts, suckets, and marmalades are very delectable. I believe that sweet wines and strong drinks—the best blood of the grape, or sweat of the corn—are fittest for the belly. I believe that midnight revels, perfumed chambers, soft beds, close curtains, and a Delilah in mine arms, are very comfortable. I believe that glittering silks and sparkling jewels, a purse full of golden charms, a house neatly decked, gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, parks, warrens, and whatsoever may yield pleasurable stuffing to the corpse, is a very heaven upon earth. I believe that to sleep till dinner, and play till supper, and quaff till midnight, and to dally till morning, except

there be some intermission to toss some painted papers, or to whirl about squared bones, with as many oaths and curses, vomited out in an hour, as would serve the devil himself for a legacy or stock to bequeath to any of his children: this is the most absolute and perfect end of man's life.'

Now a deft creed, fit to stand in the devil's catechism. Is not this madness, stark and staring madness? What is the flesh which thou pamperest with such indulgence? As thou feedest beasts to feed on them, doest thou not fat thy flesh to fat the worms? Go, Heliogabalus, to thy prepared muniments, the monuments of thy folly and madness; thy tower is polished with precious stones and gold, but to break thy neck from the top of it, if need be; thy halters enwoven with pearl, but to hang thyself, if need be; thy sword enamelled, hatched with gold, and embossed with margarites, but to kill thyself, if need be. Yet, for all this, death prevents thy preparation, and thou must fall into thine enemy's hands.

Thou imaginest felicity to consist in liberty, and liberty to be nothing else but *potestas vivendi ut velis*,—a power to live as thou list. Alas, how mad art thou! Thou wilt not live as thou shouldst, thou canst not live as thou wouldst; thy life and death is a slavery to sin and hell. Tut, *post mortem nulla voluptas*; and here, ver. 4, 'It is better to be a living dog than a dead lion.' Thou art mad; for, 'for all these things thou must come unto judgment.'

How many of these madmen ramble about this city!—that lavish out their short times in this confused distribution of playing, dicing, drinking, feasting, beasting, a cupping-house, a vaulting-house, a gaming-house, share their means, lives, souls. They watch, but they pray not; they fast when they have no money, and steal when they have no credit: and revelling the whole week, day and night, only the Sunday is reserved for sleep, and for no other cause respected. Be not mad, as the Apostle saith: Eph. 5:6, 'Be not deceived: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of

disobedience.' Are not these madmen, that buy the merry madness of an hour with the eternal agonies of a tormented conscience?

(2.) The PROUD is the next madman I would have you take view of in this bedlam. The proud man, or rather the proud woman, or rather hæc aquila, both he and she: for if they had no more evident distinction of sex than they have of shape, they would be all man, or rather all woman; for the Amazons bear away the bell: as one wittily, hic mulier will shortly be good Latin, if this transmigration hold; for whether on horseback or on foot, there is no great difference, but not discernible out of a coach. If you praise their beauty, you raise their glory; if you commend them, command them. Admiration is a poison that swells them till they burst,—

'Laudatas extendit avis Junonia pennas.'

Is not this madness? De ignorantia tui, venit in te superbia,*—Selfignorance is the original of pride. Is not he mad that knows not himself? Quanto quis humilior, tanto Christo similior,—Humility is Christ's resemblance, pride the devil's physiognomy. Is he not mad that would rather be like Satan than God? Humility is begun by the information of Christ, wrought by the reformation of the Spirit, manifested in conformation to obedience. But pride, saith Augustine, ubi mentem possederit, erigendo dejicit, inflammando evacuat, et domum destruit, quam inhabitat,—Pride casteth down by lifting up, by filling emptieth, and destroys the house where it inhabiteth. If superbire be supra regulam ire, then is pride extravagancy and madness: a pernicious, perilous sin, that entraps even good works; quod bonis operibus insidiatur.*

Do you think there is no pride, no madness in the land? Ask the silkmen, the mercers, the tirewomen, the complexion-sellers, the coachmakers, the apothecaries, the embroiderers, the featherers, the perfumers, and, above all, as witnesses beyond exception, the tailors. If you cast up the debt-books of the others, and the fearful bills of the last, you shall find the total sum, pride and madness. Powders,

liquors, unguents, tinctures, odours, ornaments derived from the living, from the dead,—palpable instances and demonstrative indigitations of pride and madness. Such translations and borrowing of forms, that a silly countryman walking the city can scarce say, There goes a man, or, There a woman. Woman, as she was a human creature, bore the image of God; as she was a woman, the image of man; now she bears the image of man indeed, but in a cross and mad fashion, almost to the quite defacing of the image of God. Howsoever, that sex will be the finer, the prouder, the madder; for pride and madness are of the feminine gender. They have reason for it. Man was made but of earth; woman of refined earth, being taken out of man, who was taken out of the earth; therefore she arrogates the costlier ornaments, as being the purer dust. Alas, how incongruous a connexion is fine dust, proud clay! The attribute is too good for the subject.

A certain man desired to see Constantine the Great; whom intently beholding, he cried out, I thought Constantine had been some greater thing, but now I see he is nothing but a man. To whom Constantine answered with thanks, *Tu solus es, qui in me oculos apertos habuisti*,—Thou only hast looked on me with open and true-judging eyes. *O nobiles magis quam fœlices pannos*, may many great men say of their stately robes; nay, *O honoranda, magis quam honesta, vestimenta*, may proud creatures say of theirs. What is a silken coat to hide aches, fevers, imposthumes, swellings, the merited poisons of lust, when we may say of the body and the disease, as of man and wife, for their incorporation of one to the other, *Duo sunt in carne una*,—They are two in one flesh!

There is mortality in that flesh thou so deckest, and that skin which is so bepainted with artificial complexion shall lose the beauty and itself. *Detrahetur novissimum velamentum cutis*. You that sail betwixt heaven and earth in your four-sailed vessels, as if the ground were not good enough to be the pavement to the soles of your feet, know that the earth shall one day set her foot on your necks, and the slime of it shall defile your sulphured bodies. Dust shall fill up the

wrinkled furrows which age makes and paint supplies. Your bodies were not made of the substance whereof the angels, nor of the nature of stars, nor of the matter whereof the fire, air, water, and inferior creatures. Remember your tribe, and your father's poor house, and the pit whereout you were hewn. Hannibal is at the gates, death stands at your doors; be not proud, be not mad—you must die.

(3.) The LUSTFUL is not to be missed in this catalogue. The poet calls amantes, amentes; taking, or rather mistaking, love for lust. Indeed it is *insana libido*, a witch that with her powerful charms intoxicates the heart. A father contemplating in his meditations how it came to pass that our forefathers in the infancy of the world had so many wives at once, answers himself, *Certe cum fuit consuetudo, non fuit culpa*,—Whiles it was a custom, it was scarce held a fault. We may say no less of our days. Lasciviousness is so wonted a companion for our gallants, that in their sense it hath lost the name of being a sin. They call it *magnatum ludum*, and so derive to themselves authority of imitation.

But still, *Quæ te dementia cepit?* Thou art mad whiles incontinent. Is it not *malum sui diffusivum*,—a saucy sin, a costly disease? Yet, were it cheap to the purse, is it not the price of blood? Can all your provocatives, enlivenings, and fomenting preservatives prevent the wasting of your marrows? Chamber-work will dry the bones. 'If my heart,' saith Job, 'hath been deceived by a woman, it is a fire that consumeth to destruction, and would root out all mine increase,' chap. 31:9, 12. *Luxuriam sequitur dissipatio omnis*,—Luxury is attended on by a general consumption:—First, of substance, Prov. 6:26, 'By means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread.' Secondly, of body. *Tremores pedum, et articularum generat deprivationem*,—It weakens the limbs and unties the joints, those knots whereby the body is trussed together. St Paul calls it a 'sin against a man's own body,' 1 Cor. 6:18. Thirdly, of name. 'A wound and dishonour will he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away,' Prov. 6:33. Even when he shall depart his place, the world, he leaves an evil memorial, a bad savour, behind him.

I would mention the loss of his soul too; but that he cares not for: the other he would seem to love, then how mad is he to endanger them? If thou be not mad, away with these fomenta luxuriæ; feed nature, not appetite. Naturæ nihil parum, appetitui nihil satis. Qui minus tradit corpori, quam debet corpori, civem necat: qui tradit plus corpori, quam debet corpori, hostem nutrit,—As he that allows less to his body than he owes to his body, kills his own friend; so he that gives more to his body than he owes to his body, nourisheth his enemy. Thou complainest of original evil in thy flesh, yet nourishest what thou complainest against. Caro non est mala, si malo careat. But Christ was more favourable to the adulteress, and sent her away with impunity; yet not in allowance to the vice of the accused, but to convince the wickedness of the accusers, John 8:7–11. Putavit lapidandam, non à lapidandis. Noluit talem, noluit à talibus;—He might think her worthy to die, but not by them that were worthy to die. He would not have her polluted, nor yet to perish by so polluted hands. I conclude the madness of these men with the poet—

'Ludit amor sensus, oculos perstringit, et aufert

Libertatem animi, et mira nos fascinat arte.

Credo, aliquis dæmon subiens præcordia flammam

Concitat, et raptam tollit de cardine mentem.

Amor est et amarus et error.'

'Lust blinds the senses, and with witching art

Brings into fatal servitude the heart.

A subtle fiend, the cause and plague of badness,

Poisons the blood, and fills the brain with madness.'

If they will not see this yet, (as what frantic man perceives his own madness?) they shall feel it under the hands of an ill surgeon on earth, or a worse in hell.

(4.) The HYPOCRITE plays the madman under covert and concealment. He is proud under the shadow of humility. But he cannot say with David, Ps. 131:1, 'Mine heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty:' *Cor et oculi, fons et rivuli*. The tongue that brags of humility deserves little credit. *Frons, vultus, oculi sæpe mentiuntur; lingua vero sæpissime*,—The forehead, eyes, and countenance do often deceive, the tongue most commonly. The worst inn hath sometimes the bravest sign, and the baser metal the loudest sound. *Turpiora sunt vitia cum virtutum specie celantur*,*—Vices are then more ugly when they have put on the robes of virtues. *Hypocrita solus vult omnibus videri melior, et solus est omnibus pejor*,†—The hypocrite would seem better than any man, and is indeed the worst of all men. His respect is not to the reward of virtue, but regard of men; as if virtue were not *sibimet pulcherrima merces*,—a sufficient compensation to itself. Being the son of a handmaid, and a bramble indeed, as Jotham spake of Abimelech, Judges 9, he brags as much of his shadow as either vine, olive, fig-tree, or the tallest cedar in Lebanon.

He mourns for his sins, as a hasty heir at the death of his father. *Hæredis luctus sub larva, risus est*,—He is at once a close mourner and a close rejoicer. When the wicked man counterfeits himself good, he is then worst of all. Dissembled sanctity is double iniquity, *quia et iniquitas est et simulatio*,—because it is both sin and simulation. Hypocrites are like jugglers, that shew tricks of legerdemain, seeming to do the tricks they do not, by casting a mist before men's eyes. Howsoever it was once said, *Stultitiam simulare loco, prudentia summa est*; I think it not so intolerable as the speech of Protagoras in Plato, somewhat agreeing to Machiavel: He is a madman that cannot counterfeit justice and dissemble integrity. I am here rather occasioned to say, He is a madman that doth counterfeit good things, because he doth but counterfeit. And in that great epiphany and

manifestation of the secrets of all hearts, he shall be found a madman. Meantime, he is a frantic too, for he incurs the world's displeasure in making a shew of godliness, God's double displeasure in making but a shew. He that would purchase the hatred both of God and man, is he less than mad?

(5.) The AVAROUS is a principal in this bedlam. Soft! if it were granted that the covetous were mad, the world itself would run of a garget; for who is not bitten with this mad dog? It is the great cannon of the devil, charged with chain-shot, that hath killed charity in almost all hearts. A poison of three sad ingredients, whereof who hath not (to speak sparingly) tasted? Insatiability, rapacity, tenacity. In concupiscendo, acquirendo, retinendo. Covetousness hath three properties, saith Ambrose, *Concupiscere aliena, cupita invadere, celare quod invadit*,—to covet not her own, to get what she covets, and to keep what she gets. And yet, O Avarous! why art thou so mad after money? *Non habentes inficit, habentes non reficit*,—it hurts them that it possesseth, and helps not them that possess it. The brood that covetousness hatcheth is an offspring intricated with cares terrestrial, infected with desires carnal, blinded with passions, subjected to affections, infirmed by tentations, informed by lusts, enfolded in errors, in ambiguities difficult, obnoxious to suspicions. Is he not mad that will foster in his bosom a dam with such a damned litter?

Tria retia habet diabolus in mundum extensa: ut quicquid evaserit de retibus gulæ, incidat in retia inanis gloriæ; et quicquid evaserit his, callidius capiatur retibus avaritiæ. De his nullus perfecte evasit;‡ — The devil's three nets are riot, vain-glory, covetousness. The second catcheth them that scape the first; and the last misseth not to apprehend them that are delivered from both the former: 'He that flies from the lion, the bear meets him,' Amos 5:19; and those that escape both these, the serpent (covetousness) bites: not unlike the prediction of God to Elias, 1 Kings 19:17, concerning Hazael, Jehu, and Elisha, whom he was commanded to anoint: 'It shall come to

pass, that he that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay; and him that scapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.'

If this be madness, who are well in their wits? And yet madness it is, and infatuate frenzy. What is it else, to forsake Paradise for Sodom, heaven for earth, God for Mammon, whenas (by most irreconcilable enmity) they cannot be embraced at once? Howsoever, you will say, those things you covet are good creatures, and call them goods; yet no good man will account those goods good for him that cannot command his affections to their sober usage. He that shall prefer profit to virtue, his body to his soul, his purse to his body, his eye to his purse, time to eternity, let him go for a madman.

The epicure feeds one fowl a hundred times, that it may feed him but once; the covetous feeds his purse a thousand times, and starves himself. He cares not to destroy his soul to please his lust, yet for the salvation of his soul will not hold his purse short of the smallest gain. To conclude: the god whom he serves cannot help him; the God whom he should serve will not help him, because he hath forsaken him. There is no other help or hope to reclaim the avarous, but 'Lord, have mercy on them, for they are lunatic and sore vexed;' as that father spake of his possessed son, Matt. 17:15. 'Lunatic' they are perpetually, and not at some fits by the moon, as that word seems to intimate. 'Sore vexed,' with the implacable, insatiable, turbulent distraction of their own spirits; not without accession of all those solicitations which the infernal spirits can suggest; all for gain. 'Oft-times they fall into the fire, and oft into the water:' their epileptic courses now drive them into the fire of malice and dissension, now plunge and drown them in the floods of oppression, till the inundation of their cruelty have spoiled the whole country, and themselves at last are suffocated in their own deluge. They may be 'brought to the disciples,' the ministers of Christ, but 'they cannot cure them,' ver. 16. Alas! this frenzy is hard to heal. Though they be neither faithless nor perverse, negatively; though they strive by fasting and prayer, affirmatively, ver. 17; avoid they evil impediments, or use they good means; this kind of devil will not out,

covetousness will not be expelled. Only 'Lord, have mercy on them,' ver. 21; convince them, convert them, for they are madmen.

(6.) The USURER would laugh to hear himself brought into the number of madmen. He sits close, and is quiet at home, while madness rambles abroad. He holds others in bonds, is in no bonds himself; he stands so much upon law, you cannot judge him lawless. He would not come near a tavern door, where madness roars; he keeps a succinct course, and walks in an even pace to hell. Slander him not for one of bedlam; yet he is mad, raving, roaring mad; and that by the verdict of God in the pen of Solomon: Eccles. 7:7, 'Surely oppression maketh a man mad.'

It is indeed a thriving occupation. Usury is like that Persian tree, that at the same time buds, blossoms, and bears fruit. The moneys of interest are evermore, some ripe for the trunk, others drawing to maturity, the rest in the flower approaching, all in the bud of hope. But he is mad; for his sin at once buds, blossoms, and brings forth the fruit of vengeance. Every bond he takes of others enters him into a new obligation to Satan; as he hopes his debtors will keep day with him, the devil expects no less of himself. Every forfeit he takes scores up a new debt to Lucifer; and every mortgaged land he seizeth on enlargeth his dominions in hell.

But why do you call this benefit made of our money usury and madness? It is but usance, and husbanding of our stock. So by a new name given to your old sins, you will think to escape the censure of madmen. Thus I have read of the people of Bengala, who are so much afraid of tigers that they dare not call them tigers, but give them other gentle names: as some physicians, that will not call their impatient patients' disease madness, but melancholy. But let the Bengalans call them what they will, they are tigers still; and give usury what name you please, (for what usurer is not ashamed to be called so?) it is mere madness. He is mad that 'calls evil good,' and sour sweet, Isa. 5:20; but he is no slanderer that calls usury madness.

It is no less, when the eternal God in his word shall condemn usury to hell, still to prosecute it with hope of heaven.

But many learned men are patrons and patterns for it. They are as mad as you; and learn you by their madness to become sober. *Aliquid auxilii est, aliena insania frui*,—There is some benefit usefully to be made by another man's exemplary madness. Were it more questionable, yet he is no less mad, that will venturously do what he is not sure is safe to be done, than he that, having a whole field to walk in, will yet go on a deep river's dangerous bank. He is in more danger to topple in, and therefore a madman. It were good for the commonwealth if all these madmen, the usurers, were as safe and fast bound in a local, as they are in spiritual bedlam.

(7.) The **AMBITIOUS MAN** must be also thrust into this bedlam, though his port be high, and he thinks himself indivisible from the court. Whiles he beholds the stars, with Thales, he forgets the ditch; and yawning so wide for preferment, contempt is easily thrown into his mouth. I have read of Menecrates a physician, that would needs be counted a god, and took no other fee of his patients but their vow to worship him. Dionysius Syracusanus hearing of this, invited him to a banquet; and to honour him according to his desire, set before him nothing but a censer of frankincense; with the smoke whereof he was feasted till he starved, whiles others fed on good meat. This shewed the great naturalist a natural fool, a madman. Sapor, a Persian king, wrote himself, *Rex regum, frater solis et lunæ, particeps siderum, &c.*,—King of kings, brother to the sun and moon, and partner with the stars. Yet, alas! he was a man; therefore a madman, in the arrogation of his style.

Let the Roman canonists turn their Pope into a new nature, which is neither God nor man; they are mad that give it him, and he is mad to accept it. Let Edom exalt herself as the eagle, and set her nest among the stars. *Obad. 4*; yet, saith God, the pride of thine heart hath deceived thee. Let the prince of Tyrus imagine himself to sit in the seat of God, *Ezek. 28:2*; 'Wilt thou yet say before him that killeth

thee, I am God? but thou shalt be a man, and no God, before him that slayeth thee,' ver. 9. Let Sennacherib think to dry up rivers with the sole of his foot; and Antiochus to sail on the mountains—

'Quid sibi fert tanto dignum promissor hiatu?'—

What events have answered their grand intendments but madness?

Eusebius reports of Simon Magus, that he would be honoured as a god, and had an altar with this inscription, To Simon the holy god; which it seemed his harlot Helena did instigate. But when, by the power of the devil, he presumed to fly up to heaven, at the command of St Peter, the unclean spirit brake his neck. He climbed high, but he came down with a vengeance. His miserable end shewed him an ambitious man, a madman. Soar not too high, ye sons of Anak; strive not to attain heaven by multiplying of earth, like Babel-builders: *Ferunt summos fulgura montes*. Though you aspire in glory, you shall expire in ignominy. If you were not frantic, you would *sistere gradum*, keep your stations, know when you are well, and give a fiat to his will that hath placed you in a site happiest for you. You are mad to outrun him.

(8.) The DRUNKARD will, sure, wrangle with me that his name comes so late in this catalogue, that deserved to be in the front or vanguard of madmen. *Demens ebrietas* is an attribute given him by a heathen. It is a voluntary madness, and makes a man so like a beast, that whereas a beast hath no reason, he hath the use of no reason; and, the power or faculty of reason suspended, gives way to madness. Nay, he is in some respect worse than a beast; for few beasts will drink more than they need, whereas mad drunkards drink when they have no need, till they have need again.

'Quæris, quis sit homo ebriosus? atqui

Nullus est homo, Mævole, ebriosus;'—

'Shew me a drunken man, thou bid'st. I can

Not do't; for he that's drunken is no man.'

To prove himself a madman, he dares quarrel with every man, fight with any man; nay, with posts and walls, imagining them to be men. Bacchus ad arma vocat,*—Wine makes them bold, without fear or wit; hazarding themselves into dangers, which sober, they would tremble to think of. Nec enim hæc faceret sobrius unquam.† Are not these mad? If you should see them, like so many superstitious idolaters, drinking healths on their bare knees to their fair mistress, —which, may be, is but a foul strumpet,—swearing against him that will not pledge it, or not pledge it off to a drop; would you in your right wits take these for other than madmen? No; let them go among the rest to bedlam.

(9.) The IDLE man, you will say, is not mad; for madmen can hardly be kept in, and he can hardly be got out. You need not bind him to a post of patience, the love of ease is strong fetters to him. Perhaps he knows his own madness, and keeps his chamber; both that sleep may quiet his frenzy, and that the light may not distract him. He lives by the sweat of other men's brows, and will not disquiet the temples of his head. If this be his wit, it is madness; for by this means his field is covered with nettles and thorns, his body overgrown with infirmities, his soul with vices; his conscience shall want a good witness to itself, and his heart be destitute of that hope which in the time of calamity might have rejoiced it.

Seneca could say, Malo mihi male esse, quam molliter,—I had rather be sick than idle. And, indeed, to the slothful, ease is a disease; but these men had rather be sick than work. These are mad; for they would not be poor, nor want means to give allowance to their sluggishness; yet by their refusal of pains, they call on themselves a voluntary and inevitable want. Oh that the want of grace thus procured were not more heavy to their souls than the other to their carcasses! Complain they of want? Justly may they, should they, shall they; for the want of diligence hath brought them to the want of sustenance. Thus their quiet is frenzy, their idleness madness.

(10.) The SWEARER is ravingly mad: his own lips so pronounce him; as if he would be revenged on his Maker for giving him a tongue. It is so blistered with his hot breath that he spits fire at every sentence. He swears away all part of that blood which was shed for his redemption; and esteems the wounds of his Saviour but only a complement of his speech, wherein he doth his best to give him new ones. He never mentions God but in his oaths, and vilipends his great name as if he heard him not.

What frenzy exceeds his? for he calls his bread, his drink, his clothes, the day, sun, stars, plants, and stones, to testify his truth; indeed he calls them to testify against him. How shall the name of that God do him good which he so either disallows or dishallows? God will not give him that blessing which he is so mad to vilify. And for a full exemplification of his madness, by oaths he thinks to get credit, and by oaths he loseth it.

(11.) The LIAR is in the same predicament with the swearer; let them go together for a couple of madmen. As he now is excluded out of all human faith, so he shall at last out of God's kingdom, Rev. 21:27. Lies have been often distinguished; the latest and shortest reduction is into a merry lie and a very lie: either is a lie, though of different degree; for the malicious lie exceeds the officious lie. The proverb gives the liar the inseparable society of another sin: *Da mihi mendacem, et ego ostendam tibi furem*,*—Shew me a liar, and I will shew thee a thief. He is mad, for, Wisd. 1:11, 'the mouth that speaketh lies slayeth his own soul.' This is not all; he gives God just cause to destroy him further. Ps. 5:6, 'Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies.' This is his madness. He kills at least three at once. The thief doth only send one to the devil; the adulterer, two; the slanderer hurteth three—himself, the person of whom, the person to whom he tells the lie. Lie not in earnest, lie not in jest; if thou dost accustom it, get thee into bedlam.

(12.) The BUSYBODY all will confess a madman; for he fisks up and down, like a nettled horse, and will stand on no ground. He hath a

charge of his own properly distinguished; yet he must needs trouble his head with alien and unnecessary affairs. He admits all men's businesses into his brain but his own; and comes not home for his own till he hath set all his neighbours' ploughs a-going. He hurries up and down, like Jehu the son of Nimshi in his chariot, or as a gallant in his new caroch, driving as if he were mad.

He loves not to sleep in his own doors; and hinders the commonwealth with frivolous questions. He is a universal solicitor for every man's suit, and would talk a lawyer himself mad. There is not a boat wherein he hath not an oar, nor a wheel wherein he will not challenge a spoke. He lives a perpetual affliction to himself and others, and dies without pity, save that they say, It is pity he died no sooner. He is his neighbours' malus genius, and a plague to melancholy. He is the common supervisor to all the wills made in his parish; and when he may not be a counsellor, he will be an intelligencer. If you let him not in to interrupt, he will stand without to eavesdrop. He is a very madman; for he takes great pains without thanks, without recompense, of God or man, or his own conscience. He is luxurious of business that concerns him not. Lay hands on him, shackle him; there are some less mad in bedlam. I will be rid of him with this distich—

'He cleaves to those he meddles with like pitch;

He's quicksilver, good only for men's itch.'

(13.) The FLATTERER is a madman: Prov. 26:18, 19, 'As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am I not in sport?' He displeaseth his conscience to please his concupiscence; and to curry a temporary favour he incurreth everlasting hatred. For his great one, once awaked from his lethargical slumber, will say of him, as Achish did of David, counterfeiting himself distracted, 1 Sam. 21:15, 'Have I need of madmen, that you have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?'

(14.) INGRATITUDE is madness; for the unthankful man both makes himself unworthy of received favours and prevents the hope of future. For every man can say, *Quod facis ingrato, perit*,—What you do to a madman is lost. But if he be unthankful to God, he turneth his former blessings into curses, and shuts up heaven against his own soul. *Cessat cursus gratiarum, ubi non fuerit recursus*,—The course of grace, where it hath no recourse, is soon stopped. All waters come secretly from the sea, but return openly thither: though favours have a secret and invisible derivation from God, they must return openly to him in praises, and in a thankful acknowledgment. Thou art mad, O elate and puffed spirit, that usest, abusest, takest, swallowest the blessings of heaven without gratitude. *Non es dignus pane, quo vesceris*: for, *non est dignus dandis, qui non agit gratias de datis*,—He is unworthy of more benefits, that is unthankful for those he hath. The ingrateful man must needs be one of this number, and salute bedlam.

(15.) The ANGRY man none will deny to be a madman, but they that are either mad or angry. The Scripture hath so condemned him, nature so censured him; therefore he cannot shift this bedlam. 'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools;' it is all one, of madmen. *Ira furor*, though but *brevis*; the longer it lasts, the madder it is. 'Be angry,' there is the reins; but 'sin not,' there is the bridle. 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' if you must needs be angry; 'neither give place to the devil,' Eph. 4:26, 27. If he suffer the sun to set on his wrath, the sun of mercy may set on his soul; and when he hath given the devil place, the devil at last will give him place, even 'his own place,' Acts 1:25, which his mad fury had voluntarily accepted. He is stark mad, for he spares not to wound himself; and with a violent fire, which himself kindles, he burns up his own blood.

(16.) The ENVIOUS man is more closely, but more dangerously, mad. 'Envy is the consumption of the bones,' saith Solomon. He doth make much of that which will make nothing of him; he whets a knife to cut his own throat. The glutton feeds beasts to feed on; but the envious, like a witch, nourisheth a devil with his own blood. He keeps

a disease fat which will ever keep him lean; and is indulgent to a serpent that gnaws his entrails. He punisheth and revengeth the wrongs on himself which his adversary doth him. Is not this a madman? Others strike him, and like a strangely penitential monk, as if their blows were not sufficient, he strikes himself. That physicians may not beg him when he is dead, he makes himself an anatomy living. Sure, he gives cause to think that all the old fables of walking ghosts were meant of him, and but for a little starved flesh, he demonstratively expounds them. If it were not for his soul, the devil could scarce tell what to do with his body. He would do much mischief, if he lives to it; but there is great hope that he will kill himself beforehand. If you miss him in a stationer's shop jeering at books, or at a sermon cavilling at doctrines, or amongst his neighbour's cattle grudging at their full udders, or in the shambles plotting massacres, yet thou shalt be sure to find him in bedlam.

(17.) The CONTENTIOUS man is as frantic as any. Hear him speak, his words are incendiary; observe his feet, they run nimbly to broils, not knowing the 'way of peace.' Look upon his eyes, they sparkle fire; mark his hands, they are ever sowing debate. He will strike a neighbour in the dark, and lay it on his enemy; all to make work. Search his pockets, and they are stuffed with libels, invectives, detractions. He hates all men, and the Lord him, being that 'seventh abomination that his soul abhorreth, one that soweth discord among brethren,' Prov. 6:19. There is a witness against him beyond exception: Prov. 26:18, 'The debateful man is madder,' &c. Ver. 22, 'The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly,' &c.; ver. 25, 'When he speaks fair, believe him not: for there are seven abominations in his heart.' He comes to a mart or market to breed quarrels, as if he were hired by some surgeon. He neither sees nor hears of a discord but he must make one; but ever covertly, cowardly, out of the reach of weapons. Ver. 17, 'He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears:' he will be soon weary of holding him; and if he let him go, he is sure to be bitten. He is utterly mad; for having incensed, encouraged party against party,

—as one claps on unwilling mastiffs,—when perceiving his villany, they become friends, both shall fall upon him. So he makes work for lawyers, work for cutlers, work for surgeons, work for the devil, work for his own destruction. To bedlam with him.

(18.) The IMPATIENT is a madman; for when the ties of softer afflictions will not hold him, he must be manacled with the chains of judgments. *Patienter ferendum, quod non festinanter auferendum*,—He makes his yoke more troublesome than it would be; and by his struggling, forceth his gyves to make prints in his flesh. He is mad, for he longs for ease, and denies it himself. It hath been said among men, Bear not wrong, and provoke greater; but I say, Bear one affliction from God well, and prevent greater. He is mad that is angry with God, that cares not for his anger, that will plague his anger. How ill had it gone with God before this, if such a man could have wrought his teen* upon him! Meantime, God is at peace, out of his reach, and he is plagued for his madness. Teach him patience in bedlam.

(19.) The VAIN-GLORIOUS is a mere madman, whether he boast of his good deeds or his ill. If of his virtues, they are generally more suspicious; if of his vices, he is the more despicable; if of his wealth, his hearers the less trust him, this noise prevents him from being a debtor;† if of his valour, he is the more infallibly held a coward. In what strain soever his mountebank-ostentation insults, he loseth that he would find, by seeking it the wrong way. He is mad; for when he would be accounted virtuous, honourable, rich, valiant, in favour with greatness, and the world takes not ample notice of it, he sounds it with his own trumpet; then at once they hear it, and deride it. By seeking fame he loseth it, and runs mad upon it. Put him into bedlam.

(20.) Lastly, to omit our schismatics and separatists,—who are truly called Protestants out of their wits, liable to the imputation of frenzy, —the PAPISTS are certainly madmen, dangerous madmen; mad in

themselves, dangerous to us; and would happily be confined to some local bedlam, lest their spiritual lunacy do us some hurt.

Mad in themselves; for who but madmen would 'forsake the fountain of living water,' Jer. 2:13, the word of truth, and pin their faith and salvation on the Pope's sleeve?—a prelate, a Pilate, that 'mingles their own blood with their sacrifices,' Luke 13:1. Think how that enchanting cup of fornication prevails over their besotted souls; and you will say they are not less than mad. Come you into their temples, and behold their pageants, and histrionical gestures, bowings, mowings, windings, and turnings, together with their service in an unknown language, and, like a deaf man that sees men dancing when he hears no music, you would judge them mad. Behold the mass-priest, with his baked god, towzing, tossing, and dandling it to and fro, upward and downward, backward and forward, till at last, the jest turning into earnest, he chops it into his mouth at one bite, whiles all stand gaping with admiration; *spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?*—would you not think them ridiculously mad? But no wonder if they run mad that have drunk that poison. Many volumes have been spent in the discovery of their madness; I do but touch it, lest I seem to write Iliads after our learned Homers.

Surely madmen are dangerous without restraint. Papists are ready instruments of commotion, perversion, treason. These are a sickness —

'immedicabile vulnus

Ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.'

Our land cannot be at ease so long as these lie on her stomach. They prick and wound her sides, not with praying against her,—for their imprecations, we hope, are *irrita vota*,—but with preying upon her; and when all stratagems fail, they are ready to fetch arguments from the shambles, and conclude in *ferio*.^{*} Whose religion is politic; learning, bloody; affections, malicious, ambitious, devilish. The

Inquisition is their grammar, fire and fagot their rhetoric, Fleet and fetters their logic, the cannon's roar their music, and poisoning is their physic: whose priests have such almighty power, that they can make their Maker; that whereas in their 'Sacrament of Order,' as they term it, God makes an impotent creature a priest, now in their 'Sacrament of the Altar,' the priest shall make Almighty God; yea, as he made them with a word, and put them in their mother's womb, so they can make him with a word, and put him in a box. They that thus blaspheme their Creator, shall we trust them with their fellow-creature?

It was an ingenuous answer of a Spanish nobleman, commanded by Charles V. to lodge the Duke of Bourbon at his house in Madrid: 'I will obey thee; but set my house on fire so soon as the duke is out of it. My predecessors never built it to harbour traitors.' Did he think that a conspirator would poison his house, and shall we think that such are no infection to our land? David did counterfeit himself mad when he was not, for his own security; these are mad, and dissemble it, till by one frantic act they can bring us all to ruin. If they were foreign, public, and professed enemies, we would not blame, nor fear them. While kingdoms stand in hostility, hostile actions are just: but these are domestical, intestine, secret adversaries, bred and fed in the same country; therefore the more intolerable, as the more pernicious.

Tut, they can satisfy their consciences by distinguishing of treasons. Indeed, all their religion is a religion of distinctions; such as that is, that an excommunicate prince may be dethroned, and being once uncrowned, may, on his penitent submission, be restored to the church: *quoad animam, non quoad regnum*. Thus they leave positive, textual, school-divinity, and fall to crown-divinity. Antichrist pleads, their religion is maintained by the fathers. Did ever any father allow of treason? Shame they not to aver it? If any abused, wrested, falsified writing of the fathers did seem to consent to their errors, yet we know that *audiendi patres, non ut iudices, sed ut testes*,—the fathers are to be heard as witnesses, not as judges. It is God's

scriptum est, not their traditum est, that must give decision of all doubts.

They object, that those are birds of our own hatching that thus pollute their nest. Perhaps our country gave them breath and birth; but they drank this poison from the enchanting cup of Rome. They are ever extravagant persons, that like rotten arms or legs have dropped from the body; men sine sede, sine fide, sine re, sine spe. They are desperate men, and destitute of fidelity, that seek Rome, where their former learning and the better learning of their conscience is perverted, poisoned; that, forgetting to speak the language of Canaan, enigmatical, epicene, spurious, and abortive equivocation is the main accent of their speeches: an ambiguous, ambagious, cozening voice, which Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley never knew, never practised to save their bloods. A strange, stigmatic, misshapen, half-born, half-unborn child, I know not where bred, nor by what pope, cardinal, or Jesuit gotten; but this I am sure, whosoever was the father, Rome keeps the bastard, and nurseth it with her best indulgence. So that now—

'Jurat? crede minus: non jurat? credere noli:

Jurat, non jurat? hostis ab hoste cave;'—

'Their words are false, their oaths worse—neither just;

Swear they, or swear they not, give them no trust.'

How else could it be, but to the sophisticating of true substances must be an access of false qualities?

These are those critical, hypocritical cannibals, that make dainty at some seasons to eat the flesh of beasts, but forbear at no time to drink the blood of men. As the Pharisees, that stuck not to buy Christ's death—and their own withal—with money, yet would not admit that money into their treasury, fearing to pollute the material temple, not the spiritual of their souls: the Romans make conscience

in their fasting seasons to eat any flesh but bull's flesh, (I mean that which the Pope's bulls have made holy; for that which St Paul saith doth sanctify it, 1 Tim. 4:5, is neglected;) but to cut throats, murder kings, blow up states, is not inter opera mala, no, nor adiaphora, but inter meritoria,—is not evil, nor indifferent, but a work of merit.

They say (and we, forsooth, must grant that improved, but never proved, assertion,) that they derive their chair from Peter; and what? Do they derive his doctrine too? St Peter exhorts to patience, 1 Pet. 2:13, 14, 17, not to carving their own revenge. Neither are their murderous inventions and intentions of the lowest rank, but of kings, princes, senates, whole states; and that without any respect, as of their own conscience, so of the persons' goodness they strike at; aiming at the life of a king, a gracious king, under whom they enjoyed their lives, and that in abundant wealth and peace. So the conspiracy of Parry* is aggravated:—

'Quod regina scelus, scelus est quod virgo petatur,

Quod pia virgo scelus, quod tibi grata scelus.

Cum virgo, regina, pia, et tibi grata petatur;

Proh scelus! est, superat quod scelus omne, scelus.'

Which may be thus rendered:—

'It's treason that a queen should ruin'd be;

That a maid, ill;

That she was good, yet worse; that good to thee,

More wicked still.

But when a queen, a maid, good, and thy friend,

Thou wouldst despatch,

The treason that thy black heart doth intend

Dare hell to match!

Neither is it wonder that they exercise thus upon us who have no mercy to their own bowels. The short lives of the popes, as it was once of the emperors in that seat, manifest that by treason the chair is got, by treason lost. It would then be a good degree toward our health if these dangerous madmen were shut up in some strong bedlam.

There are many other madmen, whom, though I particularly name not in this catalogue, you shall find in bedlam. I desire not to say all, but enough. All are not taken into that taming-house in a day; it is filled at times. If this muster can work any reformation on these frantic patients, another discovery will not be lost labour.

You conceive the nature of the tenant; you may a little better understand his vileness, if you consider—

(1.) That he is a usurper, intruding himself into God's freehold, which, both by creation and re-creation, he may challenge for his own inheritance. If God should ask Madness, as he did that unbidden guest in the gospel, that came to the marriage without his wedding garment, 'Friend, how camest thou hither?' Matt. 22:12, either, like that wretch, he would be mute, or else answer, Man let me into his heart. What a traitor is man, to let into his landlord's house his landlord's enemy!

(2.) That he doth not pay the rent of God's house. God, rich in mercies, lends, and, as it were, lets to farm divers possessions: as the graces of the Spirit, the virtues of the mind, gifts of the body, goods of the world; and for all these requires no rent, but thanksgiving: that we praise him in heart, tongue, and conversation. But so long as madness is in any of these tenements, God cannot have this little rent of his farm. They are mad that think they may enjoy God's blessings without rent, or due payment of an accountant tribute.

(3.) That he doth suffer God's tenement to decay; he doth ruinate where he dwells. For the outhouses of our bodies, madness doth strive either to burn them with lust, or to drown them with drunkenness, or to starve them with covetousness. For the spiritual and inward building, the foundation of God's tenement in our soul is faith, the walls hope, the roof charity. Now madness continually endeavours to rase our foundation, to dig through our walls, to uncover our roof; that having neither faith in God nor love to men, our soul may be without hope, exposed to the tempests of the devil. Shall not madness account for these dilapidations?

(4.) That he doth employ the house to base uses. It is ill done in a tenant to a fair house to make the best rooms stables for his horses, stalls for his oxen, or sties for his hogs. But madness makes the memory a stable for malice and revenge; the understanding, a dungeon for blindness and ignorance; the will, a vault for hypocrisy and disobedience. So the body, which is the temple of God, is made a den of thieves.

This is the tenant, madness: a sorry inhabitant, and unworthy of so good a lodging, as by the next point appears; which is—

2. The TENEMENT, the heart. The heart is a mansion for God, not for madness. God made it, and meant to reserve it to himself: he never placed such a tenant in it as the frenzy of sin. Christ is said to have a fourfold house—anagogical, allegorical, corporal, moral.

(1.) The first is the church triumphant, that glorious and everlasting habitation of his deity.

(2.) The second is the church militant, wherein he dwells sacramentally by his holy ministry.

(3.) The third is corporal, that consecrated womb of the virgin, wherein he dwelt nine months.

(4.) The last is man's heart, wherein he hath a mystical and spiritual abode. Christ doth dwell in our hearts by faith and by love. As he loves the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, so he delighteth in the heart of man more than in all palaces and pavilions of princes. When an adversary tyrant hath taken the chief fort in a country, and driven out their just and merciful governor; fear, sorrow, and expectation of ruin possesseth the inhabitants. It can go no better with the little nation of man when Jesus Christ is expelled his habitation, the heart, and so savage a tyrant is admitted to tenure as madness: a strong man, that will fortify the castle, and scorns to lose it, except strength itself, the irresistible grace of Christ, lays battery to it. But this theme is scarce cold since I last handled it. I must be forced to leave the tenement a while in the unmerciful hands of madness, and inquire, if perhaps with any comfort, how long this tenure lasteth.

3. The TENURE, while they live. Alas! what gain we by searching further into this evidence? The more we look into it, the worse we like it. 'While they live.' The tenure of madness in the heart is for term of life. Too long a time for so bad a tenant. But you will say unto me, as the disciples to Christ, 'Who then can be saved?' Nunquid daturus est Deus regnum cœlorum stultis?—Will God give the kingdom of heaven to madmen? Fear not; all are not madmen that have madness a tenant in their hearts, but they that have it for their landlord. It is not my distinction, but St Paul's: Rom. 7:17, sin may dwell, nay, sin will dwell, in your hearts, let it not reign there, saith the Apostle. It will be a household servant, it must not be a king. *Aliud est habere insaniam, aliud haberi ab insania*,—It is one thing to have madness, another thing for madness to have thee. Since it will dwell in thee, whiles thou dwellest in the flesh, make it a servant, a slave, a drudge. Set the Gibeonites to draw water,—let it make thine eyes lave thy body with repentant tears; and to cleave wood,—let it rend thy heart with sorrow. Keep that subtle deceiver, with whom thou ignorantly struckest the hand of covenant, under bit and bridle: velle, revelle, turn, restrain, command, control it at thy pleasure. Let it never be thy captain, thy landlord, thy king.

Though sin, the devil's mad dog, hath bitten thee, and thou at first beginnest to run frantic, yet apply the plaster of the blood of Christ to thy sores. This shall draw out the venom, and grace shall get the mastery of madness. Be of good comfort, thou shalt not die frantic. Encourage thyself with a holy violence against thy fleshly lusts; intend, contend to enfeeble, and at length to extinguish the force of thy depraved nature. Kill madness, lest madness kill thee. Be sensible of the bane that lies in this spiritual frenzy, and do not laughing die. Madness is at first inimicus blandus, a fleering enemy; in the midst, dulce venenum, sweet poison; at last, the epithets of blandum and dulce being lost, it is scorpio pungens, a stinging serpent. Well, yet let it sting thee here, that it may not sting thee hereafter. Happy is he that learns to be sober by his own madness, and concludes from I have sinned, I will not sin! Madness may be in his heart, like a tenant; it shall never be like a tyrant. Innocent Adam was naked, and knew it not; sinful Adam was naked, and knew it. Then comes God, hearing his excuse of concealing himself deduced from his nakedness, Gen. 3:11, 'Who told thee that thou wast naked?' Sure his guilt told him. We have been mad, and are now come to ourselves, to know our own madness. If it be asked, Who told us that we were mad? I answer, Even the same grace of God's Spirit that reclaimed us from madness. For the wicked, since they love madness, be it unto them; and when they will never be recollected, let them be mad still. But blessed be that God that helped us; praised be his holy name that hath recalled us! He hath in this life freed us from madness as a tyrant, and shall hereafter free us from it as a tenant.

Thus have you the mystery of this spiritual bedlam detected, and a crew of madmen let out to your view, whose house is the world, whose bonds are iniquities, whose delight is darkness, whose master is the devil: for those whom he keeps in this metaphorical bedlam, (without reclaiming by the power of the gospel,) he hath ready provided another material, local, infernal bedlam, a dungeon, not shallower than hell; wherein there is no light of sun or stars, no food but speckled serpents, no liberty to straggle, but the patients are

bound with everlasting chains, and himself, with his same-suffering spirits, do eternally whip them with rods of burning steel and iron. One hour in this bedlam will tame the most savage madmen that were ever nursed among wolves, or sucked the breasts of inhumanity.

I hear them talk of some irrefragable 'roarers;' creatures, not men, whom no limits of reason can tether up: let them take heed, lest they become at that day roarers indeed, and roar for the very anguish of their hearts; howling like dragons, that have lived like tigers. Think of this bedlam, ye madmen. Eccles. 11:9, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,' &c. 'Rejoice;' nay, it were somewhat well, if no more than joy, be mad: 'in thy youth,' tempore insaniendi, a time of illimited desires. 'Let thy heart cheer thee,' and do thou cheer thy heart,—that thee with lusts, thou that with wine and junkets,—'and walk,' frantically, inordinately, 'in thy ways,' by-ways and wry-ways, for the way of truth thou wilt not know; 'and in the sight of thine eyes,' such tempting and lust-provoking objects as those two sentinels of the body can light upon; or if thou canst not yet be madder, extend thy desires to find out experimental madness: 'but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,'—remember, that there is an infernal bedlam, whereunto they that live and die spiritually madmen must be eternally confined.

He that should now tell the covetous, the ambitious, the voluptuous, &c., they are madmen, should appear to them mad in saying so. They rather think us mad; as Festus, though mad himself, without learning, could tell Paul that 'much learning had made him mad,' Acts 26:24. But we may answer for ourselves, as Augustine of David's madness, 1 Sam. 21:13: *Insanire videbatur, sed regi Achish insanire videbatur*,—David seemed mad but to King Achish. We are judged madmen of none but madmen. Because 'we run not with them to the same excess of riot,' 1 Pet. 4:4; because we cut short our affections of their vain delights, and drown not ourselves in the whirlpool of their luxuries, but gird repentance to our loins with resolution; they imagine us frantic. They think us madmen, we know them so. And

they shall at last despairingly confess in this lower bedlam: 'We fools accounted the godly man's life madness, and his end to be without honour: now is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints,' Wisd. 5:4, 5. Be wise then in time, ye sons of men; trust not spiritual madness, lest it bring you to eternal bedlam, from whose jaws, when you are once entered, be you never so tame, you cannot be delivered.

III. THE PERIOD.—We have ended man's comma and his colon, but not his sentence; the period continues and concludes it. We found his heart full of evil; we left it full of madness. Let us observe at the shutting up what will become of it: 'After that, they go to the dead.' Here is the end of man's progress; now he betakes himself to his standing-house, his grave. The period is delivered—

1. Consequently, After that; 2. Discessively, they go; 3. Descensively, down to the dead.

The sum is, 'Death is the wages of sin,' Rom. 6:23. 1. After that they have nourished evil and madness in their hearts, this is the successive, not successful, event and consequence: 2. They go, they shall travel a new journey, take an unwilling walk; not to their meadows, gardens, taverns, banqueting-houses: but, 3, To the dead; a dismal place, the habitation of darkness and discontent, where fineness shall be turned to filthiness, lustre to obscurity, beauty and strength to putrefaction and rottenness.

If a man looks into what life itself is, he cannot but find, both by experience of the past and proof of the present age, that he must die. As soon as we are born, we begin to draw to our end. Life itself is nothing but a journey to death. There is no day but hath his night, no sentence but hath his period, no life on earth but hath the death. Examine the scope of thy desires, and thou shalt perceive how they hasten to the grave, as if death were the goal, prize, or principal end which the vanity of human endeavours runs at. Be a man in honour, in wealth, in government, he still, ambitiously blind, languisheth for

the time to come; the one in hope to enlarge his greatness, the other his riches, the last his dominions. Thus they covet the running on of time and age, and rest not till they have concluded their sentence, and attained their period; gone to the dead.

All men, yea, all inferior things, must be freed by an end: and as the philosopher answered to the news of his son's death, *Scio me genuisse mortalem*; so God, the Father of all, may say of every man living, *Scio me creasse mortalem*,—I have made a man that hath made himself mortal. Man is a little world, the world a great man; if the great man must die, how shall the little one scape? He is made of more brittle and fragile matter than the sun and stars; of a less substance than the earth, water, &c. Let him make what show he can with his glorious adornations; let rich apparel disguise him living; cere-cloths, spices, balms enwrap him, lead and stone immure him, dead; his original mother will at last own him again for her natural child, and triumph over him with this insultation, He is in my bowels: Ps. 146:4, 'He returneth to his earth.' His body returneth not immediately to heaven, but to earth; nor to earth as a stranger to him, or an unknown place, but to his earth, as one of his most familiar friends, and of oldest acquaintance. To conclude:—

If we be sinful, we must die; if we be full of evil, and cherish madness in our hearts, we must to the dead. We have sins enough to bring us all to the grave; God grant they be not so violent, and full of ominous precipitation, that they portend our more sudden ruin! Yea, they do portend it; but *Oh nullum sit in omine pondus!*

But I have been so prolix in the former parts of the sentence, that I must not dwell upon the period. He needs not be tedious that reads a lecture of mortality. How many in the world, since this sermon began, have made an experimental proof of this truth! This sentence is but the moral of those spectacles, and those spectacles the examples of this sentence. They are come to their period before my speech; my speech, myself, and all that hear me, all that breathe this air, must follow them. It hath been said, *We live to die*; let me a little

invert it: Let us live to live; live the life of grace, that we may live the life of glory. Then, though we must go to the dead, we shall rise from the dead, and live with our God, out of the reach of death for ever. Amen.

THE GALLANT'S BURDEN

The burden of Dumah. He calls unto me out of Seir, Watchman, what was in the night? Watchman, what was in the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will ask, inquire; return, and come.—ISAIAH 21:11, 12.

Quo brevior, eo obscurior,—The shorter this prophecy is, the more mystical. In holy writ, these two things ever concur, *sententia brevis, res ampla*,—a finite sentence, an infinite sense. As in a little map we see a world of countries; and what the foot cannot measure in many days, the eye peruseth in a moment: this is the little map of Idumea or Edom, wherein we may survey the state of that whole region; not much unlike the situation of it, standing in this chapter betwixt Chaldea and Arabia. The burdens against them both are heavy, and the plagues aggravated with more circumstances. 'The burden of Dumah,' though short, shall weigh with them grain for grain.

As you travel with me into this country, by the guidance of that enlightening Spirit, tie your considerations to two special things:—I. The map; II. The moral. In the map you shall find—1. An inscription; 2. A description. In the inscription: (1.) The name of the country; (2.) The nature of the prophecy. The description rests itself on three objects: (1.) A mountain; (2.) A watchman; (3.) An Edomite: where is shadowed, (1.) under the mountain, security; (2.) under the watchman, vigilance; (3.) under the Edomite, scorn. Now, if you ask,

as did the prophet Ezekiel, what these things meant, the moral directs you, 1. by a question; 2. by an answer. The question would know what was in the night. The answer declares it, (1.) by a resolution; (2.) by an advice. The resolution, *Venit mane et vespere*, —'The morning comes, and also the night;' the advice, 'If ye will ask, inquire: return, and come.'

I.—1. In the inscription we propounded to be considered, (1.) The name of the country; (2.) The nature of the prophecy.

(1.) For the country, there is some question what this Dumah should be. Some affirm it to be the country of the Ishmaelites, and to receive the name from Dumah, that son of Ishmael mentioned Gen. 25:14; but that Dumah, with other the sons of Ishmael, inhabited Arabia, which is burdened in the prophecy following, distinctly severed from this. This Dumah then was the country of the Idumeans or Edomites, the place where Esau and his generation dwelt. This is clear by the mount Seir, which was a hill of the Edomites, Ezek. 35:15.

This Idumea is here called Dumah per aphæresin. Thus God insinuates his contempt of that rebellious and accursed nation, by cutting short the name, as unworthy to stand in his book, graced with the full length. The estimation which the wicked bear with God is here expressed: he thinks the mention of them a blur to his sacred leaves. Now, shall their persons sit in his kingdom with honour, whose names may not stand in his book without disgrace? Sometimes they are concealed, as Dives, Luke 16:19. That real parable gives no other title to the condemned churl. Christ allows the tyrant Herod no other name than a fox: Luke 13:32, 'Go tell that fox,' &c. God calls those princes the 'bulls of Bashan on the mountain of Samaria,' Amos 4:1. They would be blots to his holy book, if they were expressly named. Sometimes they are named, but with abbreviations: Dumah for Idumea. Thus Aram is called Ram, Ruth 4:15. Ephesdammim, a coast of the Philistines, never spoken of without contempt, is twice thus curtailed. In 1 Chron. 11:13, it is called Pasdammim; and, 1 Sam. 17:1, Dammim.

Let not this observation slip from us without our use. If God take letters from the name, he intends to take blessings from the person. When Jeconiah's curse is written in the cutting off his posterity from the throne of David, and himself from the prosperity of the earth, he is called Coniah, Jer. 22:18; the reason is added, 'He is a despised person,' let him have a shortened name: 'a broken idol, and an unpleasant vessel,' &c.

Thus God crosseth the world's fashion by putting them in his chronicle which are not here thought of, and leaving those out which the world boasts of as her glory. To a soul that hath more affection in her than religion, it seems a great matter of pity that Cato, Alexander, and some of those mighty Roman Cæsars, honoured with the graces of nature, the bounties of fortune, and the greatest glory the forced world could yield them, should yet want a name in God's book, a place in his kingdom. Greatness is the fairest object to the eye of the world; goodness to the eye of heaven. There is a glorious splendour in pompous honour, to draw the eyes of admiration after it; it little affects the sight of God, if virtue gives it not a lustre. He that is goodness and greatness itself (when others have it in the concrete, good and great, he hath and deserves it in the abstract) is pleased to prefer his title of Optimus before that of Maximus, and first to be called Good, and then Great, Exod. 15:11. His affections should be ours; he is the absolute precedent of our imitation.

There are infinite ways that conduct to seeming honour, excluding virtue; the end of them all is shame, since of a natural man it is true that *quanto ornatior, tanto nequior*,—the more adorned, the more wicked. Our bonnets veil, our knees bow to many whom the sight of heaven and virtue scorns. This imparity of men living is made even by death, who sweeps all, beggar and prince, with his impartial besom, into one bag: and when judgment comes, they are made odd and unequal again; for then the least in the world's estimation shall sit down with the blessed kings and patriarchs in heaven, when kings and patriots without grace shall be excluded. If you desire your names to be registered with the pen of eternity, write them

yourselves with the pen of charity. The book of grace is the counterpart to the book of election: they are written in heaven first, and there God reads them. We cannot see into this book through the thick clouds of the air and sun; let us write them in the leaves of obedience, and there read them, 2 Tim. 2:19: they stand sure with God before, not sure to us till now. Write them in the entrails of the poor, in the ruins of the church, by you bettered, repaired, maintained, 2 Pet. 1:10, (non norunt hæc monumenta mori,) and you shall one day hear the Judge himself read them in the audience of all the world, to your joy, crown, eternity of bliss, Matt. 25:34.

Christ diverted his apostles' triumph to another honour, Luke 10:17. They were little less than proud that the devils were subdued unto them through his name whom they served. True, saith Christ, 'I saw Satan fall from heaven like lightning; nevertheless rejoice not that the spirits obey you, but rejoice that your names are written in heaven,' ver. 20. Rejoice not of your ennobled bloods, admired with living praises, and rescued from the jaws of oblivion by sumptuous sepulchres; there is small matter of joy that the name lives in bright honour on earth, when the soul lies in the rusting miseries of hell; but rejoice on your assurance of memorial with God: Prov. 10:7, 'The memory of the just shall be blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot.' A great name commonly ariseth either from blood, popular applause, or golden trappings. The last useth a man like a counter, that stands now for a million, instantly for a penny. The first finds honour, perhaps deserves it not, leaves it to succession. The middlemost is unconstant, as the causes are: the vulgar opinions, whose distracted voices seldom hit on the same tune, or never keep it long. The monarchs of the world have large and tedious titles, according to their several dominions: good luck have they with that honour which the hand of God reacheth forth unto them: there is a title that betters all theirs; those are folded up in time that perisheth; this brings honour without end or limits: to be a Christian. Such have their names producted in God's book, to shew that they stand written with golden letters in the Lamb's book of heaven: Abram shall be called Abraham; Jacob, Israel. The Hebrews well observed, that God,

to those he loved, added a letter of his own name, that tetragrammaton, Jehovah: as the letter He to Abraham's and Sarah's name; the letter Jod to Jehoshua's, who was before called Hoshea.

It was happy for Mordecai that his name stood in the Persian chronicles, that Ahasureus might read him: his service shall be found out with rewards. Array him with the king's robe, set him on the king's chariot, and proclaim his name through the popular streets: 'This is the man whom the king will honour,' Esther 6:9. It is more blessed to stand in the chronicles of heaven, registered by the pen of that eternal Spirit. We shall one day sit with the king in his throne, Rev. 3:21,—*vincenti dabitur sedere, &c.*,—and put on his robe of glory; 'be fashioned like his glorious body,' Phil. 3:21. 'Such honour have all his saints,' Ps. 149:9. It is the decree and promise of him whose word is more stable than the foundations of the earth, 'Those that honour me I will honour.' Revolve then his sacred name in your sanctified mouths; sing Hosannahs to it here, that you may sing Hallelujahs hereafter; and having drunk hearty draughts of his waters of mercy, bless with David his great and glorious name. The honour of your own names is attained, nay, consists in this; maintain the glory of it with your strengths, sound it with your praises, and (if need be) seal it with your bloods; and God shall write your names, not shortened like Dumah's, but at full length, in a book never to be blotted out.

(2.) The nature of the prophecy follows, being that other branch of the inscription. A burden; a matter not easily portable, but will weigh heavy on whomsoever imposed. The burden is in two respects: [1.] Of the prophets that bear it, [2.] Of the people that were to suffer it.

[1.] The word of the Lord is to the prophets a heavy burden till they are delivered of it: there is no rest in the bones to the surcharged conscience, no more than to the pregnant woman till she be eased. I confess that security, vanity, abundance of wealth, setting their shoulders to this burden, make many a prophet forego all sense of the weight. Jonah, laden with his commission for Nineveh, lay as

securely in the sides of the ship as if the God of Israel had laid no burden on him; but himself was a burden to the ship, and the fury of the waves, winds, and his anger that moves all, was not appeased till the ship was disburdened of Jonah, that had disburdened himself of the message of God. Let me speak it with grief and fear. We are the sons of those prophets,—I mean their successors in God's ministerial work,—and the word of the eternal God is no lighter a burden to us than it was to them; nay, let me add, (that which is not to be thought of without trembling,) there is the burden of a curse threatened to them that neglect this burden: 'Cursed is he that doth God's business negligently.' Lest I should seem bitter in applying this too generally, let me freely speak what Paul applies to his own person, if he slighted this ponderous charge: 'A necessity' (which is no less than a burden) 'is laid upon me, and woe unto me if I preach not the gospel!' 1 Cor. 9:16.

I know that our harvest abounds with plentiful and painful labourers, that bear the heat and burden of the day, and according to their several offices, (whether in overseeing, planting, or watering,) with the sweat of their brows they labour in God's vineyard; but to complain of the evil that is, is no wrong to the good that is: 'Many excellent things are spoken of thee, O thou city of God!' Ps. 87:3. O thou church of England! oh, might it be no wrong to thy perfections, no stain to thy beauty, to condole some wants in thy sons! It is sin to be silent, where an impartial speech may take good effect. The sweet dews of holy admonitions may from this place, (as the liver,) spread into all the veins of the land.

The ministry is a matter of both honour and burden. Are there none that catch at honour, will not meddle with the burden; whose pined flocks must either content themselves with a bare pasture, or else stray forth into neighbouring commons, whiles they forget to break their Master's bread; yea, perhaps, to set the whole loaf before his guests? Are there none that load their minds with the burden of cares too heavy for a Christian soul to bear; the load of ambition, the burden of covetousness, so pressing them down, as if they were

exonerated of the burden of the gospel? But if any soul be sensible of this burden, (as one into whose bowels God hath put the compassion of distressed souls,) 'for Zion's sake he will not hold his peace,' Isa. 62:1. Yea, let me speak it of him that Job of himself: 'He is full of matter, and the spirit within him compelleth him: the word is in him, like new wine in bottles, which must be vented or will burst forth,' Job 32:18. And if we slip our shoulders from under this burden, God can make the whole world too hot for us, and at last impose a burden of another nature on our then weaker and more unable souls; the mountains and rocks, if weighed in the balance, will be found lighter: the burden of all their sins whose souls have bled to death by our negligence. We may, through our impatience and weakness, with Jeremiah curse the day of our nativity, chap. 20:14, and cry, Woe worth the time that ever we were born to so troublesome an office! But a greater woe and curse attends us if we attend it not. Passing corruptions in ourselves, active reproaches, injuries, oppositions of others, impulsive temptations of the devil, may make us weary of our callings; but his word is in our hearts as fire shut up in our bones, and we shall be weary of forbearing. We cannot smother the flames of it, but with terms of defiance to the stoutest that bear a forehead, we must declare it. God gives us the prevision of this burden beforehand, that we may stoop the shoulders of patience and zeal to it. Thus to Ezekiel, chap. 2:3, 'Son of man, I send thee to Israel.' What are they? I will not dissemble with thee: 'They are a rebellious house.' Contumelies against thyself, blasphemies against thy Maker, the bitings, smitings, woundings of tongues, hands, and swords, that is the burden thou must bear; if any lighter and better things come, let them be præter spem, beyond thy expectation. Thus is the word a burden to the person that bears it.

[2.] It is no less to them that must suffer it: the judgments of God are heavy on whomsoever they light; a millstone bound to the sinner, and thrown with him into the sea, will not sooner sink him to the bottom than those bound to the soul will sink it to the depth of depths; therefore Christ says, Matt. 18:6, 'Better a millstone,' because lighter. The wrath of the Lamb, at the consummation of the world, is

acknowledged more heavy than rocks and mountains, Rev. 6:16; and happy were it for those reprobates, if such intolerable pressures could dissolve them into emptiness! These on the body are more sensible, on the soul more miserable. In the infancy of the world, God's blows were most outward; in this ripe, or rather rotten, age of it, they are most inward and spiritual. We have no bears to devour the mockers, no fiery serpents to strike the murmurers. God's punishments reach most to the conscience: *triplex circa præcordia ferrum*, a sensual and senseless heart, without apprehension of God's incensed anger, *cor nullis violabile telis*, not made of penetrable stuff. If God's finger touch the body, we groan under the weight; let his whole hand lie on the soul, we feel nothing. If this be not our burden and misery, what is?

Like curious visitors, will ye not believe this age to labour of this sickness, unless you behold some symptoms? Let your eyes take notice, and that not without grief of soul, of the deadness of heart among us. We ply the world hard, dally with religion. We serve God in jest, ourselves with all respect and earnest. Our devotions are like winter, frosty, misty, and windy, of many natures, none other than cold. Nothing arms, charms, and confirms our senses with attention, spirits with intention, active powers with contention, but vanity. Are not the benches in taverns and theatres often well replenished when these seats are thin and almost empty? Are not the alleys in this temple often fuller of walkers than the choir of petitioners? Conference with the profane, ostentation of clothes, perhaps plots of mischief, as frequent as suits to God, making it little less than a den of thieves? If men stumble into the church, as company, custom, recreation, or, perchance, sleep invites many, they feed their eyes with vanities; if any drops be admitted into their ears, they are entertained under the nature of conceits. Judgments, they think, be none of their lessons; they will not suffer their consciences to apply them. Mercies they challenge and own, though they have no right to them. If this estate be not a misery, judgment, burden, there is none. The fire of the pestilence is well quenched, the rumours and storms of war are laid, the younger brother of death, famine, doth not

tyrannise over us. But here it is: our sins and God's wrath (for them) meet, and the heart is hardened; this is the sorest judgment. Let me speak a paradox, but a truth: it is the plague of many that they are not plagued; even this is their punishment, the want of punishment; and the hand of God is then heaviest when it is lightest—heaviest on the conscience when lightest on the carcase. It is true of them what the philosopher said of himself, *Perieram nisi periissem*,—They are undone that they are not undone. God suffers their bodies to possess and be possessed of rest: they sing to viols, dance their measures; their heads ache not, much less their consciences; but, as to Israel, fat with quails, God withal sends leanness into their souls; the present indulgence gives sufficient argument of future woes; they surfeit on pleasures till death puts them out of breath. That worthy father* saw this their self-commended estate, and prayed against it: *Domine, hic ure, hic seca, ut in eternum parcas*,—Lord, here plague, cut, massacre, burn me, so that for ever thou wilt spare and save me. This is *onus gravissimum*, the most grievous burden. Security is the very suburbs of hell: *miserius nihil est misero, se non miserante*,—there is nothing more wretched than a wretched man that recks not his own misery an insensible heart is the devil's anvil, he fashioneth all sins on it, and the blows are not felt.

You wonder at the frequency of burdens, and that the turtles of this land groan out of this place the sad tunes of woe and misery. Alas! how should we sing the songs of Sion to a strange people? The pulpit, I confess, should be the mercy-seat; but your sins have made it a tribunal or bench of judgment. Nothing but the thunders of Sinai, and scarce those, can waken us from our dead sleep. This is *ima securitas*, deep security, fitly applied to us, whose is *sine cura ætas*, an age without care; or rather, if you will, *se curans ætas*, that love none but ourselves, and that not enough to seek our own peace. Let me speak it in the tune of Juvenal—

'*Non habet ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat*

Posteritas;'—

We flow with those sins to which no following posterity shall be ever able to add. So spreading an infection of sin is among us, that, as in a great plague, we wonder not so much at them which die as at them which scape; so there is nothing a wonder, a mirror, a miracle in nature but he that lives unspotted of this world. If you think I speak too bitterly, I would to God it were not worse than I speak. I would your reformation would convince us of shame, and give us cause to recant this in the pulpit. This turns the message of Edom upon us; the burden of Dumah, the burden of England. We cast from our shoulders the burden of the law, God lays on us the burden of judgment; we load God with our sins, and press him as a cart with sheaves, Amos 2:13; we pack up a bundle of lies, blasphemies, adulteries, perjuries, extortions, frauds, and then hasten to the cross of Christ to unload them, as if, pressing our souls to hell with wilful sins, yet Christ on the least warning must ease us. But the promise, Matt. 11:28, is not to men laden with sin, but with sorrow for sins. It is such a load as must make us weary, or we have no promise to be eased.

But, alas! sin (which is burden enough to sink the world) is made light by custom: as if, resting in man's heart, it did quiescere in propriam sedem, settle itself in its own natural place. It is a philosophical axiom, *Nullum elementum suo loco ponderat*,—No element is heavy in its proper place. Though sin be as weighty as a talent of lead, saith the prophet, Zech. 5:7, yet it is at the centre when got into the corrupted heart, and weighs light. And except the wrath of God fall upon the naked conscience, sin lies at the door, and Cain never cries, 'It is greater than I am able to bear.' Judas had burden enough of treason, hypocrisy, malice, covetousness, to sink him down; it was no burden till the finger of God's wrath touched the tender heartstrings, and then it pressed him down to his own place, Acts 1:25. How many have incurvate and oppressed souls, bowed down with the 'spirit of infirmity,' (nay, of rank iniquity,) more than eighteen years, that are not yet sensible of their own crookedness, nor the cause thereof? For it cannot be but the devoured patrimonies of many orphans, the ruins and depopulations of towns, the

devastation of holy things, should be burdens too heavy for a poor crazy soul to stand under. Piles of usury heavier than Etna, burdens of bribes outbalancing the axle-tree, are more than the giants, Theomachoi, monsters of men and prodigies of nature, were able to bear. We could not see a corrupted lawyer, citizen, cormorant, go so nimbly and so bolt upright under such a mass of sin, if they had not some help. Here it is; the 'strong man Satan' (so it pleaseth Christ to term him) puts under his shoulder, and makes the vessel go tight and easy, with an equal balance, which could not else swim upon the waters without sinking. Pride could not else carry a whole township on his back, which his father, covetousness, had but newly devastate, clambering up to honour, as Jonathan to the garrison of the Philistines, by the ruggedness of these two rocks, Bozez and Seneh, 1 Sam. 14:4, so these by the desolation of our two main rocks, the church and commonwealth. The unmerciful monopolies of courtiers, the unreasonable prices of merchants, the hoards (if not transportation) of grain with cormorants, the advantages made of the poor's necessities, unconscionable fines, and rents, wringing the last penny from their purses and drop of blood from their hearts,—Oh durum et importabile pondus!—an intolerable weight. These wretches were never able to bear it without the aid of the devil, who, whiles they draw with him in the same yoke, is content to bear all the burden.

At last, when presumption has left the stage, and desperation begins to knit up all with a direful catastrophe, the pulses beating slowly, the head aching vehemently, body and soul refusing all proffered comfort, then the devil casts the whole load on them, that at once they may despair and die; then that which was lighter than cork and feathers becomes heavier than lead and earth. God hath often strove with them by his word; they would never yield a *Vinces*, 'Thou shalt overcome, O Lord.' Now, perhaps with Julian too late, they pant out a *Vicisti*, 'Thou hast overcome.' Our crying in the day could not wake them; that cry at midnight shall fetch them up, with the burden of envy, covetousness, drunkenness, &c. And as it was doomed to Babylon, 'Look how much her glory and pleasure hath been, give her

so much torment and sorrow,' Rev. 18:7. Nay, then the devil gets up too, like a merciless jailor, with the addition of his own weight, to aggravate their woes. Strive then every one to abate the burden of judgment, by lessening the burden of sin. Every repentant tear that falls, washeth a talent from this burden; every remorseful sigh and faithful prayer diminisheth the load; that which remains may press, shall not oppress, 2 Cor. 4:9. Christ will put under his shoulder: 'Come, all ye laden,' exonerate animas, unload your souls: he bore them on his cross, and our believing souls shall never feel the weight of them. The cross only is left; heavy to blood and flesh, but to a heart made spiritual, 'thy yoke, O Lord, is easy, and thy burden light,' Matt. 11:30: our own heavy, but thine light.

2. We have perused the map to the end of the inscription: the description stands next to our speech; where we have an Edomite standing on Mount Seir, and calling to the watchman, with the voice of derision, 'what he saw in the night,' &c. A proud Edomite, securing himself in the strength of his own arms, deriding the prophet of God, which came against him with the burden of war. This is the sense I fasten on. I have read other expositions, as if it was a question of fear: I approve and dwell on the former. From the persuasion, then, of immunity, impunity, and safe standing out of the reach of earth, of hell, of heaven, proceeds this question. Edom hath shaken off the yoke of Israel, and begins to crown his days with the rosebuds of peace, and not to fear the sword of Egypt, nor Ashur, nor God himself in heaven. Their conceit was, though feignedly, as strong of this Mount Seir as the promise of God was really true to Mount Sion—never to be moved, though the battlements of heaven shot thunder, and the pillars of the earth quaked.

(1.) There is question about the name of this Seir; some affirm it derived from Esau, as being the place where he and his generation dwelt, Gen. 36:9. Indeed, the nature of Esau and the name of Seir agree fitly, for both signify bristled or hairy; but it had the name of Seir before Esau came thither. Some Hebrews think the mountain was called Seir from the apparition of devils, who shewed themselves

in the shapes of hairy men; such as the Fauns were imagined to be. But most like to take denomination from Seir the Horite, Gen. 36:20, who inhabited there long before Esau: 'And the Horites in their Mount Seir, unto the plain of Paran,' Gen. 14:6; it being the country of the Horims or Horites. Esau was drawn hither for many reasons: as, because that corner of Canaan about Hebron, where he and his brother Jacob dwelt, was too scant for their flocks; because Mount Seir fitted Esau's mind, being a place of excellent hunting; his wives were of that country; God's providence so disposed of Esau's removal that Jacob might live in safety. And even in this, God wrought Esau's good by putting him out of Canaan; for then with the rest of the Canaanites they had been destroyed by Israel; but God made good that temporal blessing upon Esau and his seed which his father Isaac gave him, Gen. 27:39, 40. Indeed, the Amalekites, though derived from Esau, were destroyed by Israel; but the reason may be thus gathered, because Amalek was the son of Eliphaz, the son of Esau, by a concubine; the Idumeans, that were legitimate successors, were preserved. Such was the different respect to the right and the bastard seed; for God is said to give Mount Seir to Esau: 'I gave unto Esau Mount Seir to possess it,' Josh. 24:4; therefore the Israelites, among their spoils of Canaan, were expressly forbidden to destroy it: 'Ye shall not provoke them; for I will not give you of their land so much as a foot-breadth, because I have given Mount Seir to Esau for a possession.' Such was God's mercy to Esau for his father's sake, that his posterity was made great and honourable.

But if the Horites first inhabited Mount Seir, how comes the posterity of Esau to enjoy it? It is answered in Deut. 2:12, 'The Horims dwelt in Mount Seir beforetime, whom the children of Esau chased out, and destroyed them, and dwelt in their stead.' So doth sin quench the very cinders of natural affection, after it hath put out the flames of religion, that the children of Esau ceased not till they had extinguished their own kindred. The respect of blood must give way to rapine and malice. Too weak is nature to restrain the fury of sin, when it is stung by that fiery serpent, the devil. The Romish mountain doth claim some kin of this Mount Seir, at least in the

opinion of the Jews. There is one place in Edom called Magdiel; this the Rabbins take for Rome, and say, that of the Idumeans came the Romans. It is not so locally, it may be well spiritually; for, for persecution of the saints, there is no such Edom in the world as Rome. But Magdiel signifies 'praising God.' Oh, blessed were Rome if in this she could be called Magdiel! This Seir was a mountain of great strength, not infertile; and, as great probability gives it, graced with either one or many goodly cities: 'Who will bring me into Edom? who will lead me into the strong city?' Ps. 60:9. Neither may we think that the offspring of Edom, when once made dukes, nay, kings, contented themselves to dwell in tents.

But what if a mountain, what if a city, or the strength of Edom; is it able to grapple with the wrath of God, or buckle with his judgments? If any piece of the broad earth were shot-proof against the anger of God, as they feign the garden of Hesperides against the planets, it would not be unsought, unbought. There have been mountains and cities before and after Seir, prouder and stronger than she, that have measured their length on the ground, and been dissolved to dust and rubbish; and Edom herself hath danced the same measure. The world hath gloried, in her several ages, of many goodly cities: Nineveh, the pride of Assyria; Troy, the pillar of Asia; Babylon, more a region than a city; Carthage, graced with seventeen tributary kingdoms; and let not Jerusalem be shut from both the glory and sadness of this relation. May we not say of them all now, *Etiam periere ruinæ?*—That little of them is dissolved to nothing? Thus God cools and damps the glory of Israel: Amos 6:2, 'Go you unto Calneh, and see; and from thence go unto Hamath the great: then go down to Gath of the Philistines: be they better than these kingdoms? or the border of their land greater than your border?'

Constantius spake of old Rome, that nature had emptied all her forces on that one city; the time came, she was overthrown, and her walls made even with the ground. The titles of new Rome are greater, not her privileges. She is called, *urbs æterna*; yet that eternal Babylon shall fall, and in the decree of heaven she is already fallen, for the

more sureness; and all her merchants, petty leases taken out of her grand lease, shall mourn bitterly for her: she shall be made a cage of unclean birds, owls and vultures, as she is now a den of unclean beasts, lions and tigers. If any city on earth might boast her privileges, let Jerusalem speak; she was called 'the holy city,' and 'the city of God:' the temple in her, a figure of the church militant, as Solomon, the builder of it, was a type of Christ. 'Behold, her house is left unto her desolate!' Sin laid her pinnacles in the dust. At the murder of his Son, God with his own hands rent the veil, and after gave the whole fabric a spoil to the Gentiles. They that have travelled the lower provinces testify that the rude heaps of ruined churches, monasteries, and religious places are no less frequent then pitied spectacles. Devotion built them, kept them; sin polluted them, hostility subverted them. Sin prepared the way for ruin and blood; the idolatry within overthrew the walls without. They could plead more than Dumah; they and their pleas are perished.

Let me not speak as a prophet, but as an admonisher. Is it impossible for the sin of England to have the like effect? We are ready to say in pride, what David spake in the assurance of faith, 'I cannot fall; thou, O Lord, of thy goodness, hast made my hill so strong.' Let us praise God for that we have, and pray that our sins subvert it not. Let Dumah speak with pride; though our privileges be more, let our presumption be less. It is wise and safe to possess more than we boast of. Though nature hath bound up the loins of our kingdom with a girdle of waves, and policy raised another fence of wooden walls, yet God must put about us a third girdle, the bands or circle of his providence, or our strength is weaker than the waters. It is an old and sure rule against the atheist, against the worldlings: That whole cannot be perpetual whose parts be alterable. If the members of this great body, the world, change, faint, and grow old, it argues a creeping decay to the whole. Let the cormorant know, that would build his nest here for ever, that parts of this land are alterable, therefore the whole not permanent. If the plague takes away men, the fields grow barren; nay, the wearied earth, after much industry, is dull in her fruits; like an unnatural step-dame, she produceth not

good things of herself: if a deluge overrun us, we and our glory vanish. God hath more means than one to inflict his judgments. It is with no less admiration than truth reported, that a whole field in England is turned in one month from a fertile soil to a most barren waste. It lies from the danger of inundation, from the reach of the hand of war; what then can turn it to a perpetual barrenness? Thus: God raiseth a mighty wind, that uncovers a mountain of sand, which overspreads the fruitful valley to a great thickness; and it is made worse than Carmel, which God thus threatens: 'I will turn Lebanon into Carmel, and Carmel into a forest.' It lies in the power of man's sins to make God curse his very blessings.

The burden of Dumah is war, Mount Seir fears it not. If the book of our hearts lay open to be read, I think our fear of war is less than theirs. God grant our presumption, our security, be not as great! 'We sit under our own fig-trees, and eat the fruits of our own vineyards. Our children go out by flocks and dances, and flourish like the olive branches round about our table. Our oxen are strong to labour, our sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets. There is no leading into captivity, no dashing of our children against the stones, no complaining in our streets.' If this one blessing exceed not our thankfulness for all, my observation is deceived. But what a bold inference is this: There is no war, therefore may be none, nor can we be overthrown? It is a speech as common as the stones in our streets, when consideration of war is offered: We need fear no enemies, if we be true amongst ourselves. Vain security, that is built upon ifs and ands! Who shall make us true to ourselves, that have been false to God? Are there no sons of Belial amongst us, that curse the prosperity of Zion, and gape for the day to cry, 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground?' We know they have openly and privately, with coat of armour and coat of mail, assaulted the peace of Jerusalem, but, praise to our God, received shame in putting off their harness.

Let this make us thankful, not secure; as if God could not reach his arm over our narrow seas. Behold France made a cockpit for

massacres, by the uncivil civil wars thereof; think of the unquiet bread long eaten in the Low Countries; and when thou sayest, We lay our heads on the pillows of peace, and eat the bread of plenty, kiss his hand with praises that feeds thee with these blessings, but let not thy own strength make thee careless. The Papists thus re-hearten themselves against all the overthrows given them by this little island, that our time is not yet come, our sins are not yet full. That Ignatian sectary, Pererius, so notes in Gen. 15, 'The wickedness of the Amorites is not yet full,' &c. He gives it by way of comment; but it is a false gloss, I trust, and carries no more truth with it than other the fictions of Rome. His words are these: 'Let no man wonder why God suffers the persecution of the Catholics in England: the sins of the Amorites are not yet full, their wickedness is not yet complete; when it is, the divine revenge shall fall.' They expected this day at the last change. God changed their expectation to folly; and as it was our grief that sol occubuit, our sun set, so it is our joy, wonder, nox nulla secuta est, no night followed.

'Mira cano: sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.'

I hope his prophecy is as false for the event, as I am sure his application is for the thing. We are neither those uncircumcised Amorites, unchristened Pagans, nor do we persecute the Catholics; except to have liberty of law, grow rich, purchase lands, beard and brave the ministers of God to their faces, be called persecution. Here I cannot but mention, what is well observed by a most reverend and honoured judge of this land,* that whereas there have been three hundred burnt by Queen Mary for religion, there have scarce thirty Papists been executed by Queen Elizabeth for treason. Yet, I hope, there is some difference betwixt three hundred and thirty, religion and treason; betwixt the five years reign of the one, and the forty-four of the other. I know their rebellions, treasons, conspiracies, meet with execution; no persecution to their religion. Happy would our martyrs have thought themselves, if on such terms they might have redeemed their consciences! No; the iniquities of Babel have filled up their measure rather, and their judgment long ago was far

off, and their damnation sleepeth not. Pererius is his own prophet against us; we speak not against them of ourselves, the Holy Ghost speaks for us, who 'shall shortly consume that man of sin with the breath of his nostrils.' Let their eyes stare for our overthrows till they fall out of their unfortunate heads: God hath blessed, and the Balaam of Rome shall never be able to curse, Num. 23:20. Only let not our zeal be wanting to our God, to our church, to ourselves, and God shall not be wanting to us, nor all the hosts which he fights with; and once again, if need be, *conjurati venient in classica venti*,—the winds and seas shall take our part. Let not our peace make us wanton, nor our wealth proud; our help stands 'in the name of God,' not in forts and swords.

To speak more particularly; be not too confident, whosoever, in thy Mount Seir. Every wicked soul hath her Mount Seir to trust in; they that have no assurance of rest in heaven, have their refuges and mountains of help on earth. David so returns it upon the wicked, Ps. 11:1, 'In the Lord put I my trust: how then say you to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?' Why should I seek to foreign helps, that have settled myself in the bosom of rest itself? Riches are a Mount Seir to the covetous; they rest on them, as the ark on the mountains of Armenia. Honour is a Mount Seir to the ambitious, against all the besiegings of rivals. Sensuality to the voluptuous, against all the disturbances of a clamorous conscience. Pride, fraud, drunkenness, are a Mount Seir to the lovers of them; but alas, how unsafe! If stronger against, and further removed from the hand of man, yet nearer to God's hand in heaven; though we acknowledge no place *procul à Jove*, or *procul à fulmine*,—far from God, or from his thunder. But we say, it is not the safest sailing on the top of the mast; to live on the mountainous height of a temporal estate is neither wise nor happy. Men standing in the shade of humble valleys, look up and wonder at the height of hills, and think it goodly living there, as Peter thought Tabor, *Bonum est esse hic*; but when with weary limbs they have ascended, and find the beams of the sun melting their spirits, or the cold blasts of wind making their sinews stark, flashes of lightning or cracks of thunder soonest endangering their advanced heads, then

they confess, checking their proud conceit, the low valley is safest; for the fruitful dews that fall first on the hills stay least while there, but run down to the valleys. And though on such a promontory a man further sees, and is further seen, yet in the valley, where he sees less, he enjoys more. Take heed, then, lest to raise thy Mount Seir high, thou dejectest thy soul: 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountain of Samaria!' Amos 6:1. If we build our houses by unrighteousness, and our chambers without equity, though as strong as Mount Seir, they shall not be able to stand in the earthquake of judgment. God so threatens Jehoiakim: 'Shalt thou reign, because thou closest thyself in cedar? did not thy father eat and drink and prosper, when he executed judgment and justice?' &c., Jer. 22:15. Think not your houses to be fortresses, when your souls are unarmed of Christian weapons—faith and obedience. You had, and shall have peace, whiles you pursue it with righteous endeavours; whiles you guide all your actions by the line of the sanctuary, and steer your attempts by the compass of the gospel. Plenty shall spread your tables, whiles charity takes away and gives to the poor. These holy courses shall make you continue, in despite of hell and Rome; your mountain shall be hedged about with the mercies of God, and your children shall defy their enemies in the gates.

(2.) The person must not be omitted to whom this scoffing question is moved: the watchman. It seems the prophet had denounced against Edom war; they deride his message as a leasing, and his person under the name of a watchman; nay, therefore they scorn him, because a watchman. I will not insist on the duties of watchmen; every common soldier can school the watchman. Many presume to teach us our duties, that will be ranged within no order themselves. That which a watchman is to the city, or sentinel to the leagure, a minister is to the people. To watch over yourselves is every particular man's duty; to watch over all, *opus ministri*, is the work of the ministry. If our eyes be blind in descrying dangers, our tongues dumb to give warning, the city or fort is easily taken. Now, *quam clamoris vocem daturus est præco mutus?*—what warning shall a

dumb watchman give? Some will not speak; the fountain of their knowledge is shut up, like Laban's well, with a great stone of security, saturity, stateliness: others will speak too much, making the pulpit a pasquil to ease their spleens, to traduce superiors. *Medio tutissimus ibis*,—The mean and honest way is the safest.

But what say we to usurpers, wolves, tyrants, that call themselves watchmen? That *bi-nominis*, *bi-linguis*, double-named, double-tongued, double-sworded, and not single-hearted demi-god of Rome, calls himself sometimes a watchman, sometimes a king, the servant of servants, the king of kings; as if there was no difference betwixt the serviceable watchman and the commanding prince; betwixt the sentinel of the leagure and the general of the army. *Ad duo qui tendit, non unum, nec duo prendit*,—Whiles he claims both, usurps one, truth allows him neither. His actions shew him no servant. *Feriendo non ferendo agit*,—He gives blows, but takes none. To be such a watchman as he desires, possibility is denied him, since his eyes cannot look so far as he would extend his arm; not to watch over Rome only, but so far as the world is christened. Behold, saith he, 'I have two swords.' One of them he lets rust,—I mean the sword of the Spirit,—the other he keeps bright with the blood of saints, and makes it shine with the gall of martyrs. *Principalis principatus à triplici corona*,—The principal principality is from the triple crown. As the sun exceeds the earth, so the Pope all Christian princes; other kings are but his bailiffs. Did you ever hear a watchman speak thus, or arrogate to himself such a reign: *in foro poli*, *in foro pluti*, *in foro conscientiae*?—in the court of heaven, in the court of hell, and in the court of every conscience? If any resist his tyranny, he snatcheth from Christ that his word and usurps it: 'Bring those mine enemies, that would not have me reign over them, and slay them before me,' Luke 19:27. If he cannot behold it in action, he will see it in picture, as the massacre of Paris on St Bartholomew's night was pictured in the Pope's palace to entertain his holy eye with pleasure. So would the powder treason have been, if the matter had hit right. As horrid as the thought of it is to an honest mind, the hoisting up of buildings, shivering of bodies, tearing up of monuments, dissipation, massacre,

murder of old, young, prince, people, senators and senate, drawn to the life by the art of the painter, would have been a contenting spectacle for so holy an eye to contemplate. Sure there is honesty in hell, if this be religion. If the devil can devise more execrable stratagems, let him change seats with the Pope. Christ meddled with neither Herod nor emperor, king nor Cæsar; no emperors held his stirrup, no kings kissed his blessed feet; he only fought with the weapons of the Spirit against sin and Satan. The Pope is a watchman indeed; but he watcheth to invade, besiege, enter, and spoil the city of God. He hath other watchmen under him, unclean birds, fluttering from that vulture of Babylon, and flying like bats and owls under the eaves of night, to vomit the poisons of heresy and treasons from their swollen gorges. Watchmen like the chaplains of Mars, at Rome, in the days of idolatry, that practised to toss firebrands from camp to camp, to inflame evil affections; that care not whose blood they sacrifice to their Roman god, without distinction of Trojan, of Tyrian, nor out of whose sepulchres they dig themselves an estate. They watch indeed, for they keep a register of all our proceedings against them in these halcyon days of ours; and if ever the sun of alteration shine on their faces, they will repay us ten blows for one upon our burgonets. Meantime (our praises to heaven!) they watch their own bane; and, as one writes of Parry, so I may of the end of them all: *Itala gens sceleri te dedit, Angla cruci,*—Italy gives them their villany, England their gallows. This is their *malus*, but *meritus finis*,—the evil, but deserved end of them all. England is sinful enough, but she professeth not herself a schoolmistress of sins, as Rome doth of treason. There it is professed, taught, learned, and (as on the sandy theatre) exercised before it come to the fatal execution.

The priests of perverted Israel were but shadows of those of apostate Rome: 'As thieves wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent,' Hosea 6:9. Hence that proverb carries no less truth than antiquity with it: 'An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate.' These are those Jesuits, Jebusites, incendiaries, traitors, and not less than devils, but that they have bodies. God bless us from such watchmen! If these be watchmen, who are enemies?

We see, then, the vanity of their labours that would undertake to bring us to a composition. If heresy can be made sincerity, idolatry true religion, treason obedience, we may be united; but it is a sure rule—contraries in the abstract can never be reconciled. God put an unappeasable contention betwixt the two seeds, of the woman and serpent, when he put enmity between them; for an enemy may be made a friend, but enmity can never be made friendship: the air that is dark may be made light, but darkness cannot be made brightness: a Papist may be converted to a Christian, but Papistry can never be made Christianity, no more than Antichrist can become Christ. Our strife with them is not for the extension of limits, but for the possession of the inheritance; whether grace or nature, the Pope's law or God's, shall take place in the conscience. So I have read of that audacious and sottish hermit, that would undertake to make God and the devil friends; the impossibility of which attempt the devil could tell him: God is all light, and I am all darkness, so that my foul nature cannot be hidden; our affections, seats, persons are so opposed, that I have no hope of peace. They will not, we may not yield; except the sheep shall compound with the wolf, or the mice with the cat; which the old tale forbids, though the cat get on a monk's cowl, and cries demurely through the crevices—

'Quod fueram, non sum, frater; caput aspice tonsum.'

'Good brother mouse, creep out thy house, come forth and let us chat:

Behold, my crown is shaven down; I'm now a priest, no cat.

When cats say mass, the mice, alas! must pray against their will:

Kind puss, your pate is smooth of late; your heart is rugged still.'

Experience would teach us the answer of the verse, though we had never read it—

'Vix tibi præsto fidem, cor tibi restat idem.'

To leave the incorrigible watchmen of Rome,—since we would have cured Babel, and she would not be cured,—let us look home to ourselves. The wolves of Rome have no more honour than the watchmen of England scorn: the Edomites of the world cannot abide ministers. The best is, they are but Edomites, heirs of Esau, and as profane as their father, that make religion their minstrel to procure them sport and sleep. No jest ends in such laughter as that which is broken on a priest; the proof is plain in every tavern and theatre. We serve indeed contrary masters: we, Christ; they, lust and Satan: and *hinc illæ rixæ* of theirs, *hinc illæ lachrymæ* of ours,—hence their flouts and our tears. We bite them with the salt of reproof, hence they storm; we cast ink and gall on their tatters, hence they startle. *Veritatem lucentem multi diligunt, arguentem rejiciunt: dum se ostendit colimus, dum nos ostendit, odio habemus*,—The truth shining, many love; reproving, they reject: whiles it shews itself, we embrace it; whiles it shews us, we cannot endure it. Even in this consists at once our happiness, their damnation: our happiness, 'Blessed are ye when for me persecuted;' their damnation, 'That light being in the world, they embrace, and are glad of darkness;' though their wrongs done us be against the law of arms and nature, for an ambassador should be *inter hostium tela incolumis*,—safe among the weapons of enemies.

But do the Edomites only take up these weapons of scorn against us? No,—I speak it betwixt shame and grief,—even the Israelites scorn the prophets. There are some sick of a wantonness in religion, so hot about the question *de modo*, that the devil steals the matter of religion from their hearts. If we cannot wrangle with forms and shadows, and shew ourselves refractory to established orders, we shall *male audire*; our sermons shall be slighted, our persons derided. This, this is the mischief: men of name, professors of note, when they speak bitterly of us, their credit carries it strong with our scandals. One arrow of these Israelites wounds deeper than a hundred cannon-shot of the Edomites. I confess, I speak stones; but if they hit as they are intended, they shall heal some, hurt none. *Dicatur veritas, rumpatur invidia*,—Let truth be spoken, and envy

burst her gall. Let all these scorers remember that the contempt done to us, redounds to God himself: 'He that despiseth us, despiseth men; he that despiseth Christ, despiseth his Saviour.' Is all this nothing? 'But he that despiseth me and you, despiseth him that sent me and you.' It comes to somewhat then; and more than ever mortal man shall be able to answer. Is it not enough for them, that they have drawn out the life-blood of our livings, but they must expose our persons to contempt? So the Jews spoiled Christ of his vestments, and then mocked him with baseness. Our poverty is flouted by them that have our livings. Surely, if repentance and restitution prevent it not, they shall have tithe one day which they have more right to—the tenth sheaf of that harvest which is reserved for reprobates in hell. The Turks lay it as an imputation on our religion, that we spoil our gods. For shame! Do not the Turks, and shall the Christians? David would not have Araunah's threshing-floor without money; if these men should have no room in the church but what they pay for, I think they would quietly suffer themselves to be turned forth of doors.

(3.) The last branch of the map, and first of the moral, are not unfitly conjoined—the Edomite, and his question.

II.—1. The question then calls me from the watchman, 'What is in the night?' And to make the derision fuller and fouler, it is doubled, like Pharaoh's dream, 'What is in the night?' Did they seek for some prodigy or portent? some divine revelation, which should be received by vision? Were they like Israel, of whom Christ thus testifies, 'This adulterous generation seeks for a sign?' Matt. 12:39. Thus Dives despaired of his brethren's belief, except one rose from the dead. I confess we have some in the world sick of this disease; a Jewish infection: 'The Jews require a sign,' &c. Plus oculo, quam oraculo. Miseries shall work more on them than mysteries; palpable actions of God's mercy, justice, power, shall convince them, the contemplation of them all in the theory of the word moves them not; astonish them with wonders, heal their disease, open their blind eyes, raise their dead, and they will believe. Are there none among us

that couch a willing and close ear to the charms of Rome, in admiration of their feigned miracles? lying apostles, that work strange things by exorcisms? But our church now is not in the cradle of her infancy. One cup of wine brought by Christ is worth all the cups of cold water by Moses: as St Augustine, alluding to that marriage in Galilee, says, 'All the adumbrations, types, figures, signs, were but that cup of cold water; Christ reserved the good wine (of the gospel) till he came himself;' and they that will not believe without a sign, without a sign must perish. But I travel no further in this, lest it bring me out of my way.

It was no sign they inquire for, no prodigy they fear; they are only pleased to make sport with the menaces of God: 'You talk of a night, and an hour of calamity; but threatened men draw long breaths. You pretend visions in the night, which portend our ruin; come, tell us the tale of the night: what is in the night?' There have been in all ages some of these frogs, to throat it out against God so long as the weather was fair, as if he could not send a storm; the tempests of God's wrath have been derided to the last moment of a calm. The venom of prosperity so empoisons a carnal mind: *filia divitiarum superbia*,—the daughter of riches is pride. The philosopher could teach us that *facilitas et humilitas divitium habent contubernium: raro bona mens et bona fortuna homini datur*,—happiness and humbleness are chamber-fellows: seldom a good mind and a good estate is given to the same man. God seemed to mistrust this in Israel, that the increasing of goods, and multiplying of cattle would lift up their hearts against him, Deut. 8:13, 14. The peaceable days of the wicked, and their luckily proceedings in this world, by the testimony of Job, enrageth their impudence against heaven: 'Who is the Almighty, that we should serve him?' chap. 21:15. 'Depart from us; we will none of thy ways.' That of the psalm is full of strength to this: 'His ways prosper: thy judgments are far above out of his sight; therefore defieth he all his enemies,' Ps. 10:4. Man only? No; God himself: 'I shall never be removed.' Let Malachi for all the prophets, Peter for all the apostles, make up this cloud of witnesses: 'It is in vain to serve the Lord,' Mal. 3:14; and, 'Where is the promise of his

coming?' 2 Pet. 3:4. All things are still statu quo, continued in the same course; there is no alteration, no new thing done quocunque sub axe, under heaven. We say, Non bonum ludere cum sanctis,—It is no safe jesting with holy things. It is dangerous for an Edomite to make himself merry with God; this is the way to come short home: thou hadst better have mourned all thy life than made God thy playfellow. When the vessel of dust shall encounter with the arm of omnipotence, sive percutiat, sive percutiatur, frangi necesse est,—whether it smite or be smitten, it is sure to be broken. The chair of the scorner is the seat of Satan, imus gradus et limen inferni,—the lowest stair and very threshold of hell, as David describes it: Ps. 1:1, 'Blessed is the man that doth not walk,' &c. His first plot is to get us to walk a turn or two with him; having persuaded this, he moves us to stand still a little: but so long as we are standing, we are going; therefore at last he entreats us, for our ease, to sit down: but if we take our seat in that enchanted chair, we grow to that impudence to deride God and his judgments. I will single you out four sorts of these Edomites, scorners,—for I justly parallel them,—and propound their natures and conditions to your pity and detestation:—

(1.) Atheists: such as have voluntarily, violently, extinguished to themselves the sunlight of the Scripture, moonlight of the creature, nay, the sparks and cinders of nature, that the more securely, as unseen and unhidden of their own hearts, they might prodigally act the works of darkness: not, Athenian-like, dedicating an altar to an unknown god, but annihilating to themselves, and vilipending to others, altar, religion, God, and suffocating the breath of all motions, arguments, manifest convictions that heaven and earth produced; for the reasons of hell only shall one day evince it, Deum esse,—that there is a God. They affirm it impossible that flesh should be turned to rottenness, rottenness to dust, and dust to glory. Against whom, well, St Augustine, Qui potuit formare novum, non poterit reparare mortuum? Facilior est restitutio constitutione,—He that could form us of nothing, can reform us decayed: it is easier to repair than prepare. That atheism in the days of Solomon was the same in opinion that ours is in practice. We do not say, but live as if it was

better to be 'a living dog than a dead lion;' which I would yield true among beasts, but among men, a dead beast is better than a living atheist. Let them ask nature, it will tell them: *Insculptum est omnibus esse Deum*,—It is engraven on all hearts that there is a Deity. Let them ask the creatures, they will witness they had a Creator. Nay, let the devil speak, to shame and convince the atheist, who believes a God, and trembles at his own belief. The nature of his essence proveth it. To know there is a witch, may satisfy us that there is a God; for if the destroying power were not controlled, manacled, mastered, how stand we undevoured? Let them ask, lastly, their own dying hearts; for the eyes that sin hath shut, damnation shall open. *Qui negat esse deum; mihi negat et tibi, non sibi, &c. Oculos, quos culpa clausit, poena aperiet.*

(2.) Epicures: that deny not a God and a day of judgment, but put it far off, *Amos 6:3*, with *λάβε σοι τὸ μέλλον*, Give me the present, take thou the hope of future joys. These see a night coming, and therefore make haste to be drunk with pleasures: *1 Cor. 15:32*, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.' *Cras ridendo moriuntur, hodie bibendo sepeliuntur*,—They will not die till to-morrow, but be buried in riot to-day. They sleep on their beds of down, rise to their tables of surfeit, and from thence to their sports of mischief; sleeping, playing, eating, dancing, drinking, dallying: *motu circulari*,—they run round in a ring. Only, *nulla intervalla piando*,—no time must be spared from Satan. They invert the order God hath disposed to the times preposterously, making the night day, and the day night; at midnight they revel, at noon they sleep, though the day was created for labour, the night for repose. The sun is scarce beholden to their eyes to look upon him; the moon and stars have only their attendance; the works and the hour of darkness meet; they will be contrary to all men and all things but themselves, because they will be contrary. If ever they begin any work with the day, they dispose it on this fashion: first they visit the tavern, then the ordinary, then the theatre, and end in the stews; from wine to riot, from that to plays, from them to harlots.

'*Iste dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum*,'—

Here is a day spent in an excellent method. If they were beasts, they could not better sensualise. It would be but lost labour to tell them that their course shall be so proportioned below: from snakes they shall turn upon adders, from both to scorpions, from all to unquenched flames; where they spend not hours but ages, nay, that eternity of time, in wailings and howlings, groans and torments; when for every ounce of vanity, they shall receive, down weight, a whole pound of sorrow. Smokes, blackness, boiling caldrons, fiery burnings of brimstone and sulphur, kindled and continued by the breath of an offended God, shall have their interchanged courses: oft this torment, and then that; and indeed all that a soul and body made immortal can suffer.

'Iste dies misero distinguitur ordine rerum,'—

Here is a day to be spent in a miserable method. Oh, how, yet, was it some happiness if in a day or set time these woes could be determined!—These are the epicures, not so impudent as to deny the night, not so honest as to part with their sins.

(3.) Libertines: that neither affirm no night, nor put it far off, but only the strength of sin prevails over all; and, come sorrow, death, grave, hell, they must have their pleasures. They have a pride in accomplishing their own wills, as she in the poet;—

'Video meliora proboque

Deteriora sequor;'—

'I see the good, and give allowance to it:

The evil is my choice, I love and do it.'

They cannot be noted for virtuous, but they will be famous, though for infamy: as that wicked church-robber, that to do some memorable act, pulled all the lead off the church's roof and thatched it; they must be mentioned, though like a traitor's name in the

chronicles. These swear away all reproofs, and drink away all the chidings of their own conscience. It shall be the worse for them that ever they had a conscience; their hell shall be the hotter for the multitude of their neglected motions to good. Their mercies have not been more numerous than shall be their miseries. Their nature or learning (to omit those that never read any other book than vanity) at once makes them better and worse; better in understanding, worse in manners; whiles their contemplation is a theatre, and their study new sports, new fashions. Oh, how far better is the simple, honest, innocent soul without knowledge, than that which is beautified with learning and debauched with vices!

'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,

Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,'—

More happy are those poor wretches, confined and contented with a rural charge. Whiles they know not so much of good, they know less of ill; they skill not what the studying of oaths, the tricks of pride, the policy of atheism means; they make not sense the rule of their belief, with the gallant, but their catechism. Religion is their queen, the gallant's drudge. They have not so much of reason, therefore abuse the less. Their sins proceed most from ignorance, the gallant's from knowing wilfulness. Now, which of these shall be beaten with most stripes? They work out a poor living with the sweat of their brows and nerves; these can play out a rich one from the quickness of their wits. They know not the detractions of slander, underminings of envy, provocations, heats, enlurings of lusts; the foul secrecies of idolatry, hypocrisy, sacrilege, cleave not to their consciences; they have a kind of happiness, in that they are not so miserable. Our impudent, imprudent, insolent youngsters look on these betwixt contempt and anger, call them clowns, idiots, and the dregs of nature, and think themselves angels if these be men, quorum præcordia Titan de pejore luto finxit,—as if God had tempered them of a baser mould. But whiles Actæon's bond-slave grinds securely (though laboriously) at the mill, his brave, riotous, gallant, hunting

master is turned to a beast, and for his sensuality eaten up of his own lusts: you all know the story, this is the moral. This, this is the proper cause that the ancient houses fall; and what long industry of the progenitors hath gotten, the short riot of the gallant wastes. We are loath to hear of this; but it is too true. He needs not drink up all the sea, that will judge of the taste: hence young gentlemen, by wild unthriftiness, become sports to theatres, and cannot sit in their fathers' seats to do good in the commonwealth. They abound with the gifts of nature; but, like fig-trees growing over deep waters, full of fruit, but the jays eat them. Ruffians, harlots, vicious companions, enjoy those graces that might honour God.

(4.) Common profane persons: that will suffer themselves to wear God's livery, though they serve the devil. These are they that make the profession of the gospel have an evil name; hence that proverb, Paternoster set up churches; 'Our Father' pulls them down. I will not favour with a partial connivance these scorers, though they nestle themselves in the church's bosom. Nay, I will speak most plainly; these are the worst Edomites, if not to themselves, to us. Let the atheist deny, the epicure remove, the libertine forget, that there is any other day of peace or sorrow besides or beyond the present; what is this to believers? We are ready to brand and hoot at them, as they did to the lepers in Israel; nay, to rain them to death with a shower of stones, as they served idolaters and blasphemers. But be our own hands undefiled, that take up these weapons of death against others, as Christ charged the Jews, that charged the adulterous woman? If we be sick, our sickness is more dangerous than theirs. The other diseases are without the body, but this comes nearer the heart of the church. We know what it is to have a sickness come near the heart: *interius, et in cute malum*. There is more grief to the mother of the family in the miscarrying of one of the children, than of many strangers, Edomites, unbelievers or misbelievers. These have learned to speak the language, to scorn the manners of Canaan; for their lives testify that they believe not our report.

2. We have gone the better half of our journey, let not your attentions fail to the end. We have seen the nature of Edom and Mount Seir—atheism, scorn, abomination; we are now entering another mountain, the hill of Zion, the city of God. The question of the Edomite was not more perverse than the answer of the watchman is grave and sober. The answers of God are not doubtful, like the heathen oracles; nor obscure and tetrical, as Mohammed's riddles; nor ambiguous, like the mixed, the motley, epicene, equivocating conclusions of Rome; but plain, sweet, profitable.

(1.) I call, therefore, the first part of it a resolution. They ask as if they despised to know; he resolves them justly, as if he would force them to know against their wills. They ask him what is spiritually seen in the night of vision; he tells them what shall really come in the night of actual desolation: 'The morning cometh, and also the night.' Let your understandings keep pace with me through these four circumstances:—[1.] The length of their peace: one whole day, the space betwixt morning and evening; a short time; *finitum pro indefinito, brevitatem temporis dies exprimit.* [2.] The certainty of their judgment; 'The night' infallibly 'cometh.' [3.] The quality of it when it is come; *nox dicitur*, it is called a night. [4.] The inversion of this to the righteous.

[1.] The happiness of Edom is but a day; 'The morning comes, and the night' follows: it is but the distance of the sunrising from the setting. There is to all things living such an alteration decreed: a morn, a noon, a night; a beginning, a strong age, a declination or full point. As the historians write of certain flies bred by the river *Hispanis*, that are generated in the morning, at noon in full strength, and at night make their ends, and are gone: Paul says, 'Our life is but a tabernacle,' it is all, if this stands a year; Isaiah calls it grass, which grows but in summer; David, a flower, hath but his month; here it is called a day, that hath but the sunrising and setting. Nay, Job compares it to a shadow, that hath neither year, nor summer, nor month, nor day, but an hour. Nay, Moses, to a thought, whereof

there may be a hundred in an hour. This is none of the shortest comparisons, *mane et vespere*, the measure of one day.

What then mean those 'greedy dogs' in this prophecy, to bark so madly? 'Bring more wine, for to-morrow shall be as to-day; yea, much more abundant,' Isa. 56:12. Methinks I hear the gallant epicures, the christened atheists of this city, knock thus in taverns for yet more wine, crowning the day with riots, and blessing the morrow with promised surfeits, as if the night should never come. Alas! *nescis quid serus vesper ferat*,—thou knowest not what sad news the evening will bring. Thou braggest with Cæsar, the day is come; we tell thee, as Cæsar's friend, it is come indeed, and begun; it is not ended. The lease of vanity is but a day, it may be not a moment; the tenure of this world is uncertain.

'*Medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid*,'—

From out of the midst of the fount of delicacies ariseth ever some bitterness. When you have spent your strengths, your estates, bloods, souls, upon vanity, all is but *unius diei hilaris insania*,—the merry madness of a day; which to buy with the eternity of insufferable torments is a dear purchase. If they be not short of content and satisfaction, I am sure they are of continuance. They do not always follow a man living, ever forsake him when he dies. *Non semper sequuntur viventem, morientem nunquam*.

[2.] You have measured the shortness of their day; hear the certainty of their night. 'The morning comes, and,' without prevention, 'night follows.' You shall shake off the yoke of Israel, but put on you the yoke of Persia. The Edomites were long tributaries to Israel, according to Isaac's prophecy in the blessing of Esau: 'Thou shalt be thy brother's servant; but it shall come to pass, when thou shalt get the mastery, thou shalt break his yoke from thy neck,' Gen. 27:40. The prophet here assures them of this mastery. Israel rebels against God, therefore Edom against Israel. Isaac, as God's prophet, subjects Edom to Canaan, the seed of Esau to the seed of Jacob: *intemperanti*

præfecit sobrium,*—he sets the sober man over the intemperate; and this service of the elder brother to the younger lasted in the posterity seven hundred years. Yet twice after, they shook off this servitude: the first in Joram's time, 2 Kings 8:20, which liberty they made a troublesome shift to hold, till Hyrcanus, who subdued them, and made them be circumcised.† This slavery they overcame again, and held it, even till Herod, the son of Antipater, an Idumæan born, obtained to be king of the Jews. Here Edom got the full mastery. The first was this morning the prophet speaks of; this morning of freedom shall come, but last for a day, and then be overclouded with a night, a worse captivity, because to a worse people; qui Deum et misericordiam nesciunt,—that know neither God nor mercy: as those privations are inseparable, there is no mercy where no religion.

Edom is but a particular instance of a general doom, which all the sons of Adam and daughters of Eve—I mean all the glories of this world—shall bear: as sure as the evening succeeds the morning, death shall seize upon life, judgment on sin. You have the sap of health in your bones, the riches of the world in your coffers, your life is in the noon of pride, but, we say, praise a fair day at night. Happy are they whose 'life is hid with Christ in God,' Col. 3:3, that this night may not find them out! Your sun shall set; beauty, riches, glory shall decay. As by the inviolable law of nature, night succeeds day, so by the eternal law of God, death sin. If you could indent with the sun to stand still, as in the days of Joshua, Josh. 10:12, or to go back ten degrees, as to Hezekiah, or with his orb to move slowly, yet it shall set. Be the day never so long, yet at last comes evening-song. The Son of God himself, in this condition of mortal descent, was equal to his brethren. That great Sun of righteousness had his rising and his setting. We must all walk into the west, as well as he; and be our day longer or shorter, night must come; our privileges are not beyond others.

Hear this, ye Edomites, that flout our presagings of a night: You speak of a night and hour of judgment—when comes it? We tell you again, 'The morning cometh, and also the night.' You have had a time

of light and delight, and what your hearts could wish; you shall have a time of sorrow and darkness, your noon shall be turned to midnight. Tender and delicate Babylon, that boasted herself 'a queen, free from mourning,' Isa. 47:7, shall weep in the widowhood of her glory; and hear at last, *Advenit finis tuus*,—Thy end is come. You that will not set your minds to these things, nor remember the latter end, miseries shall come on you in their perfection, ver. 9; so absolute as the justice of God and the malice of Satan can make them. So Solomon schools the artless, heartless, supine courses of vain youth: Eccles. 11:9, 'Rejoice, O young man,' &c. Rejoice in your day of pride, let pleasure rock you on her indulgent knee, you shall be brought to the night of judgment. The surfeits of the old world, the mirth of the Philistines, when Samson was their laughingstock, the carousings of that Chaldean monarch in the sacred bowls of Jerusalem, had their night. Solomon with his thousand wives and concubines, Belshazzar with his thousand princes, Ahasuerus with his hundred and twenty-seven provinces, had their night. High-looked honour and porsy riches, the one diseased in his eyes, the other in his lungs, shall have their night. The favour of noble men is the favour of moveable men,—*favor nobilium*, *favor mobilium*; the *ignis fatuus* of riches is long engendering, soon extinct. Let Joab and Job be our precedents in both these: the first was great and evil, the chiefest captain about David, yet by David designed to execution; the second was great and good, yet, behold, the mightiest man of the east is poor to a proverb. What ever flourished and had not this night? The rich churl enlarging his barns proportionably to his desires, had his night; he heard that soul-knell, 'Thou fool, this night shall they fetch away thy soul.' The world itself shall have this evening: the morning was in the days of the patriarchs, Christ bore the heat and noon of the day, and we are those 'upon whom the latter ends of the world are come.' 'The world groweth old,' 2 Esd. 14:10, and we grow old with it. The bodies of men in old age wax cold, and want the heat of nature; the souls of men in this decrepit age grow cold in zeal,—*deficiente fervore charitatis*. The nourishment of old age turns into crudity, through want of heat to concoct, digest, and drive it into the veins; the nourishment of our souls turns into vanity, because we

want the heat of grace to digest it. By all these symptoms, you see the sun of this world ready to set, and the night drawing on, the declination of goodness, the fainting of religion, says that the world lies bedrid, drawing on, looking for the good hour, (to some,) and fetching a thick, sick, and short breath. I am no prophet; or what if I were, yet unable to define the time; but this I conclude, though more particularly, from the rule of my text: We had our morning at the first preaching of the gospel; it now flourisheth with us, as at high noon: who shall say the evening will not follow, or our sun is without setting?

[3.] That it shall come, you hear: hear shortly the quality of it when it is come—a night. Misery is not fitlier shadowed than under the name of a night: 'Sorrow lasts for a night,' says the Psalmist, 'but joy comes in the morning.' A sad, heavy, and discontented time, full of horror and amazement; when there is no object to withdraw the eye, thereby to divert the mind from the thought and meditation of bitterness. Satan himself is not said to be bound with any other chains but those of darkness; as the joys of heaven are described by that eternal daylight of glory and sunshine of the Lamb, and it is added in express words, 'There shall be no night there,' Rev. 21:25. So the torments of hell are called by Christ σκοτός ἑξώτερον, 'outer darkness,' Matt. 22:13. No marvel if there ensue weeping and gnashing of teeth, when misery shall be extreme, and no day-hole of hope to afford one glimpse of comfort. This is that 'night of nights,' worse than the palpable darkness of Egypt, as full of intolerable horror as caliginous blackness. I find not only the time of judgment general, but of temporal and particular calamities, termed by the 'night of horror:' the downfall of Dumah, 'a night;' the destruction of Israel, 'a season of blackness, darkness, clouds and obscurities,' Joel 2:2. Therefore, as Christ to the Jews, 'Pray that your flight be not in the night;' pray that your departure out of this life be not in the night of your security and ignorance; and then fear not this night, for you are redeemed from the land of eternal darkness.

It was the foolish pride of that Roman emperor, having made a bridge of grappled ships over a narrow arm of the sea, and triumphing at midnight with innumerable torches, to boast that he had wrought two miracles—made the sea dry land, and the night day;* but our emperor of heaven and earth did perform it indeed, when he dried up the red sea of his Father's wrath, and changed our present night of ignorance, and future of torment, into the eternal daylight of his grace and glory.

[4.] The last part of this survey is the inverting of this upon the righteous: where, behold the different beginnings and ends of both holy and unholy. To the children of disobedience, the morning is before the evening; and this is Dumah's woe at sunset, *fuisse felicem*,—that she had her day. To the faithful, the evening is before the morning; as at the creation, 'The evening and the morning were the first day,' Gen. 1. The Jews were commanded to begin their feast of reconciliation at even; and, 'From evening to evening shall you celebrate your sabbath,' Lev. 23:32. It was Christ's comfortable answer to his church, intending the date when the profanation of the temple should cease, to set the morning of their peace after the evening of their troubles, by a sweet and mystical allusion: Dan. 8:14, 'Unto the evening and the morning, two thousand and three hundred; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed;' 'and the vision of the evening and morning is true,' ver. 26. The evening of their sorrow precedes the morning of their joys. Our prophet so compares the tempest of the Assyrians' rage to a storm in the night, which vanisheth at the rising sun: Isa. 17:14, 'Lo, in the evening there is trouble, but before the morning it is gone.' Our night lasts during this wretched life: the troubles of miseries, storms of persecutions, and rage of that great leviathan, disturb our air, darken our day, and make it a gloomy night; clouds, tempests, obstacles, stumblingblocks, temptations, machinations of enemies, deceivings of friends;—

'Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

Tendimus in cœlum;—

through so many dangers and difficulties sail we to our haven of peace; our assurance is, that joy comes in the morning, when we shall rise in the east, and behold the sun of glory shine in our faces. The morning of the Edomites, atheists, reprobates, comes first smiling on their brows; but *nox sequitur*,—they have a night behind.

This disparity consists not only in the counterposition of their order, but in the circumstantial difference of their length and shortness. Our night is irksome, but short: *compensatur acerbitas brevitatem*,—what is ill in the bitterness is eased by the shortness. But our day is everlasting; from new moon to new moon, from sabbath to sabbath, we shall praise the Lord. Myriads of years and ages shall be expired, and our sun as far from setting as at our first entrance; for time, and mortality, and distinction of age, shall cease: there is nothing but eternity above. It is not more blessed in being a day, than being endless. Their morning is short, their night everlasting, their debt never paid, their fire never quenched. Here is their unhappiness: *florent ad tempus, pereunt in æternum; florent falsis bonis, pereunt veris tormentis*,—they flourish for a time, they perish for ever; they flourish with false joys, perish with true and substantial torments. Things that are soonest bred have the shortest continuance; a puff of wind raiseth the chaff from the earth, and a puff scatters it away; the wicked are soon raised, and with like speed depressed, Ps. 73:18, 19. How quickly is Esau's posterity advanced to a kingdom! How immaturely cast down! The crown is scarce warm on their temples, their eyes have scarce taken a passing glance of their glories, but all is dispersed. The godly are long kept under covert; but when they do rise, their elevation is permanent.

Lo, now cast a sober and intelligent eye on this strange opposition, and let the very enemy of heaven and grace judge whether the vain shadows of joy, and those for a day, liable to true and substantial torments, and those for ever, be comparable with, or desirable before, a momentary affliction, and that not without the best of

comforts, followed with an excellent and eternal weight of glory. It is confessed; I speak for you, I think your consciences are convinced. But ubi signa?—where are the signs of it? If this be so, and you so acknowledge it, why lead you so dissonant lives? Shall the voice of your own tongues censure your own hearts, witness against you? Tacitus reports that in the civil wars betwixt Vitellius and Vespasian, a soldier had killed his own father, which was of the enemy's army; no sooner was this published, but every man begins to abhor, condemn, execrate that war, the cause of such an unnatural fact: yet how little effect this wrought in their proceedings, that author describes; for their rage, rapine, cruelty, was not lessened in spoiling neighbour, friend, kinsman, brother, father, when they had slain them. We abhor the miseries and sins incident to this life; we love it still, nay, prefer it to heaven: our condemnation will be easy and just, what need is there of more witnesses? Ex ore tuo,—thy own lips have spoken against thee. For shame; let our hearts and tongues be cut out of one piece, that what we allow in opinion we may prosecute in practice.

You hear how the day slips from us and the night steals on. No marvel if men sleep in the night; but in the broad day, to shut our eyes with the dormouse is unnatural. There is a night when thou shalt rest, even 'on thy bed of peace,' Isa. 57:2; only walk, work, loiter not, in thy day. Christ taught and observed the rule himself, to travel his day, and all his day; 'for the night comes, wherein no man can work.' There are things which if the night finds undone, we are undone, because we have not done them: if we defer to provide lodging, sustenance, safety, the night finds and leaves us destitute. How mad is he, that being bound to some special designment, confined to his day, and then furthered with light, aid, company, and conveniency of all things, spends one hour in catching flies, another after feathers, and all the rest in several toys and leasings, that on a sudden the sun sets, and his chief work is not done, nay, not begun!

The work of our day is the working up our salvation; it is a special work. Heaven and our souls are upon it, and we have but our day to

work it. *Tempus vitæ, tempus pœnitentiæ*,—The time of life is the time of repentance. We spend one piece of our day in covetous scrapings, another in adoring that we have scraped; some hours of our day in working vanity, and some in sleeping security; instantly the night of death comes, and we have neglected the main chance: our salvation is not finished; like courtiers, that having light to bring them to bed, play it out at cards, and go to bed darkling. Woe to them that go to their last rest thus! How unworthy are we of a day, thus to spend it! It is pity that ever the sun of grace shone on our faces! Quake and fear, whatsoever thou art, to suffer the sin of thy soul and the end of thy life to come so near together. If men stumble in the dark, it is not strange; to fall argues wilful neglect, or want of eyes. It is enough for those poor Romanists, that live under that Egyptian darkness of the Inquisition, to fall into grievous absurdities; but where the sun shines, to see men fall in heaps is astonishing. Oh that every bait of drunkenness, object of covetousness, presented glance of vanity, should make us to wander and stumble, stumble and fall, fall and content ourselves therein without rising! What would we, what will we do if our sun sets? For shame! cast away the deeds of darkness with the time: Eph. 5:14, 'Awake and stand up, the light of Jesus Christ' shines on thy face; as men from sleep opening their eyes and seeing day broke, cast away their clothes, wherein they were wrapt warm, and start up to their several callings. The sins and vanities of this world have kept us warm, and Caiaphas kept Peter, whiles we were folded in them; but our main work lay dead for want of execution. Provide, then, for this night, O thou whose cheek the sun of mercy and forbearance kisseth: 'The sleep of him that travaileth is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the satiety of the rich will not suffer him to sleep,' Eccles. 5:12. If the day be well spent, the wearied bones rejoice in their earned repose, and the contented conscience applauds in the thought of her careful obedience; body and soul receive rest. Whiles the day is slothfully spent, night brings no rejoiceful ease to either spirits or corpse. The day of thy life worn out into the well-disposed hours of a religious obedience, thy body shall rest in a perfumed grave, and thy soul in the bosom of Abraham, when night comes; but whiles pride, surfeits,

oppressions, wantonness have shared the day, the night comes with no less suddenness than sorrow: thy rest shall be unrest, neither easier than smoke, and thorns, and flames, nor shorter than the eternity of all these can make it, Oh, then, what folly, madness, self-enmity is this, to play out our short day, and howl under the pressure of working torments for an everlasting night!

(2.) We are come to the last fruit that I shall gather you from this tree, and it grows on three branches; the whole body of it being applied to the manner, not the matter of the question. The matter is first satisfied: 'The morning comes, and the night.' The manner is now touched: 'If ye will ask, inquire; return, and come.' You ask in derision; keep the cloth, but reject the fashion. Ask still, but to repentance; let your demands manifest your desires of resolution. If ye will ask, and needs be acquainted with your sorrows, 'inquire' with humility, reverence, faith; 'return' from your sins by repentance; and 'come' home to God by obedience. *Triplex ex arbore fructus*,—here is a threefold fruit from this tree; whereon let your souls feed, and then depart to refresh your bodies.

Inquire.—We must not look that God should seek us with his blessing, as Elias was charged to run by the way of the wilderness in quest of Hazael, to anoint him, 1 Kings 19:15. No; 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.' The rule of the prophet is just: the rich man comes not to the beggar's door with relief in his hand; but the beggar to his for it. There is small reason to expect from God that he should both give and seek. I confess he doth, as Christ testifies of himself, Luke 19:10, 'I came to seek and to save that which was lost;' but withal he conveys into our hearts a preventing grace to seek him. Hence the condition is annexed to the grant, by the giver himself: 'Ask, and you shall have:' inquire, and you shall be satisfied. But if any will be ignorant, let them be ignorant still.

If you ask me, first, Where you should inquire? Our prophet directs you, 'To the law, to the testimony: where should a people inquire, but at their God?' Isa. 8:20. Secondly, If how? With humility, reverence,

and desire of knowledge. Inter juvenile judicium, et senile præjudicium, multa veritas corrumpitur. There must be an equal avoiding of both rashness and prejudice. Young men apprehend not the necessities of knowledge, old men presume of a plerophory and abundance; hence neither young nor old inquire. Thirdly, If when? The wise man answers, Inquire, seek, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Begin this search in the morning of thy years. Mane is the Lord's adverb, the devil's verb. The Lord saith, Early; the devil saith, Tarry: to whom you hearken, judge yourselves. One thing only, take heed you stay not too long. The devil is a false sexton, and sets the clock too slow, that the night comes ere we be aware. Tarry not, then, till your piles of usuries, heaps of deceits, mountains of blasphemies, have caused God to hide himself, and will not be found. There is a sera nimis hora, time too late, which Esau fell unluckily into, when 'he sought the blessing with tears, and could not find it.' It may be the statutes, or the guides, or thy own eyes, may be denied thee, and then too late thou inquirest. Whiles the book of God is not perused, his temples not frequented, nor his throne solicited by prayers, hard-heartedness steals on us, and, like Samson bound by the Philistines, we would break their bonds and cast their cords from us; but our Delilah, our folly, hath beguiled us.

Return.—Is this all? No; there is a second fruit growing on this tree, of equal necessity, greater use. After inquiring, follows returning. You are gone wrong, return into the way of peace; inquire it first, and having found it, return; put your feet into it. God warns you by the revelation of his word, as the wise men by the vision of a dream, Matt. 2:12, to 'return into your own country,' whither you would arrive, and where only is your rest, 'another way.' If ever this exhortation was necessary for Edom, let me think it fitter for England. As sinful as we are, let me yet say, there is more hope of our repentance than of Edom's. Our iniquities are as great, our instructions greater than theirs; what remains, but our repentance? Never more need. Our sins are not low, slow, few, or slightly done; negligence sins, security sins, contempt sins, presumption and hard-heartedness sins. Here is the scorner's chair, the drunkard's bench,

the idle man's cushion, the usurer's study, Oh, where is repentance to rouse these? God is angry; we have been smitten, not in the skirts and suburbs of our commonwealth: our city, body, and whole unity hath been pierced to the soul. 'The whole head hath been sick, and whole heart heavy.' Where is the physic of repentance? I can shew you many actors, presenting themselves on the theatre of this world; I see not repentance play her part. I can point you to usury—robbing, grinding, sucking blood, cutting throats, whiles he sits in the chimney-corner, and hears of his zanies, whelps, underling-thieves ending their days at the gallows. I can shew you covetousness—swearing for gain, crouching, ramping, playing ape, lion, or devil for money. I can discover to you drunkenness rising early to the wine; malice making haste to the death of Amnon; ambition running after honour, faster than Peter to the sepulchre; pride whirling in her chariot, wantonness shutting up the windows; bribery creeping in at the key-hole, even when the door of justice is locked up against her. Among all these I see not repentance. Doth she stay till the last act? I fear the tragedy of many souls will be done first. This land is full of sins,—let me speak impartially,—this city. As many lines meet at the centre, so all sins by a general confluence to this place. *Glomerantur in unum innumeræ pestes Erebi*,—The mischiefs of hell are swarmed to one crowd, and we have it. I know there are some 'names in Sardis,' some that make conscience of their ways; the same air is drawn by men of as contrary disposition as is the opposition of the two poles: that I may say of the lives of this city, as one doth of Origen's writings, *Ubi bene, nemo melius; ubi male, nemo pejus*,—Those that are good are exceeding good, and those that are evil are unmeasurably evil; nothing was ever so unlike itself. You are as contrary as fire to water; but all the water of the one's devotion will not quench the fire of the other's wickedness. This latter is so monstrously grown on us with the times, that it is all if the idolatry of Rome, or the atheism of Turkey, can go beyond it. They are rare hearts that care not more to seem, than to be holy, if perhaps they will either seem or be; rare hands that are free and clean from either blood or filthiness; rare tongues that do not vie oaths with words, making scoffs, scorns, flatteries, vain speeches, the greater part of

their tongues' exercise, that if their words could be weighed, their prayers of a year are not so substantial and ponderous as their oaths of one day. It were no wonder to see these abominations in Dumah, Egypt, Babylon; to find them in England is matter of amazement. It was an admirable and astonishing speech, (the prophet himself thought, by his advertisement prefixed,) 'The virgin Israel bath done filthily,' Jer. 18:13. If harlots and brothels be unchaste, they do not degenerate from their kind; in so pure a virgin, no imagination would have dreamed it. It is no news to find the devil in hell; to have him thrust into paradise, tempting and prevailing with our first parents, is horrible. Let Rome and Turkey swell with the poisons of Satan till they burst, who wonders? To find the sputterings of his venom in the church is grievous. If we be accused for accusing of sins, let the physician be blamed for discovering diseases in the sick body: we must speak. Oh, yet, *si nostra sperem prece posse moveri*, that we could hope with any sayings to move you? If the worst come, I can but speed as others before me. Be there not usurers that say to the gold in secret, Thou art my confidence? *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo ipse domi*,—The world hisseth at me, but I hug and applaud my own soul, and fat my spirits in the sight of my bags. Is there never a broker to comfort himself, in the distress of his conscience, with, 'Usury is no sin, many learned men are of this opinion.' But I ask him if his conscience can be so satisfied; would he not willingly give one hundred-pound bag to be secured in this point? Sure it is, at the least, not safe wading far in a questionable water; if it could be safe to some, yet how many have been drowned in this whirlpool? I confess that flesh and blood puts the bladders of wealth and promotion under their arm-holes, and the devil holds them up by the chin, till they come to the deepest, and then, as the priests served Judas, they bid them shift for themselves; and wanting the help of repentance to swim, down they sink in *profundum inferni*, to the bottomless bottom of hell. These two are not unfitly compared to two millstones: the usurer is the nether stone, that lies still; he sits at home in his warm furs, and spends his time in a devilish arithmetic, in numeration of hours, days, and moneys, in subtraction from others' estates, and multiplication of his own, till

they have divided the earth to themselves, and themselves to hell; the broker runs round like the upper millstone, and betwixt both these the poor is grinded to powder.

Usury, you say, is exploded among saints. I would you would deal no worse with covetousness. But, alas! this is too general a fault, and without any hope of amendment. He that railed on Beelzebub pulled all Ekron about his ears; he that slighted Melchom provoked the Ammonites; but he that condemns Mammon speaks against all the world. This is the delight, the love, the solace of many, the god of some. Poverty, sickness, age, are all the devils they tremble at, and Belial, Melchom, Mammon, pleasures, honours, riches, all the gods they worship. These three usurping kings, like the three seditious captains in Jerusalem, or those three Roman tyrants, Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, have shared the world amongst them, and left God least, who owns all. Lactantius speaks of one Tullus Hostilius, that put Fear and Paleness into the number of gods. It is pity that ever his gods should go from him. It is, not pity, but justice, that these gods, and the true God too, should forsake such reprobates, that give the honour to creatures wherewith they should worship the Creator. But, alas! how is Pharaoh's dream verified among us: 'The lean kine eat up the fat!' God's lean blessings, riches and pleasures, devour his fat ones, grace and religion. How dishonours it God, disparageth ourselves and our creation, to put lead in a cabinet of gold, base desires in a fair and precious soul! We never yet attained the top of Mount Seir. He that stands on the tower of divine meditation will judge those pigmies, which below he thought giants; but we desire not heaven, because we know it not; we never look beyond our horizon; we live in our contented slavery of Egypt, and never dream of the freedom of Canaan. *Ubi amor, ibi oculus*,—Where the love is, there is the eye. This St Augustine shortly and soundly reproveth: *Si sursum os, cur deorsum cor?*—Hath nature given us an upright face and a grovelling heart? This is a preposterous dissimilitude of the mind and countenance. Do but compare, as lifting up thy soul with thy eyes, heaven with earth, and thou wilt change thy opinion. Through want of these meditations, these earthly vanities carry away

our enchanted hearts to neglect those better things of our eternal peace; and by the testimony of our Saviour, 'It is hard for a rich man to get into heaven.' The proverb saith, There is no earthly gate but an ass laden with gold can enter; and this only lading hinders our entering the gates of glory. A wealthy and great man, served up to God's table in his kingdom, is as rare as venison at our boards on earth: there are sometimes such services, not often.

Is this all? No; *Vidi ebriosorum sitim, et vomentium famem*,—I have seen drunkenness reeling from tavern to tavern, and, not seldom, from thence to his stews. It was the sin, nay, the shame of beggars; it is now the glory, the pride of gallants. They should daily be transformed to the image of God; they come nearer to beasts, let me say, to devils; for St Bernard saith, *Ebrietas est manifestissimus dæmon*,—Drunkenness is a most manifest devil. They that are possessed with Satan, or with drunkenness, fall alike into the fire, into the water; they gnash alike, alike they foam; and as all the disciples could not cast out that one sort of devils, so nor all the preachers this, *Matt. 17:16, 21*.

Gluttony is not much less general, no less evil. Drunkenness makes a man so giddy he cannot stand, and gluttony so pursy that he cannot go. That old verse and rule is forgotten in our feasts—

'Too soon, too fine, too daintily,

Too fast, too much, is gluttony.'

There is an appetite natural; when the stomach can extract no more juice from meats received, it covets more. There is an appetite sensual; when the rich says, 'My soul, eat,' not my body. Nay, are not some in this city like those Horace speaks of? When their estate can reach but to herrings, they long for fresh salmon. We desire the strength of bodies and the length of days; our full dishes forbid it. If ever that verse was true, now is the time—

'*Non plures gladio, quam cecidere gula*;'—

'The enemy's sword kills not more than their own throat.'

Swearing and whoredom I will join together, as most sins go by couples: so the prophet, 'The land is full of adulterers, and for oaths the land mourneth.' Add unto swearing the twin-born brother of it, cursing; a sin that makes God (the summum bonum) the base executioner of our revenge. How strange, when men grieve us, to turn our teen upon God, and rend him to pieces! Blasphemers against mortal princes are killed with the sword, and all their estates confiscate; against the Prince of heaven it is not regarded.

I must not forget my Edomite, the gallant. If you would see an imposthume, conflate and swollen up with all these and rank corruptions, all the former mischiefs reconciling themselves to a wretched unity in one soul; a pack and bundle of sins, snatched from their several owners,—envy from the malicious, haughtiness from the proud, derision from the scorner, &c.,—and engrossed to one heart; an emblem, a pageant, a commentary of all the devil's proceedings; a map of his walks, plots, and actions;—behold the profane Edomite! I tax not the generous spirit whose birth and accoutrements are worthy and high, his mind humble. Oh, how comely are good clothes to a good soul, when the grace within shall beautify the attire without; and not gay rags impudently bear our wicked actions! Far be it from me to think these Edomites, or any other thing than the diamonds that grace our ring. No, they are the gallant Esauites, the profane roysters, to whom I speak, and that from a text of repentance; desiring from my soul that they may scape the burden of Dumah, by rejecting the manners, and make more account of their birthright than sell it for messes of pottage, lusts, and vanities. But if they will note themselves with the coal and brand of profaneness, they must not look to escape our censures. We cannot hear their oaths, beating the invulnerable breast of heaven; nor see their pride, 'testifying to their face,' Hos. 7:10, if they should plead innocence; nor be unwillingly conscious of their atheistical jests, libertine feasts, worse than Pagan adulteries, and charm our tongues with silence,

when the glory of our God, the price of their redemption, and the danger of their own souls, lie at the stake.

There are other open, and infinite secret sins, which they think no eye sees. But they are witnesses, the angels good and bad, the conscience of the committers, and the Judge of the conscience: *Si nemo, non tamen nullus*,—If no man, yet not none. Therefore what thou darest not to do, thy fellow-servant looking on thee, that dare not to think, thy heavenly Master looking in thee: *Quod non audes facere, aspiciente conseruo: hoc ne cogites, inspiciente Deo*. I confess, we have a face of religion and looks of profession, making toward Jerusalem; but how many make the noble livery of our Master a shelter to these abhorred corruptions! And, till the trial comes, it is not known whom many serve. A man that follows two gentlemen is not discerned which to serve till they part company: so long as wealth and religion go together, it is not apparent to which of them most adhere, till the cross parts them, and then it is plain and easy.

Were these the sins of Edom, and are they not the sins of England? The sins, said I? Nay, the gods of England! For the usurer adores his metals, the epicure his junkets, the drunkard his gallons, the voluptuous his lusts, the adulterer his harlots, the proud and gallant Edomite his gay clothes and studied carriage: and as the Israelites cried to their calf made of golden ear-rings, 'These are thy gods, O Israel!' *Exod. 32:4*; so we may speak it with horror and amazement of these foolish, bestial, devilish sins, 'These are thy gods, O England!' Weak, wretched, unhelpful gods! For shame! What, where are we? Could Edom ever be worse? Have we devoured so many years of peace, ease, plenty, and saturity (if I may so call it) of God's word, and are we still so lame, lean, and ill-favoured in our lives? What shall I say? Hath the sweet gospel, and the sober preaching of it, made us sensual, senseless, impudent, frantic, as the nature of that country is wonderful, if true, that rain causeth dust, and drought dirt?* Have the sweet dews of Hermon made the hill of Zion more barren? Hath the sun of plenty, from the filth of security, bred

monsters of sins? Have God's mercies made us worse? What shall I say?

Fathers and brethren, help. Pity the miscarrying souls that have no mercy on themselves. Our words are thought air; let your hands compel them to the service of God. The word of information hath done his best; where is the rod of reformation? Let Moses's rod second Aaron's word. The loves of sinners, the strength of sins, nay, principalities and powers, are against us, and we come armed with a few leaves of paper. The keenest sword is with us, but it is in our lips only, 'the sword of the Spirit;' and though it can 'divide the marrow and the bones' of an awaked conscience, alas! it moves not the stony hearts. It shall sooner double upon ourselves than enter such mailed consciences. Our blows are filliped back in contempt. Be not wanting, ye that have the ordinance of God. You are his surrogates, and the preachers' hopes. Good laws are made; the life-blood of them is the execution. The law is else a wooden dagger in a fair sheath, when those that have the charge imposed, and the sword in their hands, stand like the picture of St George, with his hand up, but never striking. We complain not of the higher magistrates, from the benches of whose judgment impiety departs not without disgrace, without strokes. The blame lies on inferior officers, who think their office well discharged if they threaten offenders: these see, and will not see. Hence beggars laze themselves in the fields of idleness; hence taverns and tap-houses swarm with unthrifths, of whom, whether they put more sin into their bellies, or vomit more forth, is a hard question; I mean, whether their oaths or ebrieties exceed. Hence we look to have vagrants suppressed, idleness whipped, drunkenness spoke withal; but the execution proves too often like the judges' feast—the guests set, the tables furnished, meat in the dishes, wine in flagons; but putting forth their hands to take them, they apprehend nothing but air.

The medicine to heal all this, both for patient and physician, is repentance; not a jaculatory cry of 'Lord, forgive me!' nor the flash of a melancholy passion, but a sound, serious, and substantial

repentance. Rome hath a holy water, of virtue, they say, to purge and wash away all her spots; England hath her holy water too, which too many trust in for sufficient. We look up and cry, 'Lord, have mercy!' and wipe our lips, as if we had not sinned; yet by and by to our former vomit. But the repentance that resolves for heaven throws away all impediments: if gold, if pleasure, if a throne were in the way, she would fling them aside; she hath an eye bent on the mercy-seat, and a foot that runs straight to it; she turns not into Samaria, because she is offered lodging there; nor in the court of Egypt, to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; the pleasures of Babylon stay her not, the good-fellows of Sodom make her not look back; she forgets what is behind, and never rests, like the kine that carried the ark, till she come to the fields of Bethshemesh, the harvest of grace and goodness, nor ceaseth lowing with sorrow till she be sped of the mercies of God. She hath felt the weight of sin and sorrow, and abhors the cause of them both; she hateth not the devil worse than her former iniquities, and, if it were possible, she would never more offend. This is to return; what you want of this, you come short of repentance.

Come.—The third degree follows to make up our perfection. If returning might serve, as labour of but indifferent trouble, we could afford it; but we must come. You have heard the whence; hear the whither. Thou hast not done with inquiring, with returning: 'Up and eat, Elias, thou hast a greater journey to go.' Strengthen thy heart, O Christian, *restat tibi tertia meta*,—thou hast a third mark to aim at! Come home to thy God by a chaste and holy life. It is not current pay with God to part with our vanities, except we embrace a religious conversation. Paul makes it as necessary a part of Christianity to 'put on the new man,' as to 'put off the old.' It is not enough to cease doing evil, but it is damnable not to do well: 'He that gathers not with Christ, scattereth.' It was the threatening doom in John Baptist's sermon, not to the barren, but to the evil-fruited tree.* Christ's speech carries the same sense and force against the Pharisees, though spoken to his disciples: 'Except your righteousness,' &c. He says not, 'Unless your unrighteousness be less than theirs,' but,

'Except your righteousness be more,' exceed, 'you shall not see heaven.' He that inquires the way to heaven, and turns toward it, hath passed two degrees of my text and his own pilgrimage; but he gets little of either praise or comfort except he come home to it. There is extreme wrong, extreme right, and mercy. Summa injuria, summum jus, et misericordia. The two first shall be shut out of heaven; the last only hath a promise of entrance. 'Judgment without mercy shall be to him that shews no mercy,' James 2:13; not to the cruel only, but to him that is but merely just: the want of justice is not only damned, but the want of mercy: the rich churl went to hell for not relieving Lazarus, though he wronged him not. If the usurer part with his extortions, the wanton with his minions, the cheater with his frauds, the tradesman with his oaths, he thinks himself by this time a high Christian, and that God must needs bless him, he is so repentant. If the long persuasions of many sermons can work this on us, that we abate of our former outrageous licentiousness, we strait sponge up ourselves; and with a conceit that we have done much for God, outface all reproofs: but 'he that hath much forgiven him loves much.' The prodigal does not only turn from his harlots and vices, but comes home to his father's house. There was no stint in that sinful woman's penitence, till she had poured floods of tears on the feet of our Saviour. The conscience of Zaccheus was not disburdened by ceasing his extortion, but by restitution to the wronged, commiseration to the distressed, even to one half of his goods. And these are the commended penitents.

How sorts our practice with this doctrine? Shew me a sacrilegious patron, a pirate of the church, that, if his hand cease from spoiling God of his tithes, yet will repair the breaches his rapine hath made: shew me a bribe-guilty officer seek out with wet eyes, and reward with a full hand, the wronged suitors: how many are more cruel-hearted than Judas, that neither on repentance nor despair will bring back the price of the poor's blood, which they have sucked! Behold the earthly churl, to make his son a gentleman, prostituteth his honesty, conscience, soul, and 'forsaketh his own mercy,' (as the proverb is, vile, if ever true, Happy is the son whose father goes to

the devil!) After he hath mowed corn, or fatted his ox, on the very place ubi Troja fuit, where the town stood; nay, kenneled his dogs within the walls of his sanctuary;† and turned the hall of charity into the parlour of pride; his body sinks to the grave, and (it is to be feared) his soul to hell, being rung thither with the peals of bells and curses. The better-instructed heir, (to omit those that exceed the tyranny of their fathers,) seeing and detesting his dead father's deader courses, withdraws his hand from extortion, from depopulation; but what reasons can make him a restorer?‡ It is enough, he thinks, to cease wronging. But, 'Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse the inhabitants thereof, because they came not forth to help the Lord in the day of battle,' Judges 5:23. Did they fight against God? No, they helped him not. The servant was condemned for claiming his own debt, Matt. 18. The prayers and fastings of the Jews were despised for claiming their own debts, Isa. 58:3, and standing upon sacrifice with men, whiles they would have mercy with God. Nehemiah threatened the same people with a stricter taxation, chap. 5: They must restore the extorted lands and houses of their brethren; nay, remit some part of the debt, or they were cursed with that fearful sacrament, the shaking of the lap of his garment, so to be shaken out of Israel, all the congregation crying, Amen. And, lastly, beyond all exception, the manner of the Lamb's coming to judgment testifies as much. 'Go, ye cursed.' For what cause? Because ye denied the labourer his hire, or took bread from the hungry? &c. No, these are crying sins, and 'hasten before unto judgment:' but 'You gave them not,' therefore, Ite maledicti,—Go, ye cursed. So 'Come, ye blessed.' What, because ye dealt justly, and gave every man his due? No, these virtues may be in mortal men that want faith and Christianity: but 'You gave them your own bread when they were hungry; and clad them, being naked, with your own clothes;' therefore, 'Come, ye blessed.'

What use you will make of this I know not; what use you should make I know. If the tree without good fruit shall be burned, what shall become of the tree that hath evil? If barrenness be cast into the fire, what doth rapine and robbery deserve? If it be damnation

enough to deny our own bread, what is it to take away the only loaf, coat, or cottage of our poor brother? Woe to the back that wears the garment, to the belly that devours the food, they never sweat for! I mean that by force or fraud took them from the owners. If Nabal and Dives burn for not giving their own, what shall become of Ahab and Jezebel for taking away the vineyard of Naboth? 1 Pet. 4:18, 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'

Now if after this physic given, I should ask many how they feel the pulses of their consciences beat? I presume on this reply: Notum loqueris,—You but gild gold, and minister to us such physic as we have taken before. All this we know; and we do not evermore ply your understandings with new things; but lay old, almost dead and forgotten, afresh to the conscience. I ask further, how much of this have you practised? and still look for an affirmative answer, 'All this have I kept from my youth.'

Let us reason and discuss this matter a little. To inquire, is hearing, or rather hearkening to the word: to return, is repenting: to come, is believing, or rather looking more towards perfection, proceeding into the ripeness of faith. This latter is so necessary, that we cannot come to God with his acceptance or our comfort if we leave our faith behind us; without this, 'impossible is it to please him,' to be 'rewarded of him.' This is our charter whereby we hold all our privileges, our title in capite to earth and heaven; but, sub judice lis est, the great Judge of heaven shall one day censure it: meantime, give me leave to help thee peruse this evidence of thy faith, whereon thou so presumest. Christ dying, made a will, sealed it with his own blood, wherein he bequeathed a certain inheritance to his brethren: the conveyance is the gospel, this his testament; the executor of this will is the Holy Ghost; our tenure and evidence is our faith. Now, thou layest title to Jerusalem, for a child's part. What is thy title? In Christ's name and right. What conveyance did Christ ever make thee of such a portion? Yes, he conveyed it to me by will. What, by special name? No, but by a general title to all believers. That I am one of

these, here is my evidence—my faith. Let God alone try thy faith; if thou comest to me for counsel, saith St James, thou must shew another evidence: 'Shew me thy faith by thy works.'

If thy heart be corrupt, thy hands filthy, thy tongue false, thy evidence is but counterfeit; Christ gives no title of inheritance in heaven to such as have no holiness on earth: 1 Cor. 6:9, 'Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators,' &c. Rev. 21:27, 'And there shall enter into it no unclean thing, nor anything that worketh abomination or lies.' Perhaps thou wilt not stand upon it produce thy witnesses; they are only two—thy life, thy conscience. They cannot speak with thee, against their Maker and thine. Thy life speaks loud and plain: thy pride, drunkenness, oppression, cozenage, lusts, blasphemies, manifest thou hast but a broken title; and Paul pleads against thee, from this clear advantage: Tit. 3:8, 'Protest to them that believe in God, that they be careful to shew forth good works.' They that have the evidence of faith, must have the witness of works. It is a poor deed without witnesses. Thy conscience speaks plainly too, that thy faith is but a carnal persuasion, bred of security; a forged evidence, made by a false scrivener, the devil, to deceive thine own eyes and the world's, not God's. Now, where is thy claim? Stand upon good assurance, lest when that subtle winnowing, Satan, comes to sift thee grain after grain, thou provest chaff. We may come with this carnal persuasion, little better than reprobate hope, to the temples, to the pulpits, to the sacraments; but if we come so to the tribunal of Christ, woe unto us! The too much trusting to a verbal, lean, sick, starved faith, deceives many a soul. Whiles we covet to be solifidians in opinion, we prove nullifidians in practice. No matter for wisdom in the soul, grace in the conscience, honesty in the life, if the profession of faith be in the tongue; but the poor may say as he in the comedy, *Oculatæ mihi sunt manus; credunt quod vident*,—My hands have eyes, and they believe what they see. We carry the forms and outsides of Christians, and think God beholden to us for gracing his material, earthly temples, when in the temples of our own hearts we set up the idols of our own affections; yet are these the temples wherein he is

best pleased to dwell. But if we be come to God by faith, he is also come to us by grace: 'The Spirit of Christ is in us, if we be not reprobates,' 2 Cor. 13:5. And 'if this Spirit be in us, the body of sin is dead,' Rom. 8:9, 10; at least hath his death-wound. But, alas, in how many of us doth sin live, dwell,—I would I might stay there,—nay, even reign! As if Christ had come to destroy the devil, and not the works of the devil; to free us from the damnation, and not the dominion of sin. But he that took from sin the power to condemn us, took also from it the power to reign in our mortal bodies. And the second is but a consequent of the first, post-scribed with that word of inference, 'Now then,' &c., Rom. 7:25, 8:1. Thus Christ came not only to bind the devil, but to 'loose and dissolve his works,' 1 John 3:8.

I have read and observed in the history of Scotland, a certain controversy betwixt that kingdom and Ireland, for a little island that lay between them; either claims it as their due, and the strife growing hot, was falling from words to blows. But reason moderated both kinds, and they put it to the decision of a Frenchman, who thus judged it: he caused living serpents to be put into that island; if they lived and thrived there, he judged it Scotland's; if they pined and died, he gave it for Ireland. You can apply it easily. If the venomous serpents, poisons, and corruptions of our nature bat ten and thrive in us, we are Satan's; if they languish and consume, we are God's. Thus is the title ended for the freehold of our souls, by which sure rule we may know whether they belong to hell or heaven. If our hearts be unstabled of these bestial lusts, and trimmed up with sanctimony to entertain our holy guest, there shall be a reciprocal and interchangeable coming of us to Christ, and Christ to us; and we shall as surely 'sup with him' in his court of glory, as he hath 'supped with us' in our house of obedience, Rev. 3:20.

Let us only fear lest our want of repentance hinder this. I should have erst observed it as a material instruction from this place; I could not find a fitter time to insert it than here, to draw your coming with more alacrity. There is a reservation to repentance, even to abhorred Edom; let the sons of the profanest Esau repent, and they shall not

be forsaken of mercy. 'Return and come,' and your night threatened shall be made a joyful morning. Though it had as certain and defined a time as ever had Jonah's doom against Nineveh, the set bounds of forty days, with a non ultra; yet be you humbled, and this judgment shall be dispensed with. If there be such mercy to Edom, let me say boldly, repenting Israel shall not fail of it; the night shall linger, and the sun be kept from setting, if we will return in our day. The threatenings of God have a condition included: that general, that promised, that never-refused interposition of repentance. As absolute as the speech might seem to Abimelech, withholding Abraham's wife, 'Thou art but a dead man;' yet it had but an implicit condition, 'except thou restore her undefiled,' as appears by the sequel. It is a common fountain whereat every repentant soul may drink, 'at what time soever, what sinner soever, repents of what sin soever,' &c. And if yet any feel themselves thirsty, weak, and not thoroughly resolved, let him for ever confute the distrust of his own heart, the malice of Satan, the present difficulties, with that of Jeremiah, where in express words our repentance is said to make God repent, even of his threatened and intended plagues.

God hath threatened to all sinners a night of sorrow, and it shall as surely come as ever evening succeeded day; but there is an except, that shall save us, a seasonable and substantial repentance: if we turn from those winding labyrinths of sin, and come home to God, he will save us from this night, that we perish not. There is no coming to God but in and by Jesus Christ; through his Son must God look at us, and we at him, that he may be merciful, we hopeful.

Come then, beloved, to Jesus Christ; behold him with the eyes of faith, standing on the battlements of heaven, and wafting you to him: come freely, come merrily, come with speed; come betimes, lest when you would you cannot for want of direction, dare not for want of acquaintance with him. He that comes not till the last gasp of extremity, knows not how to come, because he begins but then. How prone are our feet to forbidden paths! The flesh calls, we come; vanity calls, we flock; the world calls, we fly: let Christ call early and

late, and either we not come, or unwillingly, or late, or with no purpose to stay. How justly may he take up that complaint against us, as against the Jews: After all my promises, assurances, real performances of mercies. 'you will not come unto me that you might have life!' John 5:40. Perhaps, when we are weary of sin and sin of us, then let God take us; but he will none of the devil's leavings. Some would come but for some impediments: that other child's portion to be made up, such a house to be builded, such a ground to be purchased. This same but mars their coming as he in the gospel, but for burying his father; and that other, but for bidding his friends farewell: so, but for Mammon, and that we cannot be rich with a good conscience; but for pleasures, that we cannot be wanton, yet nourish the hope of salvation. But for these veruntamens, buts, they would come, sed vix sunt visi, qui carne renisi. We have all one but, one exception or other, to keep us from Christ; yet Paul counts all these but dross, but dung. And if anything seem fairer in thine eye than Christ, detur digniori, give thy soul to the worthier. We can extremely affect no earthly thing, but the devil, at one time or other, will bring it into opposition with Christ, as the moon and the sun, to see which of them shall be eclipsed. Alas, how ordinary, yet how vile, is it postponere Christum bovis, qui nos æquavit angelis,—to set Christ after oxen, that hath made us equal to the angels! Yet all those friends whom we so trust shall soonest fail us, and at our most need run from us, as vermin from a house on fire. Give me leave to shew you this indignity offered to Christ by a metaphor; familiar comparisons give the quickest touch to both understanding and conscience.

A certain gallant had three friends: two of them flattered him in his loose humours, if in this I may not rather call them enemies; the third lovingly dissuaded him from his follies. On the two flatterers he spent his patrimony; the third he casts off with contempt. His riot and wealth gone, his friends went too, for they were friends to the riches, not to the rich man. Debt was required, he arrested, and the prison not to be avoided. In this calamity he studies refuge; hence he bethinks himself of his two friends, of whom he desires relief. The

first's answer is cold and short, 'Alas! I cannot spare it, you should have prevented this erst.' The other speaks a little more comfort, 'I have no money to help you, yet I will bear you company to the prison door, and there leave you.' The distressed man finds small satisfaction in all this; therefore, as his last refuge, he calls to mind his third friend, whom he had ever scorned, wronged; and, after much wrestling betwixt shame and necessity, he sends to him with no less earnestness than humility, discovers his exigents, requires help. The message scarce delivered, he comes with speed, pays the debt, sets him at liberty, nay, repairs the ruins of his estate. The rioter is man; two flattering friends are riches and pleasures, these the soul of man embraceth, spends her strength and time, most precious riches, on them. The third friend, that rebukes his sins, is Christ; this, because distasteful to blood and flesh, without regard to his saving health, is rejected: at last, all the time of grace spent, the soul, so far in God's debt, is arrested by one of God's serjeants—sickness, or calamity, or an afflicted conscience; then those friends begin to slink. Pleasure is gone suddenly, so soon as the head begins to ache. Riches, perhaps, will offer to go with him to the prison door, the gates of death, the preparation to the grave. The fainting soul, foreseeing their falsehood, weakness, aggravation of his miseries, with an humbled heart, remorseful conscience, tears in his eyes, prayers and cries on his tongue, solicits his neglected Saviour to pity his distress, and have mercy upon him. These messengers have no sooner pierced the heavens, but down comes the Spirit of grace and mercy, with pardon and free remission, payment of all debts, and discharge of all sorrows.

If ever you meet with friend more able, more willing, more certain, to do you good, reject this counsel: Ps. 146, The breath of men is in their nostrils, and there is no help in them, though they were princes; when not only their material parts, flesh, blood, bones, and marrow, but even part of the inward man, so far as their worldly intendments went, 'their thoughts perish.' But God was, is, and is to come; not only in power, but in mercy, sweetness, protection. 'Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever,' Heb. 13:8.

That Jesus Christ put into our mouths a tongue to inquire, into our hearts a purpose to return, into our lives a grace to come home to holiness and himself: this God grant for his mercy's sake, Jesus Christ for his merit's sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake; to whom be ascribed all honour and praise, for ever and ever! Amen.

THE SINNER'S PASSING-BELL;

OR,

**A COMPLAINT FROM HEAVEN FOR
MAN'S SINS**

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—JER. 8:22.

THIS is a world to make physicians rich, if men loved not their purse better than their health. For the world waxeth old, and old age is weak and sickly. As when death begins to seize upon a man, his brain by little and little groweth out of order, his mind becomes cloudy and troubled with fantasies; the channels of his blood and the radical moisture (the oil that feeds the lamp of his life) begin to dry up, all his limbs lose their former agility as the little world thus decays in the great, so the great decays in itself, that nature is fain to lean on the staff of art, and to be held up by man's industry. The signs which Christ hath given to forerun the world's ruin are called by a father,* *ægritudines mundi*, the diseases or sicknesses of the world; as sickness naturally goes before death. Wars dyeing the earth into a sanguine hue, dead carcasses infecting the airs, and the infected airs breathing out plagues and pestilences and sore contagions. Whereof, saith the same father, *nulli magis quam nos testes sumus, quos mundi finis invenit*,—none can be more certain witnesses than we, 'upon whom the ends of the world are come.' That sometimes the influences of heaven spoil the fruits of the earth, and the fogs of earth soil the virtues of the heavenly bodies; that neither planets above, nor plants below, yield us expected comforts: so God, for our sins, brings the heaven, the earth, the air, and whatsoever was created for man's use, to be his enemy, and to war against him. And all because *omnia quæ ad usum vitæ accipimus, ad usum vitii convertimus*,†—we turn all things to corruption which were given for preservation.

Therefore, what we have diverted to wickedness, God doth return upon us for revenge. We are sick of sin, and therefore the world is sick of us.

Our lives shorten, as if the book of our days were, by God's knife of judgment, cut less, and brought from folio, as in the patriarchs before the flood, to quarto in the fathers after the flood; nay, to octavo, as with the prophets of the law, nay, even to decimo-sexto, as with us in the days of the gospel. The elements are more mixed, drossy, and confused; the airs are infected; neither wants our intemperance to second all the rest. We hasten that we would not have, death; and run so to riot in the April of our early vanities, that our May shall not scape the fall of our leaf. Our great landlord hath let us a fair house, and we suffer it quickly to run to ruin: that whereas the soul might dwell in the body as a palace of delight, she finds it a crazy, sickish, rotten cottage, in danger, every gust, of dropping down.

How few shalt thou meet, if their tongues would be true to their griefs, without some disturbance or affliction! There lies one groaning of a sick heart, another shakes his aching head; a third roars for the torments of his reins; a fourth for the racking of his gouty joints; a fifth grovels with the falling sickness; a last lies half-dead of a palsy. Here is work for the physicians. They ruffle in the robes of preferment, and ride in the foot-cloths of reverence. Early and devout suppliants stand at their study-doors, quaking, with ready money in their hands, and glad it will be accepted. The body, if it be sick, is content sometimes to buy unguentum æreum, with unguentum aureum,—leaden trash, with golden cash. But it is sick, and needs physic; let it have it.

There is another physician, that thrives well too, if not best, and that is the lawyer. For men go not to the physician till their bodies be sick; but to the lawyer when they be well, to make them sick. Thus, whiles they fear an ague, they fall into a consumption. He that scapes his

disease and falls into the hands of his physicians, or from his trouble of suits lights into the fingers of his lawyer, fulfils the old verse—

'Incidit in Scyllam, dum vult vitare Charybdim;'

or is in the poor bird's case, that, flying in fear from the cuckoo, lighted into the talons of the hawk. These are a couple of thriving physicians. *Alter tuetur ægros, alter tuetur agros,*—One looks to the state of the person, the other of the purse; so the old verse testifies—

'Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores;'

Physic gives wealth, and law honour. I speak not against due reward for just deserts in both these professions.

These physicians are both in request; but the third, the physician of the soul, (of whom, I am now occasioned to shew, there is most need,) may stand at the door with Homer, and, did he speak with the voice of angels, not to be admitted. The sick rich man lies patiently under his physician's hands; he gives him golden words, real thanks, nay, and often flattering observance. If the state lie sick of a consumption; or if some contentious empiric, by new suits, would lance the imposthomed swellings of it; or if, perhaps, it lie sullen-sick of Naboth's vineyard, the lawyer is, perchance, not sent for, but gone to, and his help implored, not without a royal sacrifice at least. But for the minister of his parish, if he may not have his head under his girdle, and his attendance as servile as his livery-groom's, he thinks himself indignified, and rages, like the Pope, that any priest durst eat of his peacock. How short doth this physician's respect fall of both the others! Let him 'feed his sheep,' John 21:16, if he will, with 'the milk of the word,' 1 Pet. 2:2; his sheep will not feed him with the milk of reward. He shall hardly get from his patron the milk of the vicarage; but if he looks for the fleeces of the parsonage, he shall have, after the proverb, *lanam caprinam*, contempt and scorn.

Haman was not more mad for Mordecai's cap, Esther 3:5, than the great one is, that as much observance ariseth not to him from the

black coat as from his own blue coat. The church is beholden to him, that he will turn one of his cast servitors out of his own into her service; out of his chamber into the chancel; from the buttery-hatch to the pulpit. He that was not worthy enough to wait on his worship is good enough for God. Yield this sore almost healed, yet the honour of the ministry thrives like trees in autumn. Even their best estimate is but a shadow, and that a preposterous one; for it goes back faster than the shadow in the dial of Ahaz, Isa. 38:8. If a rich man have four sons, the youngest or contemnedst must be the priest. Perhaps the eldest shall be committed to his lands; for if his lands should be committed to him, his father fears he would carry them all up to London: he dares not venture it without binding it sure. For which purpose he makes his second son a lawyer: a good rising profession, for a man may by that (which I neither envy nor tax) run up, like Jonah's gourd, to preferment; and for wealth, a cluster of law is worth a whole vintage of gospel. If he study means for his third, lo, physic smells well; that, as the other may keep the estate from running, so this the body from ruining. For his youngest son he cares not, if he puts him into God's service, and makes him capable of the church-goods, though not pliable to the church's good. Thus having provided for the estate of his inheritance, of his advancement, of his carcase, he comes last to think of his conscience.

I would to God this were not too frequently the world's fashion. Whereas heretofore, *primogeniti eo jure sacerdotes*,—the first-born had the right of priesthood,—now the younger son, if he be fit for nothing else, lights upon that privilege: that, as a reverend divine saith, 'Younger brothers are made priests, and priests are made younger brothers.' Yet, alas! for all diseases nature provideth, art prepareth medicines. He is fed in this country, whom that refuseth. An estate lost by shipwreck on sea, may be recovered by good-speed on land. And in ill-health, for every sore of the body there is a salve, for every malady a remedy, but for the conscience, nature hath no cure, as lust no care. *Hei mihi, quod nullis anima est medicabilis herbis*,—There is no herb to heal the wounds of the soul, though you take the whole world for the garden. All these professions are

necessary, that men's ignorance might not prejudice them, either in wealth, health, or grace: God hath made men fit with qualities, and famous in their faculties, to preserve all these sound in us. The lawyer for thy wealth, the physician for thy health, the divine for thy soul. Physicians cure the body; ministers the conscience.

The church of Israel is now exceeding sick; and therefore the more dangerously, because she knows it not. No physic is desired; therefore no health follows. She lies in a lethargy, and therefore speechless. She is so past sense of her weakness, that God himself is fain to ring her passing-bell. Aaron's bells cannot sound loud enough to waken her; God tolls from heaven a sad knell of complaint for her.

It is, I think, a custom not unworthy of approbation, when a languishing Christian draws near his end, to toll a heavy bell for him. Set aside the prejudice of superstition, and the ridiculous conceits of some old wives, whose wits are more decrepit than their bodies, and I see not why reasons may not be given to prove it, though not a necessary, yet an allowed ceremony:—

1. It puts into the sick man a sense of mortality; and though many other objects should do no less, yet this seasonably performs it, If any particular flatterer, or other carnal friends, should use to him the susurrations that Peter did once to Christ, 'Master, favour thyself: this shall not be unto thee,' Matt. 16:22: though sickness lies on your bed, death shall not enter your chamber; the evil day is far off, fear nothing; you shall live many years: or, as the devil to our grandmother, 'You shall not die,' Gen. 3:4. Or if the May of his years shall persuade himself to the remoteness of his autumn. Or if the love of earthly pleasure shall deny him the leisure to think of death; as Epaminondas, general of the Thebans, understanding a captain of his army to be dead, exceedingly wondered how in a camp any should have so much leisure as to be sick. In a word, whatsoever may flatter him with hope of life, the bell, like an impartial friend, without either the too broad eyes of pity, or too narrow of partiality, sounds in his own ears his own weakness; and seems to tell him that, in the

opinion of the world, he is no man of the world. Thus, with a kind of divinity, it gives him ghostly counsel: to remit the care of his carcase, and to admit the cure of his conscience. It tolls all in; it shall toll thee into thy grave.

2. It excites the hearers to pray for the sick; and when can prayers be more acceptable, more comfortable? The faithful devotions of so many Christian neighbours, sent up as incense to heaven for thee, are very available to pacify an offended justice. This is St James's physic for the sick: chap. 5:14, 15, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick; and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.' Now, though we be all servants of one 'family of God,' Eph. 3:15, yet because of particular families on earth, and those so removed that one member cannot condole another's grief that it feels not,—non dolet cor, quod non novit,—the bell, like a speedy messenger, runs from house to house, from ear to ear, on thy soul's errand, and begs the assistance of their prayers. Thy heart is thus incited to pray for thyself, others excited to pray for thee. He is a pharisee that desires not the prayers of the church; he is a publican that will not beseech God's mercy for the afflicted. Thy time and turn will come to stand in need of the same succour, if a more sudden blast of judgment do not blow out thy candle. Make thy sick brother's case thine now, that the congregation may make thine theirs hereafter. Be in this exigent even a friend to thine enemy, lest thou become like Babel, to be served of others 'as thou hast served others;' or at least, at best, in falling Nero's case, that cried, 'I have neither friend nor enemy.'

3. As the bell hath often rung thee into the temple on earth, so now it rings thee unto the church in heaven; from the militant to the triumphant place; from thy pilgrimage to thy home; from thy peregrination to the standing court of God. To omit many other significant helps, enough to justify it a laudable ceremony, it doth, as it were, mourn for thy sins, and hath compassion on thy passion. Though in itself a dumb nature, yet as God hath made it a creature, the church an instrument, and art given it a tongue, it speaks to thee

to speak to God for thyself; it speaks to others, that they would not be wanting.

Israel is sick, no bell stirs; no balm is thought of, no prophet consulted, not God himself solicited. Hence, behold, a complaint from heaven, a knell from above the clouds; for though the words sound through the prophet's lips, who tolls like a passing-bell for Israel, yet they come from the mouth of the Lord of hosts. The prophet Ezekiel useth like words, and adds with them, 'The Lord of hosts saith it,' chap. 18. It is certain that the prophet Jeremiah speaks here many things in his own person, and some in the person of God. Now, by comparing it with other like speeches in the prophets, these words sound as from a merciful and compassionate Maker: 'Why is not the health of my people recovered?' Mei populi, saith God, who indeed might alone speak positively. Mine; for he had chosen and culled them out of the whole world to be his people. 'Why are not my people recovered?' There is balm, and there are physicians, as in Isaiah: 'What could I have done more for my vineyard?' chap. 5.

The words are divided to our hands by a rule of three. A tripartite metaphor, that willingly spreads itself into an allegory:—1. God's word is the balm; 2. The prophets are the physicians; 3. The people are the patients, who are very sick. Balm without a physician, a physician without balm, a patient without both, is infausta separatio, an unhappy disjunction. If a man be ill, there is need of physic; when he hath physic, he needs a physician to apply it. So that, here is misery in being sick, mercy in the physic.

Not to disjoin or disjoint the prophet's order, let us observe, the words are spoken—1. In the person of God; 2. In the form of a question; 3. By a conclusive inference. Only two things I would first generally observe to you, as necessary inductions to the subsequent doctrines; both which may naturally be inferred, not tyrannously enforced, from the words. That which first objects itself to our consideration, is the wisdom of God in working on men's affections; which leads us here from natural wants, subject to sense, to invisible

and more secret defects. That, as if any man admired Solomon's house, they would be ravished in desire to see God's house, which transcended the former so much as the former transcended their expectations: so here we might be led from man's work to God's work, from things material to things mystical; and, by the happiness of cure to our sick bodies, be induced to seek and get recovery of our dying souls. The second is, the fit collation of divinity and physic; the one undertaking to preserve and restore the health of the body, the other performing much more to the soul.

Obs. 1.—God leads us by sensible, to the sight of insensible wants; by calamities that vex our living bodies, to perils that endanger our dying consciences; that we might infer upon his premises what would be an eternal loss, by the sight of a temporal cross that is so hardly brooked. If a 'famine of bread' be so heavy, how unsupportable is the dearth of the word! saith the prophet, Amos 8:11. Man may live without bread, not without the word, Matt. 4:4. If a weary traveller be so unable to bear a burden on his shoulders, how ponderous is sin in the conscience! Matt. 11:28: which Zechariah calls 'a talent of lead,' chap. 5:7. If blindness be such a misery, what is ignorance! If the night be so uncomfortable, what doth the darkness of superstition afford! If bodily disease so afflict our sense, how intolerable will a spiritual sickness prove! Thus all earthly and inferior objects to a Christian soul are like marginal hands, directing his reading to a better and heavenly reference. I intend to urge this point the more, as it is more necessary, both for the profit of it being well observed, and for the general neglect of it; because they are few in these days that reduce Christianity to meditation, but fewer that produce meditation to practice and obedience.

Diseases, proceeding toward death as their end, perplex the flesh with much pain; but if diseases, which be death's capital chirurgeons, his preceding heralds to proclaim his nearness, his ledgers that usurp his place till himself comes, be so vexatious and full of anguish, what is death in itself, which kills the diseases that killed us! For the perfection of sickness is death. But, alas! if the sickness and death of

the body be such, what are sin (the sickness) and impenitency (the death) of the soul! What is the dimmed eye to the darkened understanding! the infected members, to the poisoned affections! the torment of the reins, to the stitches, girds, and gripes of an aching conscience! What is the child's *Caput dolet*, 'My head aches,' to Jerusalem's *Cor dolet*, My heart aches! For the soul to leave the body with her offices of life, is not so grievous as for God's Spirit to relinquish the soul with the comforts of grace. In a word, it is far less miserable to give up the ghost than to give up the Holy Ghost. The soul, that enters the body without any sensible pleasure, departs not from it without extreme pain. He that is *Animans animas*, the Soul of our souls, forsakes not our spirits, but our pain is more, though our sense be less; as in the wars, the cut of a sword crossing the fibres carries more smart with it, though less mortality, than the fatal charge of a death-thundering cannon. The soul hath two places: an inferior, which it ruleth, the body; a superior, wherein it resteth, God. Man's greatest sorrow is, when he dies upwardly, that God forsakes his God-forsaking soul; his greatest sense, when he dies downwards, and sickness disperseth and despatcheth his vital powers. Let, then, the inferior suffering waken us, to feel the superior that doth weaken us.

Thus God draws our eyes from one object to another,—nay, by one to another,—by that which we love on earth, to that which we should love in heaven: by the providence of our bodies, to the provision for our souls. So our Saviour, having discoursed of carefulness for terrene things, draws his speech to the persuasion of celestial benefits; giving the coherence with a but: *Matt. 6:33*, 'But first seek ye the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these inferior things shall be added unto you:' *ut ad excellentiam divinarum rerum per corporalia homines attollat*,—that at once he might lesson us to holy duties, and lessen our care for earthly things. Thus, *qui os homini sublime dedit, cor sublimius elevare voluit*,—he that gave man a countenance lifted high, meant to erect his thoughts to a higher contemplation. For many have such grovelling and earth-creeping affections, that if their bodies' curvity was answerable to

their souls', incederent quadrupedes, they would become four-footed beasts. It is a course preposterous to God's creation, disproportionable to man's fabric, that he should fix his eyes, and thoughts, and desires, on the base earth, made for his feet to stand on; and turn his feet against heaven in contempt, 'lifting up his heel against God.' He whose ill-balancing judgment thinks heaven light, and earth only weighty and worthy, doth, as it were, walk on his head, with his heels upward. I have heard travellers speak of monstrous and preternatural men, but never any so contranatural as these.

Christ knew, in the days of his flesh, what easy apprehension worldly things would find in us; what hard impression heavenly would find on us: therefore, so often by plain comparisons he taught secret doctrines; by histories, mysteries. How, to the life, doth he explain the mercy of God, and the misery of man, in the lost sheep, in the lost groat, in the lost son! Luke 15. How sweetly doth he describe the different hearers of God's oracles in the parable of the seed! Matt. 13; which howsoever it seemed a riddle to the self-blinding Jews, yet was a familiar demonstration to the believing saints. So the prophets found that actual applications pierced more than verbal explications. Nathan, by an instance of supposition, wrought David's heart to a humble confession. He drew the proposition from his own lips, 'The man that hath done this is worthy of death;' and then struck while the iron was hot, by an inferred conclusion, 'Thou art the man,' 2 Sam. 12:7. The prophet Ahijah rent the new garment of Jeroboam in twelve pieces, and bade him reserve ten to himself, in sign 'that God had rent the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon,' and given ten tribes to him, 1 Kings 11:30. Isaiah, by going 'naked and barefoot,' as by a visible sign, lessons Egypt and Ethiopia that after this manner they should go captive to Assyria, Isa. 20:3. Jeremiah, by wearing 'bands and yokes,' and sending them to the kings of Edom, Moab, Ammon, Tyre, Sidon, Judah, gives them an actual representation, a visible sacrament of their Babylonish captivity, Jer. 27:1. Ezekiel's portraying upon a tile the city Jerusalem, and the siege against it, is called by God 'a sign against them,' Ezek. 4:1. Agabus 'took Paul's

girdle, and bound his own hands and feet:' a sign, and that from the Holy Ghost, that 'he who owned the girdle should be so bound at Jerusalem, and delivered into the hands of the Gentiles,' Acts 21:11. God schooled Jonah in the gourd, by a lively apophthegm, and real subjection to his own eyes, of his unjust impatience against God and Nineveh, Jonah 4.

It was God's usual dealing with Israel, by the afflictions wherewith he grieved them, to put into their minds how they had grieved him by their sins. So Paul, as our prophet here, 'For this cause ye are weak, sickly, and many die,' 1 Cor. 11:30; drawing them by these sensible cords of their plagues to the feeling of their sins, which made their souls faint in grace, sick in sin, dead in apostasy. 'For this cause,' &c. This doctrine affords a double use—particular and general; particular to ministers, general to all Christians.

Use 1.—To the dispensers of God's secrets. It allows them in borrowed forms to express the meditations of their hearts. God hath given us this liberty in the performance of our callings, not only nakedly to lay down the truth, but with the helps of invention, wit, art, to prevent the loathing of his manna. If we had none to hear us but Cornelius or Lydia, or such sanctified ears, a mere affirmation were a sufficient confirmation. But our auditors are like the Belgic armies, that consist of French, English, Scotch, German, Spanish, Italian, &c.; so many hearers, so many humours, the same diversity of men and minds: that as guests at a strange dish, every man hath a relish by himself; that all our helps can scarce help one soul to heaven. But of all kinds, there is none that creeps with better insinuation, or leaves behind it a deeper impression in the conscience, than a fit comparison. This extorted from David what would hardly have been granted: that as David slew Goliath with his own sword, so Nathan slew David's sin with his own word. Jotham convinced the Shechemites' folly in their approved reign of Abimelech over them, by the tale of the bramble, Judges 9:8. Even temporal occasions open the mines to dig out spiritual instructions. The people flock to Christ for his bread; Christ preacheth to them

another bread, whereof 'he that eats, shall never die,' John 6:47. The Samaritan woman speaks to him of Jacob's well; he tells her of Jesus's well, John 4, whose bottom or foundation was in heaven, whose mouth and spring downwards to the earth, cross to all earthly fountains, containing 'water of life,' to be drawn and carried away in the buckets of faith. She thought it a new well, she found it a true well; whereof drinking, her soul's thirst was for ever satisfied. The cripple begs for an alms; the Apostle hath no money, but answers his small request with a great bequest—health 'in the name of the Lord Jesus,' Acts 3:6. *Nihil additur marsupio, multum saluti.* His purse is nothing the fuller, his body is much the happier. This course, you see, both Christ and his apostles gave us in practice and precept.

In practice. When the woman 'blessed the womb that bare Christ, and the paps which gave him suck,' Luke 11:27, he derived hence occasion to bless them which conceive him in their faith, and receive him in their obedience: 'Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.' Even as Mary herself was rather blessed *percipiendo fidem, quam concipiendo carnem Christi*, in receiving the faith, than conceiving the flesh of Christ; so the news of his kindred in the flesh 'standing at the door,' taught him to teach who are his true kindred in the Spirit.

In precept to his apostles. If they will not receive and believe you, 'wipe off the dust of their city,' that cleaveth to your feet, 'against them,' Luke 10:11. If they will not be moved with your words, amaze them with your wonders: 'Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils,' Matt. 10:8. We cannot now work miracles, yet we can speak of miracles. Even we must also, as obey his documents, so observe his doings; and follow him in due measure, both in his words and works, though *non passibus æquis*, not with equal steps. Our imitation must be with limitation; aptly distinguishing what we must only admire in our minds, what admit in our manners.

Use 2.—To all Christians; that we climb up by the stairs of these inferior creatures, to contemplate the glorious power of the Creator.

A good Christian, that like the bee works honey from every flower, suffers no action, demonstration, event, to slip by him without a question. All objects to a meditating Solomon are like wings to rear and mount up his thoughts to heaven. As the old Romans, when they saw the blue stones, thought of Olympus; so let every object, though low in itself, elevate our minds to Mount Zion. A mean scaffold may serve to raise up a goodly building. Courtiers weather-driven into a poor cottage, etiam, in caula, de aula loquuntur, gather hence opportunity to praise the court. We may no less, even ex hara, de ara dicendi ansam sumere, from our tabernacles on earth be induced to praise our standing house in heaven, John 14:2. So, as the philosopher aimed at the pitch and stature of Hercules, by viewing the length of the print of his foot, we may, by the base and dwarfish pleasures on our earth, guess at the high and noble joys in heaven. How can we cast up our eyes to that they were made to behold, and not suffer our minds to transcend it; passing through the lower heaven, which God made for fowls, vapours, meteors, to the firmament wherein he fixed his stars, and thence meditating of the empyreal heaven, which he created for himself, his angels, his saints: a place no less glorious above the visible, than the visible is above the earth! Read in every star, and let the moon be your candle to do it, the provident disposition of God, the eternity of your after-life.

But if earth be at once nearer to your standing and understanding; and, like dissembling lovers, that, to avoid suspicion, divert their eyes from that cheek whereon they have fixed their hearts; so you look one way and love another, heaven having your countenance, earth your confidence: then for earth, read this instruction in all things, the certain destruction of all things. For if the ratified and azure body of this lower heaven be folded up like a scroll of parchment, then much more this drossy, feculent, and sedimental earth shall be burnt.

'Uret cum terris, uret cum gurgite ponti.

Communis mundo superest rogas,' &c.

'The heavens shall pass away with a noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up,' 2 Pet. 3:10. At least quoad figuram, though not quoad naturam. The form shall be changed, though not the nature abolished. Every creature on earth may teach us the fallibility of it. It is a hieroglyphic of vanity and mutability. There is nothing on it that is of it, which is not become more vital than vital. In all the corrupted parts of this decrepit and dotting world, men's best lesson of morality is a lesson of mortality. As it was once said, Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas; so now better, Felix qui poterit rerum cognoscere casus,—It is good to know the causal beginnings of things; it is better to know their casual ends. It is good to be a natural philosopher, but better to be a supernatural, a Christian philosopher; that whiles we intently observe the creature, we may attentively serve the Creator.

That which is said of pregnant wits is more true of Christian hearts, that they can make use of anything. As travellers in foreign countries make every slight object a lesson, so let us thrive in grace by every presented work of nature. As the eye must see, and the foot walk, and the hand work, so the heart must consider. What? God's doings, which 'are marvellous in our' (understandings) 'eyes,' Ps. 118:23. God looked upon his own works, saw they were good, and delighted in them; sure it is his pleasure also that we should look upon them, to admire his wisdom, power, providence, mercy, appearing both in their nature and their disposition. The least of God's works is worthy the observation of the greatest angel. Now what truants are we, that having so many tutors reading to us, learn nothing of them? The heathen were condemned for not learning 'the invisible things of God' from his 'visible works,' Rom. 1:20. For shall we still plod on the great volume of God's works, and never learn to spell one word of use, of instruction, of comfort to ourselves? Can we behold nothing through the spectacles of contemplation? Or shall we be ever reading the great book of nature, and never translate it to the book of grace? The saints did thus. So have I read, that a reverend preacher sitting among other divines, and hearing a sweet concert of music, as if his

soul had been borne up to heaven, took occasion to think and speak thus: 'What music may we think there is in heaven!' A friend of mine, viewing attentively the great pomp and state of court, on a solemn day, spake not without some admiration: 'What shall we think of the glory in the court of God!' Happy object, and well observed, that betters the soul in grace! But I have been prolix in this point; let the brevity of the next requite it.

Obs. 2.—Physic and divinity are professions of a near affinity, both intending the cure and recovery, one of our bodies, the other and better, of our souls. Not that I would have them conjoined in one person; as one spake merrily of him that was both a physician and a minister, that whom he took money to kill by his physic, he had also money again to bury by his priesthood. Neither, if God hath poured both these gifts into one man, do I censure their union, or persuade their separation. Only, let the hound that runs after two hares at once take heed lest he catch neither: *Ad duo qui tendit, non unum, nec duo prendit*. And let him that is called into God's vineyard, *hoc agere*, 'attend on his office,' Rom. 12:6–8. And beware, lest to keep his parish on sound legs, he let them walk with sickly consciences: whiles Galen and Avicen take the wall of Paul and Peter. I do not here tax, but rather praise, the works of mercy in those ministers that give all possible comforts to the distressed bodies of their brethren.

Let the professions be heterogenea, different in their kinds; only respondentia, semblable in their proceedings. The Lord 'created the physician,' so hath he 'ordained the minister,' Eph. 4:11. The Lord hath put into him the knowledge of nature, into this the knowledge of grace. All knowledge is derived from the fountain of God's wisdom. The Lord 'hath created medicines out of the earth,' Ecclus. 38:4; the Lord hath inspired his holy word from heaven, 2 Pet. 1:21. The good physician acts the part of the divine: 'They shall pray unto the Lord, that he would prosper that which they give, for ease and remedy to prolong life,' Ecclus. 38:14; the good minister, after a sort, is a physician. Only it is enough for the Son of God to give both natural and spiritual physic. But as Plato spake of philosophy, that it

covers the imitations of God, within the limits of possibility and sobriety; so we may say of physic, it is conterminant to divinity, so far as a handmaid may follow her mistress. The institutions of both preserve the constitutions of men. The one would prevent the obstructions of our bodies, the other the destructions of our souls. Both purge our feculent corruptions; both would restore us to our primary and original health: though by reason of our impotency and indisposition, both often fail. Both oppose themselves against death, either our corporal or spiritual perishing.

When 'the Spirit of God moved on the waters,' and from that indigested and confused mixture, did by a kind of alchymical extraction, sublimation, conjunction, put all things into a sweet consort and harmonious beauty, he did act a physician's part. God is in many places a physician: Exod. 15:26, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee;' Deut. 32:39, 'I kill, I make alive; I wound, and I heal;' Jer. 17:14, 'Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed: save me, and I shall be saved.' Sometimes he is as a surgeon, 'to bind up the sores of the broken-hearted,' and to stanch the bleeding wounds of the conscience. Nay, David entreats him 'to put his bones in course again.' So Christ hath sent his ministers, εἰς καταρτισμὸν, ad coagmentationem, as Beza reads it, 'to put in joint the luxate members of the church, that are compacted by joints,' Eph. 4:12–16. And in the period or full stop of time, God will minister to the world the physic of fire, to purge the sick body of it, as he once gave it a potion of water to cleanse it.

'Quas olim intulerant terris contagia sordes,

Vos olim ultrices ablueratis aquæ.

At nunc, cum terras, cum totas æquoris undas

Polluerit majus quam fuit ante, scelus:

Quid superest, cœlo nisi missus ut ignis ab alto,

Ipsas cum terris, devoret ultor aquas?*'—

'Once in God's sight the world so filthy stood,

That he did wash and soak it in a flood:

But now it's grown so foul and full of mire,

Nothing remains to purge it but a fire.'

Which Strabo, writing on the world's destruction by fire, would seem to gather from those two colours in the rainbow, *cæruleo et igneo*, blue and red. The first cataclysm, of water, is past; the second deluge, of fire, is to come. So saith the apostle: 'The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved; the elements shall melt with fervent heat,' 2 Pet. 3:12. *Novam qualitatem induent manente substantia*, †—All earthly things shall wax old and die; *mors etiam saxi nominibusque venit*,—but the substance shall remain. It is but the 'fashion of this world that passeth away:' *σχῆμα*, *figura*, *non natura*. When all the putrified fæces, dross and combustible matter, shall be refined in the fire, all things shall be reduced to a crystalline clearness. Thus, though the heathen profanely made the physician a god, yet the Christian may say truly, 'Our God is become our physician.' And his ministers are his deputies under him, bringing in their lips the saving medicines that God hath given them.

You see the willing similitude of these professions. Indeed, the physician cannot so aptly and ably challenge or make bold with the minister's office, as the minister may with his. The clergyman may minister medicines; the physician may not administer the sacraments. It is true thus far. Every Christian is a priest to offer up prayers for himself and the whole church, although not publicly and ministerially; and none but a Cain will deny himself to be his 'brother's keeper.' Though exhortation be the minister's duty, yet 'exhort one another daily,' Heb. 3:13. And if we 'serve one another in love,' we must carry, every one, a converting ministry, though God alone have the converting power: 'Turn one another, and live,' Ezek.

18:32. Now as this converting work is a convertible work,—I mean, reciprocal and mutual from one to another,—the physician may apportion to himself a great share in it. Who may better speak to the soul than he that is trusted with the body? Or when can the stamp of grace take so easy impression in man's heart, as when the heat of God's affliction hath melted it? What breast is invulnerable to the strokes of death? The miserable carcase hath, then or never, a penetrable conscience.

This conscience is so deafed in the days of our jollity, with the loud noise of music, oaths, carousings, clamours, quarrels, sports, that it cannot hear the prophet's cry, 'All flesh is grass.' When sickness hath thrown him on the bed of anguish, and made his stomach too queasy for quaffs, too fine and dainty for even junkets; naked him of his silks, paled his cheeks, sunk his eyes, chilled his blood, and stunted all his vigorous spirits; the physician is sent for, and must scarce be let out, when the minister may not be let in. His presence is too dull, and full of melancholy; no messenger shall come for him, till his coming be too late. How justly, then, should the physician be a divine, when the divine may not be a physician! How well may he mingle recipe and resipisce, penitential exhortations with his medicinal applications and prescripts!

Thus memorable and worthy to be our precedent was that Italian physician's course: that when dissolute Ludovicus lay desolate in his sickness, and desired his help, he answered him in his own tune: 'If you shall live, you shall live, though no physic be given you: if you shall die, you shall die; physic cannot help you.' According to the sick man's libertine and heretical opinion concerning predestination: 'If I shall be saved, I shall be saved, howsoever I love or live: if I shall be damned, I shall be damned, howsoever I do or die.' The physician's answer gave him demonstrative conviction, taught him the use of means, as well for his soul's as body's health, and so cured recanting Ludovicus of both his diseases at once. A godly practice, worthy the best physician's imitation.

But with many, 'grace waits at the heels of nature;' and they dive so deep into the secrets of philosophy, that they never look up to the mysteries of divinity. As some mathematicians deal so much in Jacob's staff, that they forget Jacob's ladder; so some physicians,—God decrease the number!—are so deep naturalists, that they are very shallow Christians. The best cure depends upon God's care. It is poor and enervate help to which God's blessing hath not added strength. If God doth not 'hear the heavens' for virtue, and 'heaven hear the earth' for influence, Hos. 2:21, and earth the physician for ingredients, all their receipts are but deceits, and the paper of their bills will do as much good as the prescripts in it. Simples are but simple things, and all compounds idle, when they want the best ingredient of God's blessing. Let Plato, then, hold the candle to Moses, and all physicians drink at the well of the sons of the prophets. As their purpose aimeth at our healths, so let them entreat God to level their hands; their direction and success stands 'in the name of the Lord of hosts.'

Obs. 3.—The form of the words is interrogatory: 'Is there no balm at Gilead? are there no physicians there?' It is most true: balm is not scarce, nor are the physicians few, yet Israel is sick. God doth convince that by a question which might be without question affirmed, but would not be without question granted. The best insinuation or piercing assertion is *ex interrogando*, by way of question; not only for explication, but for application, of truth. God doth as it were appeal to man's conscience, and fetch evidence from the impartial testimony of his heart; that here, what is true in God's reprehension, may appear true in man's apprehension. The first word that God spake to man after his fall was a question: 'Adam,' *ubi es?* 'where art thou?' Gen. 3:9. He continues the same *formam loquendi*, *normam arguendi*,—form and method of speech: 'Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof,' &c., ver. 11. And to the woman: 'What is this that thou hast done?' ver. 13. Before man fell to sin, God fell not to questioning. All his speeches were to him either commendatory or commandatory: *approbationis*, *non exprobrationis*, *verba*,—words of approval, not of exception. He

createth, ordereth, blesseth man, and all things to him; but when man fell to sliding, God fell to chiding. Because man turned his heart to another object, God turned his voice to another accent.

God's questions are not of the nature of man's, the effects and helps of dubitation, according to the saying, Ἀπορία μήτηρ ζητήσεως,—Doubting is the mother of questioning. He that doubteth not will not ask. No; God's demands are not to satisfy himself, but us: illations upon our actions; that from the proposition of our sins, and the assumption of his questions, we may conclude against ourselves, as David, 'I have sinned.' Neither can we give solution to his interrogatories. 'Who dares, who can answer God? He is not as man,' saith Job, 'that I should answer him,' chap. 9:2–14. The intent is, then, to justify himself; to put into our conscience a sense, a science of our own iniquities. God so apposed Jonah: 'Doest thou well to be angry?' And again, 'Doest thou well to be angry for a gourd?' Art thou discontent for so contemptible a thing, a poor vegetative creature; and dost thou grudge my mercy to so many rational creatures, brethren of thine own flesh? God's question was a manifest conviction, as strong as a thousand proofs. Jonah sees his face in this little spring, as if he had stood by a full river.

Christ, that had the best method of teaching, and could make hearts of flint penetrable, moved his disciples' minds, removed his adversaries' doubts, frequently by questions. He starts Peter, that was forgetful of his God, of himself, with a Quid, dormis?—What! sleepest thou? He rectified the mistaking judgments of his apostles, that turned his spiritual dehortation from the 'Pharisees' leaven' to the literal sense of forgotten bread, with a double demand: Obliti ne estis? &c.,—'Do ye not yet understand, nor remember the five loaves of the five thousand?' &c., Matt. 16:9, 10. Could so miraculous a banquet as quickly slip from your minds as it did from your mouths? So he informed their understandings concerning himself, which so much concerned them to know, 'Whom do men say that I am?' ver. 13. All which implied not his own ignorance, but helped their knowledge. He knew all things, and hereof he could no less be

ignorant than of himself. Only he spake in a catechising form, as the minister's question succours the catechist's understanding. His reproofs to his enemies were often clothed in these interrogatory robes: 'How say they that Christ is David's son?' Luke 20:41, 'when David himself calleth him Lord?' confuting that false opinion that the Jews had of their Messiah, whose temporal monarchy they only gaped for. If he was only to be the son of David in the flesh, how doth he call him Lord, and equal him with the Father? A question that did enforce the conclusion himself desired, and a confutation of their errors. The like, ver. 4; he cramped their critical and hypocritical exceptions with a question: 'The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?' which confuted their arrogance, though they would have salved it with ignorance, ver. 7, 'We cannot tell.' This manner of discussing is not more usual with God than effectual. It converteth the elect, it convinceth the reprobate. Wheresoever it is directed, it pierceth like a goad, and is a sharp stroke to the conscience; and howsoever the smart is neglected, it leaveth a print behind it.

Obs. 4.—If we take the words spoken in the person of God, they manifest his complaint against Israel. When God complains, sin is grievous. We never read God breaking forth into this compassionate form of speech, but iniquity is grown proud of her height. She nestles among the cedars, and towers like Babel, when he that can thunder it down with fire, doth as it were rain showers of complaint for it. It argues no less goodness in the father, than wickedness in the children, when he doth plain that can plague; and breathes out the air of pity before he sends the storm of judgment. So you may see a long-provoked father, that after many chidings lost upon his son, after some gentle chastisements inflicted, and intended to his calling home, he finds his errors growing wilder, his affections madder, his heart more senseless, his courses more sensual; he stands even deploring his wretchedness, that could not amend his wickedness: and whiles justice and mercy strive for mastery, as loath that his lenity should wrong his integrity, or yet that he should be as an executioner to him whom he had begotten to be an executor to

himself, he breaks out into complaint. With no less pity, nay, with far greater mercy, doth God proceed to execute his judgments: unwilling to strike hard, for his mercy; yet willing not to double his blow, but to lay it on sure at once, for our sins and his own justice. Or, as some compassionate judge, that must censure, by the law of his country, a heretic, strives first with arguments of reason to convert him, that arguments of iron and steel may not be used against him; and studying his refractory disposition, culpable of his own death, by wilfully not being capable of good counsel, proceeds, not without complaints and tears, to his sentence. So doth the most just God of heaven with the most unjust sons of men; pleading by reasons of gentle and gracious forbearance, and offering the sweet conditions of happy peace, and, as it were, wailing our refusal before he 'shoot his arrows and consume us,' or 'make his sword drunk with our bloods.'

God hath armies of stars in the sky, meteors in the air, beasts on the earth, yea, of angels in heaven; greater hosts and less: and whether he sends a great army of his little ones, or a little of his great ones, he can easily and quickly despatch us. Lo, he stays till he hath spoken with us; and that rather by postulation than expostulation. He is not contumelious against us, that have been contumacious against him. If his words can work us to his will, he will spare his blows. He hath as little delight in smiting as we in suffering; nay, he suffers with us, condoling our estate as if it were, which cannot be, his own. 'For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' Heb. 4:15. He feels the griefs of his church: the head aches when the members suffer. Persecutors strike Christ through Christians' sides. Saul strikes at Damascus, Christ Jesus suffers in heaven. Mediatly he is smitten, whiles the blows immediately light on us. He could not, 'in that day of his flesh,' forbear bitter tears at Jerusalem's present sin and future judgment. How grievous is our iniquity, how gracious his longanimity! He that weeps for our aversion passionately, desires our conversion unfeignedly. How pathetically he persuadeth his church's reformation: 'Return, return, O Shulamite! return, return!' Cant. 6:12. How lamentingly deplores he Jerusalem's devastation: 'If thou hadst known, at least in this thy

day, the things that belong to thy peace!' Luke 19:42. Let us not think him like either of those mimics, the player or the hypocrite, (who truly act the part one of another, but hardly either of an honest man,) that can command tears in sport. When Christ laments the state either of our sins or ourselves, he shews that one is at the height of rising, the other near casting down. Christ's double sigh over Jerusalem is, as I may say, fetched and derived from those double woes of hers: the unmeasurable sin, 'that killest the prophets;' the unavoidable judgment, 'thy house is left unto thee desolate,' Matt. 23:37. *Ingentia beneficia, ingentia peccata, ingentes pœnæ,*—Great benefits abused occasion great sins, and great sins are the forerunners of great plagues. *Gaudet Deus in misericordia sua, dolet in miseria nostra,*—He rejoiceth in his own goodness, he grieveth at our wretchedness.

Horrid and to be trembled at are the sins that bring heaviness into the courts of happiness, and send grievance to the very thresholds of joy. That whereas angels and cherubims, the celestial choristers, make music before the throne of God for the 'conversion of one sinner,' Luke 15:10,—of one! what would they do at the effectual success of such a sermon as Peter preached?—they do, if I may speak, grieve and mourn at the aversion of our souls, so hopeful and likely to be brought to heaven, and at the aspiration of our climbing sins.

But it may be questioned how God can be said to grieve, to complain, to be sorrowful for us. True it is that there is no passion in God. He that sits in heaven hath all pleasure and content in himself. What is here spoken, is for our sakes spoken. He dwelleth in such brightness of glory as never mortal foot could approach unto; the sight of his face is to us on earth insufferable; the comprehension of the invisible things in the Deity impossible. Therefore, to give some aim and conjecture to us what he is, he appears, as it were, transfigured into the likeness of our nature, and in our own familiar terms speaketh to our shallow understandings: *hominem alloquens humano more loquitur,*—as an old man speaking to a child frames his voice in a

childish accent. Before a great vessel that is full, can pour liquor from itself into a little empty pot that stands under it, it must stoop and decline itself. Thus he descends to our capacities; and that man may know him in some measure, he will be known as man. Sometimes by bodily members—eyes, ears, hands, feet. Sometimes by spiritual affections—anger, sorrow, jealousy, repentance. By which he signifies, not what he is indeed, but what is needful for us to know of him. For being well acquainted with the use, office, and effect of these natural things in ourselves, we may the better guess at the knowledge of that God to whom we hear them ascribed. All which he hath per figuram, non naturam. Anger's effect in us is revenge. Nothing pleaseth a furious man's nature but wreaking himself on his provoker. The passion is anger, the effect revenge. Whiles God gives the second, we ascribe to him the first; and call that in him wrath, which properly is his striking justice.

Complaints are the witness of a grieved soul: both are sufferings God is here said to complain. Why? he is grieved at our sins. Can he be grieved indeed? No; nor need he complain that hath such power to right himself. Yet he is often said to be grieved,—'Grieve not the Spirit of God, by whom you are sealed up to the day of redemption,' Eph. 4:30,—and here, to complain. To speak properly, God cannot complain, because he cannot be grieved. He cannot be grieved, because he cannot suffer. Every blow of ours, though we were as strong and high as the sons of Anak, lights short of him. If some could have reached him, it had gone ill with him long ere this. All is spoken per ἀνθρωποπαθείαν. He is sine ira irascens, sine pœnitentia pœnitens, sine dolore dolens,—angry without anger, grieving without sorrow. These passions are ascribed to him, quoad effectum, non quoad affectum. They are perfections in him, what are affections in us. The complaint that once God made against a whole world, as he here doth against Israel, is expressed in more plain and significant terms: Gen. 4:6, 'It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.' God so complains against man's sin, that he is sorry that he made him. This, saith Augustine,* non est perturbatio, sed iudicium, quo irrogatur pœna,—It is no

disturbance in God, but only his judgment, whereby he inflicts punishment. And further, *Pœnitudo Dei est mutandorum immutabilis ratio*,—God's repentance is his unchangeable disposition, in things of a changeable condition. It is *mutatio rei, non Dei*,—the change of the thing, not of God. *Cum ii quos curat mutantur, mutat ipse res, prout iis expedit, quos curat*,[†]—He willeth an expedient alteration of things, according to the alteration of them for whom he provides. So God is said to 'repent that he made Saul king,' or that he threatened evil to Nineveh. In all which he changed, *non affectum, sed effectum*, the external work, not his internal counsel. For as the school speaks, *immutabiliter ignoscit*, he unchangeably pardons whom he means to save, though they feel it not till conversion; so *immutabiliter non ignoscit*, he unchangeably retains their sins in his judgment-book which amend not, as Saul.

The nature of repentance is sorrow: the effect of repentance is the abrogation of something determined, or undoing, if it be possible, of something done. Repentance is not in God, in regard of the original nature of it,—he cannot sorrow,—but is, in respect of the eventual fruit, when he destroys that world of people he had made. Not that his heart was grieved, but his hands: his justice and power undid it. *Aliud est mutare voluntatem, aliud velle mutationem*,—It is one thing to change the will, another thing to will a change. There may be a change in the matter and substance willed, not in the will that disposeth it. Our will desires in the summer a lighter and cooler garment, in winter a thicker and warmer; yet is not our will changed, whereby we decree in ourselves this change according to the season. Thus, *quicquid superi voluere, peractum*, 'Whatsoever God would, that did he in heaven and earth, in the sea and all deep places,' Ps. 135:6. God is *immutabilis naturæ, voluntatis, consilii*,—unchangeable in his nature, will, and decrees. Only these are *verba nostræ parvitati accommodata*,[‡] —words fitted to our weak capacities.

Well, in the meantime, they are grievous sins that make our gracious God thus seemingly passionate. There is great cause, sure, it so

patient and forbearing a God be angry, sorry, penitent, grieved that he hath made such rebellious creatures. It is long before his wrath be incensed; but if it be thoroughly kindled, all the rivers in the south are not able to quench it. Daily man sins, and yet God repents not that he made him. Woe to that man for whose creation God is sorry! Woe to Jerusalem, when Christ shall so complain against her! Stay the bells, ye sons of wickedness, that ring so loud peals of tumultuous blasphemies in the ears of God. Turn again, ye wheeling planets, that move only as the sphere of this world turns your affections, and despise the directed and direct motion of God's stars. Recall yourselves, ye lost wretches, and stray not too far from your Father's house, that your seekers come again with a non est inventus; lest God complain against you, as here against Israel, or with as passionate a voice as once against the world—'It repents me that I made them.'

Obs. 5.—If we take the words spoken in the person of the prophet, let us observe, that he is no good preacher that complains not in these sinful days. Isaiah had not more cause for Israel than we for England, to cry, 'We have laboured in vain, and spent our strength for nought,' chap. 49:4. For if we equal Israel in our blessings, we transcend them in our sins. The blood-red sea of war and slaughter, wherein other nations are drowned, as were the Egyptians, is become dry to our feet of peace. The bread of heaven, that true manna, satisfies our hunger, and our thirst is quenched with the waters of life. The better law of the gospel is given us; and our saving health is not like a curious piece of arras folded up, but spread before our believing eyes, without any shadow cast over the beauty of it. We have a better High Priest, to make intercession for us in heaven, for whom he hath once sacrificed and satisfied on earth: *actu semel, virtute semper*,—with one act, with everlasting virtue. We want nothing that heaven can help us to, but that which we voluntarily will want, and without which we had better have wanted all the rest—thankfulness and obedience. We return God not one for a thousand, not a dram of service for so many talents of goodness. We give God the worst of all things, that hath given us the best of all things. We

cull out the least sheaf for his tithe, the sleepest hours for his prayers, the chippings of our wealth for his poor, a corner of the heart for his ark, when Dagon sits uppermost in our temple. He hath bowels of brass and a heart of iron, that cannot mourn at this our requital. We give God measure for measure, but after an ill manner. For his blessings, 'heapen, and shaken, and thrust together,' iniquities 'pressed down and yet running over.' Like hogs, we slaver his pearls, 'turn his graces into wantonness,' and turn again to rend in pieces the bringers.

Who, versing in his mind this thought, can keep his cheeks dry? 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep night and day!' &c., Jer. 9:1. No marvel if animus meminisse horret,—the good soul tremble to think it; especially when all this wickedness ariseth, not from Sodom, and Sidon, and Edom, but from the midst of 'the daughter of Zion.' Hinc illæ lachrymæ. He that can see this and not sigh, is not a witness, but an agent; and sin hath obstructed his lungs, he cannot sorrow. Forbear, then, ye captious sons of Belial, to complain against us for complaining against you. While this hydra of iniquity puts forth her still-growing heads, and the sword of reproof cannot cut them off, what should we do but mourn? Quid enim nisi threnoi supersunt? Whither can we turn our eyes, but we behold and lament at once some roving with lewdness, some raving with madness, others reeling with ebriety, and yet others railing with blasphemy! If we be not sad, we must be guilty. Condemn not our passions, but your own rebellions that excite them. The zeal of our God, whom 'we serve in our spirits,' makes us, with Moses, to forget ourselves. 'We also are men of like passion with you,' Acts 14:15. It is the common plea of us all. If you ask us why we shew ourselves thus weak, we return, with Paul, 'Why do you these things?' Our God hath charged us not to see the funerals of your souls without sighs and tears: Ezek. 6:11, 'Thus saith the Lord, Smite with thy hand, and stamp with thy foot, and say, Alas for all the evil abominations of the house of Israel! for they shall fall by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence.'

Shall all complain of lost labours, and we brook the greatest loss with silence? Merchants bewail the shipwreck of their goods, and complain of pirates; shepherds, of their flocks devoured by savage wolves; husbandmen, of the tired earth, that quits their hope with weeds: and shall ministers see and not sorrow for the greatest ruin (the loss of the world were less) of men's souls! They that have written to the life the downfall of famous cities, either vastate by the immediate hand of God, as Sodom, or by man, as Jerusalem, as if they had written with tears instead of ink, have pathetically lamented the ruins. Æneas Sylvius, reporting the fall of Constantinople, historifies, together with her passion, his own compassion for it. The murdering of children before their parents' faces, the slaughtering of nobles like beasts, the priests torn in pieces, the religious flayed, the holy virgins and sober matrons first ravished and then massacred, and even the relics of the soldiers' spoil given to the merciless fire. O miseram urbis faciem!—O wretched show of a miserable city! Consider Jerusalem, the city of God, 'the queen of the provinces, tell her turrets, and mark well her bulwarks,' carry in your mind the idea of her glories; and then, on a sudden, behold her temple and houses burning, the smoke of the fire waving in the air and hiding the light of the sun, the flames springing up to heaven, as if they would ascend as high as their sins had erst done; her old, young, matrons, virgins, mothers, infants, princes and priests, prophets and Nazarites, famished, fettered, scattered, consumed; if ever you read or hear it without commiseration, your hearts are harder than the Romans that destroyed it. The ruin of great things wrings out our pity; and it is only a Nero that can sit and sing while Rome burns. But what are a world of cities, nay, the whole world itself burning, as it must be one day, to the loss of men's souls, the rarest pieces of God's fabric on earth! To see them manacled with the chains of iniquity, and led up and down by the devil, as Bajazet by that cruel Scythian; stabbed and massacred, lost and ruined by rebellious obstinacies and impenitences; bleeding to death like Babel, and will not be cured, till past cure they weep like Rachel, and will not be comforted; to see this and not pity it, is impossible for any but a Faux, but a devil.

Use 1.—To make some further use hereof to ourselves; let us avoid sin as much as we may. And, though we cannot stay ourselves from going in, let us stay ourselves from going on; lest our God complain against us. If we make him sorrowful for a time, he can make us sorrowful for ever. If we anger him, he can anger all the veins of our hearts. If, instead of serving God by our obedience, we 'make him serve with our sins,' Isa. 43:24, he will make us serve with his plagues. If we drive God to call a convocation of heaven and earth: 'Hear, O heaven; hearken, O earth: I have nourished children, and they have rebelled against me,' Isa. 1:2; if he call on 'the mountains to hear his controversy,' Micah 6:2, he will make us 'call on the mountains' to help and hide our misery, Rev. 6:16, 'And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us,' &c. If we put God to his querelam, controversy, and make him a plaintiff, to enter his suit against us, Hosea 4:1, he will put us to a complaint indeed. 'Therefore shall the land mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish,' ver. 3. He will force us to repent the time and deeds, that ever made him to 'repent that he made us,' Gen. 6:7. He will strike us with such a blow that there needeth no doubling of it. 'He will make an utter end; destruction shall not rise up the second time,' Nahum 1:9. As Abishai would have stricken Saul at once: 'And I will not smite him the second time,' 1 Sam. 26:8.

We cannot so wrong God, that he is deprived of power to right himself. His first complaint is, as I may say, in tears; his second in blood. I have read of Tamerlane, that the first day of his siege was honoured with his white colours, the second with fatal red, but the third with final black. God is not so quick and speedy in punishment, nor come his judgments with such precipitation. Nineveh, after so many forties of years, shall have yet forty days. He that at last came, with his fan in his hand, and fanned but eight grains of good corn out of a whole barnful of chaff, a whole world of people, gave them the space of one hundred and twenty years' repentance. If Jerusalem will not hear Christ's words, they shall feel his hands. They that are deaf to his voice shall not be insensible to his blows. He that may not be heard will be felt.

Use 2.—If God complains against sin, let us not make ourselves merry with it. The mad humours, idle speeches, outrageous oaths of drunken atheists, are but ill mirth for a Christian spirit. Wickedness in others abroad should not be our tabret to play upon at home. It is a wretched thing to laugh at that which feasts Satan with mirth, laughing both at our sins, and at us for our sins. Rather lament: 'Make little weeping for the dead, for he is at rest: but the life of the fool is worse than death,' Ecclus. 22:11. Weep for that. When Israel now in Moses's absence had turned beast, and calved an idolatrous image, Moses did not dance after their pipe, and laugh at their superstitious merriment with tabrets and harps, but mourned to the Lord for them, and pleaded as hard for their sparing as he would have done for himself; nay more, 'Spare thy own people, though thou rase my name out of the book of life.' They are only marked for God's, with his own privy seal, Ezek. 9:6, that 'mourned for the abominations of Israel;' and their mournings were earnest, as the wailings of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddo.

Where are you, ye 'sons of the highest,' ye magistrates, put in power not only to lament our sins, but to take away the cause of our lamenting? Cease to beek yourselves, like Jehoiachim, before the fire of ease and rest; rend your clothes with Josiah, and wrap yourselves in sackcloth, like Nineveh's king, as a corpse laid out for burial. Do not, Felix-like, grope for a bribe in criminal offences; sell not your connivance, and withal your conscience, where you should give your punishment. Let not gold weigh heavier than Naboth's wrongs in the scales of justice. 'Weep, ye ministers, between the porch and the altar.' Lament your own sins, ye inhabitants of the world. England, be not behind other nations in mourning, that art not short of them in offending. Religion is made but policy's stirrup, to get up and ride on the back of pleasure. Nimrod and Ahithophel lay their heads and hands together; and whiles the one forageth the park of the church, the other pleads it from his book, with a Statutum est. The Gibeonites are suffered in our camp, though we never clapped them the hand of covenant; and are not set to draw water and chop wood, to do us any service, except to cut our throats. The receipt (I had

almost said the deceit) of custom stands open, making the law's toleration a warrant, that many now sell their lands, and live on the use of their moneys; which none would do if usury was not an easier, securer, and more gainful trade.

How should this make us mourn like doves, and groan like turtles! The wild swallows, our unbridled youngsters, sing in the warm chimneys; the lustful sparrows, noctivagant adulterers, sit chirping about our houses; the filching jays, secret thieves, rob our orchards; the kite and the cormorant devour and hoard our fruits; and shall not, among all these, 'the voice of the turtle be heard in our land,' Cant. 2:12, mourning for these sinful rapines? Have whoredom and wine so taken away our hearts, and hidden them in a maze of vanities, that repentance cannot find them out? Can these enormities pass without our tears? Good men have not spent all their time at home in mourning for their own sins; sometimes they have judged it their work to lament what was others' work to do. That kingly prophet, that wept so plentifully for his own offences, Ps. 6:6, had yet floods of tears left to bewail his people's, Ps. 119:136. Jeremiah did not only 'weep in secret' for Israel's pride, chap. 13:17, but wrote a whole book of Lamentations; and was not less exact in his method of mourning, than others have been in their songs of joy. It was God's behest to Ezekiel, chap. 21:6, 'Sigh, thou son of man, with the breaking of thy loins, and with bitterness sigh before their eyes.' He mourned not alone at Israel's woe. She had a solemn funeral, and every prophet sighed for her. 'Look away from me,' saith Isaiah; 'I will weep bitterly, labour not to comfort me, because of the spoiling of the daughter of my people,' chap. 22:4. 'I am pained at my very heart,' saith Jeremiah, 'because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war,' chap. 4:19. Our sins are more; why should our sorrows be less?

Who sees not, and says not, that 'the days are evil?' Eph. 5:16. There is one laying secret mines to blow up another, that himself may succeed; there is another buying uncertain hopes with ready money; there is another rising hardly to eminence of place, and managing it

as madly. There goes a fourth, poring on the ground, as if he had lost his soul in a muck-heap, and must scrape for it; yet I think he would hardly take so much pains for his soul as he doth for his gold, were it there to be found and saved. He that comes to this market of vanity but as a looker-on, cannot lack trouble. Every evil we see doth either vex us or infect us. The sight and inevitable society of evils is not more a pleasure to the Sodomites than a vexation to the righteous soul of Lot. One breaks jests upon heaven, and makes himself merry with God. Another knows no more Scripture than he applies to the theatre; and doth as readily and desperately play with God's word as with the poets. You cannot walk the street but you shall meet with a quarrelling dog, or a drunken hog, or a blaspheming devil. One speaks villany, another swears it, a third defends it, and all the rest laugh at it: that we may take cresset-light, and search with Jeremiah, chap. 5:1, the 'streets and broad places of our country,' and not 'find a man,' or at least not 'a man of truth.' Who can say it can be worse? Cease complaints, and fall to amendment. Ye deputies of Moses, and sons of Levi, sharpen both your swords. Consecrate and courage your hands and voices to the vastation of Jericho-walls. Be not unmerciful to your country, whiles you are over-merciful to offenders. An easy cost repairs the beginning ruins of a house; when it is once dropped down with danger about our ears, it is hardly re-edified. Seasonable castigation may work reasonable reforming. The rents and breaches of our Zion are manifold and manifest. Repair them by the word of mercy and sword of justice. If Jerusalem's roof be cast down as low as her pavement, who shall build her up? It is yet time, and not more than enough. If you cannot turn the violent stream of our wickedness, yet swim against it yourselves-and provoke others by your precepts, by your patterns: the success to God.

Use 3.—The all-wise God complains. He doth no more; what could he do less? He doth not bitterly inveigh, but passionately mourn for us. He speaks not with gall, but as it were with tears. There is sweet mercy even in his chidings. He teacheth us a happy composure of our reprehensions. We are of too violent a spirit, if at least we 'know what spirit we are of,' when nothing can content us but fire from heaven.

He that holds the fires of heaven in his commanding hand, and can pour them in floods on rebellious Sodom, holds back his arm, and doth but gently loosen his voice to his people. I know there is a time when the 'still voice' that came to Elias, or the whisperings of that 'voice behind, This is the way, walk in it,' Isa. 30:21, can do little good; and then God is content we should derive from his throne thunderings and lightnings, Rev. 4:5, and louder sounds. The hammer of the law must eftsoons break the stony heart of rebellion; and often the sweet balm of the gospel must supple the broken conscience. Let us not transpose or invert the method and direction of our office, killing the dying with the 'killing letter,' and preaching 'judgment without mercy,' lest we reap judgment without mercy to ourselves. Some men's hearts are like nettles; if you touch them but gently they will sting, but rough handling is without prejudice; whiles others are like briars, that wound the hard-grasping hand of reproof, but yield willingly to them that touch them with exhortation. One must be washed with gentle baths, whiles another must have his ulcers cut with lancets. Only do all *medentis animo, non sævientis*,—not with an oblique and sinister purpose, but with a direct intention to save. An odious, tedious, endless inculcation of things doth often tire those with whom a soft and short reproof would find good impression. Such, whiles they would intend to edify, do in event tedify. Indeed there is no true zeal without some spice of anger; only *subsit iracundia, non præsit*,*—give thy anger due place, that it may follow as a servant, not go before as a master.

It is objected that the thoughts of God are peace. He that is covered with thunder and clothed with lightning speaks, and the earth trembles; 'toucheth the mountains, and they smoke' for it, Ps. 18; sharpens not his tongue like a razor, but speaks by mournful complaint. What then mean our preachers to lift up their voices as trumpets, and to speak in the tune of thunder against us? We cannot wear a garment in the fashion, nor take use for our money, nor drink with a good-fellow, nor strengthen our words with the credit of an oath, but bitter invectives must be shot, like porcupines' quills, at these slight scapes. I answer, God knows when to chide, and when to

mourn; when to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' as to Peter, Matt. 16:23, and when coolly to tax Jonah, 'Dost thou well to be angry?' Jonah 4:4. But he that here mourns for Israel degenerate, doth at another time protest against Israel apostate, and 'swears they shall never enter into his rest,' Ps. 95:11. We would fain do so too; I mean, speak nothing but 'grace and peace to you;' but if ever we be thorns, it is because we live amongst briars: if we lift up our voices, it is because your hearts are so sleepy that you would not else hear us.

Use 4.—God did thus complain against Israel; where are his complaints, you will say, against us? Sure our sins are not grown to so proud a height as to threaten heaven, and provoke God to quarrel. O ill-grounded flattery of ourselves! an imagination that adds to the measure of our sins. Whiles we conceive our wickedness less, even this conceit makes it somewhat more. 'If we say that we have no sin, there is no truth in us,' 1 John 1:8. Nothing makes our guilt more palpable than the pleading ourselves not culpable. Every drop of this counterfeit holy water sprinkled on us brings new aspersion of filthiness. It is nothing else but to wash our spots in mud. Yet speak freely. Doth not God complain? Examine, (1.) The words of his mouth; (2.) The works of his hand.

(1.) The voice of his minister is his voice. 'He that heareth you heareth me.' Do not the Jeremiahs of these days mourn like turtles, as well as sing like larks? Do they not mingle with the tunes of joy, the tones of sorrow? When did they rejoice ever without trembling? Ps. 2:11; or lead you so currently to dance in God's sunshine, that they forgot to speak of his thunder? It is good to be merry and wise. What sermon ever so flattered you with the fair weather of God's mercies, that it told you not withal, when the wind and the sun meets there would be rain; when God's sunlike justice and our raging and boisterous iniquities shall come in opposition, the storm of judgment will ensue? Nay, have not your iniquities made the pulpit, the gospel's mercy-seat, a tribunal of judgment?

(2.) Will not these mournings, menaces, querulations, stir your hearts, because they are derived from God through us, his organ-pipes, as if they had lost their vigour by the way? Then open your eyes, you that have deafed your ears, and see him actually complaining against us. Observe at least, if not the thunders of his voice, yet the wonders of his hand I could easily lose myself in this commonplace of judgments. I will therefore limit my speech to narrow bounds, and only call that to our memories, the print whereof sticks in our sides; God having taught nature even by her good to hurt, as some wash gold to deprave the weight of it, even to drain away our fruits by floods. But, alas! we say of these strokes, as the philosopher in one sense, and Solomon's drunkard in another, *Non memini me percussum*,—We remember not that we are stricken; or as the prophet of the Jews, 'Thou hast smitten them, but they have not grieved; thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction,' Jer. 5:3; even whiles their wounds were yet raw, and their ruins not made up. Many are like the Stoics in equuleo; though the punishment lie on their flesh, it shall not come near their heart. God would school our heavy-spirited and coldly-devoted worldlings, that 'sacrifice to their nets,' Hab. 1:16, attribute all their thriving to their own industry, and never enter that thought on the point of their hearts, how they are beholden to God. Here, alas! we find that we are beholden to the corn and other fruits of the earth, they to the ground, the ground to the influences of heaven, all to God, Hos. 2:21.

When man hath done all in ploughing, tilling, sowing, if either the clouds of heaven deny their rain, or give too much, how soon is all lost! The husbandman, that was wont to 'wait for the early and latter showers,' James 5:7, now casts up trembling eyes to the clouds for a *ne noceant*. For your barns full of weeds, rather than grain,* testify that this blow did not only spoil the glory and benefit of your meadows, but even by rebound your corn-fields also. Be not atheists, look higher than the clouds; it was no less than the angry hand of God. Thus can God every way punish us. It was for a time the speech of all tongues, amazement of all eyes, wonder of all hearts, to see the

showers of wrath so fast pouring on us, as if the course of nature were inverted, our summer coming out in the robes of winter. But as a father[†] writes of such a year: 'Our devotions began and ended with the shower.'

'Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane.'[‡]

It rains, and we lament. But the sun did not sooner break out through the clouds, than we broke out into our former licentiousness. We were humbled, but not humble; dressed of God, not cured. Though God withhold plenty, we withhold not gluttony. Pride leaves off none of her vanities. Usury bates not a cross of his interest. The rioter is still as drunken with wine as the earth was with water. And the covetous had still rather 'eat up the poor as bread,' than they should eat of his bread; keeping his barns full, though their maws be empty, as if he would not let the vermin fast, though the poor starve. No marvel if heaven itself turns into languishment for these impieties.

'Dic, rogo, cur toties descendit ab æthere nimbus,

Grandoque de cœlis sine fine cadit?

Mortales quoniam nolunt sua crimina flere,

Cœlum pro nobis solvitur in lachrymas.'

'What mean those airy spouts and spongy clouds

To spill themselves on earth with frequent floods?

Because man swelling sins and dry eyes bears,

They weep for us, and rain down showers of tears.'

Obs. 6.—God hath done, for his part, enough for Israel. He hath stored their vials with balm, their cities with physicians. It was then

their own fault that their health was not recovered. 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help,' Hos. 13:9. Let even the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judah themselves be umpires. 'And what could I have done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?' Isa. 5:4, Matt. 21:33. God is not sparing in the commemoration of his mercies to us, as knowing that of all the faculties of the soul the memory first waxeth old, and of all objects of the memory a benefit is soonest forgotten. We write man's injuries to us in marble, but God's mercies in dust or waters. We had need of remembrancers. God hath done so much for us, that he may say to us, as once to Ephraim, 'O Ephraim, what shall I do (more) unto thee?' Hos. 6:9. What could Israel want which God supplied not? If they want a guide, God goes before them in fire. If they lack bread, flesh, or drink, mercy and miracle shall concur to satisfy them. Heaven shall give them bread, the wind quails, and the rock waters. Doth the wilderness deny them new clothes? Their old shall not wax old on their backs. A law from heaven shall direct their consciences, and God's oracles from between the cherubims shall resolve their doubts. If they be too weak for their enemies, fire from heaven, vapours from the clouds, frogs and caterpillars, sun, air, waters, shall take their parts. Nay, God himself shall fight for them. What could God do more for their preservation?

If I should set the mercies of our land to run along with Israel's, we should gain cope of them, and outrun them. And though in God's actual and outward mercies they might outstrip us, yet in his spiritual and saving health they come short of us. They had the shadow, we the substance: they candle-light, we noon-day: they the breakfast of the law, fit for the morning of the world; we the dinner of the gospel, fit for the high noon thereof. They had a glimpse of the sun, we have him in his full strength; they saw per fenestram, we sine medio. They had the paschal lamb to expiate sins ceremonially, we the Lamb of God to satisfy for us really; not a typical sacrifice for the sins of the Jews only, but an evangelical, 'taking away the sins of the world,' John 1:29; for this is that secret opposition which that voice of a crier intimates. Now what could God do more for us? Israel is

stung with fiery serpents; behold the erection of a strangely medicinal serpent of brass. So (besides the spiritual application of it) the plague hath stricken us, that have stricken God by our sins; his mercy hath healed us. Rumours of war hath hummed in our ears the murmurs of terror; behold he could not set his bloody foot in our coasts. The rod of famine hath been shaken over us; we have not smarted with the deadly lashes of it. Even that we have not been thus miserable, God hath done much for us.

Look round about you, and whiles you quake at the plagues so natural to our neighbours, bless your own safety and our God for it. Behold the confines of Christendom, Hungary and Bohemia, infested and wasted with the Turks; Italy groaning under the slavery of Antichrist, which infects the soul worse than the Turk infests the body. Behold the pride of Spain, curbed with a bloody Inquisition; France, a fair and flourishing kingdom, made wretched by her civil uncivil wars. Germany knew not of long time what peace meant; neither is their war ended, but suspended. Ireland hath felt the perpetual plague of her rebellions; and Scotland hath not wanted her fatal disasters. Only England hath lain, like Gideon's fleece, dry and secure, when the rain of judgments hath wetted the whole earth. When God hath tossed the nations, and made them 'like a wheel,' and 'as the stubble before the wind,' Ps. 83:13, only England that hath stood like Mount Zion, with unmoved firmness. Time was she petitioned to Rome; now she neither fears her bulls nor desires her bulwarks. The destitute Britons thus mourned to their conquering Romans: *Ætio ter consuli gemitus Britannorum. Repellunt nos barbari ad mare; repellit nos mare ad barbaros. Hinc oriuntur duo funerum genera; quia aut jugulamur aut submergimur;*—To the Roman consul the Britons send groaning, instead of greeting. The barbarous drive us upon the sea; the sea beats us back upon the barbarous. Hence we are endangered to a double kind of death; either to be drowned or to have our throats cut. The barbarous are now unfeared enemies, and the sea is rather our fort than our sepulchre. A peaceful prince leads us, and the 'Prince of peace' leads him. And besides our peace, we are so happy for balm and

physicians, that if I should sing of the blessings of God to us, this should still be the burden of my song, 'What could the Lord do more for us?'

Obs. 7.—'There is balm in Gilead, there are physicians there.' Will there be ever so? Is there not a time to lose as well as to get? If whiles the sanctuary is full of this holy balm, God's word; if whiles there is plenty of physicians, and in them plenty of skill, 'the health of Israel is not restored,' how dangerous will her sickness be in the privation of both these restoratives? They that grow not rich in peace, what will they do in war? He that cannot live well in summer, will hardly scape starving in winter. Israel, that once had her cities sown with prophets, could after say, 'We see not our signs, there is not one prophet among us.' They that whilom loathed manna, would have been glad if, after many a weary mile, they could have tasted the crumbs of it. He whose prodigality scorned the 'bread in his father's house,' would afterwards have thought himself refreshed with 'the husks for the swine.'

The sun doth not ever shine; there is a time of setting. No day of jollity is without his evening of conclusion, if no cloud of disturbance prevent it with an overcasting. First God complains, men sing, dance, are jovial and neglectful; at last man shall complain, and 'God shall laugh at their destructions.' Why should God be conjured to receive that spirit dying that would not receive God's Spirit living? All things are whirled about in their circular courses, and who knows whether the next spoke of their wheel will not be a blank? 'Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness,' Prov. 14:13. If the black stones of our miseries should be counted with the white of our joys, we should find our calamities exceeding in number as well as they do in measure. Often have we read our Saviour weeping, but never laughing. We cannot choose but lament, so long as we walk on the banks of Babylon. It is enough to reassume our harps, when we come to the high Jerusalem. In heaven are pure joys, in hell mere miseries, on earth both, (though neither so perfect,) mixed one with another. We cannot but acknowledge that we begin

and end with sorrow; our first voice being a cry, our last a groan. If any joys step in the midst, they do but present themselves on the stage, play their parts, and put off their glories. Successively they both thrust upon us, striving either who shall come in first or abide with us longest. If any be more dainty of our acquaintance, it is joy. It is a frequent speech, *Fuimus Troes*,—We have been happy. *Cum miserum quenquam videris, scias eum esse hominem: cum vero gloriosum, scias eum nondum esse Herculem*,—If thou seest one miserable, that is a man; but if thou seest another glorying, yet that is no god. There is no prescription of perpetuity.

It is enough for the songs of heaven, where saints and seraphims are the choristers, to have no burden, as no end belonging to them. Let that be the 'standing house,' John 14:2, where the princes of God shall keep their court, without grief or treason: our progress can plead no such privilege. We must glad ourselves here with the intermission of woes or interposition of joys: let that place above challenge and possess that immunity from disturbance, where eternity is the ground of the music. Here every day is sure of his night, if not of clouds at noon. Therefore *mutet vitam, qui vult accipere vitam*,—let him change his life on earth, that looks for life in heaven.

'*Tu quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,*

Grata sume manu, nec dulcia differ in annum;'—*

Take the opportunity which God's mercy hath offered thee. It is fit that God should have his day, when thine is past. 'Your salvation is now nearer' than you believe it; but if you put away this 'acceptable time,' your damnation is nearer than you fear it. Mourn now for your sins, whiles your mourning may help you, Ezek. 9. Thau is the mourner's mark, yet the last letter of the alphabet, for an *ultimum vale* to sin. Every soul shall mourn either here with repentance, or hereafter in vengeance. They shall be oppressed with desperation that have not admitted contrition. Herodotus hath a tale of the piper,

that, coming to the river-side, began to play to the fishes, to see if they would dance. When they were little affected with his music, he took his net, and throwing it among them, caught some; which were no sooner cast on the dry ground but they fell a-leaping; to whom the piper merrily replied, that since they had erst scorned his music, they should now dance without a pipe. Let it go for a fable. Christ saith to us, as once to the Jews, 'We have piped to you the sweet tunes of the gospel, but ye would not dance in obedience;' time will come you shall run after us, as the hind on the barren mountains; but then you may dance without a pipe, and leap levoltos in hell, that have danced sin's measures on earth. This is the time; you shall hardly lay the spirit of ruin which your sins have raised. This world is a witch, sin her circle, temptation her charm, Satan the spirit conjured up, who comes not in more plausible forms at his first appearance, than shews ugly and terrible when you would have him depart. Have nothing to do with the spells of sin, lest you pull in Satan with one hand, whom with both you cannot cast out. The door is now open, grace knocks at thy sleepy conscience, time runs by thee as a lackey, many things proffer their help. If all these concurrences do no good to purge thy soul, thou wilt at last dwell at the sign of the Labour-in-vain, and at once be washed white with the Moor. For, 'if any will be unjust, let him be unjust; if he will be filthy, let him be filthy still,' Rev. 22:11. If any man go into captivity, let him go. As he in the comedy, abeat, pereat, profundat, perdat,—let him sink, or swim, or scape as he can. God will renounce whom he could not reclaim.

Obs. 8.—Lastly, observe, there is balm and physicians. What is the reason, saith God, that 'my people's health is not recovered,' or, as the Hebrew phrase is, 'gone up?' The like is used in 2 Chron. 24:13, where the healing of the breaches of Zion is specified: 'So the workmen wrought, and the work was perfected by them,'—Heb., 'The healing went up upon the work.' When a man is sick, he is, in our usual phrase, said to be cast down. His recovery is the raising him up again. Israel is cast down with a voluntary sickness; God sends her physicians of his own, and drugs from the shop of heaven; why is she not then revived, and her health gone up? Would you know why

Israel is not recovered by these helps? Let your meditations go along with me, and I will shew you the reasons why God's physic works not on her:—

(1.) She knew not her own sickness. We say, the first step to health is to know that we are sick. The disease being known, it is half cured. This is the difference betwixt a fever and a lethargy: the one angers the sense, but doth keep it quick, tender, and sensible; the other obstupefies it. The lethargised is not less sick because he complains not so loud as the aguish. He is so much the nearer his own end, as he knows not that his disease is begun. Israel was sick, and knew it not; or, as Christ said of the Pharisees, would not know it. There is no surer course for the devil to work his pleasure on men than to keep them in ignorance. How easily doth that thief rob and spoil the house of our souls, when he hath first put out the candle of knowledge! That tyrannical Nebuchadnezzar carries many a Zedekiah to his infernal Babel when he hath put out his eyes. No marvel 'if the gospel be hid to them' that are hid to it: 'Whose minds the god of this world hath blinded, lest the light of the glorious gospel of God should shine to them,' 2 Cor. 4:3, 4. Who wonders if the blind man cannot see the shining sun? When Antiochus entered to the spoil of the sanctuary, the first things he took away were the golden altar and the candlestick of light, 1 Macc. 1:21. When the devil comes to rifle God's spiritual temple, man's soul, the first booty that he lays his sacrilegious hands on are sacrifice and knowledge, the altar and the lamp. That subtle falconer knows that he could not so quietly carry us on his fist, without baiting and striving against him, if we were not hooded.

Thus wretched is it for a man not to see his wretchedness. Such a one spends his days in a dream; and goes from earth to hell, as Jonah from Israel toward Tarshish, fast asleep. This Paul calls the 'cauterised conscience;' which when the devil, an ill surgeon, would sear up, he first casts his patient into a mortiferous sleep. And, that all the noise which God makes by his ministers, by his menaces, by his judgments, might not waken him, Satan gives him some opium,

an ounce of security, able to cast Samson himself into a slumber, especially when he may lay his voluptuous head on the lap of Delilah. Israel is then sick in sin, and yet thinks herself righteous. Every sin is not this sickness, but only wickedness; a habit and delightful custom in it. For as to a healthful man every ache, or grip, or pang is felt grievous, whiles the sickly entertain them with no great notice, as being daily guests: so the good man finds his repentant heart griped with the least offence, whiles great sins to the wicked are no less portable than familiar. Neither doth their strength in sin grow weaker with their strength in age; but preposterously to nature, the older, the stronger. And as it is storied of Roman Milo, that being accustomed a boy to bear a calf, was able, himself grown a man, to bear the same, being grown a bull;* so these, that in youth have wonted themselves to the load of less sins, want not increase of strength according to the increase of their burdens.

(2.) As Israel did not judge from the cause to the effects, so nor from the effects to the cause. For though she was now grievously pained and pined with misery, she forgot to go down by the boughs to the root, and dig out the ground of her calamity. Ill she was, and that at heart. God's sword from heaven had stroke their very flesh and sinews in several judgments, which came on them by short incursions before he joined the main battle of his wrath. Israel cries out of her bowels, 'she is pained at the very heart,' Jer. 4:19. Her children went with clean teeth, lank cheeks, hollow and sunk eyes. Could she not guess at the cause of this bodily languishment? So Paul schooled his Corinthians: 'For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep,' 1 Cor. 11:30. There is no weakness but originally proceeds from wickedness. As Mephibosheth caught his lameness by falling from his nurse, so every one taketh his illness by falling from his Christ. Though sickness may be eventually a token of love, yet it is properly and originally a stroke of justice. For every disease God inflicts on us is a sermon from heaven, whereby he preacheth to us the vileness of our sins, and his wrathful displeasure for them; that those whom God's vocal sermon cannot move, his actual and real may pierce. Indeed 'all things shall work to their

good,' Rom. 8:28, that are good. And the rough rocks of affliction shall bring them, as Jonathan to the garrison of the Philistines, by those stairs to glory. Miseries do often help a man to mercies. So the leper's incurable disease brought him to the physician of his soul, Matt. 8:2, where he had both cured by one plaster, the saving word of Christ. A weak body may help us to a strong faith. 'It was good for me,' saith the Psalmist, 'that I was in trouble.' It was good for Naaman that he was a leper: this brought him to Elisha, and Elisha to God, 2 Kings 5. It was good for Paul that he was buffeted by Satan. It is proverbially spoken of a grave divine, that, as pride makes sores of salves, so faith makes salves of sores, and, like a cunning apothecary, makes a medicinal composition of some hurtful simples. Of all herbs in the garden, only rue is the herb of grace. And in what garden the rue of affliction is not, all the flowers of grace will be soon overrun with the weeds of impiety. David was a sinner in prosperity, a saint in purgatory. The afflicted soul drives vanity from his door. Prosperity is the playhouse, adversity the temple. *Raræ fumant felicibus aræ,*—The healthy and wealthy man brings seldom sacrifices to God's altar. Israel's misery had been enough to help her recovery, if she had gathered and understood her offence to God by God's visitation on her, and guessed the soul's state by the body's. She did not; therefore her sickness abides. As Christ to the Pharisees: 'You say you see; therefore be blind still.'

(3.) As she did neither directly feel it, nor circumstantially collect it, so she never confessed it. *Prima pars sanitatis est, velle sanari,*[†]—The first entrance to our healing is our own will to be healed. How shall Christ either search our sins by the law, or salve them by the gospel, when we not acknowledge them? *Ipse sibi denegat curam, qui medico non publicat causam,*^{*}—He hath no care of his own cure that will not tell the physician his grief. What spiritual physician shall recover our persons, when we will not discover our sores? *Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat,*—Lay the guilt on yourselves, if you rankle to death. It is heavy in thy friends' ears, to hear thy groans, and sighs, and plaints forced by thy sick passion; but then

sorrow pierceth deepest into their hearts through their eyes, when they see thee grown speechless.

'The tongue then least of all the loss doth moan,

When the life's soul is going out, or gone.'

So there is some hope of the sinner whiles he can groan for his wickedness, and complain against it, and himself for it; but when his voice is hoarsed,—I mean, his acknowledgment gone,—his case is almost desperate. Confession of sins and sores is a notable help to their curing. As pride in all her wardrobe hath not a better garment than humility,—Mary, clad with that, was respected in the eyes of God, Luke 1:48,—so not humility in all her storehouse hath better food than confession. *Dum agnoscit reus, ignoscit Deus*,—While the unjust sinner repents and confesseth, the just God relents and forgiveth. The confident Pharisee goes from God's door without an alms. What need the full be bidden to a feast? *Tolle vulnera, tolle opus medici*. It is fearful for a man to bind two sins together, when he is not able to bear the load of one. To act wickedness, and then to cloak it, is for a man to wound himself, and then go to the devil for a plaster. What man doth conceal, God will not cancel. Iniquities strangled in silence will strangle the soul in heaviness.

There are three degrees of felicity:—[1.] *Non offendere*; [2.] *Noscere*; [3.] *Agnoscere peccata*. The first is, not to sin; the second, to know; the third, to acknowledge our offences. Let us, then, honour him by confession whom we have dishonoured by presumption. Though we have failed in the first part of religion, an upright life, let us not fail in the second, a repentant acknowledgment. Though we cannot shew God, with the Pharisee, an inventory of our holy works,—item, for praying; item, for fasting; item, for paying tithes, &c.,—yet, as dumb as we are and fearful to speak, we can write, with Zechariah, 'His name is John;' 'Grace, grace,' and only 'grace.' *Meritum meum misericordia tua Domine*,[†]—My merit, O Lord, is only thy mercy. Or as another sung well—

'Tu vere pius, ego reus:

Miserere mei Deus;'—

'Thou, Lord, art only God, and only good:

I sinful; let thy mercy be my food.'

Peccatum argumentum soporis, confessio animæ suscitatae,—Sinfulness is a sleep, confession a sign that we are waked. Men dream in their sleeps, but tell their dreams waking. In our sleep of security, we lead a dreaming life, full of vile imaginations; but if we confess and speak our sins to God's glory, and our own shame, it is a token that God's Spirit hath wakened us. Si non confessus lates, inconfessus damnaberis.‡ The way to hide our iniquities at the last, is to lay them open here: 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy,' Prov. 28:13. This is true, though to some a paradox: the way to cover our sins is to uncover them. Quæ aperiuntur in præsentia, operiuntur in ultimo die,—If we now freely lay open our iniquities to our God, he will conceal them at the latter day; else, cruciant plus vulnera clausa, sins that are smothered will in the end fester to death. The mouth of hell is made open to devour us by our sins; when we open our own mouths to confess, we shut that. Israel is not then restored, because her sickness is not declared.

(4.) The last defect of Israel's cure is the want of application. What should a sick man do with physic, when he lets it fust in a vessel, or spills it on the ground? It is ill for a man to mispose that to loss which God hath disposed to his good. Beloved, application is the sweet use to be made of all sermons. In vain to you are our ministries of God's mysteries, when you open not the doors of your hearts to let them in. In vain we smite your rocky hearts, when you pour out no floods of tears. In vain we thunder against your sins, covetous oppressions of men, treacherous rebellions against God, when no man says, 'Master, is it I?' Quod omnibus dicitur, nemini dicitur?—Is

that spoken to no man which is spoken to all men? Whiles covetousness is taxed, not one of twenty churls lays his finger on his own sore. Whiles lust is condemned, what adulterer feels the pulse of his own conscience? Whiles malice is inquired of in the pulpit, there is not a Nabalish neighbour in the church will own it. It is our common armour against the sword of the Spirit: It is not to me he speaks. For which God at last gives them an answerable plague: they shall as desperately put from them all the comforts of the gospel, as they have presumptuously rejected all the precepts of the law. They that would apply no admonition to themselves, nor take one grain out of the whole heap of doctrines for their own use, shall at last, with an invincible forwardness, bespeak themselves every curse in the sacred volume.

Thus easy and ordinary is it for men to be others' physicians, rather than their own; statesmen in foreign commonwealths, not looking into their own doors; sometimes putting on Aaron's robes, and teaching him to teach; and often scalding their lips in their neighbours' pottage. They can weed others' gardens, whiles their own is overrun with nettles; like that soldier that digged a fountain for Cæsar, and perished himself in a voluntary thirst. But charity begins at home; and he that loves not his own soul, I will hardly trust him with mine. The usurer blames his son's pride, sees not his own extortion; and whiles the hypocrite is helping the dissolute out of the mire, he sticks in deeper himself. The Pharisees are on the disciples' jacket for eating with unwashen hands, whiles themselves are not blameworthy that eat with unwashen hearts. No marvel if, when we fix both our eyes on others' wants, we lack a third to see our own. If two blind men rush one upon another in the way, either complains of other's blindness, neither of his own. Thus, like mannerly guests, when a good morsel is carved us, we lay it liberally on another's trencher, and fast ourselves. How much better were it for us to feed on our own portion!

Go back, go back, thou foolish sinner; turn in to thine own house, and stray not with Dinah till thou be ravished. 'Consider your ways in

your hearts,' Hag. 1:5. If thou findest not work enough to do at home, in cleansing thy own heart, come forth then and help thy neighbours. Whosoever you are, sit not like lookers-on at God's mart; but having good wares proffered you, and that so cheap,—'grace, peace,' and remission of sins for nothing,—take it, and bless his name that gives it. Receive with no less thankfulness the physic of admonition he sends you; apply it carefully: if it do not work on your souls effectually, there is nothing left that may do you good. The word of God is powerful as his own majesty, and shall never return back to himself again without speeding the commission it went for. Apply it, then, to your souls in faith and repentance, lest God apply it in fear and vengeance. Lord, open our hearts with the key of grace, that thy holy word may enter in, to reign in us in this world, and to save us in the world to come! Amen.

PHYSIC FROM HEAVEN

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—JER. 8:22.

THE allegory is tripartite, and propounds to our consideration, I. What is the balm; II. Who are the physicians; III. Who are sick. The balm is the word. The physicians are the ministers. The sick are the sinners. For the first:—

I. The balsam tree is a little shrub, never growing past the height of two cubits, and spreading like a vine. The tree is of an ash-colour, the boughs small and tender, the leaves are like to rue.

Isidore thus distinguisheth it: The tree is called balsamum, the root orilo-balsamum, the branches xylo-balsamum, the seed carpo-balsamum, the juice opo-balsamum.

Pliny saith the tree is all medicinable: the chief and prime virtue is in the juice, the second in the seed, the third in the rind, the last and weakest in the stock. It comforts both by tasting and smelling. It is most commonly distinguished by physicians into lignum, semen, liquorem,—the wood, the seed, and the juice. This is the nature of the balsamum.

This holy word is here called balm: and, si fas sit magnis componere parva, if we may compare heavenly with earthly, spiritual with natural things, they agree in many resemblances. The unerring wisdom of heaven hath given this comparison. There is no fear to build on God's ground, whiles the analogy of faith limits us. It is the builder's first and principal care to choose a sure foundation. The rotten, moorish, quicksandy grounds, that some have set their edifices on, have failed their hopes and destituted their intents. How many able wits have spent their times and studies to daub up the

filthy walls of Rome with 'untempered mortar!' Ezek. 13:15. How well had they hunted, if they had not mistaken their game! How rich apparel have they woven for a Babylonish harlot! How well had they sailed, if Rome had not guided their compass! But 'every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is,' 1 Cor. 3:13. Happy is he that hath a rock for his ground, that no gusts, storms, winds, waves, may overturn his house! Matt. 7:24. Though 'other foundation none can lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ,' 1 Cor. 3:11; yet blessed is he that ἐπωκοδόμησε ἐπὶ τὸν θεμέλιον τοῦτον, hath builded safely upon this ground.

God hath here laid my ground; I will be bold to build my speech on that whereon I build my faith. Only sobriety shall be my bounds. We may call God's word that balm-tree whereon the fruit of life grows; a tree that heals, a tree that helps; a tree of both medicament and nutriment; like the 'tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits, and yieldeth her fruit every month,' Rev. 22:2. Neither is the fruit only nourishing, but even 'the leaves of the tree were for healing of the nations.' Now though the balm here, whereunto the word is compared, is more generally taken for the juice, now fitted and ready for application; yet, without pinching the metaphor, or restraining the liberty of it, I see not why it may not so be likened, both for general and particular properties. It is not enough to say this, but to shew it. Let me say it now, shew it anon. For the balm, you have the tree, the seed, the juice. God's word will, not unfitly, parallel it in resemblances, transcend it in effectual properties.

The tree itself is the word. We find the eternal Word so compared: 'I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman,' John 15:1. He is a tree, but arbor inversa, the root of this tree is in heaven. It was once 'made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth,' John 1:14. Now he is in heaven. Only this Word still speaks unto us by his word: the Word incarnate by the word written; made sounding in the mouth of his ministers. This word of his is compared and expressed

by many metaphors: to leaven, for seasoning; to honey, for sweetening; to the hammer, for breaking the stony heart: Jer. 23:29, 'Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?' To a sword that cuts both ways: Heb. 4:12, 'The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword,' &c. Another sword can but enter the flesh and pierce the bones, or at most divide the soul and the body; but this the soul and the spirit, where no other sword can come, no, not the cherubims' fiery sword, that kept the passage of paradise, Gen. 3:24.

It is here a tree, a balm-tree, a salving, a saving-tree. Albumasar saith, that the more medicinable a plant is, the less it nourisheth. But this tree reddit ægrotum sanum, sanum vero saniozem,—makes a sick soul sound, and a whole one sounder. It is not only physic when men be sick, but meat when they be whole. Treacle to expel, a preservative to prevent poison. It is not only a sword to beat back our common enemy, but a bulwark to hinder his approach.

It carries a seed with it, carpo-balsamum, an 'immortal and incorruptible seed,' 1 Pet. 1:13, which concurs to the begetting of a new man, the old rotting and dying away: for it hath power of both, to mortify and dead the flesh, to revive and quicken the spirit; that seed which the 'sower went out to sow,' Matt. 13:3. Happy is the good ground of the heart that receives it! That little mustard-seed, ver. 31, which spreads up into branches, able to give the birds of heaven harbour. Discrimen hoc inter opera Dei et mundi,—This difference is betwixt the works of God and of the world: the works of the world have great and swelling entrances, but, malo fine clauduntur, they halt in the conclusion; the works of God, from a most slender beginning, have a most glorious issue. The word is at first a little seed; how powerful, how plentiful are the effects! how manifold, how manifest are the operations of it! 'casting down the highest things, that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God; and captivating every thought to the obedience of Christ,' 2 Cor. 10:5.

The juice is no less powerful to mollify the stony heart, and make it tender and soft, as 'a heart of flesh.' The seed convinceth the understanding; the juice mollifieth the affections. All is excellent; but still *conspicuum minus, quod maxime est præclarum*, the root that yields this seed, this juice, is the power of God. A tree hath manifest to the eye, leaves, and flowers, and fruits; but the root, most precious, lies hidden. In man the body is seen, not the purer and better part of him, his soul. 'The king's daughter,' though 'her clothing be of wrought gold,' is most 'glorious within,' Ps. 45:13. In all things we see the accidents, not the form, not the substance. There are but few that rightly taste the seed and the juice; but who hath comprehended the root of this balm?

The balsam is a little tree, but it spreads beyond a vine. The virtue of it, in all respects, is full of dilatation. It spreads—1. largely for shadow, 2. pregnantly for fruit, 3. all this from a small beginning. So that we may say of it, as the church of her Saviour, 'As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste,' Cant. 2:3.

1. It spreads. No sharp frosts, nor nipping blasts, nor chilling airs, nor drizzling sleet can mar the beauty or enervate the virtue of this spiritual tree. The more it is stopped, the further it groweth. Many interdictions rung peals of menaces in the apostles' ears, that they 'should speak no more in the name and word of Christ,' Acts 4:17, 18; they did all rather, like bells, toll them into the church, to preach it more fervently. The princes of the nations would have hedged it in with their prohibitions; but the word of heaven and edict of God's spiritual court of glory scorned the prohibitions given by their temporary laws. They might easier have hedged in the wind, or pounded the eagle.

The Jews would have cut down this tree at the root; the Gentiles would have lopped off the branches. They struck at Christ, these at his ministers; both struck short. If they killed the messenger, they

could not reach the message. The blood of the martyrs, spilt at the root of this tree, did make it spread more largely. There never died a preacher for Christ's cause, but almost every ash of his burned flesh bred a Christian. The old foxes of Rome studied, plotted, acted, by policies, stratagems, engines, to give a fatal, final subversion to the gospel; yet they lived to see it flourish, and, because it flourished, died fretting themselves to dust. 'So let thine enemies perish, O Lord,' Judg. 5:31, and burst their malicious bowels that have evil will at Sion, and despite this balm.

It grew maugre all the adverse blasts and floods which the billows of earth or bellows of hell could blow or pour out against it. Let them loose a Barabbas from prison, whiles they shut a Barnabas in prison; let them give Demetrius liberty, whiles they shackle Paul; and at once burn the professors and reward the persecutors of the word: behold, for all this, this balm flourisheth, and sends forth his saving odours. The Philistines shut up Samson in the city Gaza, Judg. 16:2; they bar the gates, watch and guard the passages, and are ready to study for the manner of his death. The Jews shut up Christ in the grave, they bar it, they seal it, they guard it; sure enough, thinks the Jew, hopes the devil, to keep him fast. The Gentiles shut the apostles in prison, chain them, beat them, threat them with worse, that had felt already their bad usage: now they clap their hands at the supposed fall of the gospel. Behold, Samson carries away the gates of Gaza; Christ, the bands of death; the word, the bars of the prison.

What shall I say? Still this balm flourisheth. *Vivit, viget, liber est, supra hominem est.* As Joseph incipit à vinculis ferreis, finit ad torquem aureum,—begins at iron, ends at golden chains; so this balsam, the more it is struck at with the cudgels of reproach and persecution, the faster, the fuller, the further it groweth. The vine but only nourisheth; the balm both nourisheth the good and expelleth the evil that is in man. These two are God's trees. When every god, saith the poet, chose his several tree,—Jupiter the long-lived oak, Neptune the tall cedar, Apollo the green laurel, Venus the white poplar,—Pallas (whom the poets feign to be born of Jupiter's brain,

and mythologists interpret Wisdom) chose the vine. Our true and only God, that owneth all, hath more especially chosen the vine and the balm, one for preservation, the other for restoration of our health.

2. As it gives boughs spaciously, so fruit pregnantly, plentifully. The graces of God hang upon this tree in clusters. 'My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi,' Cant. 1:14. No hungry soul shall go away from this tree unsatisfied.

It is an effectual word, never failing of the intended success. What God's word affirms, his truth performs, whether it be judgment or mercy. *Nec verbum ab intentione quia veritas, nec factum à verbo quia virtus,**—His word differs not from his intent, because he is truth; nor his deed from his word, because he is virtue. What he intends he declares, or rather what he declares he intends—he is just; and what he declares and intends he performs—he is powerful. This is that Delphian sword, that universal instrument, whereby he made, whereby he supports the world, Heb. 1:3. It is not a fruitless and ineffectual word, as man's. *Propter nostrum dicere et velle, nihil in re mutatur,* saith the philosopher,—Our speaking or willing puts no change into any subject. A man is starved with cold, famished with hunger; we advise him to the fire, to repast: is he ever the fuller or fatter for our word? Not unless, like a chameleon, he can live by air. But God's word is fruitful, it feeds. 'Man lives not by bread only, but by God's word,' Matt. 4:4. Our word and will is like an idol's power: God's *volo* is sufficient. *Voluntas ejus, potestas ejus,*—His will is his power. One fiat of his was able to make that was not, but had else lien in everlasting infirmity; to constitute nature when it is not, to confirm or change nature when it is. When God was in the flesh, and went about doing good, a faithful centurion, for his servant so desperately sick, desired not the travel of his feet, nor a dram of his physic, nor so much as the imposition of his hands, but *dic verbum tantum:* 'Lord, say the word only, and my servant shall be healed,' Matt. 8:8. This word is so effectual, that it shall never fail of the purpose it first was sped for. The sun and moon shall fail in their

motions, day and night in their courses, the earth totter on her props, nature itself shall apostate to confusion, before God's word fall away unaccomplished, whether he dispenseth it to affect man's heart, or otherwise disposeth it to effect his will. Of so powerful efficacy is that word which the world despiseth.

3. As this balm spreads patently for shadow, potently for fruit, so all this ariseth from a little seed. God's smallest springs prove at length main oceans. His least beginnings grow into great works, great wonders. How stately the world begins, how lame it is at last! The tower of Babel is begun as if it scorned heaven and scared earth; how easy a stratagem from above overthrows it, though God never laid finger to it! Nebuchadnezzar begins with, 'Who is God?' and anon scarce reserves to himself the visible difference from a beast. Another Nebuchadnezzar exterminates all gods from the earth, that himself might reign (*solus Deus in solio*, who was rather *dæmon in folio*) only god: behold, a silly woman overthrows him in his great Holofernes. With such proud entrance doth the world begin his scenes; with such ridiculous shame do they lag off. Our God from small beginnings raiseth mountains of marvels to us, of praises to himself. Even Joseph, that is in prison, shall ride in the second chariot of Egypt. Drowning Moses shall come to countermand a monarch. Christ, that was buried in a grave, shall 'bruise the nations, and break them with a rod of iron,' Ps. 2:9. Peter, a fisher, shall catch whole countries; a little balm heal a world of people.

Well, it spreads; let us get under the shadow of the branches. Happy and cool refreshing shall the soul scorched with sins and sorrows find there. Never was shade more welcome to the sweltered traveller than this word is to the afflicted conscience.

It is fructual: let it be so to us in operation. It gives us the fruit of life; let us return it the fruits of obedience. God's word is significative to all, operative to his.

It is a powerful voice, whether it give life or kill. Man and music have *virtutem vocis*, the power of voice; God only reserves to himself *vocem virtutis*, the voice of power. 'Lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice. Ascribe ye strength unto God,' Ps. 68:33, 34. I might speak of his thunders in Sinai; but I turn to the songs of Sion, the sweet voice of his gospel, whereof I am an unworthy minister: the voice that speaks Christ and his death, Christ and his life, Christ and his salvation. He that was anointed *pro consortibus* and *præ consortibus*, for his fellows, and 'above his fellows;' who is 'the way, the truth, and the life,' John 14:6. *Via sine devio, veritas sine nubilo, vita sine termino*,—The way with out error, the truth without darkness, the life without end. *Via in exilio veritas in consilio, vita in præmio*,—The way in exile, the truth in counsel, the life in reward. 'Oh, whither shall we go from thee? Lord, thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68. All the word calls us to Christ. Post me, per me, ad me,—after me, by me, to me. After me, because I am truth; by me, because I am the way; to me, because I am life.* *Qua vis ire? Ego sum via. Quo vis ire? Ego sum veritas. Ubi vis permanere? Ego sum vita*,—How wilt thou go? I am the way. Whither wilt thou go? I am the truth. Where wilt thou abide? I am the life.

Now, there is no action without motion, no motion without will, no will without knowledge, no knowledge without hearing, Rom. 10:14. *Ignoti nulla cupido*,—There is no affection to unknown objects. God must then, by this word, call us to himself. Let us come when and whiles he calls us, leaving our former evil loves and evil lives; for *mali amores* make *malos mores*, saith St Augustine. And let us shew the power of this balm in our confirmed healths. A sound conversion is proved by a good conversation. Perhaps these effects in all may not be alike in quantity; let them be in quality. God hath a liberal, not an equal hand; and gives geometrically, by proportion; not arithmetically, to all alike. Only *magis et minus non tollit substantiam*,—the dimensions of greater or less do not annihilate the substance. Our faith may be precious, nay, 'like precious,' 2 Pet. 1:1, though less and weaker. Sanctification admits degrees, justification no latitude. Luther saith, we are as holy as Mary the virgin, not in

life, which is active holiness, but in grace of adoption, which is passive holiness. Come we then faithfully to this balm; so shall we be safe under the shadow, and filled with the fruits thereof. Thus in general; let us now search for some more special concurrences of similitude.

1. The leaves of the balsam are white; the word of God is pure and spotless. Peter saith there is sincerity in it, 1 Pet. 2:2. Perfection itself was the finger that wrote it: neither could the instrumental pens blot it with any corruption; the Spirit of grace giving inspiration, instruction, limitation, that they might say with Paul, *Quod accepi à Domino, tradidi vobis*,—'I received of the Lord that which I delivered to you,' 1 Cor. 11:23; neither more nor less, but just weight. It is pure as gold fined in a sevenfold furnace, Ps. 12:6. 'Every word of God is pure,' saith Solomon, Prov. 30:5. There is no breath or steam of sin to infect it. The sun is darkness to it, the very angels are short of it. It is white, immaculate, and so unblemishable, that the very mouth of the devil could not sully it. Even the known father of lies thought to disparage the credit of the Scriptures, by taking them into his mouth; he could not do it. They are too unchangeably white to receive the aspersion of any spot.

2. The balsam, say the physicians, is *gustu mordax et acre*,—sharp and biting in the taste, but wholesome in digestion. The holy word is no otherwise to the unregenerate palate, but to the sanctified soul it is sweeter than the honeycomb. The church saith, 'His fruit is sweet unto my taste,' Cant. 2:3. It is 'folly to the Jews, and a stumblingblock to the Gentiles; but to the called, both of Jews and Gentiles, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,' 1 Cor. 1:24. *Saluberrima raro jucundissima*,—Relish and goodness are not ever in the same material. The gospel is like leaven, sour to the natural spirit, yet makes him holy bread. It is said of the leaven, to which Christ compares the word, that *massam acrore grato excitat*,—it puts into the lump a savoury sourness. It is acror, but gratus,—sharp, but acceptable. The word may relish bitter to many, but is wholesome. There cannot be sharper pills given to the usurer than to cast up his

unjust gains. The potion that must scour the adulterer's reins makes him very sick. He that will let the proud man's pleurisy blood, must needs prick him. To bridle the voluptuous beast, will make him stamp and fret. All correction to our corrupt nature runs against the grain of our affections. He that would bring Mammon to the bar, and arraign him, shall have judge, jury, sitters, and standers, a whole court and sessions, against him. These sins are as hardly parted with of the owners, as the eye, hand, or foot, necessary and ill-spared member. Forbid the courtly Herod his Herodias; the noble Naaman his Rimmon; the gallant Samson his Delilah; the city Dives his quotidian feast; the country Nabal his churlishness; the rustical Gergesites their hoggishness; the Popish Laban his little gods; the Ahabish landlord his enclosings; and you give them bitter almonds, that will not digest with them: like the queasy mass-priest, whose god would not stay in his stomach. But let God work the heart with the preparative of his preventing grace, and then this balm will have a sweet and pleasing savour.

There are too many that will not open their lips to taste of this balm, nor their ears to hear the word. But as one mocks the Popish priest celebrating the mass, (who useth one trick, amongst other histrionical gestures, of stopping his ears,) that he doth it lest he should hear the crackling of his Saviour's bones—

'Digitis tunc obserat aures,

Ne collisa crepent Christi, quem conterit, ossa;'

so these become voluntarily deaf adders, and will not hear 'Christ crucified,' the 'preaching of the cross of Christ,' as Paul calls it; which is able to kill our sins and quicken our souls, Phil. 3:18, Gal. 3:1. I have read it reported that the adders in the east, and those hot countries, did so subtly evade the charmers thus: when she hears the pipe, she will couch one ear close to the ground, and cover the other with her tail. So do worldlings: they fill one ear with earth, as much covetous dirt as they can cram into it; the other ear they close

up with their lewd lusts, as the adder with her winding tail; that they have none left for their God, for their good. And being thus deaf to holy and heavenly incantations, they are easily by Satan overreached, overruled, overthrown.

So unwieldy is Christ's yoke to the raging mule; so heavy his burden to the reluctant horse, Ps. 32:9; hard his law to the carnal Capernaite; so sour his balm to the wicked palate; though to the godly his 'yoke is easy, and his burden light,' Matt. 11:30. 'Woe unto them, for they call sweet sour,' Isa. 5:20, God's balm distasteful; and 'sour sweet,' the world's poison savoury. They are not more propitious to vice than malicious against goodness. For others, they love a Barabbas better than a Barnabas. For themselves, every one had rather be a Dives than a Divus; a rich sinner than a poor saint. No marvel if the blind man cannot judge of colours, nor the deaf distinguish sounds, nor the sick relish meats. God's word is sweet, however they judge it; and their hearts are sour, however they will not think it. 'My ways are equal, but your ways are unequal, saith the Lord of hosts,' Ezek. 18:25, 29.

3. They write of the balsamum, that the manner of getting out the juice is by wounding the tree: *Sauciata arbor præbet opobalsamum*. Provided that they cut no further than the rind; for if the wound extends to the body of the tree, it bleeds to death. I have read no less of vines that are unjustly pruned; they bleed away their lives with the sap. The issuing balm is called *opobalsamum*, as some from the Greek *opo*, which signifies a den, or rather of *όπος*, juice. A treble lesson here invites our observation:—

Obs. 1.—The balsam tree weeps out a kind of gum, like tears; the word of God doth compassionately bemoan our sins. Christ wept not only tears for Jerusalem, but blood for the world. His wounds gush out like fountains, and every drop is blood. *Ecce in lachrymis, in sanguine locutus est mundo*. His whole life was a continual mourning for our sins. *Nunquam ridere dictus, flere sæpissime*. He may adjure us to repentance and obedience by more forcible

arguments than ever Dido used to Æneas: Ego vos per has lachrymas, per hos gemitus, per hæc vulnera, per corpus sanguine mersum,—I entreat you by tears, by groans, by wounds, by a body, as it were, drowned in its own blood: by all these mercies of Christ, whereby we do not only persuade you of ourselves, Rom. 12:1, but 'God doth beseech you through us,' 2 Cor. 5:20. If those tears, sighs, wounds, blood, move not our consciences, we have impenetrable souls. If the heart-blood of Christ cannot make thy heart to relent, and thy feet to tremble, when thy concupiscence sends them on some wicked errand; thy hands, tongue, and all parts and powers of thee to forget their office, when thou wouldst sin obstinately; thou art in a desperate case. These were the tears of this balm tree. The word doth in many places, as it were, weep for our sins, panting out the grievance of a compassionate God: 'Why will ye die, O ye house of Israel?' Ezek. 18:31. What prophet hath written without sorrow? One of them threnos suspirat, sighs out a book of Lamentations, which Greg. Nazianzen saith, Nunquam à se siccis oculis lectos esse,—that he could never read with dry eyes. The other prophets also curas hominum gesserunt, took on them the burden of many men's sorrows. Cyprian had so compassionate a sympathy of others' evil deeds, evil sufferings, that cum singulis pectus meum copulo, cum plangentibus plango, saith he,—I join my breast with others, and challenge a partnership in their griefs. A minister, saith Chrysostom, debet esse lugens sua et aliena delicta,* should be still lamenting his own sins, and the sins of his people. Monachus est plangentis officium, †—The office of a minister is the office of a mourner. All these are but as canes, to derive upon us the tears of this balm.

Obs. 2.—The way to get out the juice of balm from God's word is by cutting it, skilful division of it, which St Paul calls ὀρθοτομοῦντα τὸν λόγον τῆς ἀληθείας, 'rightly dividing the word of truth,' 2 Tim. 2:15. It is true that God's word is panis vitæ, 'the bread of life;' but whiles it is in the whole loaf, many cannot help themselves: it is needful for children to have it cut to them in pieces. Though the spice unbroken be sweet and excellent, yet doth it then treble the savour in delicacy when it is pounded in a mortar. All the balm-tree is medicinal, yet

the effectual working is better helped by cutting the stock, by taking out the juice, and distributing to every man a portion, according to the proportion of his wants. With no less heedfulness must the word be divided, that some may receive it gentle and mollifying, and others as a sharper ingredient. As there is a double composition in men, pride and humility, so there must be a double disposition in preaching the word, of meekness, of terror. Aaron's bells must be wisely rung, sometimes the treble of mercy, sometimes the tenor of judgment, sometimes the countertenor of reproof, and often the mean of exhortation. There is no less discretion required to application than to explication. As physicians prescribe their medicines by drams or ounces, according to the patient's strength or weakness, so divines must feed some with milk, others with stronger meat. The learned should have deeper points, the simple plainer principles. How easy is it for many a weak stomach to surfeit even on the food of life, though the fault lies not in any superfluity of the word, but in the deficiency of his understanding! The absence of sobriety in the speaker is more intolerable than in the hearer. The people must take such meat as their cooks dress to them. Let none of Eli's sons slubber up the Lord's sacrifice or service. Let not good balm be marred by a fusty vessel. Seasonable discretion must attend upon sound knowledge. Wisdom without wit is meat without salt; wit without wisdom is salt without meat. Some wells are so deep that a man can draw no water out of them; these bury their gifts in the grave of sullen silence. Some are shallow pits, that run so long open mouth till their springs are quite dry; whiles they will be prius doctores quam discipuli,—masters that never were scholars, and leap into Paul's chair when they never sat at the feet of Gamaliel. There must be therefore wisdom both in the dispensers and hearers of God's mysteries; in the former to distribute, in the other to apportion their due and fit share of this balm.

Obs. 3.—The balsam tree being wounded too deep, dies; the word of God cannot be marred, it may be martyred, and forced to suffer injurious interpretations. The Papists have made, and called, the Scriptures a nose of wax; and they wring this nose so hard that, as

Solomon says, they force out blood, Prov. 30:33. As Christ once, so his word often is crucified between two thieves—the Papist on the left hand, the schismatic on the right. These would ravish the virgin-pureness of the gospel, and adulterate the beauty of it. They cannot cut, except they cut a-pieces; nor distinguish, but they must extinguish. They divide fair, but they leave the quotient empty. They subdivide till they bring all to nothing but fractions, but factions. We may observe that among these, there are as few unifici in the church as munifici in the commonwealth. They are commonly most miserable men of their purses, most prodigal of their opinions. They divide the word too plentifully to their turbulent auditors; they divide their goods too sparingly to poor Christians. There are too many of such ill logicians, that divide all things, define nothing. As a modern poet well—

'Definit logicus res, non modo dividit; at nos

Nil definimus, omnia dividimus.'

These pierce the balm too deep: not to strain out juice, but blood, and, in what they are able, to kill it.

4. When the balsam is cut, they use to set vials in the dens, to receive the juice or sap; when the word is divided by preaching, the people should bring vials with them, to gather this saving balm. These vials are our ears, which should couch close to the pulpit, that this intrinsic balm may not be spilt besides. How many sermons are lost whiles you bring not with you the vessels of attention! We cut, and divide, and sluice out rivers of saving health from this tree, but all runs besides, and so your health is not recovered. You come frequently to the wells of life, but you bring no pitchers with you. You cry on us for store of preaching, and call us idle drones, if we go not double journey every Sabbath, but still you go home with unfallowed, with unhallowed hearts, Hos. 10:12. Our Gilead affords you balm enough, yet you have sickly souls. You hear to hear, and to feed either your humours, or your opinions, or your hypocrisies. You shall

hear a puffed Ananias cry, Alas! for his non-preaching minister; if, at least, he forbears his snarling and currish invectives of 'dumb dog,' &c. When, alas! let many apostles come, with the holy conjuration of prayer and preaching, yet they cannot cast out the deaf devil in many of them. They blame our dumb dogs, not their own deaf devils. They would seem to cure us that are sent to cure them, if at least they would be cured. 'We would have cured Babel;' nay, we would have cured Bethel, 'but she would not be cured.'

It will be said that most hearers bring with them the vials of attention. Yield it; yet, for the most part, they are either without mouths or without bottoms. Without mouths to let in one drop of this balm of grace; or without bottoms, that when we have put it in, and look to see it again in your lives, behold, it is run through you, as water through a sieve, and scarce leaves any wet behind it. And, to speak impartially, many of you that have vials with bottoms,—ears of attention, with hearts of retention and of remembrance,—yet they are so narrow at the top that they are not capable but of drop by drop. Think not yourselves so able to receive at the ear and conceive at the heart innumerable things at once. You are not broad glasses, but narrow-necked vials; and then best receive this balm of life when it is stilled from the limbec of preaching with a soft fire, and a gentle pouring in. So saith the prophet: 'Line must be added to line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.' When a great vessel pours liquor into a strait-mouthed vial, the source must be small and sparing, fit to the capacity of the receiver, that in time it may be filled. It is often seen that when this juice comes with too full and frequent a stream, almost all runs besides. I do not speak this *vel prohibendi, vel cohibendi animo*, to curb the forwardness of godly ministers, or persuade the rarity of sermons,—God still, of his mercy, multiply 'labourers into,' and labours in, 'his harvest!'—but to correct your obstreperous clamours against us: not to chill the heat of your zealous hearing, but to enkindle the fire of your conscionable obeying. Do not stand so much upon sacrifice, that you forget mercy. Be not so angry for want of two or three sermons in a week, when you will not obey the least doctrine of one in a month. You bless your

Samuels in the name of the Lord, with protestation of your obedience to the will of the Lord: we reply, 'What means then the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen in our ears?' 1 Sam. 15:13, 14,—the loud noise of your oaths, injuries, oppressions, frauds, circumventions? You come with books in your hands, but with no book for God's Spirit to write obedience in. A Bible under the arm, with many, is but like a rule at one's back, whiles all his actions are out of square. The history of the Bible is carried away easier than the mystery.

Philosophy saith that there is no vacuity, no vessel is empty; if of water or other such liquid and material substances, yet not of air. So perhaps you bring hither vials to receive this balm of grace, and carry them away full, but only full of wind; a vast, incircumscribed, and swimming knowledge, a notion, a mere implicit and confused tenency of many things, which lie like corn, loose on the floor of their brains. How rare is it to see a vial carried from the church full of balm, a conscience of grace! I know there are many names in our Sardis; I speak not to dishearten any, but to encourage all. Only, would to God we would shew less, and do more, of goodness! Yet shew freely, if you do godly. I reprehend not shewing, but not doing. We preach not to your flesh, but to your spirits; neither is this balm for the ear, but for the soul. Therefore I sum up this observation with a fater: *Quantum vas fidei capax afferimus, tantum gratiæ inundantis haurimus,**—Look, how capacious a vessel of faith we bring with us to the temple, so much of this gracious and flowing balm of life we receive. Consider that this balm is *animæ languentis medicina*,—the physic for a sick soul. Come to it like patients that desire to be cured. *Quidam veniunt ut nova perquirant, et hæc curiositas est; quidam ut sciantur, et hæc vanitas est,†*—They abuse this word that search it only for news, and this is curiosity; or to get themselves a name, and this is vanity; or to sell the truth, and this is simony; or to jest on it, and this is profaneness; or to confute it, and this is atheism.

You do well condemn, first, them that prefer Machiavel to Moses, Ishmael's scoffs to Jeremiah's tears, Jericho to Jerusalem, the tower of Babel to the gates of Bethel. Or, secondly, those that put away the ministry as a superfluous office, and think they know enough to save themselves.

'Dux ero, miles ero, duce me, me milite solus

Bella geram;—

They will be their own captains and their own soldiers, and without calling the assistance of man or angel, prophet or apostle, they will bandy with the devil and all his army, hand to hand. Or, thirdly, those that, like the collier, dance in a circular measure, and hang all their faith on the hooks of others' belief, exercising all their religion by an exorcising mass, whiles they count the Old and New Testaments books of controversy, and that it is peremptory sacrilege to meddle with the Scriptures. You do well to abhor these dotages; but still look that all be well at home. Love the word, and that with an appetite. *Beati esurientes*,—'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied,' Matt. 5:6. But as you have love to it, so live by it. *Non scholæ, sed vitæ discendum*,—We learn not only to know good, but to live well. *Audiatis ut sciatis*, saith St Bernard,[‡] *sciatis ut ædificemini, et hoc integritas est; ut ædificetis, et hoc charitas est*,—Hear to know, know to edify yourselves, this is integrity; to edify others, this is charity. Bring then to this balm vials of sincerity, not of hypocrisy, lest God fill them with the vials of his indignation. It is not enough to have ears, but 'ears to hear.' Idle auditors are like idle gods, which have members not for use but show; like glass windows upon stone walls, to give ornament, not to receive light.

5. The balsam tree was granted sometimes to one only people—Judea, as Pliny* testifies. It was thence derived to other nations. Who that is a Christian doth not know and confess the appropriation of this spiritual balm once to that only nation? 'He sheweth his word

unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with other nations: and as for his judgments, they have not known them,' Ps. 147:19, 20. Now, as their earthly balm was by their civil merchants transported to other nations; so when this heavenly balm was given to any Gentile, a merchant of their own, a prophet of Israel, carried it. Nineveh could not have it without a Jonah; nor Babylon without some Daniels; and though Paul and the apostles had a commission from Christ to preach the gospel to all nations, yet observe how they take their leave of the Jews: Acts 13:46, 'It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing you put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.' Other lands might brag of their natural and national benefits; only Jewry of both the balms. Non omnis fert omnia tellus. Nihil est omni parte beatum.†

'India mittit ebur; molles dant thura Sabæi;

Totaque thuriferis Panchaia dives arenis.'

Hiram had store of timber, Moab of sheep; Ophir was famous for gold, Chittim for ivory, Bashan for oaks, Lebanon for cedars; Flascon‡ had the best wines, Athens the best honey, Persia the best oil, Babylon the best corn, Tyre the best purple, Tharsis the best ships; the West Indies for gold, the East for spices: but of all, Jewry bore the palm for bearing the balm. Such grace had Israel for the temporal, much more for the spiritual balm, that all nations might make low courtesy to her, as the 'queen of the provinces,' and be beholden to her for the crumbs that fell from her table, as the Syrophœnician desired of Christ. Yet she, that transcended all in her blessings, descended lower than all in her disobedience. And as she lift up her head and gloried in her special privileges, so she might hang down her head for shame at her extraordinary wickednesses.

For it is observed, that there are sins adherent to nations, proper, peculiar, genuine, as their flesh cleaveth to their bones. That as for the climate of heaven, their bodies differ; so for the custom of their

lives, their dispositions vary from others. So that many countries are more dangerous, either for sins or calamities. For of necessity they that live among them must either imitate them and do ill, or hate them and suffer ill, since *amicitiæ pares aut quærunt aut faciunt*,—cohabitation of place seeks or makes coaptation of manners. St Paul notes the Cretians for liars, Titus 1:12; St Luke the Athenians for news inquirers and bearers, Acts 17:21. The Grecians were noted for light, the Parthians for fearful, the Sodomites for gluttons, like as England (God save the sample!) hath now suppld, lithed, and stretched their throats. If we should gather sins to their particular centres, we would appoint pride to Spain, lust to France, poisoning to Italy, drunkenness to Germany, epicurism to England. Now it was Israel's wickedness and wretchedness that they fell to idolatry. Not that other nations were not idolaters, but Israel vilest, because they alone were taught the true worship of God.

Josephus holds that the Jews were the best soldiers of the world, both for ability of body and agility of mind, in strength, in stratagem. Divers people are now excellent fighters one special and singular way. The Romans fight well in their councils, I had almost said fence-schools; the Italians in their shops, the Spaniards in their ships, the Frenchmen in a hold, the Scot with his lance, the Irishman on foot with his dart. But the Jews were, saith Josephus, every way expert. Alas! their victory came not from their own strength; the Lord fought for them. So one of them chaseth ten of his enemies, a hundred chase a thousand. They had the shield of God's protection, the sword of his Spirit, the word of God; defence and offence against their carnal and spiritual enemies. And if ever they received wound to their flesh or spirits, they had here both the sovereign balms to cure them. But, alas! they that were so every way blessed, lost all by losing their balm, and treading it under feet. For this cause their balm is given to us; their aversion, their eversion, is our conversion. They were God's vine, but they lost their sweetness, Isa. 5:4. They were God's olives, but they lost their fatness, Rom. 11:20. Therefore God took away his balm.

6. Pliny affirms, that even when the balsam tree grew only in Jewry, yet it was not growing commonly in the land, as other trees, either for timber, fruit, or medicine; but only in the king's garden. The prepared juice, or opobalsamum, was communicated to their wants; but the trees stood not in a subject's orchard. He saith further, that it grew in two orchards of the king's, whereof the greater was of twenty days' a-ring.* I force no greater credit to this than you will willingly give it, (which yet is not improbable,) but this I build on, and propound for truth, that this spiritual balm grows only in the garden of the King of heaven. 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God,' Rev. 2:7. It grows in the paradise or heavenly orchard of God. The root of it is in heaven: there sits that holy tree 'at the right hand of his Father,' Col. 3:1. His fruit, his seed, his balm he sends down to us, written by his prophets and apostles, read and preached by his ministers.

Mohammed would challenge this balm to grow in his garden, and bids us search for it in his Alcoran. The apostate Jews affirm it to grow in their synagogue, and point us to the Talmud. The Russian or Muscovitish turn us over to their Nicolaitan font, and bid us dive for it there. The Pope plucks us by the sleeve, (as a tradesman that would fain take our money,) and tells us that he only hath the balm, and shews us his mass-book. If we suspect it there, he warrants the virtue from a general council. If it doth not yet smell well, he affirms, not without menacing damnation to our mistrust, that it is even in *scrinio pectoris sui*,—in the closet of his own breast, who cannot err. 'Tut,' saith he, 'as it grows in God's garden simply, it may poison you;' as if it were dangerous to be meddled withal till he had played the apothecary, and adulterated it with his own sophistication.

Well, it can grow in one only garden, and that is God's. There is but one truth, 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' &c., Eph. 4:5. Even they that have held the greatest falsehoods, hold that there is but one truth. Nay, most will confess that this balsam tree is only in God's garden; but they presume to temper the balm at their own pleasure, and will not minister it to the world except their own fancy hath

compounded it, confounded it with their impure mixtures. No false religion, no fundamental heresy, but reserves to appropriation to God of the balm; but they take to themselves the ministration, the adulteration of it. So in effect, they either arrogate the balm to themselves, or take it out of God's garden (as it were, whether he will or no) to plant it in their own. So they brag every one of this balm. But who will not suspect the wares out of a known cozener's shop? It is unlawful and wicked to offer to God's church either another balm, or after another fashion, than he appoints.

But as Clusius writes of new balms, *Peruvianum et balsamum de Tolu*,—from Peru and Tolu; so demonstration is made us of new balms, some rather logical than theological. Germany knows my meaning. Others produce us balms of piety made up with policy; the coat of religion put upon the back of state, where there may be some balm, but it is so mixed that it is marred. For, to a scruple of that, they put in whole ounces of other ingredients: an ounce of *oleum vulpinum*, fox-like subtlety; as much *oleum viperis*, poisonable opinion; and no less *oleum tartari*, &c. A whole pound of policy, an armful of stinking weeds, frivolous and superstitious relics; all these are put to a poor dram or scruple of balm. Nay, and all these shall be dashed and slubbered together by a mass-priest, an idle and unskilful apothecary. And when any conscience is known sore, by auricular confession it shall have a plaster of this stuff.

Perhaps this is that they call their holy oil, which is said to heal the sick body, if it recovers, or to cure the soul of her sins, at least of so many as may keep a man from hell, and put him into purgatory, where he shall have house-room and firewood free, till the Pope, with soul-masses and merits, can get him a plat of ground in heaven to build a house on. How shameful is it to match their oil with God's balm! to kneel to it as God, to ascribe events to it which God works, and, to help the glory of it, to call those works miracles, whereas they might find fitter use for it about their boots! Though it be newly invented, and every day more sophisticate than other, yet they make their patients believe that it is ancient, and derived from Holy

Scriptures; and enter the lists with the champions of God's truth, to maintain the purity and antiquity of it.

A great while they kept God's balm, the word, wholly from the people; now, because the cursings of the people have a little pierced their souls for engrossing this balm and denying it to their sores, they have stopped their mouths with the Rhemish Testament. But as they erst did curse them for hoarding God's grain, so now their just anger is as sharp against them for the musty, mildewed, blasted stuff they buy of them. Their wickedness is no less now in poisoning them, than it was before in starving them. Before, no balm; now, new balm. Before, no plaster to their wounds; now, that which makes them rankle worse. So they have mended the matter as that physician did his patient's health, to whom, because he was urged to minister somewhat, he gave him a potion that despatched his disease and life at once. Thus the Popish balm is, as Renodæus calls one, *vulgare balsamum, exoletum, inodorum, vietum, rancidum*,—stale, unsavoury, rammish, rank, vile.

Such is the sophisticate doctrine of superstitious heretics; speaking for God's precepts their own prescripts; preaching themselves, and in their own names, for ostentation, like the scribes; delivering falsehoods, and fathering them on the Lord—'He hath said it;' abusing men's ears with old wives' tales and old men's dreams, traditions of elders, constitutions of Popes, precepts of men, unwritten truths, untrue writings, either 'withholding the truth in unrighteousness,' or 'selling the word of God for gain,' or 'corrupting it,' 2 Cor. 2:17, and dealing with it as adulterers do in their filthiness; for as these respect not issue, but lust, so the other, not God's glory, but their own wantonness; ministering medicines which God never prescribed to them. How can their 'feet seem beautiful,' Rom. 10:15, when, like monsters, they have too many toes on them, as the giant's son, 2 Sam. 21:20, or too few, as Adonibezek and those whom he maimed, Judg. 1:7, offending either in excess or defect? But it is God's fearful protestation in the end of the book, summing and sealing up all the curses that went before it: 'If they add,' he that hath

power to add plagues with an everlasting concatenation, will multiply their miseries without number or end. 'If they diminish,' he that can abate his blessings so low that not the least scruple shall remain, will return them their own measure, Rev. 22:18. And for you, my brethren, hear the Apostle: 'Let no man beguile you with philosophy and vain deceit,' Col. 2:8, or please you with false balm. You may say of their natural learning, as Albumazer of boleno, henbane: Whiles it grows, saith he, in Persia, it is venomous; but if transplanted and growing in Jerusalem, it is not only good medicine, but good meat. Well, if it were possible that 'an angel from heaven should preach another gospel, than that which God hath delivered and his apostles preached, anathema sit, let him be accursed,' Gal. 1:8; the true balm comes only from the garden of the King of heaven.

7. They write of the balsam tree, that though it spread spaciouly as a vine, yet the boughs bear up themselves; and as you heard before that they must not be pruned, so now here, that they need not be supported: God's word needs no undersetting. It is firmly rooted in heaven, and all the cold storms of human reluctancy and opposition cannot shake it. Nay, the more it is shaken, the faster it grows. The refractory contentions of worldlings to pluck it down, have added no less strength than glory to it. Nor can the ministerial office of the dispensers of it be called an aid or underpropping to it. It is not the balm, but you, that stand in need of our function. He that owns it is powerful enough to protect it. You cannot apply it to yourselves without the physician's help. If you could, or did not more want us, than that doth, you should see it flourish and spread without us. He that 'supports all by his mighty word,' Heb. 1:3, asks no supporter for that word.

The church of Rome challengeth more than the church of God—that she bears up the word; and because she assumes to carry the keys, she presumes that the door of heaven hangs upon her hinges. They say, the church is a pillar: we may join issue with them, and yield it, as a reverend divine said. For a pillar, as it upholds something, so is upholden of something. If then the church be a pillar, Christ is the

rock whereon it stands: now, take away the rock, down comes the pillar. The rock is well enough without the pillar, not the pillar without the rock. They that would build all on their church, yet build their church on Peter; and not only on Peter, that was weak, but on his feigned successor, who is weaker. Now this heir built on Peter, and this church built on this heir, must uphold the word, as they say Atlas did the world. But, alas! if the word do not bear them, they will fall, like water spilt on the ground, not to be saved or gathered up. These are miserable, arrogant, impudent wretches, that think God's word could not hold up the hands,—like Moses, unless Aaron and Hur helped him,—if the Pope and his councils were not: forcing all our credit to the gospel for this, because their church allows it. God's word must then stand or fall at man's approbation or dislike. O indignity to the stable ordinance of an eternal majesty! It is enough for the laws of a temporal prince to have some dependence on his officers' promulgation. He that took no man nor angel to his counsel when he made it, demands the succour of none to preserve it. He is content to propagate the sound thereof through us his trumpets: if it had never been preached by man, it should not have lost the effect. Heaven and earth shall sooner run, like scorched skins, to heaps, than any iota, as small a character as the alphabet affords, shall ineffectually perish. If a man could deny his office, God could speak it by angels, by thunder, by lightning, confusion, terror; by frogs, lice, caterpillars, blasting, plague, leprosy, consumption; as he hath sometimes, holding his peace, preached actually to the world. It is his own balm, and shall spread to his pleasure, and hath no weakness in it, to need man's supportance. Blessed are we under the shadow of the branches, and wise if we build our salvation on it.

8. Physicians write of balsamum, that it is paratu facile et optimum, —easy and excellent to be prepared. This spiritual balm is prepared to our hands: it is but the administration that is required of us, and the application of you. Not that we should slubber it over, as the sons of Eli, in preaching; nor that you should clap it negligently to yourselves in hearing. A mortal wound is not to be jested withal, though the physician hath in his hand the balm that can cure it. Your

constitutions of body are not more various, and often variable, than your affections in soul. There must be some wisdom in us to hit the right box, and to take out that physic which God hath made fit for your griefs. We are sure the shaft that shall kill the devil in you is in God's quiver; indiscretion may easily mistake it, misapply it. This balm is ready, soon had, and cheaply: let not this make you disesteem it. Gallant humours vilipend all things that are cheap. But if in God's mart you refuse his wares, because their price is no greater, you may perhaps one day, when they are gone, curse your withstanding your markets; and being past obtaining, prize it the higher, because in the days of your satiety you did undervalue it. The guests in the gospel, bidden to a supper gratis, make light of it: when the feastmaker had protested against them, that they 'should never taste of his supper,' Luke 14:24, they doubtless would have been glad if their money could have purchased it, though it cost one his farm, and the other his oxen.

9. Balm is utilis ad omnium morborum expugnationem,—good against all diseases. The receipt that Linus, Hercules's schoolmaster, gave him, when he taught him wrestling, was only a balm. Darius, saith Renodæus, so esteemed it, that non modo inter pretiosissimam suppellectilem reponeret, sed cunctis opibus præponeret,—he did not only lay it up amongst his richest treasures, but even prefer it before them all. This spiritual balm is far more precious in itself, and fructuous to all men, if they apprehend it in knowledge, apply themselves to it in obedience: possessing it in science, in conscience. Philosophers, poets, physicians, historians have reported some one extraordinary thing exceeding all the rest in their observations. They talk of cornucopia, that it supplied men with all necessary food. They hammer at the philosopher's stone, which they affirm can turn baser metals into gold. Vulcan's armour, saith the poet, was of proof against all blows. Physicians tell us, that the herb panaces is good for all diseases, and the drug catholicon instead of all purges; as both their names would seem to testify. They come all short of this spiritual balm. It hath in deed and perfection what they attribute to those in fiction. Panace is an herb, whereof Pliny thus testifieth:

Panace, ipso nomine, omnium morborum remedia promittit,—The very name of it promiseth remedy to all sicknesses. It is but a weed to our balsam; which is a tree, a tree of life, a complete paradise of trees of life, flourishing and bearing every month, the fruit being delectable, the leaves medicinal. It is a true purging virtue, to cleanse us from all corruption of spirit, of flesh. 'Now are ye clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you,' John 15:3. Catholicon is a drug, a drudge to it. It purifieth our hearts from all defilings and obstructions in them. A better cornucopia than ever nature, had she been true to their desires and wants, could have produced: the bread of heaven, by which a man lives for ever. A very supernatural stone, more precious than the Indies, if they were consolidate into one quarry; that turns all into purer gold than ever the land of Havilah boasted. A stronger armour than was Vulcan's, to shield us from a more strange and savage enemy than ever Anak begot, the devil, Eph. 6:11. It is a pantry of wholesome food, against fenowed traditions; a physician's shop of antidotes, against the poisons of heresies and the plague of iniquities; a pandect of profitable laws, against rebellious spirits; a treasure of costly jewels, against beggarly rudiments.

The aromatical tree hath sometimes good savour in the rind, sometimes in the flower, sometimes in the fruit. So it fareth in the cinnamon, that is a rind; the mace is the flower, and the nutmeg the fruit. According as the dry and earthy part, mingled with the subtle watery matter, hath the mastery in any tree, more or less, that part smelleth best; as in common flowers, which savour in the flower, when from the stalk or root ariseth nothing. Only the balm smells well in every part. So the word is in every respect the sweet savour of life; though to some, through their own corruption, it becomes the savour of death. We may say of the word, as of the lamb, it is all good: the fleece to clothe, the flesh to eat, the blood for medicine. Thus 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works,' 2 Tim. 3:16, 17. His salubriter, et corriguntur prava, et

nutriuntur parva, et magna oblectantur ingenia,*—Evil wits are corrected, simple are enlightened, strong are delighted by the word. And, In his quotidie proficerem, si eas solas ab ineunte pueritia, usque ad decrepitam senectutem, maximo otio, summo studio, meliore ingenio conarer addiscere,—In these I should continually profit, if from the first day of my understanding, to the last of my old age, I should be conversant with them.

Other things may have in them salubritatem quandam, a certain wholesomeness; but from this balm, sanitas et ipsa vita petitur, health and life itself is derived. Human writings may, like the Aiptæ, put blood in our cheeks, but this is the true physic to cherish our spark, to maintain our life. Other herbs, and plants, and roots may be toxica, and poison the broth; this is Elisha's salt, that only sweetens it. Lignum crucis is lignum vitæ, like Moses's wood, to put a healthful taste into the bitter waters of human knowledge. These are the two Testaments of God, which no man shall interline without certain judgment; like the two pillars of smoke and fire, one dark like the Old, the other bright as the New, only able to conduct us from Egypt to Canaan, and to furnish us with all necessaries by the way, if we depend thereon; the two cherubims, that look directly toward the mercy-seat, both pointing to Jesus Christ; the treasure, that hath both old and new in it, sufficiently able to 'instruct the scribe to the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 13:52. This is that medicamentum medicamentorum, as Petrus Apponensis saith of the balm, ubi nihil deficit, quod in salutem sufficit,—where there is no want of anything requisite to salvation: cujus plenitudinem adoro*—whose fulness I reverence and admire.

This is that light which can justly guide our steps; this is that measure of the sanctuary that must weigh all things; this is that great seal that must warrant all our actions. This gives at one sermon balm sufficient to heal divers diseases. Peter had auditors of divers nations, 'Parthians, Medes, Elamites, &c., Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,' Acts 2:9; and no question but their affections were different, yet were three thousand won at one sermon, ver. 41.

So the multitude, the publicans, the soldiers, had all their lessons at one time, Luke 3:10: so many in number, and such manner of men in nature, had their remedies together, and their several diseases healed, as it were, with one plaster. The people had a doctrine of charity, ver. 11; the publicans, of equity, ver. 13; the soldiers, of innocency, ver. 14. This was prophesied by Isaiah, fulfilled here, and often in Christ's kingdom: 'The wolf is turned to the lamb,' Isa. 11:6, when the soldiers are made harmless; 'the leopard into a calf,' when the publicans are made just; the 'lion and bear into a cow,' when the multitude is made charitable.

Water searcheth, and wind shaketh, and thunder terrifieth even lions, but the word only is strong to convert the heart of man. Some, indeed, both in sense and censure, judge it weak; but they, alas! shall find it, if weak to save them, yet strong to condemn them. If it cannot plant thee, it will supplant thee. This then is that sovereign balm, medicinable to all maladies. Physicians ascribe many healing virtues to their balsam: many, and almost what not? This metaphysical doth more properly challenge that attribution.

1. They say that balm, taken fasting, asthmaticis valde confert, is very good against short-windedness. Truly, God's word lengthens and strengthens the breath of grace; which otherwise would be short, the conscience, as the lungs, being soon obstructed with iniquities. For goodness soon faints where the word is not. Without the gospel, the health of obedience loseth, and the disease of sin gathers strength.

2. They say that balm, taken inwardly, dissolves and breaks the stone in the reins. But Jeremiah, in God's physic-book, saith that our balm is as 'a hammer to break the stone in the heart,' chap. 23:29. The stone in the reins is dangerous, in the bladder painful, but none so deadly as the stone in the heart. This balm suppleth the stony heart, and turns it into a 'heart of flesh.'

3. They commend their balm for a special ease to the anger of a venomous biting. But our balm is more excellent in aculeum

draconis, imo mortis,—against the sting of that great red dragon, nay, of death itself: 'O death, where is thy sting?' 1 Cor. 15:55. Three serpents give us venomous wounds: sin first stings us, the devil next, and death last. This balm of Christ fetcheth out all their poisons.

4. Others say of this balm, that it is good against the obstructions of the liver. I have heard the liver in the body compared with zeal in the soul. The liver, according to the physicians, is the third principal member wherein rest the animal spirits. In the soul two graces precede zeal—faith and repentance. I say not this in thesi, but in hypothesi, not simply, but in respect, and that rather of order than of time. For a man is begotten of immortal seed by the Spirit at once. Now, as the liver heats the stomach, (like fire under the pot,) and thereby succours digestion, so doth zeal heat a man's works with a holy fervour; which are, without that, a cold sacrifice to God. A soul without zeal doth as hardly live as a body without a liver. Haly calls the liver the well of moisture: we may say of zeal, it is the very cistern whence all other graces issue forth into our lives. The liver is called hepar and jecur, because it draweth juice to itself, turneth it into blood, and by veins serveth the body, as the water-house doth a city by pipes. Nay, it ministereth a surging heat to the brain, to the eyes, to the wits, saith Isidore. The pagan necromancers sacrificed only livers on the altar of their god Phœbus, before his oraculous answers were given. In the soul, other graces, as faith, hope, charity, repentance, did first rather breed zeal; but zeal being once enkindled, doth minister nutrimental heat to all these, and is indeed the best sacrifice that we can offer to God. Without zeal, all are like the oblation of Cain.

Now, if any obstructions of sin seem to oppress this zeal in us, this balm of God's word is the only sovereign remedy to cleanse it. For zeal is in danger, as the liver, either by too much heat or too much cold, to be distempered. To overheat the liver of zeal many have found the cause of a perilous surfeit in the conscience: whiles, like the two disciples, nothing could content them but fire from heaven against sinners. 'If ever bishop was in the time of Popery, away with

that office now! If ever mass was said in church, pull it down!' Though some depopulators have now done it in extreme coldness, nay, frozen dregs of heart, making them either no churches or polluted ones; whiles those which were once temples for God's shepherds are now cots for their own: yet they in unmeasurable heat wished what these with unreasonable cold livers affected. Such miserable thieves have crucified the church, one by a new religion in will, the other by a no religion in deed. They would not only take away the abuse, but the thing itself; not only the ceremony, but the substance. As the painter* did the picture of King Henry the Eighth, whom he had drawn fairly with a Bible in his hand, and set it to open view against Queen Mary's coming in triumph through the city; for which being reprov'd by a great man that saw it, and charged to wipe out the book, he, to make sure work, wiped out the Bible and the hand too; and so in mending the fault, he maimed the picture.

This is the effect of preternatural heat, to make of a remedy a disease. Thus whiles they dream that Babylon stands upon ceremonies, they offer to raze the foundations of Jerusalem itself. Well, this balm of God's word, if their sick souls would apply it, might cool this ungentle heat of their livers. For it serves not only to enkindle heat of zeal in the overcold heart, but to refrigerate the preposterous fervour in the fiery-hot. This is the saving balm that scours away the obstructions in the liver, and prevents the dropsy; for the dropsy is nothing else, saith the philosopher, but the error of the digestive virtue in the hollowness of the liver. Some have such hollowness in their zeal, whiles they pretend holiness of zeal, (as was in the iron horns of that false prophet Zedekiah, 1 Kings 22:11,) that for want of applying this balm, they are sick of the dropsy of hypocrisy.

Innumerable are the uses of balm, if we give credit to physicians—*vel potum, vel inunctum*. It strengthens the nerves, it excites and cherisheth the native heat in any part, it succoureth the paralytic, and delayeth the fury of convulsions, &c.; and, last of all, is the most sovereign help either to green wounds or to inveterate ulcers. These, all these, and more than ever was untruly feigned or truly performed

by the balsam to the body, is spiritually fulfilled in this happy, heavenly, and true intrinsic balm, God's word. It heals the sores of the conscience, which either original or actual sin have made in it. It keeps the green wound, which sorrow for sin cuts in the heart, from rankling the soul to death. This is that balsam tree that hath fructum uberrimum, usum saluberrimum,—plenteous fruit, profitable use,—and is, in a word, both a preservative against, and a restorative from, all dangers to a believing Christian. It is not only physic, but health itself, and hath more virtue, saving virtue, validity of saving virtue, than the tongues of men and angels can ever sufficiently describe.

You have here the similitudes. Hear one or two discrepancies of these natural and supernatural balms. For as no metaphor should of necessity run like a coach on four wheels, when to go, like a man, on two sound legs is sufficient; so earthly things, compared with heavenly, must look to fall more short than Linus of Hercules, the shrub of the cedar, or the lowest mole-bank of the highest pyramids.

1. This earthly balm cannot preserve the body of itself, but by the accession of the spiritual balm. Even angels' food (so called, not because they made it, but because they ministered it) cannot nourish without God's word of blessing. For 'every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer,' 1 Tim. 4:4, 5. If the mercy of God be not on our sustenance, we may die with meat in our mouths, like the Israelites. If his providential goodness withhold the virtue, were our garments as costly as the ephod of Aaron, there is no benefit in them. When many are sick, they trust to the physicians, as Asa, 2 Chron. 16:12, or to this balm, fastening their eyes and hopes on that; whereas balm, with the destitution of God's blessing, doth as much good as a branch of herb-John in our pottage. Nature itself declines her ordinary working, when God's revocation hath chidden it. The word without balm can cure; not the best balm without the word.

2. So this natural balm, when the blessing of the word is even added to it, can at utmost but keep the body living till the life's taper be burnt out; or after death, give a short and insensible preservation to it in the sarcophagal grave. But this balm gives life after death, life against death, life without death. 'To whom shall we go? Lord, thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68. The Apostle doth so sound it, the saints in heaven have so found it, and we, if we believe it, if we receive it, shall perceive it to be the word of life. And as Augustine* of God, *Omne bonum nostrum vel ipse, vel ab ipso*,—All our good is either God, or from God; so all our ordinary means of good from God are *vel verbum, vel de verbo*,—either the word, or by the word.

Obs.—The prophet derives the balm from the Mount Gilead, demanding if Gilead be without balm. It seems that Gilead was an aromatical place, and is reckoned by some among the mountains of spice. It is called in some places of Scripture Galeed, and by an easy varying of the points in the Hebrew writing, Gilead, Gen. 31. This mountain was at first so called by Jacob, by reason of that solemn covenant which he there made with his father-in-law, pursuing Laban. Though it be called Mount Gilead before in the chapter, ver. 21, 23, 25, 'He set his face toward Mount Gilead,' &c., yet it is by anticipation; spoken rather as the hill was called when the history was written by Moses, than as it was saluted and ascended by Jacob, who abode in it till Laban overtook him, where the pacified father and the departing son made their covenant. Laban called it Jegar-sahadutha, but Jacob called it Galeed, ver. 47. It signifies 'a heap of witnesses,' a name imposed by occasion of the heap of stones pitched for the league between them: 'Laban said, This heap is a witness between me and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed,' ver. 48. There was one 'Gilead, son of Machir, son of Manasseh,' of whom, because it is said that 'Machir begat Gilead,' Num. 26:29, and of Gilead came the family of the Gileadites, some ascribe the attribution of this name to Mount Gilead. But this mount had the name long before the son of Machir was born. This appears, Num. 32:39, 40. We read of it that it was, (1.) A great mountain; (2.) Fruitful; (3.) Full of cities; (4.) Abounding with spices.

(1.) It was a great mountain, the greatest of all beyond Jordan, in length fifty miles. But as it ran along by other coasts, it received divers names. From Arnon to the city Kedar it is called Gilead; from thence to Bozra it is called Seir; and after, Hermon; so reaching to Damascus, it is joined to Libanus. So Hierome conceiteth on these words of God 'unto the king's house of Judah: Thou art Gilead unto me, and the head of Lebanon,' Jer. 22:6; and therefore Lebanon is the beginning of Gilead.

(2.) Fruitful; abounding with great variety of necessaries and delights, yielding both pleasure and profit. This every part and corner thereof afforded, even as far as Mount Seir, which the Edomites, the generation of Esau, chose for a voluptuous habitation. This the children of Reuben, and the children of Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh, when they saw the land of Gilead, that the place was a place for cattle, Num. 32:1, desired of Moses and of the princes of the congregation that they might possess it,—'for it is a land for cattle, and thy servants have cattle,'—the condition that Moses required being by them granted, that 'they should go armed with their brethren,' till the expulsion of their enemies had given them a quiet seat in Canaan: ver. 25, 'Thy servants will do as my lord commandeth. Only our little ones, our wives, our flocks, and all our cattle, shall be in the cities of Gilead;' Josh. 1:12, 13. The fertility of Gilead contented them, though with the separation of Jordan from their brethren. Our Saviour describing the beauty of his spouse, Cant. 4:1, 2, 'Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair,' inwardly fair with the gifts of his Spirit, and outwardly fair in her comely administration and government: 'thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks,' thy eyes of understanding being full of purity, chastity, simplicity; he adds withal, that 'her hair,' her gracious profession, and appendances of expedient ornaments, are as comely to behold 'as a flock of well-fed goats,' grazing and appearing 'on the fruitful hills of Gilead;' which made them so pregnant, that, 'like a flock of sheep, every one brings out twins, and none is barren among them,' Cant. 4:5, 6. The same praise is redoubled by Christ, chap. 6, &c.

(3.) It was full of cities; a place so fertile, that it was full of inhabitants. 'Jair, the Gileadite, who judged Israel, had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass colts, and they had thirty cities, which are called Havoth-jair unto this day, which are in the land of Gilead,' Judg. 10:4. It was as populous as fructuous, and at once blessed with pregnancy both of fruits for the people and of people for the fruits. It was, before Israel conquered it, in the dominion of the Amorites, Num. 32:39; and more specially of Og, king of Bashan, that remained of the remnant of the giants, Deut. 3:11, whose 'bedstead was a bedstead of iron, nine cubits long, and four cubits broad, after the cubit of a man.' It was not only full of strength in itself, but guarded with cities in the plain: 'All the cities in the plain, and all Gilead, and all Bashan,' &c., Deut. 3:10. So the inheritance of Gad is reckoned by Joshua, 'Their coast was Jazer, and all the cities of Gilead,' chap. 13:25. It appears, then, that Gilead was full of cities, so blessed as if the heavens had made a covenant of good unto it, as Jacob did erst with Laban upon it. A hill of witness indeed, for it really testified God's mercy to Israel. God calls it his own: 'Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine,' Ps. 108:8. The principal or first name of kingdom, that usurping Ishbosheth was by Abner crowned over, was Gilead: 'And he made him king over Gilead, and over the Ashurites,' &c., 1 Sam. 2:9.

(4.) It was, lastly, a mountain of spices; and many strangers resorted thither for that merchandise. Even when the malicious brethren, having thrown innocent Joseph into the pit, 'sat down,' in a secure neglectfulness, 'to eat bread: behold'—surely the Lord sent and directed—'a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh,' Gen. 37:25. By which it appears to be *mons aromatum*, a hill of spices. Therefore God here, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?'

Obs.—The Jews were near to Gilead, it was but on the other side of Jordan. The fetching over their merchandise was no long and dangerous voyage. Yet was this spiritual balm nearer to them; it lay like manna at their doors. *Venit ad limina virtus*. 'The kingdom of

heaven is among you,' saith Christ. There needed no great journey for natural physic, but less for spiritual comfort. Behold, God himself gives his vocal answers between the cherubims. Yet, alas! as it was once justly reprov'd on the monks, and such spiritual or rather carnal convents, in that night of Popery, that the nearer they were to the church the further from God; so it was even verified of the Jews, that by how much they were of all next to the sanctuary, by so much of all remotest from sanctity. And therefore, he that once said, 'Gilead is mine,' Ps. 60:7, and of the temple in Judah, 'This is my house, called by my name,' Jer. 7:10, afterward left both the hill of Gilead, and the Mount Zion, and the holy sanctuary, a prey to the Romans; who left not 'a stone upon a stone' to testify the ruins of it, or for succeeding ages to say, 'This was the temple of God.' Thus saith the prophet Hosea: 'Gilead is a city of them that work iniquity, and is polluted with blood,' chap. 6:8. Therefore God turned that 'fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwelt therein,' Ps. 107:34. For not content with the fertility of their soil, they manured it with blood, saith the prophet. Hence no marvel if it became at last like the cursed mountains of Gilboa, that drank the blood of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. 1:21.

II. You have heard the balm; the next subject that offers itself to our speech is the physicians. 'Is there no balm at Gilead; is there no physician there?' The prophets are allegorically called physicians, as the word is balm. So are the ministers of the gospel in due measure, in their place. To speak properly and fully, Christ is our only physician, and we are but his ministers, bound to apply his saving physic to the sickly souls of his people. It is he only that cures the carcase, the conscience.

1. No physician can heal the body without him. The woman with the bloody issue was not bettered by her physicians, Mark 5:26, though she had emptied all her substance into their purses, till Christ undertook her cure. The leper in the 8th of Matthew, ver. 3, was as hopeless, as hapless, till he met with this physician; and then the least touch of his finger healed him. Physicians deal often, not by

extracting, but protracting the disease; making rather diseases for their cure, than cures for diseases; prolonging our sicknesses by art, which nature, or rather nature's defect, hath not made so tedious. Therefore, as one saith wittily, the best physic is to take no physic; or, as another boldly, our new physic is worse than our old sickness. But when our diseases be committed to this heavenly doctor, and he is pleased to take them in hand, our venture is without all peradventure, we shall be healed. The least touch of his finger, the breath of his mouth, can cast out the evil in us, can cast out the devil in us; he can, he will cure us.

2. No minister can heal the conscience where Christ hath not given a blessing to it. Otherwise he may lament with the prophet, 'I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought,' Isa. 49:4; or, as the Apostle, 'I have fished all night, and caught nothing; yet at thy command,' &c. 'Who then is Paul, or who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase,' 1 Cor. 3:5, 6. If any be blind, he is the oculist; if any be lame, he sets the bones; if any be wounded, he is the chirurgeon; if any be sick, he is the physician.

They write of the Indian physicians, that they cure the wound by sucking the poison. Christ heals after a manner, I know not whether more loving and strange, by taking the disease upon himself: 'Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,' 1 Pet. 2:24. 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, and with his stripes we are healed; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all,' Isa. 53:5, 6. As the scape-goat was said to 'bear upon him the sins of Israel,' Lev. 16:22, so saith the prophet of his antitype, Christ, *morbos portavit nostros*, 'he hath borne our griefs,' Isa. 53:4; too unsupportable a burden for our shoulders, able to sink us down to hell, as they did Cain and Judas, if they had been imposed. *Tulit Jesus*,—'Christ carried our sorrows.' Never was such a physician, that changed healths with his sick patient. But he was humbled for us. Man's maker is made man, the world's succourer takes suck, the 'bread' is hungry, the 'fountain' thirsty, the 'light'

sleepy, the 'way' weary, the 'truth' accused, the 'judge' condemned; health itself is become sick, nay, dead, for our salvation. For man's sake (such was our weakness) Christ descended, (such was his kindness,) and took on him to cure us, (such was his goodness,) and performed it, (such was his greatness.) It was not Abana nor Pharpar, nor all the rivers of Damascus, not the water of Jordan, though bathing in it seventy times, not Job's 'snow-water,' nor David's 'water of hyssop,' not the pool of Bethesda, though stirred with a thousand angels, that was able to wash us clean. Only *fusus sanguis medici, factum medicamentum phrenetici*,—the blood of the physician is spilt, that it may become a medicine of salvation to all believers. This is the pelican, that preserves her young with her own blood. This is the goat, that with his warm gore breaks the adamants of our hearts. This is 'that Lamb of God,' that with his own blood 'takes away the sins of the world,' John 1:29. When the oracle had told the king of Athens that himself must die in the battle, or his whole army perish, Codrus, then king, never stuck at it, but obtruded his own life into the jaws of inevitable death, that he might save his people's. The King of heaven was more freely willing to 'lay down his,' for the redemption of his saints, when the eternal decree of God had propounded him the choice. Is there no means to recover the sick world, but I must die that it may live? Then take my life, quoth Life itself. Thus *pro me doluit, qui non habuit, quod pro se doleret*,*—he was made sick for me, that I might be made sound in him.

This then is our physician, in whom alone is saving health. As Sybilla sung of him—

Πάντα λόγῳ πράττων, πᾶσαν τε νόσον θεραπεύων.

'Virgineus partus, magnoque æquæva Parenti

Progenies, superas cœli quæ missa per auras,

Antiquam generis labem mortalibus ægris

Abluit, obstructique viam patefecit Olympi.'

'He wrought all things with his word, and healed every disease with his power.' To him let us resort, confessing our sores, our sorrows. 'They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,' Matt. 9:12. 'Foolish men, because of their iniquities, are afflicted; that their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near to the gates of death. Yet they cry unto this physician, and he delivers them from their distress,' Ps. 107:17–19. So he hath promised in the Testament, both of his law and of his gospel: 'Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee,' Ps. 50:15. 'Come to me, all that are laden, and I will give you rest,' Matt. 11:28. There never went sorrowful beggar from his door without an alms. No marvel if he be not cured, that is opinionated of his own health. They say that the tench is the physician of fishes; and they being hurt, come to him for cure. All the fishes that are caught in the net of the gospel come to Christ, who is the King of physicians, and the Physician of kings. Come then to him, beloved, not as to a master in name only, as the lawyer, Matt. 22:36, but as to a Saviour indeed, as the leper, Matt. 8:2, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' *Non tanquam ad Dominum titularem, sed tanquam ad Dominum tutelarem*, as one elegantly.

Ministers are physicians under Christ, sent only with his physic in their hands, and taught to apply it to our necessities. Neither the physician of the body nor of the soul can heal by any virtue inherent in, or derived from themselves. We must take all out of God's warehouse. God hath a double box—of nature, of grace; as man hath a double sickness—of flesh, of spirit.

1. The first box is mentioned Ecclus. 38, 'The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them.' God hath not scanted earth of drugs and minerals, the simples of physic, for such as tread on it. And howsoever our vanity in health transport our thoughts, earth hath no more precious thing in it than, as sustenance to preserve, so medicine to restore us. You that have digged into the entrails of the dead earth, and not spared the bowels of the living earth, the poor, for riches: you that have set that at your

heart which was cast down at the apostles' feet, money, Acts 4:35, as fit only for sanctified men to tread upon in contempt: you that have neglected heaven, which God hath made your glorious ceiling, and richly stuck it, like a bright canopy, with burning lights, and doted on your pavement, made only for your feet to tread upon; fixing your eyes and thoughts on that which God hath indisposed to be your object; for man's countenance is erect, lessening his soul to a just and holy aspiration: you that have put so fair for the philosopher's stone, that you have endeavoured to sublimate it out of poor men's bones, ground to powder by your oppressions: you that have buried your gods so soon as you have found them out, as Rachel did Laban's in the litter, and sit down with rest on them, saying to the wedge, 'Thou art my confidence,' Job 31:24;—when your heads ache, dissolve your gold, and drink it; wallow your crazy carcase in your silver, wrap it in perfumes and silks, and try what ease it will afford you. Will not a silly and contemptible weed, prepared by a skilful physician, give you more comfort? Doth not the common air, which you receive in and breathe out again, refresh you better? How eager are our desires of superfluities, how neglectful of necessities! This box of treasures hath God given us, and endued some with knowledge to minister them, lest our ignorance might not rather prejudice than succour our healths. No physician, then, cures of himself, no more than the hand feeds the mouth. The meat doth the one, the medicine doth the other; though the physician and the hand be unspared* instruments to their several purposes. Thus God relieves our health from the box of nature.

2. The other box is grace; whence the divine draweth out sundry remedies for our diseases of soul. This is not so common as that of nature. Once one nation had it of all the world, now all the world rather than that nation. But it is certain they have it only to whom the gospel is preached. It is indeed denied to none that do not deny their faith to it. Christ is 'that Lamb, that takes away τὴν ἁμαρτίαν τοῦ κόσμου, the sin of the world,' John 1:29. But many want the physicians to teach and apply this. 'And how shall they preach except they be sent?' Rom. 10:15. Now, where these physicians are, is the

people healed by any virtue derived from them? Is it the perfumer that gives such sweet odours, or his perfumes? 'Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?' Acts 3:12. 'Be it known to you all, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth doth this man stand whole before you,' chap. 4:10. 'Therefore,' saith St Paul, concluding this doctrine so thoroughly handled, 'let no man glory in men; for all things are yours, whether Paul,' &c.; 'all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's,' 1 Cor. 3:21, &c. It is the tidings we bring that saves you, not our persons. Moses, that gave the law, could not frame his own heart to the obedience of it. It lies not in our power to beget faith in our own souls. 'The heart of the king is in the hands of God, as are the waters in the south.' The souls of all, prince and people, prophets and Nazarites, preachers and hearers, learned and ignorant, are converted by God, by whom they were created. It was the voice even of a prophet, 'Turn us, O Lord, and so shall we be turned.'

Use.—This consideration may serve to humble our hearts, whom God hath trusted with the dispensation of his oracles. It is a sacrilegious sin for any spiritual physician to ascribe God's doing to his own saying, and to make his glory cleave to earthen fingers. As Menecrates, a natural one, wrote in a certain epistle to Philip of Macedon: 'Thou art king of Macedon, I of physic. It lies in thy power to take health and life from men, in mine to give it.' So monstrous was his pride, yet so applauded by the besotted citizens, that he marched with a train of gods after him: one in the habit of Hercules, another of Mercury, a third in the form of Apollo; whilst himself, like Jupiter, walked with a purple robe, a crown of gold, and a sceptre; boasting that by his art he could breathe life into men. Foolish clay! he could not preserve himself from mouldering to dust. Ostentation in a spiritual physician is worse, by how much our profession teacheth us to be more humble. It is a high climbing pride in any pharisee, and injurious to the throne of God, to arrogate to himself a converting power. As in the fable, the fly sitting on the coach-wheel at the games of Olympia, gave out that it was she which made so great a dust. Or as that malecontent in a deep melancholy, who

hearing the winds blow furiously, thought it was only his breath which made all that blustering. It is God only that can turn the heart and turn the tongue, heal the body and help the soul. Let the instruments have just respect, God alone the praise. 'Honour the physician with the honour due unto him: for the Lord hath created him,' Ecclus. 38:1; and 'count the well-ruling elders worthy of double honour,' 1 Tim. 5:17. But let God be glorified, as the author of all, above all, for all.

It hath pleased God to call his ministers by this title, physicians: many duties hence accrue to our instruction. I cannot, I need not, dwell much on them; for every one can lesson us that will not be lessoned by us. Not that we refuse knowledge from any lips,—since nothing can be said well but by God's Spirit, who sometimes reproveth a Jonah by a mariner, a Peter by a silly damsel, a Balaam by an ass,—but because they whose lips God hath seasoned, sealed to preserve knowledge, are held contemptible, and their feet foul that bring the fairest message; so the frantic patient beats the medicine about his ears that brings it. The prophets would have cured Jerusalem, behold Jerusalem killeth them! You kill us still, though not in our natural, yet in our civil life, our reputation. We feel not your murderings, but your murmurings. Ishmael's tongue made him a persecutor, as well as Esau's hands. Only our God comforts us, as he did Samuel: 'They have not cast thee away, but they have cast me away, saith the Lord.' A word or two, therefore, concerning their care of your cure.

1. The physician must apply himself to the nature of his patient: so the minister to the disposition of his hearer; leading the gentle, and drawing the refractory; winning some with love, and 'pulling others out of the fire; having compassion on some, and saving others with fear,' Jude 22, 23. *Medicamenti dosis pro cœli et soli natura mutanda*,—The prescription of the medicine must be diversified according to the nature of the soil and the air. He shall never cure men's consciences that looks not to their affections, 'making a difference.' Paul testifieth of himself, 'I became to the Jews as a Jew, &c.; to the weak as weak, that I might save the weak: I am made all

things to all men, that by all means I might save some,' 1 Cor. 9:20–22. We must vary our speech to their weak understandings; 'judgment to whom judgment, mercy to whom mercy belongs.'

And you, beloved, must also apply yourselves to us; not scorning your own preacher, and running with itching ears to others, delighting rather in the variety of teachers than in the verity of doctrines. It fares with ministers as with fish, none so welcome as the new come. Set aside prejudice. The meanest preacher whom God hath sent you can shew you that which, if you obediently follow, shall effectually save your souls. The word is powerful, what instrument soever brings it; and God's 'strength is made manifest in our weakness.' Hear all, despise none. And as we are bound to 'feed that flock whereof the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers,' Acts 20:28; so do you content yourselves with that pastor whom God hath sent to feed you. Factions have thus been kindled, and how hardly are they extinguished! Whiles one is for Paul, another for Apollos, a third for Cephas: or rather, (for these preserved one analogy of truth in their doctrine, and only differed in plainness and eloquence of speech,) when some are for Cephas, and others for Caiaphas; some for apostles, and others for apostates; some for sincere preachers, others for schismatical sectaries; thus observing rather the diversity of instructors than the unity of truth;—there arise, in the end, as many minds as men, as many sects as cities, as many gospels as gossips.

2. The physician must not commit his patient's health to the apothecary. God hath trusted thee with his people's welfare, whom 'he hath purchased with his own blood:' thou must not be at thy man, and impose all on him. It was the reason that the Roman's horse was so ill tended, himself so well: *Ego euro meipsum, Staius vero equum*,—I look to myself, but my man looks to my horse. The like reason sometimes makes fat shepherds and lean flocks. God hath placed us as mothers, to bear children unto him: now as we must not be barren, and bring forth none, Gal. 4:19, so we must not, when we have them, put them forth to nurse. It is not more unkind in a natural, than unnatural in a spiritual mother. There is a necessary

use of the apothecary, so of the reader. He that digs the ground is not to be despised, though a more exquisite gardener draws the knot. But it is dangerous to trust all on him, and do God's business by an attorney. God hath given thee the milk, that thou shouldest feed his sheep, and not put them over to an hireling, John 10:12, who suffers the wolf to enter and tear the lambs, never breaking his sleep for the matter. Not but that preaching may yield to a more weighty dispensation. When the vaunts of some heretical Goliath shall draw us forth to encounter him with our pens against whom we cannot draw the sword of our tongues; when the greater business of God's church shall warrant our non-residence to the inferior; when one is called from being a mariner, and running about, to the office of a pilot, to sit still at the helm: then, and upon these grounds, we may be tolerated by another physician to serve our cures,—for so I find our charges, not without allusion to this metaphor, called,—a physician, I say; that is, a skilful divine, not an illiterate apothecary, an insufficient reader. That mere reading of the Scriptures hath, and may save souls, who ever doubted? But that preaching with reading is more effectual, can it be denied? Oh, then, that any of the 'sons of the prophets,' whom God hath blessed with knowledge of his heavenly physic, should sit down on the chair of security, or shut themselves in the cells of obscurity, or chamber themselves perpetually in a college, or graze on the private commons of one man's benevolence, as Micah had his Levite to himself, whiles their gifts are not communicated to the church of God!

Every spiritual physician must keep his right ubi. It is well observed by Aretius, upon the occasional calling of Peter and Andrew when they were fishing, that God is wont to bless men especially when they are busied in their proper element: working, as the father charged his son, 'in his vineyard,' Matt. 21:28. Not in the wilderness of the world, nor in the labyrinth of lusts, nor in the field of covetousness, nor in the house of security, much less in the chamber of wantonness, or in the tavern of drunkenness, or theatre of lewdness, but in God's vineyard, their general or particular calling. Our vocations must be kept and followed; not making ourselves magistrates in foreign

commonwealths, bishops in others' dioceses, scalding our lips in our neighbours' pottage. When those shepherds heard the first glad tidings of Christ, they were 'attending their flocks by night in the field,' Luke 2:8. Saul, going honestly about his father's business, met with a kingdom. And David was at the folds when Samuel came with the holy oil. We say, *Pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus;* and, *Miles equis, Piscator aquis, &c.*

'*Quod medicorum est*

Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilia fabri;'—*

Let none prescribe physic but practitioners in that faculty; none plead at the bar but lawyers. Let the shoemaker look to his boot, the fisher to his boat, the scholar to his book. The husbandman in foro, the minister in choro.

'*Omnia cum facias, miraris cur facias nil?*

Posthume, rem solam qui facit, ille facit;'—†

He that would comprehend all things, apprehends nothing. As he that comes to a corn-heap, the more he opens his hand to take, the less he graspeth, the less he holdeth. Who would in omnibus aliquid, shall in toto nihil scire. When a man covets to be a doctor in all arts, he lightly proves a dunce in many. Let the natural physician apply his ministering, the spiritual his ministry. *Quid enim in theatro renunciator turpium,* &c.,*—The idle sports of the theatre, the wicked crafts in the market, the gallant braveries of the court, must not hinder us, either to say service in the temple, or to do service for the temple. *Clericus in oppido, piscis in arido,* as I have read. Rather, from the words of that father, if it be God's will that when Christ comes to judgment, *inveniat me vel precantem vel prædicantem,* he may find me either praying, or preaching his holy word.

Well, we have every one our own cures; let us attend them. Let us not take and keep livings of a hundred or two hundred pounds a-year,

and allow a poor curate (to supply the voluntary negligence of our non-residence) eight or (perhaps somewhat bountifully) ten pounds yearly—scarce enough to maintain his body, not a doit for his study. He spoke sharply, (not untruly,) that called this usury, and terrible usury. Others take but ten in the hundred, these take a hundred for ten. What say you to those that undertake two, three, or four great cures, and physic them all by attorneys! These physicians love not their patients, nor Christ himself, as he taught Peter; which St Bernard thus comments on: 'Unless thy conscience bear thee witness that thou lovest me exceeding much, that is, plus quam tua, plus quam tuos, plus quam te,—more than thy goods, more than thy friends, more than thyself,—thou art not worthy to undertake this office.' † God hath made us superintendents of our charges, and bound us, as Paul adjured Timothy: 'I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at his appearing, to preach the word, and be instant,' &c., 2 Tim. 4:1. Many are content with presidence, not with residence; ac si victuri essent sine cura, cum pervenerint ad curam,—as if they had forgotten all care, when they have gotten a cure. This is not dispensantis, sed dissipantis officium gerere,‡—to be a steward, but a loiterer in God's family. The physician sleeps in his study; the apothecary, for want of judgment, takes a wrong medicine, or no medicine for the sick. The pastor is absent; the hireling very often either preacheth idly or negligently, or not at all. And thus God's 'people are not recovered.'

3. Physicians must not deal too much with that they call blandum medicamentum, which physicians thus describe: Blandum dicitur, quod mediocri tantum quantitate sumptum, alvum pigre et benigne movendo, pauca dejicit. Spiritual physicians must beware how they give these soothing and supple medicines, which rather confirm the humours than disperse the tumours, or purge the crudities of sins in their patients. Robustum corpus, multis obstructionibus impeditum, blanda imbecillaque medicamenta aspernatur. A soul settled, like Moab, 'on the lees,' or frozen in the dregs of inveterate and obstinate sins, is not stirred by fair and flattering documents. God complains in this chapter against those: ver. 11, 'They have healed the hurt of

the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' Such are described, Ezek. 13:10, 'They have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there is no peace: and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar.' God gives a terrible and universal threatening: ver. 15, 16, 'I will accomplish my wrath upon the wall, and upon them that have daubed it with untempered mortar, and will say unto you, The wall is no more, neither they that daubed it.' He proceeds to command Ezekiel 'to prophesy against the women that prophesy to Israel: Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes,' &c. This is shameful in a preacher, to wink at idolatry in Bethel, because it is the king's chapel; and not to reprove the iniquity of Gilgal, the country of oppression, because himself feeds at an oppressor's table. Some are so weak that (as mulieres, quia molliores, et pueri, quia teneri, et ex longo morbo resurgentes, blandioribus egent medicinis) they cannot digest too strong a potion of reproof. Therefore, flecte quod est rigidum, fove quod est frigidum, rege quod est devium,—bend the refractory, warm the cold, direct the wandering.

I have read in a physician, that among many sophistications of this balm, sometimes they feign it with water, and then it runs above the water like oil; sometimes with honey, which is thus perceived—if you put a drop thereof into milk, it runneth to curds! When ministers shall adulterate God's pure and sacred word with the honey or oil of their own flatteries, and give it to a sick soul, it is so far from nourishing, as the sincere milk of the gospel should do, that it curdleth in the stomach, and endangers the conscience worse. It is enough for physic if it be wholesome. Not pleasant taste, but secret virtue, commends medicines. The doctrine that is sweet to flesh and blood hath just cause of suspicion. It is, without question, harsh to the appetite of either soul or body, that heals either. Not that we should only blow a trumpet of war against opposers, but sometimes, yea, often also, pipe mercy and gospel to those that will dance the measures of obedience. We must preach as well liberty to captives, as captivity to libertines; and build an ark for those that desire salvation, as pour forth a flood of curses against them that will

perish; and open the door to the penitent knockers, as keep the gate with a flaming sword in our mouths against the obstinate. If we harp somewhat more on the sad string of judgment, know that it is because your sins are riper and riper than your obedient works. We must free our souls, that we have not administered soothing sermons, lest at once we flatter and further you in your follies. You are apt enough to derive authority for your sins from our lives, and make our patterns patronages of your lewdness. As I wish that our life were not so bad, so withal that you would not outgo, outdo it in evil. You go dangerously far, whiles you make our weakness a warrant to your presumption. But if you fasten so wickedly on our vices, you shall never find countenance from our voices. We condemn our own ills, and you for adventuring your souls to Satan on so silly advantage. Stand forth, and testify against us. Did we ever spare your usuries, depopulations, malice, frauds, ebriety, pride, swearing, contempt of holy things and duties? Could any Pharisee ever tie our tongues with the strings of Judas's purse, and charm our connivance or silence with gifts? Wretched men, if there be any such, guilty of so palpable adulation; *qui purpuram magis quam deum colunt!* Call them your own common slaves, not God's servants, that, to gain your least favours, are favourable to your greatest sins, and whilst they win your credits, lose your souls.

We must follow our Master, who gave us a commission, and gives us direction to perform it. He came once with *Pax vobis*,—'Peace be unto you,' Luke 24:36; at another time with *Væ vobis*,—'Woe be unto you!' Matt. 23:13. We must be like him, (who was that good Samaritan,) putting into your wounds as well the searching wine of reprehension, to eat out the dead flesh, as the oil of consolation, to cheer your spirits: sometimes, with Jeremiah's hammer, chap. 23:29, bruising your strength of wickedness; though here, with Jeremiah's balm, binding up your broken hearts.

And for you, my brethren, know that the things which cure you do not evermore please you. Love not your palates above your souls. Thou liest sick of a bodily disease, and callest on the physician, not

for well-relished, but healthful potions: thou receivest them spite of thy abhorring stomach, and being cured, both thankest and rewardest him. Thy soul is sick; God, thy best physician, unsent to, sends thee physic, perhaps the bitter pills of affliction, or sharp prescripts of repentance, by his word: thou loathest the savour, and wilt rather hazard thy soul than offend thy flesh; and when thou shouldest thank, grumblest at the physician. So far inferior is our love of the soul to that of our body, that for the one we had rather undergo any pains than death; for the other, we rather choose a wilful sickness than a harsh remedy.

Give, then, your physician leave to fit and apply his medicines; and do not you teach him to teach you. Leave your old adjuration to your too obsequious chaplains, if there be any such yet remaining, *Loquimini placentia*,—'Prophesy not unto us right things: speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits. Get you out of the way,' &c., Isa. 30:10, 11. Threaten your priests no longer with suits, and quereles, and expulsions from their poor vineyards, which you have erst robbed, because they bring you sour grapes, sharp wine of reproofs. Do not colour all your malice against them with the imputation of ill life to them, when you are indeed only fretted with their just reprehension of your impieties. Bar not the freedom of their tongues by tying them to conditions, This you shall say, and this not say, on pain of my displeasure. You may preach against sins, but not meddle with the Pope; or you may inveigh against Rome and idolatry, so you touch not at my Herodias; or you may tax lust, so you let me alone with Naboth's vineyard. As if the gospel might be preached with your limitations, and, forsaking the Holy Ghost, we must come to fetch direction from your lips.

Jonah spared not great Nineveh, nor the great king of great Nineveh: why should we spare your sins that would save your souls? You will love us the better when you once love yourselves better. If any gain were more valuable than that of godliness, or any means more available than spiritual physic to your salvations, we would hearken to it and you. He that is wisest hath taught us it; we are rebels, if we

not obey it. Your exulcerated sores cannot be healed with incarnative salves.

4. Spiritual physicians, no less than the secretaries of nature, must have knowledge and art. Empirics endanger not more bodies than idiotish priests souls. He that cannot pour healthful moisture and juice of life into the gasping spirit, and fill the veins that affliction hath emptied, deserves not the name of a spiritual physician. Arts have their use, and human learning is not to be despised, so long as, like an obedient Hagar, she serves Sarah with necessary help. Only let the book of God stand highest in our estimation, as it is in God's elevation, and let all the sheaves do homage to it. But empirics cannot brook Craterus, saith the proverb; sottish enthusiasts condemn all learning, all premeditation. This is to tie the Holy Ghost to a pen and inkhorn, &c. They must run away with their sermons, as horses with an empty cart. But now he that will fly into God's mysteries with such sick feathers, shall be found to flag low with a broken pinion, or soaring too high, without sober direction, endanger himself. Barbarism is gross in an orator, ignorance in a physician, dulness in an advocate, rudeness in a minister. Christ chose fishermen, but made them fishers of men; gave them a calling, and virtues for it. Shall therefore any fantastical spirit think that Christ's singular action is our general pattern? As if men were the more faulty, the more fit; the more silly, the more sufficient. Christ so furnished his with knowledge and language, Acts 2:6, that the people 'wondered at their wisdom,' and knew, or rather 'acknowledged, that they had been with Jesus,' chap. 4:13.

It is said of empirics that they have but one medicine for all diseases. If that cure not, they know not how to do it. But the 'scribe instructed from heaven,' and instructing for heaven, 'draws out his treasure, both old and new,' which he hath carefully laid up by his former study. High points for forward scholars; easier lessons for those in a lower form. To children, milk; such things as may nourish, not oppress—*apta, non alta*: to the profound, as Demosthenes said he desired to speak, *non modo scripta, sed etiam sculpta*,—matters of

weight and diligence. The truth is, that we must preach Christ, not ourselves, and regard the people's benefit more than our own credit, being content to lose ourselves to win others to God. And to this purpose is required learning: as a physician is not less knowing because he gives an easy and common receipt to a certain patient, but rather out of his judgment finds that fittest for him. It is no small learning to illustrate obscurities, to clear the subtleties of the school, to open God's mysteries to simple understandings, to build up the weak, and pull down the confident in their own strengths. This shall discharge a man from the imputation of illiterature, as well as to preach riddles and paradoxes, which the people may admire, and not apprehend, and make that frivolous use of all, 'This was a deep sermon.' Learning is requisite, or thou art but an empiric. How many Paracelsian mountebanks have been the worst diseases to the commonwealth they live in, whiles they purge away the good humours and leave the bad behind them! Your Popish teachers were such ill purgers, draining out the good blood of religion from the veins of the land, and pouring in feculent corruptions, ridiculous fopperies, magical poisons instead thereof; giving a mass for a communion, an image for the Bible, stage-apishness for a sober sermon; allowing either no Scripture or new Scripture; so suppressing the words and stifling the sense, that hiding away the gold, they throw their people the bag.

5. Good physicians must not aim more at their own wealth than their patients' health. Indeed the spiritual 'labourer is worthy of his hire;' but if he labour for hire only, he may make himself merry with his reward on earth, heaven hath none for him. That good is well done that is done of conscience. The pastor feeds Christ's sheep for his own gain: the sheep are fed; Christ gives him no thanks for his labour. Peter made three manner of fishings: he caught fish for money, fish with money, fish without money. The first was his temporal trade; the second, a miraculous and singular action; the last, his spiritual function. Some are of all these sorts: the worst now is, to fish for the twenty pence. *Piscantur ut adipiscantur, non homines, sed hominum,*—They labour hard to take, not men, but

men's, 2 Cor. 12:14. Peter's successors called, Simon's* successors not doubted, have so fished this many a hundred years, not with the draw-net of the gospel, but with the pursenet of avarice. There are too many such silver-fishers, that angle only for the tributary fish; too many of those physicians, that set up their bills and offer their service and cure, not where the people are sickest, but where they are most liberal. Some will not practise except they have three or four parishes under their cure at once: these are physicians, not for church, but steeples. Some are wandering empirics, that when they come to minister, spend all the time in a cracking ostentation of their cures, or demonstration of their skill in pictures and tables, never approving it to their credulous patients: these are bragging physicians.

Some minister only opium to their people, and so lull them in their sick security: these are dull physicians. Some minister medicines, not to ease their stomachs of the burden of their sins, but to put lightness into their brains, scaring religion out of the wits: these are schismatical physicians. Some minister antichristian poisons, to breed the plague of idolatry among the people: these are Seminary physicians. Others of this sect, living from us by a sea-division, yet send over venomous prescripts, binding princes' subjects to treasons and homicides: these are devilish physicians. Some will sell their knowledge for a meal's meat: these are table-physicians. Some minister in this place, in that place, in every place, in no place: these are ubiquitary physicians. Some minister nothing but what they glean from others' precepts, wanting skill to apply it: these are like physicians, but are none. Some ring the changes of opinions, and run a serpentine course; abjuring now what yesterday they embraced and warranted; winding from error to error, as dolphins in the water; turning like vanes on the housetop, with every new blast of doctrine; reeds shaken with every gust, contrary to the testimony of John Baptist: these are gadding, madding physicians. Some will minister nothing but what comes next into their heads and hands: these are enthusiastical physicians. Some again,—I will not say many,—

practise only for commodity, and to purge others' wealth into their own urses: these are mercenary physicians.

Avarice, saith a grave divine, is a sin in any man, heresy in a clergyman. The Papists have an order that profess wilful poverty; but some of them profess it so long, till they sweep all the riches of the land into their own laps. The purse is still the white they level at, as I have read them described: the Capuchins shooting from the purse, the Franciscans aiming wide of it, the Jesuits hitting it pat in the midst. So with long, or at least tedious prayers, as the Pharisees, they prey upon the poor, and devour their houses. Spiritual physicians should abhor such covetous desires. *Sunt qui scire volunt, ut scientiam suam vendant, et turpis quæstus est,**—They that get knowledge to sell it, make a wretched gain. *Non vitæ docent, sed crumenæ.* Seneca affirms that the commonwealth hath no worse men: *quam qui philosophiam, vel ut aliquod artificium venale, didicerunt.†* Miserable men, that look to their own good more than the church's; serving God in their parts, themselves in their hearts; working, like those builders in the ark, rather for present gain than future safety. But as they desire rather *nostra quam nos*, so they preserve rather *sua quam se*; winning, like Demas, the world, and losing, like Judas, their souls. I have read in the fable of a widow, that being thick-sighted, sent to a certain physician to cure her: he promiseth it to her, and she to him a sum of money for satisfaction. The physician comes and applies medicines, which being bound over her eyes, still as he departs he carries away with him some of her best goods; so continuing her pains and his labour till he had robbed the house of her best substance. At last he demanded of her, being now cured, his covenanted pay. She looking about her house, and missing her goods, told him that he had not cured her: for whereas before she could see some furniture in her house, now she could perceive none; she was erst thick-sighted, but now purblind. You can apply it without help. Well, those spiritual physicians are only good that propound to themselves no gain but to heal the broken, recover the lost, and bring home the wandering lambs to the sheepfolds of peace; jeoparding a joint to save a sick conscience; with Moses and Paul, not

respecting the loss of themselves, whiles they may replenish the kingdom of Christ.

III. These are the physicians. It remains that I should shew who are the sick; for whose cause God hath prepared balm, and inspired physicians with skill to minister it. But the time runs away so fast, and you are as hasty to be gone as it; and this subject is fitter for a whole sermon than a conclusion; and, lastly, I have evermore declined your molestation by prolixity: therefore I reserve it to another opportunity. If you shall judge this that hath been spoken worthy your meditation,—laying it affectionately to your hearts, and producing it effectually in your lives,—that God who gave me power to begin this work, will also assist me to finish it, without whom neither my tongue can utter, nor your ear receive, any saving benefit of instruction. A word or two for exhortation, and then I will leave all in your bosoms, and yourselves in the bosom of God. First, for us, the physicians; then for you, the patients, only so far as may concern you in the former point. For us—

1. We must administer the means of your redress which our God hath taught us, doing it in dilectione, with love, with alacrity. Though it be true that the thing which perisheth shall perish, John 17:11, and they which are ordained to perdition cannot by us be rescued out of the wolf's jaws; yet spiritual physicians must not deny their help, lest dum alios perdant, ipsi pereant,—whiles their silence damnifieth others, it also damneth themselves. 'When I say unto the wicked,' saith the Lord, 'Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him no warning to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand,' Ezek. 3:18. The physician knows, that if the time of his patient's life be now determined by God, no art can preserve his taper from going out; yet because he knows not God's hidden purpose, he withholds not his endeavour. To censure who shall be saved, who damned, is not *judicium luti, sed figuli*,* the judgment of the clay, but of the potter, 'who only hath power of the same lump to make one vessel to honour, another to dishonour,' Rom. 9:21. We know not this,

therefore we cease not to 'beseech your reconciliation.' Nay, 'we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God doth beseech you by us; and we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,' 2 Cor. 5:20. Thus having applied our physic, we leave the success to God, who alone can make his word the savour of death or of life, preserving or condemning, destructive to your sins or yourselves, as his good pleasure wills it.

2. The physician that lives among many patients, if he would have them tenderly and carefully preserve their healths, must himself keep a good diet among them. It is a strong argument to persuade the goodness of that he administers. The clergyman's strict diet of abstinence from enormities, of fasting and prayer against the surfeits of sin, of repentance for errors, is a powerful inclination to his people to do the like. *Habet, quantacumque granditate dictionis, majus pondus vita dicentis,* †—The preaching of life is made more forcible by the good life of the preacher. *Prava vita est quædam machina ad subruendum mænia, &c.*,—An evil conversation is an evil engine to overthrow the walls of edification. *Citharisante abbate, tripudiant monachi,*—When the abbot gives the music of a good example, the monks dance after him; as was their proverb: *Plene dixit, qui bene vixit,*—He hath spoken fully that hath lived fairly. There are four sorts of these physicians:—

(1.) That neither prescribe well to others, nor live well themselves: these are not physicians indeed, but Italian quack-salvers, that having drunk poison themselves, minister it to the people; and so destroy the souls that God hath bought with his blood. Wretched priests, that are indeed the worst diseases; allowing in precept, and approving in practice, the riot of drunkenness, or the heat of lustfulness, or the baseness of covetise, or the frenzy of contention. These, instead of building up Christ's church, pull it down with both hands; not *lux*, but *tenebræ mundi*,—not the light, as ministers should be, but the darkness of the world, as the sons of Belial are. A foolish shepherd is God's punishment to the flock: 'Lo, I will raise up a shepherd which shall not visit those that be cut off, nor seek the

young one, nor heal that which is broken; but he shall eat the flesh of the fat, and tear their claws in pieces,' Zech. 11:16.

(2.) That prescribe well in the pulpit, but live disorderly out of it; so making their patients believe that there is no necessity of so strict a diet as they are enjoined, for then sure the physician himself would keep it; since it cannot be but he loves his own life, and holds his soul as dear to himself as ours are to us. Thus like a young scribbler, what he writes fair with his hand, his sleeve comes after and blots it; this priest builds up God's tabernacle with one hand, and pulls it down with the other. Though this physician can make very good bills, preach good directions, yet, as sick as he is, he takes none of them himself.

(3.) That prescribes very ill, preacheth seditiously and lewdly, yet lives without any notorious crime, or scandalous imputation. This is a hypocritical trick of heretical physicians. 'Beware of false prophets, that come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves,' Matt. 7:15. Thus the Popish friars, like the false visionists in Zechariah's prophecy, will 'wear a rough garment to deceive withal,' chap. 13:4. Their austerity shall be stricter than John Baptist's, but not with intent to bring one soul to Christ. This cautelous demureness in them so bewitcheth their patients, that they receive whatsoever these administer, though it poisons them. Thus covered over with the mantle of sobriety and zeal, as a crafty apothecary Vends his drugs, so they their dregs, without suspicion. To keep the metaphor: as a natural physician, out of honest policy, covers the bitter pill with gold, or delays the distasteful potion with sugar, which the abhorring stomach would not else take; so this mystical one (for he is a servant to the mystery of iniquity) so amazeth the people with a fair show of outward sanctimony, that whiles they gaze at his good parts with admiration, they swallow the venom of his doctrine without suspicion.

(4.) That teacheth well, and liveth well: prescribeth a good diet of obedience, and keeps it when he is well; or a good medicine of

repentance, and takes it when he is sick; thus both by preaching and practice recovering the health of Israel. We require in a good garment that the cloth be good, and the shape fitting. If we preach well and live ill, our cloth is good, but not our fashion. If we live well and preach ill, our fashion is good, but our cloth is not. If we both preach well and live well, our garment is good; let every spiritual physician weave it, and wear it.

This for ourselves. For you, I will contract all into these three uses, which necessarily arise from the present or precedent consideration:

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1. Despise not your physicians. You forbear indeed (as the Pagans at first, and the Papists since) to kill, burn, torture us—whether it be your good-will, or the law you live under, that prevails with you, God knows,—yet you proceed to persecute us with your tongues, as Ishmael smote Isaac; to martyr us with your scorns in our civil life, our good names. In discountenancing our sermons, discouraging our zeals, discrediting our lives, you raise civil, or rather uncivil, persecutions against us. By these you exercise our patience, which yet we can bear, whiles the blow given us, by a manifest rebound, doth not strike our God. But *per nostra latera petitur ecclesia, impetit Christus*,—when as through our sides you wound the church, nay, Christ himself, it is stupidity in us to be silent. Christ, when the glory of his Father was interested, and called into question by their calumniations, took on him a just apology: 'I have not a devil, but I honour my Father,' John 8:49. 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?' chap. 18:23.

We have comfort enough, that we can suffer this martyrdom for Christ's sake, being blessed by the peace of our times from a worse. The courtier cares not so much for the estimation of his fellows, so his prince approves and loves him. Let God be pleased with our innocency, and your base aspersions of scandals against us shall not much move our minds. 'The ministers of God must approve themselves in much patience, in afflictions,' &c., 2 Cor. 6:4. Our war

is ferendo, non feriendo. The mitre is for Aaron, not the smiter. We must encounter with beasts in the shape of men, 1 Cor. 15:32; with wolves in the coats of sheep, Matt. 7:15; with devils in the habit of angels; with unreasonable and wicked men, 2 Thess. 3:2; therefore 'we have need of patience,' Heb. 10:36. Indignities that touch our private persons may be dissembled, or returned with Isaac's apology of patience, of silence. As Augustine answered Petilian: Possumus esse in his pariter copiosi, nolumus esse pariter vani,—You do in event not so much wrong us as yourselves. You 'foam out your own shame,' and bewray your wretched, I had almost said reprobate, malice; for such are 'set down in the seat of the scornful,' Ps. 1:1, which the prophet makes a low step to damnation. God shall 'laugh you to scorn,' Ps. 2:4, for laughing his to scorn; and at last despise you, that have despised him in us. In expuentis recidit faciem, quod in cœlum expuit,—That which a man spits against heaven shall fall back on his own face. Your indignities done to your spiritual physicians shall not sleep in the dust with your ashes, but stand up against your souls in judgment.

2. If your physician be worthy blame, yet sport not, with cursed Ham, at your father's nakedness. Our life, our life is the derision that sticks in our jaws, till you spet it out against us. I would to God our lives were no less pure than are—even these our enemies being judges—our doctrines. Be it freely acknowledged that in some it is afault. Our life should be the counterpart of our doctrine. We are vines, and should, like that in Jotham's parable, 'cheer both God and man,' Judg. 9:13. The player that misacts an inferior and unnoted part, carries it away without censure; but if he shall play some emperor, or part of observation, unworthily, the spectators are ready to hiss him off. The minister represents, you say, no mean person, that might give toleration to his absurdities, but the Prince of heaven; and therefore should be 'holy, as his heavenly Father is.' Be it confessed; and woe is us, we cannot help it. But you should put difference betwixt habitual vices, nourished by custom, prosecuted by violence, and infirm or involuntary offences.

The truth is also, that you, who will not have ears to hear God's word, will yet have eyes to observe our ways. How many of you have surdas aures, oculos emissitios, adders' ears, but eagles' eyes; together with critical tongues and hypocritical looks! You should (and will not) know, that our words, not our works, bring you to heaven. Examples are good furtherances, but *ex præceptis vivitur*,—we must live by precepts. If you have a Christian desire of our reformation, cease your obstreperous clamours and divulging slanders, the infectious breathings of your corruption and malice; and reprove us with 'the spirit of meekness,' to our foreheads. If we neither clear ourselves from imputed guiltiness, nor amend the justly reprov'd faults, nor kindly embrace your loving admonitions, proceed to your impartial censures. But still know, that we are nothing in ourselves; though we be called *lux mundi*, 'the light of the world,' yet *solummodo lex est lux*, God's word is the light that must conduct your believing and obeying souls to the land of promise. Did we live like angels, arid yet had our lips sealed up from teaching you, you might still remain in your sins. For it is not an ignorant imitation of goodness, but a sound faith in Christ, never destitute of knowledge and obedience, that must save you in the day of the Lord Jesus.

3. Lastly, let this teach you to get yourselves familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures, that if you be put to it, in the absence of your physician, you may yet help yourselves. We store our memories, and (perhaps not trusting them) our books, with divers receipts for ordinary diseases. Whom almost shall you meet, whiles you complain of an ague, of the toothache, of a sore, but he will tell you a salve or a medicine for it? Alas! are our souls less precious, or their wounds, griefs, sicknesses easilier cured, that we keep the closets of our consciences empty of medicines for them? The Jews were commanded to write the laws of God on their walls, &c. God writes them on the Christian's heart, Heb. 8:10. So David found it: 'Thy law is within my heart.' This is true acquaintance with it. It is our Master's charge, if at least we are his servants: 'Search the Scriptures, for in them is eternal life,' John 5:39. We plead that our faith is our

evidence for heaven; it is a poor evidence that wants the seal of the Scriptures.

It was the weapon that the Son of God himself used to beat back the assaults of the devil. Many ignorant persons defy the devil,—'They will shield themselves from Satan, as well as the best that teach them; the foul fiend shall have no power over them,'—yet continue an obstinate course of life. As if the devil were a babe, to be outfaced with a word of defiance. It is a lamentable way, to brave a lion, and yet come within his clutches. He will bear with thy hot words, so he may get thy cold soul. The weapon that must encounter and conquer him is 'the sword of the Spirit, the word of God.' No hour is free from his temptations, that we had need to lodge with God's book in our bosoms. Who knows where he shall receive his next wound, or of what kind the sickness of his soul shall be? The minister cannot be present with every one, and at every time. Satan is never idle; it is the trade of his delight to spill souls. Lay all these together, and then, in the fear of God, judge whether you can be safe whiles you are ignorant of the Scriptures. This is the garden of Eden, whence run those four rivers: of wisdom, to direct us; of oil, to soften us; of comforts, to refresh us; of promises, to confirm us.

As lightly as you regard the word, and as slightly as you learn it, you shall one day find more comfort in it than in all the world. Lie you on your deathbeds, groan you with the pangs of nature-oppressing death, or labour you with the throbs of an anguished conscience, when neither natural nor spiritual physician stands by you to give you succour,—then, oh then, one dram of your old store, taken from the treasury of the Scriptures, shall be unto you of inestimable comfort! Then well fare a medicine at a pinch, a drop of this balm ready for a sudden wound, which your memory shall reach forth, and your faith apply to your diseased souls, afflicted hearts. Think seriously of this, and recall God's book from banishment and the laud of forgetfulness, whither your security hath sent it. Shake off the dust of neglect from the cover, and wear out the leaves with turning; continually imploring the assistance of God's Spirit, that you may

read with understanding, understand with memory, and remember with comfort; that your soul's closet may never be unstored of those heavenly receipts which may ease your griefs, cure your wounds, expel your sicknesses, preserve your healths, and keep you safe to the coming of Jesus Christ. Trust not all on your ministers, no, nor on yourselves, but trust on the mercies of God, and the merits of our blessed Saviour. Nothing now remains but to shew you in what need you stand of this physic, by reason of your ill healths, and the infected air of this world you breathe in. Meantime, preserve you these instructions, and God preserve you with his mercies! For which let us pray, &c.

ENGLAND'S SICKNESS

Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—JER. 8:22.

SICK is the daughter of Sion; and the complexion of England gives her not to be sound. If she feel her own pulse, and examine the symptoms of her illness, her works of disobedience, she must confess that her health is impaired; or if she feel it not, she is obstupefied.

The coast I am bound for is Israel; but, like faithful merchants, if I can traffic or transport thence any good commodity into our own country, I will venture the welcome of it. Israel and England, though they lie in a diverse climate, may be said right parallels; not so unfit in cosmographical, as fit in theological comparison. And, saving Israel's apostasy, and punishment for it, we need not think it harsh to be sampled. They could plead much of God's mercy; if we can

speak of more, let us thankfully embrace our transcendent happiness.

Two main passages are directed my discourse to sail through, which shall limit my speech and your attention for this time:—I. The patient; II. The passion: the sick, and the disease. The person labouring of grief is the 'daughter' of Israel; her passion or grief is sickness: 'Why is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?' These two coasts will afford us many subordinate observations, worthy both our travels.

I. The patient, whom we must visit, is described, 1. Quæ sit; 2. Cujus sit. God speaks of her, 1. Positively; 2. Possessively: positively, what she is of herself, 'the daughter of the people;' possessively, what she is by relation, in regard of her owner, *populi mei*, God's people.

1. Daughter. This title is usual according to Hebraism. 'Daughter of Israel,' for Israel; 'Daughter of Zion,' for Zion, Isa. 62:11, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh,' &c.; 'Daughter of Judah,' for Judah, Lam. 1:15, 'The Lord hath trodden the daughter of Judah as in a wine-press;' 'Daughter of Jerusalem,' for Jerusalem, Lam. 2:13; 'Daughter of Babylon,' for Babylon, Ps. 137:8, 'O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed,' &c. So Christ calls himself the Son of man, because he took on him man's nature: Isa. 21:10, 'O my threshing, and the son of my floor,' for the floor itself, or the corn of it. And Augustine observes on the 72d Psalm, that by 'the children of the poor,' is meant the poor themselves. This is an abstractive phrase, and *vox indulgentis*; implying propense favour in the speaker, and tenderness in the person spoken of: *filia populi*. It is a word of relation, simply taken; for daughter depends on the respect of parent. Here it is phrasical, and therefore not to be forced. Yet because *cunctæ apices*, every letter and accent in holy writ is divinely significant, let us not neglectfully pass it over without some useful observation.

Obs. 1.—There is somewhat in it that *filia non filius dicitur*, the name of daughter, not of son, is here given to Israel. Israel's offspring must be a daughter, that she may be married to the God of Israel's Son. Christ is the beloved, the church is his spouse: 'My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies,' Cant. 2:16. Betrothed to him in this life: 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever: yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness,' &c., Hosea 2:19. Solemnly married in the next: at what time the saints shall sing, 'Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready,' Rev. 19:7; and, ver. 9, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.' Thus God the Father, that had a Son by eternal generation, hath now a daughter also by adoption. Hence the church is called the king's daughter—Ps. 45:13, 'The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold'—because she is wedded to the king's Son. God is a Father in many respects:—

(1.) In creation: Deut. 32:6, 'Is not he thy father that hath bought thee? Hath he not made thee, and established thee?' He gave us all *essentiam et formam*, subsistence and form.

(2.) In education: Isa. 1:12, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.' We are brought up in the house of this world, and fed from the table of his blessings.

(3.) In compassion(?): Ps. 103:13, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Yield that a mother (which is rare and unnatural) can forget the son of her womb; yet God cannot forget the children of his election.

(4.) In correction: Heb. 12:6, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' *Qui excipitur à numero flagellatorum, excipitur à numero filiorum*,—He that scapes affliction, may suspect his adoption. We are not exempted from misery, that we may not be excepted from

mercy. The rod walks over us, lest we should grow wanton with his blessings.

(5.) In adoption, and that most principally: Rom. 8:15, 16, 'We have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.' Gal. 4:5, 'God sent his Son, made of a woman, that we, redeemed by him, might receive the adoption of sons.'

All these may be reduced to three: God is a Father, singularly, generally, specially. Singularly, the Father of Christ by nature; generally, the Father of all men and all things by creation; specially, the Father of the elect by adoption. The first privilege belongs only to Christ; the second to many who have made themselves by apostasy the children of Belial; the third is blessed, and never to be forfeited.

This is a happy advancement, that the daughter of Zion is made the daughter of God; whom his equal and eternal Son hath vouchsafed to marry. It was no small preferment in David's opinion, by wedding Saul's daughter, to be made 'son-in-law to a king:' how far higher doth the church's honour transcend, that by marrying the Son of God is made daughter-in-law to the King of kings! Specially, when this bond is indissoluble by the hand of death, uncancellable by the sentence of man, undivorceable by any defect or default in the spouse; for he that chose her to himself will preserve her from all cause why he may not 'take pleasure in her beauty.' And as Christ, now in heaven, dwells with his church on earth by grace; so she, though partly now on earth, dwells with him in heaven: all her members being burgesses of that celestial corporation, since *animus est, ubi amat, non ubi animat*. Phil. 3:20, 'Our conversation is in heaven, whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.' Thus Augustine, *Et ille adhuc deorsum est, et nos jam sursum*,—His mercies are still descending to us, our affections ascending to him. The desires of the faithful spouse are with her beloved. Such is the insolubility of that mystical union, which no eloquence of man can express, no violence of devils shall suppress. Therefore *ascendamus interim corde, ut sequamur corpore*,—let us send up our affections

before, that our persons may follow after. As Christ hath sent thee down his Spirit as a pawn and pledge of this assurance, so do thou send him up thy heart for a token of thy acceptance; yea, of thy hopeful expectation and desire to be with him. *Minus anima promisit se Christo, quæ non præmisit se Christo*,—That soul hath nothing less than vowed itself to Christ, that hovers and hankers about the world, and is loath to come at him.

This is ineffable, inestimable happiness. Hence the daughter of Israel, (understand me not topically, but typically,) not Israel in the flesh, but the 'Israel of God,' Gal. 6:16,—'children of that Jerusalem which is above,' chap. 4:26, or at least 'from above,'—doth apportion all the riches of her husband. If it be *vox amici*, *Tuus sum totus*, the voice of a friend, I am wholly thine; it is more lively, more lovingly *vox mariti*, the speech of a husband. The bride, among the heathen, on the first day of her marriage, challenged of the bridegroom, *Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*,—Where you are master, I must be mistress. Marriage is a strong bond by God's ordinance, and knows no other method but composition. God, that in creation made two of one, by marriage made one of two. Hence the daughter of Israel is made one with the Son of God; by a union which the heart may feel, but no art describe. Those gracious and glorious riches, which the Master of all the world is proprietor of, are in some sort communicated to us. His righteousness, holiness, obedience, satisfaction, expiation, inheritance is made ours: as our sin, sorrow, sufferings, death, and damnation were made his, not by transfusion, but by imputation, 2 Cor. 5:21. His sorrow, pain, passion for us, was so heavy, so grievous, so piercing, such a sic that all the world could not match it with a sicut. Our joy by him is so gracious, shall be so glorious, that *pro qualitate, pro æqualitate nihil in comparationem admittitur*,—for quality, for quantity, it refuseth all comparison. O blessed mutation, blessed mutation! What we had ill, (and what had we but ill?) we changed it away for his good: what he hath good, (and what other nature can come from goodness itself?) we happily enjoy *vel in esse, vel in posse*, either in possession or assurance. Our Saviour died our

death, that we might live his life. He suffered our hell, to bring us to his heaven.

Obs. 2.—It is somewhat, not unworthy the noting, that *filia dicitur, non filiæ*, Israel is called by the name of daughter, not of daughters. Zion hath but one daughter. The whole people is *unica quia unita*. As she is one, she must be at one, not jarring, not repugnant to herself. Confusion belongs to Babel: 'Let peace dwell in the palaces of Jerusalem.' They are refractory spirits, unworthy to dwell in the daughter of Zion's house, that are ever in preparation for separation from her. The church consists of a communion of saints, a united flock under one shepherd, 1 Peter 5:4; not a company of straggling sheep, getting schism, and forgetting their chrism—the unity of the Spirit, that makes men to be of one mind in one house. But as the spirits in man cease to quicken any member sundered from the body, and the scattered bones in Ezekiel's vision received no life till they were incorporate into a body, Ezek. 37:7; so the Spirit of God, which is *anima corporis*, the soul of his mystical body, forbears the derivation of grace and comfort to those that cut off themselves from it.

She is one, *una, unica*, that is 'mother of us all.' Though there be 'threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number; yet my dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, the choice one of her that bare her,' Cant. 6:8, 9. There is one body, many members, 1 Cor. 12:20. The eye must not quarrel with the hand, nor the head with the foot. If we be one against another, let us beware lest God be against all. We have one Lord, whose livery is love, John 13:35, 'By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;' whose doctrine is peace, Eph. 2:17, 'He preacheth peace to you that were far off, and to them that were nigh.' Let us then serve him, professing one truth with one heart. It is wretched when sects vie numbers with cities, and there are so many creeds as heads; *qui conantur vel corrumpere fidem, vel disrumpere charitatem*,—who strive either to corrupt faith or dissolve charity, none performing his function without faction. It

is testified of those pure and primitive times, that 'the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul,' Acts 4:32: one mind in many bodies. 'Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' saith the Psalmist, Ps. 133:1; when *inter multa corpora, non multa corda*, as Augustine sweetly,—when among divers men there are not divers minds: *sic viventes in unum, ut unum hominem faciant*,—so loving and living together in one, that they all make but (as it were) one man.

There is no knot of love so sure as that which religion ties. It is able to draw together east and west, sea and land, and make one of two, of ten, of thousands, of all. This is that which gathered the saints together, not to a local, but mystical union, whereby they are compacted under the government of one Lord, tied by the bonds of one faith, washed from their sins in one laver, assigned, assured, assumed by one Spirit, to the inheritance of one kingdom. But the unity of brethren agreeing is not more entire than their dissension, falling out, is violent: 'A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle,' Prov. 18:19; but their own loss is the enemy's gain. It is usually seen that *amicorum dispendia hostium compendia*,—dissension is a Lent to friends, a Christmas to foes. They that so labour to untie unity, that true lovers' knot, which every Christian heart should wear and never be weary of, find at last by miserable experience that destruction doth follow where distraction went before; when instead of the right hands of fellowship, struck for consent, they, like the Athenians, will sacrifice for none but themselves and their neighbours of Chios. Needs must the daughter of Israel be disquieted, when such oppressors, like Rebekah's twins, struggle in her womb. If the distraction of voices hindered the building of Babel, needs must the distraction of hearts hinder the building of Jerusalem.

Behold, ye working spirits that must be doing, though you have no thanks for your labour, behold the daughter of Zion, opposed on both sides, as Christ was crucified between two malefactors; straitened as the host of Israel once, betwixt the Aramites and the Syrians, 2 Sam.

10:11, when Joab and Abishai disposed themselves to mutual help, as needs required: Atheists on one side, Papists on the other. Bend all your forces against them that make breaches in the walls of Zion, and seek, ensue, procure the peace of Jerusalem, who is the only daughter of her mother, and spouse of her Saviour.

Obs. 3.—I might here infer to your observation, without any non-residence from the text, that the church is called *filia Jerusalem*, the daughter of the people, for her beauty, for her purity. I desire you to interpret by church, not only that church then visible in the Jews, but the catholic church also, whereof theirs was but a part; many things being figuratively spoken of the particular which properly belong to the universal. The church of God, then and ever, may be called the daughter of Zion, for her virgin fairness, matchless by all the daughters of women. The prophet, in those solemn lamentations of Israel's ruin, gives her the title of virgin, with this of daughter: Lam. 1:15, 'The Lord hath trodden the virgin, the daughter of Judah, as in a wine-press;' and, chap. 2:13, 'What shall I equal to thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Zion?' The holy promise of God for her restauration is recorded by the same prophet to her, under this unstained title: 'Again I will build thee, O virgin of Israel; thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry,' Jer. 31:4.

This may insinuate *intemeratam pulchritudinem ecclesiæ*,—the unpolluted beauty of the church. So Christ testifieth of his elected spouse, Cant. 4:1, *Tota pulchra es amica mea*,—'Thou art all fair, my love, and there is no spot in thee.' Now beauty consists in a sweet variety of colours, and in a concinne disposition of different parts. So the foreign congregations call her 'the fairest among women:' 'Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women, that we may seek him with thee?' Cant. 6:1. For her simplicity she is called a dove, for her fruitfulness a vine, Mount Zion for her steadfastness, for her royalty she is called a queen, for her brightness and eminence an ivory tower, for her beauty the fairest among women. As the cedar in the forest, the lily among the flowers of the valleys, Zion among

the mountains, Jerusalem among the cities; as Dinah among all the daughters of the land, so the daughter of Judah among her sisters. None so fair as the Shunammite to content King David, none else can plead that the Son of David takes delight in her beauty. But 'the king's daughter is all glorious within,' Ps. 45:13. *Omnis decor ab intus*,—It consists not in outward face, but in inward grace. How comes she thus fair? Hear her speak of herself: Cant. 1:5, 'I am black, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, but comely as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.' Black indeed by her own misery, white and fair by her Saviour's mercy. Every soul is black by nature; originally soiled, actually spoiled. We have all a natural corruption, that deprives us of all habitual goodness. We are born Moors, and have increased this swarthyness by the continual tanning of unceasing sins. We have no nitre of our own virtue enough to whiten us. Job had no water of snow, nor David of hyssop, nor had the pool of Bethesda, though stirred with a thousand angels, power to cleanse us. Let nature do her best, we dwell at the sign of the Labour-in-vain. Only Christ hath washed us, that we might have part with him. A medicine of water and blood, John 19:34, let out of the side of Jesus by a murdering spear, hath made the daughter of Zion fair. In this sacred fountain hath Christ bathed her crimson sins and ulcerated sores, till she is become whiter than wool or the driven snow. He made her fair whom he found foul, that he 'might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish,' Eph. 5:27. She must be *pulchra*, or not *sponsa*, to him that is higher than the heavens and holier than the angels. His spouse must be no blouse. She is adorned by him, let him be adored by her.

The useful benefit of this observation teacheth us to make way through our own natural wretchedness to the admiration of our Saviour's gracious goodness. He loved *tantillos et tales, parvos et pravos*,—so small in deserts, so vile in defects; without any precedent congruity or subsequent condignity, *in nobis, quod à nobis*, in ourselves, that was or is of ourselves. For all the beauty of Zion's daughter is derived from God's Son: 'Thy renown went forth among

the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God,' Ezek. 16:14. God said once to Jerusalem, ver. 3, 'Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite.' Ver. 5, 6, &c., 'None eye pitied thee, but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person.' But when 'I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I had compassion on thee:' I washed thee with water, clothed thee with brodered work, decked thee also with ornaments, put a jewel on thy forehead, and a beautiful crown on thy head. We have all an Amorite to our father, a Hittite to our mother: I mean, are conceived and born in sin, so foul and full of corruption, that there could no temptation be shot from us to wound the breast of Christ with love. Spotted we were, and nothing but nakedness was left to cover us; sick, but without care of our own cure; deformed and luxate with the prosecution of vanities; quadrupedated with an earthly, stooping, grovelling covetousness; not only spotted and speckled in concreto, but spots and blemishes in abstracto; pollution itself. As Micah calls Jerusalem and Samaria, not peccatores, but peccata: chap. 1:5, 'What is the transgression of Jacob? is it not Samaria? and what are the high places of Judah? are they not Jerusalem?' Or as Lucan speaks of the wounded body, Totum est pro vulnere corpus,—The whole body is as one wound. 'Blood touched blood,' and sore broke out into sore; all ulcers were coagulated into one by a general rupture, that even our righteousness was as filthy rags, Isa. 64:6. Oh, then, how ugly were our sins! If old iniquities could provoke, or new ones revoke his favour, we had store to tempt him. If the raw and bleeding wounds of voluntary sins; if the halting foot of neutrality, the blear eye of ignorance, the ear deaf to his word, the tongue dumb in his praise; if the sullen brow of averseness, or the stinking breath of hypocrisy, if these could inflame his love, lo our beauty!

What moved thee then, O Saviour, to love us? Besides the incomprehensible delight and infinite content which God hath in himself, 'thousands of angels stand about him, and ten thousands of those glorious spirits minister unto him.' 'What then is man, Lord,

that thou takest knowledge of him? or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?' Ps. 144:3. The meditation of St Augustine* is pertinent to this consideration, and what son of man may not confess it with him? *Neque enim eguisti me, aut ego tale bonum sum, quo tu adjuveris: nec minor sit potestas tua carens obsequio meo,*—Neither didst thou lack me, O Lord: nor was there that good in me whereby thou mightest be helped: neither is thy power lessened through the want of my service. If we had been good, yet God needed us not: being bad, whence ariseth his love? What a roughness of soul findest thou, O Christ, when thou embracest us? What deformity when thou beholdest us? What stench of sin when thou kissest? When thou discoursest, what rotten speeches drop from us? When thou takest us into thy garden, what contrariety of affections to thy expectation? Our embraces have been rougher than thy crosses; our persecutions like vinegar, hidden in the sponge of our sacrifices; our words swords, our oaths as bitter as crucifige, our kisses have been treasonable to thee as Judas's, our contempts thy thorns, our oppressions a spear to gore thy side and wound thy bowels.

Such was our kindness to thee, O blessed Redeemer, when thou offeredst thyself to us, and to the Father for us. The best thing in us, yea, in the best man of us, had nothing of merit, nothing near it: our 'wages is death; thy gift is life,' Rom. 6:23. *Bona naturæ, melior gratiæ, optima gloriæ,*—Thou gavest us a good life of nature, thou gavest us a better of grace, thou wilt give us the best of glory. Whether it be *pro via* or *pro vita*, for the way or the end, it is thy gratuitous goodness, who hast promised of thy mercy, both *donare bona tua, et condonare mala nostra,*—both to give us thy good things, and to forgive us our evil things. We had misery from our parents, and have been parents of our own greater misery: *Miseri miserum in hanc lucis miseriam induxerunt,**—Miserable parents have brought forth a miserable offspring into the misery of this world. And for ourselves, even when we were young in years, we had an 'old man' about us, Col. 3:9: *tantillus puer, tantus peccator,*—a little child, a great sinner. *Sic generavit pater terrestris; sed regeneravit pater cœlestis, †*—So wretched our generation left us, so blessed our

regeneration hath made us. So beggarly were we till Christ enriched us.

If you ask still, what moved Christ? I answer, his own free mercy, working on our great misery: a fit object for so infinite a goodness to work on. He was not now to part a sea, or bring water out of a rock, or rain bread from heaven, but to conquer death by death, to break the head of the leviathan, to ransom captives from the power of hell, to satisfy his own justice for sin; and all this by giving his own Son to die for us; by making him man who was the Maker of man. This was *dignus vindice nodus*,—a work worth the greatness and goodness of God; *deceit enim magnum magna facere*,—for it becometh him that is almighty to do mighty works. Thus to make the 'daughter of Jerusalem' fair, cost the Son of God the effusion of his blood.

This gives us strong consolation. *Qui dilexit pollutos, non deseret politos*. He that loved us when we were not, when we were nought, will not now lose us, whom he hath bought with his death, interested to his life. 'Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end,' John 13:1: *usque ad finem*, nay, *absque fine*,—unto the end, in the end, without end. He will not neglect David in the throne, that did protect him in the fold. He that visited Zaccheus a sinner, will not forsake him a saint, Luke 19. If he bore affection to us in our rags, his love will not leave us when we are heightened with his righteousness and shining with his jewels. If Ruth were lovely in the eyes of Boaz, gleaning after the reapers, what is she, made mistress of the harvest? He never meant to lose us, that laid out his blood to purchase us. Satan hath no trick to deceive him of us, us of him. As he hath no power to prevent the first, so none against the second redemption. Christ was *agnus in passione*, but *leo in resurrectione*,—a lamb suffering death, John 1:29, but a lion rising from death, Rev. 5:5. If he could save us, being a lamb, he will not suffer us to be lost, being a lion. 'Fear not, thou daughter of Zion;' he that chose thee sick, sinful, rebellious, will preserve thee sound, holy, his friend, his spouse. There is 'neither death, nor life, nor principality, nor power, nor height, nor depth, that shall be able to

separate us from his love,' Rom. 8:38, or pluck us out of the arms of his mercy. But tremble, ye wicked; if ye have not fought in his camp, ye shall never shine in his court.

To press this point too far were but to write Iliads after the Homers of our church. Besides there are many that offer to sit down in this chair before they come at it; and presume of God that they shall not be forsaken, when they are not yet taken into his favour. Enow would be saved by this privilege, if there were no more matter in it than the pleading of it. But in vain doth the beggar's son boast himself of the blood-royal, or the wicked soul of 'partaking of the divine nature,' 2 Pet. 1:4, when he cannot demonstrate his adoption by his sanctification. So that as we give comfort to them that doubt themselves, so terror to them that prefer themselves when God doth not. Make sure to thy soul that thou art once God's; and, my life for thine, thou shalt ever be his.

Obs. 4.—Lastly, from this titular phrase observe, that the 'daughter of Jerusalem' is our mother. Gal. 4:26, 'Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all'—μήτηρ παντῶν ἡμῶν. The holy church is our mother, if the most holy God be our father. She feeds us with sincere milk, 1 Tim. 3:15, from her two breasts, the Scriptures of both the Testaments; those oracles which God hath committed to her keeping. God doth beget us 'of immortal seed by the word, which liveth and abideth for ever,' 1 Pet. 1:23, but not without the womb of the church. Non enim nascimur, sed renascimur Christiani,*—We are not Christians by our first, but by our second birth. Neither is she the mother of all, but us all, whom God hath chosen before all time, and called in time to himself: qui sic sunt in domo Dei, ut ipsi sint domus Dei,†—who are so in the house of God, that themselves are the house of God. 'He that overcometh, I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, that cometh out of heaven from my God,' Rev. 3:12.

So that à quo dominatio, ab eo denominatio,—our name is given us according to her name that cherisheth and is mother unto us. Hence

every believing soul is a daughter of Jerusalem, and a spouse of Christ. *Anima credentis est sponsa redimentis*,—The soul of him that believes is the spouse of him that saves. As a multitude is but a heap of units, so the church is a congregation of saints. And as that which belongs to the body belongs to every member, so the privileges of our mother Jerusalem are the prerogatives of all her children: not only the daughter of Zion herself, but every daughter of hers, every faithful soul, is 'a pure virgin,' and so to be 'presented to Jesus Christ.' As Paul to his particular church of Corinth: 'I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy: for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ,' 2 Cor. 11:2. Man's soul is of an excellent nature, and like a beautiful damsel, hath many suitors:—

(1.) First, the devil: who comes like an old dotard, neatly tricked and smugged up, his wrinkled hide smoothed and sleeked with tentations; he comes ever masked, and dares not shew his face. Take away his vizard, and the soul is worse than a witch that can affect him. And as when he tempts wretched sorceresses to some real covenant with him, he assumes the form of familiar and unfeared creatures, lest in a horrid and strange shape they should not endure him; so in his spiritual circumventions, for the more facile, sly, and suspectless insinuation into mortal hearts, 'he transforms himself into an angel of light,' 2 Cor. 11:14.

The promises of this suitor are large and fair; he offers the soul, if it will be his spouse, a great jointure. Judas shall have money, Esau pleasures, Nabal plenty. Christ himself shall be jointured in many kingdoms, Matt. 4:9; but ever he indents that we must love him, and join with him in marriage. Doeg shall have a place in the court, so he will malign God's priests. Pilate shall be judge, so he will ply his injustice hard. The Protector shall be made an ecclesiastical judge, if he will promise more connivance than conscience, and suffer Master Bribery to give the censure. Every Balaam shall be promoted, that is readier to curse than to bless the people.

These things to the wicked doth Satan form in speculation, though not perform in action. He is an ill wooer that wanteth words. Hear his voice, and see not his face; believe his promises, and consider him not as a liar, as a murderer, and he will go near to carry thy heart from all. But he hath two infirmities, nay, enormities, that betray him: a stinking breath, and a halting foot.

For his breath; though it smell of sulphur, and the hot stream of sin and hell, yet he hath art to sweeten it. So he can relish covetise with thriftiness, voluptuousness with good diet, idleness with good quiet. Drunkenness, because it is very sour, and fulsome, and odious, even to nature and reason, shall be seasoned, sweetened with good-fellowship. Malice is the argument of a noble spirit, and murder the maintenance of reputation. Lust is the direction of nature; and swearing, a graceful testimony to the truth of our speeches. With such luscious confections he labours to conserve his lungs from stinking. If it were not for those mists and shadows, sin would want both fautors and factors.

But his lame foot cannot be hidden, (as they once foolishly fabled among the vulgar that his cloven foot could not be changed,) for his disobedience is manifest. If he saith, 'Steal,' and God saith, 'Thou shalt not steal;' 'Swear,' when God saith, 'Swear not;' 'Dissemble,' when he cries, 'Woe against hypocrites!' 'Be a usurer,' when God saith, 'Thou shalt not then dwell in my glory:' what pretences soever gloss his text, his lameness cannot be hidden. All his policy cannot devise a boot to keep him from this halting.—This is the first and worst suitor.

(2.) The world comes in like a blustering captain, with more nations on his back than crowns in his purse, or at least virtues in his conscience. This wooer is handsomely breasted, but ill backed: better to meet than to follow, for he is all vanity before, all vexation behind, by the witness of him that tried and knew him, Eccles. 1. Sometimes trouble fellows him, but surely follows him. 'The desire of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred

from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows,' 1 Tim. 6:10. He is like a bee or an epigram, all his sting is in his tail. He is troubled with a thousand diseases, and is attended on with more plagues than ever Galen knew remedies. He is now grown exceeding old, and hath but a few minutes to live. He is decayed both in stature and nature: specially he is troubled with a stooping and a stopping—a stooping in his joints, a stopping in his lungs; he neither hath an upright face nor a light heart.

[1.] For the former; he is ever poring on the earth, as if he had no other heaven, or were set to dig there for paradise. His eye never looks up to heaven, but to observe what weather it will be. This is his curvity; he is a warped, aged, and decrepit suitor. There is no straightness in him.

[2.] For the other; he cannot be lightsome, because he never did give a good conscience one night's lodging, which only truly can make 'the heart merry,' Prov. 15:15. He strives to be merry, but his mirth is madness. He cannot dance unless vanity be his mate, and iniquity his minstrel. All his joy is vel in vitiis, vel in divitiis,—either in his wealth, or his wickedness. He cannot be merry if God be in the company. For the good only keep Christmas all the year in their conscience, though not at their table. He hath three inducements to persuade, and three defects to dissuade, the soul from accepting his love. If the former induce any to him, let the latter reduce them from him:—

His first allurement is a mellifluous language, able to blanch mischief. His words drop nectar, as if he had been brought up at court. And as by his logic he can make quidlibet ex quolibet,—anything of everything; so by his rhetoric he can make stones, hard-hearted worldlings, dance to his pipe, as it is fabled of Orpheus: *Cujus ex ore non tam verba, quam mella fluunt*, as I have read of Origen,—*Every syllable is like a drop of honey from his lips. Magicis verborum viribus, quasi transformat homines*,—There lies a magic in his tempting speech, able to enchant and transform men's hearts:

making a voluptuous man a hog; an oppressor, a wolf; the lustful, a goat; the drunkard, a devil. His arguments are not empty, but carry the weight of golden eloquence, the musical sound of profit and pleasure.

Besides his captivating elocution, he mends the ill fabric of his person with rich accoutrements. He wears all his clothes, as St Paul saith, in the fashion, Rom. 12:2. He hath change of suits. He puts on pride when he goes to the court; bribery, when he goes to the Hall; ebriety, when to a tavern; prodigality, when he shuffles in among gallants; usury, when he would walk in the Exchange; and oppression, when he would ride down into the country. Only avarice is the girdle of his loins; he is never without it. It is his fashion to be of any fashion, and to apply himself to thy humour whom he courts. He hath a suit to speed his suit, to please thy affection.

This is not all; he tenders thee a fair and large jointure. Give him but marriage, and he will give thee maintenance. Jura, perjura,—Defraud, dissemble, swear, forswear, bribe, flatter, temporise, make use of all men, love only thyself; and riches, with preferment in his company, shall seek thee out. Thou shalt hazard no straits, climb no Alps, prison not thyself in a study, nor apprentice thy life to the wars. Entertain but the world for thy husband, and thou art out of all hunger and cold: wealth shall come trolling in even whiles thou sleepest. But happy is he that can be rich with honesty, or poor with content.

These are the glories whereof he would enamour thee; thus would he possess thee with his possessions. But he hath three deterrings: hear them:—

He hath sore eyes, blear and raw with cares; for he is ever in expectation, either of remedy to griefs, or supply to wants. What opulency can boast immunity from sorrow, exemption from crosses? And such is the secure worldling's impatience, when he is once angered with afflictions, that a little misery makes him greatly

miserable. He makes his yoke the more troublous to him, because he hath not learned to draw quietly in it. Though he hath already more than enough, he keeps his eyes sore with seeking for addition. In the quest of wealth, he denies himself rest. Needs must his eyes be sore that sleepeth not.—This is one disease incident to the world.

He hath swollen legs, diseased with surfeits. For the world comprehends more than covetousness, by the testimony of St John: 'The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life is of the world,' 1 John 2:15. We renounced in our baptism, together with the world, pomps and vanities. Riot, lust, intemperance, epicurism, dissoluteness, are members of the world, as well as avarice. Tam, I say, if not tantum. And therefore our Saviour, by that terrible sentence against rich men, intends not covetousness for a sole and singular obstacle, (yield it a principal,) but pride, ambition, lust, vain-glory, luxury, the effects of an opulent state, as well as covetise. There are more burdens to load the camel, when he should pass through the small postern of grace, (that needle's eye,) than only avarous affections. What lesson of vice is not the rich man apt to learn? Therefore this makes the world have swollen legs, as the other sore eyes. He is blind, he is lame; both ill qualities in a suitor.

He hath a very weak tenure of all he possesseth; he is God's tenant at will, and hath lease of nothing, but durante Domini beneplacito,—during the great Landlord of heaven and earth's favour. At utmost, his hold is but for term of life: and that a warish, short, and transient life, scarce so long as the first line of an indenture. Nay, he hath right to nothing; for he holds not in capite, from the Lord of all, Jesus Christ. Therefore every worldling shall be accountant for each crumb of bread and drop of water which they have received. For the right of creatures lost in the first Adam, cannot be recovered but by the second. So that he enters on them as an intruder, and possesseth them as a usurper: his title being so bad, his tenure is certain in nothing but in being uncertain. Sic transit gloria mundi,—So 'the fashion of this world passeth away,' 1 Cor. 7:31. What soul soever

marries him, either he leaves his wife, or his wife must leave him, without ever being satisfied.

You see, then, the fraudulent proffers of your personable wooer, the world. What is there in him, that any daughter of Jerusalem should affect him? Only be you simple as doves, in not loving him; but wise as serpents, in living by him. 'Love not the world,' saith St John, 1 Epist. 2:15; yet make use of it, saith St Paul. *Utere mundo, fruere Deo*,—Use the world, but enjoy God; for 'the world waxeth old as a garment, and fadeth away,' 1 Cor. 7:31, Heb. 1:11; but 'Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever,' chap. 13:8. The world, like fire, may be a good servant, will be an ill master. Make it thy slave; it is not good enough to be thy husband. How base is it for a free woman to marry her servant!

(3.) The third is the flesh. This suitor comes boldly in, like a home-born child, and hopes to speed for old acquaintance. He can plead more than familiarity, even inherence, inheritance of what nature hath left us. He is not only collateral, but connatural to us. One house hath held us, one breath served us, one nutriment fed us, ever since one conception bred us. Like Hippocrates's twins, we should have inseparably lived together and loved together, if the prerogative court of grace and mercy had not divorced us. And even in the sanctified this impudent wooer cannot be quite shaken off, till death shall at once deliver that to death, us to life. For though 'with the mind I delight in the law of God, yet I see another law in my members, rebelling against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin,' Rom. 7:22, 23. His company is wearisome, his solicitings tedious, to the virgin-daughter of Zion. 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord,' ver. 24, 25. So then, with the mind we serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin.

He will perpetually urge his suit, and not, after many rejections, be said nay. Thy soul cannot be rid of him, so long as thou holdest him in any hope of success; and so long he will hope as thou givest him a

cold and timorous denial. Suitors are drawn on with an easy repulse, and take that as half-granted that is but faintly opposed. In whom this wooer prevails least, he wearies him with importunity till a peremptory answer hath put him out of heart. This wavering and weakly-resisting spirit cannot sleep in the chamber of quiet, whiles innumerable lusts, (which are the solicitors and spokesmen of the flesh,) beat at the door with their early knocks, pressing more impudently for audience than instruments of villany to Machiavel, or wronged clients to an advocate. Remiss answers provoke his fiercer attempts. He is shameless when he meets not with a bold heart. He thinks that though

'Pugnabit primo fortassis, et improbe dicet,

Pugnando vinci se tamen illa volet;'—*

'Though at the first the soul refuse to yield,

She means on further strife to lose the field.'

Only resolution can make him give back, give over.

His insinuations are many:—By promises. Pollicitis dives. He is neither a beggar nor a niggard in promising: they are the cheapest chaffer a man can part withal. By tedious and stintless solicitations; as if time could win thee.

'Quid magis est durum saxo? quid mollius unda?

Dura tamen teneris saxa cavantur aquis;'—

'The stone is very hard, the water soft;

Yet doth this hollow that, by dropping oft.'

As if the strongest fort were not long able to hold out. By shadows (for real proffers) of friendship: Tuta frequensque via est, per amici

fallere nomen,—It is a safe and common way, by name of friendship to shew false play. 'It was not mine enemy,' saith David, 'but my familiar friend,' that did me the mischief. By tendering to the soul pleasing and contentful objects; as if

'non vincere possit

Flumina, si contra quam rapit unda, natet;—

'The floods would easily master him,

If he against the stream should swim.'

Therefore he forms his insidious baits to our inclinations, diversifieth his lusts according to the variety of humours. Hic procus innumeris moribus aptus erit,—This wooer can vary his Protean forms, observe all strains, reserve and conceal his own, till he be sure that the pill he gives will work.

This suitor is dangerous, and prevails much with the soul: a handsome fellow, if you pluck off his skin; for this, saith St Jude, is 'spotted all over.' A virgin, well-natured, well-nurtured, that sets ought by herself, will not fasten her love on a lazar, leper, or ulcerous Moor. Why, then, oh why, should the soul, so heavenly generate, thus become degenerate, as to wed her affections to the polluted flesh? God, indeed, once married the soul to the body, the celestial to a terrene nature; but to the lusts of the body, which Paul calls the flesh, he never gave his consent. This clandestine match was made without the consent of parents—of God our Father, of the church our mother; therefore most sinful, most intolerable. Cashier, then, this saucy suitor, who, like some riotous younger brother with some great heir, promiseth much, both of estate and love; but once married, and made lord of all, soon consumes all to our final undoing. He breaks open the cabinet of our heart, and takes out all the jewels of our graces, and stints not his lavishing till he hath beggared us.—This is the third suitor.

(4.) The last and best, and only worthy to speed, is Jesus Christ. 'What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?' say foreign congregations to the church, Cant. 5:9. To whom she answers, ver. 10, 'My beloved is white and ruddy:' he hath an exact mixture of the best colours, arguments of the purest and healthfulest complexion. 'The chiefest among ten thousand:' infinitely fairer than all the sons of men, who alone may bear the standard of comely grace and personal goodness among all. 'His head is as the most fine gold:' the Deity which dwelleth in him is most pure and glorious. 'His locks are curled, and black as a raven:' his Godhead deriving to his human nature such wondrous beauty as the black curled locks become a fresh and well-favoured countenance. 'His eyes are like doves,' &c.: who will, let him there read and regard his graces. 'His name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love him.'

He hath a rich wardrobe of righteousness to apparel us; a glorious house, a city of gold, to entertain us, whose foundation is jasper and sapphire, and such precious stones, Rev. 21, the least of them richer than ten Escurials: his jointure is glory,—jointure I may call it, for so we are with him joined heirs, though not joined purchasers. If the house of this world be so esteemed, wherein God lets his enemies dwell, what is the mansion he hath provided for himself and his spouse, the daughter of Zion! Rom. 8:17. His fruition is sweet and blessed, ob eminentiam, ob permanentiam,—for perfection, for perpetuity; a kingdom, and such a one as 'cannot be shaken,' Heb. 12, which no sin, like a politic Papist, shall blow up; no sorrow, like a turbulent atheist, shall invade.

This suitor is only beautiful, only bountiful: let him possess your souls, which with his blood he bought out, and with his power brought out from captivity. For him am I deputed wooer at this time, (for 'as though God did beseech you through us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,' 2 Cor. 5:20,) who would fain 'present your souls pure virgins to Jesus Christ,' chap. 11:2. Forbear the prostitution of them to any ravisher, to any sin; for peccare, to

sin, is to commit adultery. Quasi pellicare, id est cum pellice coire. Christ lays just title to you: give yourselves from yourselves to him; you are not your own unless you be his.

2. We have heard the daughter of Zion described quæ sit; let us now hear cujus sit, 'the daughter of my people,' saith the Lord. God was pleased with that title, 'the God of Israel.' His own Scriptures frequently give it him: Jer. 32:36, 'Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel,' &c. The children are usually called after the name of their father; here the Father is contented to be called after the name of his children: 'The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac,' &c. So Darius proclaims in his decree, Dan. 6:26, 'The God of Daniel.' Isa. 44:5, 'One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel. Thus saith the King of Israel,' &c. And, chap. 45:4, 'For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.' Here might be inferred the inutterable compassion of God to Israel. It is my people that is thus sick. But I have not scanted this observation before.

That which I would now direct my speech and your attention to, is the strangeness of his complaint; ægrotat Israel. Others to have been sick were not so rare. It had been no wonder in Egypt, Ammon, Edom, Babylon: Israel hath the best means for health, therefore the more inexcusable her sickness. They should have been so mannered as they were manured, and brought forth grapes according to their dressing: Sidon shall judge Chorazin, Nineveh Jerusalem. In Sidon, where was no prophet, was less wickedness; in Nineveh, where less prophesying, greater repentance. This conviction was demonstrated in many particulars. The praise of the centurion is the shame of Israel; the mercy of the Samaritan, the priest's and Levite's condemnation. The very dogs licking Lazarus's sores confute the stony bowels of Dives. The returning of the strange leper, with a song of thanksgiving in his mouth, was an exprobration to all the nine; when Christ had the tithe of a person he least expected.

God reproacheth this 'daughter of Zion,' Ezek. 16:46, that Samaria and Sodom were of her sisterhood; yea, ver. 47, 'As if their abominations were a very little thing, thou wast corrupted more than they in all thy ways.' Nay, ver. 51, 'Thou hast justified thy sisters, in that their abominations came short of thine by the one half.' 'The people of thy holiness,' as the prophet Isaiah calls them, chap. 63:18, are become, by the same prophet's testimony, 'a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity,' chap. 1:4. 'They that were not called by thy name,' chap. 63:19, are not so rebellious. *Eo sunt deteriores, quo meliores Deus reddere conatus est.* It is grievous that God's goodness should make men worse; and the more kind God hath been to them, the more unkind they should be to themselves, the more unthankful to him. Christ for the Jews turned their water into wine, John 2; the Jews for Christ turned their wine into vinegar, and offered it him to drink, Matt. 27:34. They that were the richest of God's own making, became the most bankrupts in religion. They changed *cathedram mysterii*, wherein God placed their doctors, in *sedem pestilentiae*, into the scorner's chair, contemning his benefits; they had a vineyard at an easy rate, yet paid no fruits of obedience. It is hard to say whether God was more gracious to them, or they more grievous to him. This boldly, never was more pity requited with less piety. God sowed mercy, and reaped a crop of iniquity.

God can brook this in none; but as he forsook his temple in Zion when it became 'a den of thieves,' so he will take out his ornaments wherewith he graced the temple of the soul, when we set up the Dagon of this world in it; and withdraw his riches, as from a divorced spouse, running after other lovers. Whiles Adam served God, God, in a manner, served him; he provides for him a mansion, a companion, and sustentation. We read of nothing that God did six days together, (and his works were not small nor few,) but work for Adam; as if he had been hired to labour for him. Is it not strange that such a child should prove rebel to such a father? Let none think his fault was small in eating an apple, or that his punishment weighed heavier than his trespass. His sin was so much the greater, because against a God, and so good unto him. The more gloriously the sun and

summer have apparelled a tree, the more we admire the blasting. When God hath planted a soul in his own holy ground, watered it with those sacred, purifying dews of his graces, shone on it with the radiant beams of his soul-reviving mercies, spent much *et operæ et olei*, both of care and cost upon it, and hath his expectation requited, abused with a mere flourish of leaves,—with either a *nequam*, or *nequicquam fructus*, none or evil fruits,—there goes out a curse, 'Never fruit grow on thee more.' When God hath put his grace into our unworthy vessels, how abusive is it to empty ourselves of that precious liquor, and swell our spirits with the poison of hell! How just is it with him to take away what he gave, Luke 8:18, and to put a consumption into our vital parts! Hence (without wonder) our judgment rusts like a never-drawn sword; our knowledge loseth the relish, like the Jews' putrified manna; our faith dissolves as a cloud; our zeal trembles, as if it were held with a palsy; our love freezeth the harder, as water that once was warm; our repentance turns to ice, and our hope to snow, which the heat of affliction melts to water, not to be gathered up: the image of death is upon all our religion.

Was this strange in Israel, and is it nothing in England? Look upon the inhabitants of the earth, somewhat remote from us, to whose face the sun of the gospel hath not yet sent his rays; people blinded with ignorance, blended with lusts. What were our desires or deserts, former matter or latter merit, congruity before conversion, or condignity after, more than theirs, that might shew that God should put us into the horizon of his grace, whiles they 'sit in darkness and shade of death?' Want they nature, or the strength of flesh? Are they not tempered of the same mortar? Are not their heads upward toward heaven? Have they not reasonable souls, able for comprehension, apt for impression, if God would set his seal on them, as well as we? Eph. 4:30. Are they not as likely for flesh and blood, provident to forecast, ingenious to invent, active to execute, if not more, than we? Why have we that star of the gospel to light us to Christ Jesus standing over our country, whiles they neither see it nor seek it? It is clearly, merely God's mercy. Now why are our lives worse, seeing our knowledge is better? Why devour we their venom,

refusing our own healthful food; whiles they would feed on our crumbs, and have it not? Woe unto us if we scant God of our fruits, that hath not scanted us of his blessings!

Bring presents to the King of glory, ye children of his holiness, and worship before him. Endanger not yourselves to the greater misery, by abusing his great mercy. He hath loved us much and long in our election, when we could not love him; in our redemption, when we would not love him. His love was not merited by ours; let our love be deserved, inflamed by his. If God prevent us with love, we can do no less than answer him in the same nature, though not (it is impossible) in the same measure. Publicans will love those that love publicans, Matt. 5:46. The poet could say—

'Ut præstem Pyladen, aliquis mihi præstet Oresten;

Hoc non fit verbis: Marce, ut ameris ama;—*

'Give me Orestes, I shall Pylades prove;

Then truly, that thou mayest be loved, love.'

But God loved us, even being his enemies. *Ejus charitas est substantia, nostra accidentalis,* †—His love is a substance, ours only accidental. His, *ignis accendens*; ours, *ignis accensus*. His love is that holy fire that enkindles ours. If we return not our little mite of love for his great treasures, his great love shall turn to our great anger; and we shall fare the worse that ever we fared so well. God, as he hath advanced us into his favour, so hath he set us as 'a light on a hill,' among the nations; if darkness be on the hill, what light can be in the valley? A small scar on the face is eminent. If one eyebrow be shaven, how little is taken from the body, how much from the beauty! We are now the world's envy; oh, let us become their declamation!

Obs.—Is the daughter of God's people sick? It may then be inferred, that the church may be sick, though not die and perish; die it cannot.

The blood of an eternal King bought it, the power of an eternal Spirit preserves it, the mercy of an eternal God shall crown it, Heb. 9:14. The heathens have imagined to vaunt themselves and daunt us with the downfall of our church. *Ad certum tempus sunt Christiani, postea peribunt; redibunt idola, et quod fuit antea,**—These Christians are but for a time; then they shall perish, and our idols shall be returned to their former adoration. To whom that father replies: *Verum tu cum expectas, miser infidelis, ut transeant Christiani, transis ipse sine Christianis,*—But whilst thou, O wretched infidel, expectest the Christians to perish, thou dost perish thyself, and leave them safe behind thee. Whiles they boast in their self-flatteries, that we had a time to begin and shall have a time to continue, themselves vanish, and we remain to praise the Lord our God from generation to generation. Indeed, Matt. 15:13, 'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.' But whom he loves, for ever he loves, John 13:1. Yet may this church, whiles it is not freed from militancy, be very sick in the visible body of it. *Ægrotat Israel;* yet in Israel was the true church of God. It was so sick in Elias's time, that, Rom. 11:3, he complaineth, 'Lord, they have killed thy prophets, and digged down thine altars; and I am left alone, and they seek my life.' The church was sick, you see; yet the next verse of God's answer frees it from being dead: 'I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, that never bowed the knee to the image of Baal.'

What church since hath been so happy as to joy in her freedom from this cause of complaint? The church was from the beginning, shall be to the end, without limitation of time, of place. Yet she is a garden: Cant. 4:12, 'A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse;' sometimes by diligence kept neat and clean, sometimes by negligence overrun with weeds. She is a moon, oft clear and beautiful, oft waning, and waxing darksome, chap. 6:10. Die then it cannot, be sick it may. Time was, saith Chrysostom, † *that ecclesia cœlum fuit, Spiritu cuncta administrante, &c.,*—the church was a heaven, the Holy Spirit governing all things, &c. Now the very steps and tokens thereof do but scarcely remain. *Mali proficiunt, boni deficient,*—Wickedness grows strong, goodness faints. The lambs are few, the goats swarm.

'Little faith shall be found

When the last trump shall sound.'

We have read often the church compared to a body, *cujus caput Christus*, 'whose head is Jesus Christ.' In the 4th to the Ephesians, we have it likened to a man, *cujus anima Christus*, whose soul is Christ: 'Till all come to a perfect man,' &c. Now the soul increaseth in a man, not augmentatively, but *secundum vigorem*; transfusing into the body her virtual powers and operations more strongly. Christ is *semper idem* objective, subjective, effective,—ever the same in himself, and to us, Heb. 13:8; but this body grows up with the head, this man with the soul, this church 'increaseth with the increasing of God,' Col. 2:19. Sickness, then, to the church cannot be mortal, yet may the body be distempered; her doctrine may be sound, her members want health: 'Why is not the health of the daughter,' &c. But to descend from the universal to a particular, from the invisible to a visible church; this may be sick, either by some inbred distemperature, or by the accession of some outward malady. There may be grievances in either respect to afflict the daughter of Israel.

Inwardly: corruption may gather on it by degrees and put it in need of physic. For as the natural body of man, when it is overcharged in the veins and parts with rank and rotten humours, which it hath gathered by misdiet, surfeiting, or infest airs, the man grows dangerously sick, till by some fit evacuation he can be discharged of that burden: so the body of a church, being infected with humours, and swollen with tumours of unsound doctrine, of unsounder life, superstitious ceremonies, corrupting the vital pores and powers thereof; troubled with the cold shakings of indevotion, or taken with the numbness of induration, or terrified with windy passions of turbulent spirits, cannot be at ease till due reformation hath cured it. Now such a church sometimes is more swelling in bigness, and ostents a more bulky show; but once truly purged of such crude superfluities, it becomes less great and numerous, but withal more sound, apt and fit for spiritual actions.

Our particular church of England, now fined from the dross of Rome, had a true substantial being before, but hath gotten the better being, by the repurgation wrought by the gospel, maintained by our Christian princes, the true 'defenders of the faith' of Christ. God had doubtless his church among us before, for it is catholic and universal; but his floor was full of chaff. The Papists demand where our church was before Luther's time. We answer, it lay hid under a great bulk of chaff; and, Matt. 3, since Christ vouchsafed to come 'with his fan to purge it of the chaff,' it now shews itself with greater eminence, and is clearer both in show and substance. It was before a wedge of pure gold, but coming into the hands of impostors, was by their mixtures and sophistications, for gain and such sinister respects, augmented into a huge body and mass, retaining still an outward fair show and tincture of gold. They demand, where was the gold? demonstrate the place. I answer, in that mass. But for the extracting thereof, and purifying it from dross, God hath given us the true touchstone, his sacred word, which can only manifest the true church; and withal reverend bishops, and worthy ministers, that have been instruments to refine and purge it from the dross of superstitions, foul ceremonies, and juggling inventions.

The Papists brag themselves the true ancient church, and tax ours of novelty, of heresy. But we justly tell them, that *ecclesiæ nomen tenent, et contra ecclesiam dimicant*,—that they usurp the name of the church, yet persecute it. For the truth of our church, we appeal to the Scriptures. *Nolo humanis documentis, sed divinis oraculis sanctam ecclesiam demonstrari*,*—It is fit the holy church should be proved rather by divine oracles, than human precepts or traditions. We stand not upon numbers, (which yet, we bless God, are not small,) but upon truth. You see, as the church of the Jews, so any particular church, may be sick inwardly. To describe these internal diseases, I will limit them into four:—

(1.) Error. Indeed heresy cannot possess a church but it gives a subversion to it. *Errare possum, hereticus esse non possum*, saith that father,†—I may err, a heretic I cannot be. Now, *quicquid contra*

veritatem sapit, hæresis est, etiam vetus consuetudo, † —What is diametrically opposed against the truth is heresy, yea, though it be an ancient and long-received custom. But logic, which is a reasonable discourse of things, shews a great difference between diversa and contraria. A church may be sick of error, and yet live; but heresy (a wilful error against the fundamental truth, violently prosecuted and persisted in) kills it. Therefore, hæresis potius mors, quam morbus,—heresy is rather death than sickness. When the truth of doctrine, or rather doctrine of truth, hath been turned to the falsehood of heresy, God hath removed their candlestick, and turned their light into darkness. Error may make it sick, but so that it may be cured. The churches of Corinth, Galatia, Pergamos, had these sicknesses; the Holy Ghost, by Paul and John, prescribeth their cures. If they had been dead, what needed any direction of physic? If they had not been sick, to what tended the prescription of their remedy?

To God alone, and to his majestical word, be the impossibility of erring. That church, that man, shall in this err palpably, that will challenge an immunity; whosoever thinks he cannot err, doth in this very persuasion err extremely. I know there is a man on earth, a man of earth, (to say no more,) that challengeth this privilege. Let him prove it. Give him a term ad exhibendum, and then for want of witness he may write, Teste meipso, as kings do,—Witness ourself, &c. Nay, ask his cardinals, friars, Jesuits. This is somewhat to the proverb, 'Ask the sons if the father be a thief.' But he cannot err in his definitive sentence of religion. Then belike he hath one spirit in his consistory, and another at home; and it may in some sort be said of him, as Sallust of Cicero: Aliud stans, aliud sedens de republica loquitur,—He is of one opinion sitting, of another standing. 'Let God be true, but every man a liar,' Rom. 3:4. One of their own said, Omnis homo errare potest in fide, etiamsi Papa sit,—Any man may err in faith, yea, though he were the Pope. If they will have Rome a sanctuary, let them take along with them Petrarcha's catachresical speech, calling it an asylum errorum, sanctuary of errors. What particular church then may not err? Now can it err, and be sound? Be the error small, yet the ache of the finger keeps the body from perfect

health. The greater it is, the more dangerous; especially, [1.] Either when it possesseth a vital part, and infecteth the rulers of the church. It is ill for the feet when the head is giddy. [2.] Or when it is infectious and spreading, violently communicated from one to another. [3.] Or when it carries a colour of truth. The most dangerous vice is that which bears the countenance and wears the cloak of virtue. [4.] Or when it is fitter to the humour, and seasoned to the relish of the people. Sedition, affectation, popularity, covetousness, are enough to drive an error to a heresy. So the disease may prove a gangrene, and then ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur,—no means can save the whole, but cutting off the incurable part: *Pereat unus potius quam unitas.*

(2.) Ignorance is a sore sickness in a church, whether it be in the superior or subordinate members; especially when 'the priest's lips preserve not knowledge.' Ill goes it with the body when the eyes are blind. Devotion without instruction often winds itself into superstition. When learning's head is kept under avarice's girdle, the land grows sick. Experience hath made this conclusion too manifest. Our forefathers felt the terror and tyranny of this affliction; who had golden chalices, and wooden priests, who had either no art or no heart to teach the people. Sing not, thou Roman siren, that ignorance is the dam of devotion, to breed it; it is rather a dam to stifle, restrain, and choke it up. Blindness is plausible to please men, not possible to please God. Grant that our faults in the light are more heinous than theirs who wanted true knowledge. *Ex furibus enim leges eos gravius puniunt, qui interdum furantur,**—For the laws do punish those thieves most severely, that fear not even by day to commit outrages. Yet in all reason their sins did exceed in number, who knew not when they went awry, or what was amiss.

Rome hath, by a strange and incredible kind of doctrine, gone about to prove that the health, which is indeed the sickness of a church, is ignorance. Their Cardinal Cusan saith, that *obedientia irrationalis est consummata obedientia et perfectissima, &c.*,—ignorant obedience, wanting reason, is the most absolute and perfect

obedience. Chrysostom gives the reason why they so oppose themselves against reason: *Hæretici sacerdotes claudunt januas veritatis, &c.*,—Heretical priests shut up the gates of truth; for they know that upon the manifestation of the truth their church would be soon forsaken. If the light, which maketh all things plain, should shine out, *tunc hi qui prius decipiebant, nequaquam ad populum accedere valebunt, postquam se senserint intellectos*,—then they who before cozened the people could preserve their credits no longer, being now smelt out and espied. Hence the people aim at Christ, but either short or gone, and not with a just level. But *nemo de Christo credat, nisi quod Christus de se credi voluit*,—let no man believe other thing of Christ than what Christ would have believed of himself. *Non minus est Deum fingere, quam negare*, saith Hilary,—It is no less sin to feign a new God, than to deny the true God. The priests call the people swine, and therefore must not have those precious pearls. And so the people *amant ignorare, malunt nescire, quod jam oderunt*,*—had rather continue ignorant, as not loving to know those things, which they cannot love, because they know not.

But, alas! ignorance is so far from sanity and sanctity, that it is a spilling and killing sickness. Men are urged to read the Scriptures, that never-emptied treasure-house of knowledge: they answer, *Non sum monachus; uxorem habeo, et curam domus*,†—I am no priest; I have a wife, and a domestical charge to look to. This is that pestilence (no ordinary sickness) that infects to death many souls; to think that knowledge belongs only to priests. This is a work of the devil's inspiration, not suffering us to behold the treasure, lest we grow rich by it. *Dicis non legi; non est hæc excusatio, sed crimen*,—Thou sayest, I have not read; this is no excuse, but a sin. The Romists stick not, as once the Valentinian heretics, *veritatis ignorantiam, cognitionem vocare*, by a paradox, pseudodox, to call the ignorance of the truth, the true knowledge thereof. Like those, *Wisd. 14*, that 'living in a war of ignorance, those so great plagues, they called peace.' But *qui ea quæ sunt Domini nesciunt, à Domino nesciuntur*,—they that will not know the Lord, shall not be known of the Lord. It is objected, *1 Cor. 8:1*, 'Knowledge puffeth up.' Let Irenæus expound

it: *Non quod veram scientiam de Deo culparet, alioquin seipsum primum accusaret,*—Not that he blamed the true knowledge of God, for then he should first have accused himself.

Beloved, 'let the word of God dwell in you plenteously,' Col. 3:16. Do not give it a cold entertainment, as you would do to a stranger, and so take your leave of it; but esteem it as your best familiar and domestical friend: making it your chamber-fellow, study-fellow, bed-fellow. Let it have the best room and the best bed; the parlour of our conscience, the resting-place in our heart. Neglected things are without the door, less respected within, but near the door. *Sed quæ pretiosa sunt, non uno servantur ostio,*—The more worthy things are not trusted to the safety of one door, but kept under many locks and keys. Give terrene things little regard, preserve them with a more removed care. But this pearl of inestimable value, Matt. 13:46, this jewel purer than gold of Ophir, Ps. 119:127; lay it not up in the porter's lodge, the outward ear, but in the cabinet and most inward closure of thy heart. Deut. 11:18, 'Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul.' Mary thought that place the fittest receptacle for such oracles. This is that physic which can only cure the sickness of ignorance: *ubi ignorans invenit quod addiscat, contumax quid timeat, laborans quo præmiatur, pusillanimis quo nutriatur, famelicus convivium, vulneratus remedium,*—where the ignorant may find what to learn, the refractory what to fear, the labourer wherewith to be rewarded, the weak nourishment, the guest a banquet, the wounded a remedy to cure him. Be not ignorant, be not sick. 'Search the Scriptures,' read, observe. This is not all. *Non prodest cibus, qui statim sumptus emittitur,**—The meat nourisheth not which tarrieth not in the stomach. It must be digested by meditation and prayer. *Meditatio docet quid desit, oratio obtinet ne desit,*—Meditation shews our want, prayer procureth supply. Let it not be said of our perfunctory reading, as it was of the Delphian oracle, *quoties legitur, toties negligitur,*—that we disregard what we read. Read to learn, learn to practise, practise to live, and live to praise God for ever.

(3.) A third sickness, which may inwardly afflict a church, is dissension: a sore shaking to the joints, an enervating the strength, and dangerous degree to dissolution. The world being but one, teacheth that there is but one God that governs it; one God, that there is but one church, one truth. The church is not only *columna veritatis, sed columna unitatis*,—the pillar of truth, 1 Tim. 3:15, but also the dove of unity: Cant. 6:10, 'My dove, my undefiled is alone.' Dissensions, like secret and close Judases, have given advantageous means to our common enemies, both to scorn and scourge the church. Clemens Alexandrinus[†] brings the heathen exprobrating our religion for untrue, unwarrantable: *quia omnis secta Christianismi titulum sibi vindicat, tamen alia aliam execratur et condemnat*,—because every sect challengeth to itself the title and right of true Christianity, yet one curseth and condemneth another. Within how much the narrower limits this distraction is pent, it so much the more violently bursteth forth, and strives to rend the bowels of a church: like some angry and furious vapour or exhalation restrained, that shakes the very earth for vent and passage. Such hath been the distractedness of some times, that men have laboured to be neuters, and studied more to be indifferently disposed to either side, than to be religious at all. Such a time doth Erasmus mention: *quando ingeniosa res fuit esse Christianum*,—when it was a point of policy and wit to be a Christian.

I confess, indeed, that unity is no inseparable and undoubted mark of the church; for there was a unity in those murdering voices, 'Crucify him, crucify him!' 'The kings of the earth have banded themselves together against the Lord,' Ps. 2:2. Those favourers and factors of Antichrist, Rev. 17, that make war against the Lamb, are all said to 'have one mind.' Nay, Chrysostom saith, that *expedit ipsis dæmonibus obaudire sibi invicem in schismate*,—it is necessary for the very devils to hearken one to another, and to have some mutuality in their very mutiny, a union in their distraction. Yet can it not be denied but that dissension in a church is a sickness to it. It goes ill with the body when the members agree not: those that dwell in one house should be of one mind. It endangers the whole building

to ruin, when the stones square and jar one with another. What detriment this hath been to whole Christendom, he hath no mind that considers not, no heart that condoles not. We may say with the Athenians, *Auximus Philippum nos ipsi Athenienses*,—We have strengthened King Philip against us by our own contentions. Christian nation fighting with Christian hath laid more to the possession of the Turk than his own sword. Where is the Greek church, once so famous? *Græciam in Græcia quærimus*, saith *Æneas Sylvius*,—We seek for Greece in Greece, and scarce find the remaining ruins. Behold, we have laid waste ourselves, who shall pity us? Our own seditions have betrayed the peace of our Jerusalem. He hath no tears of Christian compassion in his eyes that will not shed them at this loss. If you ask the reason why the wild boar hath spoiled the vineyard, why the Iim and Ziim, filthy and unclean birds, roost themselves in those sanctified dominions, why Mohammed is set up, like Dagon, where the ark once stood, and paganism hath thrust Christianity out of her seat, it is answered, Israel is not true to Judah; the rending of the ten tribes from the two hath made both the two and the ten miserable.

It is one of the sorest plagues, (oh, rather let it fall on the enemies of God and his church! let his own never feel it,) when men shall be 'fed with their own flesh, and shall be drunk with their own blood, as with sweet wine,' Isa. 49:26, fighting and fighting one against another, till an utter extirpation devour and swallow all. The malignity of this sickness hath been terrible to particular churches. They that have been least endamaged have little cause to joy in it. Our own home-bred jars have lately more prejudiced our peace than foreign wars. The Spanish blades have done less hurt unto us than English tongues. Our contentions have laboured about trifles, our damage hath been no trifle; but I know not whether more to our loss or our enemy's gain. Look but on the effects, and you will confess this a dangerous sickness. Rome laughs, Amsterdam insults; whiles the brethren scuffle in the vineyard, atheists and persecutors shuffle in to spoil all. God's Sabbath, his worship, his gospel is neglected. Some will hear none but the refractory and refusers of conformity; others

take advantage of their disobedience to contemn their ministry. Wicked hearts are hardened, good ones grieved, weak offended. Is this no sickness? Is it unworthy our deploring, our imploring redress?

We are all brethren, both by father's and mother's side. It is more than enough that our fallings-out have been a grief to both our parents. If we proceed, the brethren shall smart for all. Whether we be victors or vanquished, we may beshrew ourselves. Let us think we behold our mother calling us to stay our quarrels, and to lay down the cause at her feet. Otherwise, as Jocasta told her two sons—

'*Bella geri placuit, nullos habitura triumphos,*'—

we undertake a war whose victory shall have a sorry triumph. Let every star in our orb know his station, and run his course without erring; the inferior subjecting themselves to the higher powers, whiles the courses of superiors be wisely tempered with moderation and clemency. For *etsi omnibus verbi ministris commune idemque sit officium, sunt tamen honoris gradus,**—though the office of all God's ministers be common and the same, yet they have different degrees and places.

We have adversaries enow at home to move our tongues and pens against. Oh that arguments of steel and iron might supply the weakness of the other! We have the Edomites with their no God, and the Babylonians with their new god; dissolute atheists, resolute Papists: the former scoffing us for believing at all, the latter for believing as we do, as we ought. These oppose (though under the pent-house of night) mass against service, sacrament against sacrament, prayer against prayer; confounding the language of England, as the Jews once of Israel. Whiles we are praying in one place, 'O Lord God of Abraham,' &c., they are mumbling in another place, 'O Baal, hear us.' Whiles we pray for fire to consume the sacrifice, they for water to consume the fire; we for the propagation, they for the extirpation of the gospel; hating us and our Christian

princes more mortally than if we were Saracens. For as no bond is so strong as that of religion, so no hostility is so cruel and outrageous as that which difference in religion occasioneth. Hence they cross, they curse, they persecute, they excommunicate. Nothing but our blood can stay their stomachs.

We know they hate us; let us the more dearly love one another. The manifestation of enemies should confirm the mutual league and amity of brethren. 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem!' Pray we that the deceived may find their errors, correct their opinions, and submit their judgments and affections to the rule of truth. Yea, that the wandering sheep, yea, that those who are yet goats may become sheep, and be brought into one fold, under one shepherd. Whiles they continue cockle there is small hope. Yet Paul was once a tare, who after proved good wheat, and is now in the garner of heaven. *Recte dicitur glaciam nivem calidam esse non posse: nullo enim pacto quamdiu nix est, calida esse potest,**—It is truly said that the frozen snow can by no means be made hot, for so long as it is snow, and frozen, it admits not to be calefied. Yet if that snow be melted, the liquidity thereof may be made hot. God, that is able to turn a stony heart into a heart of flesh, work this change upon them; unite all our hearts to himself, to one another; and heal our souls of this sickness!

(4.) To omit many,—for sins, as they are innumerable for multitude, so diverse for quality; and many can define sin, but few decline sin,—the last of these inward sicknesses is irreligious profaneness; a grief of all times, a disease of all churches. Other times have been notable for this, ours notorious. Not that I praise the former, which doubtless were conscious of evils enough. They know theirs, we our own. 'The deeds of the flesh,' if ever, 'are now manifest,' Gal. 5:19, not only to God, 'before whom all things lie naked,' Heb. 4:13, as a dissected anatomy, but even to the observing eye of man. Oppression shews itself in open field, depopulating, ruining city, country, church. Drunkenness reels in the street, and gluttony desires not to be housed. Malice not only discovers, but ostenteth her devilish effects.

Bribery opens his hand to receive in the very courts. Robbery and murder swagger in the highways. There is emulation in open school, superstition in open temple, sects in open pulpit. Brokery stands, like a sign, at the usurer's door, and invites foolish want to turn in thither for a miserable supply. Whoredom begins to neglect curtains, and grows proud of an impudent prostitution. Pride holds the restraint of concealment a plague, and rather would not be, than be unnoted. Oaths are louder than prayers; men scarce spend two hours of seven days at their supplications, whiles they swear away the whole week. If profaneness be not our sickness, I will almost say we are sound.

'Niger omnibus aris,

Ignis, et in nullis spirat deus integer extis.'†

If this sickness be not lamentable, rejoice, triumph, and say you have no need to mourn. If a temporal loss fall on us, we entertain it with ululations and tears. Let pirates and rocks spoil us at sea, the oppressing Sabeans in the field, the fire at home: see we our houses and towns flaming, our gold and goods (worldlings' gods) transporting, our wives, children, friends, shrieking under the hand of slaughter, we need not 'call for mourning women,' Jer. 9:17, to wail for us; 'our own eyes would run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters,' ver. 18. Let profaneness lift up his wicked hand against God, to blaspheme his name, despise his truth, disallow his Sabbaths, abuse his patience, deride his treatings, his threatenings, his judgments; this we see and suffer without compassion, without opposition. But 'knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, we not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them,' Rom. 1:32.

These sicknesses may afflict a church inwardly. She may be sick outwardly—(1.) By the persecution of man; (2.) By the affliction of God.

(1.) By persecution of man. I need not call your thoughts back to elder times, and weary you with antiquities, to justify this assertion. This church of ours so well remembers this sickness in Queen Mary's days, as if she were but newly recovered. Whence descended those evils but à culmine Pontificio, as one calls it,—from the top tower of the Pope? Yet the Romists stick not to answer this, laid to their charge, by averring paradoxically that their persecution was in love, as Sarah to Hagar. In love they tyrannised, slandered, beat, imprisoned, manacled, massacred, burned us; all in love. As Philippides cudgelled his father, and pleaded it was in love. If this were charity, then sure the very 'mercies of the wicked are cruel:' their love is worse than others' hatred. Nunquid ovis lupum persequitur aliquando? non, sed lupo ovem. Quem videris in sanguine persecutionis gaudentem, lupo est, saith Chrysostom;*—Doth the sheep ever persecute the wolf? no, but the wolf the sheep. Whom thou seest delighting in the blood of innocence, let him plead what he will, he is a very wolf. We tell the Papists, as Augustine told the Donatists, notwithstanding their distinguishing by pretences, that their persecution exceeded in cruelty the very Jews'. For the Jews persecuted Christi carnem ambulantis in terra; these Christi evangelium sedentis in cœlo,—the flesh of Christ walking on earth; the Papists the gospel of Christ sitting in heaven. But their cruelty is our glory; we have sprung up the thicker for their cutting us down: plures efficimur, quoties metimur,—contrary to the rules of arithmetic, our subtraction hath been our multiplication. The church of God morte vivit, vulnere nascitur, receiveth birth by wounding, life by dying. Occidi possumus, vinci non possumus,—as the inevitable and invincible truth hath manifested. We may be killed, we cannot be conquered. 'For thy sake we are killed all the day long,' as Paul saith, Rom. 8:36, from the Psalmist, Ps. 44:22,—to shew that both the church of the Old Testament and of the New give experimental testimony of the truth,—yet 'in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us,' ver. 37. If our plant had not been set up by the all-prospering hand of God, the malignancy of these enemies would have soon rooted it up. They have verified, in their persecutions against us, what one of their own[†] writes of the

Turkish Alcoran: *Omnium quæ in Alchorano continentur, ultima resolutio est gladius,—The last resolution, propagation, propugnation of all things contained in the Alcoran (in the Pope's decretals) is (not the word, but) the sword. But blessed be our God, that hath limited this rage, and sealed us our quietus est. Though they will have no peace with us, we have peace with him that can overrule them.*

But have we no persecutors still? Oh that no Israelite would ever strike his brother! There are two sorts of persecutors remaining—Esau and Ishmaels; nourished with the same air, borne on the same earth, and carried in the indulgent bosom of the same church. But *nobis ignominia non sit, pati à fratribus quod passus est Christus; neque illis gloria, facere quod fecit Judas,**—Let it be no more shame for us to suffer of our brethren what our Saviour suffered of his, than it is glory for them to do the works of Judas. Some persecute with the hand, others with the tongue. *Exercent hi sapientiam, illi patientiam ecclesiæ,—The latter exercise the wisdom, the former the patience of the church. We are secured from Ahabs, and Herods, and Neroes; the teeth of the dogs be broken, and the jaws of the wolves pulled out; the Bonners and butchers of the church are hushed in their graves. Oh that the serpents also, which hiss and spit their venom at our peace, when all the birds of our air sing acclamations to it, were at quiet! But 'as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now,' Gal. 4:29: now so, and will be so. We cannot see an end of these things without the end of all things. Our turn is still to suffer: we return not blow for blow; but instead of sounding a point of war, we cry one to another, *Patiamur potius,—'Let us rather suffer.'* Let the Roman affections, like so many pestilent rivers, run all in *mare rubrum*, or rather in *mare mortuum*,—into the red sea, into the dead sea; and snatching the sword of vengeance out of his hand that owns it, quit themselves on their imagined enemies with blood and death. Let him that is styled the servant of servants shew himself the tyrant of tyrants. Philosophy teacheth that external accidents change inward qualities, but without an absolute mutation *ipsius speciei*, they change no*

substances. A church may indeed at one time be better or worse disposed than at another; more hot or more cold; more sick or more whole. But as it were a strange fit that should transform Apuleius into an ass, so it were a strange variation of accidents in a church, that should turn patience into cruelty, humility into pride, a tutor into a tormentor. Let their motto be *ferio*, the term whereon all their arguments rest; let ours be *fero*. It is far better to suffer than to offer wrong. Let savage persecution sit under the ensigns of wolves; meekness and patience be our arms and armours.

This outward malady of a church, persecution, discovers the malignity of itself in many extensions. Especially, [1.] In martyring her professors; [2.] In treason against her sovereigns; [3.] In seducing her seers.

[1.] Martyrdom. God hath in all ages of his church suffered some witnesses of his holy truth to be purified like gold in the fire. Though they are blessed that have so suffered, and the church hath in conclusion gained by this loss; yet during the turbulent working of these thunder exhalations in our air, we have lamented miseram regionis faciem, the miserable state of our country, whose face hath been snatched and torn by the bloody nails of these persecuting bears. Needs must the land be sick, where the governors, like ill physicians, have purged away the good humours and left the bad behind them. When they have imprisoned, stripped, scourged, famished, drowned, burnt the innocent, and rewarded the wretched instruments of such deeds: when the poor infant falling out, by the midwifery of fire, from the mother's womb, hath been cast back again into the mother's flames: when the bodies and bones of the dead, which by the law of nature should rest in quiet, have been digged out of their sepulchres, violated, cursed, burnt, as if, saith the proverb, they would kill 'God have mercy on his soul:' when women have been dragged out of their houses, sick men from their beds; and the woods have abounded with saints, whiles the temples with their persecutors; wild deserts have been frequented with true worshippers, Heb. 11:38, and the consecrated churches with

idolaters: when the holy book was either not had or must be hid;—is it no impeachment of a church's health to have these assaults goring her sides? Such a time will give cause to complain with Israel, 'I am in distress; my bowels are troubled: mine heart is turned within me, for I have grievously rebelled: abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is death,' Lam. 1:20.—This is the main blow of persecution.

[2.] Treason is a fearful and prodigious evil. Needs must the body of that realm be in hazard whose head is broken. They mean Israel no good, that strike at the life of David. I confess that this evil is not so properly (in strict terms) a sickness as a danger. Yet as a man that hath ill humours in him, though by good diet and strength of nature they are kept from uniting their forces, and casting him down, cannot be said to be in health whiles those enemies remain within him, watching their time of mischief; so the church, though it be not sensitive of the fever which such raw and undigested crudities as traitors can put her into till it be upon her, yet can she not be perfectly well till she be purged of such pernicious and malignant adversaries. Were not the Fauxes of that horrid treason a disease and burden to the stomach of the land, till it had spued them out? Did not those pray against her, and prey upon her? Would they not as willingly have sacrificed through the fire, to their Moloch of Rome, the whole church, as those principal pillars of it they plotted to blow up? They wanted not will, but power. They would have swelled their vengeance till it had run over the verges, and comprised in one work mille actus vetitos, et mille piacula,—innumerable stratagems, the easiest whereof was the intention of murder,—till they had made a catholic end with a heretic church, as they call it. But the God of Jerusalem prevented the children of Edom: who is blessed for ever! It appears then, regicides are no less than regnicides, Lam. 4:20; for the life of a king contains a thousand thousand lives; and traitors make the land sick which they live in.—This is the second dangerous blow of persecution.

[3.] The third is, seducing a church's seers, and perverting the children of the prophets, which is most commonly done rather with

error than with terror; by beguiling than affrighting them. I have read, that Julian's cruellest persecution was with rewards. How many have been wafted over the seas with golden hands! Promotion rather than devotion hath cast many on the shores of Rome. There lies an exorcism, an enchanting power in gold, that conjures many weak spirits into that superstitious circle. Then at last home they come, and prove calthrops, to wound the country's sides that bred and fed them. Antichrist's spell is gold, and they that will worship a piece of red earth will not stick to adore that glorious beast. Self-conceit blows them up with a swelling imagination of their own worth, and if our church doth not *et numerare et munerare inter dignissimos*,—give regard and reward, estimation and recompense according to their proud desires, they will shift realm and religion too for a hoped guerdon. You will say, there is little loss to the body in dropping off of such rotten members. It is true that the damage is principally their own; yet what mother doth not grieve at the apostasy of her children? There is some hope whiles they are at home, little when revolted to the enemy. Meantime, let it not be denied but the seducers are persecutors, and great enemies to the church's health.

(2.) Thus may a church be outwardly sick by man's persecution: she may be sick also by God's affliction. This is diverse, accordingly as our sins deserve, and his judgment thinks fit to punish us: [1.] By war; [2.] By famine; [3.] By pestilence: the easiest of them heavy enough, and able to deprive a church of health. Though the first might seem to be man's weapon, and so fitter to have been inserted among the former persecutions, as Israel termed her enemies, 'Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven: they pursued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderness,' Lam. 4:19: yet because God calls Ashur his rod, and it is he that sends either peace or war, and no adversary sword can be lifted up against us but by more than his permission, for he hath a punishing hand in it; let us see how he can make his church of Israel sick:—

[1.] War is that miserable desolation which finds a land before it like Eden, and leaves it behind like Sodom and Gomorrah, a desolate and forsaken wilderness. Happy are we that cannot judge of the terrors of war but by report and hearsay; that never saw our towns and cities burning, while the flame gave light to the soldiers to carry away our goods; that never saw our houses rifled, our temples spoiled, our wives ravished, our children bleeding dead on the pavements, or sprawling on the merciless pikes! We never heard the groans of our own dying, and the clamours of our enemies' insulting, confusedly sounding in our distracted ears; the wife breathing out her life in the arms of her husband; the children snatched from the breasts of their mothers, by the terror of their slaughters to aggravate the ensuing torments of their own. We have been strangers to this misery in passion; let us not be so in compassion. Think you have seen these miseries with your neighbours' eyes, and felt them through their sides.

Let it somewhat touch us that we have been threatened. Octogesimus octavus mirabilis annus,—Have we forgotten the wonderful year of '88? An enemy of a savage face and truculent spirit; whose arms were bent to harms, to ruin, to blood, to vastation; whose numbers were like locusts, able to lick up a country, as the ox grass; the ensigns of whose ships were assurance and victory; while they cast lots upon our nation, and easily swallowed the hope of our destruction: a mortal enemy, an implacable fury, an 'invincible navy.' Lo, in the heat and height of all, our God laughed them to scorn, sunk them, drunk them up with his waves; tottered, scattered them on the waters, like chaff on the face of the earth, before the wind and tempest of his indignation. All their intentions, their contentions, their presumption of conquest were disappointed, dissolved, discomfited. These things, though they have not seen, let our children's children, to the last generation that shall inhabit this land, never forget, that we and they may praise God, who 'hath made fast the bars of our gates, and hath settled peace in our borders,' Ps. 147:13, 14.

[2.] Famine is a sore outward sickness, an affliction sent by the immediate hand of God. For it is he that withholdeth the influence of heaven, and the kindly heat of the sun, and the nourishing sap of the earth: Amos 4:6, 'I have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places, saith the Lord.' As it is his blessing that 'our valleys are covered over with corn,' Ps. 65:13, so it is his plague that 'we have sown much, and bring in little,' Hag. 1:6; that the 'mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom,' Ps. 129:7. When he is pleased, 'he will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and wine, and oil; and they shall hear us,' Hos. 2:21. England hath felt the smart of this sickness, and she, that out of her abundance hath been able to lend others, hath also been glad to borrow of her neighbours. The 'fat kine of Bashan,' Amos 6, rich gormandisers, have not been acquainted indeed with this misery, and therefore have not 'sorrowed for the affliction of Joseph.' But the poor, the poor have grieved, groaned under this burden; whiles cleanness of teeth and swartheness of look were perceived in the common face. Whiles these 'arrows of famine' wounded our sides, Ezek. 5:16, and our staff of bread, whereon our very life leans, was broken, we could then cry, *Hic digitus Dei*,—Here is the finger of God. In our plenty, saturity, satiety of these earthly blessings, we acknowledge not *manum expansam*, his whole hand of bounty opened to us; though then we confessed *digitum extensum*, his finger striking us, and bewailed the smart.

Famine is terrible enough of itself; more dire and tetrical in regard of the company she brings along with her. For—

'Sæva fames semper magnorum prima malorum

Est comes,—*

Raging famine is the prime companion of many fellow-mischiefs. *Ex uno grano oritur acervus*,—Of one grain of this starving misery ariseth a whole heap of lamentable woes. The attendants of famine

are murders, robberies, rapes; killing of children, that the same vessels become the wombs and tombs of little ones; and innumerable stretchings of conscience, to the revoking of former, and provoking of future judgments. No marvel if hunger disregard the mounds and fences of God's laws and man's, when it breaks through stone walls. The poet describes famine—

'Quæsitamque famem lapidoso vidit in antro,' &c.,—†

Behold hunger in her stony den, tearing up the grass with her long nails and sharp teeth, her neglected hairs grown rough and tangled, her eyes hollow, her cheeks pale, her skin rugged and swarthy, left only as a thin scarf to hide her lank entrails; nothing clean about her but her teeth; her dry bones starting up, her breasts hanging over in the air, her joints swollen big and huge, her sinews shrunk, as unwilling to hold her limbs together. This is that monster that turns men into cannibals, unnaturally to devour one another's flesh. I have read that at Turwyn‡ in France, the famine was so deadly that man's flesh was sold for food. This sickness is worse than death. Happy are we that God's mercy hath banished this plague from our land; oh, let not our iniquities revoke it!

[3.] The pestilence we better know, as one that hath but a little while been kept out of our doors, and watcheth when our iniquities shall again let him in. He skulks about, and will not be rid away till repentance hath made our coast clear. This is God's pursuivant, that hath rode circuit in our land, and to whomsoever God hath sent him, he never returned with a non est inventus, but always brought, si non corpus, tamen animam cum causa,—if not the body, yet the soul, with the cause, before his judgment-seat. This is he that 'rides on the pale horse,' Rev. 6, and 'catcheth men as with a snare,' perhaps when they have most hasted from him. How hath this plague left the very streets of our cities empty, when they seemed to have been sowed with the seed of man; how astonished the living, frightened the dying, disjoined the mutual society and succour of friend to friend, and that in a time when comfort would have been most seasonably welcome;

trembling hands pulling dead bodies into the graves with hooks, or rolling them into pits!

Turn back your eyes, that now live in the Appenine height of peace and health, and think you see the lamentable state of your country, as few years past discovered it. Imagine you behold the hand-wringing widows beating their bosoms over their departing husbands; the distracted mothers falling into swoons, while they kiss the insensible cold lips of their breathless infants; poor desolate orphans, that now mourn the untimely loss of their parents, as being made by years more sensible of their want than when death's pestilential hand took them away; the loud groans and struggling pangs of souls departing; servants crying out for masters, wives for husbands, parents for children, children for mothers; grief in every house striking up alarums; bells heavily tolling in every place, ringing out in another; numbers of people, that not many hours before had their several chambers delicately heighted, now confusedly thrust together into one close room, a little noisome hole, not twelve feet square. They have marble bosoms that will not be shaken with these terrors, and have sucked tigresses in the wilderness that cannot compassionate these calamities. How did they grieve a church to feel them, when they affect, afflict, and make us sick to hear them!

I know you have long looked for an end; I never delighted in prolixity of speech. What remains, but the more terrible we conceive these sicknesses of a church, the more we bless God for the present health of ours? Let not our sins call back these plagues; let us not provoke our God, lest earth, air, heaven, renew their strokes upon us. Wars and famines from the earth, plagues from the air, judgments from the clouds; they are all restrained at our repentance, let loose at our rebellions. Oh, serve we the Lord our God with fear and obedience, that he may delight to do us good, and we to praise his name! that we ourselves, and our children after us, and the generations yet unborn, may see the 'peace of Jerusalem' all their days! that the golden bells of Aaron may be freely rung, and the trophies of victory over all antichristian enemies may still be seen amongst us! even till this

Easter and Feast of the Resurrection of our Saviour Jesus overtake the resurrection of all his saints!

Grant this, O Father, for thy mercies'; O Christ, for thy merits'; O blessed Spirit, for thy holy name's sake: to whom, three Persons in glorious trinity, one only true and immortal God in unity, be all power, praise, majesty, and mercy, acknowledged for ever! Amen.

ENGLAND'S SICKNESS

Why is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?—
JER. 8:22.

II. WE have described the person, the church of Israel, as she is her own, as she is her owner's; what in regard of herself, what in respect of her God. It remains now only to inquire how she is affected. She is sick; which is necessarily implied from God's complaint: 'Why is not the health of my daughter recovered?' She was sick, and so sick that the prophet complains, 'Her wound is incurable, for it is come,' even to the heart, 'unto Judah,' Mic. 1:9: incurable in regard of her own misery, not of her Saviour's mercy. She was low brought in the Babylonish captivity: 'Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah,' Isa. 1:9. 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions,' though our obedience, 'fail not,' Lam. 3:22. But her honour lay in the dust, when her apostasy had forfeited her happiness; superstition taking the upper-hand of devotion, and the traditions of man getting the start and ascendancy of God's precepts; when her disease grew to frenzy, and her sickness so far from all recoverable hope, that she had slain her physician, and killed him that should have cured her.

Whence it appears that a particular visible church might and may fall away from grace, and have the 'candlestick removed,' Rev. 2:5. The Papists brag of their numerous multitude, and promontorious celsitude. Rome boasts that her church stands upon a hill, Matt. 5:14: so it doth, on six hills too many, Rev. 17:9. She is mounted high enough, if this could justify her. She had better bate of her height, and rise in her goodness. There may be a local succession, but if not in faith and doctrine, mole ruit sua, her top-heavy weight overthrows her. May it not be said of her, as Jeremiah of Egypt, 'Go up into Gilead, and take balm, O virgin, the daughter of Egypt; in vain shalt

thou use many medicines, for thou shalt not be cured?' Jer. 46:11. It is no wonder then, no wrong, if we depart from her that hath departed from the truth of the gospel and faith of Christ.

I will not descend into the view of her apostasy, though just occasion may seem here offered; but turn my speech to ourselves, who are sound in doctrine, sick in conversation; but, I trust, not without good hope of recovery.

But so soon as the Romish malignancy hears me say, 'We are sick,' they instantly insult, reproaching our doctrine. But do men try the faith by the persons, or the persons by the faith? It is a silly argument à moribus ad doctrinam, from the life to the doctrine. Yet, though we desire and strive to have our own lives better, we fear not to match them with theirs. Our sickness would be esteemed less, if we would go to Rome for a medicine. For the Papist may better steal the horse, than the Protestant look on. But so long as we have approved physicians at home, what need we walk so far to a mountebank? It is a false rumour, that there is no sound air but the Romish. Is it not rather true, that thence comes ill infection; and that they who have forsaken us to seek health there, have gone out of God's blessing into the warm sun?

Our lives trouble them: this they object, this they exprobrate ad nauseam usque. But do they not stumble at our straws, and leap over their own blocks? cavil at our motes, and forget, or justify, their own beams? The swelling on the fox's head shall be a horn, if the Pope will so judge it; a Catiline, Lopus, Garnet, Faux, an honest man, a catholic, a saint, if he will so interpret, so canonise him. If I should but prick this rank vein, how would Rome bleed! Would not hæc prodidisse be vicisse, as Erasmus said of Augustine dealing against the Manichees,—the very demonstration of these things be a sufficient conviction? Unnatural and hideous treasons; conspiracies against whole kingdoms; deposing, dethroning, touching with a murderous hand Christos Dei, the anointed of God; oaths, uncleannesses, perjuries,—from whom are they produced, by whom

practised, if not mostly, if not only by Papists? They pry, search, deride, censure the forepart of their wallet, wherein they put our iniquities; whiles their own sins are ready to break their necks behind them. The greatest evils we have are theirs; fathered by those that will not be mothered of our church: *Hæc non ad frumenta Christi, sed ad eorum paleam pertinent*,—These belong not to Christ's wheat, but to the chaff of Antichrist. These are monsters bred of that viperous dam, that have shook hands with humanity, with civility, though they reserve the form of religion.

Si quid in his possem, facerem sterilem matrem, as one of their own said,—It were well if either the children would forsake their kind, or the mother become barren. Yet must these men be saints, and stand named with red letters in the Pope's calendar; red indeed, so dyed with the martyred blood of God's servants.

But I am not delighted to stand upon comparisons, if their exclamations had not put me to it; that, like blown Pharisees, cry out with ostentation of sanctity, 'God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, or as this publican,' Luke 18:11. What age, people, church, were ever yet so holy, that the preachers found no cause of reproof, of complaint against it? Chrysostom speaketh of his times: 'Christians now are become like pagans or worse.' Yet who will say that the religion of pagans was better than that of Christians. The priest and Levite had no mercy, the Samaritan had; yet their religion was the true, and not the Samaritan's. If some Papists amongst us, and those very few, live in more formal and moral honesty, yet this commendeth not their whole church. They are now in the time of their persecution, as they take it, though their prosperity and numbers evince the contrary; we are in our peace, and who knows not that an easy occasion of wantonness?

I deny not that we have grievous offenders; we mourn and pray for them. Do the Papists rejoice at this? Woe to him that is glad of God's dishonour! Let them brag their perversion of some which were ours, but such and so affected to viciousness. If we had lost more of

atheists, sacrilegious adulterers, licentious hypocrites, we had as little reason to complain as they to be proud. We are the fewer, they not the better. We desire, endeavour, reprove, exhort, instruct all, with purpose of heart to save them in the day of the Lord Jesus; if they wish not the same, we are content to differ as far from them in our desires as we do in our doctrines. If there were none sick, we might lay aside our physic; but there are many, too many,—all in some measure, James 3:2, some in all measure, beyond measure,—therefore we must proceed.

Sickness is the subject, and the observations that shall limit my short ensuing speech are quadruple:—1. The precious benefit of spiritual health, which we shall the better discern if we compare it with corporal; 2. What sickness is incident to man; 3. That the sickness of the soul is most dangerous; 4. Lastly, who are the sick.

1. Health is precious: *chara est cuique salus*. Every man's health is dear to him. Exclude from this comparison the gifts of the mind, which are truly of a more pure and changeless condition, and then what earthly benefit will not give place to health? It is one of the positive virtues, grafted in man's nature with the creation. Weigh it in the balance with some rivals.

(1.) Riches are the desire of many hearts, the special fruit which their hands reach to gather, (passing by all the better trees in God's orchard,) the object of most endeavours. How vain, how tedious, how odious, are they without health! Let them bind gold to their aching head, drink Cleopatra's draught, (precious stones dissolved,) to ease their rasping stomach, involve and wrap their convulsed joints in furs and silks, empty their coffers in the physician's study; if nature and her ordinator, God, deny health, how unvaluable are their riches, how unavailable their projects! How complain they, after all experimented succours, their unabated anguish! Therefore the son of Sirach truly saith, 'Better is the poor, being sound and strong of constitution, than a rich man that is afflicted in his body. Health and good state of body are above all good, a strong body above infinite

wealth. There is no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart,' Ecclus. 30:14–16.

'The poor man well, only admireth wealth;

The rich man sick, only commendeth health.'

Health gives means to be rich, riches give no means to be healthful. Nay, they are rather traitors and adversaries to it; not scaffolds, whereby health is built up, but stairs to descend by to the grave. The rich man's quotidian delicacies rotted him for death. Where there is a full purse, and an ambitious appetite, there is a close and unsuspected conspiracy against the health. Thus we do not more eagerly pursue opulency in our soundness, than in our sickness we contemptibly despise, loathingly dislike it.

(2.) Is there any ascendancy in pleasure above health? Will not that carry up a brave forehead without being beholden to it? Alas! cold is the entertainment of delight to a warish and sickly carcass. *Misera est voluptas, ubi periculi memoria adest*,—Pleasure is unpleasant to the memory guilty of instant danger. It is epicurean, profane, and idle physic to sorrow.

'The laying wine on cares to make them sink:

Who fears the threats of fortune, let him drink.'

Why doth not then that Chaldean monarch continue his carousings, and wash away the characters of that fatal hand from his heart with floods of wine? Dan. 5:5. Alas! sorrow will keep a man sober, and restrain him from any drunkenness but its own. To omit that *mortem dabit ipsa voluptas*, and 'the end of mirth is heaviness,' what pleasure can fasten her slippery hold on the afflicted heart? It is loathed whiles it objects and prostitutes itself to our sight, courting and wooing our affections: the more greedily we draw on pleasure, the sooner it loseth the nature, and is turned into the contrary.* Miserable comforter, (as Job's friends were justly called,) whose

requested mitigation turns to the aggravation of our misery. When pleasure opens the shop of all her delectable wares, and prays the sick hand to choose what best affects it,—shows, perfumes, colours, wine, junkets, sports, company, music,—she is answered with nothing but 'Away with them, away with them!' They are no medicines for the headache, one dram of health is worth a talent of pleasure.

How dotingly do men (in their wanton days) take it up! Nay, how doth it take up them! as the philosopher truly: *Non nos voluptatem, sed voluptas nos habet; cujus aut inopia torquemur, aut copia strangulamur: miseri, si deserimur ab illa, miseriores, si obruimur;*† —We possess not pleasure, but pleasure us; whereof we are either perplexed with the want, or strangled with the abundance: we are wretched if it leave us, more wretched if it overwhelm us. But sickness, when it comes, mars the relish of it to the mind, as of meats to the palate, and sends it away without a welcome, not without a check and defiance. Sickness, a stronger power (if weakness may be called strength) than pleasure, hath gotten possession of a man, and laughs at the vain endeavour of vanity to remove it. This is the time to say to 'laughter, Thou art mad,' and to esteem mirth a tedious, odious, irksome guest. They that *non voluptates sibi emunt, sed se voluptatibus vendunt*,—buy not pleasure to themselves, but sell themselves to pleasure, as Esau did his birthright for it, find in sickness the memory of what they do love and must leave, an addition to their present malady. So *felicitas* hath no more left but the first syllable, *fel*, gall; and pleasure hath no plea sure but this, that it is short during the sweetness, long in the bitterness necessarily following it. Health then is beyond pleasure also, without which it is either not delightful, or is not at all.

(3.) Both these have lost the prize; let us see if honour can win it. Alas! what is it to sit groaning in a chair of state? or to lie panting on a bed of down? It is little content to have many knees bow to thee, whiles thine bow to sickness; to have many uncovered heads attend thee, and thine own, though covered, find no ease. How wouldest

thou be glad to change places with the meanest servant, on condition thou mightest change bodies with him! How much of thine honour wouldest thou lay out for a little of this health! He that lives in the height of honour and wealth repines at nothing more than to see the hungry labourer feed on a crust, whiles his own nice and squeasy stomach, still weary of his last meal, puts him into a study whether he should eat of his best dish, or nothing.

How poor, how weak, how nothing besides a name, is honour, when sickness hath dismounted it! when the coach is turned to a litter, the feather to a kerchief, public and popular magnificence to the close limits of a chamber, whither sickness (like a great commander) hath confined him, the imperious tongue fainting and failing in the wonted tunes of 'Go, Come, Do,' &c., as the centurion spake, Matt. 8:9: the curious attire thrown by with neglect! Alas! now what is honour but a mere property, a pageant, which health like the day sets out, and the night of sickness takes in again? 'Sickness hides pride from a man,' saith Elihu, Job 33:17.

What inferior benefit shall we then match with health, that it may glory of equality, in comparison? This is precious and desirable, whether to body or soul. To the soul simply; to the body but secundum quid, in respect if it may not prejudice the health of the soul. For though corporal health be so good, that all other worldly good things are but troublesome without it; yet it is often seen that the worse part draws away the better, and a vigorous, strong, able body without any difficulty makes a wanton and diseased soul.

Bodily health is generally desired far more than endeavoured; it being an action of that natural propenseness, engrafted in all men, to their own good. Parents are provident to the bodies of their children, even those who set so slight a thought on their souls, shewing herein plainly that they brought forth their bodies, not their souls. Large and lavish is our indulgence at all parts to this frail tabernacle; yea, so profuse, and not withholding, that whiles we seek more health, we lose that we had. Quærendo perdimus, we seek it in full dishes, and

behold there we lose it; for prohibent grandes patinæ. Would we know how to preserve health? I am no physician, nor will I wade further in this argument than divinity and reason leads me. Let us observe moderation, labour in our calling, abstinence.

(1.) Moderation. As the philosopher said that he never corrected himself with repentance for his silence, but often for his speech; so our forbearing of junkets should not grieve us, but our immoderate devouring of them. *Hæc est sana et salubris forma vitæ, ut corpori tantum indulgeas, quantum bonæ valetudini satis est,**—This is a wholesome form of living, that the body be so far pleased as the health be not displeased. It is certain that surfeit kills more than famine. It was one of Hippocrates's aphorisms, 'All immoderations are enemies to health.' It was one of Plato's monsters of nature, that he found in Sicilia a man eating twice a day: a thing of so little admiration with us, that it is wonderful in him that doth not. Perhaps a breakfast goes before, and a banquet follows after both these. Neither is the variety less than the quantity. We plead, Nature bids us eat and drink: it is granted. Yea, a solemn festival invites us to more liberal feeding: it is not much denied, if rare, if seasonable for thy appetite, if reasonable for the measure. But many content not themselves only to steal the halter, except there be a horse at the end of it, as the shriven thief said in his confession to the priest,—only to feed and drink to pleasure, but to sleep, to surfeit, to ebriety, disabling themselves to any sober exercise. *Turpe est stomachum non nosse modum,*—It is vile, and worse than bestial, when the stomach knows no measure.

Seneca's rule is good, *Dandum ventri quod debes, non quod potes,*—Allow the belly what thou shouldest, not what thou mayest. I shame not to convince this error, even from the example of heathens; that if religion cannot rule us as Christians, yet nature may correct us as men. Whiles others, saith Socrates, *vivunt ut edant, ego edam ut vivam,* live to eat, I will eat to live. It is perhaps easy to find some that abstain, but how few for conscience of God's precept! The sick, the poor, the covetous, the full, all moderate, but to what purpose?

The sick man for his health's sake, the poor man for his purse's sake, the covetous for miserableness, the full for the loathing of his stomach. But let us that are Christians moderate ourselves for conscience of God's commandment; because gluttony is a work of darkness, and the night is now past, Rom. 13:12, 13. So shall we at once provide well for our bodies, and better for our souls.

(2.) Labour in our callings is no small furtherance of our healths. The bread of him that laboureth, as Solomon says of his sleep, is sweet and relishable, 'whether he eat little or much,' Eccles. 5:12. Therefore 'drink waters out of thine own cistern,' Prov. 5:15: live of thine own labours; the bread thou hast earned shall never be gravel in thy throat. 'He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread,' Prov. 12:11; whereas others shall either 'eat and not have enough,' Hag. 1:6, or have enough and not eat. Hence surfeits light so frequently on the rich, and the gentle blood grows so quickly foul, because they think themselves bound to no labours, so long as they may live on their lands. It was the father's charge to his eldest son, Matt. 11:28, 'Son, go and work to-day in my vineyard.' The privilege of primogeniture must not exempt him from labour. He sends him to the vineyard, to dress it before he hath it; he will keep it the better when he hath it. Industry in our vocation is not only a means in nature, but even by the ordinance and blessing of God, to the conservation of health.

(3.) Abstinence. I mean more than moderation; that which we call fasting: jejuniū jejunantis, a free and voluntary fast, when the body refraineth such refectiōns as nature taketh pleasure in, and that only for health's sake. As the tree by a gentle shaking knits faster at the root, this moderate weakening begets strength. So that at once it may be a help to devotion, (for repentance comes not before God with a full belly, and meat between the teeth,) and a perservative to health; physic to defend from the need of physic, a voluntary medicine to prevent a contingent trouble.—Thus of the body.

The soul's sanity is not less precious, though more neglected. It was made in the image of the most high God; which image consisted in

lumine mentis, rectitudine cordis, affectuum moderatione,* as some, —in the brightness of the mind, rightness of the heart, and just governance of the affections. Or, as others, it was libertas arbitrii, intellectus sapientiæ, et potentia obedientiæ,—freedom of will, wisdom of understanding, kingdom or power of obedience; for here to serve was to reign. Herein consisted the health. The privation of these perfect habits is not less than the sickness of it. This health thus lost, cannot be recovered but by him that was sick to the death for us; neither is it hindered when he will bestow it. For grace is not refused of the hard heart, because it takes away the hardness of that heart it lights on. Christ made it with his water, and mollifies it with his blood, both which issued out of his side at one wound, and followed the murdering spear of a soldier, John 19:34, to save them which fight under his standard.

Thus from man's sickness ariseth his better health, and he now stands surer by his first fall. Such is the greatness and goodness of God, such his power and mercy concurring, that it works health out of sickness, good out of evil. There is an infinite good, but not an infinite evil. For the good cannot by any means be diverted into evil, but the evil may be converted to good. By the conspiracy of Jews, Gentiles, Judas, devils, against Christ, is our salvation wrought. From the horridest and most unnatural treasons, God hath advanced his own glory, advantaged his children's safety. We labour of three diseases—birth, life, death; all these are cured by those three answerable in Christ: our unclean birth is sanctified by his, so pure from the least spot of sin; our transgressing life is reformed by the virtue, informed by the example of his, so pure from the least spot of sin; that tyrannising, wounding serpent, death, hath the sting pulled out by his death, 1 Cor. 15, that we may embrace him in our secured arms. The conqueror of us all is conquered for us all, by him that foiled the giant in his own den, the grave. 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' ver. 55, 57. This is our insultation and holy triumph; provided ever, that he be believed of us, that hath thus relieved us. Believe and fear not. A good

conscience is never failed of a good confidence, of a good consequence. Hence ariseth the soul's sanity.

What can endanger, endamage this health? No losses to the estate, no crosses to the flesh. The spiritually sound man values all the fortunes of the world less than the freedom and health of the mind. He that wants this armour is wounded by every blow of affliction. Other security is but a shield of wax against a sword of power. They cannot choose but fear, even 'where no fear is,' and testify their inward guilt and sickness by their pale and trembling looks. *Timida nequitia dat testimonium condemnationis, et semper præsumit sæva, perturbata conscientia,*—Fearful wickedness gives testimony of its own damnation; and the troubled conscience imposeth and presumes to itself terrible things. But the health of faith is health indeed; yea, this health is life, a life angelical, a life evangelical, whether for obedience or peace: inspired, sealed, assured by the 'word of truth,' 'which is life to all that find it, and health to all their flesh.' No fear shall invade him, no troubles involve him so that he cannot be extricated. For 'the fear of the Lord tendeth to life, and he that hath it shall not be visited with evil,' Prov. 19:23. His innocence may speed in the world, as deserts in a lottery—be rewarded with a blank. But he in whom he affies shall put the marrow of health into his bones, distil the sap of grace into his spirit.

Low in the world, lowly in himself, is his estimation. Who sees not that the clambering goats get upon rocks and promontory places, whiles the humble sheep feed in the bottoms and dejected valleys? Only one day the sheep shall be advanced above the sun and stars, and set in heaven with Christ; when the goats shall be cast down to the depth of depths. Rich Dives was well enough known to the world, yet nameless in the sacred records. So we brand our sheep, let the goats go unmarked; God sets his seal on his chosen,—*Novit qui sui sunt,* 2 Tim. 2:19,—lets the wicked run without his cognisance.

Thus different is the state of God's servants and the world's slaves. They think none sick but we: we know none sick but they. If equal

crosses befall us both, our estate is soon descried. We differ as the camel and the camomile: the one is stunted, the other thrives by his burden. Afflictions that so scatter them, and loosen the joints of their vain hopes, do more knit and consolidate our healths. As sound as they take themselves, it is as easy to prove as to reprove their diseases. Though I confess, in the days of their joviality, he hath great wisdom that can make them sensible of their sickness. Were Solon, nay, Solomon, alive to declare it, they see it not, they will not feel it. If the want of health were perceived, how amiable, admirable would the benefit appear! *Gratior est sanitas reddita, quam retenta; vix aliter quam perdendo cognoscimus*,—Returning health is more welcome than if it had not been lost. We scarce know what health is but by the want. Let others spend their times, wits, treasures, to procure health to their bodies, which I embrace when it is offered, and would not lose by my own errors; give me a sound and clear conscience, and let me not want this health, till I envy theirs.

2. Thus having inquired what health is, leaving a while the consideration thereof as it is in itself, let us descend into it as respectively; casting an oblique eye on that which is diverse from it or adverse to it. This is a significant and delightful demonstration or commentary, which one contrary nature gives to another, when they are diametrically opposed. The day would not seem so clear if the departing sun should not leave night to follow it. The foil adds grace to the jewel. It no less than glorifies learning, that the malicious tongue of ignorance barks at it. He knows the benefit of heat that hath felt the sharpness of a freezing cold. If there were no sickness to trouble us, health itself would be thought sickness. The very enmity of these repugnances helps the beholder's judgment either to embrace or reject them. Even their opposition is an exposition of their natures; deformity, darkness, sickness, sin, all those privative, corruptive, destructive things, may illustrate their contraries. So that if any lewd, vain, ill-judging, worse-affecting mind shall still love the desolation of sin rather than the consolation of spiritual health, it may appear to be, not because this object is not wretched, but because he is blind and bewitched.

There is a twofold sickness incident to man—(1.) In sin; (2.) For sin. The former of these is only spiritual; the latter is not only corporal, but sometimes spiritual also: and of all the vials of God's wrath, holden to the mouth of miserable men by the hand of justice, it is the sorest, when sin shall be punished with sin, and the destitution of grace shall permit a lapse to impenitency.

(1.) The sickness in sin is double, according to the cause, which is a defect either of right believing or straight living; a debility of confidence, a sterility of good works; lack of faith, wreck of charity. These effects, or rather defects, are produced by two errors in the soul's diet; the one excessive, the other deficient: [1.] By fasting too much from Christ; [2.] By feeding too much on the world. In what we would affect, we are abstinent; in what avoid, very indulgent.

[1.] The first cause is, by forbearing that sacred meat, living and life-giving bread, which 'came down from heaven,' John 6, to translate thither those that eat it. This is the Son of the most high God, not disdainful to become the food of the affamished sons of men. 'Out of the strong came sweetness;' the mighty is become meat; the lion of Judah yields honey such as never came out of any earthly hive, Judg. 14:14. He is our invincible captain; to him we supplicate, as distressed Nerva to Trajan:—

'Telia Phœbe tuis lachrymas ulciscere nostras.'

O Saviour! defend and keep us. Yet he that is victor, a conqueror for us, is also victus, food to us. But this is *cibus non dentis, sed mentis*,—meat for our faith, not for our teeth; *manducamus intus, non foris*,—we eat it inwardly, not outwardly. Christ is verily *panis verus, non panis merus*,—true, not mere natural bread. Thus our feeder is become our food, our physician our medicine. He doth all things for us—guide, feed, mediate, medicate; let us meditate on him, and not disappoint the intention of his mercies by our averseness. No hope but in him, no help but in him. The law could not satisfy our hunger, (not through its own, but our insufficiency;) the gospel gives not only

present satisfaction, but even impossibility of future famine, John 6:35. There is no abiding the law, except the gospel be by; not of that thunder, without this rain of mercy to quench it.

Who gives this food to us but he that gave himself for us? That shepherd that feeds his lambs, not on his grounds, but with his wounds—his broken flesh and sluiced blood. Hence from this great parliament of peace (made in that once-acted, and for ever virtual sacrifice) derive we pardon for our sins, without impeachment to the justice of so high a judge as we had offended. Thus the King of eternal glory, to the world's eye destating himself, (though indeed not by putting off what he had, but by putting on what he had not,) was cast down for us, that we might rise up by him. 'Learn of me to be humble,' Matt. 11:29; wherein he gives us a precept and a pattern; the one requiring our obedience, the other our conformity. The pelican, rather than her young ones shall famish, feeds them with her own blood. Christ, for the better incorporating of his to himself, feeds them with his own flesh, but spiritually. So that we eat not only panem Domini, as the wicked, but panem Dominum,—not only the bread of the Lord, but the bread the Lord, in a sacramental truth.

They that have ransacked the riches of nature, searched earth, sea, air, for beasts, fishes, birds, and bought the rarest at an inestimable price, never tasted such a junket. The fluid, transient, passing, perishing meats of earth neither preserve us, nor we them, from corruption. This banquet of his flesh, richer than that Belshazzar made to his thousand princes, Dan. 5:1; this cup of his blood, more precious than Cleopatra's draught, shall give vitam sine morte, life without death, to them that receive it. We perceive a little the virtue of this meat.

Now then, as the withdrawing of competent meat and drink from the body lesseneth that radical moisture, (which is the oil whereon the lamp of life feeds,) and makes way for dryness, whence the kindly heat, (which, like other fire, might be a good servant, must needs be an ill master,) getting more than due and wonted strength, for want

of resistance, tyranniseth; and not finding whereupon to work, turns on that substantial vividness, exsiccating and consuming it; this oversparing abstinence wastes, weakens, sickens the body, dangers it to a hectic or some worse disease, of no less hurt than too great repletion: so when the soul, either through a mad frenzy of wickedness, or dull melancholy darkness of ignorance, or sensual perverseness of affections, forbears, forbids herself, to feed on that sacred and vital substance, Jesus Christ; the vivid sap of grace and virtue, which keeps true life and soul together, stilled into the heart by the Holy Ghost, begins to dry up, as a morning dew shrinking at the thirsty beams of the risen sun, Hos. 6:4, and the fire of sin gets the predominance. Now where that unruly element 'reigns in a mortal body,' Rom. 6:12, it hazards the immortal soul to death. There is then no marvel if the soul descends into the fall of sickness, into the valley of death, when she shall refuse the sustentation, health, and very life thereof, her Saviour; who is not only cibus, but ipsa salus, meat, but health itself, as Paul calls him ipsam vitam, qua vivimus, quam vivimus,—the very life whereby we live, which we live. We live in Christ, Acts 17:18; we live by Christ, nay, we live Christ, for our very life is Christ. 'Now live not I, but Christ liveth in me,' Gal. 2:20.

This is he that once 'suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God,' 1 Pet. 3:18. He 'suffered for our sins,' the cause most odious; 'the just for the unjust,' the persons most unequal; 'that he might bring us to God,' the end most absolute. How well, then, may we yield—and if there be any pride or glory in us, it should be in our sufferings—to 'suffer for him!' The apostles did so rejoicing, Acts 5:41. O Jesus, si adeo dulce est flere pro te, quam dulce erit gaudere de te?—O Christ, if it be so happy to suffer for thee, what will it be to rejoice in thee? It cost him much—oh, how much!—trouble, sorrow, beating, grinding, before he became bread for us. There may be a scarcity of other bread; there is none of this, to those that rightly seek it. It is dear in regard of the preciousness,—they that have it will not part with it; not dear in regard of the price,—we pay nothing for it but faith and love. Though thousands pray at

once with the disciples, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread,' John 6:34, Jesus's storehouse can never be emptied. Joseph's may: 'Lest the world perish through famine,' Gen. 41:36. He only *nec accipiendo proficit, nec dando deficit*,—grows not rich with receiving, neither grows poor with giving. Rejoice then, beloved, in *domo, in Domino*,—the Lord is the giver, the Lord is the gift. Let not your souls be starved with these inferior things, which are *pauca, parva, prava*,—few in number, small in measure, bad in nature, 'whiles there is bread enough in your Father's house,' Luke 15:17. Why should we sicken our spirits in a voluntary want, and fast from that which is able to feast a world of faithful guests?—This is the first degree of our spiritual sickness.

[2.] The excessive occasion to procure ill health to our souls is by feeding too heartily, too hastily, on the world. This is that too much oil which quencheth our lamp. For as in a body overcharged with immoderate quantity of meats or drinks, when the moisture swells, like a tide above the verges, and extinguisheth the digestive heat, that their kindly embraces are turned to conflicts, and the superfluities want their former dissolution and egestion, the necessary event is distemperature and sickness; so the affections of the soul, overladen with the devoured burden of worldly things, suffer the benign and living fire of grace to be quenched, 1 Thess. 5:19. Hence the fainting spirits of virtue swoon and fall sick, and after some weak resistance, as a coal of fire in a great shower, yield the victory to the floods of sin, and are drowned. Neither are the affections only (which they call the nether part of the soul, as if this dropsy were only in the feet) thus diseased; but the sickness taketh the head of the soul, the understanding, and the heart of it, the conscience, that faith (which is religious reason) is impaired, and the instrument, the tongue, the organ of God's praise, is hindered. As we see in these corporal effects by drunken men, the feet are too light, and the head too heavy; the legs cannot stand, the tongue cannot speak: so both understanding and affections are stifled in this deluge, inward faith and outward profession falling sick to the death.

For how can it be otherwise, that the soul (of so high and celestial a creation) should thrive with the gross and homely diet of vanity? Man is, saith the philosopher,* συγγενῆς Θεοῦ, God's kinsman. And Paul, taking such a sense from the poet,† makes of a conceit of nature a sanctified truth: Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν,—'For we are also his offspring,' Acts 17, 28. And Peter saith that (though not really, but in regard of renovation) 'we are partakers of the divine nature,' 2 Pet. 1:4. Why, then, contemn we not, with a holy disdain, the rude, crude, and unwholesome morsels of the world—sensual pleasures? If we considered aright the natures either τῶν τρεφόντων or τῶν τρεφομένων, of the things nourishing or things nourished, we should strive aut non admittere, aut cito emittere, either not to let in or soon to throw out such unsavoury repast. For the nourishment of the body, if it be alienum, it is venenum,—if strange and contrary to nature, it is as poison to him that eats it: quæ nutriuntur, familiaribus et naturalibus rebus nutriuntur, contrariis corrumpuntur,—for creatures that live by nourishment, with natural and familiar things are nourished; corrupted with their contraries. Otherwise the food makes work for the physician, and his elder brother, death.

Spiritual and celestial delicacies, the diet of grace and sanctification, nourish and cherish the soul's health, and put the good blood of holiness into her veins, give her a fresh and cheerful look; roses and lilies (the pride of nature in their colours) make not so beautiful a mixture: but the world-affected and sin-infected delights pale her cheeks, drink up her blood and sap of virtue, dim her intellectual eyes, lame her feet, the affections, craze her health, crash her strength, and, (which is most wonderful,) for morte carent animæ, even kill her immortality.

Now they are not simply the things of this world that thus sicken the soul, but our extravagant desires and corrupt usage of them; for all these were made for man's delight and comfort in the second place,—yield them immediately for the Maker's glory,—and we offend not to serve our necessities in them; it is their abuse which brings this

sickness. It is with nutritive things to the soul, in some sort, as with all meats to the body. They are of three kinds: *contraria*, *naturalia*, *neutralia*,—contrary, natural, indifferent. Contraries hurt, natural and kindly help, neutral or indifferent either hurt or help as they are received. Food merely contrary to the soul is sin—this kills; natural and proper to it is grace—this saves; indifferent, or of a middle nature, are the inferior things of this world, house, lands, riches, &c.—these either hinder or further our souls' health, as they are used or abused: they may be consolations, they may be desolations, ladders of ascent or stairs of descent, as our regenerate or degenerate minds shall embrace them. Now the reason why earthly things do neither strengthen our spirits nor lengthen our joys is double—they be transitory, and they be not satisfactory.

First, They be transient. Meats of a washy and fluid nature, that slip through the stomach and tarry not for concoction, do no more feed a man's health than almost if he lived on air. They that have no other sustentation to their souls but such light, slight, and empty food, except they live by miracle, cannot be, like David, ore rubicundo, nor, like Daniel, of a fresh hue and cheerful complexion; I mean the constitution of their soul cannot thrive. The soul fed only with the frail, circumfluous, humid, cloudy vanities of this world, is so far from remaining sound and retaining health, that she pines, languisheth, dwindleth away, as a tree whose life-feeding sap is dried up. So perishable are all the things of this world! 'Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away like an eagle toward heaven,' Prov. 23:5. Not like a tame bird, that returns; nor like a hawk, that will shew where she is by her bells; but like an eagle, whose wings thou canst neither clip nor pinion. *Aut deserunt, aut deseruntur*,—Either they forsake, or are forsaken. All their certainty is in their uncertainty, and they are only stable in this, that they cannot be stable.

'Riches are not for ever; and doth the crown endure to every generation?' Prov. 27:24. Hence they are called 'riches of the world,' 1 John 3:17, which is a bar in the arms of riches, to demonstrate their

slippery hold; for the world itself being transitory, they must needs savour of the soil, 1 Tim. 6:17. Our judgments must of necessity be convinced to confess this, though our affections will not yield it. Wherefore tend all those writings of covenants, if these earthly things were not uncertain? What are those labels and appendances but bands and ties to keep close to us mad and starting riches? We plead, it is for the mortality of men; but we mean the mortality of riches. If, then, these earthly things will boast of anything, let them boast, as Paul did, their frailties, 2 Cor. 11:30. They are either in 'journeying,' not got without labour; or ventured on 'the sea,' yea, together with goods, bodies, and souls too, to make such ill merchants full adventurers; 'in peril of robbers,' public and notorious thieves; 'in peril of false brethren,' secret and tame thieves, lawyers, usurers, flatterers; fire 'in the city,' freebooters 'in the wilderness,' pirates on the sea: for 'weariness, painfulness, watchfulness,' &c., who doubts the miserable partnership betwixt them and riches?

Could the world be thought thy servant, (which is indeed thy master, O worldling! as Christ's maxim inferreth, 'No man can serve two masters;' none indeed, for he that hath God for his obeyed master, hath for his obeying servant the world,) yet is it but a vagrant and runagate servant. It hath a madding mind and a gadding foot. And though by the greatness of the stature and proportion, it may promise able service, yet it will be gone when thou hast most need of it. Neither will it slip away empty, but rob thee of thy best jewels; carry away thy peace, content, joy, happiness, soul, with it. Behold the cosmopolite, Luke 12:17, planting, transplanting, rebuilding, studying for room to lay up his fruits. *Non in visceribus pauperum,*—Not in the bowels of the poor, but in the enlarged barns, if ever their capacity could answer his enlarged heart. He builds neither church nor hospital,—either in *cultum Christi*, or *culturam Christiani*, to the service of Christ or comfort of any Christian,—but barns. He minds only *horreum suum*, et *hordeum suum*,—his barn and his barley. Behold, at last he promiseth his soul peace, ease, mirth, security; but when his chickens were scarce hatched, whereon he long sat, and thought to sit long brooding, he hears a fatal voice confiscating his

goods and himself too: ver. 20, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' No marvel, then, if the soul be famished, when she is only fed with such fugitive meat, which vanisheth like Tantalus's apples or Ixion's cloud in the poet; and like medicines rather than food, or like poisons rather than medicines, wash away the good they find, and leave the bad, made yet worse by their accession, behind them.

Secondly, They be not satisfactory, and therefore confer no true content to the mind, no more than the dreamed bread of the sluggard, Mic. 6:14, who 'wakes with an empty stomach.' Thou shalt eat, but not be satisfied: 'All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it: the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing,' Eccles. 1:8. There is nothing but emptiness, vanity, vacuity in them. Simul oriuntur et moriuntur,—They at once are born and die, as Plutarch said of the lightning, as Jonah found in his gourd. Like the mermaid—

'Virgo formosa superne,

Desinit in turpem piscem malesuada voluptas;—

'Face-flattering pleasure, that so much deludes,

Like that sea-monster, with sad ruth concludes.'

The motion of the mind, following these wandering planets of earthly delights, is ever errant, ever incessant. Ahab is sick of his neighbour's field, though he have a whole kingdom to walk in; and Alexander, finding himself lord of the whole world, is discontent, as if he wanted elbow-room. The poor man is not more perplexed because he hath neither bam nor grain, than the covetous wretch because he hath not barns enough for his grain, Luke 12:17. What cosmopolite ever grasped so much wealth in his gripulous fist as to sing to himself a Sufficit? 'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase,' Eccles. 5:10. His cares fill up as

fast as his coffers. He hath much in his keeping, yet doth neither enjoy it nor joy in it.

It breeds a disease in the soul, like that in the body which they call *caninum appetitum*, an immoderate desire of meat; whereafter the body looks thin, wan, sickly, as if it were starved. The cold, feculent, viscous, vicious humours of covetousness desire an unreasonable quantity of worldly goods, yet leave the soul more weak, warish, sickly than if she neither had, nor had will to do, anything. This is the infallible effect of these coveted vanities; *vel sequendo labimur, vel assequendo lædimur*,—the soul either falls in the seeking, or fails in the finding. She is not the better, nay, she is the worse, for her longing after them.

'Luxuriant animi rebus plerunque secundis,'—*

The mind may riot and grow rank for a while with these puffings up, but how soon doth a tæbe and consumption take it down, when the joy answers not the expectation of the heart! The world may set such a man in high estimation: 'The rich hath many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbour,' Prov. 19:4.

'Aspicis ut veniant ad candida tecta columbæ,

Accipiet nullas sordida turris aves.'

But all this while others are more satisfied with the sight than he with the possession of his own. Still his soul is hungry, and he knows not how to appease it.

I persuade not all abjuration of the world, as if it could not be used but it must be abused. As the philosopher of old, that threw his money into the sea, purposing to drown that, lest that should drown him; or as the new found and fond votaries that profess a voluntary want, as if all coin were diseased, and had for the circumscription a *Noli me tangere*: so the empiric, to cure the fever, destroys the patient; so the wise man, to burn the mice, set on fire his barn. Is

there no remedy, but a man must make his medicine his sickness? I speak of things as they are, not as they should be. He that feeds too hungrily on the world, falls with much ease to neglect Christ: as he that was once following him no sooner heard of his father's death, but presently left him; thinking perhaps that he should get more by his father's executorship than by his Saviour's discipleship; and therefore would leave to minister in Christ's service, that he might administer on his father's goods. Hence fall many souls into this spiritual sickness, when they forsake the solid and substantial nutriment of Jesus Christ, to gape for the fugitive and empty air of worldly riches: which, if they do carry to their deaths, yet they must then leave all, *exuendo, expuendo, donec nihil vel intus vel foris manserit*,—by putting off, by spuing up whatsoever their covetousness hath devoured. Nature shall turn them out naked and empty. Thus 'the righteous eateth to the satisfying of his soul; but the belly of the wicked shall want,' Prov. 13:25. They are not satisfactory.

In a word, that we may a little perpend the effects, as we have perceived the causes, all spiritual sickness is either in faith or conversation.

First, In faith. This is a general and dangerous sickness. General: *Ægrotat fides jam proxima morti*,—Faith is so sick, that it is ready to die. These are those last and apostate times, wherein faith is become so little, that the scarcity gives expectation of the general doom. We swear away our faith at every trifle, and then no marvel, being so prodigal of such oaths, if our stock of faith be sworn and worn out. Dangerous: We affy the world, which we have vowed to defy; and losing that confidence we should live by,—for 'the just lives by faith,' Heb. 10:38,—how can it be but the soul must become sick? Whiles 'the shield of faith' is lost, we lie naked to 'the fiery darts of Satan,' Eph. 6:16; and many wounds will let out the life-blood. The sun in the heaven passeth through twelve signs of the zodiac. Christ is our sun, Mal. 4:2, the twelve articles of our creed, the twelve signs; faith is our zodiac. Do you wonder why, in this day of the gospel, the sunbeams of grace live in so few hearts? They have lost their zodiac.

Their faith is form, and the clouds of infidelity have eclipsed those signs. They believe not beyond the extension of sense; they have a sensual, a senseless faith. It is the sorest shipwreck which the vast sea of this world and the pirates of sin can put them to, the sinking of their faith. It was Paul's happy triumph that he had 'kept the faith,' 2 Tim. 4:7, though 'he bare about in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' Gal. 6:17. Needs must the soul be sick, whose faith is not sound.

Secondly, The other degree of our spiritual sickness is in conversation. Our lives are diseased: the ill beating of those pulses shew we are not well. The fruits manifest the tree, Matt. 7:20. *Ubi caro est repugnans, peccatum est prægnans.*—Sins are rife where the flesh reigns; plentiful effects will arise from such a working cause. In vain (and not without the more hazard) do we plead for our soundness, when the infallible symptoms of our disobedience evince the contrary. Saul stands upon his observation of God's charge. 'What then,' saith Samuel, 'meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?' 1 Sam. 15:14. Whence flow those streams of impiety, merciless oppressions, church-devouring sacrileges, bestial luxuries, cunning circumventions, detracting slanders, heaven-threatening blasphemies, malicious fires of rage and hatred, monstrous treacheries, behaviours compounded of scorn and pride, close atheism, open profaneness, gilded hypocrisy? Whence are these vicious corruptions, if not from our ulcerous conversations? Shame we not to call sickness health, and to maintain the atheistical paradox, pseudodox, 'which judgeth evil good, and darkness light?' Isa. 5:20. If thy life be so unsound, suspect thyself; thou art not well.

(2.) Now (not unfitly) after the sickness of sin, follows the sickness for sin; which distributes itself into a double passion, corporal and spiritual:—

[1.] All corporal sickness is for sin. The sick man heard it from his heavenly physician: 'Go thy ways; sin no more, lest a worse thing

come unto thee,' John 5:14. So sung David in the psalm: 'Fools because of their iniquities are afflicted; their soul abhorreth all manner of meat, and they draw near to the gates of death,' Ps. 107:17, 18. This Elihu grounds against Job, that sin causeth sickness: 'So that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out,' chap. 33:20, 21. Weakness proceedeth from wickedness; if the soul had not sinned, the body should not have smarted. Indeed this blow is easy, if we respect the cause that drew it on us. For if 'the wages of sin be death,' Rom. 6:23, sickness is a gentle payment. Sickness is the malady of the body, death is the malady of sickness. But such is God's mercy, that he is content to punish sometimes corporaliter, non mortaliter; and to put into our hearts a sense of our sins, by casting us down, and not by casting us away. But whether the affliction be quoad introitum, or quoad interitum,—a more gentle entrance, or more piercing to death, all is produced by our sin.

You will say, that many afflictions, wherewith God scourgeth his children, are the 'fatherly corrections of love,' Heb. 12:6; yet they are corrections, and their intention is to better us. Now, what need the bestowing such pains on us to make us good, if sin had not made us evil? Still sin is the cause, whether it be sickness, 'Therefore I will make thee sick in smiting thee, because of thy sins,' Micah 6:13; or whether more despairful calamity, 'I will wail and howl, I will make a wailing like the dragons, mournings as the owls; for her wound is incurable,' Micah 1:8, 9. Still the reason is, ver. 5, 'For the transgression of Jacob is all this, and for the sins of the house of Israel.' Oh that our sick bodies, when the hand of visitation hath cast them down, would convey this lesson to our souls—all is for our wickedness! Our stomachs loathe meat because we have overburdened them with God's abused blessings. We have made the creatures, ordained for our comforts, 'an occasion of our falling,' Ps. 69:22. And now, lo, we abhor to be cheered by those things wherewith we have erst oppressed ourselves: that 'delicates poured

upon a mouth shut up, are as messes of meat set upon a grave,'
Ecclus. 30:18.

Our sins, that remain unpurged by repentance in our bosoms, are not only diseases themselves to our consciences, but vigorous and rigorous enough to engender diseases in our carcasses. We are framed and composed of four elements—fire, air, water, earth; and have the kindly concurrence of those four original and principal qualities, heat and cold, moisture and dryness, to our making up. Their harmony and peaceful content preserve our little world in health; but if those brethren of one house fall at variance with themselves, their strife will undo us. So easy is it for God to take rods from our own bodies wherewith to whip us! Though those outward elements, fire, water, and the rest, forbear to lay on us the strokes of vengeance, yet we have those primordial humours within us, whose redundance, defect, or distemperature are means able enough to take our breath from us. How evident is this, when—

Some have been burned in the pestilent flames of their hot diseases; the violence whereof hath set their blood on fire, wasted their bowels, scorched their veins, withered away their vital spirits, and left the whole body flagrantem rogam, as it were a burning pile.

Some have been choked with the fumes and vapours ascending from their own crude and corrupted stomachs, and poisoned their spirits no less than with the contagion of infected airs. How many obstructed lungs suck in far better air than they breathe out!

Others have been drowned with a deluge of waters in their own bodies, a flood running betwixt their skin and bowels, glutting and overcharging nature so violently, that the life hath not been able to hold up her head; and the soul, like Noah's dove, returns unto God, the 'ark of her strength,' as not able to set her foot dry in her former habitation.

And yet others have buried themselves alive in the grave of their own earthly melancholy; which casteth such a thick fog and dark obscurity over the brain, that it not only chokes up the spirits of life, like the damp in a vault that extinguisheth the lights, but even offers offensive violence to the soul. Melancholy men are, as it were, buried before they be dead; and, as not staying for a grave in the ground, make their own heavy, dull, cloudy, cloddy earthen cogitations their own sepulchres. From what sink arise all these corrupt steams, but from the sins in our own selves, as proper and fit to engender these sicknesses as these sicknesses are to bring dissolution! It is our own work to make 'death better than a bitter life, or continual sickness,' Ecclus. 30:17; that our meat gives no more scent nor savour than an 'offering doth to an idol,' ver. 19. 'He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hands of the physician,' Ecclus. 38:15.

[2.] Spiritual sickness for sin is yet far more perilous and mortal; nay, well were it for some thus sick if it were mortal. If the disease would decease, the soul might revive and live. It varies (as some diseases do in the body, according to the constitution of the sick) thereafter as the soul is that hath it; whether regenerate or reprobate. The malignancy is great in both, but with far less danger in the former.

First, In the elect, this spiritual sickness is an afflicted conscience, when God will suffer us to take a deep sense of our sins, and bring us to the life of grace through the valley of death, as it were by hell-gates unto heaven. There is no anguish to that in the conscience: 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' Prov. 18:14. They that have been valiant in bearing wrongs, in forbearing delights, have yet had womanish and coward spirits in sustaining the terrors of a tumultuous conscience. If our strength were as an army, and our lands not limited save with east and west; if our meat were manna, and our garments as the ephod of Aaron; yet the afflicted conscience would refuse to be cheered with all these comforts. When God shall raise up our sins, like dust and smoke in the eyes of our souls, and the 'arrows of his displeasure drink up our blood,' Job 6:4, and 'his

terrors' seem to 'fight against us;' when he buffets us from his presence, and either hides his countenance from us, or beholds us with an angry look; lo, then, if any sickness be like this sickness, any calamity like the fainting soul! Many offences touch the body which extend not to the soul; but if the soul be grieved, the sympathising flesh suffers deeply with it. The blood is dried up, the marrow wasted, the flesh pined, as if the powers and pores of the body opened themselves like so many windows to discover the passions of the distressed prisoner within. It was not the sense of outward sufferings, (for mere men have borne the agonies of death undaunted,) but the wrestling of God's wrath with his spirit, that drew from Christ that complaint, able to make heaven and earth stand aghast: 'My soul is heavy unto the death,' Matt. 26:38.

There is comfort even in death, when the clock of our life runs upon her last minutes; but is there any ease during the torments of a racked conscience? This wearisome guest doth God often lodge with his own children, suffering the eye of faith to be shut, and the eyes of flesh and blood open; that sorrow is their bread, and tears their drink, and the still perplexed mind knows not where to refuge itself: always preserving to his children that never-dying grace of his Spirit in their hearts; 'a substance of blessing in the oak,' Isa. 6:13, though it hath cast the leaves, though the barrenness of the boughs, dryness of the bark, give it for dead and withered. Faith being in a swoon, may draw the breath inwardly, not perceived; but 'destroy it not, for there is a blessing in it,' Isa. 65:8.

Neither is this sickness and trouble of conscience properly good in itself, nor any grace of God, but used by God as an instrument of good to his, as when by the 'spirit of bondage' he brings us to adoption. So the needle that draws the thread through the cloth is some means to join it together. This is the godly soul's sickness for sin, full of sharp and bitter ingredients, but never destitute of a glorious event and victorious triumph. I may say of it as physicians speak of agues, (which make a man sick for a while, that he may be

the sounder a long time after,) This sickness is physic to procure better health.

Secondly, Spiritual sickness for sin in the reprobate hath other effects. To restrain their number, they principally appear in two diseases, or disasters rather—impenitency and despair.

First, Impenitency, the symptom of an obdurate and remorseless heart. 'Who being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness,' Eph. 4:19. St Paul calls it 'a reprobate mind,' Rom. 1:28: a death rather than a sickness. He that labours hereof is rather deceased than diseased. This is a heart so hard and impenetrable, that all the holy dews of instructions cannot soften it; all the blows of God's striking rod put no sense into it. It is invulnerable to any stroke save that which makes a fatal and final end with it. 'Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved,' &c., Jer. 5:3. It is just with God, but fearful on whomsoever this judgment lights, to plague sin with sin, that *peccatum sit poena peccantis*. For there is evermore some precedent impiety in those ungracious persons, procuring God to deal thus with them. 'For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned that believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness,' 2 Thess. 2:11, 12. First Pharaoh hardens his own heart, &c. God all this while holds his peace, gives him the hearing and looking on. In the end he saith, 'I will harden Pharaoh's heart;' and then puts iron to iron, adamant to adamant, and there is perfected a relentless, repentless obduracy.

This is that retaliation of sin, which God returns into their bosoms that foster it; that since 'they loved cursing, it shall be unto them,' Ps. 109:17. So David in the psalm, (though indeed it was not in him *precantis votum*, but *prophetantis vaticinium*,—he did not desire it to be so, but he knew it would be so,) 'Add iniquity to their iniquity,' Ps. 69:27. Neither doth God this by infusion of wickedness, but by subtraction of his Spirit. He is *causa deficiens*, non *efficiens*: as the revoking of sun from us causeth darkness; the privation of grace, the

position of all ungodliness. It is in him not peccatum, sed iudicium,—not sin, but judgment. When he leaves us to ourselves, it is no wonder if we fall into horrid and prodigious sins. Peccatum est malum in se: effectum prioris mali, et causa subsequentis: est et supplicium, et causa supplicii;—Sin is evil in itself, the effect of former evil, the cause of future: it is both punishment itself, and the cause of punishment. In all the storehouse of God's plagues there is not a greater vengeance. With other punishments the body smarteth; the soul groaneth under this. Hence sins multiply without limits, that the plagues may be without end. Every affliction is sore that offends us; but that is direful which withal offends God. Such do at once act and suffer: it is both an active and a passive sin. The punishment they suffer is (in them) sin; the sin they do is (from God) a punishment.

There is nothing more wretched than a wretched man not recking his own wretchedness. Miserius nihil est misero se non miserante. Either they do not feel, as blocks, or they will not feel, as Stoics. You know, a seared conscience is not sensible; and usual whipping makes some careless of the rod, except it be a stroke that shall fetch blood of the soul. Indeed we are all of one mould, but some are more cloddy and hard, others more soft and relenting. The best in their sorrows may be more than conquerors, not more than men. And let the Stoic brag his tetrical conclusions to the world, that no pain can bring sorrow to a wise man, &c. Let him, being put into that torturous engine of burning brass called the horse, bite in his anguish, smother his groans, sigh inwardly, and cry to the spectators, Non sentio, I feel not. The wicked may laugh out lighter punishments; and like the dead rocks of the sea, not regard the waves of easier judgments beating on them, letting fall no tears of repentance for so many blows. But when God sees that thou digestest his physic as diet, and, with a strange kind of indulgence, wilt neither grieve that thou hast offended nor that thou art offended, he will strike home, and sharpen at once both his blow and thy sense. Now thou shalt feel; even thy seared heart shall bleed. In a word, the wicked may be senseless

Stoics, they cannot be insensible stones. There is in all men an impossibility of impassibility.

But these remorseless wretches, so spiritually sick, not of the stone in the reins, but in the heart, at least regard not to offend God, whiles God forbears to offend them. 'They speak loftily; they set their mouth against the heavens,' Ps. 73:9. The reason is, 'They are not in trouble, nor plagued as other men,' ver. 5. At first they liberally sin and spare not. God lets them alone: lo, now they sin and care not. Impiety, impunity, impenitency, thus swiftly follow one at the heels of another. There are some sick of this disease, but not so far gone; of whose recovery there is a little, and but a little, more hope. These have, by the chidings of their accusing conscience, a notion, a relish, a guess of the number and nature of their own sins, which because they suspect to be monstrous, they would by no means admit a sight of. Hence they fly the temple, the society of the good, the voice of exhortation, whencesoever it soundeth, lest it should call the soul's eye home, to glance at its own estate, and so leave it amazed. Hence he hath *animum inscium, inscitum*, an ill-sighted mind.

So timorous is this patient, that because he knows his wound deep, he will not suffer the chirurgion to search it; willing rather to kill his soul than to disquiet it. Such is the folly of his partial indulgence to his conscience, that whiles he would foster it, he doth fester it. They write of the elephant, that, as if guilty of his own deformity, and therefore not abiding to view his snout in a clear spring, he seeks about for troubled and muddy waters to drink in. This sick wretch, without question induced by the like reason, refuseth to look into the glass of the law, or to come to the clear springs of the gospel, or any perspective that may represent his evil conscience to his eyes, but seeks to muddy and polluted channels,—taverns, theatres, societies of sin,—to drown the thought of former iniquities with floods of new. And if he be enforced to any such reflection, he spurns and tramples that admonition, as apes break the glass that represents their deformity. He runs himself prodigally into so deep arrearages and debts, that he cannot endure to hear of a reckoning. Whiles he

despairs of sufficiency to pay the old, he reckes not into what new and desperate courses he precipitates himself. And as it was in the fable with the blind woman and the physician: the physician coming often to her house, ever carried away a portion of her best goods; so that at last recovered, by that time her sight was come again, her goods were gone: so this wretch will not see the ransacking of his soul, and spoil of his graces, till his conscience be left empty, and then he sees, and cries too late, as Esau for his blessing.

Secondly, That other spiritual sickness for sin, befalling a reprobate soul, is final and total desperation. This is that fearful consequent which treads upon the heels of the former sickness. Presumption goes before, despair follows after. Cain's fratricide, Judas's teachery, presumptuous, aspiring, heaven-daring sins, find this desperate catastrophe, to cut themselves off from the mercy of God. This is insanabilis plaga, when the physician promising help of the disease, the patient shall thrust his nails into it, and cry, 'Nay, it shall not be healed.' As if the goodness of God, and the value of Christ's all-sufficient ransom, were below his iniquity. As if the pardon of his sins would empty God's storehouse of compassion, and leave his stock of mercy poor. This is that agony, whose throbs and throes, restless, turbulent, implacable cogitations, cannot be quieted. Let rivers of those waters of comfort which 'glad the city of God' run with full streams unto it, they are resisted and driven back.

This is that sin which not only offers injury and indignity to the Lord of heaven and earth, but even breaks that league of kindness which we owe to our own flesh. To commit sin is the killing of the soul; to refuse hope of mercy, is to cast it down into hell. Therefore St Jerome affirms that Judas sinned more in despairing of his Master's pardon than in betraying him; since nothing can be more derogatory to the goodness of God, which he hath granted by promise and oath—two immutable witnesses—to penitent sinners, than to credit the father of lies before him. *Januas æternæ felicitatis spes aperit, desperatio claudit,*—Hope opens the door of heaven, desperation shuts it. As

faith is heaven before heaven, so despair is damnation before the time.

Shall the blood and death of Christ put sense into rocks and stones, and shall man tread it under his desperate feet, enervate his cross, annihilate his ransom, and die past hope? Did he raise three dead men to life,—one newly departing, another on the bier, a third smelling in the grave,—to manifest that no degree of death is so desperate that it is past his recovery; and shall these men, as if 'twice dead, and pulled up by the roots,' Jude, ver. 12, deny to the grace and glory of God a possibility of their reviving? Μὴ γένοιτο,—God (and the unfeigned repentance of their own hearts) forbid it!

3. Thus we have heard the malignancy of spiritual sicknesses, whether in sin or for sin. Now let us take a short consideration how far spiritual sicknesses are more dangerous than corporal.

The soul is at all parts more precious than the body. It is that principal, most divine, and excellent half of man. Dum vivificat, anima; dum vult, animus; dum scit, mens; dum recolit, memoria; dum judicat, ratio; dum spirat, spiritus; dum sentit, sensus,—It is called for quickening, a soul; for knowing, mind; for remembering, memory; for judging, reason; for breathing, spirit; for feeling, sense. When the soul is sick, all these are sick with it. The soul is compared to heaven, the body to earth. The heaven is glorious with sun, moon, stars; so the soul with understanding, memory, reason, faith, hope, &c. The body, like the earth whereof it was made, is squalid with lusts. The earth hath no heat nor nourishment but from heaven, nor the body comfort but from the soul. How then? Oh, how terrible is the soul's sickness or death!

How indulgently should we tender the health thereof! We keep our chicken from the kite, our lamb from the wolf, our fawn from the hound, our doves from the vermin; and shall we yield our darling to the lions, our soul to those murdering spirits which endeavour to devour it? The soul may be well when the body is full of griefs; but ill

goes it with the body when the soul is sick. Nay, even corporal diseases are often a means to procure spiritual soundness. Therefore one calls it *optabile malum, cum mali remedium sit maioris*,—a happy evil, which is the remedy of a greater evil. We may say of many healthful bodies, *tutius ægrotassent*, they might with less danger have been sick. *Nusquam pejus quam in sano corpore, æger animus habitat*,*—A sick mind dwells not rightly in a sound body: but to find a healthful and sound soul in a weak sickly body is no wonder; since the soul (before smothered with the clouds of health) is now suffered to see that through the breaches of her prison which former ignorance suspected not.

Corporal sickness is a perpetual monitor to the conscience, every pang a reproof, and every stitch reads a lesson of mortality, ready ever to check for evil, or to invite to good; which duly weighed, a man hath less reason to be over-fearful of sickness than over-glad of health. The spiritual detriment that may ensue on health is more dangerous than the bodily pain that pursues sickness. If a man fear not death, what power hath sickness to make him miserable? *Tolerabilis est morbi præsentia, si contempseris id quod extremum minatur*,—Sickness hath little terror in it, if thou shalt condemn that which it threateneth—death. If it teach thee by the sight of the first death instant, to prevent the fury of the second, behold it makes thee blessed. Such good use may the wise soul make of the body's enemy. I have read it said, that *singulus morbus, parvula mors*,—every disease is a little death. Therefore God sends us many little deaths to instruct our preparation for the great death. The oftener a man dies, the better he may know to die well.

I yield, if in sickness we contract and narrow up the powers of our souls, and direct them (as our finger) to the grief of our bodies only, forgetting either that God strikes us, or that we have first stricken God,—either flying to ill means, or affying to good means more than to God,—our sickness may be deadly to body and soul too. Asa was sick but of his feet, 2 Chron. 16:12: his feet stood far from his heart, yet because he relied more on his physicians than on his Maker, he

died. Or if there shall be no less confusion and hurly-burly in the faculties of the soul than there is distemperature in the parts of the body; when reason, which should be the queen, and dwell in the highest and choicest room, is deposed from her government; when the senses, which are court-guards and the princess's attendants, that give all admission into the presence, are corrupted; when the supreme faculties, which are the peers, are revolted; and the affections, which are the commons, perverted; and all this insurrection and disturbance, dethroning the queen, corrupting the guard, drawing from fealty the peers, and the commons from allegiance, wrought by those violent passions which are refractory and headstrong rebels, having once gotten head,—alas, how far is this miserable distemper and perturbation of these spiritual parts above the distress or distraction of the corporal members! Neither is the future peril hereof only more full of prodigious desolation, but even the present sense is also more tetrical, piercing, and amazing with horror.

We shall find the perplexity of this spiritual sickness, how far exceeding the corporal, if we either compare them generally, or particularly by instance in any special disease.

First; generally. The excellency of health is measured according to the life which holds it, and the dignity of life is considered by the cause that gives it. The life of the plant is basest, because it consists but in the juice which is administered by the earth to the root thereof, and thence derived and spread to the parts. The life of the brute creature excels, because it is sensitive, and hath power of feeling. The life of man is better than both, because it is reasonable, conceiving and judging of things by understanding. The life of a spiritual man is better than the former, and it hath two degrees: the life of inchoate regeneration, and it consists in grace; and the perfect life of imputed righteousness, conferred and confirmed by Jesus Christ. The life of glory exceeds all, whereof there are also two degrees: the fruition of glory in soul; and the full possession in the union of the body to it. These two last sorts of life transcend the

former in two main respects: because the other may die, must die; these have a patent of eternity sealed them: and because the other have transient causes; these have the grace and glory of God.

Now as by all consent the life of reasonable man is better than the vegetable of plants, or sensitive of beasts, so the health of man must needs be more precious; and as that virtue excels in goodness, so doth the defect exceed in miserableness. Respect man distinctively, as he is a body only; and then to be sick and die are common to him with plants and beasts; and what suffering is there in the one more than in the other, save that as the beast is more sensible of pain than the tree, so man is more apprehensive than the beast? The bodies of all 'return to the earth;' but man hath a soul, wherein his reason is placed, which fainting or sickening through sin, or the punishment for sin, there is offered a passion and grief whereof the other are not capable. Death to the rest is not so terrible as this sickness. The goodlier the building is, the more lamentable the ruin.

Secondly; particularly. This will best appear if we single out some special disease, and confer the perplexity it can offer to the body with the sickness of the soul. Take, for instance, the plague of the leprosy. It was a fearful and unsupportable sickness, every way miserable, as you may find it described, Lev. 13:45, 46: 'His clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean. He shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.'

(1.) The leprosy infected their very garments and houses, sticking contagion in the very wool and walls. But our leprosy of sin hath (with a more vast extension) infected the elements, air, earth, beasts, plants, &c., sticking scars on the brow of nature, and making the whole 'creature groan' under the burden of corruption, Rom. 8:22.

(2.) The leprosy was violent in spreading, running eftsoons over all the body, as in Gehazi, and making it all as an ulcer; yet could

it not penetrate and enter the soul; the mind might be clean in this general defiling of the carcase. Behold, the leprosy of sin hath not content itself to insult, pollute, and tyrannise over the body, but it defiles the soul also, and turns that purer part of man into a leper. 'Our righteousness is become filthy rags,' Isa. 64:6; our heart is poisoned, 'our consciences defiled,' Titus 1:15.

(3.) The leprosy was an accidental disease, casual to some, while others escaped it. It was God's purveyor to single out and arrest some for their sin, his mercy sparing the rest. But the leprosy of sin is *hæreditarius morbus*,—an hereditary sickness. We derive it from our great sire Adam, with more infallible conveyance than ever son inherited his father's lands. It is original to us, born with us, born before us. So that *natalis* would be *fatalis*, the birth-day would be the death-day, if the blood of that immaculate Lamb should not cleanse us.

(4.) The leprosy was a dangerous disease, yet curable by natural means; but ours is by so much the worse, as it admits not man as physician, nor nature itself as physic, sufficient to cure it. The medicine is supernatural; the 'blood and water' of that man who is God. Faith must lay hold on mercy; mercy alone can heal us.

(5.) The leprosy is a sore disease, so entering and eating that it is even incorporated to the flesh; yet still *cum carne exiit*,—it is put off with the flesh. Death is a physician able to cure it. *Mors una interimit et leprosum et lepram*,—Death (the best empiric) kills at once the leper and the leprosy. But the leprosy of sin cleaves so fast, not only to the flesh, but to the soul, Heb. 12:1, that if spiritual death to sin do not slay it, corporal death shall neither mend it nor end it. It shall not fly from the soul when the soul doth fly from the body, but as it accompanies the one to the judgment-seat of God, so it shall meet the other in hell, if they both cannot be rid of it, through Christ, on earth.

(6.) The leprosy makes man loathsome to man, that seorsim habitaturus sit,—he must dwell alone. So was the law: Lev. 13:46, 'He is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be.' Yea, though he were a king, he must content himself with an unvisited and removed lodging, 2 Kings 15:5; yet what is it to be secluded from man's, and not to be destitute of the Lord's company? God forsakes not the 'clean heart,' Ps. 73:1, though man abhors the leprous flesh. God alone is a thousand companions; God alone is a world of friends. He never knew what it was to be familiar with heaven that complains the lack of friends whiles God is with him. Were thy chamber a prison, thy prison a dungeon, yet what walls can keep out that infinite Spirit? Even there the good soul finds the sun of heaven to enlighten his darkness, in comparison of whom all the stars in the sky are the snuff of a dim candle. Every cloud darkens our sun; nothing can eclipse that. But the leprosy of sin separates a soul from God's fellowship, from the company of angels. 1 John 1:6, 'We lie if we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness.' 'Your sins have separated betwixt me and you, saith the Lord of hosts.' They unhouse our hearts of God's Spirit, and expel him from the temple of our souls, who will no longer stay there when the Dagon of sin is advanced, adored. It is customable with men to eschew the society of their poor, maimed, afflicted, diseased brethren, and to shew some disdain by their averseness; but to keep company with drunkards, adulterers, swearers, usurers, &c.—of whom alone we have a charge, *de non tangendo*,—they reck not. 'Eat not with them; turn away from them,' saith the Apostle, 1 Cor. 5:11, 2 Tim. 2:5, from those so diseased in soul, not in body. But now *melior est conditio vitii, quam morbi*,—the estate of sin is better than of sickness. But God looks unto, and is with, Lazarus living, and takes him into his bosom dying, though he was full of sores; and lets healthy, wealthy, flourishing Dives go by, unnamed, unaccepted.

(7.) The leprosy kept men but from the fading city, terrestrial Jerusalem. This leprosy, unpurged by repentance, restrains men from that 'Jerusalem which is above,' a city built upon jaspers, and sapphires, and precious stones, flowing, instead of milk and honey, with bliss and glory. For 'into it shall enter nothing that defileth, nor whatsoever worketh abomination or lies, Rev. 21:19. Now as the pleasures and treasures of this city are more, so much worse is the cause hindering our entrance. You may judge by this taste how far spiritual sickness is more bitter than corporal. Every circumstance before hath reflected on this; but *nunquam satis dicitur, quod nunquam satis addiscitur*,—it is never taught enough that is not enough learned.

4. I should now, lastly, inquire who are the sick, wherein, as the philosopher said of men, *Non ubi sunt, sed ubi non sunt, facile demonstratur*—I can easily shew you where they are not, not where they are.* It is a small matter to find out the sick, the difficulty is to find any sound. I know 'there are a few names in our Sardis that have not defiled their garments,' Rev. 3:4; but they are so few that it is hard to find them. 'Run to and fro through the streets, and seek in the broad places of our cities, if you can find a man, if there be any that executes judgment, and seeketh the truth,' Jer. 5:1. The whole world is very old and sick, given over, as man in his dotage, to covetousness.

'Hujus adest ætas extrema et ferrea mundi,

Alget amor dandi, præceps amor ardet habendi;—

'Needs mast the world be sick and old,

When lust grows hot, and charity cold.'

Wonder you at this? Wonder is the daughter of ignorance, ignorance of nature. God hath foretold it, event hath fulfilled it. St Paul gives the symptoms of this general sickness: 'Redeem the time, for the days are evil,' Eph. 5:16. Our Saviour premonisheth the great decay

of faith and love to ensue the apostasy of the latter times. His apostles testify no less. Paul to Timothy, 'Know that in the last days perilous times shall come. Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud,' &c., 2 Tim. 3:1. Read and observe. Peter, with others, to make up a cloud of witnesses, prophesieth the like, if not with addition; that men shall be so debauched, as even to deride and scoff at goodness, as a thing rather derisory than necessary, 2 Pet. 3:3, Jude 18. The plague of sin rankles, and, helped with fit instruments of dispersion, infects the times.

The scribe points to the publican, and thinks that destruction comes on the city for his sake. The ungodly Protestant lays the fault on the profane gallant that the days are evil, and says that pride devours all. The proud on the covetous churl, the well-conceited hypocrite on the dissolute, the dissolute on the hypocrites. Even the wicked think the godly the cause, but the godly know the wicked the cause. Atheists will live as they list. *Loquuntur grandia*. They 'lift up their mouths against heaven,' and acknowledge no other deity than their own guts. If good cheer be their sickness, they care not though gluttony be their grave. Grace is fain to give place to wantonness, religion to idolatry, honesty to profaneness. Many live, as the apostle saith of Hymeneus and Philetus, as if 'the resurrection was past,' 2 Tim. 2:18, or would never come.

I know there was never age not complained of, not judged as worst. *Laudamus veteres, &c.* We see what is, not what hath been, Eccles. 7:10. Some times have been evil, others worse, ours worst of all. We are so much worse than all, because we have more means to be better. We have atheists that serve no God, mammonists that serve their money, idolaters that serve creatures, apostates that forsake God, worldlings, temporisers, neuters, that serve many, serve all, serve none. Love is banished, temperance gives place to drunkenness, humility stoops to pride, hope yields to sense, and religion itself is used either for a show of good or for a cloak of evil. Men's words disagree from their deeds, their hearts from their words. If any say this world is not so sick as we give it, I durst tell

them that they are a great part of the sickness; and but for such we had less need to complain.

Satan's violence now doubling his forces, shews it to be the last and worst time. For the devil then rageth most, when he knows he shall rage but for a while. The world is sick, 'the days are evil.' You hear what makes them so. Shortly, either doing or suffering ill; sin originally, misery by consequent. If we would bate of our sins, God would decrease our miseries. What plagues the world with the sword, but malice and ambition? What turns the poor from their right, but injustice? What brings famine but covetousness? Proud courtiers make rich merchants, and both make miserable commons. We multiply sins against God; God, punishments upon us: the former from our unrighteousness, from his righteousness the latter; both together make the world sick, the days evil. I would hope it were vain now to bid you loathe the world. Is he less than mad that can love and dote on such a cheek? The beauty of it is black without by the miseries, and more foul within by the sins; if any wretch shall now make it his choice, he is not worthy of envy, if of pity.

'There's only one way left not to admit

The world's infection, to be none of it.'

Conclusion.—Seeing we are thus sick, why speed we not to means of recovery? It was the son of Sirach's counsel to use physic before thou be sick; being sick, it is madness to neglect it. Yet as the physician is often fain to entreat his froward patient to admit of the potion; so let me beseech you, nay, whiles I stand in the circle of your loves, let me conjure you, to accept of God's physic. God is our best physician. The soul cannot miscarry that is under the tender hands of her Maker. His crosses are his medicines. As therefore in bodily sickness we can be content to be let blood in the arm or the foot, for the curing of the head or the heart; the health of the principal part is more joy to us than it is grief to be troubled in the inferior. Thy sound limbs carry a sick soul; God fits thee with proper recuring, recovering physic;

afflictions, a singular medicine for diseased affections. Thou sayest, they are unpleasant; true, they are physic: who respects pleasure, but wholesomeness, in medicines? Thou art happily displeased with the relish, when thy sick heart is thereby eased of the pangs. Wilt thou love thy palate above thy health? Wilt thou refuse the implausible receipt of crosses, because they go against the grain of thy affections, and prefer thy lusts to thy soul? Let him die that will rather choose a wilful sickness than a harsh remedy.

This great physician hath some substitutes under him, ordained to minister to our sick souls. For besides the ministers of his word, applying that saving balm of the gospel, before largely specified, magistrates are his physicians, (of what degree soever,) to whom he hath committed the sword of justice, as lancets to cut the ulcers of our souls, and to let out the imposthume matter of our corruptions. Good laws are the physic, and the just execution of them is the ministration. This aqua fortis is fit for these iron days, to grave some characters and prints of goodness in them. Our knotted sins, like beds of eels, cannot be dissolved but by the thunder. You speak of all, if you say that the noise of this thunder can waken us. At first these laws may be, like the log which Jupiter in the fable threw down to the frogs regem petentibus, to be their king, with much awe and reverence feared; but afterwards, they get up and ride them in contempt. Subordinate officers are afraid to execute what the higher have wisely enacted.

I wish that no laws, like Draco's, should be writ in blood; yet withal, that the loosing of the reins of justice may not give encouragement to the already impudent fury of sin. Why should you fear to do right? Is it the lewdness of the time? whereof we may say, as it was once said of Rome, that they could neither endure an ill governor, nor obey a good one. Is it because a great person is the offender? Shall therefore any deputed justicers, which should shine in the orb of this country like the seven stars, basely degenerate into the cowardly darkness of the seven deadly sins, partaking of others' wickedness? A great man undoes the commons, depopulates towns, encloseth fields, breaks,

like a great beast, through all the hedges and fences of God's law and man's; treads justice, religion, honesty, conscience, under his proud feet. Will you, like beasts of the herd, follow him, and pass through the breaches and gaps of offence he hath made, and not oppose your strength to his oppressions? A great man is popishly addicted; he havocs the church, abuseth the ministers, revileth religion, maintains the Seminary, countenanceth secret treason, admits no tenants but those that will be tenants to Rome, and puts not his own livery upon any back but that which withal accepts the Pope's—'the mark of the beast'—together with his cognizance. Dare you not oppose, hinder, stop, his wickedness? I say unto you, 'Your life shall go for his life, if you let him scape,' 1 Kings 20:42. 'If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment in a province, marvel not at the matter; for he that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they,' Eccles. 5:8.

What hinders you? God, the supreme Magistrate, the law, religion, conscience, is on your side. You cannot want seconds, whiles these take your part. Why should you fear the looks of man, who is dust and ashes, whiles you tremble not to disobey the Lord? So a little dog running in the field amongst a whole flock of sheep, scares them all away; and when he is gone, they turn again and stare on him as if he were some fearful monster. So the little birds are afraid of the cuckoo, because he looks like a hawk. Because these tyrannous oppressors and Papists look as if they had horns of iron, like Zedekiah, 1 Kings 22:11, shall the arms and armour of justice be timorous to encounter them? But as in a diseased body, if the sickness once take the heart, how shall the members find comfort?—how should the distressed commonalty be succoured in these oppressions, eased of these burdens, when the magistrates, which are as the heart, are infected with the same enormities? Beloved, spare not your hands when God calls for them; your remissness and connivance is not love, but hatred. He that binds the frantic, and rouseth him that is sick of a lethargy, angers, but loves, both. It is a happy necessity that enforceth to goodness.

Neither is this physician-office imposed only on the magistrates; every man must be medicinal to another. Who, but a Cain, is not his 'brother's keeper'? Reasonable exhortation, seasonable reproof, good example, ever timely and available, are mutual remedies to this sickness. 'Exhort one another daily, whiles it is called To-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin,' Heb. 3:13. There is first, *debitum charitatis*, the due of charity, 'exhort one another;' then *temporis opportunitas*, the fitness of season, 'whiles it is called To-day;' then *periculum obstinationis*, the danger of obstinacy, 'lest you be hardened;' and, lastly, *calliditas hostis*, the subtlety of the enemy, 'through the deceitfulness of sin.'

Every man must be a physician to himself, as being best acquainted with his own heart. If age hath ripened thy discretion, thou art to thyself, saith the proverb, *aut stultus aut medicus*,—either a fool or a physician. Thou knowest where the soul's sickness lies; by one receipt make way to another, as physicians use, and by all to thy health: by repentance to faith, by faith to virtue, &c. And in those works of devotion, medicinal intentions to the cure of thy soul, (as physicians prescribe in sweats and exercise,) do not cease over suddenly. Let not thy prayer, meditation, hearing of the word be broken off at the call of every vanity.

Good diet is in the next place necessary to physic. In vain doth the potion work our recovery, if our evil behaviour after it shall draw on us a relapse. Recidivation is so much more dangerous than our first sickness, as our natural strength is then the more feebled, and unable to endure means of restoring. If the potion of repentance hath purged your hearts, you must observe the strict diet of obedience, which consists in refraining from the corrupt meats whereon your souls have surfeited; in restraining yourselves to the bread of heaven, the body and blood of Christ, the object of your faith; and doing the will of God, the object of your conversation, which Christ calls his meat and drink.

The first is that spiritual fast which especially pleaseth God, Isa. 58:6, and which he calls 'a fast to himself,' Zech. 7:5. This is that magnum et generale jejunium,—that lent of abstinence, which we must all keep, consisting in holiness of life. God hath ever from the beginning dieted our bodies, keeping in his own hand (as a master in his own house) the disposition of his creatures, for the use of man, that man might depend on his provident Maker for all needful blessings. In the first age, he appointed him for meat, 'every herb bearing seed, and every tree yielding fruit, upon the face of all the earth,' Gen. 1:29; whether he gave him liberty to eat flesh or no, we hold it uncertain. After the flood, the Lord renewed his grant, and gave free use of his creatures, with free liberty to eat flesh, but restraining the flesh of the unclean, and the blood of all, Gen. 9:3. At Christ's coming, he enlarged our patent, and gave license to eat all kinds of flesh, Acts 10:15; only, now, he restrains sin, allowing the use, and forbidding the abuse of all. 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if received with thanksgiving,' &c., 1 Tim. 4:4. Sin, then, sin is the only thing from which we must perpetually fast: the hands fasting from oppression, robbery, blood; the feet from perverse and erring ways; the ears from sucking in slanderous tales; the eyes from gazing after vanities; the thoughts from impurity. Let the blasphemer fast from oaths, the covetous from greediness, the malicious from hatred, the drunkard from his full cups, every sinner from his lust-pleasing iniquities.

They shall not repent this forbearance. The soul shall not starve when it hath lost these acorns. Behold, for the other respect, 'there is bread, and bread enough in your father's house,' Luke 15; if that content you not, lo, the fat calf is killed, Christ is crucified; this banquet is eaten with music, mirth, and joy of heart; new garments are put on your souls, and a fresh blee will arise in your cheeks. The world's gross food could not give you true content; but 'hunger and thirst' after this diet, and 'blessed are you, for you shall be satisfied,' Matt. 5:6. Our God is abundantly merciful; let not us be wanting to ourselves. Every one mend one, so shall the general health of all be

perfected. Which health the Physician of heaven, for his mercies' and merits' sake, vouchsafe unto us! Amen.

HEAVEN AND EARTH RECONCILED

They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.—DAN. 12:3.

THESE words are prophetically spoken, and turn over to us a golden leaf, whose ink is nectar, and the pen from the wings of angels; I mean, the matter expressed is wholly celestial: what shall be the end of the righteous, and of them that make them so. *Porta patet cœli, procul, oh procul este, profani.* I must in some sort open you the everlasting doors, and shew you the King of glory, and your glory in him. Let a holy reverence possess your souls, and say with Jacob, 'The place is fearful; none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,' Gen. 29:17. Suppose that great Prince set on his throne of universal judgment, and upon all creatures that have borne the image of God, summoned before him, having passed an irrevocable sentence, will you hear what shall become of the just? Open your intellectual sanctified eyes, able, with Stephen, to pierce through the curled clouds, and with meditations rapt to the third heaven, behold them as here described: 'The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' A lofty metaphor, when the lowest part of it is not less high than the firmament, than the stars. Just men shall parallel the brightness of the azure sky, and ministers shall shine as stars in it; nay, they shall transcend both in glory. We shall then see the firmament and stars as far below us, as now our humbled mortality thinks them above us; and could they shine as bright as ever their creation left them, the righteous shall outshine them; for, 'they shall be fashioned to the glorious body of Christ,' Phil. 3:21.

The words may be distinguished, in *opus, et mercedem*,—into the work, and the wages. Here is earth and heaven in this text; our way and our country, dishonour and honour, trouble and peace. Our

earth, way, trouble, goes thus far: 'They that turn many to righteousness.' Our heaven, country, peace, follows: 'shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

I. We ministers on earth are not unfitly compared to logical copulatives, that must join together a subject and a predicate. 1. The subject we work on is men, many men. 2. The predicate we work them to is righteousness. 3. Ministers are the copulative, that unite these, convertentes, that make men and righteousness friends; which never naturally and heartily loved one another since that apple set our first parents' teeth on edge.

II. Our heaven follows; and there is nothing but joy in it. 1. 'We shall shine;' no more be counted dross and offscouring of the world, as Paul says; no more be like low hedges, which every Nimrod, hunter, persecutor, treads down for his sport; no more be like rejected and unthought-of things, which the eye of scorn looks over. We shall stand where we shall be seen; 'we shall shine.' 2. Not meanly, and with a glimmering light, but 'as stars,' reserved to the Sun of righteousness his greater and chief glory; 'we shall shine as stars.' 3. This 'for ever;' not meteors, whiles a gross, spummy, squalid substance lasts; nor like *stellæ cadentes*, falling stars, which seem fixed in some sphere, but are not, as St John saith, 'They went out from us, for they were not of us,' 1 Epist. 2:19; but without passing the horizon of glory, without obscuring, without interposition of any clouds; 'we shall shine for ever and ever.' This is our heaven; but I must keep you on earth a while, though you long more for the other place.

I. 1. The Subject.—The subject we must exercise our skill on are men, tempered of the same mould, having a soul inspired from the breath of the same God, as dear to him as ourselves, bought with no worse blood than his Son's, guarded with angels, protected by the same providence, and compassed about with the same mercies that we are. God made man after his own likeness, that there might be *quoddam in terris Dei simulacrum*,—a certain image of himself on earth,

wherein he might be delighted: as it is natural to every being to affect that which received derivation from it; as Apelles was delighted with his tablets, Pygmalion with his ivory statue, Narcissus with his form in the fountain, a woman with her face in the glass, and parents with the offspring of their loins. Socrates then is composed of no better metal than his scholars, nor the minister than the people. Think not yourselves lords over them, 1 Pet. 5:3; all persons are equally respected of God. *Præsumus officio, pares sumus dignitate coram Deo,*—We are above them in office, not in dignity with God.

Let this meditation suppress our pride, either naturally born with us, or accidentally contracted by a self-opinion; it is an easy fault, and soon incurred, for a minister to be proud of his gifts, of his place, as Miriam was of the Spirit, and to prefer himself to those he teacheth, nay, to his fellow-teachers. Let me have no need to remember you of that, *unum restat*, one thing is wanting—a humbled soul. Thou hast overcome many corruptions, subdued lusts, qualified infirmities; take heed lest *vincenda superbia restat*,—pride remains yet to be overcome. He that contemns others, makes himself most contemptible. But, *Quorsum hæc?*—To what end is this? No such vice cleaves to us. I would it did not; I would no star did envy the brighter shining of another. But alas! pride is a subtle insinuating sin, ever conversant in good things; it crept into paradise, nay, it stole into heaven. No sin is more saucy, none more bold with God, none less welcome. It took up lodging in the Pharisee, that was so precise in tithing, alms, prayer. Many a Pharisee is proud that he is not proud; so subtle is that temptation of our adversary, when a man will be humble, to make him highly conceited of his humility: not unlike the Cynic, that condemned Plato's pride with a worse of his own. 'I thank God, I am not as others,' says that Pharisee. He was not indeed, but had little reason to thank God for it. The emptiest barrel makes the loudest sound. He that is truly learned hath learned this, not to boast it. It often befalls such, as it did that cardinal, who making a show of bringing much treasure into the land, one of his mules stumbled, and the portmantle broke, and there was a goodly show of moss, and straw, and stones. They that look so big upon their brethren, were

their cabinet opened, all the great supposed treasure within would appear to be mere husks, froth, and ignorance. The sun excels the moon in glory, yet both are stars, without emulation one of another. The highest cedar will suffer the lowest shrub to grow under it. He that digs the ground, hath his use in the garden, as well as he that draws the knot. Silver is metal as well as gold; and the beggar may be as good a subject as the lord. Christ gave his life for his sheep, as well as for his under shepherds. Despise not thy fellow-servants, lest the Master of us all despise thee.

This subject is set down indefinitely, 'many.' Whence observe, that the power of God is here perspicuous, that designs a few to convert many; nay, one man to have the charge of a congregation. Compare the minister with his charge, and think the difference: one man to a multitude; one without pomp to many mighty, wise, rich, noble; a weak man with a few leaves of paper, to those that are armed with a prejudicial opposition of nature against it; the message not promising liberty, ease, encouragement to lusts, but threatening persecution, cross, rod, trouble: yet to bind kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron; to recover the heathen from their ancient and national idolatries, and prostrate them to the name of Jesus; to make the drunkard sober, covetous merciful, malicious charitable; *hic digitus Dei*,—this is the finger of God. Thus, one Moses shall give precepts to six hundred thousand men able to bear arms; one Peter convert three thousand at a sermon; one minister (full of weakness) affect a great congregation, erect, depress, with either threats or promises, and persuade wild Japheth, as tame as a lamb, into the tents of Shem. Thus a dozen weak apostles passed once through legions of soldiers, prohibitions of laws, menaces of adversaries, oppositions of the flesh, pride, religions, Satan, into the courts of kings, and overcame them with the gospel. What shall we say? We admire the conquest of Alexander, that with forty thousand men subdued all Asia. If his army had been greater, his victory, his glory had been less. If he had achieved it with fewer, we would have doubled his honour; but if with twelve, deified him. Jesus Christ hath, and doth daily, make greater conquests with fewer soldiers;

subduing souls, which is a greater victory than that of bodies, sine vi et armis, without military engines. Yet who apprehends the immenseness of his power, or admires the depth of his wisdom?

Indeed, it is admirable if any such thing be wrought in these days. Time was, one sermon could turn many; now many sermons cannot turn one. Many thirsty souls have drunk at one fountain, and been satisfied; infinite fountains are now open, and none will drink. They come indeed to Jacob's well, but they bring no pitchers with them,—no faith, no attention, no conscience. God hath set open the doors of his mercy, grace, glory; only our hearts are shut up: we may as well preach to these material walls, and move the seats, as your cauterised and numbed consciences. When we have studied our colour into paleness, our strength into weakness, our bloods to jelly, and spoke away our spirits into air, you are the same still, and your sins in the same strength; not a Mammon, Belial, Melchom, changes their lodgings, or is unroosted out of your hearts. You come before the pulpit, but your faith and conscience is left behind you. Your closets, shops, fields, nay, perhaps taverns and tap-houses, plead possession of your affections: and all the law that comes out of the chair of Moses cannot give the devil a defeasance.

What then? Shall we not shine in this glory, because so few have been turned by us? Nothing less; and we have precedent for it: 'Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord,' saith the prophet, Isa. 49:5. Though when we have spent our strengths in Israel, the widow of Sarepta is more charitable. Though the altar hath enjoyed our labours, we not her privileges, yet for us 'is laid up a crown of glory,' 2 Tim. 4:8. Though it cannot but grieve us to be a savour of death to many, and to rise up condemning witnesses against those that would not believe our report; yet since God is glorified in both heaven and hell, and we have faithfully discharged the duties of our callings and consciences, leaving the success to God, though we have turned few to righteousness, yet we shall shine as stars for ever and ever.

2. The Predicate.—The predicate we work men to is righteousness. Righteousness is so fair an object, that a man would think there needs no great solicitation to it. What heart would not be enamoured on the beauty of righteousness if we saw it? Even the most unrighteous men have been convinced to approve of righteousness. Surely integrity is not loved, because it is not seen. The devil so takes up our eyes with the flourishes of sin, and gay colours of lusts, that we are blind to the sight of goodness; whose face if we could behold in that mirror of clearness wherein we were created, we would be in love with nothing else but God and that. But as an ill-affected stomach is best pleased with crudities, our poisoned and infected natures are dotingly taken with corruptions, and have no love to righteousness. No love, said I? No familiarity, no knowledge, no acquaintance; that if God should suffer our blinded souls so to go on to our deaths, we should scarce ever dream of righteousness. Therefore he hath given us helps, his word, and the vocal organs, to make it sound to us; his ministers, who may turn our hearts to righteousness. Here is offered to us this instruction.

The end of the ministry is to bring men to righteousness. Christ, 'when he had led captivity captive, gave gifts to men,' Eph. 4. What were they, and to what end? Paul declares both the gifts, ver. 11, 'He gave some to be apostles, some prophets,' &c. The end, ver. 12, 'For the repairing of the saints, and for the edification of the body of Christ;' a task hard enough. *Ars artium, regimen animarum*,—It is the cunning of all cunnings to govern souls. It is no easy work to make men righteous. If they could retain covetise, licentiousness, vainglory, in their service, and withal be righteous, there were some hope: but when you tell them that carnal lust and righteousness are two ends that shall never meet; that 'flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven,' 1 Cor. 15:50; when you bid them weep for and restore their injuries, usuries, sacrileges, charm their tongues from blasphemies, their hearts from vanities; you shall almost as good bathe a Moor in hope to whiten him. Men naturally love anything better than righteousness, and think any burden lighter than repentance. Hence it is that we are not so welcome as the

ministers of Satan. Behold, thy minister mourns to thee in the pulpit, and persuades thee by the blood of Christ, not without his own tears, to have mercy on thy own soul; not to cast away all the hopes and comforts of a better world; to bewail and beware of sins, which will make a hell in thy bosom here, and sink thee to a worse hell hereafter: nihil agit, he cannot prevail. Let but a ruffian hold up his finger, thou art gone. All auditors are not ruffians, and so addicted,—God forbid that our Sardis should not have 'a few names left in her,'—but many are thus, and more of a different disposition, but a worse. The most attend the world: 'Who will shew us any good?' Ps. 4:6. The minister's voice is not so audible as profit's; nor can divinity make so sweet music as the world. If to condole this were to help it, and the discovery of the disease were no less than the remedy, I should soon cure it. But shall I tell you? The general opinion of most in our parishes is this, (if the life do not belie the mind,) that a competent measure of righteousness is enough for heaven; and salvation doth not stand on so hard conditions as we teach. No bounds or measures of iniquity are enough, but a little righteousness serves. It is matter of amazement to see how the most live, as if they were neither in God's debt nor danger. Men strive who shall sin most, and give Jesus Christ the deepest wounds. They swear, bezzel,* covet, and laugh at him that tells them they sin. There is not so much shame left in their bloods as to give testimony of their guiltiness. If it were possible, they would annihilate their souls, and quench all difference betwixt themselves and beasts: 'Let us eat and drink, for we shall die.' It is soon said, and soon eaten; but not so soon digested. They advance the colours of Satan, blasphemies and lies, in the very face of God; as if they sent challenges to heaven, and dared their Maker to the combat. For the ministry of the word, whose intent is to beget in our souls righteousness, they make this the end of it, to pass the time, to keep holidays from sleep, and to move the hearts of idiots. They visit the temple for custom, as fools; for example, as apes; for necessity, as beasts; for praises, as hypocrites; or for peace, as politicians. How few think their minister placed over them to turn their hearts to righteousness!

I have shewed them the end of the ministry; we may not forget to apply it to ourselves. God's intent in sealing thee this commission is to work in men's hearts righteousness. Who knows not that? God grant none forget it! I am not worthy, fathers and brethren, to inform your understandings; *saltem concedatur refricare memorias*,—only give me leave to rub your memories. It is easy to propound sinister ends to our best, ordinate, and most regular works. There are five bitter herbs to spoil all the children of the prophets' pottage; five affections to distaste our ministry, I will not say to make it ineffectual: fame, flattery, ease, necessity, covetousness.

(1.) Are there none that catch at popular applause, and rather hunt themselves into fame than souls into heaven; *se prædicantes, non Christum*,—preaching themselves, rather than Jesus Christ? *Mancipia popularis auræ venalis*,—Creatures bred of the people's breath, whose excellencies consist only in opinion; rare men in their own judgments, and the flattered multitude's, that speak more desperately against doubted and questionable actions, than against known and manifest sins; that inveigh against some to please the rest; and even curry favour by speaking bitterly: of whom he spake truly that said, 'They care not to be condemned of the learned for ignorant, so they may be commended of the ignorant for learned.'

'*Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poetis?*'

What gape these for but only fame? They intend not erection of hearts, direction of lives, correction of vices; but they have a strange kind of pleasure to hold men by the ears, as the fisher the pike by the gills, and neither takes him nor lets him go; there is in these more affectation of fame than affection of truth.

(2.) Are there none that mould their sermons with court dough, flattery? Cushion-chaplains that carry their mistresses' fans, to keep the heat of reproof from their painted faces; that cry it is either cold or hot, as their patron lists to feel it?

'Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti

Nollet Aristippus; si sciret regibus uti,

Fastidiret olus,' &c.*

They get more by flattery than just men by their impartial censure. But it was Aristotle's: Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis amica veritas. Thy patron is thy friend, and the chief man of thy parish is thy friend; truth is thy friend above all.

(3.) Are there none that leap out of the troubles of the world into the peace of the church, only to be fed at the altar and live idle? that being entertained to build up God's house, and once sure of his pay, lay down their tools and fall to play?

(4.) Are there none that make a virtue of necessity, and when all trades fail, turn priests, making that their last refuge that should be their best? This is a rank custom among the Papists; but I hope it hath not gotten over our seas. Oh, how vile is it, and an argument of a desperate mind, when divinity is made but a shift! If to dig they are too lazy, to beg ashamed, to steal afraid, to cheat want wit, and to live means, then thrust in for a room in the church; and once crept in at the window, make haste to shark out a living; nay, and perhaps fly apace with the wings of golden ignorance into patrons' books, and presentations to good benefices, when learning is so ill horsed, riding upon penury, that the benefice is gone ere he comes. No matter how poor the stock of learning be, so the stock of money hold out, to the patron's content. Sometimes such beggars are made priests, when good priests are made beggars.

(5.) Are there none sick of the pearl in the eye? A shrewd disease, and no less common; whose souls are taken up by Mammon's commission, as Demas, that gave religion the bag, when the world offered him the purse, and vowed to serve Christ no longer for nothing. I have shewed you many oblique, indirect, and sinister ends; but among all, this carries it for custom, for hatefulness. Proh

pudor! that ever a minister should be covetous, as if we had lost all our former time, and were now to recover it with a preposterous emulation of the hungriest worldlings! How should we reclaim others from the world, that cleave to it ourselves? They must needs think we have a broader way to heaven than we teach others. It is observable that the creatures nearest to the earth are most greedy to accumulate. What creatures store up such heaps of provision as the ant? But the birds of the air, that fly next heaven, 'neither sow, nor reap, nor carry into the barn,' saith our Saviour, Matt. 6:26. We are next to heaven in profession; let us hate to be furthest off in conversation.

These are all unblest and pernicious ends, and whereof, I trust, no soul is here guilty. I confidently use the words of Paul, 'I have persuaded myself better things of you, and such as accompany salvation, though I thus speak,' Heb. 6:9. I hope the least feather can brush these dusts from our conscience. Let not fame, flattery, ease, necessity, covetousness, task our endeavours to this holy work. We are then but adulterantes verbum, such as adulterate God's word, 2 Cor. 4:2: as the fornicator makes lust his end, not generation, so such a minister intends not to beget souls to God, but fame or gain to himself. If we do thus, the worst is our own. 'Whiles some preach Christ of strife, some of good-will, yet so long as Christ is preached, I do joy, and will joy therein,' Phil. 1:15–18. It shall be the best for us that our intents sympathise with God's; his ordinance with our performance, to turn souls to righteousness.

3. The Copulatives.—This for the predicate. The persons whom God hath deputed to at-one these two contrary natures, sinful men and righteousness, are the ministers. There is no weak contentation between these, and the labour is hard to reconcile them: 'To us is committed this ministry of reconciliation,' 2 Cor. 5:18. God hath honoured us to tie this knot, though it be indeed dignus vindice nodus, a sacramental bond for the hand of the most high God to perfect. Yet he vouchsafes this honour to us, as his instruments, that we in his name and power shall tie a double knot on earth; a

temporal knot of the husband to the wife, which none but the minister may do; spiritual and eternal knot of the believing soul to her husband Christ: 'I have prepared you for one husband, to present you a pure virgin to Christ,' 2 Cor. 11:2. He hath designed us to turn men to righteousness.

Is this possible? *Est Deus in vobis, &c.*,—God is in you if you can do this; no power rules, constrains, converts the heart of man, but God only. I say again, thus is God pleased to honour us, that we shall be said to convert sinners. 'He that converteth a sinner from going astray shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins,' James 5:20. And Paul thus chargeth Timothy, 'Continue in learning; for in doing this thou shalt save thyself, and them that hear thee,' 1 Tim. 4:16. Yet, *absit*, far be it from us to think, or any superstitious soul to ascribe to us, that by our own arm we have gotten this victory. If the Psalmist denies power to any of rescuing his brother's body from the grave, he much more excludes the redemption of his soul. This, then, is true: when the external voice of man and the internal operation of the Spirit jump together, then John Baptist 'shall turn hearts,' Mal. 4:6; then 'the priest shall make the soul clean,' Lev. 16, when the agent of heaven and instruments of earth do concur, or are comprehensively taken: but when they be either compared in opposing, or opposed in comparing, then all is in God, then 'Paul can (but) plant, and Apollos water, God gives the increase,' 1 Cor. 3:6. Then John Baptist pours on water, and 'Christ baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire,' Matt. 3:11. Will you hear them united? 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself; and hath committed to us the ministry of reconciliation,' 2 Cor. 5:19; else there is no power in my perishable voice to affect your conscience. Break away this analogy and virtual association of the Spirit from our preaching, and you depart from the temple with as foul hearts as ever you came thither. No, beloved; lift up your eyes higher than the pulpit, and know he dwells in heaven that pierceth the conscience: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,' &c., Rev. 3:20. I, says the Son of the eternal God. It is he that clears the eye, undeafs the ear, unlocks the heart, and shakes the inmost powers of the soul, as the

thunder shakes the wilderness. Were we all Boanerges, the sons of thunder, we were not able without him to turn your hearts to righteousness. Indeed the word is 'strong in operation, dividing the marrow and the bones,' Heb. 4:12; and our ministry is 'not of the letter, but spirit,' saith St Paul, thus far exceeding the external commandment of Moses, whereunto he could not convert his own soul, that it shall not only require faith, but give it. Yet still *virtus à Deo*,—the virtue, life, spirit, is from God.

This clears us from that Popish imputation, that we build our faith on a silly minister. We build it on the testimony of the Spirit, and the word of eternal truth, delivered to us by such an organ. The truth examined, they rather build their salvation on a silly minister. Thus far they and we go hand and hand: we agree that faith and conversion is wrought in the heart by an especial grace of God's Spirit. But here we part; they say, the Holy Ghost useth the authority of the church to beget faith in our hearts. We say, he useth the ministry only, not the authority. Thus, whereas they raise the credit of the doctrine from the minister, we raise the credit of the minister from the doctrine: so that of both, Papists may be trulier said to build their faith on the credit of men; yea, and such men as some of them have been, Sodomites, some conjurers, some murderers, and scarce inferior to devils, unless now perhaps they lie as deep and low in hell. Thus are their blinded souls bound to believe, not by their ministry as Christians, but by their authority as Pythagoreans.

I confess, the word carries authority with it in any lips which God hath touched with a coal from his altar, and woe to the soul that disobeys it! There is an easy distinction betwixt the lawyer, the physician, and the divine. The lawyer begins with reason, and so descends to common experience and authority. The physician begins with experience, and thence proceeds to reason and authority. The divine begins with authority, and so to reason and experience. Our personal authority, then, is nothing; the authority of God's word not to be withstood. These, then, are the copulatives, and this the means to bring you to righteousness, or else despair it. If thou, living within

the sunshine of the gospel, wilt not be enlightened by it, thou must perish in darkness. If the preacher convert thee not to righteousness, God must work miracles, or thy soul is in hazard.

II. We should now come to our reward, our bliss, our heaven: 'shall shine as stars for ever and ever.' But I find it, Rev. 1, 'The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches.' Ministers shall be stars hereafter, saith the prophet Daniel; they shall be stars here too, saith St John. Without question both speak truth, and there is a shining of this world goes before that of heaven. We must be stars in grace, that look to be so in glory. It was directed to the apostles, *Vos estis lux mundi*,—'You are the light of the world,' and, 'Let your light so shine before men,' Matt. 5:14, 16. So God hath disposed, that *lumen gratiæ antecedit lumen gloriæ*,—the light of grace shall precede the light of glory. And none shall shine hereafter that have been dark here. First, then, consider what kind of stars we are; then what we shall be. Ministers are said to be stars in five respects: in name, substance, site, motion, effects.

1. In name. *Stella à stando dicitur*,—A star, quasi not stir, further than the orb carries it. God hath fixed them in their spheres, and confined them to stations. Like good soldiers, they know their ranks and their orders, and observe their *non ultra*. 'The sun knows his rising and his going down.' Ministers must be like stars fixed in their orbs; ours is a stable profession, not a gadding ministry. It was St Peter's counsel, or rather the Holy Ghost's charge, 'Feed that flock that dependeth on you,' 1 Epist. 5:2. He spake merrily that said, the tribe of Levi must have no mind to the tribe of Gad. The apostles, indeed, went through the world, but they had their passport for it: 'Go, teach all nations,' &c. It must not be so with us; not that you, which are full, should grudge the hungry souls some crumbs from your tables. How many are yet in this land that would be heart-glad of those sermons which you sleep out and despise! How many would close the minister in the arms of joy, whom you contemn! So easy is it for a full stomach to forget the benefit of meat! The feet of those that bring good tidings of peace are nowhere less beautiful than in

their most frequented streets. Never found prophet less honour, less welcome, than where his perpetual pains have best earned it. Like pampered children, you play with your meat. Give us leave to gratify with some comforts, I say not, with our Saviour, the dogs, but the children of our own Father, which want them. Theodoret writes, that when Valens, with his Arian heresy, had bepestered the Christian world, and stroke a deep wound in the white bosom of the church, Aphraades, a certain monk, contrary to his order, came forth of his vowed and confining monastery to succour the endangered truth. Being asked by the offended emperor, what he did out of his cell? 'I did keep it,' saith he, 'so long as Christ's sheep were in peace; I cannot be cooped up and suffer them in hazard of ruin. If being a virgin, I were confined by my father to a closet, yet seeing the house on fire, I were bound to come forth to quench it.'

Thus it is when the affairs of the church call us forth; but our own may not find us so ready. They are wretched stars that will be fixed in no orb, admit of no certain charge: nay, not stars, but mere meteors, exhalations, ignes fatui; comets portending delusion to others, confusion to themselves; unstable lights, 'carried about with every wind of doctrine;' 'wandering stars,' as Jude saith, 'for whom is reserved,' not this shining in glory, but 'the black darkness for ever,' Jude 13. They were such stars that the red dragon with his tail swept from heaven and cast down to the earth, that had no true location in the orb of the church; stellæ erraticæ, following their own fantasies. Let us beware of such wanderings, lest it be said of us, as the poet of that star, *Etsi non cecidit, poterit cecidisse videri*,—Though we have not fallen away, yet we have seemed so. Let no storms blow us from our charges; menaces, miseries, gusts, waves, shall beat upon us, yet *si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ*,—let us stick close and fast to our spheres: when God's general afflictions of plague, famine, mortality, are most frequent, our counsels are most seasonable. Oh, when will the iron hearts of men bow, if not when they are heat in the flames of judgments? They are wretched stars, then, and incapable of this glory, that are subito apparentes, subito disparentes, labantes et labentes,—suddenly up and suddenly down;

giving a glimmering, but no solid and certain light. Let no such stars shine in our firmament.

2. In substance. *Stella est solida et pellucida materies, non vetustate, non putredine corrumpenda, non casu ullo dissipanda,*—A star is a more solid part of his orb, every way round, light, simple, and most pure. A minister must for substance be a star, possess a star-like and substantial light, not a flash of lightning, but a continual lamp of learning, which, like the fire of the sanctuary, must never go out. 'You are the light of the world,' saith our Master; 'but if the light be darkness, how great is that darkness?' Light, as well as place in the firmament, is essential to a star; and learning, as well as office, is requisite for a minister. They that handle the two-edged sword of the Spirit must have skill when to strike with it, when but to shake it, and when to sheathe it. An unlearned scribe, without his treasure of old and new, is unfit to interpret God's oracles. 'The priests' lips shall preserve knowledge,' Mal. 2:7, is no less a precept to the minister than a promise to the people. We are unfit to be seers, if we cannot distinguish between Hagar and Sarah, but Ixion-like, take a cloud for Juno. We are poor stars, if light enough comes not from us whereby to distinguish of colours, to discern the manna of Israel from the enchanted cup of Babel. A minister without learning is like a mere cipher, which fills up a place, and increaseth the number, but signifies nothing. There have been some niggardly affected to learning, calling it man's wisdom; they thrust out the use of arts, as if, with Julian, they would shut up the school doors, and send all human knowledge into banishment. If the moral says of a poet, or a philosopher, or perhaps some golden sentence of a father drop from us, it is straight called *venenata facundia*, a poisoned eloquence; as if all these were not the spoils of the Gentiles, and mere handmaids unto divinity. They wrong us; we make not the pulpit a philosophy, logic, poetry-school; but all these so many stairs to the pulpit. Parnassus waits on Zion, Helicon on the fountain of grace. Secular learning hath use, if it be washed in the soap of the prophets. Will you have it? The fox dispraiseth the grapes he cannot reach. If they could beat down learning, they might escape censure for their own

ignorance. For shame; let none that have borne a book dispraise learning; she hath enemies enough abroad, though she be justified of her children at home. Let Barbary disgrace arts, not Athens.

The Papists brag much of their scholarship, though indeed all the salt of their learning cannot keep their doctrines from stinking. I should hardly be held an impartial judge, if I should censure them; therefore I will be silent. Yet in one thing I cannot but commend them. They have one kind of learning beyond ours, and it consists in arguing; their disputing is strong, victorious, and full of desperate valour. That argument of his was but hereby: 'God rules the church triumphant in heaven; therefore the Pope rules the church militant on earth;' and so as once *divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet*,—Cæsar is half with Jupiter,—the Pope is joined purchaser with Christ; but he will be sole possessor. This was but reasonably audacious, that holds from heaven to earth, from God to the Pope. They dispute with us yet stronglier; by a demonstrative argument, *quod ex veris primis sed non necessariis secundis consistit*,—which consists of true principles, but not of necessary consequences; a syllogism in Barbara, a very barbarous one. I will shew you how, as the Jews reasoned with Stephen:—

Every blasphemer deserves to be stoned:

But Stephen is a blasphemer: ergo,

Stephen deserves to be stoned.

Stephen grants the proposition that a blasphemer is worthy to be stoned; but denies the assumption, and says, I am no blasphemer, therefore not to be stoned. They prove it, take up stones, and knock him on the head—an invincible argument. So the Papists with us:—

All heretics deserve to be burned:

All the Protestants are heretics: ergo,

All the Protestants deserve to be burned.

We stand not much upon the major, but resolutely and truly deny the minor, and say, We are no heretics, therefore deserve not to be burned. They prove it; tie us to strong stakes, lay on wood, put to fire, and burn us to ashes—an unanswerable syllogism. Yet we have answered it, and overcome it, et fortiores ignibus facti sunt,—our martyrs were stronger in faith than the fire in heat; and though, Lord, 'for thy sake we were killed all the day long, and counted as sheep for the slaughter; yet in all these things we were more than conquerors, through him that loved us,' Rom. 8:36, 37.

But otherwise for the substantial light of learning, our stars shall compare with the stars of Rome; yet, oh that there was no fault in us of this nature, worthy to be censured, deplored! Take the district eye of a true-judging God, καὶ πρὸς πάντα τίς ἰκανός? and 'who is sufficient for these things?' 2 Cor. 2:16. All our learning, dexterity, sincerity, diligence, comes short of the required perfection. Let us treasure up what we can, and produce it to the edification of others. Do we think it enough to have learning, and not to shine in this dark world? They are strange stars that will give no light: if not here, then not hereafter. They are deep wells from which can be drawn no water, 2 Pet. 2:17. 'Woe unto me, if I preach not the gospel!' If thou be called, and endued with answerable gifts, and wilt bury thy talent, Luke 19:22, I need not tell thee the danger. I cannot say, Ex ore tuo, Out of thine own mouth, for thou sayest nothing; but, Ex silentio tuo, By thy silence, because thou sayest nothing, God will judge thee. If it may be said of him that would and cannot preach, He is a dumb dog, it may as fitly and justly be said of him that can and will not preach, that he is a dumb devil. It is not enough to wear a decent surplice, &c., (though some out of their curiosity think that too much,) when the people's souls are starved for the bread of heaven. There be good injunctions for the comely ceremonies of the church, to preserve us in peace, in unity; so also good orders for weekly sermons: hæc fecisse, illa non omisisse justum est. 'These ought you to have done,

and not to leave the former undone,' Luke 11:42. Let not the first be true canons, whiles the latter are only pot-guns.

A double beam, then, you must expect from your stars, your ministers—preaching and praising God, the means and the end; both, I say, not one only. Some of you are all for prayers, and care for no preaching; some all for preaching, and care for no praying; if there be no sermon, they will sit still, and serve God at home, as if he had promised his presence to the chimney corner sooner than to the temple. Indeed saith St Paul, 'Despise not prophesying,' 1 Thess. 5:20; but, for aught I see, he allows nowhere the vilipending of public prayers, but rather seems to intimate, 'Magnify praising God,' for he prefixeth, if not preferreth, 'Pray continually,' and, 'In all things give thanks,' &c., ver. 17, 18, adding under them, and 'Despise not prophesying.' I speak it not to vilify preaching, so principally a necessary means for our salvation; 'I would ye did all prophesy,' was the speech of Moses, Num. 11:29, and Paul. Neither would I hearten the common disestimation and contempt of public prayers: both are necessary; yet is the last best, if I be not deceived, so far as the end transcends the means. Your health is more precious than the physic that recovers you, though it come as far as the East. All our preaching labours and aims at this, to beget in you a knowledge and a conscience how to serve and praise God. Preaching is the work of our way; praising God, of our country: in heaven there shall be no sermons, but even then hosannahs and hallelujahs. We shall spend the time, nay, that eternity, in praising our Creator, and Saviour, and Sanctifier, when there shall be none to preach to us. Love then preaching, and do not despise praying; both are the lightful and delightful beams that come from your stars, your ministers.

3. In situation, the stars are placed in their orb, and thereof being circularly and regularly carried, do finish their course in a determinate space of time. Philosophy saith, that the sun doth partly enlighten the stars of heaven. But divinity saith, the Sun of righteousness, Mal. 4, doth wholly enlighten his stars of the church. The stars are placed high, the more commodiously to shine to us.

God hath put ministers in an eminent place, that their light might be more perspicuous. Candles once accensed, are not to be thrust into abstruse corners. If then Paul requires it of others, then much more of us that are stars, 'to have our conversation in heaven,' Phil. 3:20. It is not required of the firmament to shine so bright as the stars: more holiness is expected of us than in the ordinary station of a Christian; whiles other men's places are less notable, their vices are less notorious; we run not in a common line, but are set forth as copies of sanctification; every blot in us is so much more dangerous, as it is more observable; every learner is apt to tax his precedent, if faulty; he hath need to be circumspect that saith to others, 'Be ye followers of me, and look on them that walk so as you have us for an ensample,' Phil. 3:17. We have all infirmities, if not enormities; and let St Paul himself refer you to the most absolute pattern, and reserve to your imitation certain limits: 'Follow me, as I follow Jesus Christ.' We must follow thee, O Saviour, and strive to be 'holy as thou art holy.'

This is our seat, in heaven; and we should be like the stars, if it were possible—free from elementary corruptions. To speak by rote of repentance, faith, new birth, is seldom profitable, when no such thing is felt in our own bosoms or manifested in our lives. We, rather, trust our health into those physicians' hands whose drugs have recovered themselves. If thou hast an angel's tongue, and a devil's heart, thou art no better than a post in the cross-way, that rots itself to direct others; or a torch that, having pleased others with the light, goes forth itself in smoke and stench. To speak well and do ill, is to build up heaven with the voice, hell with the conversation: *Sic dicamus, ut quæ fuerunt verba, sint opera,*—Let us so speak that those which have been our words may be our deeds. Indeed, it should be thus: *Si bene dixerimus, vestrum est,*—If we have said well, it is your good; *Si bene vixerimus, nostrum est,*—If we have done well, it is our own good. And for ministers' words, *dicunt, quæ Dei sunt,*—they speak that which is God's: for their lives, *faciunt quæ sua sunt,*—they do that which is their own; but our persons are in their sight, when our words are gone from their ears; and withal—

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;—*

There is a quicker perspicuity in the eyes, and a better retention of the received object, than in the ears. The thunder first breaks the cloud, and lets forth the lightning; yet is the latter seen before the former is heard. Hence it is that examples teach soonest: Longum iter per verba, breve et compendiosum per exempla, †—It is a long way by precepts, a short by examples. The force of a hundred good sermons is lost by one enormity; so easy is it to weave Penelope's web. Let us, then, have some respect to our life as our doctrine. The credit is a thing next tender to the conscience, qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris, which once shipwrecked, thou art undone. It is a great difficulty to play an after-game of reputation. It was an excellent exhortation of Paul, 2 Tim. 4:5, and implied no small difficulty to Timotheus, 'Cause thy ministry to be thoroughly liked of;' adorn it with a pure and holy conversation. His charge was no less to Titus, chap. 2:15, 'See that no man despise thee.' Say they did; can Titus help that? Paul's meaning is, Give just cause to no man to despise thee. Let them, then, murmur till their tongues are hoarse with contumelies, so long as thou canst applaud thyself in the conscience of thy well-deservings, and say with that persecuted, maligned, reviled, yet holy Psalmist, 'O Lord, thou knowest mine innocence.' Calumnies against the minister are facile, frequent. If austere with John Baptist, they are censured precise; if sociable as Christ, dissolute. Our merriment is thought madness, when others' madness is but merriment. It is guiltiness enough to us to be but ill reported: they will believe a scandal raised against us sooner than against a ruffian; and what they dream is so, no arguments shall evade it. Men are glad of colour to despise us; and great ones, at once to save their credits and their purses, pick quarrels with their minister. When all tricks fail to shake off him that hath earned thy love and bounty, this shall do it accuse him to be thine enemy, and so excuse thyself from being his friend. It is hard if the eye of malice cannot spy a mote in a black coat; or at least, say it is a mote, though

it be but a white one, a work of honest simplicity. I fear I am too plain with the times, that are so subtle with us. I comfort myself and all my partners in this common misery, *Male de me dicunt, sed mali*,—They speak evil of me, but they are evil men, and would speak better of me if I were worse. It hurts not to have no grace of them that have no grace. Let us proceed in the integrity of our conscience, that 'when they speak evil of us, as of evil-doers, they may' in the end 'be ashamed which slander our good conversation in Christ,' 1 Pet. 3:16. Let us live well, the success to God; a good word hath the time when to be spoken. There is a season to benefit, and a season to hurt by our speech; therefore it is preposterous in men to be consonants when they should be mutes, and mutes when they should be consonants. But a good life is never out of season. A high place, and a low and base life, have no analogy or correspondence. Our seat is in heaven like stars; let not our conversation be on earth like beasts. Other men's indifferences are our rank evils; that which is scarce worth notice in others, in us is censured, taxed, condemned.—This for the site.

4. The motion is fourfold—circular, incessant, swift, orderly.

(1.) Circular. The stars move roundly, according to their orbs. Our motion, that are ministers, is not unlike: *à Deo cæpimus, in Deo claudimus*,—we begin from God, in God we end; Jehovah called us, and we strive to bring souls to him. As we are pastors, we must compass about our flocks, as watchmen surround the city, to fortify the breach: 'Satan compasseth the earth,' by his own testimony, Job 1. 'The roaring lion goeth about,' by the description of Peter, 'watching whom to devour,' 1 Pet. 5:8. Let our diligence match his, with a saving intent, that the tempted may have our antidotes, the doubtful our counsels, the erring our convictions, and the languishing our encouragements.

(2.) Incessant. Our motion is without intermission; for the adversary never gives truce, or admits conditions of peace, without his sensible advantage. Therefore our calling allows us no time to sit still and sing

requiems to our souls under our fig-trees of peace. A soldier should die in the wars standing, and a minister in the pulpit preaching. It was the Lord of the vineyard's reproof, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' It is not permitted to us to stand still. What! and all your day, and idle too? Paul's example was other, and that excellent: 'I cease not to admonish every one night and day with tears,' Acts 20:31. 'I ceased not,' ecce laborem, behold his labour; 'to admonish,' ecce officium, behold his duty; 'every one,' ecce amorem, behold his love; 'night and day,' ecce vigilantiam, behold his watchfulness; 'with tears,' ecce compassionem, behold his pity.

(3.) Swift and speedy. Nescit tarda molimina Spiritus,—The Holy Ghost cannot abide delays. We may give warning too late, when the enemy hath surprised the city. It was the master of the feast's charge, Luke 14:21, 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes,' &c. The angels are said to have wings for their speedier expedition of God's hests; and 'cursed is he that doth God's business negligently,' says the prophet. Indeed we may run too fast when God sends us not. Jonah made preposterous haste when he took Tarshish for Nineveh; and they run curvo pede, with a swift, perhaps, but with no straight foot, that are in Moses's chair ere they be aware, and wonder too late how they came thither. I cannot call this motion speedy, but hasty; and much haste is seldom encountered with good success. The stars move swiftly, but not madly. They that fly into the ministry without wings, run without legs,—I mean, without knowledge,—move short of their own benefit, of others' expectation. The clouds pour down no rain till they have first sucked it up. Præpropera praxis, præpostera lectio,—To practise first, study afterwards, is an ill habit in action, and no good figure in rhetoric. They that will so run that they may attain, have neither too many feet, nor too few. If they abound, as the monsters the sons of Anak, that had six toes on a foot, impediuntur necessariis auxiliis,—their necessary helps are their hindrances. If they be defective, they can but limp. Therefore, in our motion, let zeal further discretion, that not too slow; discretion moderate zeal, that not too fast: but having thy commission, and being placed by

God in thy orb, be not unwilling to move. Practice is like a wheel, the more it is turned, the better it goes.

(4.) Orderly. We must keep, as the stars do, our known and equal distance: it is not to thy praise to run into other orbs, desiring there ostendere, nay, ostentare lucem tuam,—to shew, yea, to boast thy light, with a proud conceit, to darken the star which God hath there placed. Such an emulation is odious; and thou mayest flash out, like a meteor, for a time, but at last God will ask thee, 'Who sent thee thither?' Let every star be loved of his own orb, though 'one star differs from another star in glory,' 1 Cor. 15. Nothing better becomes us than order; for our God is the God of order, and our ministry is called by the name of orders. Contention disables us, and enervates our ministry. So long as the water is stirred, the fisher can catch no fish. Love is the master-vein of the soul, and peace knits the joints, Eph. 4:12. Are we called to put the luxate members of the body of Christ into their places, and shall ourselves be disjointed? Our peace is the milk of our land; let not our strife, like rennet, turn it to curd. When the people were together by the ears, a fellow, as thick as long, got up into the theatre, and advancing himself, they began all to laugh. Go to, quoth he, laugh and spare not; I have a wife at home rounder than myself; (at this they laughed louder;) yet when we agree, one bed can hold us; when we are at variance, the whole house is too little for us. You can apply it.

5. The last circumstance of our similitude to the stars consists in the effects. These are three: influendi, illuminandi, ornatu delectandi,—our influence, our light, our delight.

First, Influence. Philosophy teacheth us, that the stars in elements, and elemental bodies, do stir up the first qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry; and cause other effects, serving to the inclination of man. Surely as we are stars, all the influence we can derive to men of ourselves is to incline them by our charity. This is no weak persuasion, but one of those three feedings that at least they expect. If they find not hospitality the porter at our gates, they straight

censure us for dark stars. Many of our people liked Popery well, for nothing else but because they were fattened with the superfluities that fell from their libertine feasts. Now these that measure religion by their bellies will be tempted with handfuls of barley and morsels of bread to speak well of us. As the Jews once in the prophet, so these cry now, 'When we served the queen of heaven, and might pray to our lady, we had bread enough. Now they have pleaded so hard for faith, they have forgotten charity.' They say, we set faith at our own tables, but thrust charity out to dine with our servants. These are the scandalous clamours of their invincible ignorance, who, as many of the Jews did Christ, follow the gospel only for their bellies; they consider not in whose hands abbeys, and monasteries, and the best parsonages are. He was a friend to us that told the beggar, beating hard at the vicar's door for relief, that he knocked at the wrong door: Here dwells, quoth he, the spawn, but yonder the pickerel. The Pope and his heirs* have got all; we have not the tenth of the tenth, the very interest left; yet they claim as much of us as of them that have the principal. Well, our reward is in heaven; let us give them what influence we can, and having fed their souls, spare also some relief to their bodies.

Secondly, Light. This the second effect, to enlighten them; the substance and nature of a star hath already taught us this duty; I will sparingly urge it. We illuminate them by speech, by conversation. Our doctrine is the light; life, the lantern. If we carry the light without the lantern, the wind of malice will strive to blow it out. He went not far from this allegory that prescribed a minister's duty, *Tonare voce, fulminare vita*, † —Our words, thunder; our lives, lightning. If we be lightful in preaching, darksome in living, we do, as it were, propound our doctrines as impossible to be kept. If we have knowing minds, and dissolute affections, it may be said of us, as of that stigmatic Roman emperor, Galba, who was both deformed and witty, that a good instrument is put in an evil case. If we live within compass, and say nothing, we have an orb and seem stars, but are none; for God, sure, never placed stars in the firmament that give no light. Whether they be idle, or unable, like Æsop's hen, too fat to lay,

they are but a burden to our orb, a disgrace to our church. Only do thou take heed (thy star not shining so bright as others) lest thy clouds darken it. The people's sins are not seldom the cause of the prophet's darkness; to himself be his own negligence, 'He stands or falls to his own master.' Perhaps there is yet more in it than so; God hath his special work in all events. It may be, in thy minister's insufficiency thy sin is plagued, and God strikes thee through him. This is no light, though insensible, stroke: thou hast slighted his sacred and majestic word; behold, as to a swine unworthy of this pearl, he denies, withholds it. 'The prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad, for the multitude of thine iniquity,' Hos. 9:7. Go, then, and bewail thy sins, and pray that 'the door of utterance may be opened to him,' Col. 4:3, lest whiles he shines not, thou perish in darkness.

Thirdly, Delight. The stars are the grace of the sky; so are ministers of the church, when they all move in peace and unity, ordne quisque suo,—every one in his own order. We often see the stars; their contemplation, their benefit is never tedious: no more is the society of ministers, to them that desire to read in those books, the constellations of heaven, the mysteries of salvation, and to know how to govern their souls and their bodies. God gave man an upright countenance, directing his mind together with his looks to the stars: *erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*. Look on them which walk like us, saith St Paul, Phil. 3:17; not as some star-gazers, that stare on us only to entrap us: to whom we reply, as Diogenes did to him that so subtly disputed of the stars: 'How long is it since you came down from heaven?' Let them beware a success like Thales, who gazed so long at the stars above him, that he fell into the ditch below him. If, then, you look on us, keep the cripple's intent at the Beautiful gate of the temple: Acts 3:5, 6, 'Give heed to us, trusting to receive something of us;' and then, 'Though silver and gold we have none, yet what we have we give you: In the name, and by the virtue of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,' better things are derived from us. Fables and toys content us with a transient glance—

'Videtur

Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi,'—

A fable requires no more but to be seen and then thrown by. But here non satiatur oculus visu,—the eyes are not satisfied with seeing: such joy is the minister to the good man's soul, that he could be content to have him ever in his sight.

You have heard how we are called stars; I would direct the application of this to three sorts of people—patrons, laity, ministers.

1. To speak much of patrons you will hold it frivolous: they hear not, being absent; neither would they believe, being present. But let not sin be balked, though it be not by to answer for itself. Many of them care not whom they present, if his purse can speak learnedly, though his tongue ignorantly. Ignorance, superstition, and simony, were once proper to the Romish see; I know not what unfortunate wind hath blown the last into our land, and defiled the pure professors of reformation. But you will say, there is no simony wherein the minister is not one party. It is too true; woe to us the while! I mean not only the woe of misery, fatally forced on us by these evil days; but the woe of judgment, which we voluntarily call on us by this wickedness. I will not speak to excuse us à toto, sed à tanto: durum telum, necessitas. You that are the donors have the things consecrated to piety and faith committed to you upon trust, and you have sworn it a law in your bosoms, which you more strictly observe than the law of your Maker, that we shall buy them at your hands or go without them. Christ threw out of the temple, not only the buyers, but—let me say rather—the sellers: and though the law of the land makes you not pares pœna, equal with us in the punishment, yet the law of heaven shall find you pares culpa, in equal fault. I think I might boldly say, under correction, you are in greater damnation; as it had been more heinous in St Peter to exact money of Magus than in Magus to offer it. The reason is impregnable: you sin through a voluntary covetousness, we through extreme necessity; being

constrained either to beg with our families, or study evasions for so strict and religious a law. If we therefore be condemned as simonists, your easiest censure is to be esteemed infidels.

Methinks I hear them reply, There is enough left to satisfy all, if there might be an equal division; but some have all, some nothing. To whom I will but report the answer of a grave divine: 'Thus their fathers have played the thieves, and they come to compound the matter.' If we speak of this, we are censured for covetous, but how lewdly? Is this covetise, to desire our own? I say not the church's superfluities, which they called once *bona pauperum*, the goods of the poor; but even the church's necessities, which are *bona Christi*, the goods of Christ; which now *laici possident*, profane men enjoy: for gentlemen have cut out their gallant suits out of the church's broadcloth, and left the church herself nothing but mere shreds. Shall I say, Who have more done it than they that stand so for the beauty of the church? None more deface it than they that most pretend to adorn and polish it. Let them undo two or three ministers by their impropriations, and they will reward one (of their own humour) with the plasters of their bounty. Such corrupted patrons are of Dionysius's mind, that robbed his god of his golden coat, as more fit for himself. They say, Nero and Agrippa came into the world with their feet forward; and what monsters proved they? Sure, never worse to the commonwealth of Rome than simoniacal patrons to the church of England. Well, if bribery, fraud, simony, will not carry them to hell, let them hope still to be saved: but (I would they heard me!) if they be saved so living, and so dying, there is hope for the devil to be saved. It is granted sin, but they may repent: true, but did ever man repent that, having time and means, could and would not restore? Let them restore their extorted money they have cruelly gotten by simoniacal contracts, to the poor minister, or if he be dead, to his wife and children; or I will sooner believe that Judas repented. Judas restored, yet repented not truly; and shall they repent truly that restore not? Let them brag of their gains, that have thus cozened God, the church, their own souls. If ever they come with simony on their backs into heaven, I may be of the Indian's mind, who dying

under the Spanish cruelty, and admonished to prepare for heaven and to escape hell, asked to what place the Spaniards went. They answered, to heaven. Then, quoth the Indian, let me never come there. For surely simonists and honest men do not belong to one house. There are three P's in a line of relation—patrons, priests, people. Two of these P's are made lean to make one P fat. Priests have lean livings, people lean souls, to make patrons have fat purses. I accuse not all in general, no one in particular, *namque mihi nec equos, mihi nec rapuere juvencos*; but 'for Zion's sake I cannot hold my peace,' Isa. 62:1, which is so sick of this disease, that she lies at the mercy of God for recovery.

2. Let me speak yet more particularly to you, over whom God hath placed a minister as a star, 'despise him not' at your peril; you despise God himself, and shall not go scot-free: on your souls be it, that hear me this day, whose table-talk is furnished up with jests, with invectives against ministers. Whatsoever thou art, God hath honoured the poorest minister above thee, and taken him as worthy to serve at his own table, but not thee, nor thy father's house. Were his head gold, his treasure richer than Hezekiah's, and every room in his house better furnished than Solomon's, he may stand in need of the minister: as great a potentate as Pharaoh was, and as despicable as he thought Moses, yet his courtiers often heard him, 'Send for Moses:' so was Themistocles ever banished in peace, but sent for home in war. We are passed over in the days of pride, as superfluous creatures of whom no use; but when the wrath of God falls on the naked conscience, then the minister is thought on; and the soul receives some comfort, whiles he feels the sick-beating pulse, or leans on the groaning pillow, speaking from us to heaven the humble devotions of a penitent heart, and from heaven to us the comfortable things of Zion, and the never-failing mercies of a tender Saviour. Thus, like some fruit-trees, in fair weather you throw cudgels at us; in foul, run to us for shelter.

I will not speak affirmatively to you, in these rotted days of ours, wherein nothing but privations are in force and frequent. Despise

not, afflict not, impoverish not your stars; I will not say magnify, bless, enrich them, because I cannot hope it: yet, oh, for shame, do not their contraries!

First, Despise not. Why should I entreat this? We might imitate the fashion, *spernere se sperni*,—scorn them that scorn us; but I persuade you for your own sakes, since it is not possible you should honour the message of God, and despise him that God hath chosen to bring it. We shall be your good ministers till unpleasing things drop from us, and then farewell good conceit; as Tertullian spake merrily of the heathen: 'Unless God please man, he shall be God no longer. Now man must be propitious to God.*' Reproofs are good physic, though not so well relished. Indulgence is sweet, and you may think it better cheer; but you will not be well after it. In these misjudging days, it is exceeding hard to overreach the devil: if we let sin alone, his kingdom flourisheth; if we strike at him, and hit not the bough he sits on, we move him not; if we do, we are judged partial, personal, and wreakers of our own spleen. There is scarce a man that can read English, scarce a woman that can make herself ready to church, but will presume to teach the minister; and either we must preach what you will hear, or you will not hear what we preach. In Heliogabalus's time, there was a senate of women: we have also such convocations; they consulted about tires, ours about religion. Let us take heed, it is one of the devil's subtlest and shrewdest tricks, to make us so zealous in religion that we grow wanton; and this sin is so much the more dangerous, as it endures not the reproofing. Thus if a holy impatience arm the minister's tongue to speak too smart against your sins, he is straight said to rage: so Shemaiah said of Jeremiah, Jehu of Elisha, the Jews of Christ, and the Gentiles of Paul. Of those that never will be sober, we are called bedlams. But St Augustine well clears this, under the person of David, *Insanire videbatur, sed regi Achis insanire videbatur, id est, stultis et ignorantibus*,—David seemed mad, but he seemed so to King Achish. We are called madmen, but of none save madmen. Their common exceptions against us, and contempts of us, are these four:—(1.) They say, we are men; why doth not God send by worthier messengers, as by angels? They had best

teach him: 'Send by whom thou shouldest send,' Exod. 4:13. (2.) They say, we are simple men: as the apostles were fishermen, and Amos a herdman. Gallants scorn that a clown should teach them their duties. They call us idiots, innocents, ἄκακοι. The word signifies such as do no hurt, but taken for fools, that do neither good nor harm. (3.) They say, we die like men; we can neither keep ourselves from sin, nor our bodies from death. (4.) They say, all we say is but words. So Gallio called the gospel 'a question of words,' Acts 18:15. I answer—

(1.) Men indeed;—but men of God: so were the prophets received and called; and, 'Let a man so think of us as of the ministers of Christ,' 1 Cor. 4:1. We are intelligent creatures by nature, but of divine understanding by grace: 'The things which no eye hath seen,' &c., 'hath God's Spirit revealed to us,' 1 Cor. 2:10. 'Surely the Lord will do nothing, but he revealeth his secrets to his servants the prophets,' Amos 3:7. Thou braggest thou hast two eyes as well as thy minister: thou hast indeed—one eye of nature, and that is nequam, a wicked one; another of reason, and that is necquicquam, a blind one; the one naught, the other naughty; and standest in need of the minister's eye to guide thee. Thou demandest a worthier messenger; but when God spake to Israel in thunder, when by angels, they cried, 'Oh, let man speak to us, lest we perish.' If an angel or a man say, 'Christ is born,' it is not more true in the angel than in the man.

(2.) Simple men;—yet is the word powerful. The Jews thought they knew Christ and his breeding: 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' Yet, 'he taught as one having authority, not as the verbal scribes,' Matt. 7:29. You think it shame enough, and extreme disgrace against us, to say you know our beginnings: yet is God able to turn the proudest of you, by the simplest of us; or if not convert, as the savour of life, yet convince, as the savour of death, and make your mittimus to that common jailor, 'deliver your incorrigible souls to Satan,' 1 Cor. 5:5; for whom we 'bind on earth are bound in heaven.'

(3.) We die like men;—but our words live. The prophets told the Jews, that they should go into Babylon captives: 'The high places of Isaac shall be desolate, and the temples of Israel destroyed,' &c., Amos 7:9. Behold, the prophets die, but their words live. 'Judah is carried away captive, she dwelleth among the heathen,' Lam. 1:3. And 'by the rivers of Babel, they sit and weep when they remember Zion,' Ps. 137:1. So we denounce the judgments of God against the obstinate, and tell the usurer, maugre his pile of bonds, heap of pawns, bags of coin, mortgages of lands, that his seed shall inherit the wind, and his hoards are no other than the gathering of the clouds, which once full, promise the dispersion of the greater showers. Behold, we are laid low in our graves, yet our sayings have their timely proofs, the seed of the covetous come to ruin. Behold the riotous heir, sick and diseased through his intemperance, his intemperance bred of the fulness of his state, his full estate begot by his father's parsimony, miserableness, nay, perhaps, injustice. Behold (I say) this man glad of a room in the hospital for necessity, which his father built of his superfluity. Thus the word we preach passeth not, but is more immortal than the heaven.

(4.) All we say is but words, mere talk;—so you may contemn all the works of God, and say it was but talk that made the world; for, 'by his word he made it,' John 1:1. This is a common slander when the hellhound (the covetous wretch) pincheth on the priest's side: 'No matter, let him talk for his living.' Yes, and have none. The time may come, if they call it talking, they may talk for mercy too, and have none. If they call God's speaking to them talking, what is their speaking to God? There is difference betwixt speaking, talking, and saying: speaking comes by nature, talking by custom, saying by art. Children speak, fools talk, learned men say. All that have the organs of voice can speak and talk, but not say. *Solius est oratoris dicere, vulgi loqui.* Tully could affirm it, that an orator only says; the common people talk.* Our preaching is not then talking, but saying, a sententious and deliberate speech, uttered to purpose, composed by study and the direction of God's Holy Spirit, who with our words

worketh deeds shutting where we shut, and opening where we have opened.

Secondly, Afflict not. Is this possible? Can lambs be among wolves, and not be bitten? *Ecce mitto vos, &c.*,—'Behold, I send you as lambs among wolves:' he said so, that foreknew our usage. *Amara est veritas, et qui eam prædicat repletur amaritudine*,—Bitter is the truth, and he that preacheth it shall be filled with bitterness. The cause of the world's hatred of Christ, John 7:7, is ὅτι ἐγὼ μαρτυρῶ, 'because I witness against it that the works thereof are evil.' It is written of the Christians in the life of Nero, that they preserved the state; yet dogs must devour them: they made Aurelius's army to prosper, and by their prayers obtained thunder to destroy the enemies; yet *Christianos ad leones*,—Throw the Christians to the lions. It hath ever been the poesy of the church, *facere bonum, et habere malum*,—to do good, and to suffer evil. So Christ himself sped: he healed, and was hurt; he pitied, and was mocked; he saved others, himself was killed. The colour of our livery on earth is either black, mourning; or red, persecuted. The arms of the church is the cross, and her perpetual song in her militant state, like that oppressed servant's, † Ἰλιβόμαι, Ἰλιβόμαι, 'I suffer, I suffer.' This is Christ's dish, and the apostles' sauce. Behold, O minister, the strait thou art in; neither wonder, nor weep, nor faint: this thou mightest have prevented, by keeping out; it cannot be avoided, now thou art in. If we do our duty, the world will hate; if not, God will curse us: by the first we are in danger to lose our goods, good names, lives; by the second, our souls, our heaven, our God.

'At pretium pars hæc corpore majus habet.'

Our worldly losses may be dear to us, yet dross, and trash, and rubbish, in regard of God and bliss. Woe unto us that suffer; more woe to you that make us.

Thirdly, Impoverish not. I do not say, make us rich by your own poverty, as your progenitors did by our predecessors; but at least give

us our own. The old Pharisee was an honest man in this, for he thought it a true position, *Decima ut dives fias*,—Tithe, and be rich: but we think, tithe, and be poor. And to 'communicate with our teacher in all our goods,' is not Scripture, though Paul himself speak it, Gal. 6:6. Competency will serve; they are wiser than God. Their competencies have brought us to impotencies. A stool, a cruise, and a candlestick, and a small room, are superabundance for a priest. We need not, with that order of the Popish priests, pull on ourselves a voluntary beggary, for gentlemen (we thank them for it) have enforced us to it on necessity. I will not dispute whether tithes be due to us *jure divino*, by the law of God; or whether the withholders come within the compass of that curse, 'Ye are cursed with a curse, because ye have spoiled me in tithes and offerings,' Mal. 3:8, 9; since the law present allows no power to sue such, on an action of detiny. To omit that Melchizedek had tithes, and that of Abraham; and even by the law of nature, besides the Levitical of the Jews, which they say is abrogated, that would say no less of the moral law of God, for an advantage: yet Paul's ἐν πᾶσιν ἀγαθοῖς, 'in all his goods,' Gal. 6:6, must needs evince, that the minister must have some share in his people's substance. If any, why not that portion which in all ages and churches hath been given them? If they be consecrated to Jesus Christ, I say not by blinded superstition, but by true and warrantable devotion, before the Pope ever put out his apparent horns, who dares rob our Saviour of them, that never passed fine of his royal prerogative to any purchaser? If they were his, whose are they? Let them prove he hath assigned them to gentlemen, and I will clear them from that menace of Solomon, Prov. 20:25, 'It is a destruction to devour holy things,' &c. Ministers were once held angels; now, unless they do bring angels in their purses, *ibis Homere foras*; for all their music they are shut out of doors. They say, the Italian ducats make their priests duces, princes, captains, brave fellows. The Spanish pistolets make their priests terrors to be feared, the word signifying tormenti genus, a kind of torment; witness the Inquisition. The French crowns crown their priests with wealth and dignity; but angelorum Anglicorum, the want of English angels leaves our ministry in the dust. The words of so reverend and honourable a

prelate* come here to my mind: 'Time was, religion did eat up policy, and the church devoured the commonwealth; but now policy eats up religion, and the commonwealth devours the church.' Men are professed politicians: Floreat respublica, copiis referta, &c., et quid ad nos?†—Let the commonwealth prosper, and what care we for the church? If we had no souls, this might be some shadow of equity; but seeing we have, it is the substance of rank impiety.

And let me say, if men would imagine and plot a course to lose the souls that Christ hath bought, they could not find a directer. For if learning beg, study arts that list, will be the general voice: 'If there be none to preach, there will be no believing; if no believing, no saving,' Rom. 10. Never plead your faith in the gospel, whiles you reward it not. Perhaps you can afford desert some bare and naked commendations; but we are not chameleons, to live on the air of commendations. It is certain and invincible truth, not relieve the gospel, not believe the gospel. God grant that our corruptions this way bring not paganism, and flat atheism in the end! Needs must you lose con et sci, devotion and knowledge, when you take from us entia, our livings. It is a shame that we should cease studying of sermons, and be driven to study for bread to put in our mouths, and the mouths of our families. It was a sin in the old law to destroy matrem cum, filiis,—the old with the young; and can it be less in conscience to pine to death those two fruitful mothers, the Universities, and starve the children in their bosoms? At which two fountains of learning, before we are suffered to drink, how many miserable and weary a day do we pass over in the inferior schools! Then, not without much pain to ourselves, cost to our parents, we are sent to one of those glorious suns, to ripen our buds; the exhibition they there allow us, they charge us to take for our patrimony, to expect no further means at their hands. We restrain our thoughts, I say, not only from pleasure, (whereof to have no* small measure is some unhappiness under the sun,) but even from competent experience in the world, who had need be wise as serpents in these Machiavellian days. We subject our bodies to many diseases, and groan out our remaining days under the burden of some wasting

sickness; at last, *crura thymo plena*, having stored ourselves with the riches of art, we come into our country to exchange them for their riches of earth; and yet how unworthy a thing is it, *coelestibus mercari terrena*, to buy corporal things with spiritual, and chop heaven for earth? After all this, how hardly is anything attained, without paying to the patron, either a fine, or an annual rent, or reservation of his own tithes, or (some way) above the rate of a copyhold, to have a lease during a sickly and spent life! Were the goods of the church for this entrusted to gentlemen and lords of the manors, that they should set them to sale, and turn the benefits into their own purses? Why were not the donations in the hands of the poor, who have more need? It is supposed, gentlemen by nurture well instructed can make the fittest choice for God's glory, and for their private gain. Must we then run, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*,—through so many dangers, and difficulties, and troubles, and in the end arrive at beggars' haven, a necessary and enforced penury? Oh! *invitatus ad hæc, aliquis de ponte negabit*,[†]—a beggar in the highway will in the end scorn to be a minister. There is no vocation in the land (honest in itself, and industriously followed by the professor) wherein a man may not live well, except only in the ministry; and here, like the Jews under the tyranny of Egypt, when we should make brick, (work in our profession,) we are forced to gather straw, (labour for sustenance.)

But in vain we speak; the sons of Zeruah will be too hard for us. There is small hope to stanch this bloody issue till Christ touch their hearts by faith. But you will say, many of the clergy are rich. They are few; if any, one of these four sorts:—(1.) Either enriched by some patrimony, or gift of friends. (2.) Or else such as distil a dry rose-cake for water; I mean by parsimony and miserableness, get something out of gentlemen's leavings, like the gleaning after the vintage, for others carry away the crop. (3.) Or else such as have lighted on the unruined things of this land, which stood out of the Pope's way, and in that sickness of superstition, scaped the plague of impropriation; benefices which the devil's surgeon, sacrilege, hath not let blood, by custom, composition, enclosing, depopulation. 'Though the grape-

gatherers come, would they not leave some grapes? if thieves come in the night, they will but destroy till they have enough,' Jer. 49:9. (4.) Or, lastly, they are those antiqui heroes, nati melioribus annis, that came to their livings when that good Queen Elizabeth came to her crown; at which time benefices went a-begging, as ministers do now. As for the rest, that have livings, they are scarce live-ones, or enough to keep themselves and their families living; and for those that have none, they may make themselves merry with their learning if they have no money: for they that bought the patronages must needs sell the presentations,—*vendere jure potest, emerat ille prius*; and then if Balaam's ass hath but an audible voice, and a soluble purse, he shall be preferred before his master, were he ten prophets. If this weather hold, Julian need not send learning into exile, for no parent will be so irreligious as with great expenses to bring up his child at once to misery and sin. Oh, think of this, if your impudence have left any blood of shame in your faces; cannot you spare out of all your riot some crumbs of liberality to the poor, needy, and neglected gospel? Shall the Papists so outbid us, and in the view of their prodigality, laugh our miserableness to scorn? Shall they twit us, that our Our Father hath taken from the church what their Paternoster bestowed on it? Shall they bid us bate of our faith, and better our charity? Indeed, where heard you of a Papist that cuts short his minister? where see you a Protestant that doth not? I speak not to commend the religion of the Papist above the others, no more than Christ preferred the religion of the Samaritan to the priests and Levites, when he praised his charity; but to apply that to us which Christ once to the Jews, 'Tyre and Sidon shall condemn you.' So the Papists shall judge us. The Papist comes with *Omnia dabo* to his priest,—I will give all; the Protestant with *Omnia, eripiam*,—I will take away all. Do the Alps bar up all reward from us? Cannot bounty creep over those frozen thresholds? *Flere licet, reparare vetatur*.

I may perhaps be censured, to speak so home, in the respect of some particular advantage; and losers may have leave to speak. I confess, it would be a joyful day to me to see the breaches of Jerusalem made up again; yet He is my witness that doth now search, and shall

hereafter judge all hearts, that the present theme, the wants of the church, the poverty of ministers, and the hard hearts of their oppressors, together with the commiseration of the students yet unborn, that shall feel this burden heavier as the world grows, at once and inseparably more old, more covetous, have been occasions only to induce this speech. For I not without cause fear that, as we may say of the church in this our age, *Omnia ad ruinam*,—All things are going to ruin; so our children in the next generation may justly cry with the poet, *Etiam periere ruinæ*,—Even the very ruins are ruined. Though I cannot but hope, that so long as our royal and religious Jacob, (whose days God make as the days of heaven!) and his seed shall bear rule in our Judah, he and they will make good that deserved title, and be 'defenders of the faith,' and not give leave and authority to any violence further to forage the church. God also put into his subjects' hearts to love the gospel, and then it shall not decay for want of encouragement and reward. But for the detainers of the poor ministers' right, let them hear their reward: 'Woe to him that heapeth up that which is none of his!' You that have taken away the unction, and left us nothing but the alabaster-box, the shreds, the sherds, the scrapings of our own, as happy and rich as you think yourselves, when you have summed up your gains and cast your accounts at the end, if ever you be the richer for that you have stolen from your stars, let me come a-begging to your doors. Judas sold his Master for thirty pence: he might put his gains in his eye; his losses stuck by him when his money was gone; he lost a God, a heaven, a soul, but he threw away his cash. Take heed, lest you cry one day with him, 'We and our extortions are both perished.' Remember you must give account of your stewardships; a fearful bill of reckoning that many shall put up at that day to God: Item, so many scores of pounds in malice and suits at law. Item, so many hundreds of pounds spent in lusts and vanities. Item, so many thousands in building Eglon's parlours. Item, to the poor in a year, threepence. Item, to the minister, just nothing. Nothing to God; and nothing from God shall be your reward.

3. Let me end with ourselves, and all to comfort: *Ploramus nostris non respondere favorem speratum meritis*,—We lament on earth the ill success and worse reward of our labours; but, *sat erit meruisse*, it is enough that we have deserved. As dark as the world keeps us and thinks us, 'we shall shine;' and that with no ordinary glory, but 'as the stars;' and this not for a time, but 'for ever and ever.' If I had been in heaven, I would describe this glory to you, 'You shall shine.' I would shew you the differences of glory which are here implied: good men shall shine 'as the firmament,' but good ministers 'as the stars.' If I be not deceived, the stars have a brighter glory than the firmament. Lastly, if I had ascended above the wheel of time, where nothing but eternity dwelleth, I would strive to make you conceive the length of your glory, 'for ever and ever;' but *hæc meditanda potius quam dicenda*,—your meditations are better able to conceive these things than my weak tongue to express. And so I cease to speak of that which you shall never cease to enjoy, ending my sermon, not my text, and commending you to the Father of peace; who, as he hath called us to so troublesome an office for a time, will reward us with glory beyond all time, even for ever and ever. This God grant for his mercies' sake, Jesus Christ for his merits' sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake; to whom, with, and from whom, be all glory, honour, and praise, now and for ever! Amen.

THE SOUL'S SICKNESS:

A DISCOURSE—DIVINE, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL

The Induction.—The sickness of this world is epidemical, and hath with the invisible poison of a general pestilence infected it to the heart. For vice in manners, as heresy in doctrine, distilleth insensible contagion into the fountain of life; and dum unum interficit, centum alios inficit, in killing one, banes many. Whether ex dæmonis injuria, vel ex hominis incuria, from the devil's malice or man's secureness, iniquity is grown from a mist to a mystery, 2 Thess. 2:7, ignorance to arrogance, nescience to negligence, simple imprudence to politic impudence; and, I know not how, too much light hath made men blind. At first they knew not when they sinned, now they would know to justify their sins: they defend that wherein they offend, and buy sickness with as great expense of time, wit, money, as the anguished atheist would health.

Sicknesses in men's souls are bred like diseases in natural, or corruptions in civil bodies; with so insensible a progress, that they are not discerned till they be almost desperate. As the frantic endures not bonds, nor the lethargical noise; or as it was once said of the Romans, that they could neither endure an ill emperor nor obey a good one: so we may say of ourselves, (no less than Livy of that state,) *Nec vitia nostra, nec remedia ferre possumus*,—We can better brook our maladies than our remedies. There is, say physicians, no perfect health in this world; and man, when he is at best, enjoys but a neutrality. But the physicians of the soul complain further, Isa. 64:6, 'That we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,' &c.; 'And in many things we sin all,' James 3:2. We may say with the prophet, Isa. 1:5, 6, not so much for our punishments as our sins, 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.'

The Method.—To pursue this argument, I would willingly dispose the tenor of my speech into this method:—I. To describe the disease; II. To ascribe the signs; III. To prescribe the remedy. And whereas physicians begin their medicinal institutions or instructions at the head, as the most noble part of the body, the principal seat of the wits, the beginning of all the organical senses, and the proper house and habitation of the animal virtue, (though philosophy attributes that supereminent dignity to the heart,) and I (for metaphor's sake) without contention suffer myself to be led after their rule; behold, I apply to the head first: which if I could cure, I could more easily discern the infirmities of the descending parts. In the head and other corporal parts there are many diseases, which I will not contend to find out; desiring only to slay, not all, but enough. I will borrow so much timber out of Galen's wood, as shall serve me for a scaffold to build up my moral discourse.

Disease 1: Headache and Brain-sickness.—Headache is diverse, say physicians, according to the causes: proceeding some of cold, some of hot; of dryness, of moisture, of blood, of choler, of phlegm, windiness, drunkenness, of an offending stomach. There is a headache called the megrim, hemicrania, possessing lightly one side of the head, and distinguished by a seam that runs along in the skull. There is a disease in the soul not unlike this, and they that labour of it are called brain-sick men. They may have some pretty understanding in part of their heads, but the other part is strangely sick of crotchets, singularities, and toyish inventions; wherein because they frolic themselves, they think all the world fools that admire them not. They are ever troubling themselves with unnecessary thoughtfulness of long or short, white or black, round or square; confounding their wits with geometrical dimensions, and studying of measure out of measure. A square cap on another man's head puts their head out of square, and they turn their brains into cotton with storming against a garment of linen. New Albutii, to moot the reasons, why if a cup fell down it brake; if a sponge, it brake not; why eagles fly, and not elephants. There be such students in the schools of Rome: what shall be done with an ass if he get into the

church, to the font uncovered, and drink the water of baptism. Upon the strange hap of a clerk's negligence, and a thirsty ass's entering the church, which are uncertain, they make themselves asses in certain. Or if a hungry mouse filch the body of our Lord, &c. Brave wits to invent mouse-traps. These curiosities in human, but much more in divine things, prove men brain-sick.

The cause of the megrim is the ascending of many vaporous humours, hot or cold, by the veins or arteries. The cause of this spiritual megrim, or brain-sickness, is the unkindly concurrence of ignorance, arrogance, and affectation, like foggy clouds, obscuring and smothering the true light of their sober judgments; and bearing their affections like a violent wind upon one only point of the compass, new-fangled opinion. Like the giant's son, they must have six toes on a foot: they hate not to be observed, and had rather be notorious than not notable. Opinion is a foot too much, which spoils the verse. New physic may be better than old, so may new philosophy; our studies, observation, and experience perfecting theirs; beginning, not at the Gamoth, as they did, but, as it were, at the Ela:* but hardly new divinity; not that an ancient error should be brought out against a new truth. A new truth! Nay, an old newly come to light; for error cannot wage antiquity with truth. His desire is to be cross to regularity; and should he be enjoined a hat, a cap would extremely please him; were he confined to extemporal and enthusiastical labours, he would commend premeditation and study, which now he abhors, because they are put on him. He is unwise in being so bitter against ceremonies; for therein he is palpably against himself, himself being nothing else but ceremony. He loves not the beaten path; and because every fool, saith he, enters at the gate, he will climb over the wall. Whiles the door of the church stands open, he contends to creep through the window, John 10:1. The brain-sick are no less than drunk with opinion; and that so strangely, that sleep, which helps other drunkards, doth them no good. Their ambitious singularity is often so violent that if it be not restrained it grows to a kind of frenzy, and so the megrim turns into the staggers. Herein,

because we will not credit their positions, nor receive their crotchets in our set music, they reel into the Low Countries.

Physicians say of the megrim-affected, that, in the violent fit of the passion, they can abide—(1.) No noise or loud speech; (2.) Not clear light; (3.) Not to drink wine; (4.) Nor almost to move at all, &c. Our brain-sick novelist is described by such tokens.

(1.) Loud speech he loves not, except from his own lips. All noise is tedious to him but his own; and that is most tedious to the company. He loves to hear himself talk out of measure. He wonders that the senses of all his hearers do not get up into their ears, to watch and catch his mysteries with attention and silence; whenas yet himself is more non-resident from his theme than a discontinuer is from his charge.

(2.) The clear light he cannot endure, for his brain is too light already. He presumes that his head contains more knowledge than ten bishops; and wonders that the church was so overseen as to forget him when offices were disposing, or places a-dealing; and because he can get none, rails at all for antichristian. He is the only wise man, if he might teach all men to judge him as he judgeth himself; and no star should shine in our orb without borrowing some of his light. He offers to reform that man that would inform him; and presumes so much of light, that if himself were set, our world would be left without a sun.

(3.) Wine he hates, specially when it is poured into his wounds; as the fathers interpret the Samaritan's wine to the wounded man, to cleanse and purge him. Reproof and he are utter enemies; no man is good enough to chide him: wholesome counsel, which is indeed wine to a weak soul, he accounts vinegar; nothing so pleaseth him as his own lees. Opinion hath brewed him ill, and he is like water scared out of the wits.

(4.) He must not be moved, nor removed, from what he holds: his will is like the Persian law, unalterable. You may move him to choler, not to knowledge; his brain is turned, like a bell rung too deep, and cannot be fetched back again. His own affectation is his pulley; that can move him, no engine else stirs him. A man may like him at first, as one that never heard music doth the tinker's note on his kettle; but after a while, they are both alike tedious. There is no help for his auditory, by any excuses to shift him off; if he have not the patience to endure an impertinent discourse, he must venture censure of his manners, and run away. His discourse is so full of parentheses, as if he were troubled with the rheum, and could not spit. He is ever tying hard knots, and untying them; as if nobody had hired him, and therefore he must find himself work. If he light on the sacred writ, he conceitedly allegorises on the plainest subject, and makes the Scripture no more like itself than Michal's image in the bed upon a pillow of goat's hair was like David. He carries bread at his back, and feeds upon stones. Like a full-fed dog, he leaves the soft meat to lie gnawing upon bones: that we may say of him, This man hath a strong wit, as we say, That dog hath good teeth.

The way to cure the megrim is diverse, according to the cause; either by cutting a vein, purging, revulsive or local remedies. But the sanation of this brain-sick malady is very difficult, insomuch that Solomon saith, 'There is more hope of a fool than of one wise in his own conceit.' For he imagines the whole world to be sick, and himself only sound. I might prescribe him the opening of a vein which feeds this disease, that is, affectation; the itching blood of singularity let out, would much ease him. Or a good purge of humility to take him down a little, because he stands so high in his own imagination; and full vessels, to prevent their bursting, must have timely vent. Or a little opium of sequestering him from business, and confining him that he might take some sleep, for his brains want rest. Or a little euphorbium of sound admonition and fit reproof dropped into his ear warm. Some euphrasia, or eye-bright, would do well. Unctions, if lenifying, will do no good; nor any of the former, I doubt, except a strong pill of discipline go with them. The specialest remedy is

discipline, as the father said, when he heard his son complain of his head,—'My head, my head,'—commanded a servant, 'Carry him to his mother,' 2 Kings 4:19: so for these men so troubled with the headache, deliver them to their mother; let the church censure them.

Disease 2: Inconstancy, a kind of Staggers.—There is a disease in the soul called inconstancy, not unfitly shadowed to us by a bodily infirmity, possessing the superior part of man—vertigo, a swimming in the head, a giddiness, or the staggers. The disease in the body is described to be an astonishing and dusking of the eyes and spirits, that the patient thinks all that he seeth to turn round, and is suddenly compassed with darkness. The parallel to it in the soul is inconstancy, a motion without rule, a various aspect, a diversifying intention. The inconstant man is like a Pour-contrell; if he should change his apparel so fast as his thought, how often in a day would he shift himself! He would be a Proteus too, and vary kinds. The reflection of every man's news melts him, whereof he is as soon glutted. As he is a noun, he is only adjective, depending on every novel persuasion; as a verb, he knows only the present tense. To-day he goes to the quay to be shipped for Rome, but before the tide come, his tide is turned. One party think him theirs, the adverse theirs: he is with both, with neither, not an hour with himself. Because the birds and beasts be at controversy, he will be a bat, and get him both wings and teeth. He would come to heaven, but for his halting: two opinions, like two watermen, almost pull him a-pieces, when he resolves to put his judgment into a boat, and go some whither; presently he steps back, and goes with neither. It is a wonder if his affections, being but a little lukewarm water, do not make his religion stomach-sick. Indifference is his ballast, and opinion his sail: he resolves not to resolve. He knows not what he doth hold. He opens his mind to receive motions, as one opens his palm to take a handful of water—he hath very much, if he could hold it. He is sure to die, but not what religion to die in; he demurs like a posed lawyer, as if delay could remove some impediments. He is drunk when he riseth, and reels in a morning fasting. He knows not whether he should say his Pater noster in Latin or English, and so leaves it and

his prayers unsaid. He makes himself ready for an appointed feast: by the way he hears of a sermon, he turns thitherward; yet betwixt the church gate and church door he thinks of business, and retires home again. In a controverted point he holds with the last reasoner he either heard or read; the next diverts him; and his opinion dwells with him perhaps so long as the teacher of it is in his sight. He will rather take dross for gold, than try it in the furnace. He receives many judgments, retains none, embracing so many faiths that he is little better than an infidel.

They give a double cause of this disease in the body: either the distemperature and evil-affectedness of the brain, or an offence given to it from the mouth of the stomach: vapours, gross and tough humours, or windy exhalations, either lodging in the brain or sent thither from the stomach, turning about the animal spirits; hence the brain staggers with giddiness. This spiritual inconstancy ariseth from like causes. If it be in religion, it proceeds from cloudy imaginations, fancies, fictions, and forced dreams, which keep the mind from a sober and peaceful considerateness. Multitude of opinions, like foggy vapours, mist the intellectual faculty, and, like reverberated blasts, whirl about the spirits. He sees some ceremonial divisions in our church, and therefore dares not steadfastly embrace that truth which both parts, without contention, teach and observe: so leaves the blessing of his mother, because he beholds his brethren quarrelling. Whiles he sees the unreconcilable opposition of Rome and us, which he fondly labours to at-one, he forsakes both, and will now be a church alone. Thus his breast is full of secret combats, contradictions, affirmations, negatives; and, whiles he refuseth to join with others, he is divided in himself, and yet will rather search excuses for his unsteadiness, than ground for his rest. He loathes manna after two days' feeding, and is almost weary of the sun for perpetual shining. If the temple-pavements be ever worn with his visitant feet, he will run far to a new teacher; and rather than be bound to his own parish, he will turn recusant. He will admire a new preacher till a quarter of the sand is out; but if the church doors be not locked up, he cannot stay out the hour. What he promiseth to a

collection to-day, he forgets, or at least denies, the next morning. His best dwelling would be his confined chamber, where his irresolution might trouble nothing but his pillow. In human matters, the cause of his variableness is not varied, but the object. He is transformable to all qualities, a tempered lump of wax to receive any form, yet no impression sticks long upon him; he holds it the quickness of his wit to be voluble.

The signs of this disease in the body are a mist and darkness coming upon every light occasion. If he see a wheel turning round, or a whirlpool, or any such circular motion, he is affected with giddiness. The symptoms of the spiritual staggers are semblable. He turns with those that turn, and is his neighbour's chameleon. He hates staidness as an earthen dulness. He prosecutes a business without fear or wit; and rejecting the patience to consult, falls upon it with a peremptory heat: but like water once hot, is soonest frozen, and instantly he must shift his time and his place; neither is he so weary of every place, as every place is weary of him. He affects an object with dotage, and as superstitiously courts it as an idolater his gilded block. But it is a wonder if his passionate love outlive the age of a wonder—nine days. He respects in all things novelty above goodness; and the child of his own brains within a week he is ready to judge a bastard. He salutes his wits after some invented toy, as a serving-man kisseth his hand; when instantly on another plot arising, he kicks the former out of doors. He pulls down this day what he builded the other, now disliking the site, now the fashion, and sets men on work to his own undoing. He is in his own house as his thoughts in his own brain—transient guests; like a haggard, you know not where to take him. He hunts well for a gird, but is soon at a loss. If he gives any profession a winter's entertainment, yet he is whether for a penny the next spring. He is full of business at church, a stranger at home, a sceptic abroad, an observer in the street, everywhere a fool. To conclude, their own unfaithfulness making the inconstant thus sick, there is an accession of the Lord's plague; he adds dotage as a punishment of their former wilful dotage: 'The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst

thereof; and they have caused Egypt to err in every work thereof, as a drunken man staggereth in his vomit,' Isa. 19:14.

For the curing of this bodily infirmity many remedies are prescribed: odoriferous smells in weakness, the opening of a vein in better strength, cupping glasses applied to the hinder part of the head, with scarification, gargarisms, and sternutatory things, together with setting the feet in hot baths, &c. To cure this spiritual staggers, let the patient be purged with repentance for his former unsettledness; let him take an ounce of faith to firm his brains; let his repose be on the Scriptures, and thence fetch decision of all doubts; let a skilful physician order him a good minister. Let him stop his ears to rumours, and fix his eyes on heaven, to be kept from distracting objects. Let him keep the continual diet of prayer for the Spirit of illumination; and thus he may be recovered.

Disease 3: Madness and Anger.—The next disease I would describe is frenzy or madness. Now though physicians do clearly distinguish betwixt these two, frenzy and madness,—calling frenzy an inflammation of the brain without a fever, or an imposthuration bred and engendered in the pellicles of the brain, or pia mater; and mania, or madness, an infection of the former cell of the head, without a fever; the one abusing the imagination, the other ravishing the memory,—I list not to dispute or to determine. That which serves my intention is to confer either of these passions with a spiritual disease of like nature, anger. *Ira furor brevis*. It is a madness, I am sure; I am not sure how short. I do not ask for men passionless; this is *hominem de homine tollere*. Give them leave to be men, not madmen. *Ira optimo loco donum Dei: et magna est ars irasci verbis præmeditatis, et tempore opportuno,**—Anger in the best sense is the gift of God; and it is no small art to express anger with premeditated terms, and on seasonable occasion. God placed anger amongst the affections engrafted in nature, gave it a seat, fitted it with instruments, ministered it matter whence it might proceed, provided humours whereby it is nourished. It is to the soul as a nerve to the body. The philosopher calls it the whetstone to fortitude, a spur

intended to set forward virtue. This is simply rather a propassion than a passion.

But there is a vicious, impetuous, frantic anger, earnest for private and personal grudges; not like a medicine to clear the eye, but to put it out. This pernicious disease of the soul hath degrees:—It is inhuman; tigers devour not tigers: this rageth against kind and kindred. Impious; it rageth often against God, as that Pope upon a field lost against the Frenchmen. Sic esto nunc Gallicus,—So, turn French now, &c. Mad; for it often rageth against unreasonable creatures, as Balaam striking his ass. How much is such a man more irrational and bestial than the beast he maligns! It is more than mad, striking at insensible things, as Xerxes wrote a defying letter to Athos, a Thracian mountain: 'Mischievous Athos, lifted up to heaven, make thy quarries passable to my travel, or I will cut thee down and cast thee into the sea.' But his revenge was neither understood, feared, nor felt. So the Africans being infested with a north wind, that covered their corn-fields with sand from a mountain, levied an army of men to fight with that wind, but were all buried under the sand. So Darius, because a river had drowned him a white horse, vowed to cut it into so many channels that a woman with child might go over dry-shod. We have some so madly impatient with a storm, wind, &c.; which might answer them, as Rakshakeh told the Jews, Isa. 36:10, 'Am I come hither without the Lord? It is he that sent me.' This anger is immediately directed against God; the heart speaks atheism, only in other words. It is unnatural; for it maligneth a man's self. It is full of consternation and amazement, and never useth violence, without torment to itself. It thinks to offer wrong, and indeed suffers it.

Ipsa sibi est hostis vesania, seque furendo interimit,—As the frantic or drunkard do that intoxicate, which, sober, they would quake to think of; so these ireful, direful men (or rather beasts) dare in their fits play with serpents, mingle poisons, act massacres, whereat their awaked souls shudder.

The higher the person in whom this frenzy reigns, the greater the fault. The master-bee hath no sting, the rest have; the greater power, the less passion. It is a state tyranny, in authority to mind nothing but authority. *Posse et nolle, nobile*,—It is noble to may and will not. When a railing wretch followed a heathen peer with obloquies all day, and home to his doors at night, he requited him with commanding his servant to light him home to his house with a torch. Damascene makes three degrees of anger: *bilem, iracundiam, infensionem*,—choler, wrath, heavy displeasure. Some have added a fourth.

The first hath a beginning and motion, but presently ceaseth; we call this choler. Like fire in stubble, soon kindled, and soon out. These are like gunpowder, to which you no sooner give fire but they are in your face. They say these hot men are the best-natured; but I say, then, the best are naught. These are stung with a nettle, and allayed with a dock.

The second is not so soon conceived, but takes deeper hold in the memory. This fire is neither easily kindled nor easily put out; like fire in iron, which hardly taking, long abideth. These men are like green logs, which once set on combustion continue burning day and night too.

The third entertain this fire suddenly, and retain it perpetually, not desisting without revenge. Those are like fire, which bewrayeth not itself without the ruin and waste of that matter wherein it hath caught. This worst.

The fourth is a moderate anger, not soon incensed, but quickly appeased; and this is the best, because likest to the disposition of God, who is 'merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy,' Ps. 103:8, ready to forgive.

Frenzy is caused by abundant blood, or choler occupying the brains or the films thereof: the more adust this choler is, the more

pernicious the madness. The cause of anger is the giving of passion the dominion over reason. Seneca says, *Causa iracundiæ opinio injuriæ est*,—The cause of anger is the conceit of injury. Such a man gets up on the wild jade, his choler, and spurs him on, having no bridle of moderation to hold him back. His conversation is so full of choleric fits, as a book of tedious parentheses, that they mar the sense of his life. He is like an egg in roasting, hopeful to be good meat, but it grows too hot on a sudden, and flies in your face, not without a great noise. Anger is able to turn Dametas into Hercules furens, teaching him that is strong, to fight; him that is not, to talk. Whiles the lightning of his rage lasts, he thunders out a challenge, but after a little calm meditation, sounds a retreat. He menaceth the throats of his enemies, though they be many, and swears loud he will be their priest; he means executioner. But if you compare his threatenings and his after-affections, you would say of them, as that wise man shearing his hogs: Here is a great deal of cry, but a little wool. His enemies are worse feared than hurt, if so they be in person, as he is in sober judgment, a little out of the way.

The frenzy is easily seen, and needs not to be described by signs. Physicians give many; I will say no more but this: if the madness proceed from blood, they are perpetually laughing; if of choler, they rage so furiously, that bands only can restrain them from doing violence. The symptoms of this spiritual madness, rash and furious anger, are many, visible and actual:—

Swelling of mind, so high and so full that there is no room for any good motion to dwell by it. *Ira tumor mentis*, and makes a man like the spider-poisoned toad. In this raging fit, reason, modesty, peace, humanity, &c., run from him, as servants from their mad master, or mice from a barn on fire. Contumely, without any distinguishing respect of friend, foe, alien, familiar; he reviles any, *fratremque patremque*. Violence of hands, savage and monstrous behaviour: 'Like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,' Isa. 57:20; fuming and foaming like a muddy channel; a distorted countenance, sparkling eye, foul language, hasty hands. If

the angry man and the drunkard had a glass presented them, how hardly could they be brought again to love their own faces!

To cure this bedlam passion (leaving the other to deeper judgments in that profession) both nature and grace have given rules. Natural reason: That an angry man should not undertake any action or speech till he had recited the Greek alphabet, as a pause to cool the heat of choler. That angry men should sing to their passions as nurses to their babes: Μὴ σπεῦδε, μὴ βοᾷ,—Haste not, cry not. Maximum remedium est iræ mora,*—The best remedy for anger is delay. What a man doth in anger he lightly repents in cold blood. That we should keep our corrupt nature from provoking objects, as a man that hath gunpowder in his house keeps it safe from fire. That we should construe all things in the best sense: a good disposition makes a good exposition, where palpableness doth not evince the contrary. That suspicion is a pair of bellows to this mad fire. That jealousy and self-guiltiness are the angry man's eavesdropper and intelligencer. That the earth suffers us living to plough furrows on her back, and dead opens her bowels to receive us; a dead earth convincing a living earth's impatience. Scripture: That 'anger resteth in the bosom of fools.' That 'the wrath of man doth not accomplish the righteousness of God.' That 'unadvised anger is culpable of judgment.' Let him take some herb of grace, an ounce of patience, as much of consideration how often he gives God just cause to be angry with him, and no less of meditating how God hath a hand in Shimei's railing, that David may not be angry; mix all these together with faithful confidence that God will dispose all wrongs to thy good: hereof be made a pill to purge choler. To conclude, let reason ever be our judge, though passion sometimes be our solicitor.

'Parit ira furorem;

Turpia verba furor, verbis ex turpibus exit

Ira, ex hac oritur vulnus, de vulnere lethum;'—

'Wrath kindles fury, fury sparks foul words,

Those let out wounds and death with flaming swords.'

Disease 4: Envy, a Consumption.—Envy fitly succeeds anger, for it is nothing else but inveterate wrath. The other was a frantic fit, and this is a consumption; a languishing disease in the body, the beginning of dissolution, a broaching of the vessel, not to be stopped till all the liquor of life is run out. What the other tabe is in the body, I list not to define, by reason that this spiritual sickness is a consumption of the flesh also, and a pining away of the spirits; now since they both have relation to the body, their comparison would be confusion. Envy is the consumption I singularly deal withal; which though I cannot cure, I will hopefully minister to.

The cause of envy is others' prosperity, or rather an evil eye shot upon it. The angry man hath not himself, the envious must have no neighbour. He battens at the maligned's misery; and if such a man riseth, he falls as if he were planet-struck. I know not whether he could endure to be in paradise with a superior. He hates to be happy with any company. Envy sits in a man's eyes, and wheresoever through those windows it spies a blessing, it is sickness and death unto it. *Invidus petal à Jove privari uno oculo, ut avarus quod privetur ambobus,*—The envious man would have happily one of his eyes put out, as the covetous should lose both. A physician being asked what was the best help to the perspicuity of the eyes, affirmed, Envy; for that, like a perspective glass, would make good things appear great things.

'Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris;

Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet;'—

He is even quarrelling with God that his neighbour's field bears better corn, and thinks himself poor if a near dweller be richer. He will dispraise God's greatest blessings if they fall besides himself, and grow sullen, so far as he dares, with the prince that shall promote a

better deserver. There is no law perfect, if he was not at the making it. He undertakes a great work, and when he cannot accomplish it, he will give leave to none other. No man shall have that glory which he aspired and missed. An Æsop's dog in the manger; because he can eat no hay himself, he will starve the horse. Poison is life to a serpent, death to a man; and that which is life to a man, his humidity and spittle, they say is death to a serpent. The rancorous sustenance which a malicious man lives of is the misery and mischief to a good man; and a good man's prosperous felicity is the malicious man's death. God hath in justice appointed it to be a plague to itself. Among all mischiefs it is furnished with one profitable quality: the owner of it takes most hurt. *Carpitque et carpitur una: suppliciumque suum, est.*

'Ut Ætna seipsam,

Sic se, non alios, invidus igne coquit.'

The envious is a man of the worst diet, and like a strange cook stews himself; nay, and conceits pleasure in pining; so that his body at last hath just cause to sue his soul on an action of dilapidations. He finds fault with all things that himself hath not done. He wakes whiles his enemy takes rest. *Parum est, si ipse sit felix, nisi alter fuerit infelix.* His affections are like lightning, which commonly scorches the highest places: *feriunt summos fulgura montes.* He creeps like a canker to the fairest flowers. By putting in a superfluous syllable he hath corrupted one of the best words, turning *amorem* into *amarorem*, love into bitterness. A philosopher seeing a malicious man dejected, asked him whether some evil had happened to himself, or some good to his neighbour.

The signs of this disease are given by the poet:—*

'Videt intus edentem

Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum.

Pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto;

Nunquam recta acies; vivent rubigine dentes:

Pectora felle virent; lingua est suffusa veneno;—

A pale face without blood, and a lean body without any juice in it, squint eyes, black teeth, a heart full of gall, a tongue tipped with poison. Amazedness makes the face pale, grief drinks up the blood; looking on men's prosperity makes the eyes squint, and cursing, the teeth black. It were well for him on earth that he should dwell alone. It is pity he should come into heaven, for to see 'one star excel another in glory' would put him again out of his wits. I wonder, when he is in hell, whether he would not still desire superiority in anguish, and so sit in the chair, though he receive the more torments. The envious man is so cross to God, that he is sure of punishment; he hath in present one like to the nature of his offence. For his sin; whereas God brings good out of evil, he brings evil out of good. For his punishment; whereas even evil things 'work together to the good of the good,' even good things work together to his evil. All the happiness lights on him that is envied; for it goes well with him with whom the malicious thinks it goes too well.

His cure is hard, even as with a tabe in the body: too much physic makes him worse. Crosses are fitly called God's physic, whereby if God will cure him, he must minister them to those he hates. Strange, that one man should be healed by giving physic to another! Two simples may do him good, if he could be won to take them: a scruple of content, and a dram of charity. If these be given him, well stirred, in a potion of repentant tears, he may be brought to wish himself well, and others no harm, and so be recovered.

Disease 5: Idleness, the Lethargy.—Idleness in the soul is a dangerous disease, as the lethargy in the body. The very name of lethargy speaks the nature, for it is compounded of λήθη, forgetfulness, and ἀργής, slothful; and so consequently is defined to

be a dull oblivion. The idle man is a piece of base heavy earth, and moulded with muddy and standing water. He lies in bed the former half of the day, devising excuses to prevent the afternoon's labour. He cannot endure to do anything by himself that may be done by attorney. He forestalls persuasion inducing him to any work, by forecasting the unprofitableness; he holds business man's cruellest enemy, and a monstrous devourer of time. His body is so swollen with lazy humours, that he moves like a tun upon two pottle pots. He is tempted to covetise, for no other reason but to be able to keep servants; whom he will rather trust than step out to oversee. Neither summer nor winter scape the blame of his laziness; in the one it is too hot, in the other too cold, to work. Summer hath days too long, winter nights too cold; he must needs help the one with a nap at noon, the other with a good fire. He was very fit to be a monk: spare him an early mass, and he will accept it; yet howsoever, he will rather venture the censure than forsake a lazy calling.

The cause of the lethargy is abundant phlegm, overmuch cooling the brain, and thereby provoking sleep; which putrefied in the brain, causeth a fever. The cause of idleness is indulgence to the flesh, a forgetfulness of the end of our creation, a wilful digression from man, for the lazy wretch is a dormouse in a human husk. To man motion is natural, the joints and eyes are made to move; and the mind is never asleep, as if it were set to watch the body. Sleep is the image of death, saith the poet; and therefore the church-sleeper is a dead corpse, set in his pew like a coffin, as if the preacher were to make his funeral sermon. He sings out harvest like the grasshopper; therefore may at Christmas dance for and without his dinner. He riseth at noon to breakfast, which he falls to unwashed, and removes not out of his chair without a sleep. Whilst he sleeps, the enemy oversows the field of his heart with tares. He is a patient subject for the devil to work on, a cushion for him to sit on, and take his ease; his misery is, that 'his damnation sleepeth not.' His bed is his haven, his heaven, and sound sleep his deity.

'The standing water stinks with putrefaction;

And virtue hath no virtue, but in action.'

If he be detained up late, he lies down in his clothes, to save two labours. Nothing shall make him bustle up in the night, but the house fired about his ears; which escaping, he lies down in the yard, and lets it burn. He should gather moss, for he is no rolling stone. In this he is a good friend to his country, he desires no innovation; he would scarce shift ground ten leagues, though from a cottage to a manor. He is so loath to leave the tap-house in winter, that when all leave him, he makes bold with the chimney comer for his parlour. If ever, in a reign, he lights upon a humour to business, it is to game, to cheat, to drink drunk, to steal, &c., and falls from doing nought to do naughtily: so mending the matter as you have heard in the fable the devil mended his dame's leg; when he should have put it in joint, he brake it quite a-pieces.

Symptoms of the lethargy are a great pulse, beating seldom, as if it were full of water; a continual proneness to sleep, that they are scarcely compelled to answer a question. You may know a lethargical idle man by a neglected beard, unkembed hair, and unwashed face, foul linen, clothes unbrushed, a nasty hand smelling of the sheet, an eye opening when the ear receives your voice, and presently shut again, as if both the organs were stiff with exertions. He hath a blown cheek, a drawling tongue, a leaden foot, a brazen nose: he gapes and gasps so often, that sometimes he keeps his mouth open still, as if he had forgotten to shut it.

To cure the lethargic, there are required many intentions; not without frictions, scarifications, sharp odours, and bloodletting, &c. To cure the idle, it should more properly belong to surgery than physic; for there is no medicine like a good whip, to let out his lazy blood; and a good diet of daily labour, which some skilful beadle must see him take: put him into the bath at bridewell, to take away the numbness of his joints, and scour off his rust, and so he may be recovered.

'Fac bene, fac tua, fac aliquid, fac utile semper:

Corrumpunt mores otia prava bonos.'

Disease 6: The Dropsy and Covetousness.—Physicians say that the dropsy is an error in the digestive virtue in the liver, bred of the abundance of salt and waterish phlegm, with the overfeeding of raw and moist meats. It is distinguished into three sorts—ascites, tympanites, and anasarca or hyposarca. Ascites is when between the film called peritonæum (which is the caul that covers the entrails) much watery humour is gathered. Tympanites ariseth from windiness and flatuous causes gathered into the foresaid places. Hyposarca is when the humours are so dispersed through the whole body, that all the flesh appears moist and spongy. Our spiritual dropsy, covetousness, is a disease bred in the soul, through defect of faith and understanding. It properly resides in the inferior powers of the soul, the affections; but ariseth from the errors of the superior intellectual faculty: neither conceiving aright of God's all-sufficient help, nor of the world's all-deficient weakness.

The corporal dropsy is easily known by heaviness, swelling, puffing up, immoderate desire of drink, &c. The spiritual likewise, though it leans the carcase, lards the conscience; at least swells and puffs it up: and as if some hellish, inflammation had scorched the affection, it thirsts for aurum potabile without measure. The covetous man is of Renodæus's opinion, that argentum plurimum valet ad cordis palpitationem,—silver is good against the heart-panting. The wise man calls it a disease, an 'evil disease,' Eccles. 6:2, and almost incurable. The covetous hath drunk the blood of oppression, wrung from the veins of the poor; and behold, like an undigestible receipt, it wambles in his stomach: he shall not feel quietness in his belly. This is an epidemical sickness. Aurum omnes, victa jam pietate, colunt,—Religion gives riches, and riches forgets religion.

'Religio dat opus, paupertas religionem:

Divitiæ veniunt, religioque fugit.'

Thus do our affections wheel about with an unconstant motion. Poverty makes us religious, religion rich, and riches irreligious. For as pauperis est rogare, so it should be divitis erogare. Seneca wittily and truly, Habes pecuniam? vel teipsum vel pecuniam habeas vilem necesse est,—Hast thou money? Either thou must esteem thy money vile, or be vile thyself. The covetous man is like a two-legged hog: whiles he lives, he is ever rooting in the earth, and never doth good till he is dead; like a vermin, of no use till uncased. Himself is a monster, his life a riddle; his face (and his heart) is prone to the ground; his delight is to vex himself. It is a question whether he takes more care to get damnation, or to keep it; and so is either a Laban or a Nabal, two infamous churls in the Old Testament, spelling one another's name backward. He keeps his god under lock and key, and sometimes, for the better safety, in his unclean vault. He is very eloquently powerful amongst his poor neighbours; who, for awful fear, listen to Pluto as if he were Plato. He prevails very far when he deals with some officers; as a Pharisee with Christ's steward, Tantum dabo; tantus valor in quatuor syllabis,—so powerful are two words. He prevails like a sorcerer, except he light upon a Peter: Acts 8, 'Thou and thy money be damned together.' His heart is like the East Indian ground, where all the mines be so barren, that it bears neither grass, herb, plant, nor tree. The lightness of his purse gives him a heavy heart, which yet filled, doth fill him with more cares. His medicine is his malady; he would quench his avarice with money, and this inflames it, as oil feeds the lamp, and some harish drinks increase thirst. His proctor in the law, and protector against the law, is his money. His alchemy is excellent, he can project much silver, and waste none in smoke. His rhetoric is how to keep him out of the subsidy. His logic is to prove heaven in his chest. His mathematics, omnia suo commodo, non honestate mensurare,—to measure the goodness of anything by his own profit. His arithmetic is in addition and multiplication, much in subtraction, nothing in division. His physic is to minister gold to his eye, though he starve his body. His music is Sol, re, me, fa: Sola res me facit,—That which makes me,

makes me merry. Divinity he hath none; idolatry enough to his money. Sculptura is his Scriptura; and he hath so many gods as images of coin. He is an ill harvest-man, for he is all at the rake, nothing at the pitchfork. The devil is a slave to God, the world to the devil, the covetous man to the world; he is a slave to the devil's slave, so that his servant is like to have a good office. He foolishly buries his soul in his chest of silver, when his body must be buried in the mould of corruption. When the fisher offers to catch him with the net of the gospel, he strikes into the mud of avarice, and will not be taken. The dropsy of his φιλαργυρία, 1 Tim. 6:10, doth senectute juvenescere. Cicero calleth it an absurd thing. Quo minus viæ restat, eo plus viatici quærerere.* He sells his best grain, and feeds himself on mouldy crusts; he returns from plough, if he remembers that his cupboard was left unlocked. If once in a reign he invites his neighbours to dinner, he whiles the times with frivolous discourses, to hinder feeding; sets away the best dish, affirming it will be better cold; observes how much each guest cateth, and when they are risen and gone, falleth to himself, what for anger and hunger, with a sharp appetite. If he smells of gentility, you shall have at the nether end of his board a great pasty uncut up, for it is filled with bare bones: somewhat for show, but most to keep the nether mess from eating. He hath sworn to die in debt to his belly. He deducts from a servant's wages the price of a halter, which he cut to save his master, when he had hung himself at the fall of the market. He lends nothing, nor returns borrowed, unless it be sent for; which if he cannot deny, he will delay, in hope to have it forgotten. To excuse his base and sordid apparel, he commends the thriftiness of King Henry, how cheap his clothes were. His fist is like the prentice's earthen box, which receives all, but lets out nothing till it be broken. He is in more danger to be sand-blind than a goldsmith. Therefore some call him avidum, à non videndo. He must rise in the night with a candle to see his com, though he stumble in the straw, and fire his barn.† He hath a lease of his wits, during the continuance of his riches: if any cross starts away them, he is mad instantly. He would slay an ass for his skin; and, like Hermocrates dying, bequeath his own goods to himself. His case is worse than the prodigal's; for the prodigal shall

have nothing hereafter, but the covetous hath nothing in present: Prodigus non habebit, sed avarus non habet.

For his cure much might be prescribed; specially as they give in the corporal dropsy—purge the humour that feeds it. When the covetous hath gotten much, and yet thirsts, a vomit of confiscation would do well, and set him to get more. It was a good moral instruction that fell from that shame of philosophy, Epicurus, 'The course to make a man rich is not to increase his wealth, but to restrain his covetous desires.' The apostle's counsel is to fly it, and all occasions, occupations that may beget or nourish it, Eph. 5:3. Remember, saith a schoolman, that though homo be de terra, et ex terra, yet non ad terram, nec propter terram,—man is on the earth, of the earth, but not for the earth, &c. I have read of one John, patriarch of Alexandria, a sparing and strait-handed man, that, being earnest at his prayers, there appeared to him a virgin with a crown or garland of olive-leaves. He desiring to know her name, she called herself Mercy. Requiring her intent, she requested him to marry her, promising him much prosperity on that condition. He did so, and found himself still the richer for his merciful deeds. She may offer herself long enough in these days ere she be taken. Mercy may live a maid, for no man will marry her. Valerius Maximus speaks of one Gillias, a famous Roman, that besides hospitality to strangers, paid the taxes of many poor, rewarded deserts unsued to, bought out the servitude of captives, and sent them home free. How few such like can an English historiographer write of! I would we had such a Gillias amongst us, so it were not from Rome. Well, then, let the covetous remember his end, and the end of his riches,—how certain, how uncertain they are,—and intend his covetise to a better object. Quis alius noster est finis, quam pervenire ad regnum cujus nullus est finis!—What else should be our end, save to come to the kingdom that hath no end! His cure is set down by God; I leave the receipt with him: 1 Tim. 6:9, 'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and noisome lusts, which drown men in perdition and destruction.' Ver. 10, 'For the love of money is the root of all evil,' &c. Ver. 11, 'But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and

follow after righteousness,' &c. Ver. 17, 'Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches,' &c., 'but that they be rich in good works,' &c. The place is powerful; let the covetous read, observe, obey, repent, believe, and be saved.

Disease 7: Usury, and Caninus Appetitus, or the Dog-like Appetite.—Next to the dropsy of covetise, I would place the immoderate hunger of usury, for as the one drinks, so the other feeds to satiety; and the former is not more thirsty after his cupping, than the latter is hungry after his devouring. Some have compared usury to the gout, (by reason of that disease's incidency to usurers,) which is an unusual humour flowing to the extreme parts. It is either arthritis, an articular disease, which we call a joint-sickness; or podagra, a pain invading the joint of the great toe, or the heel, or some inferior parts of the foot: this, like a strong charm, bindeth a man to his chair. Musculus says, that divines shall reform fury, when physicians have cured the gout: the sin and the disease are both incurable. And that will one day rack the conscience, as this the sinews. Herein the merely covetous and the usurer differ: the covetous, to be rich, would undergo any labour; the usurer would be rich, yet undergo no labour; therefore, like the gout-wrung, desires to sit still. I have thought fitter to compare it with the doglike appetite, which cannot refrain from devouring meat without measure; which the stomach not able to bear, they fall to vomiting like dogs; hence, again, hunger is excited to more meat, and much meat provokes spewing: so that their whole life is nothing else but a vicissitude of devouring and vomiting.

It is caused through cold distemper of the stomach, or through vicious and sharp humours, which gnaw and suck the mouth of it; or through unmeasurable dissipation of the whole body, which lightly follows the weakness of the retentive virtue. This animal hunger is raised partly from the coldness of the heart, for there is no charity to warm it; partly from corrupt affections, which like vicious humours gnaw and suck the conscience dry of all vividity, whether of grace or

humanity; partly through the weak retention of any good instruction, whether from the Scriptures of God, or writings of sober men.

The corporal disease is easily perceived, by insatiate feeding, which yet ministers almost no virtue to the body, but it is rather made lean and wasted therewith; the skin is rarefied, the body made fluid and apt to much egestion, &c. A usurer is known by his very looks often, by his speeches commonly, by his actions ever. He hath a lean cheek, a meagre body, as if he were fed at the devil's allowance. His eyes are almost sunk to the back side of his head with admiration of money. His ears are set to tell the clock, his whole carcass a mere anatomy. Some usurers have fatter carcasses, and can find in their hearts to lard their flesh; but a common meagreness is upon all their consciences. *Fœnus pecuniæ, funus animæ*. Some spin usury into such fine threads of distinction, that they take away all the names whereby it offends; and because R is a dogged letter, and they conceive a toothless practice, interest, usury, and all terms with R in them, shall be put out, and the usurer shall be called only, one that lives upon his moneys. All his reaches are at riches; his wit works like a mole, to dig himself through the earth into hell. Plutarch writes strangely of hares, *eodem tempore et parere, et alere, et alios concipere fœtus*,—at one time to bring forth, nourish, and to conceive. Your usurer makes his money to do all these at once. He drowns the noise of the people's curses with the music of his money, as the Italians in a great thunder ring their bells and shoot off their cannons, by an artificial noise of their own to dead the natural of broken clouds. His practice mocks philosophy, *quod ex nihilo nihil fit*, and teaches of nothing to get something. He is a rank whoremaster with his mistress Pecunia, and lives upon the lechery of metals. He doth that office for the devil on earth that his spirits do in hell—whip and torment poor souls. His blows are without fence. Except men, as Strepsiades desired, could pluck the moon out of the sky, his month and day will come.

Nature hath set a pitch or term in all inferior things, when they shall cease to increase. Old cattle breed no longer, doted trees deny fruit, the tired earth becomes barren; only the usurer's money, the longer

it breeds, the lustier, and a hundred pounds put out twenty years since, is a great-great-grandmother of two or three hundred children: pretty striplings, able to beget their mother again in a short time.

'Each man to heaven his hands for blessing rears;

Only the usurer need not say his prayers.

Blow the wind east or west, plenty or dearth,

Sickness or health sit on the face of earth,

He cares not: time will bring his money in;

Each day augments his treasure and his sin.

Be the day red or black in calendar,

Common or holy, fits the usurer.

He starves his carcass, and, true money's slave,

Goes with full chests and thin cheeks to his grave.'

He hath not his gold so fast as his gold him. As the covetous takes away the difference betwixt the richest mine and basest mould, use,* so this pawn-groper spoils all with over-using it. It is his ill-luck that the beams of wealth shine so full upon him; for riches, like the sun, fires and inflames objects that are opposed in a diameter, though further removed, but heateth kindly when it shines upon a man laterally, though nearer. He shrinks up his guts with a starving diet, as with knot-grass, and puts his stomach into his purse. He sells time to his customers, his food to his coffer, his body to languishment, his soul to Satan.

His cure is very desperate: his best reprehension is deprehension; and the best purge is to purge him out of the land. Hiera picra Galeni is a sovereign confection to clarify him. Let him be fed, as physicians

prescribe in the cure of the corporal disease, with fat supplings; and let him drink abundantly, till he forget the date of his bonds. Turn him out from the chimney-corner into some wilderness, that he may have a cold and perspirable air. Give him a good vomit of stibium till he hath spewed up his extortions. Let his diet-drink be repentance, his daily exercise restoring to every man his gotten interest. Give him a little opium to rock his cares asleep; and when he is cold, make him a good fire of his bills and bonds. Give him a jalap of the gospel, to beget in him the good blood of faith. If nothing work with him, let him make his will, and hear his sentence, that he shall never 'dwell with the blessed,' Ps. 15.

Disease 8: Pride and the Pleurisy.—The pleurisy is defined to be an inward inflammation of that upper skin which girdeth the sides and the ribs, and therefore is called dolor lateralis. Pride is a pury affection of the soul, lege, modo, ratione carens,—without law, for it is rebellious; without measure, for it delights in extremes; without reason, for it doth all things with precipitation. The proud man is bitten of the mad dog, the flatterer, and so runs on a garget.

The pleurisy is caused of an abundance of hot blood flowing unnaturally to the foresaid place; or by the engendering of cold, gross, and vicious humours, gathered into the void place of the breast, or into the lungs. This spiritual disease ariseth from a blown opinion of one's self: which opinion is either from ignorance of his own emptiness, and so, like a tumbler full of nothing but air, makes a greater sound than a vessel of precious liquor; or from arrogance of some good, which the owner knows too well. He never looks short of himself, but always beyond the mark, and offers to shoot further than he looks; but ever falls two bows short—humility and discretion.

The symptoms of the pleurisy are difficult breathing, a continual fever, a vehement pricking on the affected side. The proud man is known by his gait, which is peripatetical, strutting like some new churchwarden. He thinks himself singularly wise, but his opinion is singular, and goes alone. In the company of good wits, he fenceth in

his ignorance with the hedge of silence, that observation may not climb over to see his follies. He would have his judgment for wearing his apparel pass unmended, not uncommended. He shifts his attire on some solemn day, twice at least in twelve hours; but cannot shift himself out of the mercer's books once in twelve months. His greatest envy is the next gentleman's better clothes; which if he cannot better or equalise, he wears his own neglected. His apparel carries him to church without devotion; and he riseth up at the Creed to join with the rest in confession, not of his faith, but his pride; for sitting down hides much of his bravery. He feeds with no cheerful stomach, if he sit not at the upper end of the table and be called young master; where he is content to rise hungry, so the observant company weary him with drinking to: on this condition he gives his obligation for the shot. He loves his lying glass beyond any true friend; and tells his credulous auditors how many gentlewomen have run mad for him, when if a base female servant should court him, I dare wager he proves no Adonis. If he were to die on the block, as Byron, he would give charge for the composition of his locks.

Pride is of the feminine gender, therefore the more intolerable in a masculine nature. Much civet is unsavoury: *Non bene olet, quæ bene semper olet*. She that breathes perfumes artificially, argues herself to have naturally corrupted lungs. This woman hath neither her own complexion nor proportion, for she is both painted and pointed together. She sits moderator every morning to a disputation betwixt the comb and the glass, and whether concludes best on her beauty carries her love and praise. Howsoever, of men saith the poet, *Forma viros neglecta decet*. Indeed there is no graceful behaviour like humility. This fault is well mended when a man is well minded,—that is, when he esteems of others better than himself. Otherwise a proud man is like the rising earth in mountainous places: this swells up monte, as he mente; and the more either earth advanceth itself, perpetually they are the more barren. He lives at a high sail, that the puffy praises of his neighbours may blow him into the enchanted island, vainglory. He shines like a glowworm in a dark village, but is a crude thing when he comes to the court. If the plethora swells him

in the vein of valour, nothing but well-beating can hold him to a man. If ever he goes drunk into the field, and comes off with a victorious parley, he would swell to a son of Anak.

The pleurisy is cured by drawing out some blood from the vein that hath relation to the affected part. A clyster is very good, together with some fomentations. It is helped much by cupping; I do not mean drinking. God prescribes the cure of pride by precept and pattern. Precept: 'Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God:' the reason is given, 'for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble,' 1 Pet. 5:6. Pattern: 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and you shall find rest unto your souls,' Matt. 11:29. The Master is worth your hearing, the lesson your learning, the recompense your receiving. The cure hereof is hard, for all vices are against humility; nay, all virtues are against humility, as many are proud of their good deeds; nay, humility hath an opposition against humility, as if she were false to her own person. *Sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu vanus gloriatur*; so that often humility, by a prodigious and preposterous birth, brings forth pride. Pride doth make a wise man a fool; continues him a fool that is so, the opinion of his own wisdom excluding all opportune possibility of receiving knowledge. Pour precious juice into a vessel full of base liquor, and it runs besides. That instruction is spilt which you offer to infuse into a soul so full of self-affectation. Many a man had proved wise, if he had not so thought himself. If the air of his pride be enclosed in a baser bubble, attire, it is the more vile; for the generation of his sin is produced from the corruption of himself. God made him a man, he hath made himself a beast; and now the tailor (scarce a man himself) must make him a man again; a brave man, a better than ever nature left him. Thus he is like the cinnamon-tree, the bark is better than the body; or some vermin, whose case is better than the carcase.

For his cure, open his pleuritic vein with the sacrificing knife of the law, and tell him that the cause of his pride is the effect of his sin. That wickedness brought shame to nakedness, and apparel hides it;

whereof being proud, he glories in his own halter. Strip him of his gaudy clothes, and put him in a charnel-house, where he may read visible lectures of mortality and rottenness.

Disease 9: Palsy and Timorous Suspicion.—The former sick were tumidi, these are timidi; they were bold to all evil, these are fearful to all good. The palsy is a disease wherein one half of the body is endamaged in both sense and moving. Of that disease which is called paralysis, resolution, or the dead palsy, wherein sometimes sense alone is lost, sometimes motion alone, and sometimes both together perish, I intend not to speak. It is, proportion considered, more dangerous to the body than I would imagine this disease to be to the soul. I would compare it to that corporal infirmity which physicians call tremorem, and some vulgarly, the palsy; wherein there is a continual shaking of the extremer parts: somewhat adverse to the dead palsy, for that takes away motion, and this gives too much, though not oroper and kindly. This spiritual disease is a cowardly fearfulness, and a distrustful suspicion, both of actions and men. He dares not undertake, for fear of he knows not what; he dares not trust, for suspicion of his own reflection, dishonesty.

This evil in the body is caused generally through the weakness of the sinews, or of the cold temperature of nature, or accidentally of cold drink taken in fevers. Old age and fear are not seldom causes of it. This spiritual palsy ariseth either from the weakness of zeal, and want of that kindly heat to be affected to God's glory; or from consciousness of self-corruption, thereby measuring others. The first is fearfulness, the second distrustfulness.

The signs of the palsy are manifest; of this not very close and reserved. He conceives what is good to be done, but fancies difficulties and dangers, like to knots in a bulrush, or rubs in a smooth way. He would bowl well at the mark of integrity, if he durst venture it. He hath no journey to go, but either there are bugs, or he imagines them. Had he a pardon for his brother, (being in danger of death,) and a hare should cross him in the way, he would no further,

though his brother hanged for it. He owes God some good-will, but he dares not shew it. When a poor plaintiff calls him for a witness, he dares not reveal the truth, lest he offend the great adversary. He is a new Nicodemus, and would steal to heaven if nobody might see him. He makes a good motion bad by his fearfulness and doubting; and he calls his trembling by the name of conscience. He is like that collier, that passing through Smithfield, and seeing some on the one side hanging, he demands the cause; answer was made, for denying the supremacy to King Henry: on the other side some burning, he asks the cause; answered, for denying the real presence in the sacrament: Some, quoth he, hanged for Papistry, and some burned for Protestancy? Then hoit on, a God's name; I'll be neither. His religion is primarily his prince's, subordinately his landlord's. Neither deliberates he more to take a new religion, to rise by it, than he fears to keep his old, lest he fall by it. All his care is for a ne noceat. He is a busy inquirer of all Parliament acts, and quakes as they are read, lest he be found guilty. He is sick, and afraid to die, yet holds the potion in a trembling hand, and quakes to drink his recovery. His thoughts are an ill balance, and will never be equally poised. He is a light vessel, and every great man's puff is ready to overturn him. Whiles Christ stands on the battlements of heaven, and beckons him thither by his word, his heart answers, I would fain be there, but that some troubles stand in my way. He would ill with Peter walk to him on the pavement of the sea, or thrust out his hand with Moses, to take up a crawling serpent, or hazard the loss of himself to find his Saviour. His mind is ever in suspicion, in suspension, and dares not give a confident determination either way. Resolution and his heart are utter enemies; and all his philosophy is to be a sceptic. Whether is worse, to do an evil action with resolution that it is good, or a good action with dubitation that it is evil, somebody tell me. I am sure neither is well, for an evil deed is evil, whatsoever the agent think; and for the other, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Negatively, this rule is certain and infallible: 'It is good to forbear the doing of that which we are not sure is lawful to be done.' Affirmatively, the work being good, labour thy understanding so to think it.

Fear rather than profit hath made him a flatterer; and you may read the statutes, and his landlord's disposition, in the characters of his countenance. A soldier, a husbandman, and a merchant, should be venturous. He would be God's husbandman, and sow the seeds of obedience, but for 'observing the wind and weather' of great men's frowns, Eccles. 11:4. He would be God's factor, but that he fears to lose by his talent, and therefore buries it, Luke 11:13. He would be God's soldier, but that the world and the devil are two such shrewd and sore enemies, 2 Tim. 2:3. He once began to prosecute a deed of charity, and because the event crossed him, he makes it a rule to do no more good.

As he is fearful of himself, so distrustful of others, carrying his heart in his eyes, his eyes in his hands: as she in the comedy, *Oculatæ mihi sunt manus, credunt quod vident*. He knows nothing by himself but evil, and according to that rule measures others. He would fain be a usurer, but that he dares not trust the law with wax and paper. He swears damnably to the truth of that he affirms, as fearing otherwise not to be believed, because without that oath it he will credit none himself. The bastardy of swearing lays on him the true fatherhood. He will trust neither man nor God without a pawn; not so much as his tailor with the stuff to make his clothes: he must be a broker, or no neighbour. He hath no faith, for he believes nothing but what he knows; and knowledge nullifies belief. If others laugh, he imagines himself their ridiculous object; if there be any whispering, *consciuis ipse sibi, &c.*, it must be of him without question. If he goes to law, he is the advocate's sprite, and haunts him worse than his own *malus genius*. He is his own caterer, his own receiver, his own secretary; and takes such pains, as if necessity forced him, because all servants he thinks thieves. He dares not trust his money above-ground, for fear of men; nor under-ground, for fear of rust. When he throws his censures at actions, his luck is still to go out; and so whiles he playeth with other men's credits, he cozens himself of his own. His opinion lights upon the worst sense still; as the fly that passeth the sound parts to fasten on a scab, or a dor that ends his flight in a dunghill. Without a subpœna these timorous cowherds dare not to London, for

fear lest the city air should conspire to poison them; where they are ever crying, 'Lord, have mercy on us,' whenas 'Lord, have mercy on us' is the special thing they feared. The ringing of bells tunes their heart into melancholy; and the very sight of a corpse is almost enough to turn them into corpses. On the Thames they dare not come, because they have heard some there drowned; nor near the Parliament-house, because it was once in danger of blowing up. Home this emblem of diffidence comes, and there lives with distrust of others, and dies in distrust of himself; only finding death a certain thing to trust to.

The cure of this bodily shaking is much at one with that of the palsy; specially if it be caused of cold and gross humours. To help a man of this spiritual trembling, these intentions must be respected:—First, to purge his heart by repentance from those foul and feculent corruptions wherewith it is infected; and being clean himself, he will more charitably censure of others. Then teach him to lay the heaviest load on himself, and to spare others. 'True wisdom from above is without judging, without hypocrisy,' James 3:17. The wisest men are the least censurers; they have so much ado to mend all at home, that their neighbours live quietly enough by them. Get him a good affection, and he will have a good construction. Minister to his soul a draught of charity, which will cleanse him of suspicion, for 'charity thinks no evil,' 1 Cor. 13:5. None? It thinks no evil, unless it perceive it apparently. To credit all were silliness; to credit none, sullenness. Against his timorousness he hath an excellent receipt, set down by God himself: 'Fear not the fear of the wicked;' but 'sanctify the Lord of hosts himself: let him be your fear, let him be your dread,' Isa. 8:12, 13. The way for him to fear nothing as he doth, is to fear one thing as he should. Awful reverence to God doth rather bolden than terrify a man. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,' Ps. 125:1. They may be moved, they cannot be removed, from what is good, from what is their good, their God. This course may cure his paralytic soul, only if it shall please God to be his physician.

Disease 10: Immoderate Thirst and Ambition.—There is a disease in the body called immoderate thirst; which is after much drinking, desired and answered, a still sensible dryness. By this I would (I suppose, not unfitly) express that spiritual disease, ambition,—a proud soul's thirst, when a draught of honour causeth a drought of honour; and like Tully's strange soil, much rain of promotion falling from his heaven, the court, makes him still as dry as dust. He is a most rank churl, for he drinks often, and yet would have no man pledge him.

The disease is caused in the body through abundant heat drying up moisture; and this is done by hot, choleric, or salt humours engendered in the stomach, or through fevers burning or hectic.

The signs of the disease are best discerned by the patient's words. The cause of ambition is a strong opinion of honour; how well he could become a high place, or a high place him. It is a proud covetousness, a glorious and court madness. The head of his reason caught a bruise on the right side, his understanding; and ever since he follows affection as his principal guide. He professeth a new quality, called the art of climbing; wherein he teacheth others by pattern, not so much to aspire, as to break their necks. No stair pleaseth him if there be a higher; and yet, ascended to the top, he complains of lowness. He is not so soon laid in his bed of honour but he dreams of a higher preferment, and would not sit on a seat long enough to make it warm. His advancement gives him a fresh provocation, and he now treads on that with a disdainful foot, which erewhile he would have kissed to obtain. He climbs falling towers, and the hope to scale them swallows all fear of toppling down. He is himself an intelligencer to greatness, yet not without under-officers of the same rank. You shall see him narroweyed with watching, affable and open-breasted like Absalom, full of insinuation so long as he is at the stair-foot; but when authority hath once spoken kindly to him, with 'Friend, sit up higher,' he looks rougher than Hercules; so big as if the river of his blood would not be banked within his veins. His tongue is flabellum diaboli, and flagellum justi,—bent to scourge

some, flatter others, infect, infest all. Agrippina, Nero's mother, being told by an astrologer that her son should be emperor, but to her sorrow, answered, 'Let my sorrow be what it will, so my son may get the empire.' He hath high desires, low deserts. As Tully for his Pindinessus,* he spends much money about a little preferment; and with greater cost than the captain bought his burgess-ship, he purchaseth incorporeal fame, which passeth away as swift as time doth follow motion, and whose weight is nothing but in her name: whereas a lower place, well managed, leaves behind it a deathless memory. Like a great wind, he blows down all friends that stand in his way to rising. Policy is his post-horse, and he rides all upon the spur, till he come to Nonesuch. His greatest plague is a rival.

'Nec quemquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,

Pompeiusve parem.'

'Tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore ruant.'

He is a child in his gaudy desires, and great titles are his rattles, which still his crying till he see a new toy. He kisses his wits, as a courtier his hand, when any wished fortune salutes him; and it tickles him that he hath stolen to promotion without God's knowledge. *Ambitio ambientium crux*,—Ambition is the rack whereon he tortureth himself. The court is the sea wherein he desires to fish; but the net of his wit and hope breaks, and there he drowns himself. An old courtier being asked what he did at court, answered, 'I do nothing but undo myself.'

For the bodily disease, caused of heat and dryness, physicians prescribe *oxicratum*, a drink made of vinegar and water sodden together; a chief intention in them is to procure sleep, &c. To cure the immoderate thirst of ambition, let him take from God this prescript: 'He that exalteth himself shall be brought low; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' That he who sets himself down in the lower room hears the master of the feast's invitation, 'Friend, sit

up higher.' That a glorious angel by ambition became a devil; and a Lucifer of his sons, 'the king of Babylon, that said, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, is brought down to hell, and to the sides of the pit,' Isa. 14:14. That the first step to heaven's court is humility: Matt. 5:3, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' That he who walks on plain ground is in little danger to fall; if he do fall, he riseth with small hurt; but he that climbs high is in more danger of falling, and if he fall, of killing. That the great blasts of powerful envy overthrow oaks and cedars, that oppose their huge bodies, and pass through hollow willows, or over little shrubs, that grow under the wall. That the higher state is the fairer mark for misfortune to shoot at: that which way soever the ambitious man looks, he finds matter of dejection. Above him, behold a God casting an ambitious angel out of heaven, an ambitious king from the society of men, but so 'respecting the lowliness of his handmaiden, that all generations call her blessed,' Luke 1:48. Below him, behold the earth, the womb that he came from, and the tomb that must receive him. About him, behold others transcending him in his best qualities. Within him, a mortal nature that must die, though he were clad in gold; and perhaps an evil conscience stinging him, whose wounds are no more eased by promotion than a broken bone is kept by a tissue-coat from aching. That there is a higher reckoning to be made of a higher place. That like city-houses, that on small foundations carry spacious roofs, his own top-heavy weight is ready to tumble him down. That he mounts up like a seeled* dove; and wanting eyes of discretion, he may easily light in a puddle. That he is but a stone tossed up into the air by fortune's sling, to receive the greater fall. That for want of other malignant engines, he begets on himself destruction. That Tiberius complained of fortune, that having set him up in so high a monarchy, she did not vouchsafe him a ladder to come down again. That the honours of this world have no satisfactory validity in them. The poor labourer would be a farmer; the farmer, after two or three dear years, aspires to a yeoman; the yeoman's son must be a gentleman. The gentleman's ambition flies justice-height. He is out of square with being a squire, and shoots at knighthood. Once knighted, his dignity is nothing, except worth a

noble title. This is not enough, the world must count him a count, or he is not satisfied. He is weary of his earldom, if there be a duke in the land. That granted, he thinks it base to be a subject; nothing now contents him but a crown. Crowned, he vilifies his own kingdom for narrow bounds, whiles he hath greater neighbours; he must be Cæsared to a universal monarch. Let it be granted, is he yet content? No; then the earth is a molehill, too narrow for his mind, and he is angry for lack of elbow-room.

'Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis:

Æstuat infelix angusto limine mundi.'

Last, to be king of men is idle, he must be deified; and now Alexander conceits his immortality, and causeth temples and altars to be built to his name. And yet, being thus adored, is not pleased, because he cannot command heaven and control nature. Rome robbed the world, Sylla Rome, and yet again Sylla himself, not content till then. When advancement hath set him up as a butt, he cannot be without the quiver of fears. Thus the largest draught of honour this world can give him doth not quench, but inflame his ambitious thirst. Well, let repentant humiliation prick the bladder of his blown hopes, and let out the windy vapours of self-love. And now let him 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' and on my life 'he shall be satisfied,' Matt. 5:6.

Disease 11: Inflammation of the Reins, or Lustfulness.—Among many diseases incident to the reins, as the diabetes, ulcers, the stone there, and the emission of bloody urine, there is one called inflammation of the reins. To this not unfitly, by comparing the causes, symptoms, and cure of either, I do liken lust. The Scripture calls it by a general name—uncleanness. Covetousness is commonly the disease of old age, ambition of middle age, lust of youth; and it extends further, it portends less help.

The causes of the bodily disease are given to be: first, corrupt humours; secondly, drinking of many medicines; thirdly, vehement ridings. Consider these in our comparison, and tell me if they sound not a similitude. *Provocatur libido, ubi deficit; revocatur, ubi desinit.* Medicines are invented, not to qualify, but to calefy, as if they intended to keep alive their concupiscence, though they dead their conscience.

The signs are many. There is a beating pain about the first joint of the back, a little above the bastard ribs, &c., with others, which modesty bids cover with the cloak of silence. The lustful man is a monster, as one that useth—

'*Humano capiti cervicem jungere equinam.*'

He affects Popery for nothing else but the patronage of fornication and frankness of indulgence. He cites Harding frequently, that common courtezans in hot countries are a necessary evil; which he believes, against God's express prohibition, in a hotter climate than Italy, 'There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel,' Deut. 23:17; then certainly no whoremaster. He thinks it, if a sin, yet peccadillo, a little sin; and that the venereal faults are venial, at least venal. Thus he would be a bawd to the sin, if not to the sinners. He is careless of his own name, of his own soul: injurious to his own minion, whom he corrupts; to his bastard, whom he brings up like himself. He increaseth mankind, not for love to the end, but to the means. His soul is wrapped in the truss of his senses, and a whore is the *communis terminus* where they all meet. He hath no command over his own affections, though over countries; as our modern epigrammatist of Hercules—

'*Lenam non potuit, potuit superare lænam;*

Quem fera non valuit vincere, vicit hera.'

His practice is, as it is said of some tobacconists, to dry up his purse, that he may dry up his blood, and the radical moisture.

'Nil nisi turpe juvat, curæ est sua cuique voluptas;

Hæc quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit.'

The delight of his wickedness is the indulgence of the present, for it endures but the doing. He never rests so contentedly as on a forbidden bed. He is a felonious picklock of virginities, and his language corrupts more innocent truth than a bad lawyer's. He is an almanac from eighteen to eight-and-twenty, if he escapes the fire so long. He can never call his hairs and his sins equal, for as his sins increase his hairs fall. He buys admission of the chambermaid with his first-fruits. He lives like a salamander in the flames of lust, and quenches his heat with fire, and continues his days under zona torrida. He spends his forenoon with apothecaries, the afternoon of his days with surgeons; the former beget his misery, the latter should cure it. Every rare female, like a wandering planet, strikes him; hence he grows amazed. His eyes are the trap-doors to his heart, and his lascivious hopes suck poison from the fairest flower. He drowns himself in a woman's beauty, which is God's good creation, as a melancholy distracted man in a crystal river. When conscience plucks him by the sleeve, and would now, after much importunacy, speak with him, he bids her meet him at fifty; he charges repentance to attend him at Master Doctor's. When his life's sun is ready to set, he marries, and is then knocked with his own weapon; his own disableness and his wife's youthfulness, like bells, ringing all in. Now his common theme is to brag of his young sins, and if you credit his discourse, it shall make him far worse than he was. At last, he is but kept above-ground by the art of chirurgery.

For his cure, let him blood with the law of God: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' That 'the righteous God trieth the heart and the reins,' Ps. 7:9, even the place where his disease lieth. That

'Si renum cupis incolumem servare salutem,

Sirenum cantus effuge, sanus eris.'

That brevis est voluptas fornicationis, perpetua pœna fornicatoris,—the pleasure of the sin is short, the punishment of the sin eternal. That

'Nuda Venus picta est, nudi pinguntur amores:

Nam, quos nuda capit, nudos amittat oportet.'

That his desired cure is his deserved poison. Age and sleep are his infalliblest physicians. Disease is the mortifier of his sin, and cures it with an issue. That no black shield of the darkest night, no subtle arts, can hide or defend from God's impulsive sight. That, as a modern poet of ours—

'Joy graven in sense, like snow in water wastes:

Without conserve of virtue nothing lasts.'

That he walks the highway to the devil; and winds down the blind stairs to hell. That as it is called a noble sin, it shall have a noble punishment. That he hath taken a voyage to the kingdom of darkness; and is now at his journey's end when lust leaves him ere he discharge it. Let him observe St Paul's medicine: 1 Cor. 6:18, 'Flee fornication: every sin that a man doth is without the body; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body.' And, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification, and that ye should abstain from fornication,' 1 Thess. 4:3. Let him shun opportunity as his bawd, and occasion as his pander. Let him often drink that potion that Augustine did at his conversion.* 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day-time; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness,' &c. 'But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof,' Rom. 13:13, 14. Physicians prescribe, for the reins' inflammation, cooling things, cataplasms, baths, &c. A special intention to cure this burning concupiscence is to cure it with the tears of penitence. Weep for thy sins; and if the disease grow still strong upon thee, take the antidote God hath prescribed, marriage: 'It is better to marry than to burn,' 1

Cor. 7. 'Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled: but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge,' Heb. 13:4. Much exercise doth well to the cure of this inflammation. When our affections refuse to sit on the nest of lust and to keep it warm, the brood of actual follies will not be hatched. How Ægistus (not without company) became an adulterer;—in *promptu causa est, desidiosus erat*: for *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*,—Cupid shoots in a slug, and still hits the sluggish. This intemperate fire is well abated by withdrawing the fuel. Delicates to excite lust are spurs to post a man to hell. It is fasting spittle that must kill his tetter. Uncleaness is the bastard begot of gluttony and drunkenness. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. When the mouth is made a tunnel, and the belly a barrel, there is no contentment without a bed and a bedfellow.

Disease 12: The Rotten Fever, or Hypocrisy.—Amongst almost innumerable kinds of fevers, there is one called *ουνοχος*, or *febris putrida*, the rotten fever; which is a fever of one fit, continuing many days without any great mutation. Hereunto I have likened a rotten disease in the soul, called hypocrisy; which is nothing else but vice in virtue's apparel.

This corporal disease is caused when the humours do putrefy and rot equally within the vessels. It is not engendered in those that be lean and slender, or of a thin and rare state of body, or of a cold temper; but in those that be hot and abound with blood, fleshy, gross, and thick-bodied. Methinks this malady smells very like hypocrisy; which is a rotten heart, festered and putrefied with habituated sins, there with great delight and indulgence reserved: not incident to those that have a weak, thin, and slender opinion of themselves, that through humility have a lean and spare construction of their own deserts; no, nor to them that be of a cold temper and disposition to religion, not caring either to be good or to seem so; but to those that have a gross and blown conceit of themselves, swelling into an incomprehensible ostentation, and implacably hot in the persecution of that they inwardly affect not.

For the signs of this putrid fever, they be not externally discerned, except you feel the pulse, which beats thick, quick, and vehement. The hypocrite is exceedingly rotten at core, like a Sodom apple, though an ignorant passenger may take him for sound. He looks squint-eyed, aiming at two things at once: the satisfying his own lusts, and that the world may not be aware of it. Bonus videri, non esse; malus esse, non videri, cupit. They would seem good, that they might be evil alone: not seem evil, lest they might not then be evil so much. Oves visu, vulpes astu, actu: having much angel without, more devil within; a villanous host dwelling at the sign of Friend.

'Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen.

Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.'

Which one thus wittily Englisheth:—

'A safe and common thing it is,

Through friendship to deceive:

As safe and common as it is,

'Tis kuavery, by your leave.'

He is on Sunday like the Rubric, or Sunday-letter, zealously red; but all the week you may write his deeds in black. He fries in words, freezeth in works; speaks by ells, doth good by inches. He is a rotten tinder, shining in the night: an ignis fatuus, looking like a fixed star; a 'painted sepulchre,' that conceals much rottenness; a crude glowworm shining in the dark; a stinking dunghill covered over with snow; a fellow of a bad course, and good discourse; a loose-hung mill, that keeps great clacking, but grinds no grist; a lying hen, that cackles when she hath not laid. He is like some tap-house that hath upon the painted walls written, 'Fear God, be sober, watch and pray,' &c., when there is nothing but swearing and drunkenness in the house. His tongue is hot as if he had eaten pepper, which works

coldly at the heart. He burns in the show of forward profession; but it is a poor fire of zeal, that will not make the pot of charity seethe. He is in company holy and demure, but alone demurs of the matter; so shuts out the devil at the gate, and lets him in at the postern.

His words are precise, his deeds concise; he prays so long in the church, that he may with less suspicion prey on the church; which he doth the more peremptorily, if his power be answerable. If his place will afford it, his grace will without question. He bears an earnest affection to the temple, as a hungry man to his meat, only to devour it. 'They say, Come, let us take to ourselves the houses of God in possession,' Ps. 83:12. We pray for their conversion; but if there be no hope, we must use the next words of the psalm: 'O my God, make them as a wheel; like the stubble before the wind,' ver. 13. They can abide no point of Popery, but only this, church-robbing. Everything the Papists used but this is superstition. Some are so charitable, that having got the tithe-corn from the church, they reserve from the presented incumbent their petty tithes also; like monstrous thieves, that having stole the whole piece, ask for the remnants. Nay, it is not enough that they devour our parsonages, but they also devour our persons with their contumelious slanders. Advantage can make his religion play at fast and loose, for he only so long grows full of devotion, as he may grow full by devotion. His arguments are weak or strong, according to his cheer; and he discourses best after dinner. Self-conceit swells him, and popular applause bursts him. He never gives the law good words but when it hath him upon the hip. Like a kind hen, he feeds his chickens fat, starves himself. He forceth formal preciseness, like a porter, to hold the door, whiles devils dance within. He gives God nothing but show, as if he would pay him his reckoning with chalk; which increaseth the debt. If ever his alms smell of bounty, he gives them in public. He that desires more to be seen of men than of God, commend me to his conscience by this token, he is a hypocrite. He covers his ravenous extortions, and covetous oppressions, with the show of small beneficences; and so may, for his charity, go to the devil. Indeed, gentilem agit vitam sub nomine Christiano,—he lives Turk under the name of Christian. He is

false in his friendship, heartless in his zeal, proud in his humility. He rails against interludes, yet is himself never off the stage; and condemns a mask, when his whole life is nothing else. He sends a beggar from his gate bountifully feasted with Scripture sentences; and (though he likes them not) so much of the statutes as will serve to save his money. But if every one were of his profession, charity's hand would no longer hold up poverty's head. What his tongue spoke, his hands recant; and he weeps when he talks of his youth, not that it was wicked, but that it is not. His tongue is his dissimulation's lacquey, and runs continually on that errand: he is the stranger's saint, his neighbour's sycophant, his own politician; his whole life being nothing else but a continual scribbling after the set copy of hypocrisy.

For his cure, there is more difficulty than of the rotten fever. In this, two special intentions are used: bloodletting, and drinking of cool water, &c. But, alas! what medicine should a man give to him whom he knows not to be sick? His heart is rotten, his husks fair and sightly. The core of his disease lies in his conscience, and, like an onion, is covered with so many peels that you would not suspect it. Their best physic is that God gives to Israel: 'Cleanse thy heart from iniquity, O Jerusalem, that thou mayest be saved: how long shall thy vain thoughts remain within thee?' Jer. 4:14. If this serve not, let them read Christ's bill, his denunciation against them, so often menaced, 'Woe unto you, hypocrites!' I would tell them, that *simulata sanctitas, duplex iniquitas*; and their life is so much the more abominable as they have played the better part.

Disease 13: Flux and Prodigality.—There be divers fluxes according to physicians: *lienteria*, a smoothness of the bowels, suffering the meat to slide away not perfectly digested; *dysenteria*, which is an exulceration of the bowels, whereof also they make four sorts; *tenesmus*, which is a continual provocation to siege, that the patient can neither defer nor eschew, yet vents nothing but slime. The flux *diarrhœa* is the general, as being without exulceration or

inflammation. To this I compare prodigality, which is a continual running out.

The corporal disease is caused either, first, by debility of the instruments that serve to digestion; or secondly, through abundance of nourishment, moist and viscous, soon corrupted; or thirdly, through weakness of the retentive faculty. The similitude holds well in the causes of prodigality. There is, first, a weakness of his understanding and brain, to digest that which his friends left him. Secondly, abundance of goods have made him wanton; and the most part being slimy and ill-gotten, it wastes like snow, faster than it was gathered. Thirdly, the debility of his retentive virtue is a special cause. For prodigality is pictured with the eyes shut and the hands open; lavishly throwing out, and blindly not looking where.

The symptoms of this disease are manifest. He is an out-lier, and never keeps within the pale. He runs after liberality, and beyond it. He is diametrically opposite to the covetous; and the difference is in transposing of one adverb. The one, *dat non rogatus*; the other, *non dat rogatus*. One hand is his receiver, but, like Briareus, he hath a hundred hands to lay out. He would bear *dissipatoris*, *non dispensatoris officium*. His father went to hell one way, and he will follow him another; and because he hath chosen the smoother way, he makes the more haste. Parasites are his tenterhooks, and they stretch him till he bursts, and then leave him hanging in the rain. You may put his heart in your pocket, if you talk to him bareheaded, with many parentheses of 'Your worship;' there is no upstart buys his titles at a dearer rate. He loves a well-furnished table; so he may have three P's to his guests—parasites, panders, and players; the fourth he cannot abide, preachers. He will be applauded for a while, though he want almost pity when he wants. Like an hour-glass turned up, he never leaves running till all be out. He never looks to the bottom of his patrimony till it be quite unravelled; and then, too late, complains that the stock of his wealth ran course at the fag-end. His father had too good opinion of the world, and he too much disdains it. Herein he speeds, as he thinks, a little better; and those that

barked at his sire like curs, fawn upon him, and lick his hand like spaniels. He vies vanities with the slothful, and it is hard to say who wins the game; yet give him the bucklers, for idleness is the coach to bring a man to Needdom, prodigality the post-horse. His father was no man's friend but his own; and he, saith the proverb, is no man's foe else. Of what age soever, he is under the years of discretion; for if providence do not take him ward, his heirs shall never be sought after. His vessel hath three leaks—a lascivious eye, a gaming hand, a deified belly; and to content these, he can neither rule his heart nor his purse. When the shot comes to be paid, to draw in his company is a quarrel. When he feels want, for till then he never feels it, he complains of greatness for ingratitude, that he was not thought of when promotions were a-dealing. When his last acre lies in his purse, he projects strange things, and builds houses in the air, having sold those on the ground; he turns malecontent, and shifts that he never had, religion. If he have not learned those tricks that undid him, flattery and cheating, he must needs press himself to the wars. He never before considered ad posse, but ad velle, and now he forgets velle, and looks only to posse. Take him at first putting forth into the sea of wealth and profuseness, and his fulness gives him—

'Languentis stomachum, quem nulla ciborum,

Blandimenta movent, quem nulla invitat orexis;'

—
His stomach so rasping since his last meal, that it grows too cowardly to fight with a chicken: then he calls for sport, like sauce to excite appetite; and when all fails, thinks of sleep, lies down to find it, and misseth it. In the connivance of his security, harlots and sycophants rifle his estate, and then send him to rob the hogs of their provender, Jove's nuts, acorns. In short time he is dismounted from his coach, disquantified of his train, distasted of his familiars, distressed of his riches, distracted of his wits, and never proves his own man till he hath no other. At last, after his hovering flight, he drops to a centre, which is a room in the alms-house that his father built.

For his cure, (I will not meddle with his estate, I know not how to cure that; but for his soul,) let him first take a pill of repentance; for howsoever he hath scoured his estate, he hath clogged his conscience, and it must be purged. Bind up his unruly hands, so lavish and letting fly. Pull off from his eyes that film of error, that he may distinguish his reprovng friends from his flattering enemies. Cool his luxurious heat with Solomon's after-course, the banquet of his pleasures being done: 'that for all these things God will bring him to judgment,' Eccles. 11:9. That beggary is the heir-apparent of riot, as the younger son in the gospel, Luke 15:13; we have too many such younger brothers. That his answer to those that admonish his frugality is built upon a false ground: 'My goods are my own,' as the parasites said of their tongues, Ps. 12:4; whereas he is not a lord but a steward, and must one day reddere rationem dispensationis, Luke 16:2. The bill of his reckoning will be fearful: Item, for so many oaths. Item, for so many lies. Item, for drunkenness. Item, for lusts, &c. Nay, and item for causing so many tavern items, which were worse than physic bills to his estate. To conclude, if death find him as bankrupt of spiritual as of worldly goods, it will send him to an eternal prison.

Disease 14: The Jaundice and Profaneness.—Icterus, or the jaundice, is a spreading of yellow choler or melancholy all over the body. To this I compare profaneness, which is an epidemical and universal spreading of wickedness throughout all powers of the soul.

The jaundice is caused sometimes accidentally, when the blood is corrupted by some outward occasion without a fever; or through inflammation and change of the natural temperament of the liver; or through obstruction of the passages which go to the bowels, &c. The causes of profaneness are an affected ignorance, a dead heart, a sensual disposition, an intoxicate reason, an habituated delight in sin, without sense, without science, without conscience.

The symptoms of both the jaundice and profaneness need no description: their external appearance discolouring, the one the skin,

the other the life, save both physicians much labour, if it be true that the knowledge of the disease is half the cure. He hath 'sold himself to wickedness,' for the price of a little vanity, like Ahab; or let a lease, not to expire without his life. At first sight you would take him for a man; but he will presently make you change that opinion, for Circe's cup hath transformed him. His eyes are the casements, that stand continually open, for the admission of lusts to the unclean nest of his heart. His mouth is the devil's trumpet, and sounds nothing but the music of hell. His hand is besmeared with aspersions of blood, lust, rapine, theft; as if all the infernal serpents had disgorged their poisons on it. He loves Satan extremely, and either swims to him in blood, or sails in a vessel of wine. His heaven is a tavern, whence he never departs till he hath cast up the reckoning. He is ready to swear there is no God, though he swears perpetually by him. Religion is his footstool, and policy his horse, appetite his huntsman, pleasure his game, and his dogs are his senses. He endeavours by the continuance of his sports to make his pleasures circular, and the flame of his delight round, as the moon at full, and full as bright. The point of his heart is touched with the loadstone of this world, and he is not quiet but toward the north, the scope of his wickedness. He hath bowed his soul at the mark of sensuality, and runs to hell to overtake it. If the devil can maintain him a stock of thoughts, let him alone for execution, though to bastard his own children, and water on his father's grave. To conclude, he is but a specialty of hell antedated, and strives to be damned before his time.

His physic, as in some jaundices, must be strong of operation; for the dryness of the one's stomach, of the other's conscience, doth enervate the force of medicines. The special intentions of his cure are strong purgations and bloodletting. If the law of God doth not purge out this corruption from his heart, let him bleed by the hand of man; manacle his hands, shackle his feet, dispute upon him with arguments of iron and steel; let him smart for his blasphemies, slanders, quarrels, whoredoms; and because he is no allowed chirurgeon, restrain him from letting blood. Muzzle the wolf, let him have his chain and his clog, bind him to the good behaviour; and if

these courses will not learn him continence, sobriety, peace, try what a Newgate and a grate will do. If nothing, let us lament his doom: 'Their end is damnation, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things,' Phil. 3:19.

Disease 15: Apoplexy and Security.—The apoplexy is a disease wherein the fountain and original of all the sinews being affected, every part of the body loseth both moving and sense; all voluntary functions hindered, as the wheels of a clock when the poise is down. To this I liken security, which though it be not sudden to the soul, as the other is to the body, yet is almost as deadly. There may be some difference in the strength or length of obsession; all similitudes run not like coaches on four wheels: they agree in this, they both lie fast asleep; the eyes of the one's body, of the other's reason shut, and they are both within two groans of death.

The cause of the apoplexy is a phlegmatic humour, cold, gross, and tough, which abundantly fills the ventricles of the brain. The cause of security is a dusking and clouding of the understanding with the black humours and dark mists of self-ignorance; a want of calling himself to a reckoning, till he be nonsuited.

The signs of the corporal are more palpable than of the spiritual sickness. The parish of his affections is extremely out of order: because Reason, his ordinary, doth not visit; nor Memory, his churchwarden, present (or if it does, *Omnia bene.*) Neither doth Understanding, the judge, censure and determine. He keeps the chamber of his heart locked, that meditation enter not; and though it be sluttish with dust and cobwebs, will not suffer repentance to sweep it. He loseth the fruit of all crosses; and is so far from breaking his heart at a little affliction, that a sharp twitch stirs him not. Whereas a melting heart bleeds at the least blow, he feels not the sword drinking up his blood. Most men sleep nigh half their time, he is never awake: though the sun shines, he lives in sempiternal night. His soul lies at ease, like the rich man's, Luke 12, and is loath to rise. Custom hath rocked him asleep in the cradle of his sins, and he

slumbers without starting. His security is like Popery, a thick curtain ever drawn to keep out the light. The element he lives in is *mare mortuum*. He is a foolish governor, and with much clemency and indulgence nurseth rebellion; neither dare he chide his affections though they conspire his death. He is the antitype to the fabulous legend of the seven sleepers. Policy may use him as a block, cannot as an engine. He is not dangerous in a commonwealth; for if you let him alone, he troubles nobody.

The cure of the apoplexy is almost desperate. If there be any help, it is by opening both the cephalic veins; and this course speeds the patient one way. Security, if it sleeps not to death, must be rung awake. There are five bells that must ring this peal:—

First, Conscience is the treble, and this troubles him a little: when this bell strikes, he drowns the noise of it with good-fellowship. But it sounds so shrill, that at last it will be heard; especially if God pulls it.

Secondly, Preaching is the stint or the *certen* to all the rest. This is Aaron's bell, and it must be rung loud to wake him: for lightly he begins his nap with the sermon; and when the parish is gone home, he is left in his seat fast asleep: yet this may at last stir him.

Thirdly, Another bell in this ring is the death of others round about him; whom he accompanies to the church with a deader heart than the corpse; knows he is gone to judgment, yet provides not for his own accounts at that audit. It may be, this spectacle, and a mourning cloak, may bring him to weep.

Fourthly, The oppressed poor is a counter-tenor, and rings loud knells of moans, groans, and supplications either to him for his pity, or against him for his injury. If this bell, so heavily tolling, do not waken him, it will waken God against him. 'Their cry is come up into the ears of the Lord of hosts,' James 5:4.

Fifthly, The tenor or bow-bell is the abused creatures: the rust of the gold, the 'stone out of the wall' crying against the oppressor; the

corn, wine, oil, against the epicure.

Happily this peal may wake him. If not, there is yet another goad: affliction on himself—God cutting short his horns, that he may not gore his neighbours; and letting him blood in his riches, lest being too rank, he should grow into a surfeit; or casting him down on his bed of sickness, and there taking sleep from his body, because his soul hath had too much. If neither the peal nor the goad can waken him, God will shoot an ordnance against him—death. And if yet he dies sleeping, the archangel's trump shall not fail to rouse him. 'Awake then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,' Eph. 5:14.

Disease 16: Windiness in the Stomach, and Vainglory.—Inflation in the stomach hath some correspondence with vainglory in the soul; a disease in either part of man full of ventosity, where all the humour riseth up into froth.

Windiness is engendered through phlegmatic humours in the stomach, or through meats dissolved into vapours by deficiency of kindly heat. The cause of vainglory is a vaporous windy opinion of some rare quality in a man's self; which though it be but an atom, he would blow, like an alchemist, to a great mass. But at last, it either settles in a narrow room, or vanisheth into foam.

Symptoms of the corporal disease are a swelling of the stomach, empty belchings, much rumbling of wind in the bowels, which offering to descend, is turned back again. You shall easily know a vainglorious man: his own commendation rumbles within him, till he hath bulked it out; and the air of it is unsavoury. In the field, he is touching heaven with a lance; in the street, his eye is still cast over his shoulder. He stands so pertly, that you may know he is not laden with fruit. If you would drink of his wisdom, knock by a sober question at the barrel, and you shall find by the sound his wits are empty. In all companies, like chaff, he will be uppermost; he is some surfeit in nature's stomach, and cannot be kept down. A goodly

cypress tree, fertile only of leaves. He drinks to none beneath the salt; and it is his grammar-rule without exception, not to confer with an inferior in public. His impudence will overrule his ignorance to talk of learned principles, which come from him like a treble part in a bass voice, too big for it. Living in some under-stair office, when he would visit the country, he borrows some gallant's cast suit of his servant, and therein, player-like, acts that part among his besotted neighbours. When he rides his master's great horse out of ken, he vaunts of him as his own, and brags how much he cost him. He feeds upon others' courtesy, others' meat; and (whether more?) either fats him. At his inn he calls for chickens at spring, and such things as cannot be had; whereat angry, he sups, according to his purse, with a red herring. Far enough from knowledge, he talks of his castle, (which is either in the air, or enchanted,) of his lands, which are some pastures in the fairy-ground, invisible, nowhere. He offers to purchase lordships, but wants money for the earnest. He makes others' praises as introductions to his own, which must transcend; and calls for wine, that he may make known his rare vessel of deal at home: not forgetting to you, that a Dutch merchant sent it him for some extraordinary desert. He is a wonder everywhere: among fools for his bravery, among wise men for his folly. He loves a herald for a new coat, and hires him to lie upon his pedigree. All nobility, that is ancient, is of his alliance; and the great man is but of the first head, that doth not call him cousin. When his beams are weakest, like the rising and setting sun, he makes the longest shadows: whereas bright knowledge, like the sun at highest, makes none at all; though then it hath most resultance of heat and reflection of light. He takes great pains to make himself ridiculous; yet (without suspecting it) both his speech and silence cries, Behold me. He discommends earned worth with a shrug, and lisps his enforced approbation. He loves humility in all men but himself, as if he did wish well to all souls but his own.

There is no matter of consequence that policy begets, but he will be gossip to it, and give it a name; and knows the intention of all projects before they be full hatched. He hath somewhat in him, which would be better for himself and all men if he could keep it in.

In his hall, you shall see an old rusty sword hung up, which he swears killed Glendower in the hands of his grandsire. He fathers upon himself some villanies, because they are in fashion; and so vilifies his credit to advance it. If a new famous courtezan be mentioned, he deeply knows her; whom indeed he never saw. He will be ignorant of nothing, though it be a shame to know it. His barrel hath a continual spigot, but no tunnel; and like an unthrift, he spends more than he gets. His speech of himself is ever historical, histrionical. He is indeed admiration's creature, and a circumstantial mountebank.

For the cure of the corporal disease, you must give the patient such medicines as divide and purge phlegm, with an extenuating diet. To cure this windy humour of vainglory, St Paul hath a sharp medicine: that 'his glory is in his shame,' Phil. 3:19. Prescribe him, that the free giving all glory to God is the resultance of the best glory to man. The counsel of both law and gospel meets in this. 'Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, nor the strong in his strength, nor the rich in his wealth; but let him that glorieth glory in the Lord,' Jer. 9:23. That 'he hath nothing'—which is good—'that he hath not received,' 1 Cor. 10:17; and it is a shame for the cistern not to acknowledge the fountain. That the praise of good deserts is lost by want of humility. That there is none arrogant but the ignorant; and that if he understood himself, his conceived sea is but a puddle, which every judicious observer's plummet finds shallow and muddy. That trafficking for the freight of men's praises for his good worth, he suffers shipwreck in the haven; and loseth his reward there, where he should receive it.

Disease 17: The Itch, or the Busybody.—The itch is a scurvy disease; a man would not think the soul had any infirmity to sample it. You shall find the humour of a busybody, a contentious intermeddler, very like it. The itch is a corrupt humour between the skin and the flesh, running with a serpedinous course, till it hath defiled the whole body. Thus caused:—

Nature being too strong for the evil humours in the body, packs them away to utter parts, to preserve the inner. If the humours be more rare and subtle, they are avoided by fumosities and sweat; if thicker, they turn to a scabious matter in the skin: some make this the effect of an inflamed liver, &c.

If this itching curiosity take him in the cephalic vein, and possess the understanding part, he moots more questions in an hour than the seven wise men could resolve in seven years. There is a kind of down or curdle on his wit, which is like a gentlewoman's train, more than needs. He would sing well, but that he is so full of crotchets. His questions are like a plume of feathers, which fools would give anything for, wise men nothing. He hath a greater desire to know where hell is, than to scape it: to know what God did before he made the world, than what he will do with him when it is ended. For want of correcting the garden of his inventions, the weeds choke the herbs, and he suffers the scum of his brain to boil into the broth. He is a dangerous prognosticator, and propounds desperate riddles; which he gathers from the conjunction of planets, Saturn and Jupiter; from doubtful oracles out of the hollow vaults and predictions of Merlin. He dreams of a cruel dragon, whose head must be in England and tail in Ireland; of a headless cross, of a Popish curse.

'And Our Lord lights in our lady's lap,

And therefore England must have a clap.'

But they have broken day with their creditors, and the planets have proved honester than their reports gave them. Thus, as Bion said of astronomers, he sees not the fishes swimming by him in the water, yet sees perfectly those shining in the zodiac. Thus if the itch hold him in the theoretical part. If in the practical;—

His actions are polypragmatical, his feet peripatetical. Erasmus pictures him to the life: 'He knows what every merchant got in his voyage, what plots are at Rome, what stratagems with the Turk, &c.

He knows strangers' troubles, not the tumultuous fightings in his own bosom,' &c. His neighbours' estate he knows to a penny; and wherein he fails, he supplies by intelligence from their flattered servants: he would serve well for an informer to the subsidy-book. He delays every passenger with inquiry of news; and because the country cannot satiate him, he travels every term to London for it: whence returning without his full load, himself makes it up by the way. He buys letters from the great city with capons; which he wears out in three days, with perpetual opening them to his companions. If he hears but a word of some state act, he profeseth to know it and the intention, as if he had been of the council. He hears a lie in private, and hastes to publish it; so one knave gulls him, he innumerable fools, with the 'strange fish at Yarmouth,' or the 'serpent in Sussex.' He can keep no secret in, without the hazard of his buttons. He loves no man a moment longer than either he will tell him, or hear of him, news. If the spirit of his tongue be once raised, all the company cannot conjure it down. He teaches his neighbour to work unsent for, and tells him of some dangers without thanks. He comments upon every action, and answers a question ere it be half propounded. Alcibiades having purchased a dog at an unreasonable price, cut off his tail, and let him run about Athens; while every man wondered at his intent, he answered that his intent was their wonder, for he did it only to be talked of. The same author* reports the like of a gawish traveller that came to Sparta, who standing in the presence of Lacon a long time upon one leg, that he might be observed and admired, cried at the last, 'O Lacon, thou canst not stand so long upon one leg.' 'True,' said Lacon; 'but every goose can.'

His state, belike, is too little to find him work; hence he busieth himself in other men's commonwealths: as if he were town-taster, he scalds his lips in every neighbour's pottage. If this itch proceed from some inflammation, his bleach is the breaking out of contention. Then he hath humorem in cerebro, in corde tumorem, rumorem in lingua,—his brain is full of humour, his heart of tumour, his tongue of rumour. He spits fire at every word, and doth what he can to set the whole world in combustion. He whispers in his neighbour's ear

how such a man slandered him; and returns to the accused party (with like security) the other's invective. He is hated of all, as being indeed a friend to none, but lawyers and the devil.

For his cure; if his itch proceed from a moon-sick head, the chief intention is to settle his brains, lest 'too much learning make him mad,' as Paul was wronged, Acts 26:24. Give him this electuary: That 'secret things belong to the Lord, and revealed to us and our children for ever,' Deut. 29:29. That the judgments of God are *sæpe secreta, semper justa*; and therefore it is better *mirari, quam rimari*. That in seeking to know more than he ought, he knows not what he should. That gazing at the stars, he is like to fall into the lowest pit.

If his itch be in his fingers, and that he grows like a meddler in everybody's orchard, let him apply this unction: That he meddle with his own business. That he recall his prodigal eyes, like wandering Dinah's, home; and teach them another while to look inward. That he be busy in repairing his own heart; for of other meddling comes no rest.

If this disease proceed from a greater inflation or inflammation, thus sharply scarify him: That sowing discord among brethren is that seventh abomination to the Lord, Prov. 6:19. That as troublesome men seek faction, they shall meet with fraction; and as they have a brotherhood in evil, so 'they shall be divided in Jacob, and scattered in Israel,' Gen. 49:7. That *cum pare contendere, anceps est; cum superiore, furiosum: cum inferiore, sordidum,**—if thy enemy be equal, yet the victory is doubtful; if low, *parce illi*, it is no credit to conquer him; if great, *parce tibi*, favour thyself, contend not. *Serva pacem domi, pacem Domini*,—Love peace, and the God of peace shall give thee 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.'

Disease 18: Stinking Breath, and Flattery.—The flatterer hath a disease very odious,—*foetorem oris*, a stinking breath. The corporal disease is caused, first, sometimes through putrefaction of the gums; secondly, sometimes through hot distemper of the mouth; thirdly,

sometimes through corrupt and rotten humours in the mouth of the stomach; fourthly, and not seldom, through the exulceration of the lungs. The main cause of flattery is a kind of self-love; for he only commends others to mend himself. The communis terminus, where all his frauds, dissimulations, false phrases and praises, his admirations and superlative titles, meet, is his purse. His tongue serves two masters, his great one's ear, his own avarice.

If the cause of this stench be in the mouth, it is discerned; if in the vicious stomach, or ulcerate lungs, it is allayed by eating, and not so forcible after meats as before. So the flatterer's stomach is well laid after dinner; and till he grow hungry again, his adulatory pipes go not so hotly. His means come by observance, and though he waits not at table, he serves for a fool. He is after the nature of a barber; and first trims the head of his master's humour, and then sprinkles it with court-water. He scrapes out his diet in courtesies; and cringeth to his glorious object, as a little cur to a mastiff, licking his hand, not with a healing, but poisoning tongue. Riches make many friends: truly, they are friends to the riches, not to the rich man. A great proud man, because he is admired of a number of hang-byes, thinks he hath many friends. So the ass that carried the goddess thought all the knees bowed to her, when they revered her burden. They play like flies in his beams, whiles his wealth warms them. Whilst, like some great oak, he stands high and spreads far in the forest, innumerable beasts shelter themselves under him, feeding like hogs on his acorns; but when the axe of distress begins to fell him, there is not one left to hinder the blow. Like burrs, they stick no longer on his coat than there is a nap on it. These kites would not flock to him, but that he is a fat carcass. Sejanus, whom the Romans worship in the morning as a semigod, before night they tear a-pieces. Even now stoops, and presently strokes. You may be sure he is but a gallipot, full of honey, that these wasps hover about; and when they have fed themselves at his cost, they give him a sting for his kindness.

The flatterer is young gallants' schoolmaster, and enters them into book learning. Your cheating tradesman can no more be without

such a factor than a usurer without a broker. The fox in the fable, seeing the crow highly perched, with a good morsel in his mouth, flattered him that he sung well, with no scant commendations of his voice; whereof the crow proud, began to make a noise, and let the meat fall: the foolish bird seeing now himself deceived, soon left singing, and the fox fell to eating. I need not moral it. The instrument, his tongue, is tuned to another's ear; but, like a common fiddler, he dares not sing an honest song. He lifts up his patron at the tongue's end, and sets him in a superlative height; like a Pharos, or the eye of the country, when he is indeed the eye-sore. He swears to him that his commending any man is above a justice of peace's letter, and that the eyes of the parish wait upon him for his grace. He insinuates his praise, most from others' report; wherein, very rankly, he wrongs three at once: he belies the named commender; the person to whom this commendation is sent; and most of all himself, the messenger. Whilst he supplies a man with the oil of flattery, he wounds his heart; like thunder, which breaks the bone without scratching the skin. He seldom speaks so pompously of his friend, except he be sure of porters to carry it him. He is the proud man's earwig, and having once gotten in, imposthumes his head. A continent man will easily find him; as knowing that it is as evil *laudari à turpibus*, as *ob turpia*. One being asked which was the worst of beasts, answered, Of wild beasts the tyrant, of tame beasts the flatterer. Like an ill painter, because he cannot draw a beautiful picture, he is ever limning deformities and devils; so the flatterer, ignorant of goodness, lays fair colours upon foul iniquities. This cunning wrestler stoops low, to give the greater fall; and wisheth to his object, as a whore to her lover, abundance of all goods, except only sober wits. He studies all the week for preventions to keep his patron on the Sunday from church: a sermon and he are antipodes. Lest his observed one should take him into the light, and look on him, he keeps him perpetually hoodwinked with the opinion of his own knowledge; admiring his deeds for sanctimonious, and his words for oracles. Sometimes conscience is his rival advocate, and pleads against him in his patron's heart; but because the judge is partial on his side, and his perjurious tale runs so smooth with the

grain of his affections, he gives conscience the checkmate. In short, he is, at last, one way a pander, cozenage's factor, sin's magician, and a pleasing murderer, that with arrident applauses tickles a man to death.

To cure this stinking breath of adulation, give him a vomit, 'He that saith to the wicked, Thou art righteous, him shall the people curse; nations shall abhor him: but to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a good blessing shall come upon them,' Prov. 24:24, 25. As, 'not serving our Lord Jesus Christ, but his own belly, by good words and fair speeches he hath deceived the hearts of the simple,' Rom. 16:18; so he hath most deceived himself, and been no less his own fool than others' knave. Tell him that his beginning is hateful to God, his end to men also. His great friend did no more love him in his dream than he will hate him waking; as a sick man, after the receipt of a loathsome potion, hates the very cruse whereout he drank it. And lightly, what he hath got by flattering fools, he spends on knaves, or worse; and dies full of nothing but sins and diseases. Let him soundly repent, reform himself, and others, whom he hath perverted. Repentance and obedience can only make his breath sweet.

Disease 19: Short-windedness, and Weariness of doing well.—The asthma is caused by abundance of gross and clammy humours, gathered into the gristles or lappets of the lungs; or through some distillations, wherewith the trachea arteria, or windpipe, is replete.

The causes of this spiritual short-windedness are—(1.) Want of faith, which is the true life-blood of courage against all difficulties; (2.) Want of patience, to hold out in the working up of salvation; (3.) A feeble hope, not supposing the recompense to be worth their labours.

The signs of both the diseases are palpable: the physician may easily judge of his patient, the patient of himself. He prays, for a brunt, very zealously, but like a hasty shower, soon over. You shall have him the first man at church on a Sabbath morning, and the first man out. He

lays the foundation of an alms-house, and so leaves it. He shoots up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and next day withers. He is in religious practices like the spring in that windy month, March; many forwards. He riseth fair as a summer sun, but is soon clouded; no man rides faster at first putting forth, nor is sooner weary of his journey. A little onwards to heaven, he quandaries whether to go forward to God, or, with Demas, to turn back to the world. The light of his devotion is ever and anon in the eclipse, and his whole life rings the changes—hot and cold, in and out, off and on, to and fro: he is peremptory in nothing but in vicissitudes. He is early up, and never the nearer; saluting Christ in the morning, but none of those that stayed with him; therefore losing his reward, because he will not tarry working in the vineyard till night, Matt. 15:32. He purposeth to go to God, and in the fit of his devotion tells him so, but still breaks promise. One told Socrates that he would fain travel to Olympus, but he feared his ability to hold out the journey. Socrates answered him, 'I know you walk every day a little; put that together in a continuing straightness, and you shall come whither you desire.' This man rows, as we all should do, against the stream; and whiles he neglects two or three strokes, he is carried down further in an hour than he can recover in a day. He loves, like a horse, short journeys; and walks on so warily, wearily, timorously, that he tells his steps and his stops, and reckons every impediment, to a rub and a thorn.

For his cure. Pro ratione victus, as they prescribe for the asthma, which is a disease in the body, to avoid perturbations of the mind; so let this orthopnic,* for the help of his mind, avoid needless perturbations of the body. He is troubled, like Martha, about many things, but forgets the better part. Give him some juice of bulapathum, which is the herb patience. 'For he hath need of patience, that after he hath done the will of God, he might receive the promise,' Heb. 10:36. He considers not that heaven is up a hill,—like Olympus with the heathen, Mount Zion with the Christian,—and therefore thinks to get thither per saltum, not per scansum. Assure him that 'salvation must be wrought up,' Phil. 2:12, and 'election made sure by diligence,' 2 Pet. 1:10. That vincenti dabitur,—not to

him that flies, nor to him that knocks a bout or two, nor to him that faints and yields, but 'to him that overcomes,' Rev. 2, 3. That 'who continues to the end shall be saved,' Matt. 24:13. That it was a shame to see Lot incestuous with his daughters in the mount, that lived chaste in Sodom; to see Noah mocked of his son for drunkenness, by whose righteousness his son scaped. That he hath many encouragements,—Christ calling, the Father blessing, the Spirit working, the angels comforting, the word directing, the crown inviting,—all tuning him this one lesson, 'Be not weary of well-doing,' 2 Thess. 3:13; for 'in due season we shall reap, if we faint not,' Gal. 6:9, and after our weary labour find rest, Isa. 28:12.

Conclusion.—Innumerable are the body's infirmities: introitus unus, innur meri exitus, there being but one means of coming into the world, infinite of going out; and sickness is death's liege ambassador. But they are few and scant, if compared to the soul's, which being a better piece of timber, hath the more teredines breeding in it; as the fairest flower hath the most cantharides attending on it. The devil loves the soul as the jewel, the body as the rind or husk, as if it were without the other a dead commodity, and would stink in his hands. He cries, as the king of Sodom to Abraham, Da mihi animas, cætera cape tibi. If he can corrupt this, he knows the other will fall to corruption of itself; for the soul works by motion, the body but by action, being the soul's servant. Now, Satan was ever ambitious, and will not care for the waiting-maid if he may get the mistress; or useth the other but for his better conveyance and insinuation to this. And because it bears the narrow portraiture and image of that Creator he emulates, this he seeks the more violently to deface. Let the body enjoy the light and warmth of the sun, so he can enwrap this in the cold clouds of dark night. A dark night indeed, wherein many souls do live, having the little windows or loopholes of reason shadowed by the curtains of fleshly lusts. Night is a sad, heavy, and uncomfortable time to the unresting body,—a nurse of anguished thoughts, at whose dugs sorrows and dreams lie continually sucking,—thinking every hour an Olympiad till the sun ariseth: so is the soul's darkness, if security had not rocked her asleep, and custom (which is the

apoplexy of bedrid nature and wicked life) obstupezied her,—an unquiet, turbulent, and peaceless time; with such hurrying tempests within, that the body tumbles upon a soft bed, and after many experienced shiftings, finds no ease.

There be three things, say physicians, that grieve the body:—First, the cause of sickness, a contranatural distemper, which lightly men bring on themselves, though the sediments rest in our sin-corrupted nature. Secondly, sickness itself. Thirdly, the coincidents that either fellow it or follow it. In the soul there be three grievances:—First, original pravity, a natural ἀνομία—proclivity to evil, contradiction to good. Secondly, actual sin, the main sickness. Thirdly, the concomitant effects, which are punishments corporal and spiritual, temporal and eternal. For all sin makes work, either for Christ or Satan: for Christ, to expiate by his blood, and the efficacy of that once-performed, ever available passion; or for the devil, as God's executioner to plague. Many remedies are given for many diseases; the sum is this—the best physician is Christ Jesus, the best physic the Scriptures. Ply the one, fly to the other. Let this teach thee, he must cure thee: that 'express image of his Father's person, and brightness of his glory,' Heb. 1:3, in whom the graces of God shine without measure. Oft have you seen in one heaven many stars; behold in this sun, as in one star, many heavens; for 'in him dwelleth all fulness,' Col. 1:19. Let us fly by our faithful prayers to this physician, and entreat him for that medicine that issued out of his side, 'water and blood,' to cure all our spiritual maladies. *Fusus est sanguis medici, ut fiat medicamentum ægroti.* And when in mercy he hath cured us, let our diet be a conversation led after the canon of his sacred truth; that whatsoever become of this frail vessel, our flesh, floating on the waves of this world, the passenger, our soul, may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

CHRIST'S STAR;

OR,

THE WISE MEN'S OBLATION

When they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—MATT. 2:11.

THE Feast of the Epiphany, or Manifestation of Christ, as it is this day's memory, so I have purposed this day's exercise. As *relatu traditionis instruimur*, there were three principal and notable appearances of Christ on this day. All which *eodem die contigisse feruntur*, *sed aliis atque aliis annis*,—fell out the same day in divers years, as they write.

So Maximus Episc.:* *Tribus miraculis ornatum diem sanctum servamus, &c.*,—We keep this day holy and festival, being honoured with three wonders: this day Christ led the wise men to himself by a star; this day he turned the waters into wine at the marriage; this day he was baptized of John in Jordan. According to these three distinct manifestations of himself, they have given this day three several names:—

1. Epiphania; because Christ did appear to certain magi by the direction of a star, and was, by their report, made known to the fox Herod and his cubs, many enemies in Jerusalem. Ver. 3, 'He was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.'

2. Theophania; because there was a declaration of the whole Trinity, Matt. 3:16: of God the Father, whose voice was heard from heaven; of God the Son to be baptized, of whom was the testimony given, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' of God the Holy Ghost, who, descending like a dove, lighted on him.

3. Bethphania; † because, John 2, he shewed the power of his deity at the wedding, in changing their water into wine. So the text, ver. 11, 'This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested his glory.'

4. Some have added a fourth name, from a fourth wonder that they say was wrought on this day: Phaginphania; because Christ relieved famem triduanam, the three days' hunger of five thousand, with five barley loaves and two little fishes.

I confess, this history hath many observable points in it. It entreats of wise men, of a tyrannical king, of troubled people, and of the King of kings lying in swaddling clothes. To discourse all these virtutesque, virosque, et tanti incendia belli, would exceed the limits of one cold hour. I would therefore confine my short speech and your attention to the verse read.

Wherein, methinks, I find a miraculous wonder: that extraordinary men, by an extraordinary star, should find the King of heaven in so extraordinary a place. Wise men seeking a star, shewing a Saviour, lying in a manger. But cernunt oculis, docentur oraculis,—the eye of flesh sees somewhat, the eye of faith shall see more.

I may distinguish all into, I. A direction; II. A devotion: the direction of God, the devotion of men. By the direction, they are brought to the Messiah. By their devotion, 'they worship him, and present him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.'

I. For the direction, we will borrow a little of the premises, and therein consider God's leading—their following.

1. God's leading was by a star. They that delight to cast clouds upon the clear sun have here mooted many questions about this star.

(1.) Whether this star were singular, or a heap of stars. Our Roman adversaries, to bring wilful trouble on themselves and us, have conjured a fiction from one Albumazar, a heathen, that the sign in

the zodiac, called the Virgin, is composed of so many stars as may aptly portray *virginem gestantem inter brachia filium*,—a virgin bearing an infant in her arms; and some of them have thought that, this star.

Let Albumazar be the father of this opinion; and for a little better authority, they have mothered it on a prophecy of Tiburtine Sibylla. When Augustus boasted his superhuman majesty, Sibylla shewed him *virginem in cœlo infanti-portam*,—a virgin in heaven bearing a young child in her arms; with these words, *Hic puer major te est, ipsum adora*,—Yonder infant is greater than thou art, O Cæsar; worship him.

But because the father of this conceit was an ethnic, and the mother thought a sorceress, they have, as some think, spite of his teeth, brought in Chrysostom for a godfather to it; or to another opinion, if differing from it, yet also exceeding the truth of this history. Whether of himself, or on their teaching, he says thus:—'This star appeared to them descending upon that victorial mountain, having in it the form of a little child, and about him the similitude of a cross.' But I confess (and lo the great vaunts of their unity!) that many of them are of another mind.

Howsoever, the text is plain against it: ver. 2, *εἶδομεν αὐτοῦ τὸν ἄστέρᾱ*,—*vidimus stellam ejus*. Aster and *astrum* differ, as *stella* and *sidus*. Aster and *stella* signify one star; *astrum* and *sidus* a knot of stars; as any sign in the heaven, coacted and compounded of many stars. The evangelist here useth the singular word, 'We have seen his star,' not stars.

(2.) They question whether this was a new star created for the purpose, or one of those coeval to the world. Chrysostom, Damascene, Fulgentius, with most others, are persuaded it was a new star. Houdemius, an Englishman, so sung of it—

'Nova cœlum stella depingitur,

Dum sol novus in terris oritur;—

'Twas fit a new star should adorn the skies,

When a new Sun doth on the earth arise.'

It is called by Augustine,* *magnifica lingua cœli*,—the glorious tongue of heaven. It appears this was no ordinary star, *ex situ, motu, tempore lucendi*.

[1.] By the site. The place of it must be in *aere terræ vicino*,[†]—in that part or region of the air that was next to the earth; otherwise it could not so punctually have directed these wise men that travelled by it.

[2.] By the motion. The course of other stars is circular: this star went straight forward, as a guide of the way, in the same manner that the 'pillar of fire,' *Exod. 13:21*, went before Israel when they passed out of Egypt.

[3.] By the time of shining. Other stars shine in the night only: this star gave light in the broad day, as if it were a star appointed to wait on the sun.

'*Stella luce vincens Luciferum,*

Magos ducit ad regem siderum.'

Of this star did that conjurer prophesy, *Num. 24:17*, 'There shall come a star out of Jacob,' &c. It was a true star, it was a new star, created by God in heaven for this purpose. Not that the birth of Christ depended on this star, but this star on his birth. Therefore it is called Christ's star: *ver. 2*, 'his star.'

This star served to them *ad ducendum*, to us *ad docendum*.

It led them really, let it also lead us figuratively, to Christ; them *per visum*, us *per fidem*.

By the consent of divines this star did prefigure the gospel; and in deed, for what other light directs us to Christ?

Not the star of nature. Did not every step it taught us to tread bring us further off? If it heard of him, it sought him—as Laban sought his idols in the tents, or as Saul sought his asses in the mountains, or as Joseph and Mary sought him among their kinsfolk—either in the tents of soft ease and security, or in the mountains of worldly dignity, or among the kindred of the flesh, friends and company.

Not the star of the law. For this told us of a perfect obedience, and of condemnation for disobedience; of God's anger, our danger; of sin and death. This star would have lighted us to heaven, if we had no clouds of iniquity to darken it to ourselves. And that which St Paul speaks, Gal. 3:24, 'The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ,' is to be understood of the legal types and sacrifices; where, by an oblation of the blood of beasts, was prefigured the blood of that Lamb which should expiate all our sins.

The gospel is this star; and blessed are they that follow it. It shall bring them to the babe Jesus. God hath fixed this star in our orb; but how few are so wise as these wise men to follow it! That star was sometimes hidden: this shines perpetually. It is horror and shame to speak it, we no more esteem it than if we were weary of the sun for continual shining.

2. I am loath to part with this star; but other observations call me from it. You hear God's leading; mark their following. This is described—(1.) *Ex adventu*, by their access; (2.) *Ex eventu*, by their success. *Veniunt, inveniunt*,—They come, they find.

(1.) Their access. Some have thought that these magi, having so profound skill in astrology, might by calculation of times, composition of stars, and stellations of the heavens, foreknow the birth of the Messiah. But this opinion is utterly condemned by

Augustine* and all good men; and it shall only help us with this observation:—

God purposed so plentiful a salvation by Christ, that he calls to him at the first those who were far off. Far off indeed; not only in a local, but ceremonial distance. For place: they were so far as Persia from Judea; from thence most writers affirm their coming. For the other respect: he calls those to Christ who had run furthest from Christ, and given themselves most over to the devil—magicians, sorcerers, conjurers, confederates with Satan in the most detestable art of witchcraft. These that had set their faces against heaven, and blasphemed out a renunciation of God and all goodness, even at those doors doth God's Spirit knock, and sends them by a star to a Saviour.

Be our sins never so many for number, never so heinous for nature, never so full for measure; yet the mercy of God may give us a star, that shall bring us, not to the babe Jesus in a manger, but to Christ a king in his throne. Let no penitent soul despair of mercy.

Christ manifested himself to two sorts of people in his swathing-clouts—to these magicians, and to shepherds; the latter simple and ignorant, the other learned and wicked. So Augustine,† *In rusticitate pastorum imperitia prævalet, in sacrilegiis magorum impietas*. Yet to both these, one in the day of his nativity, the other in this epiphany, did that Saviour, with whom is no respect of persons, manifest his saving mercy. Whether thou be poor for goods of the world, or poorer for the riches of grace, be comforted; thou mayest one day see the salvation of God.

Observe their obedience: they come instantly on God's call. They have seen his star, and they must go to him. They regard not that Herod was an enemy to the king of Persia, their master; they come to his court to inquire for Christ. When they are there, let Herod be never so troubled about the name of the true and new-born King of the Jews, they have the inward direction, the record of an ancient

prophecy added by the priests: ver. 6, from Micah 5:2, 'Thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel.' Hereupon they go.

Obedience, when it hath the warrant, goes upon sound and quick feet. *Nec falsa fingit, nec vera metuit impedimenta*,—No obstacles can stay it, no errors stray it, nor terrors fray it; it is not deluded with toys, nor deferred with joys; it tarries not with the young man in the gospel, to kiss his friends, nor with the old man, to fill his barns: but *currit per saxa, per ignes*, through all dangers and difficulties, with a faithful eye bent upon the caller's promises. And this is that other virtue remarkable in these wise men.

Observe their faith: they come to the priests made acquainted with the oracles of God, to inquire of this King. The priests resolve the place of his birth from the prophet; but though told of his star, they will not stir a foot towards him. Perhaps it might cost them their honours or lives by the king's displeasure; therefore they will point others, but disappoint their own souls.

Here is a strange inversion: *Veritas illuminat magos, infidelitas obcæcat magistros*,—Truth guides the magicians, unbelief blinds the priests. They that were used to necromantic spells and charms begin to understand the truth of a Saviour; whiles they that had him in their books lost him in their hearts. *Utuntur paginis, quarum non credunt eloquiis*,—They turn over the leaves, and believe not their contents. To what end were all their quotidian sacrifices? If they were not types and figures of a Messiah, what other thing made they their temple but a butcher's shambles?

Now the mercy and grace of our Lord Jesus keep us from this apostate wickedness! Let truth never speak it of us, that we have the book of the Lord in our hands, not the doctrine in our consciences; that we have God's seals, yet unmarked souls; that *de virtutibus vacui loquimur*,—we speak of the graces we have not.

It was once spoken of Greece, in regard of the ruins, (yea, of the utter extinction, for *etiam periere ruinæ*.) *Græciam in Græcia quærimus, non invenimus*,—We seek for Greece in Greece, and cannot find it. Let it never be said of us in respect of our recidival disobedience, *Angliam in Anglia quærimus, et non inventa est*,—We seek that famous church of England in England, and find it not. Many love to live within the circumference and reach of the gospel, because it hath brought peace, and that peace wealth, and that wealth promotion. But if this health of quiet might be upheld or augmented by that Roman harlot, they would be ready to cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' and Christ might lodge long enough at Bethlehem, ere they would go to visit him. Our lives too prodigiously begin to portend this. But,

'*O faxit Deus, ut nullum sit in omine pondus.*'

And for ourselves, beloved, let us not, like the priests, direct others to a Saviour, and stay at home ourselves; nor like the trumpeter, that encourageth others to the battle against the enemy of God and our salvation, *nihil ipse nec ausus, nec potuit*,—ourselves being cowards, and giving never a stroke. It is not enough to tell the people of a Saviour in Bethlehem; *opus est etiam præitione, aut saltem coitione, et pari congressu*,—we must go before them, or at least go with them.

For this cause I commend the faith of these magi. Seeing the priests' doctrine concurs with the star's dumb direction, though Herod will not leave his court, nor the scribes their ease, nor the people their trades; yet these men will go alone to Christ. When thou art to embrace religion, it is good going in company, if thou canst get them,—for the greater blessing falls, upon a multitude,—but resolve to go, though alone; for thou shalt never see the Lord Jesus, if thou tarry till all Jerusalem go with thee to Bethlehem.

(2.) We have heard their advent, or access; listen to the event, or success: 'They saw the young child with Mary his mother.'

God hath answered the desire of their hearts; they had undertaken a long journey, made a diligent inquiry; no doubt their souls longed, with Simeon, to see their Saviour. Lo! he that never frustrates the faithful affection, gives abundant satisfaction to their hopes: 'They saw the young child with Mary his mother.'

Observe, [1.] Whom; [2.] With whom; [3.] Where they saw him.

[1.] Whom? 'The young child.' Meditate and wonder. The 'Ancient of days' is become a young child. The infinitely great is made little. The sustainer of all things, sucks. *Factor terræ, factus in terra, Creator cœli, creatus sub cœlo.**—He that made heaven and earth, is made under heaven upon earth. The Creator of the world is created in the world, created little in the world: 'They saw the young child.'

[2.] With whom? 'With Mary his mother.' Mary was his daughter; is she now become his mother? Yes; he is made the child of Mary who is the father of Mary. *Sine quo Pater nunquam fuit, sine quo mater nunquam fuisset,**—Without whom his Father in heaven never was; without whom his mother on earth had never been.

[3.] Where? It is evident in St Luke's Gospel, they found him lying in a cratch. He who sits on the right hand of the Majesty on high was lodged in a stable. He that 'measures the waters in his fist, and the heaven with a span,' Isa. 40:12, was now crowded in a manger, and swaddled with a few rags. Here they find neither guard to defend him, nor tumults of people thronging to see him; neither crown on his head, nor sceptre in his hand; but a young child in a cratch: having so little external glory, that they might have saved their pains, and seen many in their own country far beyond him. Our instruction hence is, that—

God doth often strangely and strongly exercise the faith of his; that their persuasion may not be guided *oculis*, but *oraculis*,—by their sight, but his word. The eye of true faith is so quick-sighted, that it can see through all the mists and fogs of difficulties. Hereon these

magi do confidently believe that this poor child, lying in so base a manner, is the great King of heaven and earth. The faith of man, that is grounded on the promises of God, must believe that in prison there is liberty, in trouble peace, in affliction comfort, in death life, in the cross a crown, and in a manger the Lord Jesus.

The use of this teacheth us not to be offended at the baseness of the gospel, lest we never come to the honour to see Jesus. It was an argument of the devil's broaching, 'Have any of the rulers or Pharisees believed on him?' John 7:48. The great, the learned, the wise gave him no credence. But 'this people, that knoweth not the law, is cursed.' None but a few of the rascal company follow him. But hereof Simeon resolved his mother Mary: 'This child is set for the fall, as well as the rising again, of many in Israel; for a sign which shall be spoken against,' Luke 2:34. He should be thus; but woe unto them that so esteemed him! It is God's custom to work his will by contraries. If a physician should apply a medicine contrary to the nature and complexion of the patient, he would have little hope to cure the disease. But such is God's miraculous working, that he subdues crowns to a cross, overcomes pride by poverty, overthrows the wisdom of the flesh by the foolishness of the Spirit, and sets knees a-bowing to a babe in a manger.

II. You see their access, and the event, or success; which points determine their direction. Let us come to their devotion. Herein we shall find a triplicity; to follow the method of Augustine's gloss, *Adorant corporibus, venerantur officiis, honorant muneribus*,—Christ hath bestowed on these magi three sorts of gifts—goods corporal, spiritual, temporal; and all these in a devout thankfulness they return to Christ.

1. In falling down, they did honour him with the goods of the body.
2. In worshipping him, with the gifts of the mind.

3. In presenting to him gifts,—gold, frankincense, and myrrh,—with the goods of the world.

1. and 2. The body and mind I will knit together, 'They fall down and worship him.' It is fit they should be partners in repentance that have been confederates in sin. It is questioned, whether in transgressing, the body or the soul be most culpable? I am sure either is guilty. It is all one: a man that wants eyes carries a man that wants feet; the lame that cannot go spies a booty, and tells his blind porter of it, that cannot see. He that hath eyes directs the way: he that hath feet travels to it; but they both consent to steal it. The body without the soul wants eyes: the soul without the body wants feet; but either supplies the other to purloin God's glory. Discuss whether more, that list; I am certain both the blind and the lame are guilty. Both have offended, both must in a repentant oblation be offered to God. Therefore saith Paul, Rom. 12:1, 2, not only 'Present your bodies a living sacrifice,' but also, 'Be transformed by the renewing of your minds.' Bodily labour profits little without the soul; and it is a proud soul that hath stiff knees. These magi therefore give both: *procidentes adoraverunt eum*.

Here is one thing sticks horribly in the Papists' stomachs; and like a bone in the throat, will neither up nor down with them. 'They fell down, and worshipped him;' not her. This same leaving out of her hath much vexed them. How much would they have given the Evangelist to put in *illam*! They saw him with his mother; yet they worshipped him, not his mother.

They have troubled us and themselves with many arguments, that though this was concealed it was not omitted. And they are resolved to believe it, though they cannot prove it; and that, though it be not so good, shall be as ready. Howsoever they will confute the magi in their practice; for they still will *adorare eam*, when perhaps they forget *eum*, and give the mother more honour than her Maker. It was but mannerly in Bellarmine to postscribe two of his tomes with *Laus Deo, virginique matri Mariæ*,—'Praise to the Lord, and his mother

the Virgin Mary.' Some, setting the cart before the horse, have written, *Laus beatæ virgini, et Jesu Christo*,—'Praise to the Virgin Mary, and Jesus Christ.' And they have enjoined ten Ave Marias for one Pater noster. It is to be feared at last they will adore her for their Saviour, as they do for their mediator, and shut Christ quite out of doors.

But let me come out of Babel into God's city. 'They fell down, and worshipped him.' Let our instruction hence be this:—

God did ever so strangely qualify the baseness of Christ, that though he seemed in men's eyes a contemptible object, and abject, Isa. 53:3, yet he was so beautified with some certain mark of his divinity, that he might be discerned to be more than man. Here, when he had an ox-stall for his cloth of estate, he had a star from heaven to shine forth his glory. Now, when generally in the world there was as much thought of the man in the moon as of Christ, the Sun of righteousness, behold magicians come from the east, and prostrate themselves before him.

The eye of their flesh saw his rags of poverty; the eye of their faith saw his robes of glory. Instead of the cold stones and pavement, they saw his sapphires, jaspers, chrysolites. Instead of his manger, they saw his throne. For the beasts about him, they saw armies of angels attending him. For his base stable, they saw *palatium centum sublime columnis*,—a palace of many turrets. They beheld *magnum in parvo latere*; that this little child was a great King, yea, a great God, yea, a great King above all gods. Thus, as Thomas in one of his hymns—

'*Quod non capis, quod non vides,*

Animosa firmat fides,

Præter rerum ordinem.'

'What we neither feel nor see,

Powerful faith believes to be.'

When Christ was first revealed to poor shepherds, he was not without a choir of angels singing his glory, Luke 2. Let him be in the wilderness amongst wild beasts, even those glorious spirits are his pensioners, and minister to his wants, Matt. 4. He comes hungry to a fig-tree, to demonstrate his natural infirmity; but finding no fruit on it, he curseth the fig-tree,—'Never fruit grow on thee hereafter,' Matt. 11,—to declare his power. Must he pay tribute? Yet the King's son should pay none: but he is content to be a subject, he will pay it; but he bids Peter go to the sea and take it out of a fish's mouth, Matt. 17. To shew his humility, he will pay it; but to shew his divinity, he bids the sea pay it for him. He that undertook the misery to be whipped, Matt. 26, did also, to prove his majesty, whip the buyers and sellers out of the temple, Matt. 11, which was no less than a miraculous wonder, that a private man should do it without resistance. Yea, when he was dying between two thieves, he so qualifies the baseness of the cross that he works in the heart of one to call him Saviour, and to desire remembrance in his kingdom, Matt. 27. When his soul was leaving his body, as a man, even then he 'rent the veil of the temple, shook the earth, tore the rocks, opened the graves,' to prove that he was God.

Thus, in his greatest humiliation, God never left him without some testimony of his divine power; that as beholding him hungry, thirsty, weary, weeping, bleeding, dying, we say, O homo certe,—Sure he was a man: so, seeing him to calm the seas, command the winds, heal the sick, raise the dead, cast out devils, we may say, O Deus certe,—Sure he was God. Thus these converted magicians beheld him *hominem verum*, though not *hominem merum*,—a little child, a great God. To borrow a distich of a divine poet—

'O strangest eyes, that saw him by this star,

Who, when bystanders saw not, saw so far!'

3. Men are especially taken with three things—submission, honour, gifts. These wise men therefore having fallen down and worshipped him, do now 'open their treasures, and present him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.'

Divers of the fathers have diversely glossed these wise men's gifts:—

Bern.: They did offer gold, to relieve Mary's necessities; frankincense, to sweeten the stable; myrrh, to comfort the swaddled babe. Others thus—

They did offer gold to Christ, as being a king; frankincense, as being God; myrrh, as being man, to die for the redemption of the world.

Ambros.: Aurum regi, thus Deo, myrrham defuncto, or morituro,—Gold for a king, incense for God, myrrh for a man that must die, a special unguent to reserve the body from corruption.

So Basil: Ut regi aurum, ut morituro myrrham, ut Deo thus obtulerunt.

The same Hilary: In auro regem, in thure Deum, in myrrha hominem confitentur.

All the fathers and other writers harp on this string, and sing the same note,—Nazianzen, Cyprian, Augustine, Jerome, Gregory, Fulgentius,—that in gold, they acknowledged him a king; by incense, God; by myrrh, a passible and mortal man. So the Christian poets have sung—

'Aurea nascenti fuderunt munera regi:

Thura dedere Deo: myrrham tribuere sepulchro.'

So another—

'Aurum, thus, myrrham, regique, Deoque,

Hominique, dona ferunt.'*

In general, learn two profitable instructions:—

(1.) They come not to Christ empty-handed. It was God's charge to Israel, Deut. 16:16,—but we think now we are delivered from that law,—*Non apparebis in conspectu meo vacuus*, 'Thou shalt not appear before me empty.' You plead, God cares not for our sheep and oxen, or the fat of our rams; for all the world is his. He requires it not for himself, though due to himself. Give it then to his poor ministers, to his poor members here.

I know not how happily I am fallen into that I would never be out of—charity. Most men now-a-days, as it is in the proverb, are better at the rake than at the pitchfork, readier to pull in than give out. But if the Lord hath sown plentiful seed, he expects plentiful fruits; an answerable measure, heaped and shaken and thrust together, and running over. If God hath made the bushel great, make not you the peck small. Turn not the bounty of heaven to the scarcity of earth. We love the retentive faculty well; but our expulsive is grown weak. But as God hath made you divites in arca, so beseech him to make you divites in conscientia. Accept not only the distributive virtue from heaven, but affect the communicative virtue on earth.

As in a state politic, the liege ambassadors that are sent abroad to lie in foreign kingdoms secureth our peaceable state at home, so that we disperse abroad makes safe the rest at home. The prayers of the poor, by us relieved, shall prevail with God for mercy upon us. The happy solace of a well-pleased conscience shall rejoice us, and the never-failing promises of God shall satisfy us. We hear many rich men complain of losses by sea, by debtors, by unjust servants: we never heard any one complain of want that came by charity. No man is the poorer for that he gives to the poor; let him sum up his books, and he shall find himself the richer. As God therefore hath laid up for you in terra morientium, in this world; so lay you up for yourselves in terra viventium, in the world to come. As you are rich in the king's books,

be rich in God's book. If it were possible all the world should miscarry, your treasure in heaven is in a sure coffer; no thief, rust, moth, fire, shall consume that. You shall find God the best creditor; he will pay great usury, not ten in a hundred, but a hundred, a thousand for ten.

(2.) Their gifts were not slight and trivial, lean, meagre starvelings; but opima, optima,—every one the best in their kinds. Gold is the best of metals, frankincense of aromatical odours, myrrh of medicinal unguents.

Match these wise men, O ye miserable times of ours. Raro reddentem, rarissime optima reddentem profertis. You seldom bring forth a man that will give, but almost never one that will offer the best gifts. Our lame son must be God's clerk, our starved lamb, our poorest fleece, our thinnest sheaf must fall for God's tenth. If we give him the shells, the husks, the sherds, the shreds of our wealth, we judge him beholden to us.

God hears the heavens, and the heavens hear the earth, and the earth hears the corn, wine, oil, and they hear us, Hos. 2. Our valleys stand thick with corn, our trees groan with the burden of fruits, our pastures abound with cattle, and we return God either nothing, or the worst we can pick out. Take heed, lest God 'curse our blessings,' Mai. 2:2; and whiles our barns and garners be fat, he withal 'send leanness into our souls.'

Never think, ye miserable worldlings, without opening your treasures and presenting the Lord with liberal gifts, ever, with these magi, to see the face of the Lord Jesus. Go home now, and make thyself merry with thy wealth, whiles Christ stands mourning in the streets; applaud thy wardrobe, whiles he goes naked; saturate thyself with thy fat morsels, whiles he begs, unrelieved, for the crumbs; beek thy pampered limbs at the fire, whiles he shakes through cold: thy misery is to come, thou shalt not behold thy Saviour in glory.

Generally their example hath taught us somewhat; to be charitable, to be rich in charity, 1 Tim. 6:18. More specially they shall instruct us to particular gifts.

Some have alluded these three, gold, myrrh, and frankincense, to the three theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity.

'Auro virtus perhibetur amantis:

In myrrha bona spes; thure beata fides.'

By incense they understand faith; because as that is to be offered, so this is to be reposed in God alone.

By myrrh, hope; that though death lay the body in the cold earth, and send it to putrefaction, yet hope shall, as it were, embalm it with myrrh, and give it expectance of a better resurrection.

By gold, love and charity; the use of it being such as it can procure them to whom we give it necessary things to the sustentation of their lives. Et quid non venditur auro?

Others have resolved it thus:—

'Pro myrrha lachrymas; auro cor porrige purum.

Pro thure, ex humili pectore funde preces;—

'Pure heart, thy gold, thy myrrh be penitence;

And devout prayer be thy frankincense.'

In a word—

First, Offer up to God thy frankincense, supplication and thanksgiving. Ps. 141:2, 'Let thy prayer be set forth before him as incense, and the lifting up of thy hands as an evening sacrifice.' Put this into Christ's censer, and it will make a sweet smoke in God's

nostrils. 'Whoso offereth me praise glorifieth me,' Ps. 50:23. It shall perfume thy soul, qualify the stench of thy iniquities, and vindicate thy heart from the suffocating plague of sin. Say then, Ps. 54, 'I will freely sacrifice unto thee: I will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is good.' Freely, for this must be frankincense.

Next, Present to him thy myrrh, a chaste and mortified life. Let thine eyes, like the hands of the church, Cant. 5:5, 'drop down sweet-smelling myrrh.' Let them gush forth with penitent tears, and thy soul pour out floods of sorrow for thy offences. 'We have sinned, we have sinned: oh, let the Lord behold our oblation of myrrh, accept our repentance!'

Lastly, Thou must give thy gold also: a pure heart, tried in the furnace of affliction, and sublimed from all corruption. And because God only knows the heart, and the world must judge by thy fruits; give thy spiritual gold to Christ, and thy temporal gold to his poor members. Here take with thee three cautions:—

Caution 1.—That all these gifts be derived from an honest heart. It is said of these magi, 'They opened their treasures, and presented unto him gifts.' Man's heart is his treasury; thou must open that when thou presentest any gift to the Lord. He that comes with an open hand and a shut heart, shall be answered of God, as Belshazzar was of Daniel, 'Keep thy rewards to thyself, and give thy gifts to another.'

Caution 2.—That thy gifts observe the true latitude of devotion, which endeavours to extend itself to the glory of God, the good of thy brother, and the salvation of thy own soul. And to all these three may these three gifts of the wise men be referred. The incense of prayer respects God, the gold of charity respects our neighbour, and the myrrh of mortification respects ourselves.

Caution 3.—That you offer not only one, but all these. It hath been questioned whether these magi did offer *singuli singula* or *singuli tria*. But the consent of divines is, that they gave every one all, *semel*

et simul. Thy oblation will not be welcome, if any of the three be missing; give then all.

Some will give myrrh, but not frankincense; some will give frankincense, but not myrrh; and some will give myrrh and frankincense, but not gold.

First, Some will give myrrh,—a strict moral life, not culpable of any gross eruption or scandalous impiety; but not frankincense. Their prayers are thin sown, therefore their graces cannot come up thick. Perhaps they feel no want; and then, you know, raræ fumant felicibus aræ. In their thought they do not stand in any great need of God; when they do, they will offer him some incense. These live a morally honest life, but are scant of religious prayers; and so may be said to offer myrrh without frankincense.

Secondly, Some will give frankincense,—pray frequently, perhaps tediously; but they will give no myrrh,—not mortify or restrain their concupiscence. The Pharisees had many prayers, but never the fewer sins. These mock God, that they so often beg of him that his will may be done, when they never subdue their affections to it. There are too many such among us, that will often join with the church in common devotions, who yet join with the world in common vices. These make great smokes of frankincense, but let not fall one drop of myrrh.

Thirdly, Some will give both myrrh and frankincense, but by no means their gold. I will give, saith the worldling, a sober life,—there is my myrrh; I will say my prayers,—there is my frankincense; but do you think I will part with my gold? This same gold lies closer in men's hearts than it doth in their purses. You may as well wring Hercules's club out of his fist, as a penny from their heaps to charitable uses.

You have read, 2 Sam. 24:24, how Araunah, like a king, gave to the king oxen for sacrifice, and the instruments for fuel. But David answered, 'Shall I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that

which doth cost me nothing?' These men will give God oblations, and enough, provided they cost them nothing. The usurer must save his gold for his idolatrous eye, the drunkard for his host, the lustful for his whore, the proud for his back, the epicure for his belly. Can you hope they will part from their gold?

'Aurum omnes, pulsa jam pietate. colunt.'

Oh, this damned sin of covetousness, how many it keeps from the grace of God and the gates of heaven! Men think they can never have gold enough. They write of the toad, that she eats of nothing but the earth, and thereof no more than she can hold in her foot at once; and the reason they give is, that she fears the earth would be wasted, and none left. A fit emblem of the covetous, who fear to take their portion of the things God hath given them under the sun, lest they should want; when the bottom of their patrimony, moderately unravelled, would last to ten frugal generations.

How this sickness grovels! How it stoops him into earth, into hell! This disease lies in men's bones. I have read of a beggar that passed by a company of rich men, and earnestly besought their alms, complaining that he had a secret disease lying in his bones, that he could not earn his living. They in charity gave him somewhat, and let him go. One amongst the rest following him, would needs know of him what that secret disease should be, seeing that outwardly he seemed to ail nothing. Quoth the beggar, You cannot see it, for it lies in my bones; and some call it idleness. You see many a rich man, whose cup of wealth runs over; you wonder to see him so miserable, both to himself and others. Why, there is a disease that lies in his bones, that keeps him from working the works of charity, from relieving his distressed brethren; you may call it covetousness. They will part with anything, so they may keep their gold. But we must give our gold too with the rest. If we offer not all, Christ will accept none.

I will end with a consolation; for who can shut up this story with a terror? The Lord will so graciously provide for his, that in their greatest extremity they shall not be destitute of comfort. Though Mary travail in her travel,—for she was delivered in Bethlehem, whither she came to be taxed, Luke 2, and likely wanted necessary provision for her infant and herself,—behold, God will relieve their poverty, and send them gold from the east: as he once in a dearth provided for Jacob's family in Canaan, by a store of bread in Egypt. Comfort shall come when and whence we least expect it. Rocks shall yield water, ravens shall bring meat, rather than we shall perish; even our enemies shall sustain us. 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,' Ps. 37:25.

'By whom all things were made, and since have stood:

By him they all shall work unto our good:'

To whom be praise for ever! Amen.

THE WAY HOME

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.—
MATT. 2:12.

WHEN these wise men had presented to Christ their gifts; which, indeed, he first gave them, for the earth is his, and the fulness thereof; yet he rewards them. They emptied their treasures of gold, myrrh, and frankincense; and he filled the treasure of their hearts with heavenly graces.

For their gold, he returns them pure wisdom. They were called wise men before; but their wisdom was infernal, downwards to hell, perhaps consulting with devils. Now he gives them 'wisdom from above, pure' and refined as gold, James 3:17.

For their frankincense, he purgeth them of their former superstitious idolatries, from sacrificings to Satan; and instructs them to whom frankincense is due, and all other offerings of piety: to their Creator and Saviour.

For their myrrh, he gives them charity, a true love to him that so truly loved them; and for his sake, a love to others. They made then a blessed exchange with Christ, when, for gold, frankincense, myrrh, they received wisdom, devotion, charity.

Now, to testify how highly the Lord favoured them, he speaks to them in a dream, and reveals his mind for the safety of his Son; 'that they should not return to Herod.' And to witness how truly they served the Lord, they gave obedience; 'they departed into their own country another way.'

The whole maybe distinguished into, I. An informing; II. A performing: I. A word; II. A work.

God gives the word, the magi do the work. God doth inform, and they perform. He instructeth, and they execute. He gives direction, they obedience. His word, informance, instruction, direction, is: 'He warned them in a dream that they should not return to Herod.' Their work, performance, pliable obedience: 'They departed into their own country another way.'

I. In the direction or monition informing are considerable these three circumstances:—1. The men, wise men, magicians; 2. The manner, in a dream; 3. The matter, that they should not return to Herod.

1. The persons to whom God gave this admonition are expressly called wise men. Some say they were also great men. If so, then was

this revelation made, (1.) *Potentibus*; (2.) *Potentibus*:—

(1.) To great men. It is the opinion of some that these magi were kings; and that the evangelist in calling them wise men, gave them a more honourable title than if he had called them kings. So Ludolphus says that *magus* was in those days more noble than *magnus*. But we must know who they are that thus style them. Friars and Jesuits, such as can by no means endure the superiority of princes; that are *derisores hominum maxime potentum*. Hereon some of them have mooted strange problems, able to fill whole volumes: *An sacerdotes regibus preferendi*,—Whether priests be not above kings? But still the conclusion is against princes. Some more moderate on that side have confessed them not *reges*, but *regulos*, little kings, petty princes: like those one-and-thirty kings that conspired against Joshua, chap. 12:24; or those fifty that met at Troy. There is a kind of king in France whom the common people call, *Le Roi d'Yvetot*. But that these were but three in number, and kings in power, it may be painted in a Popish window, is not in the Catholic's Bible, therefore needs not be in a Christian's creed.

(2.) Howsoever these magi were *potentes* or no, they were *petentes*. Though they were great men, yet they humbly seek the greatest of men, yea, the great God, Jesus. And behold, graciously the Lord offers himself to their search: according to his infallible promise, that he will be found out of all that seek him. *Dedit aspicientibus intellectum, qui præstitit signum, et quod fecit intelligi, fecit inquiri.** So he offers himself to all faithful searchers. But we cannot find him we seek, unless he find us first 'that came to seek and to save that which was lost,' Luke 19:10. We seek in vain, unless we seek him; and we seek him in vain, unless he find us. *Nos ad se quærendum suscitatur, se ad inveniendum porrigit,†*—He stirs up our hearts to seek him, and offers himself to be found. There was never faithful heart sought the Lord Jesus, but he found 'him whom his soul loved,' Cant. 3:1. His patience might be exercised, his fidelity tried, his desires extended, by God's hiding himself for a season. In the night of obscurity, security, ignorance, he may miss him, ver. 1. Though he

inquire among the deepest philosophers, and honestest worldlings, ver. 2, he may not find him. But, ver. 3, the watchmen will bring him to him; yea, ver. 4, Christ himself will appear in gracious mercy. He may say for a while, as the poet of Anchises—

'Quæ regio Christum? quis habet locus? Illius ergo venimus,'—

Where is Christ? In what country may I find him? But the Lord Jesus will reveal himself; yea, meet him half-way, as the merciful father met his unthrifty son when he returned, Luke 15. We shall conclude with joy: 'We have found the Messiah: even him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth,' John 1:41, 45.

2. You hear the persons to whom this admonition was given: the next circumstance is the manner: in a dream.

I might here enter into a cloudy and confused discourse of dreams, till I had brought you all asleep. But I love not to fetch any bouts, where there is a nearer way. Herein I may say with Augustine, † 'I would to God I could discern between dreams.' Some are, (1.) Natural; some, (2.) Preternatural; and others, (3.) Supernatural.

(1.) Natural; and such arise either from complexion or from affection.

[1.] From complexion or constitution. The sanguine hath merry dreams; the melancholy, sorrowful dreams; the choleric, dreams of fire, and such turbulent thoughts; the phlegmatic, of rain, of floods, and such watery objects. And as these elemental humours do abound in a man, the dreams have a stronger force, and more violent perturbation.

[2.] From affection: what a man most desires, he soonest dreams of.

'Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,

Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies,

Venator defessa toro dum membra reponit,

Mens tamen ad silvas et sua lustra redit.

Gaudet amans furto: permutat navita merces:

Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.*

So Augustine:† *Somnium nascitur ex studiis præteritis*,—What man desires in the day, he dreams in the night. The hunter's mind is in the forest, while his wearied bones are reposed on a soft bed. The soldier dreams of batteries, assaults, encounters; the lawyer, of quirks and demurs; the citizen, of tricks and frauds; the musician, of crotchets; the Seminary, of equivocations. The gluttonous epicure dreams of dainty dishes and fat morsels. The thirsty drunkard dreams of his liquor; 'and, behold, he drinketh; but awake, his thirst is not satisfied,' Isa. 29:8. The usurer dreams of his trunks, and that he is telling his gold; and starts, as if every rat were a thief breaking in upon him. The timorous dream that they are flying before overtaking danger. The lustful imagines his desired embracings. The angry, that he is fighting, killing, spoiling. The secure, that they are whistling, singing, dancing. The jealous dreams of his wife's errors, when she lies chastely by his side. The ambitious, that he is kissing the king's hand, and mounted into the saddle of honour. The overcharged mind dreams of his employment; 'for a dream cometh through the multitude of business,' Eccles. 5:3.

(2.) Preternatural: and these are either *ad errorem* or *ad terrorem*. Whereof the first is wrought by Satan *permittente Deo*, God suffering it; the second by God, *mediante diabolo*, Satan being a mediate instrument.

[1.] There are dreams for error, wrought by the mere illusion of Satan: whom God once suffered to be a lying spirit in the mouth of four hundred prophets. He working upon men's affections, inclinations, and humours, causeth in them such dreams as seduce them to wickedness, and induce them to wretchedness. They write of

one Amphiaraus, an Argive soothsayer, that by a dream he was brought to the Theban voyage; where *hiatu terræ absorbetur*,—he was swallowed up of the earth. So Pharaoh's baker was encouraged to hopeful error by a dream, Gen. 40:16. So was that monstrous host of Midian overthrown by a dream of a barley-cake, that hit a tent and overwhelmed it, Judg. 7:13, which was interpreted the sword of Gideon.

[2.] For terror. Job says, that *Deus terret per somnia, et per visiones horrorem incutit*,—God strikes terror into the hearts of the wicked by dreams: as a *malus genius* is said to appear to Brutus the night before his death; or as the face of Hector was presented to Andromache. Polydore Virgil records the dream of that bloody tyrant, Richard the Third, that in a dream, the night before the battle of Bosworth-field, he thought all the devils in hell were haling and tugging him in pieces; and all those whom he had murdered crying and shrieking out vengeance against him: though he thinks this was more than a dream. *Id credo non fuisse somnium, sed conscientiam scelerum*,—He judged it not so much a dream as the guilty conscience of his own wickedness. So to Robert Winter, one of the powder traitors, in a dream appeared the ghastly figures and distracted visages of his chief friends and confederates in that treason; not unlike the very same manner wherein they after stood on the pinnacles of the Parliament-house.

(3.) Supernatural; such as are sent by divine inspiration, and must have a divine interpretation. Such were the dreams of Pharaoh expounded by Joseph; the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar declared by Daniel. Of these were two sorts:—

[1.] Some were mystical; such as those two kings' dreams, and Pharaoh's two officers', whose exposition is only of God. So Joseph answers: 'Are not interpretations of the Lord?' Gen. 40:8. So Nebuchadnezzar to Daniel: 'Thou art able, for the spirit of the holy God is in thee,' Dan. 4:18. The sorcerers and astrologers dearly acknowledged their ignorance with their lives, Dan. 2:13. Thus

Pharaoh may dream, but it is a Joseph that must expound it. It is one thing to have a representation objected to the fantasy, another thing to have an intellectual light given to understand it.

[2.] Others are demonstrative; when the Lord not only gives the dream, but also withal the understanding of it. Such were Daniel's dreams, and these wise men's, and Joseph's in this chapter. Wherein was a vision and provision: a vision what to do; a provision that no harm might come to Jesus. These dreams were most specially incident to the New Testament, when God at the very rising of the sun began to expel the shadows of dark mysteries: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams,' Acts 2:17. Now the sun is gotten up into the midst of heaven,—the gospel into the full strength,—these shadows vanish: the more light the less shadow.

So that now to expect revelation of things by dreams, were to entreat God to lend us a candle whiles we have the bright sun. The superstitious Papists are still full of these dreams; and find out more mysteries in their sleep than they can well expound waking. The Abbot of Glastonbury, when Ethelwold was monk there, dreamt of a tree whose branches were all covered with monks' cowls, and on the highest bough one cowl that overtopped all the rest; which must needs be expounded the future greatness of this Ethelwold. But it is most admirable how the Dominic friars make shift to expound the dream of Dominic's mother, which she had when she was with child of him: that she had in her womb a wolf with a burning torch in his mouth. Say what they will, a wolf is a wolf still: and that order hath ever carried a burning torch to scorch their mother, the church. But there is no dream of theirs without an interpretation, without a prediction. And if the event answer not their foretelling, they expound it after the event. If one of them chance to dream of a green garden, he goes presently and makes his will. Or if another dream that he shakes a dead friend by the hand, he is ready to call to the

sexton for a grave; takes solemn leave of the world, and says he cannot live.

Beloved, God hath not grounded our faith upon dreams, nor 'cunningly devised fables,' 2 Pet. 1:16; but on the holy gospel, written by his servants in books, and by his Spirit in the tables of our hearts. They that will believe dreams and traditions above God's sacred word, let them hear and fear their judgment, 2 Thess. 2:11, 'For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.' Banish from your hearts this superstitious folly, to repose any confidence on dreams.

But if you desire to make any use of dreams, let it be this. Consider thyself in thy dreaming, to what inclination thou art mostly carried; and so by thy thoughts in the night, thou shalt learn to know thyself in the day. Be thy dreams lustful; examine whether the addictions of thy heart run not after the bias of concupiscence. Be they turbulent; consider thy own contentious disposition. Be they revengeful; they point to thy malice. Run they upon gold and riches; they argue thy covetousness.

Thus God may be said to teach a man by his dreams still: *non quid erit, sed qualis est*,—not what shall be, but what he is; not future event, but present condition may be thus learned. Neither day nor night scapes a good man without some profit: the night teacheth him what he is, as the day what he should be. Therefore said a philosopher, that all waking men are in one common world; but in sleep every man goes into a world by himself. For his dreams do signify to him those secret inclinations to which he thought himself a stranger, though they were home-dwellers in his heart. Even those fancies are speaking images of a man's disposition. And as I have heard of some that talk in their dreams, and then reveal those secrets which awake they would not have disclosed, so may thy dreams tell thee when thou wakest what kind of man thou art. The hypocrite dreams of dissimulation; the proud woman, of paint and colours; the

thief, of robbery and booties; the Jesuit, of treasons. Let them ask their very sleep, *quales sint*, what manner of men they are. For so lightly they answer temptations actually waking, as their thoughts do sleeping. Thus only a man may make good use of his dreams.

Here let us observe, that God doth sometimes draw men to him *suis ipsorum studiis*,—by their own delights and studies. No doubt these magi were well acquainted with dreams, it being amongst the Ethnics and Peripatetics a special object of divination. Therefore there is a book bearing the name of Aristotle, *De divinatione per somnium*. Many errors these men had swallowed by dreams; now, behold, in a dream they shall receive the truth. So God called them by a star whose profession was to rely too much on the stars. *Quare per stellam? ut per Christum, ipsa materia erroris, fieret salutis occasio,**—Why by a star? That through Jesus Christ the very matter of their error might be made a means of their salvation. *Per ea illos vocat, quæ familiaria illis consuetudo fecit,*—God calls them by those things which custom had made familiar to them. They that are stung with scorpions, must be cured by the oil of scorpions. Thus God allures men to him as fishermen fishes, with such baits as may be somewhat agreeable to them. Paul is occasioned by the 'altar to the unknown God,' Acts 17:23, to make known the true God, the everlasting Jesus. Doth David love the sheep-folds? He shall be a shepherd still: Ps. 78:71, 'From following the ewes great with young he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.' Doth Peter love fishing? He shall go a-fishing still, though for more noble creatures; to catch souls. Do these magicians love stars and dreams? Behold, a star and a dream shall instruct them in the truth of God. Old Isaac takes occasion by the smell of his son's garments, savouring of the field, to pronounce a spiritual blessing: Gen. 27:27, 'The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.' Jerome notes of Amos, that he begins his prophecy with roaring,—'The Lord shall roar from Zion,' Amos 1:2,—because he being a field-man, kept the woods, where he was wonted to the roaring of lions. *Judæi signa quærunt?*—'Do the Jews seek a sign?' Why Christ will there, even among them, work his miracles. Doth

Augustine love eloquence? Ambrose shall catch him at a sermon. 'All things shall work to their good,' Rom. 8:28, that are good: omnia, etiam peccata,—all things, even their very sins, saith Augustine. Montaigne in his Essays writes, that a libidinous gentleman sporting with a courtesan in a house of sin, chanced to ask her name; which she said was Mary. Whereat he was stricken with such a remorse and reverence, that he instantly not only cast off the harlot, but amended his whole future life.

Well-beloved, since this is God's mercy to allure us to him by our own delights, let us yield ourselves to be caught. What scope doth thy addiction level at, that is not sinful, which God's word doth not promise and afford? What delight can you ask which the sanctuary gives not? Love you hunting? Learn here to hunt 'the foxes, the little cubs,' those crafty sins skulking in your bosoms, Cant. 2:15. Would you dance? Let your hearts keep the measures of Christian joy; and leap, like John the Baptist in Elizabeth's womb, at the salvation of Jesus. Delight you in running? Paul sets you a race: 'So run that ye may obtain,' 1 Cor. 9:24. You shall have good company: David promiseth, that he 'will run the way of God's commandments,' Ps. 119:32. Peter and John will run with you to Jesus. Love you music? Here are the bells of Aaron still ringing; the treble of mercy, and the tenor of judgment, Ps. 101:1: Levi's lute, and David's harp. There are no such songs as the songs of Zion. Would you be merry? 'Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice,' Phil. 4:4. If ever you found joy like this joy,—'the peace of conscience, and joy of the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17,—back again to the world. Lovest thou dainty cheer? Here be the best cates, the body and blood of thy Saviour, the bread of life; no hunger after it. Wilt thou drink much? 'Drink my wine and my milk; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved,' Cant. 5:1. *Bibite et inebriamini*, as the original imports,—drink, and be drunken with loves; pledge the health that Christ began, even 'a saving health to all nations.' Are you ambitious? There is no preferment like that is to be had here, in the court of the King of kings. David judged it no little thing to be son-in-law to a king; but what is it then to be a king? Desire you stately buildings? Alas! the whole world is but a cottage, a

poor transient tabernacle, to the mansions promised by Christ, John 14:2. Lastly, are you covetous? Yet I need not ask that question, but take it as granted. Why, then, here is gold; more precious than that of Arabia, or of Havilah. Rust or thief may distress that; this is a treasure can never be lost. What should I say more? What can win you? Which way soever your desire stands, God doth allure you. The best things in earth or in heaven are your bait. With these doth the Lord seek you; not for any need that he hath of you, but for your own salvation. When the fairest of all beloveds doth thus woo us, let him win us; and espouse us to himself in grace, that we have the plenary marriage in glory. You see the manner of their warning.

3. The matter: that they should not return to Herod. Why not to Herod? Because the Lord now lets them see his hypocrisy. For howsoever he pretended, ver. 8, 'to come and worship him;' yet he intended not servire, but sævire,—not to honour him, but to murder him. He calls the wise men privily, as if he quaked at the propagation of this news, for it came upon him like the pangs of death. He commands them to inquire de infante, not de rege,—of the babe, not of the king; for that title galled him to the earth. 'That I may worship him.' *Dirum facinus tingit colore pietatis*,—It is a monstrous wickedness, which he would dye in the colours of godliness.

The Lord doth disappoint the purposes of tyrants. Though their bows be bent, and their swords whetted, yet the mark shall be removed; and they shall rather wound themselves than the innocent. Though they be 'great with child of iniquity, and conceive mischief, yet they shall bring forth but falsehood,' Ps. 7:14. Though those Jews had 'bound themselves under a curse neither to eat nor drink till they had killed Paul,' Acts 23:12; yet if they had kept their vow, they had fasted to death. Though Sennacherib purposed to swallow up Jerusalem at a morsel; yet the Lord mocked his menaces: 'He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor cast a bank against it,' Isa. 37:33.

Herod made himself sure of Christ, but the Lord deceived him again and again. First he stroke him with extreme sottishness; that learning by the wise men the birth of Christ, though the matter in his thought touched his crown, he sends none of his courtiers with them under pretence of gratifying them; which might so have seized on that innocent Lamb, and not worshipped, but worried him. But the Lord so confounded his wits with the spirit of giddiness, that the magi go alone. Next, now that his bloody hopes depend upon their return, behold they are sent home 'another way.' So that, ver. 16, 'he saw that he was mocked.' Herod mocked the wise men, and God shall direct the wise men to mock Herod. He pretended to adore whom he did abhor; and they do cum vulpe vulpinare,—beguile the fox; yea, rather ovicula lupum fallit,—the lamb deceives the wolf. Simplicity goes beyond subtlety. A cane non magno sæpe tenetur aper. Here was Herod's folly, that he would not suffer the King of the whole world to be king in Jewry; that in fear of a successor, he would kill his Saviour. Nay further, for fear of a strange heir, he kills his own heir. Which occasioned Augustus to say, that it was better being Herod's hog than his heir. Here, then, see his cruelty: if his strength cannot take Jesus, he will try his cunning; and last, when his cunning fails, he falls to open violence again, 'sending forth men of war.' Thus when tyrants fail in their politicians' rhetoric, they fall to the carters' logic.

II. You see the informance; let us look upon their performance: 'They departed into their own country another way.' All which (wanting time to prosecute the history) I will apply to ourselves. Their course home shall teach us a course to our home, even to heaven and glory; wherein I desire to observe these circumstances:—1. Ourselves naturally lost; 2. Our finding of Christ; 3. Our charge not to return to Herod; but, 4. To go to our own country; and, 5. That by another way.

1. Let it be granted that we have all wandered from the way of life: Isa. 53:6, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.' I would to God every one would sentire, feel this

in particular; and not only consentire, consent to it in general. 'I am not come to call the righteous,' saith Christ, 'but sinners to repentance,' Matt. 9:13. And, Luke 15, he leaves the hypocritical justiciaries to their own high-conceited purity, and seeks the lost sheep. We may here pause, and wonder at our misery, at his mercy. We were so lost, that we could never find him; he is so good, that he sought and found us. *Invenit non quærentes, non perdet inventos,*—He found us, not seeking him; being found, he will not lose us. 'Come to me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' Matt. 11:28. The proud sinner who doth not find his sin, the careless who doth not feel his sin, is not called. Only *sentientibus morbum promittitur medicina,*—health is promised to those that feel their sickness.

2. Christ calls us; but how shall we come? Behold, he sends us a star for direction, his holy word: John 6:68, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' Would you come to him that is *vita*, the life? You must come by him that is *via*, the way. It is *he quo eundum*, whither we would go; it is *he qua eundum*, by which we must go. To his word then let us come with an honest heart: not to sleep, not to carp, not to gaze; but to observe attentively, to remember faithfully, and to practise obediently, what is there taught us. Neither must God only, for his part, afford us a star for guidance; but we must also, for our part, bring feet to walk to him. These are three:—

(1.) Contrition: a heart truly sorrowful for our former iniquities. He that is cast down by repentance shall be raised up with joy. It is not possible to walk to God without this foot. He that goes to heaven must wash his steps with tears. And he that hath this foot shall make large paces to glory. Though he hath long lingered, he will now haste; as the malefactor stepped by this foot from the cross to paradise.

(2.) Faith. Sorrow may cast down too fast, too far. Though the head have leave to ache, yet let not the hand of faith be wanting to hold it. Though the eye be blubbered with tears, yet must it look through all

that water to the clear sun, Jesus Christ. When the law hath done its office in making thy sin manifest, thank it, and take thy leave of it; as thou wouldest do of a friend that hath done thee a good turn, but now grows troublesome. Put Moses behind thee, saith Luther; and fix thine eyes upon Christ, that 'Lamb of God which takes away the sins of the world,' John 1:29. Without this foot thou shalt step short of comfort. Faith must bring thee to the fountain of that blood which shall 'wash away all thy sins,' 1 John 1:7.

(3.) Obedience. This foot must be continually used; all the days of thy life must thou travel in the ways of God with this foot. It knows and keeps celerity, integrity, constancy.

[1.] Celerity: 'I will run the way of thy commandments,' Ps. 119:32. It makes haste, knowing that God will not be pleased with halting obedience, or with that zeal that only goes a parliament-pace. The cripple was carried to the temple, Acts 3: God loves not such limping zeal, that is carried to church on two crutches, law and custom; but that which, with Peter and John, runs to the place where Christ is. But it is God that 'maketh our feet like the feet of hinds,' Ps. 18:33.

[2.] Integrity: it turns not to the right hand nor to the left, but goes straight on, 'running with patience the race that is set before it,' Heb. 12:1. Therefore, saith the Apostle, 'make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way,' ver. 13; for all false ways the Lord doth utterly abhor. 'The wicked walk on every side,' Ps. 12:8; they have circular goings on every side of the truth, but the true way they cannot find. But integrity is not so light-heeled, to skip out of the way of righteousness at every dog that reproachfully barks at it, nor at every Siren that temptingly would call it aside. The devil, with all his force of terror or error, cannot seduce it.

[3.] Constancy: it is ever travelling, though through many hindrances. It hath a heavy load of flesh to burden it, and to make every step tedious, yet it goes. Cares for family, troubles of contentious neighbours, frowning of great adversaries, the malicious

turbulency of the world, all offer to stay it, but it goes on. As if it had received the apostles' commission, Salute none of these remoras by the way, it resteth not till it see the salvation of God. The Lord 'delivers the feet from falling, that it may walk before God in the light of the living,' Ps. 56:13.

3. We must not return back to Herod. Why not to Herod? He was a fit type of the devil; and they that are recovered and escaped from him should not fall back into his clutches. The devil is like Herod, both for his subtlety and cruelty. The Herods were all dissemblers, all cruel. There was Herod Ascalonita, Herod Antipas, and Herod Agrippa, all cruel in the butchering of God's saints.

'Ascalonita necat pueros, Antipa Johannem,

Agrippa Jacobum, mittitque in carcere Petrum.'

Ascalonite makes an earnest show of zeal to Christ, but he desired not *subjicere se Christo, sed sibi Christum*,—not to become subject to Christ, but to make Christ the subject of his fury. Antipas seemed to love John the Baptist, but he suffers a dancing foot to kick off his head. The cruelty of the other Herod was monstrous. He slew all those whom he could suspect to issue from the line of David, all the infants of Bethlehem under two years old, at one slaughter. He slew his kindred, his sister, his wife, his son.* He cut the throats of many noble Jews while he lay on his deathbed. Yea, he made it in his will, that so soon as ever the breath was out of his body, all the sons of the nobler Jews, shut up into a safe place, should be instantly slain, to bear him company. By this means he resolved that some should lament his death, which otherwise would have been the cause of great joy. A wretched testament, and fit for such a devil to make.

That devil we are charged not to return to exceeds this both in subtlety and cruelty, even as much as a father may his son. Herod was not so perfect a master of his art. The wise men deceived Herod; he must be a wise man indeed that overreaches Satan. Herod was a

bungler to him: he trusted to instruments to destroy Christ; the devil looks to that business himself. 'He can transform himself into an angel of light;' and rather than not draw men to hell, he will dissemble a love to heaven. He will speak good, that he may work evil; and confess the truth, that thereby he may procure credit to greater falsehood. He can stoop to the reprobate, like a tame horse, till they get up and ride him; but when he hath them on his back, he runs post with them to hell.

When he hath thus exercised his policy, will he spare his power? When his fox's part is done, he begins his lion's. Blood, massacre, destruction, are his softest embraces; horror and amazement are the pleasures of his court; 'Kill, kill, burn, burn,' is the language of his tongue, to those miserable wretches which must ever be burning, never consumed, ever in suffering, and never die. Oh, then, let us never return to Herod, nor venture on his mercy! The poor bird that hath escaped the hawk's talons is careful to avoid his walk. The strayed lamb, fallen into the wolf's cave, and delivered by the shepherd, will no more straggle out of the flock. If the Lord Jesus hath sought and brought us to himself by the star of his gospel, let us no more go back to Herod; flying the works of darkness, and serving the living God with an upright heart. Indeed, they that are truly freed from his servitude will never more become his vassals. Many seem escaped that are not. If the adulterer return, like the 'hog to the mire,' and the drunkard, 'like the dog to his vomit,' 2 Pet. 2:22, it is likely that they love Herod well, for they go back to him. The minister may desire to 'offer them up a living sacrifice to the Lord,' Rom. 15:16, but, like wild beasts, they break the rope, and will not be sacrificed. But we, 'being delivered by Christ out of the hands of our enemies, must serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life,' Luke 1:74.

4. We must go to our own country. In this world we are but strangers: though perhaps we think too well of these vanities, yet they are but foreign things; we have another home. We may be ravished with this earth, as Peter with Tabor,—Bonum hic, It is good

being here,—but if we look up to that heaven which is our country, mundi calcamus inutile pondus. Behold, the very outside is fair: the outmost walls are beautified with glorious lights; every one as a world for greatness, so a heaven for goodness. All those spangles be as radiant stones, full of lustre, pure gold to the dross of earthly things. What may we, then, think there is within?

Yea, whatsoever the wicked think, yet this world is but the thoroughfare; and it is not their home neither, though indeed they have their portion in this life. It is said of Judas going to hell, that 'he went to his own place,' Acts 1:25; therefore that, and not this, is their own country, as sure as they think themselves of this world. In heaven there is all life, no death; in hell, all death, no life; on earth, men both live and die, passing through it as the wilderness, either to Egypt or Canaan. This earth, as it is between both, so it prepares us for both, and sends every one to their own country—eternal joy, or everlasting sorrow.

He that here dies to sin shall hereafter live in heaven; he that lives in sin shall hereafter die in hell. All sojourn either with God, feeding on his graces, or with Satan, surfeiting on his iniquities. They that will have Satan for their host in transgression shall afterwards be his guests in perdition. But they that obey God as their Master shall also have him their Father, and that for ever.

Contemn we, then, this world. What though we have many sorrows here, and a succession of miseries, we are not at home. What stranger looks for kind usage amongst his enemies? As well might the captive Jews expect quiet among the Babylonians. Thou art sure of a country wherein is peace. In that heaven the wicked have no part, though here much pleasure. When thou considerest this truly, thou wouldst not change portions with them. Let it be comfort sufficient, since we cannot have both, that we have by many degrees the better.

Their own country.—Heaven is our own country. Ours, ordained for us by God the Father: Matt. 25:34, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit ye the kingdom.' Ours, purchased for us by God the Son: Heb. 10:19, 'We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.' Ours, sealed to us by God the Holy Ghost: Eph. 4:30, 'The Spirit of God seals us up to the day of redemption;' Rom. 8:16, 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.'

Ours thus, though we are not yet fully entered into it. *Habemus jus ad rem, nondum in re*,—We are heirs to it, though now we be but wards. Our minority bids and binds us to be servants: Gal. 4:1, 'The heir, as long as he is a child, differs nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all.' When we come to full years, a perfect growth in godliness, in *mensuram staturæ adulti Christi*,—'to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' Eph. 4:13,—we shall have a plenary possession.

It is ours already, not in *re*, but in *spe*; as Augustine. Our common law distinguisheth between two manner of freeholds: a freehold in deed, when a man hath made his entry upon lands, and is thereof really seized; a freehold in law, when a man hath right to possessions, but hath not made his actual entry. So is this country ours; ours *tenore juris*, though not yet *jure tenoris*,—ours in the inheritance of the possession, though not in the possession of the inheritance. To this country, our country, let us travel; and that we may do it the better—

5. The last circumstance shews us how: 'another way.' We must change the whole course of our inordinate conversation, and walk another way—even the King's highway to Paradise. *Immutatio viæ emendatio vitæ*,*—The changing of the way is the amending of our life. Repentance must teach us to tread a new path. To man truly penitent, *optimus portus est mutatio consilii*,†—the best haven is the change of his life: 'not to turn again by the same way that he came,' 1 Kings 13:9. Thus must we renounce our own wills and old ways, and,

being made new creatures, take new paths. So Gregory: 'We departed from our country by pride, disobedience, doting on visible delights, and pleasing the lusts of the flesh: we must therefore return by humility, obedience, contemning the world, and condemning the flesh.' Qui à Paradisi gaudiis per delectationem recessimus, ad hæc per pœnitentiam, tanquam per novam viam, revocamur,—We that departed from Paradise by sin, must return thither by a new way—repentance. Hast thou walked in lust? Take another way—by purity and chastity. Didst thou travel with pride? There is another way to heaven—humility: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:3. Wert thou given to avarice? There is a new way to heaven—by charity: 'Ye have fed me hungry,' &c., 'therefore come, ye blessed,' Matt. 25. Didst thou trudge with contention, and molesting thy neighbours with suits? This is the way to Westminster Hall; there is 'another way' to heaven: Matt. 5:9, 'Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.' Didst thou trade in usury? This is the way to the Exchange; thou must exchange this way if thou wilt come to glory. Hast thou foraged with oppression? Thou must, with Zaccheus, seek out another way: Luke 19:8, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false dealing, I restore him fourfold.' Let the drunken epicure, malicious repiner, seditious incendiary, dissembling hypocrite, unjust oppressor, leave their wretched paths, and seek another way to happiness. God give us all grace to find this way of repentance, that we may come at last to our own country—peace and rest with Jesus Christ! Amen.

THE GOOD POLITICIAN DIRECTED

Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.—MATT. 10:16.

OUT of every creature (simply considered) there is some good to be learned. The divine poet* sweetly—

'The world's a school, where in a general story

God always reads dumb lectures of his glory.'

It is a three-leaved book—heaven, earth, and sea; and every leaf of this book, every line of every leaf, every creature in this universe, can read to man, for whom they were made, a divinity lecture. In a speaking silence they preach to us that Deity which made both them and us, and them for us. *Seculum speculum*,—the world is a glass wherein we may behold our Creator's majesty. From the highest angel to the lowest worm, all instruct us somewhat. For one and the same almighty hand, that made the angels in heaven, made also the worms on earth. *Non superior in illis, non inferior in istis.*†

Besides this general lecture, they have all their particular schools: Solomon sends us to the ant to learn providence, Prov. 6:7; Isaiah to the ox to learn thankfulness, Isa. 1:3. Many beasts do excel man in many natural things:—

'Nos aper auditu præcellit, aranea tactu,

Vultur odoratu, lynx visu, simia gustu,'—

The boar excels us in hearing, the spider in touching, the vulture in smelling, the lynx in seeing, the ape in tasting. Some have observed that the art of curing the eyes was first taken from the swallows. The eagles have taught us architecture; we received the light of phlebotomy from the hippopotamus. The Egyptian bird, ibis, first

gave to physicians knowledge how to use the clyster. The spider taught us to weave. Here the serpent instructs us in policy, the dove in simplicity.

Now we are fallen among serpents, stinging serpents, enemies to man; can we fetch away any good from them? Yes, those very venomous and malicious creatures shall afford us documenta, not nocumenta; they shall teach us, not touch us. I may say of them, as it is said of the Jews, *Hostes sunt in cordibus, suffragatores in codicibus*,—They are our enemies in their hearts, our friends in their books. The malice of serpents is mortal, their use shall be vital. So it may, so it shall, if our sobriety keep the allowed compass; for our imitation is limited and qualified. We must not be in all points like serpents, nor in all respects like doves; but in some, but in this: 'Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves.' Perhaps other uses might be accommodated: as the serpent might teach us how with wisdom to dwell below on the earth, and the dove with wings of innocence to fly up to heaven above. We may in earthly matters keep a serpentine and winding motion; but to heaven, with the dove, we must have a straight course. But I confine myself to the pith of the text and our Saviour's meaning: 'Be wise as serpents, innocent as doves.'

The words may (not unfitly) be distinguished into—I. A perhibition; and II. A cohibition: as it were the reins and the curb. I. The perhibition, allowance, or reins: 'Be wise as serpents.' II. The cohibition, corrective, restraint, or curb: 'Be harmless as doves.'

They must go hand in hand, without disjunction. United they are commodious, parted dangerous. There is a necessity of their union to our peace: divide them, and you lose yourselves. Wit without innocence will offend others; innocence without wit will not defend ourselves. *Prudentia sine simplicitate malitia; simplicitas sine prudentia stultitia*,—Wit without innocence is wickedness; innocence without wit is foolishness. Whosoever hath the one and wants the other, must needs be either guilty of folly or of dishonesty. Lest we be too crafty, and circumvent others, let us keep the innocency of the

dove; lest we be too simple, and others circumvent us, let us keep the wisdom of the serpent.

I. Let us first see from the serpent how we should be wise, and then go to the dove for innocence. Six principal lessons of wisdom the serpent may teach us:—

1. Their first policy is by all possible means to defend their head. If they must encounter with danger, they expose their whole body to it; but howsoever they will safeguard their head. They write of them, that although all a serpent's body be mangled, unless his head be cut off, (which he cunningly hides,) by a kind of attractive power and vigour, one part will come to another again.

This is to us a singular document of wisdom, to look well to our Head. Christ is our Head; and the sinews and nerves that knit us to him are our faith and hope: let us preserve these undaunted, undamaged. We fight against an enemy that seeks especially to wound us there. He strikes indeed at every place: he hath, saith Jerome, *nomina mille, mille nocendi artes*; therefore Paul chargeth us, Eph. 6:11, to 'put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand against all the wiles of the devil.' But especially look to the head: ver. 16, 17, 'Above all, take the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation;' save the head. Protect all parts, if it be possible; let not oppression wound thee in the hand, nor blasphemy in the tongue, nor wantonness in the eye, nor covetousness in the heart; but howsoever shield thy head: lose not thy hope of salvation, thy faith in Jesus Christ.

Homo qui habet se, habet totum in se, said the philosopher,—He that hath himself, hath all in himself. But *ille habet se, qui habet Christum, et ille habet Christum, qui habet fidem*,—he hath himself that hath Christ, and he hath Christ that hath faith. Whatsoever you lose, lose not this; though you lose your loves, though you lose your lives, keep the faith. 'I will trust in thee, though thou kill me,' saith Job, chap. 13:15. 'I have kept the faith,' saith Paul, 2 Tim. 4:7, though

'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' Gal. 6:17. If insatiate death be let alone, to cut us into pieces with the sword, to grind us into the maws of beasts, to burn us in the fire to ashes; yet so long as our Head, Christ, is safe, he hath the serpent's attractive power to draw us to him. 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am,' John 17:24. The more we are cut off, the more we are united; death, whiles it strives to take us from him, sends us to him. Keep faith in the Head. With what mind soever Seneca wrote it, I know to good use I may speak it: *Malo mihi successum deesse, quam fidem,*—I had rather want success than faith. *Fidem qui perdidit, nil habet ultra quod perdat,*—He that hath lost his faith, hath nothing else to lose. But it is the Lord that preserves the head. 'O God, the strength of my salvation; thou hast covered my head in the day of battle,' Ps. 140:7.

2. The next policy in serpents is to stop their ears against the noise of the charmers. This is one of the similitudes which the Psalmist gives between the wicked and serpents: Ps. 58:4, 5, 'Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.' This charming, as they write, was invented in the eastern countries, where they were pestered with abundance of serpents; which music the serpent hearing, wisely distrusting his own strength, thinks it the surest course to stop his ears. This he doth by couching one ear close to the ground, and covering the other with his voluminous tail.

The incantations of this world are as often sung to us, as those charms to the serpents; but we are not so wise as serpents to avoid them. Sometimes a Siren sings us the charms of lust; and thus a weak woman overcomes him that overcame the strong lion.

'Lenam non potuit, potuit superare lænam.

Quem fera non valuit vincere, vicit hera,'

says the epigrammatist. 'He goeth after her straightway:' though 'her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death,' Prov. 7:22. Sometimes Satan comes to us like a goldfinch, and whistles to us a note of usury, to the tune of ten in the hundred; we are caught presently, and fall a-dancing after his pipe. Sometimes, like Alecto, he charms us a madrigal of revenge for private wrongs; instantly we are caught with malice, destruction sits in our looks. Not seldom he comes to a man with a drunken carol,—Lay thy penny to mine, and we will to the wine,—he is taken suddenly; he runs to it, though he reels from it. He sings the slothful a Dormi secure; and he will sleep, though his 'damnation sleepeth not,' 2 Pet. 2:3. Yea, there are not wanting that, let him sing a song of blasphemy, they will swear with him. Let him begin to rail, they will libel with him. Let his incantation be treason, and they will answer him in gunpowder. Yea, let him charm with a charm, a witless, senseless sorcery, and if a tooth aches, or a hog groans, they will admit it, admire it. Of such folly the very serpents shall condemn us.

But as open-eared as men are to these incantations of the devil and sin, let the musical bells of Aaron be rung, the sweet songs of Zion sung, they will not listen; they will not be charmed with all our cunning. So that we shall be fain to send them to the judgment-seat of God, with this scroll on their foreheads, *Noluerunt incantari*,—Lord, we have done our best, but this people would not be charmed.

3. Their third policy. They fly men's society as known enemies; and rather choose a wilderness, seeking peace among briars and thorns. And may they not herein teach us with Moses, 'rather to choose affliction' in a wilderness 'with the people of God,—than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,' Heb. 11:25. Much hath been, and may be, said to lessen men's dotage to the world; and yet one word I must add—

'Non quia vos nostra sperem prece posse moveri.'

Did ever any of you know what the peace of conscience and joy of the Holy Ghost is? Whiles that comfort and jubilation dwelt in your heart, I ask you how the world stood in your sight? Stood it not like a deformed witch, devils sucking on her breasts; a shoal of ugly sins sitting like screech-owls on her head; blood and massacres besmearing her face; lies, blasphemies, perjuries, waiting at her beck; extortion and oppression hanging on her arms; wickedness and wretchedness filling both her hands; the cries, groans, and imprecations of widows and orphans sounding in her ears; heaven thundering vengeance on her head; and the enlarged gates of the infernal pit yawning to entertain her.

Is this your paramour, O ye worldlings? Is this the beauty you hazard a soul to get? O munde immunde, evil-favoured world, that thou shouldest have so many lovers! *Ecce ruinosus est mundus, et sic amatur: quid si perfectus esset? Quid formosus faceret, quum deformis sic adoratur;**—If the world being ruinous so pleaseth men, what would it do if it were sound and perfect? If it were fair and beauteous, how would we dote on it, that thus love it deformed? But how rare a man is he *qui nihil habet commune cum seculo, †*—that hath no communion with this world! that retires himself like the serpent, and doth not intricate his mind in these worldly snares; who does not watch with envy, nor travel with avarice, nor climb with ambition, nor sleep with lust under his pillow!

But for all this, *vincet amor mundi*. Money and wealth must be had, though men refuse no way on the left hand to get it. We may charge them *nummos propter Deum expendere*,—to lay out their wealth for God's sake; but they will *Deum propter nummos colere*,—worship God for their wealth's sake. We say, Let the world wait upon religion; they say, Let religion wait upon the world. You talk of heaven and a kingdom; but *tutius hoc cœlum, quod brevis area tenet*. That heaven is surest, think they, that lies in their coffers. As those two giants bound Mars in chains, and then sacrificed to him; so men first coffer up their wealth, and then worship it. Or if they suffer it to pass their

lock and key, yet they bind it in strong chains and charms of usury to a plentiful return.

'Enough' is a language they will never learn till they come to hell; where their bodies shall have enough earth, their souls enough fire. There are four adverbs of quantity: *parum*, *nihil*, *nimis*, *satis*,—little, nothing, too much, enough. The last, that is the best, is seldom found. The poor hath little; the beggar nothing; the rich too much; but *qui satis?*—who hath enough? Though they have too much, all is too little; nothing is enough. *Quid satis est si Roma parum?*—What is enough, if all Rome be too little? said the poet.[‡] But the world itself could not be enough to such. *Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.* The covetous man may *habere quod voluit*, *nunquam quod vult*,—he may enjoy what he desired, never what he desireth; for his desires are infinite. So their abundance, which God gave them to help others out of distress, plungeth themselves into destruction: as Pharaoh's chariot drew his master into the sea. In the Massilian sea, saith Bernard, scarce one ship of four is cast away; but in the sea of this world, scarce one soul of four escapes.

4. Their next policy. When they swim, though their bodies be plunged down, yet they still keep their head above the water. And this lesson of their wisdom I would direct to the riotous, as I did the former to the covetous. Which vicious affections, though in themselves opposite,—for the covetous think *prodigum prodigium*, the spender a wonder; and the prodigal think *parcum porcum*, the niggard a hog,—yet either of them both may light his candle at the lamp of the serpent's wisdom, and learn a virtue they have not.

Though you swim in a full sea of delights, yet be sure to keep your heads up for fear of drowning. It is natural to most sensitive creatures to bear up their heads above the floods; yet in the stream of pleasure, foolish man commonly sinks. If I had authority, I would here bid gluttony and drunkenness stand forth, and hear themselves condemned by a serpent. If the belly have any ears, let it hear; and not suffer the head of the body, much less the head of the soul,

reason, to be drowned in a puddle of riot. *Multa fercula, multos morbos,*—Many dishes, many diseases. Gluttony was ever a friend to *Æsculapius*. But for the throat's indulgence, Paracelsus, for all his mercury, had died a beggar. Intemperance lies most commonly sick on a down-bed; not on a pad of straw. 'Ah me's' and groans are soonest heard in rich men's houses. Gouts, pleurisies, dropsies, fevers, surfeits, are but the consequents of epicurism.

'*Quæ nisi divitibus nequeunt contingere mensis.*'*

A divine poet, morally—

'We seem ambitious God's whole work to undo:

Of nothing he made us, and we strive too

To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we

Do what we can to do 't as soon as he.'

We complain of the shortness of our lives, yet take the course to make them shorter.

Neither is the corporal head only thus intoxicate, and the senses drowned in these deluges of riot: but reason, the head of the soul, and grace, the head of reason, is overwhelmed. *Rarum convivium sine vitio, sine convitio.* Revellers and revilers are wonted companions. When the belly is made a *Crassus*, the tongue is turned into a *Cæsar*, and taxeth all the world. Great feasts are not without great danger. They serve not to suffice nature, but to nourish corruption. Luke 2:42, Joseph and Mary went up to Jerusalem to the feast with Jesus; but there they lost Jesus. Twelve years they could keep him, but at a feast they lost him. So easily is Christ lost at a feast. And it is remarkable there, ver. 46, that in the temple they found him again. Jesus Christ is often lost at a banquet; but he is ever found in the temple. Jude speaks of some that 'feast without fear,' ver. 12. They suspect not the loss of Christ at a banquet. But

Job feared his children at a feast: 'It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts,' chap. 1:5. Let us suspect these riotous meetings, lest we do not only swim but sink. Let us be like the deer, who are ever most fearful at their best feeding. Rom. 13:13, 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness,' that were to feast the world; 'not in chambering and wantonness,' that were to feast the flesh; 'not in strife and envying,' that were to feast the devil.

I know there be some that care not what be said against eating, so you meddle not with their drink; who cry out like that German, at a great tournament at court, when all the spectators were pleased: *Valeant ludi quibus nemo bibit*,—Farewell that sport where there is no drinking. I will say no more to them, but that the serpent's head keeps the upper hand of the waters, but drink gets the upper hand of their heads. How preposterous is this: *sobrii serpentes, ebrii homines*,—sober serpents and drunken men! The serpent is here brought to teach wisdom; and to be sober is to be wise. The philosopher so derives wisdom in his Ethics: *σωφροσύνη, est quasi σώζουσα τὴν φρόνησιν*. Or as another, *quia σώζει τὴν φρένα*.

5. The fifth instance of their wisdom propounded to our imitation is vigilancy. They sleep little; and then least when they suspect the vicinity of danger. A precedent worth our following. 'See that ye walk circumspectly; not as fools, but as wise,' Eph. 5:15. Carry your eyes in your heads: 'The wise man's eyes are in his head,' Eccles. 2:14; not like those lamiaë, in a box. Nor like a hoodwinked prince, that is not suffered to see but through his flatterers' spectacles. Be watchful, saith our Saviour: 'You know not what hour your Master will come.' 1 Pet. 5:8, 'Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.'

Those are two main motives to watchfulness. First, our landlord is ready to come for his rent. Secondly, our enemy is ready to assault our fort. And let me add, the tenement we dwell in is so weak and ruinous, that it is ever and anon ready to drop down about our ears.

He that dwells in a rotten ruinous house dares scarce sleep in a tempestuous night. Our bodies are earthly, decayed, or at least decaying tabernacles; every little disease, like a storm, totters us. They were indeed at first strong cities; but we then by sin made them forts of rebels. Whereupon our offended liege sent his sergent, Death, to arrest us of high treason. And though for his mercies' sake in Christ he pardoned our sins, yet he suffers us no more to have such strong houses; but lets us dwell in thatched cottages, paper walls, mortal bodies.

Have we not then cause to watch, lest our house, whose 'foundation is in the dust,' Job 4:19, fall, and 'the fall thereof be great?' Matt. 7:27. Shall we still continue sine metu, perhaps sine motu dormitantes? It is a fashion in the world to let leases for three lives: as a divine poet sweetly—

'So short is life, that every tenant strives

In a torn house or field to have three lives.'

But God lets none for more than one life: and this expired, there is no hope to renew the lease. He suffers a man sometimes to dwell in his tenement 'threescore and ten years,' sometimes 'fourscore,' Ps. 90:10; till the house be ready to drop down, like mellow fruit. But he secures none for a month, for a moment. Other farmers know the date of their leases, and expiration of the years; man is merely a tenant at will, and is thrust out often *sedibus, ædibus*, at less than an hour's warning.

We have then cause to watch. 'I sleep, but my heart waketh,' saith the church, Cant. 5:2. If temptation do take us napping, yet let our hearts wake. Simon, dormis?—'Sleepest thou, Peter?' Mark 14:37. Indeed there is a time for all things; and sometimes sleep and rest is *dabile* and *laudabile*, necessary and profitable. But now Simon, when thy Lord is ready to be given up into the hands of his enemies, when the hour and power of darkness is instant, when the great work of

salvation is to be wrought, 'Simon, sleepest thou?' Thou that hast promised to suffer with me, canst thou not watch with me? Quomodo morieris, qui spectare et expectare non potes? Beloved, let us all watch; for that Jesus, who was then, when Peter slept, ready to suffer, is now, though we all sleep, ready to judge quick and dead.

6. The last general point of wisdom we will learn from them is this: as they once a year slip off their old coat and renew themselves, so let us cast off the old man, and 'the garment spotted of the flesh,' Jude 13,—more speckled with lusts than the skin of any serpent,—and 'be renewed in our mind, to serve God in the holiness of truth,' Eph. 4:24.

The Grecians have a fabulous reason of this renovation of serpents. Once mankind strove earnestly with the gods, by supplication, for perpetual youth. It was granted, and the rich treasure being lapped up, was laid upon an ass to be carried among men. The silly beast being sore thirsty, came to a fountain to drink: the keeper of this fountain was a serpent, who would not suffer the ass to drink unless he would give him his burden. The ass, both ready to faint for thirst, and willing to be lighted of his load, condescended. Hereby the serpent got from man perpetual youth. Indeed the serpent changeth his age for youth, and man his youth for age. And the ass, for his punishment, is more tormented with thirst than any other beast, The serpent may thus get the start of a man for this world; but when he dies, he dies for ever; life never returns. But we shall put off, not the skin, but this mortal body; and so be clothed with immortality and eternal life above: we shall be young again in heaven.

'Only death adds t' our strength: nor are we grown

In stature to be men, till we are none.'

Let this answer the poet:—

'Anguibus exuitur tenui cum pelle vetustas:

Cur nos angusta conditione sumus?'

Why do serpents repair themselves, and man decay? The answer is easy and comfortable: when there shall be new heavens and new earth, we shall have new bodies. They have here new bodies, and we old bodies but there we shall have new bodies when they are no bodies.

But to our purpose. They write that the serpent gets him to some narrow passage, as between two sticks, and so slips off his skin. And this is called *spolium serpentis* or *vernatio serpentis*. If we would cast off our old coat, which is corrupt according to deceitful lusts, we must pass through a 'narrow gate,' Matt. 7:13, as it were two trees, faith and repentance. Heaven is called 'new Jerusalem,' Rev. 21; you cannot creep through those new doors with your old sins on your backs. Be no Gibeonites: God will not be cozened with your old garments. Put them off, saith Paul; put them off, and cast them away; they are not worthy mending. None are made of Satan's slaves God's sons, but they must put off their old livery, which they wore in the devil's service, the cognisance of Mammon. 'Let him that is in Christ be a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new,' 2 Cor. 5:17. 'I saw,' saith St John, *novum cœlum*, &c., 'a new heaven and new earth.' For whom provided? For new creatures.

Envy this, ye worldlings, but strive not in your lower pomps to equal it. Could you change robes with Solomon, and dominions with Alexander, you could not match it. But quake at your doom, ye wicked: 'Tophet is ordained of old,' Isa. 30:33, old hell for old sinners. But which way might a man turn his eyes to behold his renovation? *Nil novi video, nil novi audio*. The hand is old, it extorts; the tongue is old, it swears. Our usuries are still on foot to hunt the poor, our gluttonies look not leaner, our drunkenness is thirsty still, our security is not waked. Old idols are in our inward and better temples. Our iniquities are so old and ripe, that they are not only *albæ ad messem*, white to the harvest; but even *siccæ ad ignem*, dry for the fire.

Not only serpents, but divers other creatures, have their turns of renewing. The eagle reneweth her bill, saith the prophet; our grandmother earth becomes new, and to all her vegetative children the spring gives a renovation. Only we her ungracious sons remain old still. But how shall we expect hereafter new glorified bodies, unless we will have here new sanctified souls? 'In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God,' Gal. 6:15, 16.

I have taught you, according to my poor meditation, some wisdom from the serpent. Augustine gives six or seven other instances, worthy your observation and imitation, which I must pass over in silence. The cohibition challengeth some piece of my discourse; for I dare not give you the reins, and let you go without the curb. And yet I shall hold you a little longer from it; for as I have shewed you some good in serpents, that you may follow it, so I must shew you some evil in them, that you may eschew it. The vicious and obnoxious affections of serpents have more followers than their virtues. These instances are of the same number with the former.

1. The serpent, though creeping in the dust, hath a lofty spirit; reaching not only at men, but even at the birds of the air. And here is the ambitious man's emblem. He was bred out of the dust, yet he catcheth at lordships and honours; ransacks the city, forages the country, scours it through the church; but his errand is to the court. He is the maggot of pride, begot out of corruption; and looks in an office as the ape did when he had got on the robes of a senator.

2. Their flattery or treachery: they embrace, whiles they sting. They lie in the green grass, and under sweet flowers, that they may wound the suspectless passenger. Here I will couple the serpent with the flatterer—a human beast, and of the two the most dangerous. And that fitly; for they write of a serpent whose sting hath such force that it makes a man die laughing. So the flatterer tickles a man to death. Therefore his tears are called *crocodili lacrymæ*, the crocodile's tears.

When he weeps, he wounds. Every frown he makes gives his patron a vomit, and every caudle of commendation a purge. His church is the kitchen, his tongue is his caterer, his young lord his god, whom at once he worships and worries. When he hath gotten a lease, he doth no longer fear his master; nay more, he fears not God.

3. Their ingratitude: they kill those that nourished them. And here I rank with serpents those prodigies of nature, unthankful persons. Seneca says they are worse. *Venenum quod serpentes in alienam perniciem proferunt, sine sua continent. Non ita vitium ingritudinis continetur,**—The poison which a serpent casts out to the danger of another, he retains without his own: but the voice of ingratitude cannot be so smothered. Let us hate this sin, not only for others' sake, but most for our own.

4. Their voracity: they kill more than they can eat. And here they would be commended to the engrossers, who hoard more than they can spend, that the poor might starve for lack of bread. Such a man (if he be not rather a serpent, a devil, than man) makes his almanac his Bible; if it prognosticate rain on Swithin's Day, he loves and believes it beyond the Scripture. Nothing in the whole Bible pleaseth him but the story of Pharaoh's dream, where the seven lean kine did eat up the seven fat ones. He could wish that dream to be true every year, so he might have grain enough to sell. He cries out in his heart for a dear year, and yet he is never without a dear year in his belly. Solomon says, 'The people shall curse him,' and I am sure God will not bless him; but he fears neither of these so much as a cheap year.

5. Their hostility and murderous minds: they destroy all to multiply their own kind. And for this I will bring the depopulator to shake hands with serpents. For he cannot abide neighbours. If any man dwells in the town besides himself, how should he do for elbow-room? There are too many of these serpents in England. I would they were all exiled to the wilderness, where they might have room enough, and none to trouble them, except of their own generation—serpents. They complain eagerly against our negligence in

discovering new parts of the world; but their meaning is to rid this land of inhabitants. They have done their best, or rather their worst: whenas in my memory from one town in one day were driven out above threescore souls,—harbourless, succourless, exposed to the bleak air and unmerciful world,—besides those that could provide for themselves.* But the Lord of heaven sees this: the clamours of many poor debtors in the dungeon, of many poor labourers in the field, of many poor neighbours crying and dying in the streets, have entered the ears of the Lord of hosts, and he will judge it. 'Thou hast seen it; for thou beholdest mischief and spite, to requite it: the poor committeth himself unto thee; thou art the helper of the fatherless,' Ps. 10:14.

6. Lastly, their enmity against man, whom they should reverence: which we sorely found, and cannot but think of, quoties meminimus illius inauspicati pomi,—as often as we remember that unlucky apple. Ælianus and Pliny report, that when a serpent hath killed a man, he can never more cover himself in the earth, but wanders up and down like a forlorn thing; the earth disdainng to receive into her bowels a man-murderer. The male doth not acknowledge the female, nor the female the male, that hath done such a deed. Since, therefore, they rebel against man whom they should honour, let me yoke with them traitors, Seminaries, and renegades, that refuse allegiance to their lieges and sovereigns. Will they say a prince may lose jus regni, the right of his kingdom, per injustitiam regnandi, by reigning with injustice and cruelty; and so they are absolved of their obedience? But how haps it that the Scripture never knew this distinction? Saul, though guilty of all sins against the first table, yet ex solo indelebili unctionis caractere, might not be deposed; but David calls him Christum Domini,—the Lord's anointed. If the prince be an offender, must they punish? Who gave them that authority? No, sufficit ei in pœnam, quod Deum expectet ultorem,—It is enough for him that he look for God to be his judge. Oh, but when the Pope's excommunication thunders, it is no sin to decrown kings. So superstitiously they follow the Pope, that they forsake Christ, and will not give Cæsar his due. They are the

firebrands and bustuaries of kingdoms; serpents hidden in ladies' and gentlewomen's chambers; in a word, long spoons for traitors to feed with the devil.

You see also now quid non. There is poison in serpents now told you, leave that; there is wisdom to be learned from serpents before shewed you, study that. Every vice you nourish is a venomous stinging serpent in your own bosoms. If you will have hope of heaven, expel those serpents. I have read of a contention between Scotland and Ireland about a little island, either challenging it for theirs. It was put to the decision of a Frenchman, who caused to be put into the island living serpents, arbitrating it thus: that if those serpents lived and prospered there, the ground was Scotland's; if they died, Ireland's.* If those serpentine sins, lusts, and lewdness live and thrive in your hearts, Satan will challenge you for his dominion; if they perish and die through mortification, and by reason of the pure air of God's Holy Spirit in you, the Lord seals you up for his own inheritance.

II. I have given you the reins at large: let me give but one pull at the curb, and you shall go. The cohibition is, 'Be harmless as doves.' In doves there be some things to be eschewed, many things to be commended, one thing to be followed. The dove is a timorous and faint-hearted creature: 'Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart,' Hosea 7:11. Be ye not so. In doves there are many things commendable; but I will but name them, regarding the limits of both my text and time.

1. Beauty. By that name Christ praiseth the beauty of his spouse: 'Thou art fair, my love, my dove,' &c. 'Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks, Cant. 4:1. And the church praiseth her Saviour: 'His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of water, washed with milk, and fitly set,' chap. 5:12, 1:15; as a precious stone in the foil of a ring. A white dove is a pleasant sight, but not like a white soul.

2. Chastity. *Nescit adulterii flammam intemerata columba.* The dove knows not the luxurious pollution of an adulterate bed. Who ever saw dove sick of that lustful disease? Happy body, that hath such continency! and blessed soul, which shall be 'presented a pure virgin to Jesus Christ!' 2 Cor. 11:2. They are virgins, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, Rev. 14:4.

3. Fruitfulness. Most months in the year they bring forth young. The faithful are in this respect doves; for faith is ever pregnant of good works, travails with them, and on all occasions brings them forth.

4. Amity. They love their own mates; not changing till death give one of them a bill of divorce. *Gemit turtur:* the turtle groans when he hath lost his mate. Nature teacheth them, what reason above nature, and grace above reason, teacheth us, to 'rejoice with the wives of our youth.'

5. Unity. They live, feed, fly by companies. Many of them can agree quietly in one house: even teaching us 'how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity,' Ps. 133:1; that as we have 'one hope,' Eph. 4:4, so have 'one heart,' Acts 4:32. Therefore the Holy Ghost came down 'in the likeness of a dove,' Matt. 3:16, of all birds; and it was the dove that would not leave Noah's ark, Gen. 8:9.

But these are but circumstances; my centre is, their innocence. *Columba simplex est animal, felle caret, rostro non lædit.* † Other fowls have their talons and beaks, whereby they gripe and devour, like usurers and oppressors in a commonwealth. The dove hath no such weapon to use, no such heart to use it. They write that she hath no gall, and so free from the bitterness of anger. *Talem columbam audivimus, non talem hominem.* We have heard of such a dove, not of such a man. Who can say, he hath innocent hands and a simple heart? Indeed none perfectly in God's sight; yet some have had, and may have this in part, by the witness of their own consciences. Samuel could challenge the Israelites to accuse him: 'Whose ox have I taken? whom have I defrauded? of whose hand have I received any

bribe?' 1 Sam. 12:3. And Job sweetly: 'My heart shall not condemn me for my days. If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, let it be broken. If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me,' Job 31:21, &c. For that is true innocence, saith Augustine, *quæ nec inimico nocet*,—that hurts not our very enemy. 'If my land cry against me, or the furrows thereof complain, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.' How few amongst us dare thus plead. So David: 'O Lord, thou knowest mine innocence.'

O blessed testimony! This is *muris æneus*, a wall of brass about a man. *In malis sperare bonum, nisi innocens, nemo potest*,—To hope for good in the midst of evils, no man can but the innocent. He goes fearless of danger, though not secure. *Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Nec suspectus est pati, quod se non meminit fecisse*,—He cannot look to suffer that wrong which he knows he hath not done. Innocence, saith Chrysostom, is free in servitude, safe in danger, joyful in bonds. *Cum humiliatur, erigitur: cum pugnat, vincit: cum occiditur, coronatur*,—When it is cast down, it is raised up; when it fights, it conquers; when it is killed it is crowned.

This is that harmlessness which must be joined with the serpent's wisdom. So Paul to his Romans; 'I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil,' Rom. 16:19. This is an excellent mixture, saith Gregory:* *ut simplicitatem columbæ astutia serpentis instrueret: ut serpentis astutiam simplicitas columbæ temperaret*,—that the wisdom of the serpent might instruct the simplicity of the dove; that the dove's simplicity might temper the serpent's policy. So Beda on the first of Job. Job is said to be simple and upright: simple in innocency, upright in discreet equity. *Simplex quia alios non lædit, rectus quia se ab aliis non corrumpi permittit*,—Simple, in that he did not hurt others; upright, in that he suffered not himself to be corrupted by others. *Non multum distat in vitio, aut decipere, aut decipi posse.* † The one is weakness, the other wickedness.

This is that grace to which the gates of heaven stand open, innocence. But alas! where shall the robbers and workers of violence appear?

What shall become of the oppressor? No creature in heaven or earth shall testify his innocency. But the sighs, cries, and groans of undone parents, of beggared widows and orphans, shall witness the contrary. All his money, like hempseed, is sowed with curses; and every obligation is written on earth with ink and blood, and in hell with blood and fire.

What shall become of the encloser of commons? Who shall plead his innocency? Hedges, ditches, fields, and towns; the weeping of the poor, the very lowings of beasts, shall witness against him.

Where shall fraud, cozenage, racking of rents, injury, perjury, mischief appear? You may conceal your craft from the eyes of man,—defraud the minister, beguile your neighbour, impoverish the commonwealth, unperceived, unpunished,—but know that the Lord will not hold you innocent.

I conclude: Make you the picture of innocency, and hang it in your houses; but especially draw it in the table of your hearts. Let it be a virgin fair and lovely, without any spot of wrong to blemish her beauty. Let her garments be white as snow, and yet not so white as her conscience. Let the tears of compassion drop from her eyes, and an angel holding a bottle to catch them. Let her weep, not so much for her own afflictions, as for the wickedness of her afflictors. Let the ways be milk where she sets her foot, and let not the earth complain of her pressure. Let the sun offer her his beams; the clouds their rain, the ground her fruits, every creature his virtue. Let the poor bless her; yea, let her very enemies be forced to praise her. Let the world be summoned to accuse her of wrong, and let none be found to witness it. Let peace lie in her lap, and integrity between her breasts. Let religion kiss her lips, and all laws reverence her; patience possess her heart, and humility sit in her eyes. Let all Christians make her the

precedent of their lives; and study the doctrine that her mouth teacheth. Let the angels of heaven be her guardians; and the mercy of God a shield of defence unto her. Let her tread upon injury, and stamp the devil and violence under her feet. Let her greatest adversaries, oppression and hypocrisy, fly from her presence. Let rapine, malice, extortion, depopulation, fraud, and wrong, be as far removed from her as hell is from heaven. Let the hand of mercy dry her eyes, and wipe away her tears. Let those glorious spirits lift her up to the place of rest. Let heaven add to her beauty, immortality set her in a throne of joy, and eternity crown her with glory: whither may all her children follow her, through the blood and merits of that innocent Lamb, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE BLACK SAINT;

OR,

THE APOSTATE

When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation.—MATT. 12:43–45.

OUR Saviour's manifold and manifest miracles, which he wrought among and upon the Jews, were requited with a blasphemous

interpretation—that they were done in the power of Beelzebub. Which having disproved by invincible arguments, he concludes against them in this parable: 'When the unclean spirit,' &c. This is clearly manifest in the application: 'Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation.'

A double occasion gives us the hand of direction to this speech. Either it hath a reference to the man dispossessed of the dumb and blind devil, ver. 22; or intends a conjunction of the contumelious blasphemies of the Jews. Perhaps it may be referred to the former, but certainly is directed to the latter. It may serve for both; so two gaps be stopped with one bush, two sores covered with one plaster.

1. It might serve for a charge to the cured, to prevent recidivation. He was dumb, behold he speaks; he was blind, behold he sees; he was possessed, behold he is enfranchised. He hath recovered his eyes, his tongue, his heart; he is rid of the devil. Now he that is quit of so bad a guest, shall septuple his own woes by his re-entertainment. Such a caution did the same physician give another of his patients: John 5:14, 'Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.' It is well for thee that the unclean spirit is gone, but it will be worse with thee than ever if he gets in again.

2. He that did speak life, and to the life, doth especially mean it to the Jews. Cast your eyes upon the text, and your minds upon the renegade Jews; and observe how respectively they look one upon another: running together without alienation, till they come to the end.

(1.) The unclean spirit, the power of sin, was cast out of the Jews by Moses's law; and God had great stir about it. He was fain to speak early and late, and attend them 'all the day long, with outstretched hands,' Isa. 65:2; till he appeals to censure: 'What could have been done more to my vineyard?' Isa. 5:4.

(2.) At last he is out; and then, like a discontented guest, hindered of his old lodging, and destitute of so warm a bed, he 'walks through dry places'—revisits the heathen. But finding them as strongly his own as the infrangible chains of wickedness could make them, he disdains rest, like an engrosser, in his own lordship, so long as there are other purchases to be made abroad. Or perhaps the 'ark of salvation' is now brought to the Gentiles, and then the Dagon dragon of hell must needs be packing. A new king, the true King, beginning his reign in the conscience, deposeth, dejecteth, ejecteth that usurping tyrant. There is no remedy; out he must.

(3.) The prince of the air thus discovered and discomfited by the Sun of righteousness breaking through the gross and foggy clouds of ignorance and impiety wherein the Gentile world was wrapped; what doth he but resalutes his former habitation? He liked the old seat well, and will venture a fall, but recover it.

(4.) Thither he flies; and, lo, how fit he finds it for his entertain! The heart of the Jews is empty of faith; swept with the besom of hypocrisy, a justiciary, imaginary, false-conceited righteousness; and garnished with a few broken traditions and ceremonies: suppellectile complements instead of substantial graces.

(5.) Glad of this, he re-collects his forces: 'takes with him seven other spirits,' a greater dominion of sin, than he was erst armed withal; 'more wicked than himself;' as if he would make invincible provision, and prevention of any future dispossession.

(6.) 'He enters in' with his crew: not purposing to be as a guest, but tenant; not a tenant, but a landlord; not a landlord, but a king, a commander, a tyrant; till at last he may presume of an indubitable right. As usurpers that come to a kingdom by a violent or litigious title, are at first so modest and dainty that they sign not their grants, edicts, and such public acts in their own particular and singular names, but require the conscription and evident consent of their council. But once established by succession, and unrivalled by

opposition, they grow peremptorily confident in their own right and power, and in their most tyrannous acts dare sign, *Teste me ipso*; so Satan at first erection of his kingdom in the Jews, conscious of his unjust title, was content to admit the help of fond ceremonies, tales, traditions, &c., to make for him against Christ, whose kingdom he usurps. This he condescended to out of a mannerly cozenage, and for the more subtle insinuation into the Jewish hearts. But now established in his throne, and confirmed in his title, by their hard-heartedness and wilful obstinacy in rejecting their Messiah, he is bold to sign all his oppositions to the gospel with a *Teste me ipso*.

(7.) Hereupon their 'latter end becomes worse than their beginning.' A stronger delusion hath taken hold of them, and that in the just judgment of the wise ordinator of all things. 'For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness,' 2 Thess. 2:11, 12. For 'if he that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses,' Heb. 10:28, then, ver. 29, 'of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot,' not the servant, but 'the Son of God, and hath counted the blood,' not of bulls and goats, but 'of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified,' whereby he shall now be condemned, 'an unholy thing; and hath done despite to the Spirit,' not of bondage, but 'of grace?' His beginning was far better, or at least less bad, than his end shall be.

The occasion was so material that it hath led me further than either my purpose or your patience would willingly have allowed me. Whatsoever is written, is written either for our instruction or destruction; to convert us if we embrace it, to convince us if we despise it. Let this consideration quicken your attention, enliven your meditation, encourage your obedience. You demand *vivam vocem*; it is then a living voice, when it is a voice of life to the believing hearers. Otherwise there is *vox mortifera*, a voice that brings death to disobeyers. 'The word that I have spoken,' saith Christ, 'shall judge you in the last day.'

The white devil, the hypocrite, hath been formerly* discovered, and the sky-coloured veil of his dissimulation pulled off. I am to present to your view and detestation a sinner of a contrary colour—swarthy rebellion, and besmeared profaneness: an apostate falling into the clutches of eight unclean spirits. Needs must he be foul that hath so many foul devils in him. Mary Magdalene had but seven, and they were cast out; this hath gotten one more, to make his soul the blacker, and they keep in. If hypocrisy there were justly called the white devil, apostasy here may as justly be termed the black saint. In the former was a white skin of profession drawn over an ulcerous corpse; here, hide and carcase, hand and heart, shadow and substance, seeming and being, outward profession and inward intention, are black, foul, detestable. Therefore we will call him 'The Apostate, or Black Saint.'

This text dwelleth on two persons, man and Satan. Alas! it goes ill, when man and the devil come so near together; weak man, and his infest, professed enemy. Wherein we will (metaphorically) compare man to a fort, and the devil to a captain.

1. Man to a fort. Not that he is like stupid and dead walls, without sense, without science; of no ability, either to offend his adversary, or to defend himself; but a living tower, that hath sense, reason, understanding, will, affections: which give him means to open a voluntary door to his captain's entrance. For it is of God that a sinner opens his heart to God; of himself that he opens to Satan.

2. The devil to a captain: a strong, impious, impetuous, imperious captain; violent in invasion, tyrannous in obsession: a rampant lion, that scorns either superiority or competition.

The material circumstances concerning both fort and captain, hold and holder, place and person, may be generally reduced to these three:—

I. The unclean spirit's egress, forsaking the hold; wherein we have—

1. His unroosting; and observe, (1.) The person going out; (2.) The manner; and, (3.) The measure of his going out.

2. His unresting, or discontent; which appears, (1.) In his travel, 'he walketh;' (2.) In his trial, 'in dry places;' (3.) In his trouble, 'seeking rest;' (4.) In the event, 'findeth none.'

II. His regress, striving for a re-entry into that he lost; considered—

1. Intently; wherein are regardable, (1.) His resolution, 'I will;' (2.) His revolution, 'return;' (3.) The description of his seat, 'into my house;' (4.) His affection to the same place, 'whence I came out.'

2. Inventively; for he findeth in it, (1.) Clearness, it is 'empty;' (2.) Cleanness, 'swept;' (3.) Trimness, 'garnished.'

III. His ingress, which consists in his fortifying the hold; manifested —

1. By his associates; for he increaseth his troops, who are described, (1.) By their nature, 'spirits;' (2.) By their number, 'seven;' (3.) By the measure of their malice, 'more wicked.'

2. By his assault, to the repossessing of the place; testified, (1.) By their invasion, 'they enter;' (2.) By their inhabitation, 'they dwell;' (3.) By their cohabitation, 'they dwell there together.'

IV. The conclusion and application shut up all. The conclusion: 'The last state of that man is worse than the first.' The application: 'Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation.' You see I have ventured on a long journey, and have but a short time allowed me to go it. My observations in my travel shall be the shorter, and, I hope, not the less sound. So the brevity shall make some amends for the number.

I. I am to begin with the unclean spirit's departure: 'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man.' It is well that he is gone, if he

would never return. Valedicamus in adagio: Si sat procul, sat bene,—
Let us speed him hence with the proverb: Far enough, and good
enough. Let not such a guest come till he be sent for. But, alas! he
will never be far enough; no, not even now, whiles God is sowing the
seed of life, will this enemy forbear to sow tares. He runs about the
seats like a pick-purse; and if he sees a roving eye, he presents
objects of lust; if a drowsy head, he rocks him asleep, and gives him a
nap just the length of the sermon; if he spies a covetous man, he
transports his soul to his counting-house; and leaves nothing before
the preacher but a mindless trunk.

Well, gone he is out of this man; and we must therein consider two
things:—1. His unroosting; 2. His unresting. In his unroosting or
departure, we have justly observable these three circumstances: (1.)
The person; (2.) The manner; (3.) The measure of his going out.

1.—(1.) The person is described according, [1.] to his nature; [2.] to
his condition. He is by nature a spirit; by condition or quality,
unclean.

[1.] By nature, he is a spirit. I will not trouble you with the diverse
acceptation of this word, spirit. There is a divine, human, angelical,
diabolical spirit; yet are not these all: 'Let everything that hath breath
praise the Lord,' Ps. 150:6; that is, 'that hath a spirit.' It is observed
that when this article, the, is prefixed to spirit, and no attribute
subjoined that may denominate or distinguish it, it is meant of the
third Person in Trinity, the Holy Ghost. Rom. 8:26, 'The Spirit
helpeth our infirmities,' &c. So Jerome notes on Matt. 4:1, 'Then was
Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the
devil.' Here the adjunct gives sufficient distinction. As 1 Sam. 16:14,
'The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the
Lord troubled him.' This was an evil and unclean spirit.

This makes against the Sadduces and atheists, that deny the
subsistence of spirits, Acts 23:8, or imagine them to be only qualities
of the mind; affirming that good angels are but good motions, and

bad angels nothing else but bad motions. They may as well call the wind but imaginarium quiddam, sickness but a fantasy, and death itself but a mere conceit. They shall find that there are spirits created for vengeance, and in the day of wrath, when God shall bid them strike, they will lay on sure strokes; essential and subsisting natures. Hell-fire is no fable; devils are not nominals, but reals; not imaginary qualities, but afflicting spirits: here, the tempters to sin; hereafter, the tormentors for sin. Qui non credent, sentient,—They that will not believe God's words, shall feel their wounds. The devil hath a special medicine for atheism.

[2.] By quality, he is unclean: and that in regard, first, of his condition; and, secondly, of his perdition. Condition or property in himself: perdition, which he doth work upon others; for he labours to infect man, that he may make him, both in wickedness and wretchedness, like himself.

First, Unclean in respect of his own condition. The devil was by creation good. God made him an angel of light; he made himself an angel of darkness. 'God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good,' Gen. 1:31. If every parcel of the Creator's workmanship was perfect, without question those angels which once stood before his face, and attended the hests of the Lord of hosts, were principally perfect. Therefore the devil, as he is a creature, is good; according to St Augustine,* *ipsius diaboli natura, in quantum natura est, non est mala*,—the nature of the devil, insomuch as it is a nature, is not evil. But, John 8:44, 'When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own.' He derived his nature from God, but the depravation of it from himself. He was good by generation, is evil by degeneration. In that he is evil, or devil, he may thank himself for it. A spirit, of God's; unclean, of his own making: *Quod spiritus, à Deo est: quod impurus, à seipso*.

Secondly, Unclean by his operation and effects. His labour and delight is to make man as unclean as himself. He strives to make Judas's heart foul with covetousness, Absalom's with treason,

Gehazi's with bribes, Cain's with murder, Jeroboam's with idolatry, nay, even David's with adultery. God is purity; and 'blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' Matt. 5:8. But a soul soiled and foiled with lust, drunkenness, swearing, hypocrisy, avarice, is an unclean habitacle for an unclean spirit, a foul evil for a foul devil. Every sin is unclean; but there is one sin called uncleanness, as if it were more immediately derived from the devil, and more naturally pleasing him. Hereby God is robbed of that he bought with so dear a price, and 'the member of Christ is made the member of a harlot,' 1 Cor. 6:15. It is continually joined with fornication, adultery, whore-hunting, Eph. 5:3, 5; Col. 3:5. St Paul reasons against this sin by an argument drawn *ab absurdo*: to couple that body to a harlot, which should mystically be united to Christ. Not unlike that of the poet:—

'Humano capiti cervicem jungere equinam.'[†]

And howsoever this debauched age, with a monstrous impudence, will call it either no sin, or peccadillo, a little sin; yet it hath that power and effect to make men as like to the devil, as an unclean body may be to an unclean spirit. Call it what you will, blanch it with apologies, candy it with nature's delights, parget it with concealments, uncleanness is uncleanness still, and like the devil. Unless (as in the legend of St Anthony,[‡] that when his host set him a toad on the table, and told him it was written in the gospel, *De omni quod tibi apponitur, comedes*,—'Thou shalt eat of such things as are set before thee;' he with the sign of the cross, made it a capon ready roasted) you can metamorphose Satan's poisons, toads and serpents, feculent and baneful sins, into nutrimental virtues,—wash the blackmore's skin white, and make leprosy fair and sound,—the sin of uncleanness will make you like this unclean spirit.

Let all this teach us not to hate the essence, but the works of the devil. His nature, abstractively considered, is good; but as he is wicked, and a provoker to wickedness, hate him. In regard of his excellent knowledge, gathered by long observation, and comprehension of the seminary virtues, he is called *Dæmon*; for his

envy, enmity, Satan; for his command, Beelzebub; for his power, the strong man; lastly, for his pollution, an unclean spirit: continually, devil, because he strives continually to do evil. As these pravities have corrupted him, we must hate him. So do all; so say all. An obstinate sinner answers an honest reproof with, 'I defy the devil: I will shield myself from Satan as well as my admonisher; the foul fiend shall have no power over me:' yet still deafs himself to the cry of his own conscience, that he may live the more licentious. But, alas! Satan is not such a babe, to be outfaced with a word of defiance. He can bear a few invectives, so he may be sure of the soul; like a usurer, that can endure to be railed on, so his money comes trolling in. Let the fox have his prey, though with curses. But it is a lamentable course to defy a lion, yet run into his clutches. Be not unclean, and be secure.

(2.) The manner: ἐξηλθε, is gone; which is rather a form of speaking with us than a form of his going out. Yet howsoever a spirit or man leaves the place of his former residence, whether willingly or on compulsion, when he is out, it is said of him, He is gone. Here, then, is offered to our consideration the manner of the devil's departure.

Satan goes not out of an inhabited heart willingly. Where they had local and substantial possession, you read in the gospel that Christ was said to 'cast them out.' And among other places, most pregnantly in the 11th of Luke, ver. 14, to the justification and clearing of this phrase, 'Jesus was casting out a devil, and it was dumb. And when the devil was gone out, the dumb spake.' He was 'gone' out, he was 'cast' out; the one expounds the other. So that this 'gone' out is rather a passive than an active speech: he never went out with his good-will, he frets to be dislodged of his chamber. That legion of devils in one poor Gadarene, Mark 5, held it no less than a torment to be cast out of man. 'I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.' And 'art thou come hither to torment us before the time?' When the King of heaven and the controller of hell cast the dumb and deaf spirit out of the child of a believing father, Mark 9, 'the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him, and he was as one dead; insomuch that

many said, He is dead.' As when a writ of ejection comes against a bad tenant, that he sees he must out, he fires the house about his ears.

So long as he may foment our corrupt affections, and give us complacency and self-satisfaction in his vicious obedience,—till he make us not subjects, but slaves, and rather *res* than *personas*, as the lawyers speak,—he gives to every one a *dormi securè*. But when we begin to suspect his right, to try his title, and to go to law to cast him out, and to bustle against him, the skulking fox is turned to an ox, and puts forth his goring horns of tyranny.

When thou beginnest to sue him, he will plead prescription: *Meum est, meum erit, quia meum fuit*,—It is mine, it shall be mine, because it hath been mine. Custom in sin is a shrewd argument against repentance. *Turpius ejicitur, quam non admittitur hospes*,—A guest is with better manners not admitted than ejected. If that will not serve, he goes to it in plain force. He doth not say, as Jacob to Laban, 'These twenty years have I served thee,' &c., but, 'These many years have I commanded thee; and dost thou now shake off my service, degenerate rebel, and refuse allegiance! As Rabshakeh, in the embassy of Sennacherib to Hezekiah: 'Now on whom dost thou trust, that thou rebellest against me?' Isa. 36:5. Who shall deliver thee out of my hands? If we answer with that threatened king, 'The Lord of hosts shall deliver us,' at whose name the Sennacherib of infernal Babylon doth tremble, so that he must depart, he will not go out without terror, but tear and afflict the heart, in the parting and desertion of our old delights.

Hence we may infer that there is a power superior to Satan, that must expel him, or he will not depart. The uncircumcised Philistine insults, till David come. 'The strong man armed keeps his palace and his goods in peace,' Luke 11, until the stronger man, even the Strength of Israel, comes against him. It is he that is able to pluck out Satan by head and shoulders. This is he alone that can help either the corporally or spiritually possessed.

The kings of England and France (as if it were an impression of divine power in them) do cure a disease by touch. And I have read it reported (though but reported) that the kings of Spain help demoniac and possessed persons. These are but corporal cures. The Pope challengeth a faculty to cure spiritual impotencies, leprosy, and possessions. Alas! it is not in his power, though in his pride and superarrogant glory. Indeed, when our anguished souls have bathed themselves in the river of Jordan, (an angel of mercy have stirred the waters,) in our penitential tears, in our Saviour's blood, on the cross, in the sacrament; it is all, if the Pope (and yet not he more than the meanest minister, did he not monopolise men's sins by reservations) may pronounce who is dispossessed of the power of Satan, who not. But to cast out the devil's tyranny, whether substantial or spiritual, to rescue a miserable man out of the enchanted walls of Babylon, to set the foot of a weak Christian on the neck of that leviathan, to give him insultation and triumph over asps, lions, dragons, is the singular and incommunicable work of God.

Christ throws Satan out *per ictum, per dictum*,—by his word, by his sword: the power and operation of his Spirit in the preaching of the gospel. He breaks his head, he breaks his neck with a *Scriptum est*. Hence 'the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God,' &c., 2 Cor. 10:4, 5. Were this hold stronger than the seven-fold walls of Babylon, and his exaltation as high as ever the imagination of Nebuchadnezzar mounted his own worth, this shall batter and bring him down. The word casts him out, the sacraments hold him out; that drives him forth, and these keep him from coming in.

(3.) The measure. It must necessarily and punctually be examined how this unclean spirit may be said to be cast out. These two ways, in regard of the two sorts of persons out of whom he is cast: he is so thrown out of the godly, as never to return in again; so out of the wicked, that indeed he remains in still. Consider we then in what measure the devil departeth out of this apostate. Let us divide this

into six circumstances, and the quotient will give us the sum of our desires.

[1.] Satan is so far gone out, as the mind is enlightened. This the apostle grants incident to an apostate, Heb. 6. That he may be 'enlightened, taste of the heavenly gift, be made partaker of the Holy Ghost, taste of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, yet fall away, never to be renewed again by repentance.' This is that divines call *historica fides*; a floating notion in the brain, a general transient apprehension of God's revealed truth, which shews itself in a dexterity of wit, and volubility of speech; a fire in the brain, not able to warm the heart. It hath power to inform their judgments, not to reform their lives.

Now so far as this illumination, swimming, nimble, and discursive knowledge, is let in, so far is Satan said to be cast out. There is, saith Solomon, Eccles. 1:18, *scientia contristans*; and saith Paul, 1 Cor. 8:1, *scientia conflans*,—there is a knowledge that maketh sorrowful, that maketh proud. God in all knowledge regards not so much the quantity as the substance. There may be more light in a reprobate than in a sanctified soul, but not so good light. I speak not to vilify knowledge, but to rectify it. Otherwise, you know, the greater punishment belongs to him that 'knows God's will, and doth it not.' Oftentimes the more shallow in knowledge, the more bumperly in wickedness: when a quick and sharp wit without grace, is like a headstrong horse without a bridle. Neither is this knowledge in a reprobate *gratia vana*, sed *evanescens*,—not a vain, but a vanishing grace. 'They walk in the light,' John 12. 'They rejoice of the light,' John 5. Yet is not the light in them. They have not the 'Sun of righteousness' risen in their hearts, Mal. 4; for this sun can never set.

[2.] Satan is so far gone out of the wicked, as they have admitted some probable beginnings of conversion. This is but a flash of hypocrisy, no true heat of zeal. When the most flinty heart shall be hit against the steel of God's judgments, it will strike fire; but those sparkles are too weak to kindle the true warmth of grace, the fuel is

so green, the affections so vicious, whereon it works. Peccavi, was David's voice after his sinful arithmetic;* Judas's voice after his abhorred treason. Vox eadem, non pœnitentia; talis sonus, non sinus,—The same voice or sound, not the same heart or penitence. Esau wept, having lost the blessing; Peter wept, having denied his Master: neither wept without bitterness. Similes lachrymæ, non animæ,—The like tears, not the like consciences. Iron and steel, heated in the fire, are pliable to the fashioning hammer; let them be cold, and they resume their former hardness. The heat of a sudden judgment, striking (like thunder) the companion of thy side; a secret wipe of the 'sword of the Spirit, dividing the marrow and the bones,' in an effectual sermon; a stitch in the flesh, like the messenger of death, may a little thaw and melt the hard metal of an ungodly heart: but let the fire cease, and give him leave to be cold again, and he becomes harder than ever before.

[3.] Satan is so far said to be gone out, as he lies hidden, like mud and slime under a thick snow. The devil may be within the grate, though he thrust not out his apparent horns; or say he be walked abroad, yet he returns home at night, and in the meantime, like a mistrustful churl, locks the door after him, spurs up the heart with security, that his treasure be not stolen. Thus as a snail he gathers up himself into his shell and house of the heart, when he fears discovery, and puts not forth his horns. Sometimes he plays not in the sun actually, but burrows deep in the affections. The fox keeps his den close when he knows that God's huntsmen be abroad to seek him. He knows that oftentimes armis pollutior astus,—his fraud was beyond his force; that he is pestilentior arte, quam marte; that he poisons more mortally melle quam felle; that he may do as much hurt in a mask of white as in his own black habit; that he may spoil more lambs in a sheep's skin than appearing as a wolf. He is content to yield to a show of holiness, that he may work the more mischief. It is sufficient for him if he may, though not turbare, yet turpare, not disquiet, yet dishonest the soul of man. Now so far as this touch of religion enters, is this unclean spirit said to be gone out.

[4.] Satan may be said cast out, in the opinion of the party in whom he resides. Every one presumes there is no devil within him. The proud hath no Lucifer, the covetous no Mammon, the idolater no Melchom, the adulterer no unclean spirit. Let me catechise thee. Thou didst promise in thy baptism to forsake the devil. What! doest thou stay there? Nay, and all his works. Alas! be not so supine and careless; ubi opera, ibi operans,—where the works are, there is the work-master. Thou art asleep, Samson, whiles these Philistines are upon thee, are within thee. The ague is not gone, though the fit be over. Whilst thou slumberest in thy waftage, the vessel goes on still. Satan is not out, though thou conceitest him gone; and so, as it is in our phrase, he is gone to conceit.

[5.] This unclean spirit may seem gone in the opinion of the church. Sometimes the devil is gone from a man in his own judgment, not the world's; sometimes in the world's judgment, not his own. The church had a good estimation of Judas, as conformable to the outward duties of obedience, and the rather because Christ trusted him with the stewardship; but God and his own conscience knew him a thief. The devil will not always be hunted by the scent, or followed by the print of his steps. The world shall not ever have him in palpable view and full cry, by reason of his notorious and gross impieties. If he can but now and then shoot in an instigation to some wickedness, it serves his turn. He doth not every day sally out of his fort, and charge his enemies in the face; but watcheth opportunity, when his excursions may do most mischief. The devil may be within, though he stand not at door to be seen.

[6.] Lastly, Satan is said so far to be gone out as there is an interruption in the sovereignty of sin for a season. The floods of iniquity are not so violent as if they were kept within the dam by shutting down the sluice. The dromedary, the ungodly, runs not so madly, whiles that infernal rider forbears their sides with his spur.

As he is said to come in when he was in before: because there cometh in a more forcible and stronger illusion of Satan than the heart erst

suffered, Luke 22. It is said that 'Satan entered into Judas' before the passover; yet we cannot think that God's Spirit was in him before: but only now a greater power of Satan got in, that, like a ripe tumour, would be no longer hid within the thin skin of hypocrisy. Corruption now gets eruption, and the rancorous ulcer of wickedness bursts forth.

So of the contrary, Satan is said to go out when he still holds in; but like a bird in the net, that hangs by one claw. Nero is still in Rome, though he remits taxations, and forbears massacres for a season. The love of drunkenness may be in the heart, though there be a day when the tavern is avoided. Be the adulterer asleep, he is an adulterer still. What master so cruel but sometimes lets his slave rest? *Certa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt*,—The devil is not continually impelling or compelling his servants to public and notorious iniquities. Sometimes he suspends his tyranny, and sits close in the heart, banqueting on the lusts which he finds there, and sends not abroad for newcates. The tempestuous wind eftsoon lies still; the most robustious and malignant force of wickedness bates of the usual violence, and breaks not forth into the same show of malice without some intermission. So far as this suspense, remission, and interruption of sin extends, so far is Satan said to be gone out.

You see the measure. Only give me leave to set you down two short rules, as two reflecting perspectives, wherein you may behold whether this unclean spirit be truly or hypocritically cast out of your hearts.

Rule 1.—So far is Satan cast out as sin is cast out. The tenure whereby Satan holds any lordship in the heart is sin. He that would overthrow his title must labour an ejection of wickedness. Piety in the heart, purity in the life, are true testimonies of the devil's exile. Satan fights against us with two weapons—that he found in us, and that he brings upon us. That he found in us is flesh and blood; that he brings upon us is death. By this latter he could not have hurt us, except we had given him the former, and so reached him a weapon to pierce our

own hearts. In what measure sin rules, or is ruled, Satan is held in or ejected.

Rule 2.—The discontinuing of some sins and retaining others gives no comfort or argument of Satan's departure. If he be truly gone, there comes in his place a perfect detestation and resolute opposition against all sin. It is in vain to cast out Satan by avoiding avarice, when thou lettest him in by a wasteful prodigality; to admit him by hypocrisy whom thou throwest out by profaneness. This is to put the devil out at the porch, and let him in again at the postern. But one Rimmon is too much for Naaman, one Delilah for Samson, one Herodias for Herod; one exorbitant delight, reserved, resolved, persisted in, is enough for Satan, too much for the sinner.

I say not, Thou must never sin; but, Love no sin. How impossible is the former, the latter how necessary! It is the content and complacency in sin that holds in the devil. What is it for a rich man to brag he is no thief? Or a beggar to clear himself from bribery? Or for an old man to forbear the stews? Or for a credulous Papist, that thinks to deserve heaven by works, to add a mite to an hospital? But whiles he pours a little ointment on Christ's feet by charity, by opinion of merit he throws the box at his head. What is it to abstain from those sins whereunto thou art not tempted? But repentance renounceth 'all dead works,' and obedience strives to walk in all God's ways. In omnibus sine exceptione, etsi non in omnibus cum impletione,—None of all must be excepted, though none of all be fulfilled. If the devil be truly cast out, there is a full resolution in the heart against all manner of sin.

2. Thus much of his unroosting, or throwing out; for his unresting, perplexedness, and discontent, observe in it four circumstances: his travel, trial, trouble, event. (1.) For his travel, 'he walks.' (2.) For his trial, 'in dry places.' (3.) For his trouble, 'he seeks rest.' (4.) For the event, 'he findeth none.'

(1.) Travel: 'He walks.' The devil is no idle spirit, but a walker; a vagrant, runagate walker, like Cain, that cannot rest in a place. I have heard of travellers that have seen many parts of the world, but never any perpetual peripatetic, or universal walker, but Satan, who hath travelled all coasts and corners of the earth; and would of heaven too, if he might be admitted. He is not like St George's statue, ever on horseback, and never riding; but, as if he were knight-marshal of the whole world, he is ever walking. His motion is circular, and his unwearied steps know no rest; he hath a large and endless circuit. His walk is a siege, that goes about the fort to find the weakest place, as easiest for battery. 'He walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' 1 Pet. 5:8. As in other things he is a serpent, so especially in his walks, for his whole course is serpentine. All his walks were after, against, about man. His walks are the circumference, and man the centre. The motive, cause, and main intention of his journey is to win man.

A strange pilgrim! that makes not an end of his journey till there be an end of time. He hath been in heaven, in paradise, in the earth, in the sea, and in hell, and yet hath not done walking. Some there are that will go from Rome to England to make proselytes; but the devil will go from one end of the world to the other, and walk from pole to pole, till he hath put a girdle about the loins of the earth, to make a man the 'child of hell,' like himself. And in all his travel, like fame, and a mutinous rebel, vires acquirit eundo,—he still enlargeth his own dition. It was a true answer that the father of lies made to Truth itself, Job 2:2, 'I come from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'

He walks any way, to spill any man, by any means. He is at hand to Saul, he meets Judas in the face, and he backs Peter. He walks like an errant post between the adulterer and his harlot; between the proud gallant and his parasite; between the ambitious and his intelligencer; between the usurer and the broker; between the thief and receiver; between the greedy advocate and the contentious client; between the

sacrilegious patron and the simoniacal priest; betwixt the inns and the hall; betwixt the exchange and the warehouse.

Where can a man bestow himself that the devil cannot walk to him? Art thou in thy private chamber? There can Satan find thee; as he did Eve in paradise, Christ in the desert. If in any place, he hath there most power and opportunity. 'Two are better than one; for if either fall, or be prevailed against, the other will lift up, or rescue him,' Eccles. 4:9. But *Væ soli*,—'Woe to him that is alone!' for if he miscarry, there is none to help him. The melancholy man, that loves to be sequestered from society, and lives an hermitical, solitary life, is most exposed to Satan's assaults. Company is good, especially if the companions be good, as being a means to hinder Satan from so violent working upon our affections. The philosophers were wont to say, 'He that lived alone was either a god or a devil.' Yet solitariness is not so evil as evil company. It is better to bustle with one devil in a close chamber than with many devils in a riotous tavern.

Art thou in the court? Satan walks thither too; and will fit Rehoboam with flatterers, Ahab with liars, Pharaoh with sorcerers, Belshazzar with cups, Solomon with concubines. Art thou in the market? He is ready with oaths, with cozenages. Nay, art thou in the temple? Thither he dares travel too; and pervert the eyes with shows, the ears with sounds, the thoughts with fancies, the senses with sleep. Wheresoever, whensoever, howsoever thou art busied, he walks to thee with his temptations; and, like a nimble, voluble shopkeeper, interrupts thee with a 'What lack you?' He hath a ship ready for Jonah, a witch for Saul, a wedge for Achan, a rope for Judas. A booty stands ready for the thief, a pawn for the broker, a mortgage for the merchant, a monopoly for the courtier, a harlot for the adulterer.

As he walks through the streets, there he throws a short measure, a false balance into a tradesman's shop. He steps into a drinking-house, and kindles a quarrel. He shoulders to the bar, and pops in a forged evidence, a counterfeit seal. He dares enter the schools, and commence schisms and contentions; nay, climb up into the pulpit,

and broach sects and divisions. He travels no ground, but like a stinking fog, or a dying oppressor, he leaves an ill scent behind him. This is he that makes men serve God percunctorily, perfunctorily; to go slowly to it, to sit idly at it.

Whither, where can we walk, and not behold Satan's walks; and see the prints of his feet as plain as if his steps were set in snow, or, like the priests of Bel, in ashes, that we may say, The devil hath been here? He that shall travel the Lower Provinces, and in some parts thereof see the cities ruined, habitations spoiled, forts battered, temples demolished, fields untilled, will say, Sure the enemy hath been here. He that with observing and weeping eyes beholds, not our temples, but the piety in them dissolved; not our cities, but the citizens perverted; not our houses, but their inhabitants defaced with iniquity; not our fields, but our hearts lying untilled; our lawyers turned truth-defrauders, our landlords oppressors, our gentlemen rioters, our patrons simonists;—would surely say, This is Satan's walk; the devil hath been here. Let this fasten on our souls two instructions:—

First, To keep out of Satan's walks. Though he visiteth all places, and his inquisition be stricter than the Spanish,—for that catches none but Protestants, the Papists scape,—yet he frequenteth some more than other. Perhaps he may find thee in the temple, as he took Judas at the communion; but carry a faithful and upright heart, and then, though he walks thither to thee, he shall walk to hell without thee. When thou art for company, choose the best: if they mourn, mourn with them; if they be merry, refuse not mirth with them, so it be honest, *ad societatem*, not *ad satietatem*. When thou art alone, read, pray, meditate; that either God may talk to thee or thou to God. So, with Scipio, thou shalt be 'least alone when most alone.' The guard of angels shall be about thee, and the 'fellowship of the Holy Ghost' within thee; and let Satan walk whither he will, thou art, like Enoch, 'walking with God,' Gen. 5:24.

Secondly, Since Satan is so walking and busy a spirit, let this teach us not to be idle. Indeed, be not too busy in other men's matters, nor too lazy in thine own. Shall we know that the enemy walks, waits, watches to destroy us; and shall we not look to ourselves? He sows tares in the field of our hearts whiles we sleep; let us awake and pluck them up, lest they choke the good, seed of our graces. It is not allowed us to sit still; we must be walking. Eye to thy seeing, ear to thy hearing, hand to thy working, foot to thy walking. 'Up and eat, Elias,' 1 Kings 19:7; arise, O Christian, thou hast sat too long, having so great a journey to go. The servants in the law were commanded to eat the passover with their shoes on, Exod. 12:11; and St Paul chargeth the sons in the gospel—perhaps not without some allusion to that—'to stand with their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' Eph. 6:15. When a man is standing, it is said he will be walking. Astronomers have numbered the miles betwixt earth and heaven, as if they had climbed up thither by ladders, to be 900,000.* But, without doubt, Christianity is a great journey; and he that considers the way and distance betwixt mortality and immortality, corruption and glory, must needs conclude it is high time to be walking. *Vita brevis, ars longa*,—Life is short, and this skill not soon learnt. We cannot begin this journey too early: we have sitten too long; it is full time we were travelling. Otherwise a walking devil shall condemn a slothful man.

(2.) Trial: 'through dry places.' The discontented devil, cast out of man, seeks about for a new lodging, and finds all places dry; he esteems every place, but in man's heart, irksome and unpleasant, as a dry, barren, and heathy wilderness. Now, as when a man hath long lived in a fertile valley, abounding with delightful fruits and necessary comforts, the grounds standing thick with corn, and a pleasant river running along to glad his heart with a welcome moisture; it cannot be other than a displeasing change to be banished into a mountainous desert, where the scorching sun burns up the grass, and withers the fruit; or the unhindered force of the wind finds a bleak object to work upon; where the veins of blood, the springs of water rise not, run not, to mafey the earth and cherish

her plants. Such is Satan's case and cause of perplexity. The wicked heart was his delighted orchard, where the fruits of disobedience, oaths, lies, blasphemies, oppressions, cozenages, contentions, drunken, proud, covetous actions and habits, made him fat. For as God hath his vineyard, the devil hath his orchard. The fruits that God expects and delights to gather are the good grapes of obedience. Satan's desire is wicked and wretched effects. These he either found ready, or made ready in the heart of man. Whence displaced, *sedibus, ædibus*, he is mad for anger, and accounts all places dry.

He finds no rest in dry places. Perhaps the devil loves the low countries and wet ground. In a moderate, temperate, dry brain he finds no footing; but in the soul of the swilling drunkard, as a foggy and fenny ground, he obtains some residence. Abstemious moderation, and temperate satisfaction of nature, is too dry a place, for so hot a spirit as hell-fire hath made him, to quench his malicious thirst; but in those that are filled with wine and strong drinks, *suaviter, molliter acquiescit*. When the Son of God threw a legion out of one poor man, they beg earnestly to be allowed entrance into the swine. Of all creatures void of reason, it is observed of those, that they will swill till they swell, drink till they burst. If Circe's cup (or if you will, the vintner's, the victualler's) hath transformed man into a drunken hog, this is a moist place that Satan affects. If the head be well tippled, he gets in, and makes the eyes wanton, the tongue blasphemous, the hands ready to stab, the 'throat an open sepulchre' to devour.

I deny not but Paul may meet his friends at the market of Appium, and drink at the Three Taverns, Acts 28:15. Honest necessity must be relieved. And for this purpose were taverns first erected; for the necessary refection of travellers and strangers. Neither laws divine nor national condemn their use, but their abuse. Yet, Eccclus. 26:29, 'a victualler shall not be freed from sin.' You will say it is apocryphal; and I fear a man of that profession is apocryphal too, who will not sell riot for money, and wink at those that fill their brains to empty their purses. Wine is a good creature, to 'cheer man's heart;' and Paul

allows it to Timothy for his stomach's sake. But those that drink wine, not to help the stomach, but to surfeit it; not for wholesome and medicinal respects, but with inebriative delight, or on some base intent, to overthrow the company; these are moist places, fit for Satan.

(3.) Trouble: 'seeking rest.' But is he in any hope to find it? Doth he not carry his hell about him? Can he get out of the curse and malediction of God? There is no rest to him passively, actively. Passively; the unappeased anger of Almighty God persecutes him, and denies him rest. Actively; he gives himself no rest, in tempting and tormenting man. God persecutes him; he persecutes man. Thus through a voluntary and enforced motion, *et volenter, et violenter*, 'he seeks rest, but he finds none.'

The devil's malice to mankind is so great, that he cannot rest without their ruin. He began with the first parents, and will not end but with the end of the world; till he hath tempted, or at least attempted, the last man that ever their generations shall produce. Hereon it is noted, that the angels sinning were never restored, because they offended without temptation, merely of malice, being created pure and excellent spirits. But man fell from God, and was again redeemed to God, because he was seduced of another. *Quanto fragilior in natura, tanto facilius ad veniam,*—The weaker in nature, and so more apt to fall, the more easy to be lifted up again. But the devil fell so fully, so foully, being sole actor in his own fault, sole author of his own fall, that he is never to be restored; so never obtains rest. Yet he imagines to himself a kind of rest, when he is quietly possessed of man's heart. As a malicious man *acquiescit vindictis*, so when the devil hath wrought man's woe, and brought him to hell, it is a rest unto him. But his rest is man's unrest; his melody our malady. His blustering tempest is not laid till he hath split the vessel, our body; and drowned the passenger, our soul.

His first and chief aim is to destroy the soul, and to deface that more excellent part of man, that is nearer to the character and divine

impression of God's image. If the soul be coming, he is sure the body will follow. If he cannot reach the spirit, then have at the flesh. Let Joseph look for the stocks, Peter for the jail, David for exile, Job for botches. If the restraining power of heaven interdicts him the body, then he sets upon the estate: like Joseph's mistress, that missing the person, catcheth the garment; or the savage bear, which, prevented of the blood and bones, falls a-tearing the clothes that fell from them. The birds of the air, fishes of the sea, beasts of the earth, shall pay for it. Everything which belongs to man's health and comfort shall feel his tyranny. If Job's person be forbidden the extent of his malice, yet he will have a fling at his oxen, asses, sheep, camels, Job. 1. When that legion must leave the possessed, they beg, not to be sent away out of the country, but to be admitted into the herd, Matt. 5:10, 12. The inhabitants are freed; then, woe to their swine! Rather hogs than nothing. He will play at small game, rather than sit out. As that bloody tyrant, being disabled to extend his cruelty to men, must be still a-killing, though it be but worms. He 'seeketh rest.'

(4.) Event, or success: 'but he findeth none.' So soon as ever this unclean spirit is thrown out of man, that he begins to serve God, Satan rageth worse than ever; and till he can overthrow the beginnings of grace in us with a second perversion, he finds no rest. We cannot so soon please God but we displease the devil. Whiles Paul was a Pharisee, no man in greater credit; but become a professor and preacher of the gospel, none more exposed to dangers and contumelies. If we do but look toward Jerusalem, as Christ, Luke 9:53, 'because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem,' might not be received of the Samaritans; or if we purpose to heaven, as Paul to Thessalonica, Satan will offer to hinder our pass, 1 Thess. 2:18. The devil desires to winnow Peter, not Judas, Luke 22:31. The more faithful servants of God we be, the more doth Satan bruise us with the flail, or grate us with the fan.

The thief doth not break into an empty cottage, but into some furnished house, or full granary, where the fatness of the booty is a fitness to his desires. This unclean spirit finds no rest in an atheist,

usurer, drunkard, swearer, &c. He knows a canker hath overrun their consciences already; and that they are as sure as temptation can make them. No prince makes war with his own tractable subjects.

'Gloria pugnantes vincere major erit.'

Holofernes tells Judith: 'Fear not in thine heart: for I never hurt any that was willing to serve Nebuchadnezzar, the king of all the earth,' Judith 11:1. So the devil: I never use to harm any that are content to serve me, the king of all the world. What need he tempt them that tempt themselves? The fowler shoots at birds that be wild, not at doves and yard-fowls, tame, and in his own keeping.

Many stood by the fire, Acts 28:3, yet the viper leaps upon none of their hands, but Paul's. This viper of hell labours to sting the best men; reprobates he hath poisoned enough already. The dog barks at strangers, not at domestical servants, or daily visitant friends. This mad Cerberus bites not those that have given him a sop, their affections and souls; but flies at the throat of such only as deny him the fealty of love and obedience, and abandon his regiment. Whiles the Israelites were in Egypt, and Pharaoh had some service of them, he doth but oppress them with burdens, and such slavish impositions; but when they are departed from his territories, and have extricated themselves from his bondage, he comes after them with fire and sword; and nothing but their blood and death can appease him. Swear, swagger, covet, cozen, dissemble, defraud, give the devil homage and allegiance, and his tyranny will be content with the supportation of these burdens; but rebel, revolt, renounce his sovereignty, and then nothing but fire and fury will flash from him; and, except in thy ruin, he finds no rest.

II. Thus much for the unclean spirit's unroosting and unresting; his relinquishing the hold, and his demeanour after it: and therein generally for his egress. His regress is the next act of this tragedy; his striving for a reentry into the fort he hath lost: which consists, 1. In

his intention, what he purposeth; 2. In the invention, what he findeth. His access and success is presented in these scenes:—

1. His intention or project dwells upon, (1.) A resolution; (2.) A revolution; (3.) A description of his seat; (4.) Affection to the same house whence he came out.

(1.) His resolution: 'I will.' *Volo, est vox aut pertinacis, aut potentis; non petentis,*—'I will,' is the voice, not of a beggar, but either of one powerful or peremptory. Good in the Almighty, saucy in a subordinate power, without some reservation or exception made to the supreme providence. Will you, Satan? It is too bold and presumptuous a voice. Ask leave, Satan; for you are chained to your clog, and cannot stir but *limitata potestate*. Behemoth is tied in a tether, and that triumphant Lamb holds the lion in an infrangible cord; and says to him, as to the sea, 'Here will I stay the insultation of thy proud waves,' Job 38:11. Will you know what makes the devil thus bold? A double confidence:—[1.] In his own strength; [2.] In man's weakness.

[1.] In his own strength. Therefore he says not, *Conabor reverti*, but *Revertar, quasi nihil obstiterit*. As if he had that power which was prophesied of Cyrus, Isa. 45:2, that 'gates of brass and bars of iron should be broken open before him.' Or as it is feigned of the Pope in the year of jubilee, that he comes to the gate of St Peter's Church in Rome, and there having knocked with his silver hammer, the gate presently falls down before him. Perhaps he means to hieroglyphic unto us what wondrous engines silver tools are in Rome, and what strange feats they work, till *cœlum sit venale Deusque*, and not only to present the person of Peter, heaven's porter, as they call him, and to manifest the liberty of purgatory-ghosts, given by virtue of Papal indulgences.

This is the devil's strength, whereof he is so confident; and it is helped by his subtlety. His subtlety shews itself in his temptations.

Which to discover is one special intention in all sermons. Mine shall be to cut off a lap of his garment. He tempts either—

First, Invisibly by stirring secret motions and internal provocations in the heart. So he wrought upon Judas by covetousness, upon Simon Magus by ambition, upon Esau by profaneness. 'Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed,' James 1:14. This is that operative possession, whereby the 'prince of the power of the air now worketh in the children of disobedience,' Eph. 2:2. Innumerable are these invisible subtleties. Or—

Secondly, Visibly; by external apparitions and shapes, presented to the body's eye, either essential or delusive. This he doth three ways:
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First, By taking to himself an airy body, fashioning it to what form he pleaseth; as the good angels did, by God's dispensation, according to the opinion of divines, when they 'did eat meat with Abraham,' Gen. 18:8. Thus he appeared to Saul in the shape of Samuel, 1 Sam. 28:14. The king said to the witch, 'What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle.' Which was a feigned proportion that, by God's permission, Satan had taken to delude Saul. So it is said, that he often appeared in the days of ignorance.

Secondly, By entering into the corpse of some dead body, making it speak and walk as he pleaseth: which is not denied by divines, but the devil, by God's sufferance, may do, but with two provisos:—First, This must be the body of a reprobate that he assumes; for the 'godly sleep in peace,' Isa. 57:2. God gives him a *Nolito tangere meos*,—Touch not mine, either living or dead. Secondly, If it be a reprobate corpse, yet he can appear in it no longer than naturally he can preserve it from corrupting. But that Satan can keep a carcass from putrefying, further than nature permits, it is generally and truly denied. And even these black shadows, blessed be God, in this sunshine of the gospel, are abolished.

Thirdly, By entering into the body of some living thing. So the devils in the possessed spake audibly, and gave a loud acknowledgment of Christ, Matt. 8. So Satan entered the body of a living serpent, when he tempted and seduced the woman, Gen. 3:1; 2 Cor. 11:3. But of all shapes which he assumeth, he hath best liking to the likeness of man, and delights in a human resemblance. Of all habits this best pleaseth him: in a kind of affecting pride, thereby to be as like to God as possibly he may. This is Satan's first presumption: a strongly-opinioned trust in his own strength.

[2.] In man's weakness; who, as he is never strong of himself, so at some times and places weaker than other. And therefore, like wise captains in towns of garrison, he had need to fortify that place with most men and munition, with best spiritual arms and armour, where either the enemy's ordnance, his temptations, have made a breach, or we are naturally weakest. Our frailty gives the devil a presumptuous confidence of intrusion. Hence he saith, not fortasse, but procul dubio, 'I will return.' He thinks we are too weak to turn him away without his errand, when he comes with a picture of lust, a bag of gold, a staff of office and promotion. When he saith to the avarous, I will make thee rich; to the tyrant, I will make thee dreadful; to the wanton, I will make thee merry; to the wasteful, I will make thee beloved; to the idle, I will give thee ease: not only Achan, Gehazi, Saul, and Judas have been too weak for these encounters, but even Noah, Lot, David, Solomon, and Peter have bowed at these tempests.

This he could not do but by working on our ready and inclinable affections. As a cunning artificer, that can produce greater effects upon matter conveniently disposed thereunto than nature could have done alone. When the devil and our corrupt flesh meet, they engender a generation of sins; as his sons, the magicians of Egypt, could make living creatures by applying and suggesting passive things to active, which would never have met but by their mediation; or as the statuary can make an image, which the timber and axe could never have effected without him. So the wicked would never

produce such tetrical and horrible effects, but the devil's adding his heat to theirs, and by a prodigious coupling of his instigation and their lusts.

Thus weak he thinks us, and not seldom finds us. The natural man goes forth to fight with a mighty giant, in a monomachy or duel; the second he brings with him is the world: the natural man's second is the flesh. He prepares to fight with a professed enemy, and calls out for his assistant a private and close foe. He is weakly backed that hath a traitor for his guard. To arm his presumption with policy, he seriously observes which way the current of every man's humour runneth; knowing by long experience what will most easily draw him to sin.

As physicians, when they would know the state of the sick, and the nature of their disease, first inquire decubitum, the time of the patient's lying down and yielding himself to his lair. But because this observation holds not alike in all men, but some walk longer before they betake themselves to their bed than others, therefore they more especially reckon ab actionibus læsis,—that is, when their appetite, digestion, and other faculties failed in the performance of their offices. And lastly, finding the course of nature in the diseased, which way it worketh, accordingly minister their physic, as that calls, Come and help me.

Such a course takes this malignant physician for the death of the soul: observing first when a delight in any sin casts us down; and then, when the faculties of our souls forbore their functions, in hungering after righteousness, or digesting the word of truth; and lastly, when he hath found which way our natural inclination is given, and the grain of our affections runs, he labours to help us forward into the practical custom of that wickedness; as a cunning fisher, using that bait which he knows most congruent to the nature and appetite of that fish he would strike. Thus he urgeth the choleric to anger; the melancholy to distrust, despair, and to lay violent hands on themselves; the sanguine to immoderate mirth; the phlegmatic to

drowsiness in Christian offices, and to the deferring of obedience, assuring him that it is time enough to repent betwixt that and doomsday.

Since he is so bold with us, what should we do but be as bold with him? James 4:7, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' He is a lion to those that fly him, a fly to those that stand him. Audacius insistit à tergo, quam resistit in faciem.* Take in thy hand the 'sword of the Spirit:' fling a Scriptum est at his head. Take up some of David's stones out of God's holy brook, and smite that daring Philistine in the forehead. This is the weapon wherewith our Saviour Christ encountered and beat him. Let us follow the same captain with the same arms. Let us not fear: Malus miles, qui imperatorem gemens sequitur,—He is a cowardly soldier that follows his general groaning. Thou goest not alone to this combat: Christ went before thee, goes with thee. How canst thou not march courageously, cum dux sit socius, when thy captain is thy companion? He hath taught us this war both by precept and practice: 'Blessed be the Lord our strength, which teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight,' Ps. 144:1. Cujus munimur auxilio, movemur exemplo,—We are guided, we are guarded; by his presidency, by his precedency. So Augustine, † Ideo tentatus est Christus, ne vinceretur à tentatore Christianus,—Christ endured tentation, that tentation might not overcome Christians. He says no other to thee than Abimelech to his soldiers: 'What you have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done,' Judges 9:48. This is our strong comfort: 'For in that he himself hath suffered and was tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted,' Heb. 2:18.

(2.) His revolution: 'return.' The devil being never permitted to pry into God's secret book of predestination, and so not knowing who is elect, who reprobate, hopes still to return into any house whence he hath been ejected. And accordingly in many, too many, he prevails. If Satan be totally thrown out, in vain he expects returning: especially to get any dominion in the lost fort. But we read, that a man may 'know the truth,' 2 Pet. 2:21, and yet 'forsake it;' be 'enlightened,' nay,

'taste of the powers of the world to come;' nay, be said, in some respects, 'sanctified,' yet 'crucify Christ again,' Heb. 6:6. To these will Satan return, with as strong power as ever, Heb. 10:26.

Now he returns, either, [1.] By unright receiving of God's blessings; like good wine put into a polluted or broken vessel: or, [2.] By unreverent use of them; imagining themselves rather dominos than dispensatores: or, [3.] By defiling them with hypocrisy; so true gold is alchymed over with a false sophistication: or, [4.] By mixing them with lusts and much-made-of sins; and this permission is like good meat put into a vicious stomach, where there is a confusion of poor food and crudities, to the destruction, not conservation of health.

Hence infer: though Satan be gone, yet expect his return. He hath his terms and returns, as well as vacations. And by this thou mayest judge whether this unclean spirit be truly or hypocritically cast out: if he doth not return, he was never gone; if he strive not to come in, he is in already. A secure heart may suppose him expelled that still lies close in the house. If by perpetual assaults he strives for entrance, then be sure he is truly gone out. Even his oppositions shall afford thee comfort, his war give thee peace. And if he be gone, keep him at staff's end; seeing thou art rid of so ill a tenant, let him never come in again.

(3.) The description of his seat: 'into my house.' Satan calls this reprobate's heart his house; and so it is. Not by creation; for so every man is God's house: 1 Cor. 3:16, 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' Not by adoption: Cant. 5:2, 'Open to me, my sister,' &c., saith Christ; and, Rev. 3:20, 'I stand at the door and knock,' &c. But upon our rejection of God, and God's desertion of us, the heart becomes Satan's house. For it is either a seat of sanctity, or a cage of unclean birds; a chapel for Jesus, or a den for devils: for where Christ is not by his pure Spirit, Satan is by his foul spirit.

So the malicious heart is a house for the spirit of envy; the drunken, for the spirit of ebriety; the proud, for the spirit of pride; the unchaste, for the spirit of uncleanness; the usurer, for the spirit of covetousness. They may flatter themselves, *Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo*,—that God is in them, but the inmate and residentiary of their hearts is that unclean vulture. They may be rich in worldly wealth, and have sumptuous houses, and fair parlours, like Eglon; but themselves are foul parlours for Satan. How lamentable is it to see owls and bats, Iim and Ziim, impiety, impenitency, and rebellion, dwelling in that mansion which the Lord of hosts built for himself!

Heu domus antiqua, quam dispari dominaris domino!—O ancient house, how ill art thou governed! where covetousness is the hall, for there is no room for charity in her old place; oppression the kitchen, where the lives and livings of poor men are dressed for rich men's tables: pride is the parlour, which is hung with ostentation and self-flattery; wantonness is the chamber, where concupiscence sits and hatcheth an innumerable brood of lusts; malice is the chimney, which ever smokes, and sometimes flames out revenge; security is the bed, whereon Satan lulls himself; and impenitency keeps the gate, that no admission be given to admonition, nor anything let in to disquiet the house. Oh, the mercy of God! Shall we let in our enemies and keep out our friends? Must Satan be advanced into God's throne? Shall pride shut the door against the Lord of all mercy and comfort, who yet hath promised to dwell in the humble and contrite soul? For shame! Let us cast Satan out, and keep him out. Though he flatter with the voice of the hyena at the door, and give blandiloquous proffers, yet—

'Janua fallaci non sit aperta viro.'

(4.) His affection to the same place: 'whence I came out.' Experienced delight sharpens desire, whereas unknown things are not cared for. This unclean spirit remembers the softness and

warmth of his old lodging, and therefore no marvel if he covets to repossess it. Because—

[1.] He finds an easier and softer residence there than in hell. He had rather be in any place than his own place; rather in hogs than in the deep, Luke 8:31. There he is tormented himself; here he doth vex and tempt others.

[2.] Man is made after the image of God; to whom, since he finds that his malice cannot extend, he labours to deface his picture. Hence man bears the blows which are meant at God.

[3.] Man is by Christ advanced to that place whence God dethronised him. Now he cannot endure that a human creature should ascend to that heaven whither himself, once an angel, may not be admitted.

[4.] He is exasperated against man by that curse inflicted on him for seducing man, that 'the seed of the woman should break his head.' This irreconcilable enmity enrageth and mads him. Christ he could not quell; have at Christians!

[5.] Lastly, the devil is proud still; and, though he be cast down, is not humbled; though low, not lowly. He takes a pride in his kingdom, though it be but of darkness; and loves to have many subjects to do him homage. Since he cannot be king in heaven, he would command in hell. To enlarge his dominion, he would, like Absalom, steal away the hearts of men from King David of Israel, the liege Lord of heaven and earth.

Hence he affects his old house: there he is sure of good cheer and welcome; a fire of lust to warm him, a bed of uncleanness to lodge him, and a table furnished with all manner of impieties to feast him. Better here than walking in dry places, where wickedness is too barren to yield fruits for his diet, and oppositions too violent to give him rest.

2. You perceive now his resolution, revolution, description of his old seat, and affection to it; and in all these his intention. His invention follows, and the successful answerableness of all things to his desires. He comes, and he finds preparation for his entertainment, consisting in clearness, cleanness, trimness: clearness, it is empty; cleanness, or handsomeness, it is swept; trimness, or adoration, it is garnished.

(1.) The devil shall not want room when he comes: there shall be no inmate in the house to molest him, but such as he either left behind or sent before—vicious lusts. Which are indeed parts of himself, and therefore cannot be said to be sodalities. They are shadows and resemblances of himself; which though he finds there, he reposes the house no less empty.

(2.) It is not enough to be empty, and capable to receive him; but it must be cleanly, and plausible to receive him: 'swept.' There must be a clear riddance of whatsoever may discontent him.

(3.) Nay, all this preparation is too slender; as if some great prince were expected, the house must be garnished; as it were, hung with tapestry and arras. There must not only be emptiness and handsomeness, but neatness. So then here is the provision of the house to receive him:—(1.) It is not troublesome, for it is 'empty.' (2.) It is not sluttish, for it is 'swept.' (3.) It is not incurious, for it is 'garnished.'

There is capacity, conveniency, curiosity. Which three circumstances of provision we may thus expound:—(1.) We will refer clearness or emptiness to the absence of faith and good works. (2.) Cleanness or handsomeness to an overly repentance. (3.) Trimness and curiosity to hypocrisy.

(1.) Vacuity: it is 'empty.' True faith is never alone. It is in the very act of justification sola, but not solitaria. Good works, as inseparable attendants, or rather effects, accompany it. Where these are, there is

no emptiness. But in this apostate, or black saint, there is neither the mistress nor the maids, faith nor good works: therefore the room of his heart is empty, and capable of the unclean spirit. Perhaps in this vacancy and absence of the power of Satan, there might be an abstinence from gross impieties, but there was no hearty alacrity to the troublesome works of godliness; therefore he is justly said to be empty. We know that the forbearance of monstrous and world-noted wickedness is not enough to justify before God, or to acquit us from eternal malediction. The tree is doomed to the fire that yields not good fruits, although it yield no evil. Even infructuous barrenness brought Christ's curse on the fig-tree. Sour grapes are not only displeasing to God, but no grapes; and the flood of condemnation reacheth further than to drown obstinacy, for it fetcheth in also infertility. God is departed; and you know that *sede vacante*, there will be no paucity of intruders. What house stands long tenantless? No marvel, then, if an empty vessel be never exalted to honour.

Hence we may infer that this re-ingress of Satan can never befall the regenerate; for it is impossible to find their heart empty. Faith, temperance, patience, zeal, charity, hope, humility, are perpetual residentiaries in the temple of their souls; and if any one be tempted abroad, and allured to a short discontinuance, yet the other keep infallible possession; and with unconquered strength keep out Satan. If the rest should be driven into a corner, yet faith would defend the door against all assaults.

Indeed there may be such a storm and tempest of an afflicted conscience, that the graces of the Spirit, as obscured in a cloud, may not be sensibly perceived; and in regard of our own feeling there may be an absence or vacuity. But we must not take an abatement for an emptiness; a secession for a destitution. It is certain, those that have the invisible mark of the Spirit shall have the visible mark of an honest life; and totally they cannot lose grace, nor a second time fall away: for then they could not be renewed again by repentance, Heb. 6:6, nor ever be restored except Christ should die again: Heb. 10:26, 'For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of

the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries.' Paul had some hope of the incestuous person, and therefore did not wholly cut him off and accurse him; but separate and suspend him for a time, 'that by the delivering of him unto Satan' for a season, 'for the destruction of the flesh, his spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus,' 1 Cor. 5:5. Thus Christ being once truly in, will never out: the faithful cannot be empty. There is, then, a defect of faith in this black apostate, that makes room for the devil.

(2.) Cleanliness: it is 'swept'. This is the effect of an overly and superficial repentance: like a slight besom, it sweeps away the dust and cobwebs, and such lighter stuff, but the filth and dirt is caked and baked on. Sins of less delight to the flesh, and tentations of weaker force, are brushed away; but the main affection to some old impiety hath the root in the heart undigged up. The devil is content the conscience should be swept, so long as it is but only swept.

Sin is congealed, concorporated, baked on; and must be pared and digged away by greater violence than sweeping. Swept, Satan yields it, so not pared. Impiety is habituated by custom, hardened by impenitency, incorporated to him by his affection to it; and shall he think that a formal repentance, like a soft besom, can sweep all clean? Can a few drops and sprinklings of water purge off the inveterate foulness and corruption of the flesh? There is required much rinsing to whiten a defiled soul.

How perverse is their course and thought that imagine they may repent more in an hour than they sin in an age! As if, having in many years kindled a thousand fires, thou wouldest think to put them out all with one tear: whereas indeed, many tears can scarce put out one. Then boldly, stain the cloth a whole vintage, and at last let one washing serve for all. Alas! man is quickly made miserable, but not with such speed happy. How easily, how suddenly got man his damnation! it was but eating an apple, soon done. Esau quickly

hunted away his blessing, but could not with many tears recover it. David is not long in falling, his rising is tedious. With much pains and contention doth a man climb up some high tower; but losing his hold, he comes down apace. It is no easy thing to stand, it is easy to slip, to stumble, to fall. The thick and foggy air of this sinful world, as the smoke and stenchful mists over some populous cities, can soon sully the soul; the continual trampling of sin brings mire and dirt upon the conscience; these corruptions are not so presently rid away as taken.

Clip the hairs short, yet they will grow again, because the roots are in the skull. A tree that is but pruned, shred, topped, or lopped, will sprout again: root it up, and it shall grow no more. What is it to clip the outward appearances, and to lop the superfluous boughs of our sins, when the root is cherished in the heart? What to have a foul and miry house swept? The Pharisee, in his blown prayers, cozening tithes, frequent alms, did but sweep the house, and remove the cobwebs of outward impieties; but the dirt of hypocrisy was baked on; the roots of pride and covetousness grew still untouched.

It is not, then, a transient sorrow, nor a formal compunction, (which may wound and prick the heart like a needle, but wants the thread of faith to sew and join it to God,) that can make the house clean. It is but swept, and so ready for Satan's re-entry and repossession.

(3.) Trimness, or curiosity: 'garnished.' This ornature and fit furnishing of the house for Satan's entertainment is done by hypocrisy. When the rotten cabin of a foul heart is hung with gay hangings; when putidum et putridum cadaver, a rotten and stinking carcase, is hid in a sepulchre painted over with vermilion; when a stenchful dunghill is covered with white snow, here is a garnishing for the devil. He that can pray at church, and cozen at home; give his debtor fair words, and eat him through with usury, which is to break his head with precious balms; hath bitterness in his heart, whilst his tongue distils myrrh and drops honey: that man hath a house garnished for this unclean spirit.

Satan will allow his hosts to pretend sanctity, so they intend villany; aliud proponere, aliud supponere,—to have the cup outwardly rinsed and cleansed, so it be within full of extortion and rancour; to gild over a poisonous pill; to pray in the church, so they prey on the church: this is a trimmed house, a chamber garnished for the devil. This Satan doth in an ambitious imitation of the Lord, who would have his house garnished as the passover chamber was trimmed.

God would have the 'beams of his house cedar, and the galleries of fir,' Cant. 1:17; like king Solomon's chariot, 'the pillars thereof are silver, the bottom thereof gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem,' chap. 3:10. He would have sanctification for the furniture, for 'this is the will of God, even your holiness,' 1 Thess. 4:3; and for ornaments, the graces of his Spirit. Thither he comes, and there he sups: Rev. 3:20, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man open unto me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he shall sup with me.'

The devil, accordingly, desires his house garnished, but the furniture is sin, and the ornaments opera tenebrarum, the works of darkness; and then, if you will, let this mansion be outwardly pargeted and whited over. Make they show of having the Holy Ghost on Sundays, so they retain the foul devil all the week. These are they that make religion a masquery: lie, swear, cheat, oppress, scorn, riot, revile, revel; yet appear at church on the Sabbath, as if they came for a passport to do more mischief. The strength of their profession is but a gristle, which is indeed neither bone nor flesh; neither true religion nor no religion. Like the speckled innocency of the Papists, in their ostentate charity, unclean chastity, luxurious fasts, and meritorious treasons, in butchering princes and transferring kingdoms.

These hypocrites, being erst so themselves abused and deluded of Satan, persuade others to villany by arguments of virtue. For a hypocrite will do nothing without a colour, and with a colour anything. If thou beest a good fellow, pledge this health; if a true gentleman, put not up this disgrace without revenge; if any charity in

thee, maintain this parasite. Whereas it is the part of a good man to be sober; of a generous spirit to 'pass by an offence,' said the wisest king; and of a charitable man to succour the poor, not to maintain the dissolute.

Yet all this mad troop of enormities must march under the colours of religion. As those rebels in the north, in our late queen's days, of blessed memory, who, when all their projects and stratagems appeared manifestly to the overthrow of their gracious princess, yet concluded their proclamation with, 'God save Queen Elizabeth!'

These are Satan's white boys, or rather black boys, whom he kills, like the ape her young, with kindness, and damns with indulgence. He gives them a vaster commission than I have read that Philip le Long gave the Jacobins in Paris; which charter had a reasonable extension, *A porta illorum, ad portam inferni, inclusivè*. This is the passport which this great captain gives hypocrites: from their own gates to the gates of hell, inclusively.

This is that hypocritical and half-turning to God, when the outward action is suppressed, and the hidden corruption lies still fostered in the heart. The appearance is masked, the affection not mortified. And though, like an eunuch, he doth not beget palpable and manifest enormities; yet hath a lust, and itch, and concupiscence to them, and forbears not in the dark, safe from the eyes of the world, to practise them.

A man that doth outwardly refuse adherence to the world for a colourable embracing of the world, yet inwardly and in a hearty affection parts not with his former turpitudes, fulfils that on himself which St Basil once said of a senator, that seemed to renounce the world, yet retained part of his ill-gotten riches, as Ananias kept back part of the price of his lands: 'Thou hast spoiled a senator, and hast not made a monk.' So I may say of this man, 'Thou hast marred a worldling, and hast not made a Christian.'

Now the devil is content thou shouldst remit some of thy gross impieties, so thou retain others. He cares not to be cast out by idolatry, so he be kept in by atheism. He is well pleased that Judas should become an apostle of Christ, so he be withal a traitor. Let Abimelech give hospitality to Abraham, so he purpose to abuse his wife. Let Herod hear John Baptist preach; perhaps he will cut off his head for preaching against Herodias.

The devil is loath to be dislodged of ignorance, yet is content that error succeed in place. He is vexed that the truth should appear to a man, yet if worldliness keep fast hold of the affections, this is a cable-roppe to pull him in again. If he lose the sponce of the understanding, yet give him the citadel of the affections. Any unmortified, habituated, affected sin, is a sufficient stirrup to mount him into his old saddle. Either let the soul stoop to fulfil the body's base desires, or let the body employ all his members, faculties, functions, to satisfy the soul's lusts, and he is pleased.

The infernal tyrant deals with men herein as the Egyptian Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites. Moses hath a commission and a command from God, to take with him the children of Israel, and to go 'three days' journey into the wilderness,' to celebrate a feast to the Lord. Pharaoh is very loath to lose the profit which by the servitude of Israel did arise to him; he will not suffer them. But when renewed plagues prove that there is no remedy, and a perpetual vicissitude of judgments enforce it, observe how he would compound it:—

First, Exod. 8:25, 'Go ye, sacrifice to your God in this land.' Nay, saith Moses, ver. 26, 'It is not meet so to do; for we shall sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians to the Lord our God: lo, shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?' That were a shame, and insufferable offence to them, to immolate beasts among them that worship beasts.

Secondly, 'Go ye,' saith Pharaoh, ver. 28, if there be no remedy, 'even into the wilderness,' and sacrifice to your God; but 'go not far.' Nay,

saith Moses, we must go three days' journey. The limits and confines of the wilderness will not serve our turns; as if our sacrifice should not smell of Egypt, we must go so far as our travel can reach in three days.

Thirdly, Go ye, saith Pharaoh, and so far as now you desire, and your feet can measure in three days; but 'who must go?' Exod. 10:9, Moses saith, 'Our sons and daughters, flocks and herds; for we must hold a feast to the Lord.' 'Not so: your little ones shall not go,' quoth Pharaoh; 'go ye that are the men, and serve the Lord, for that was your desire. And they were driven from his presence,' ver. 11. But Moses requires that all may go: 'old and young, sons and daughters.'

Fourthly, Pharaoh, after the devouring locusts and palpable darkness, calls again for Moses and Aaron. 'Go ye yourselves, and let your little ones go also; only let your flocks and your herds be stayed,' Exod. 10:24. Nay, saith Moses, ver. 25, we must have 'burnt-offerings and sacrifices for the Lord our God. Our cattle shall also go with us; there shall not a hoof be left behind: for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God.'

Did Pharaoh regard their cattle above their little ones? or their children beyond themselves? No; but he deals by conditions and limitations, as loath to part with all at once. Therefore rather their cattle than nothing. For he knew they had covetous minds; and when in the wilderness they wanted provision, and were pinched with famine, they would return back again for their cattle. Every yielding confession* that came from him was by force of the rack; he grants nothing, but on the compulsion of a judgment.

So this spiritual and hellish Pharaoh hath had a soul long in his Egypt, and hath found him beneficial and helpful to his kingdom of darkness in many services. The word preached comes, like Moses, to call him out of this bondage. Satan is afraid to be put out of commons, frantic at the menace of expulsion; he will not give ground till he be forced, nor depart except plagued. But when he perceives

no evasion, or remedy against God's intendment, he falls to indenting with niggardly grants and allowances:—

First, Sacrifice here in this land; put on a mantle of religion over the old body. Be inwardly an Egyptian still, black and wicked, though an external sacrificer. Let thy life be statu quo; shift not ground. Answer thou with Moses, No; I must change place, travel a new way: from Egypt toward Canaan; from the region of darkness to the regiment of life.

Secondly, Go then, saith the devil, but not far; keep within my whistle, that when I beckon my hand with a bag in it, or give you the call of vanity, you may hear, and return. No, Satan; I must go far off: three days' journey from Egypt. I must not stay near Sodom, nor in any of the plains, lest I be destroyed. It is no repentance that puts not on a contrary habit. Pride must be turned to humility, covetise to charity, dissimulation to honesty, &c.

Thirdly, Well then, saith Satan, go ye, the men, but leave the children behind you: let me have your youth and strength, and when you are old talk of sacrifice and of religion. This is the devil's dispensation, Youth must be borne with. To dance, to dice, to drink, to ruffle, scuffle, wear fleeces of vanity on their heads, and to leave no place without some vicious testimony of their presence, non est vitium adolescenti, is no fault in a young man. So the king of Babylon took not the men, but the children of the Jews, to teach them the learning of Chaldea. Answer: It is good to begin at the gates of our life to serve God, and from our birth to be Nazarites unto the Lord. Lest if the frame of our lives be built on a lascivious and riotous foundation of long practised wantonness, 'our bones be full of the sin of our youth, and it lies down with us in the dust,' Job 20:11; and when our bodies arise from the earth, our sins also rise with them to judgment. No, Satan; youth and age, all the degrees of our life, shall be devoted to the service of God.

Fourthly, Yet, saith Pharaoh, leave your cattle; saith the devil, Leave your affections behind you. I must be content to let you come to church, hear, read, join in prayers; yet do not quite forsake me. Leave me but a pawn—your affection; a secret liking to your former iniquities. No, Satan; God must be served with all the heart, with all the soul, &c.; we will not leave so much as a desire to any sin, 'we will not leave a hoof behind us.' Indeed, Satan willingly would not content himself with the bounds, but aims at the whole inheritance; he is not satisfied with the borders, but besiegeth the metropolitan city. Let us keep him out of all, if we can; but since we must sin, let us hold him occupied in some outhouse, but be sure to keep him out of the bedchamber—from ruling in the heart.

III. You have here Satan's egress and regress; how he forsakes his hold, how he forceth and strives for a re-entry. Let the same patience and attention dwell with you whiles you sit to hear his ingress; his fortifying of the hold being taken, and provision against future dispossession. This is manifested—1. By his associates; 2. By his assault. For the former, he multiplieth his troops, and increaseth his forces; who are described—(1.) By their nature, 'spirits;' (2.) By their number, 'seven;' (3.) By the measure of their malice, 'more wicked than the former.'

1.—(1.) Their nature: 'spirits.' And so both the easier to get in and the harder to be got out. We see what kind of possession the devil hath in this black apostate, a spiritual and internal power. By which strong 'working and ruling in the hearts of the children of disobedience,' Eph. 2:2, he hath gotten high titles, as the 'prince,' the 'king,' the 'god of the world.' Not that Satan is any such thing of himself, but only through the weakness of the ungodly, who admit him for a lord of misrule in their hearts. Christ is the true and only Lord of heaven and earth; the devil is the prince of this world, but merely by usurpation; the greatest part of the world being either his open or secret followers.

They are spirits, full of tyranny, full of malice. Their temptations in this life testify the one; and their torments in the next life (or rather death) shall declare the other. Here is thy misery, O apostate: *illos dum spiritus occupat artus*; whiles thy own spirit doth move thy joints, and other spirits persecute thy spirit, which is for ever and ever, thou shalt have no release of bondage, no decrease of anguish.

(2.) Their number: 'seven.' A certain number is put for an uncertain; by seven spirits is intended a monstrous number of capital sins. This expresseth a forcible seducing of Satan: before, one spirit; now, seven more. Mary Magdalene had once in her seven devils; this apostate hath gotten eight.

It doth so provoke and distemper Satan to be cast out, that he meaneth and menaceth a fiercer assault, and ramparts his recovered fortress with a septuple guard, that the security of his defence may give defiance to all oppositions. He doth so fill the heart as he 'filled the heart' of Ananias, Acts 5:3, and there is no room for the least drop of grace. Now, he that could not rid himself of one foul spirit, what will he do to encounter seven with the former? The combat is but tolerably equal when one to one, but *ne Hercules contra duos*,—two is odds though against Hercules; how then shall this weak man shift or deal with eight? If I might a little allegorise: The Papists make but seven deadly sins. I am sure that hypocrisy is none of them in their account. Hypocrisy might be in this apostate before; for he was garnished, and now perhaps those other seven are crept in to it, and so there are eight in all. But indeed, as every sin is deadly, though out of their numeration and register; so by the addition of this number, 'seven,' is signified an abundance of iniquities.

(3.) The measure of their malice: 'more wicked.' They are called more wicked, because they make the possessed more wicked. This is spoken of the devil—who is always *pessimus*, the worst—in some degree of comparison: not so much *secundum naturam propriam*, but *secundum operationem in aliis*,—not so much in regard of his own nature, as in respect of the effects which he works in man. That

it shall go worse with this black saint's person the conclusion will shew. Here consider, that his sins are made more wicked. One and the same sin, even respecting the identity of it, may be worse in a quadruple regard:—

[1.] *Ratione perpetrantis*,—in respect of the committer. Jonah's sleep was worse than the mariner's; Judas's conspiracy worse than the Jews'; wickedness in a Christian worse than in an infidel.

[2.] *Ratione loci*,—in regard of the place. So, wrangling in a church is worse than in a tavern; thievery in the temple more wicked than thievery in the market. Amos 2:8, 'They lay themselves down upon clothes laid to pledge by every altar, and they drink the wine of the condemned in the house of their god;' which was more horrible than the same wickedness done in another place. This appeared by Christ's actual punishing that offence, even with those hands that we never else read gave any blows; for sacrilege is the worst of all thefts.

[3.] *Ratione temporis*,—in respect of the time. For to play when thou shouldest pray; to swear when thou shouldest sing; when thou shouldest bless, to curse; and to be drunk in a tavern when thou oughtest to serve God in the temple,—is worse than the same offence at other times. Those vintners and victuallers are grievously guilty that do in prayer-time at once open their own door and a door to irreligion and contempt of God's holy worship.

[4.] *Ratione naturæ, in quam peccatur*,—in regard of that nature against whom the sin is committed. If a traitor condemned for some notorious conspiracy against his prince shall receive at those maligned hands a gracious pardon, and yet renew his treason with a second attempt, this latter fact, though the same in nature, (for all is but treason,) is more wicked in measure, by reason of the conspirator's unthankfulness for his sovereign's goodness. He ill requites God's mercy for delivering him from one foul devil, that opens a willing door to the entry of seven worse. The more familiar acquaintance we have had with the blessings of God, the greater

condemnation abides us for ingratitude. If the sin may be thus made more wicked, why not the person that commits it? Seven new spirits more wicked have made him more wicked than the first left him. Less had been his woe if that one unclean spirit had kept possession alone, than upon his privation to have the position of seven worse.

Three inferences from hence must not pass away unobserved:—

First, That there is difference of sins, sinners, and consequently of punishments. The first was said to be an unclean spirit, yet are the latter seven worse. By the witness of Christ we have it already, Matt, 5, and by his judgment shall find it hereafter, that an angry affection is liable to judgment, a provoking gesture to the punishment of a council; but railing invectives are worthy of hell-fire. Chorazin and Bethsaida shall speed worse than Tyre and Sidon, and yet these were already in hell. 'The servant that knows his master's will, and doth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' Simple nescience hath an easier judgment than sinful knowledge. If Barbaria wring her hands that she hath known so little, Christendom shall rend her heart that she hath known so much to so little purpose.

Parity of sins is an idle dream, a Stoic and Jovinian imagination. For though the wages of all sin be everlasting death, yet some sins shall feel the torments of that death more violent and terrifying than others. I have elsewhere shewed that Judas's villany in betraying his Master was more horrible than if a Barabbas, a notorious butcherer, had done the deed. So our Saviour insinuated to Pilate: 'He that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin,' John 19:11. That Babylonian tyrant committed a more heinous offence, in taking the holy things out of so holy a place,—God's consecrated vessels out of God's temple,—than if he had stolen more precious ones out of a profane place. Do you think that a cutpurse playing the thief at a sermon is more worthy of hanging than a robber that stands in the highway?

This David instanceth, Ps. 1:1, 'Blessed is he that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the chair of the scornful.' Walking is bad enough, but it is worse to stand than to walk, and to sit than to stand in the ways of wickedness. Though idle words be an unclean spirit, yet actual disobedience is a fouler devil. A Christian usurer is worse than a Turkish. An Indian idolater to gold is not so damnable as a Spanish. All reprobates shall find hell-fire hot enough, but this black saint so much the hotter as he was once purged of his unclean spirit.

Secondly, God doth severely revenge himself upon ingratitude for his graces, and squares out his judgment according to the proportion of the blessing conferred and abused. He that would not be thankful to God for the expulsion of one unclean spirit, shall in a just quittance be pestered with seven more, and more wicked. If Christ be so kind to Judas as to minister the sacrament to him, and he so unkind to Christ as to lay it upon a foul stomach, a polluted heart, the devil shall enter with it.

There is a nescio vos given to those that 'have eaten and drunk in the presence of Christ,' and 'have heard him teach in their streets,' Luke 13:26, (it is all one,) that have feasted at the communion-table, and heard Christ in their pulpits. Even our reading, hearing, praying, when they are done of custom more than of conscience, shall be but a means of Satan's introduction. The word of God, like the dew of heaven, never falls on the earth of our hearts but it makes either herbs or weeds shoot up quicker and thicker in them. 'For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God: but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned,' Heb. 6:7.

If they were condemned, Rom. 1, and 'given over to a reprobate sense,' that had no other glass to see the Deity in but nature,—for *seculum speculum*, the world is a glass,—what shall become of those that have had the book of the gospel, yet are stomach-sick of manna,

and beat away the hand of mercy reached forth unto them: what but a 'triple reprobate sense,' and here a septuple possession of Satan?

Thus God in justice (for contempt of his mercy) admits a stronger delusion of the devil,—not to make them 'twofold more the children of hell,' Matt, 23:15, as proselytes, but sevenfold, as devils,—that their bewitched and infatuated souls shall do service to him that murders them: as Ahaz did 'sacrifice to the gods of Damascus that smote him,' 2 Chron. 28:23; as our treacherous and fugitive Seminaries, that adore the Babylonish beast, who profusely carouseth up their blood that serve him; and whiles he builds up the tower of his universal monarchy, to overlook and command the Christian world, he sets them to cement and mortar the walls with their own bloods.

Worse than the Indians, in some of their blind and idolatrous sacrifices: offering not for a ne noceat, but for an ut noceat; crouching not for a blessing, but a curse; and buying with great expense the malediction of God and men. God threatens Israel, that for the multitude of their rebellions he will septuple their punishments: Lev. 26:18, 'And if ye will not yet for all this hearken unto me, I will punish you seven times more for your sins.' And, ver. 21, 'If ye walk contrary, and will not hearken unto me, I will bring seven times more plagues upon you, according to your sins.' So, frequently, in the first and second chapters of the prophecy of Amos: 'For three transgressions, and for four,'—which are seven, which are many, which are innumerable,—'I will not turn away your punishment,' saith the Lord. According to their sins, by weight and measure, proportion and number, shall be their sorrows. As they have swallowed up the poor, and devoured the people of God like bread, impoverished the commonwealth, undone the church, and all this under colour of long prayers, and of a fiery-hot devotion, so 'they shall receive greater damnation.' This is Babylon's final recompence: Rev. 18:6, 'Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double.'

Thirdly, As seven worse spirits are the reward to him that makes much of one bad and unclean, so are seven better spirits bestowed on him that useth one good well. One talent well employed shall gain ten; and the more we have, the more will God delight to load us. God is as kind to those that traffic his graces to his glory, as he is severe against those that throw his pearls to swine. And as this apostate's recidivation is rewarded by the accession of seven more wicked spirits, so our sanctified and confirmed hearts shall be honoured with those seven most pure spirits, Rev. 1:4, 'which are before the throne of God.' These seven spirits are taken either for the seven gifts of God's Spirit, prefigured by the seven eyes in one stone, Zech. 3:9, and seven lamps in one candlestick, chap. 4:2; which are by some gathered from Isa. 11:2: 'And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.' The first is the spirit of piety, the second is the spirit of wisdom, the third is the spirit of understanding, the fourth is the spirit of counsel, the fifth is the spirit of might, the sixth is the spirit of knowledge, the seventh is the spirit of the fear of the Lord. Or, by putting a certain number for an uncertain, all the gifts and graces of God's Spirit are here intended; seven being a number of perfection, and signifying, in the Scriptures, fulness.

God doth so requite his own blessings, that where he finds thankfulness for his goodness, he opens his hands wider; and where drops of grace take well, he will rain whole showers of mercy. It is his delight to reward his own favours and crown his own blessings; as if he would give because he had given. Thus a greater measure of godliness shall possess us, a greater measure of wickedness this apostate, than either in either kind formerly was had. When we receive grace of God, we also receive grace to employ that grace; so that if we thrive not in the growth of godliness, we may justly call our sanctity into question. As he, *à malo ad pejus*, from evil to worse, descends gradually to hell; so must we, by 'joining virtue to faith, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance,' &c., 2 Pet. 1:5, as per scansum, climbing by degrees, get up into heaven.

2. I have described the associates: now for the assault. Wherein briefly observe, (1.) Their invasion; (2.) Their inhabitation; (3.) Their cohabitation.

(1.) Their invasion: 'they enter.' Alas! what should hinder them, when a savage troop, appointed at all hands, armed with malice and mischief cap-à-pie, assaults a poor weak fort, that hath nothing but bare walls and naked gates, and those set wide open, to defend itself? If Lot were in Sodom, if but Faith stood in the turret of the conscience, there might be some beating back of their forces; but there is no reluctance, therefore an easy victory. St Paul describes the Christian's armour, Eph. 6:14, 'Stand, having your loins girt about with truth; having on the breastplate of righteousness; your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked. Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit,' &c.

This apostate hath not a piece of it, to ward the least blow, wheresoever it strikes him. He is to deal with cunning fencers, and hath neither offensive nor defensive weapons. Not truth, but error, is the girdle of his loins; and for the breastplate of righteousness, he knows not how to put it on. His feet were never 'shod with the preparation of the gospel,' he had not so much time to spare from his nimble gadding after vanities. The fiery darts of these wicked spirits may burn and wound him to death; he hath no shield of faith to cool or quench them. The helmet of salvation is far from him; he knows not in what armoury to find it. And for the sword of the Spirit, he cannot tell how to handle it. He is an unwalled city, an undefenced fort, an unarmed man. No marvel if these foul spirits enter, when there is neither contention nor intention to repel them. *Omnia tradentur: portas reserabimus hosti.*

(2.) Their inhabitation: 'dwell.' The devil dwelleth in a man, not *tanquam corpus locatum in loco*,—as a body seated in a certain place; for spirits are not contained in any place. Incorporeal created

substances do not dwell in a place locally or circumscriptively, as bodies do, but definitively. Nor dwell these in him *tanquam forma in materia*,—as the form in a substance, as the soul in the body. For the devil is a simple substance of himself, not compounded of any alien or second matter.

But they dwell in him by a secret and spiritual power: darkening their minds, 2 Cor. 4:4, 'that the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should not shine unto them.' Poisoning their affections, Eph. 4:19, that 'being past feeling, they might give themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness.' Hardening their hearts, Rom. 2:5, 'till they treasure up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.' All which is no other in effect but damming up the lights and windows of this fort, ramming up the gates, and fortifying the walls. Thus they dwell in him, like witches in an enchanted castle; and who shall break their spells and deliver him! You see, then, this black saint hath but sorry guests, that purpose longer stay with him than a night; to dwell, yea, to domineer, till they have eaten him quite out of house and home.

(3.) Their cohabitation: 'they dwell there;' all of them, even together.

Obs. 1.—There is room enough in one heart for many sins. Mary Magdalene's heart held seven devils; this apostate's eight. There was a whole legion in another, Matt, 8; all the principalities and powers of darkness in a fourth. Absalom had treason, ambition, pride, incest, ingratitude, for his heart's stuffing. Judas had no fewer turpitudes in his. The heart is so small a piece of flesh, that it will scarce give a kite her breakfast; yet, behold how capacious and roomy it is, to give house-room to seven devils! He that should read and observe the great physician's dissection of man's heart, Matt. 15:19,—'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies,'—would bless himself to think that so little a thing could extend itself to such a capacity; or that it could be so full and not burst.

Obs. 2.—Behold a rabble of devils agreeing quietly in one man. *Glomerantur in unum innumeræ pestes Erebi,*—Innumerable plagues of hell are rounded up together in one; yet they fall not out for room. On earth, among men, it often falleth out as between those two ambitious Romans:—

Nec quemquam jam ferre potest Cæsarve priorem,

Pompeiusve parem,'—

Cæsar must have no superior, Pompey no rival. Ahab cannot endure that Naboth's vineyard should disfigure his lordship. Rich men in this world agree like pikes in a pond, ready to eat up one another; but howsoever, the poor pay for it; they are sure to be devoured. Tradesmen cannot agree in one city, nor neighbours in one town, nor brothers in one house, nor Jacob and Esau in one womb; yet, behold, many devils can agree in one man. They know that 'a kingdom divided cannot stand.' We quarrel and contend, when hell itself is at peace.

IV. My journey draws to an end; there remain but two steps: the conclusion and application. The conclusion of the parable is fearful: 'The last state of that man is worse than the first.' Is it possible? His state was so bad before, that can you imagine it worse? Yes; there was but one devil before, now there are eight. By reason of this stronger possession, his damnation will be the sooner wrought up, the cup of his iniquity brim-filled, and himself hurried to hell with the greater precipitation. This pejority of his state may be amplified in six respects:—

1. Whilst this black saint had a white face, and carried the countenance of religion, he was wrapped up in the general prayers of the church. He seemed of that number for whom, as the friends of Christ, there was a continual remembrance in good men's intercessions. 'If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not

unto death. But there is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it,' 1 John 5:16. Samuel will pray for Saul, till he perceive that he hath given over the Lord, and the Lord him.

But when the white scarf is plucked off this Moor's face, and his black leprosy appears; when the wolf's sheepskin is stripped off, and he is seen to worry the lambs; then is he singled out as an enemy to Christ, and God's judgment hastened on him at the entreaty of his servants. He is so much the worse as he hath lost the benefit of good men's prayers. When he is once in this 'gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity,' in vain Simon Magus requests Simon Peter to request God for him: 'Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me,' Acts 8:24.

2. Whilst this black devil mantled his tawny skin and ulcerous heart with dissimulation of piety, there was outwardly some hopeful likelihood of his reformation, and winning to heaven; though God knew otherwise in his hidden and reserved counsel. Whilst he sat in the congregation of saints, heard what God spake to them, and spake with them to God, the minister did preach to him the tidings of peace with a good opinion, and admitted him to the communion of the sacrament. But now, his eruption into manifest contempt of sacred things, and despite done to the Spirit of truth, hath deaded that hope; so that the minister hath not that confident comfort that the word will be the 'savour of life' unto him. His hypocrisy hath deceived the world; his apostasy hath deceived himself: therefore his 'state is worse.'

3. His latter end is worse in regard of himself; and this may be amplified in four circumstances:—

(1.) Before, he was sick of spiritual drunkenness; now, he is lethargised. Who knows not that a continued lethargy is worse than a short ebriety? Such is his state.

(2.) Impenitence hath brought him to impudence; and by often prostitution of his heart to uncleanness he hath gotten a 'whore's forehead,' that cannot blush: 'Thou refusedst to be ashamed,' Jer. 3:3. And, Jer. 8:12, 'Were they ashamed when they had committed abomination? Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush.' He hath so little repented for wickedness, that now he thinks there is no wickedness standeth in need of repentance. A brazen face, which no foul deed, nor reproof for it, can make to change colour! How can it be otherwise? For a black saint can no more blush than a black dog.

(3.) He is in worse state, by so much as a relapse is more perilous than the first sickness; by reason that strength is now spent, and nature made more weak, and unable to help itself, or to receive benefit by what is ministered. The sparks of goodness are now dying, or quite extinct, and the floods of iniquity more violent against him. There be sorer assaults, and less strength to encounter them.

(4.) Before, he was quiet in himself, and might have a flattering hope that the night would never come; but now, breaking forth into palpable contempt and obduracy, he finds his conscience open to condemn him, and hell-gates open to receive him. His ulcer seemed to be fairly skinned over, and in his own sense healed; but now, to come to a new incision is greater terror than ever. The sound of fear is now in his ears, the sense of a dagger at his heart. His body would, his mind cannot, rest. The horror of future punishment lies at Cain's door, and is at every noise ready to wake him. There is a fearful conflict betwixt sensuality and reason in him; that he may use Job's words, though in a deeper and direr sense, chap. 7:20, *Factus sum mihi met ipse gravis*,—'I am a burden and trouble to myself.'

Thus the great parasite of the soul, that heretofore matched the number of God's threatenings with as many fair promises, and flattered this wretch with the paucity of his sins, now takes him in the lurch, and over-reckons him. He that so long kept him in a beautiful gallery of hope, now takes him aside, and shews him the

dark dungeon of despair. He engrosseth his iniquities in text-letters, and hangs them on the curtain at his bed's feet, to the racking amazement of his distracted soul. Before, the devil did put his shoulders under the burden; but now he shifts it off, and imposeth it on the sinner. And as I have read the Spanish Index deals with Velcurio; who, commenting on Livy, saith that the fifth age was decrepit under the Popes and emperors; the Index takes out the Popes, and leaves the emperors obnoxious to the whole imputation:* so the devil winds out himself at last from the wicked, refusing to carry the burden any longer, but leaves it wholly to their supportation.

This ague, or rather agony, is made more vexing by the sting of conscience: which is now God's bailiff to arrest him, his witness against him, his whip to lash him, his register that reads over the long book of his offences, and after a terrible aggravation of their heinousness, tells him his penance, direful and intolerable; and that concordat cum actis curiæ, it agrees with the just decree of God's court, never to be avoided.

4. His last state is worse than his first in respect of God, who will now turn him out of his protection. When he hath once proclaimed open war and rebellion against God, and hath manifestly declared himself an outlaw, no marvel if God throw him out of the circumference of his mercy, and let his providence take no charge over him, saving only to restrain his savage fury from foraging his grace-empaled church. But for himself, the Scripture gives a renunciation: 'If he will go into captivity, let him go.' Rev. 22:11, 'If he will be unjust, let him be unjust still; if he will be filthy, let him be filthy still.' I will not hinder his course: A beat, pereat, profundat, perdat, said that father in the comedy,—Let him go, perish, sink, or swim. He hath full liberty to swill the cup of his own damnation up to the brim.

5. In respect of the devil his latter state is worse; which may be demonstrated by a familiar similitude. A man is committed to prison for debt, or some light trespass; is there indifferently well used; hath,

for his money, all the liberty that the jail and jailer can afford him; nay, is permitted to go abroad with keepers. At last, he spies opportunity, and breaks away; then the jailer fumes, and foams, and rageth, and perhaps swears away that little share of his own soul which he had left. The prisoner had need look to himself; if the jailer catch him, he had better never have stirred. At last he is taken: now bolts and locks, and heavy irons, a strong guard, and a vigilant watch, till he be made safe for stirring again. This bondage is far worse than the first.

The sinner in the devil's keeping is let alone to enjoy the liberty of the prison—that is, this world; he may feed his eye with vanities, his hand with extortions, his belly with junkets, his spleen with laughter, his ears with music, his heart with jollity, his flesh with lusts: and all this without control. But if he be won by the gospel preached to break prison, and thereupon give the devil the slip, let him take heed Satan do not catch him again. If he once recovers him into his prison, he will dungeon him, remove him from all means whereby he might be saved; let him see, hear, feel, understand nothing but temptations and snares; blind his soul, harden his heart, load him with heavy irons, and lock him up in bolts and fetters of everlasting perdition.

6. Then, lastly, his end shall be worse at the last: when the least parcel of God's wrath shall be heavier than all the anguish he felt before; when his almond-tree shall be turned to an iron rod, his afflictions to scorpions; when the short and momentary vexations of this world shall no sooner cease to him, than the eternal torments of hell shall begin, and (which is most fearful) shall never end. Be his body burned to death in fire, yet those flames shall go out with his ashes; but come his flesh and soul to that infernal fire, and when they have been burned myriads of years, yet it shall not be quenched.

The application doth immediately concern the Jews; which hath before been plentifully instanced. For ourselves:—1. The unclean spirit hath by God's holy gospel been cast out of us. 2. Do you think he is at quiet? No; he esteems all places dry and barren till he get into

us again. 3. He resolves to try for entrance. 4. Now, is it enough that we leave ourselves empty of faith and good works? for all our abominable sins swept with an overly repentance, and garnished with hypocrisy, and with our old affections to sin still? 5. Take we heed; he will come with seven spirits, more wicked than the former, and give us a fierce assault.

But 'our help is in the name of God, who hath made heaven and earth:' in whose mercy we trust, because his compassions fail not. Our own strength is no confidence for us; but the grace of that strongest man, who is alone able to keep out Satan. Let us adhere to Him by a true faith, and serve him in a holy integrity of conversation; and our latter end shall be better than our beginning. 'Mark the upright man, and behold the just; for the end of that man is peace,' Ps. 37:37. Our end shall be better hereafter; when 'God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes;' when sorrow, and sickness, and death shall be no more; when Sennacherib cannot rage, nor the leviathan of hell assault us. Peace shall environ us, heaven shall contain us, glory shall crown us. Our trouble, woe, mourning, have been momentary; but our joys, peace, bliss, shall have no intermission, no mutation, no end. Now he that perfects all good works, make our latter end better than our beginning! To whom, three Persons, one eternal God, be all praise and glory, for ever and ever! Amen.

THE LEAVEN;

OR,

A DIRECTION TO HEAVEN

Another parable spake he unto them; The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three

measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.—MATT. 13:33.

THE word of God is pure, saith the Psalmist, 'converting the soul,' Ps. 19:7: pure formaliter, in itself; pure effectivè, in purifying others. 'Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you,' John 15:3. There is life in it, being the voice of Life itself: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68.

As God, 'who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son,' Heb. 1:1; so also this Son, whom 'he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds,' when he took flesh and went about on earth doing good, taught the people after diverse fashions and forms of speech, though in all of them he carried a state in his words, and taught with authority, unlike the verbal sermons of the scribes. 'He was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people,' Luke 24:19. Sometimes he taught by explication, sometimes by application; sometimes propounding, at other times expounding his doctrine. Often by plain principles and affirmative conclusions; not seldom by parables and dark sentences: in all seeking his Father's glory, his church's salvation. In this chapter, plentifully by parables. Divines give many reasons why Christ used this parabolical form of speaking:—

1. The impletion of Scriptures, which had so prescribed of him: 'I will open my mouth in a parable; I will utter dark sayings of old,' Ps. 78:2.

2. That the mysteries of God's kingdom might not be revealed to the scornful. To such it shall be spoken in parables, that 'seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand,' Luke 8:10. They are riddles to the Cains, and paradoxes to the Judases of the world. But 'if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost,' 2 Cor. 4:3. These come to church as truants to school, not caring how little learning they get for their money; but only regarding to avoid the temporal punishment. But at the great correction-day, when the

schoolmaster of heaven shall give them a strict examination, their reward must be abundantly painful.

3. That Christ might descend to the capacities of the most simple, who better understand a spiritual doctrine by the real subjection of something familiar to their senses. As the poet:—

'Segnius irritant auimos demissa per aures,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'

But the 'testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple,' Ps. 19:7. He said once to poor fishers, 'To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God,' Luke 8:10. He says, not *mysteria regis*, but *mysteria regni*,—not the mysteries of the king, but the mysteries of his kingdom. The former may not be known, the other may, must be known.

And it is also observable, that his parables were diverse, when yet by those sundry shadows he did aim directly at one light. He doth, as it were, draw the curtain of heaven, and describe the kingdom of God by many resemblances; yea, and some of these *unum sonantia*; like so many instruments of music playing one tune. In that immediately precedent parable of the mustard-seed, and this subsequent of the leaven, he teacheth the same doctrine, the spreading virtue of the gospel. The intention of which course in our great Physician is to give several medicines for the same malady in several men, fitting his recipes to the disposition of his patients. The soldier doth not so well understand similitudes taken from husbandry, nor the husbandman from the war. The lawyer conceives not an allusion from physic, nor the physician from the law. *Forenses domestica nec norunt, nec curant; neque forensia domesticam agentes vitam*,—Home-dwellers are ignorant of foreign matters; neither doth the quiet rural labourer trouble his head with matters of state. Therefore Christ derives a parable from an army, to teach soldiers; from legal principles, to instruct lawyers; from the field and sowing, to speak familiarly to the

husbandman's capacity. As that parable of the seed, the first in this chapter, may be fitly termed the ploughman's gospel; as Ferus saith, that, when he ploughs his ground, he may have a sermon ever before him, every furrow being a line, and every grain of corn a lesson, bringing forth fruit. So Paul borrows a comparison from wrestling, and from running in a race; and our Saviour from a domestical business,—muliebrium officium,—from leaven, 'which a woman took,' &c.

We may reduce the parable to three general heads, quid, ad quid, in quo:—I. What is compared; II. To what; III. In what. Two natures are accorded in quodam tertio; two subjects shake hands by a reconciling similitude. I. The matter compared is 'the kingdom of heaven;' II. The matter to which it is compared is 'leaven;' III. Now the concurrence of these lies in the sequel, 'which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened:' wherein are remarkable, the agent, the action, the subject, the continuance. 1. The agent is a woman; 2. The action is double, taking and hiding, or putting in the leaven; 3. The subject is meal or flour; 4. The continuance, donec fermentetur totum,—until the whole mass be leavened. This is the in quo, the manner of the concurrence. The general points then are—what, whereto, wherein. We are, according to this method, to begin with the—

I. WHAT.—The subject compared is the kingdom of heaven. This hath a diverse sense and apprehension in the Scriptures. Specially it is taken three ways:—

1. For the kingdom of heaven in heaven, which the godly shall possess hereafter; the scope or main mark we level at. That high pyramid which the top of Jacob's ladder reacheth to, and leaneth on. That which St Peter calls 'the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls,' 1 Pet. 1:9. Whereof David sings, 'In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore,' Ps. 16:11. Which no virtue of mortal eye, ear, or heart hath comprehended. 'They shall come from east, from west, from north, and south, and shall sit down

in the kingdom of God,' Luke 13:29. Unto which our king that owns it, and Saviour that bought it for us, shall one day invite us, if he find us marked for his sheep: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,' Matt. 25:34. Dear Jesus, bring us to this kingdom!

2. For that which qualifies and prepares us to the former, grace and holiness. For into that 'shall enter no unclean thing, nor whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life,' Rev. 21:27. No flesh that is putrefied, except it be first purified, shall be glorified. No man goes to heaven per saltum, but per scansum. Now this sanctity is called the kingdom of heaven, because the life it lives is heavenly; though we are on earth, 'our conversation is in heaven,' Phil. 3:20; and because the joy of the Holy Ghost, and peace of conscience, which is heaven upon earth, is inseparable from it: 'The kingdom of heaven consists not in meats and drinks, but in righteousness, and peace, and joy of the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17.

3. For that whereby we are prepared to both the former: this is the kingdom of heaven here meant; and to declare it in a word, it is the preaching of the gospel. This, by the powerful co-operation of God's Spirit, begets grace in this life, and grace in this life shall be crowned with glory in the life to come. The word of God,—which is called the testimony, Isa, 8:20, because it bears witness to itself,—examined and compared in like places, calls the preaching of the gospel the 'kingdom of heaven,' Luke 10:11: 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth fruits thereof,' Matt. 21:43. The children of God live in this first kingdom; the second lives in them; the third, which is above, doth perfect both the former. In this kingdom we might observe—(1.) Who is king? (2.) Who are subjects? (3.) What are the laws whereby the one governs, the others are governed?

(1.) God is king in two respects: potentialiter, in regard of his majesty; præsentia liter, in regard of his mercy. Potentially he is king

over all the world, governing all things, actions, events, in foro poli, in foro Pluti, in foro conscientiaë. God is king, be the earth never so unquiet, saith the Psalmist. He can still 'the raging of the sea, the roaring of the world, the madness of the people.' Thus he reigns over Satan, and all his factors on earth, executioners in hell. He cannot touch a hog without his license, nor cross a sea without his passport. He hath a hook for Sennacherib, a bridle for the horses and mules, a chain for that great leviathan, a tether for the devil. The Lamb of God leads that great roaring lion in a chain: and with the least twitch of his finger, gives him a non ultra. All powers are inferior to, and derived from this power; to which they have recourse again, as rivers run to the ocean, whence they were deduced. Let all potentates 'cast down their crowns before his feet, with the twenty-four elders,' Rev. 4:10. Subjiciuntur omnes potestates Potestati infinitaë. Dominion riseth by degrees: there be great, saith Solomon, and yet greater than they; and yet again higher than they all, Eccles. 5:8. Begin at home: in man there is a kingdom. Est animi in corpus regnum,—The mind hath a sovereignty over the body. Restrain it to the soul; and in the soul's kingdom dominatur ratio in irascibilem et concupiscibilem partem,—reason hath a dominion over the affections. This kingdom is within man. Look without him; behold, God hath given him a kingdom over reasonless creatures. Yet among themselves, God hath set man over man; the householder is a petty king in his family, the magistrate over the community, the king over all. The heavenly bodies have yet a power over us. Est corporum coelestium, in inferiora dominum. God is king over them, and all. Astra regunt homines, sed Deus astra regit. God is then only and solely an absolute king.

But he reigns in this place rather presentially by his grace; where his sceptre is a sceptre of righteousness, and his throne man's heart. For that is so excellent a place, that it is evermore taken up for a throne, either by God or Satan. To the godly then is this great king most propense; though others also taste the sweets of his bounty. As the earthly prince governs, and providentially sustains all the people of his dominions, but those that stand in his court, and feast at his

table, more especially partake of his royal favours: God at his own cost maintains all the world, and hath done almost these six thousand years; but he loveth Jerusalem above all cities, and the gates of Zion above all the dwellings of Jacob. All Joseph's brethren shall be feasted at his charges, but Benjamin's mess shall five times exceed the rest. There may be one favour left for Esau, but Jacob goes away with the blessing. God is still good to all Israel; let him be best 'to them that are of a pure heart,' Ps. 73:1.

(2.) The subjects in this kingdom are the godly; not such as give a passive and involuntary obedience, doing God's will (as the devil doth) *contra scientiam*, *contra conscientiam*, of whom more properly we may say, *Proposita Dei fiunt potius de illis quam ab illis*. These, though they work the secret decrees of the great king, are not of this kingdom. Only they that give to him the sacrifice of a free-will offering, that *libenter* and *ex animo* subscribe and assent obedience to his hests; whose lives, as well as lips, pray that article, 'Thy will be done.' They are indeed subjects to this king, that are themselves kings: 'Christ hath made us kings and priests,' Rev. 1:6. Every king on earth is as it were a little god, Ps. 82:6. Only our God is the great king, able to 'bind kings in chains, and nobles with links of iron,' Ps. 149:8. In respect both of his power reigning over all, and of his mercy over his chosen, he may well be called *Rex regum*, the great king over both temporal and spiritual kings: he is the King of kings. For all his faithful children are mystically and spiritually made, and called, kings in Christ, and the Lord is king of all.

(3.) The laws whereby this kingdom is governed are the statute laws of heaven, Ps. 147:19, written of the Holy Ghost by prophets and apostles, sealed by the blood of God's Son; a light to our darkness, a rule for our actions.

Upon this ground thus laid I build a double structure or instruction:

First, Christ hath a kingdom also in this world, not of this world; himself denies it to Pilate, John 18:36. He would none of their hasty coronation with carnal hands. Yet he was and is a spiritual king. So was it prophesied, Dan. 7:14, Micah 4:7. So the angel told Mary, Luke 1:32. 33, 'He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.' So Pilate wrote his inscription, though in the narrowest limits, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' To expect or respect the Messiah for a temporal prince, was the Jews' perpetual dotage, the apostles' transient error, Matt. 20:21, Acts 1:6, 'Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?' But Christ is a king after a spiritual manner on earth; restraining the violence of the wolves and goats like a good shepherd; not suffering them to annoy and infest the lambs at their pleasure, or rather displeasure; ruling his chosen, overruling the reprobates, as the great master over the whole family of this world. His throne is at the right hand of his Father in heaven; but his dominion is throughout all ages, and extends to the ends of the earth.—We should not pass this without some useful application.

App. 1.—If there be a kingdom of heaven here to be had, why do we not seek it? The charge is not less for our good than God's glory, which Christ gives: 'First seek the kingdom of heaven, and the righteousness thereof, and then all these things shall be added unto you,' Matt. 6:33. Seek it in faith, with prayers, with tears, with reformation. Seek it first; let no worldly thing stand in your thoughts worthy preferment to it. Seek it with disregard and a holy contempt of other things: for this once come, they shall be cast upon you.

App. 2.—Since Christ hath a kingdom here, let us rejoice. 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice: let the multitude of isles be glad thereof,' Ps. 97:1. And among those lands, let the joy of England be none of the least. What was foretold by Zechariah, chap. 9:9, is fulfilled by our Saviour, Matt. 21:5: 'Rejoice, shout out for joy, for thy King cometh.' Let his exaltation be thy exultation. If he were impotent and could not help, improvident and would not, we were never the better for our King. But his power is immense, his mercy

propense: 'He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep,' Ps. 121:4.

App. 3.—This is terror to the wicked; they serve a king, but he is not an absolute king; his head is under Christ's girdle, nay, under his feet, Matt. 4. There is in Satan *nec voluntas, nec validitas*, neither might nor mind to succour his subjects, his abjects. Prodigal Lucifer (the father of prodigious Machiavels, that are bountiful with what is none of their own, dealing states and kingdoms, like the Pope, as God's legacies, when God never made him executor) makes Christ a bountiful offer of kingdoms. Poor beggar! he had none of his own, not so much as a hole out of hell; whereas Christ was Lord of all. Disproportionable proffer! he would give the King of heaven a kingdom of earth; the glory of this lower world to him that is the glory of the higher world, and requires for price to have him worship an angel of darkness who is worshipped of the angels of light. Tremble, ye wicked! you serve an ill master, are subjects to a cursed king. Well were it for you if you might scape his wages; well for himself if he might scape his own. Both he and his subjects shall perish. 'The prince of this world is already judged,' John 16:11.

App. 4.—Since there be two spiritual kingdoms on earth, and we must live under one of them, let us wisely choose the easiest, the securest, the happiest. For ease; Satan's services are unmerciful drudgery: no pains must be refused to get hell. 'Christ's yoke is easy, his burden is light.' For security; we say in terrene differences, it is safest taking the stronger side. Why then should we forsake the strongest man, who commands the world, and revolt to the tents of Belial, the son of vanity? For happiness; Christ's kingdom is the far more blessed: for countenance, for continuance in the heart-solacing sunshine of his mercy, and the unclouded eternity of it.

Secondly, Our second inference is this: Such is the excellency of the gospel, that it is dignified by the title of a kingdom, and that of heaven. Earthly things cannot boast this privilege, to have that ascribed to the means which belongs to the end. Bread is not health,

but the sustenance of it. Reading is not learning, but the way to get it. In divine graces the way is often honoured with the title of the end. Faith is called life; grace, salvation; the gospel, the kingdom. Such is the infallibility of God's decrees, and the inseparable effects that follow his heavenly intentions, that the means shall easily perform the office they were sent to do. The preaching of the gospel shall save those whom God hath determined to save by it, and shall as assuredly bring them to the kingdom of heaven as if itself were that kingdom. Here, then, is matter—

First, Of instruction: that God hath so decreed it that we must ordinarily pass through one kingdom into another, into a greater. From the gospel of life we shall go to the God of life. From the preaching of the word to that the word hath preached—the 'end of our faith, the salvation of our souls.' For we climb to heaven by Paul's stairs, Rom. 10:9, 10, (and without that manner of ascending few come thither:) from preaching to believing, from believing to obeying; and obedience precedes our eternal life. Such a man shall only hear that comfortable allocution: 'Good and faithful servant, enter into thy Master's joy.'

Secondly, Of comfort: that seeing we have the gospel, we have the kingdom of heaven amongst us. They see not this marvellous light that live in their own natural darkness; no, nor do all see this kingdom that live in it, but they alone in whom this kingdom lives. 'Our gospel is hid to those that are lost,' 2 Cor. 4:3. It is an offence to the Gentiles, contempt of the Jews, riddles to the Athenian Stoics, Acts 17:18, a paradox to Julian; but to 'them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,' 1 Cor. 1:24. Open your scornful eyes, lift up your neglected heads, ye abortive generation of lust and sin, the sun shines in your faces. Shadow not your eyes with carnal security; remove those thick clouds of ignorance and contempt interposed betwixt you and this light. See, see, and glorify our God; the kingdom of heaven is among you. Come out of your holes, ye Roman dormice; pray for spiritual unction, ye sotted worldlings, that the scales of ignorance may fall

from you. Waken your heavy spirits, ye mopish naturals; live no longer in the region of darkness and tyranny of sin, and bless His name that hath called you to his kingdom. You need not travel a tedious pilgrimage, leaning on the staff of a carnal devotion, as the Papists are forced, nor trudge from east to west to seek this kingdom, as the Jews were menaced, nor cry, It is too far to go to Jerusalem, and therefore fall to worship your calves, your little gods at home, as Jeroboam pretended. But to take away all excuse, and leave your obstinacy naked to the judgment-seat of God, behold venit ad limina virtus; you need but step over your thresholds, and gather manna; the kingdom of heaven is among you.

Thirdly, Of reproof: cease your despising of the gospel, ye profane ruffians, whose sport is to make yourselves merry with God. You cannot stick the least spot of contempt on the cheek of preaching, but it lights on heaven itself, where you will one day desire to be. While you would shoot arrows against the invulnerable breast of God, they shall recoil with vengeance on your own pates. You little think that your scurrilous jests on the word, and the messengers thereof, strike at the side of Christ with the offer of new wounds. You dream not that you flout the kingdom of heaven itself, which, when you have lost, you will prize dearer than the West Indies doth her gold, or the East her spices. If you knew what this kingdom was, you would weigh out your blood by ounces, like gold in the balance, till your hearts had not a drop left to cherish them, for the purchase of it. Behold, you may have it for less. Why do you despise it? Perhaps you make full account of this kingdom, though you allow yourselves in your vanities. What, will you scorn it, and yet be glad of it? How unequal are these thoughts! How impossible these hopes! God will not give his pearls to swine; shall they inherit the kingdom of heaven that despise it?

II. This is the what: now follows the TO WHAT.

The thing whereby this mystical nature is shadowed out to us is leaven. In this we must confine ourselves to the scope of the parable;

and as we would not look short, so we will not look beyond. Sobriety must guide our course in every sermon; then especially, when our navigation lies through the depth of a parable. We find leaven elsewhere used in the worse sense; and before we step any further, this point objects itself to our observation.

The same things are often taken in different senses; sometimes oblique, not seldom opposite. Christ in another place premonisheth his apostles against the leaven of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians; the leaven of hypocrisy, of irreligion, of savage policies. And the chosen vessel bids us 'purge out the old leaven,' &c., 1 Cor. 5:7. Here it is used as graciously as there grievously; and no meaner a thing is likened to it than the kingdom of heaven. But I refer this note to a place where I have more liberally handled it.

The intent, force, and vigour of the parable consists in the propagation. As leaven spreads into the whole lump, so the gospel regenerates the whole man. This is the pith and marrow of it; yet what other resemblances serve to the illustration of it are considerable. Therefore two remote and improper observations in the leaven shall lead us to the main, which is the dilation of that and the gospel:—

1. Leaven hath a quality somewhat contrary to the meal, yet serves to make it fit for bread. The gospel is sour and harsh to the natural soul, yet works him to newness of life. It runs against the grain of our affections, and we think it troubles the peace of our Israel within us. Our sins are as dear to us as our eye, hand, or foot, Matt. 5:29, necessary and ill-spared members. The gospel, that would divorce our loves so wedded to our iniquities, seems durus sermo; who can bear it? It is leaven to Herod to part with his Herodias; to Naaman to be bound from bowing before Rimmon. Christ gives the young man a sour morsel, when he bids him give his goods to the poor. You choke the usurer with leaven when you tell him that non remittitur peccatum, nisi restituatur ablatum,—his sins shall not be forgiven till his unjust gains be restored. You may as well prescribe the epicure

leaven instead of bread, as set him the voider of abstinence, instead of his table of surfeits. This is leaven indeed, to tell the encloser that he enters commons with the devil, while he hinders the poor to enter-common with him; or to tell the sacrilegious that Satan hath just possession of his soul, while he keeps unjust possession of the church's goods. When this leaven is held to carnal lips it will not down; no, the very smell of it offends. The combat of faith, the task of repentance, the mercifulness of charity, this same 'rule of three' is hard to learn. To deny a man's self, to cashier his familiar lusts, to lay down whole bags of crosses, and to take up one, the cross of Christ; to forsake our money, and assume poverty, persecution, contempt for the gospel; oh sour, sour, leaven, leaven! No such tart thing shall come into the vessel of our heart, among the meal of our affections; we cannot brook it. But this must come and be made welcome, or we shall not be bread for God's table. It is said of the leaven that *massam acreo grato excitat*. It is *acreo* but *gratus* when the soul is once sensible of the virtue. God is fain to wrestle with our corruptions, and, like a loving father, follow us up and down with his leaven; we turn our backs upon him, and bid him keep his leaven to himself, as Daniel to Belshazzar: 'Keep thy rewards to thyself, and give thy gifts to another,' Dan. 5:17. But when we are once weary of the world's husks, and begin to long for the bread in our Father's house, Luke 15:17,—do but taste and digest this leaven,—then that that was *fel* in ore proves *mel* in corde; we turn again, and follow him for it: 'Lord, evermore give us this bread,' John 6:34; feed us with this leaven, that we may be bread for thine own table. The law was not so harsh in mortifying our sins, but the gospel is found more sweet in saving our souls.

2. One saith of the leaven, that *massam calore suo excitat*,—it raiseth the lump with the heat, as the housewife's philosophy gives the cause. The meal is cold of itself, and unapt to congeal. The leaven by heat doth it. In the gospel preached, there is a spreading heat. It is not only fire in Jeremiah's bones, but in the disciples' ears and hearts: 'Did not our hearts burn within us?' Luke 24:32; 'Is not my word as fire? saith the Lord,' Jer. 23:29. In the minister's soul it is

like fire shut up in the bones, which must have vent, or it will make him weary of forbearing, and ring a woe in his conscience, if he preach not the gospel. It hath no less powerful fervour in the Christian heart, and enkindles the kindly heat of zeal which no floods of tentation can quench, or blasts of persecution blow out. This is that thaws the frozen conscience, warms the benumbed spirit, and heats the cold heart. Men are naturally cold at heart, and sin runs like a chill ague through the general blood. The covetous, proud hypocrite hath a cold stomach, that for want of digestive heat turns all good nourishment into crudities. Summon them to just trial, feel their pulses, and they beat coldly. If the minister entreat a collection for some distressed Christian, there is a cramp in our fingers; we cannot untie our purse-strings. It is a manifest sign that we are not leavened. So long as the meal of our affects continues thus cold, we are incapable of being bread. The word puts fervour into our hearts, and leavens us.

3. The special instance of this resemblance is, that the leaven spreads virtue into all the meal; the gospel disperseth salvation into the whole man. The word of God is powerful to our renovation, speeding and spreading grace into all parts of us. It works us to perfection, though not that gradual perfection* (as the school termeth it) which is above, yet to that partial perfection which Paul prays for his Thessalonians, 'The God of peace sanctify you throughout,' 1 Epist. 5:23, and assumes to be in his Philippians, 'Let as many of us as be perfect be thus minded,' chap. 3:15. For though justification admits no latitude, yet sanctification is wrought by degrees. And a Christian goes forward into grace, as into those waters of the sanctuary: first to the ankles, then to the knees, and so higher, till all be washed; as the leaven spreads till all be leavened. This doctrine will more clearly manifest itself in the in quo, or subsequent observations. Only let us not leave it without a double use:—

Use 1.—Suffer yourselves to be leavened; give entertainment to the gospel in your hearts. Though it be 'a more blessed thing to give than to take,' yet it is a less chargeable thing to take than to give. It is

God's bounty to give his word; do not you in a nice sullenness refuse it. 'Let the word dwell in you richly,' Col. 3:16. Do not pinch this leaven for room, nor thrust it into a narrow corner in your conscience, whiles you give spacious receipt to lust, and sin, and such lewd inmates. But let it soak into your veins, and dilate itself into your affections, that it may breed good blood in your hearts, good fruit in your conversations.

Use 2.—So judge of yourselves, as you find this leaven spreading in you. If you should hear every day a sermon, or could read every hour a volume, yet whiles your lives are barren, you are but unleavened bread; so unsavoury, that God will not admit it at his board. He hath an unleavened hand, that is not charitable; an unleavened knee, that is not humble; an unleavened tongue, that blasphemes; an unleavened eye, that maliceth; an unleavened heart, that securely offendeth. The outward working shews the inward leavening, and the diffusion is an argument of the being. It cannot be pent up, no more than fire. It is no less operative than it is blessed.

III. You have heard the what, and to what; the IN WHAT, how, or the concurrence of these, follow in many particulars. Here is the agent, the action, the subject, the continuance.

1. The agent is a woman; by whom is shadowed the minister. And here are observable three things:—

(1.) The agent, that must work with this leaven, is a woman, weak in her sex; yet the leaven works never the less for her imbecility. The minister, that must put this leaven to our souls, is a man, a weak, sinful, despised man; yet doth not his weakness derogate from the powerful operation of the word in the hearts of God's chosen. It is the word of a mighty and majestic God, who speaks, and the mountains tremble; threatens, and the foundations of the earth are moved. I appeal to your consciences,—who have a testimony from them, and they from the Spirit, that you are God's,—hath not his word, spoken by a silly man, made your hearts bleed within you for

your sins? Yea, hath not Felix himself trembled like an aspen leaf, when Paul, even his prisoner, preached? What power hath stirred you, human or divine? Tertullus could not do it, while authority and credit with men seconded his eloquence. Peter taken from his nets shall catch a thousand and a thousand souls at a draught. What presumptuous folly in some is it, then, to loathe the word of eternal truth, because such a man speaks it! God must not only give them meat, but such a cook as may dress it to their own fancies. Our weakness makes way for God's brighter glory: 'That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God,' 1 Cor. 2:5. Oftentimes the pillars of the church move not him whom a weak leavener hath converted. It is a reason convincing the wicked, confirming the faithful, that Paul gives: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things to confound the mighty; that no flesh should glory in his presence,' 1 Cor. 1:27, &c.

(2.) The leaven doth this without the woman's virtue, not without her instrumental help; but the woman in no respect without the leaven. The minister cannot leaven his own heart, much less the souls of others. The word doth it; the minister is but the instrument to apply it. The physician heals not the sore, but the medicine. The hand feeds not the body, but the meat it reacheth to it. Neither in district terms doth faith save, but only apprehend the Lord Jesus, in whom is assured salvation. Indeed, so doth God dignify our ministerial function, that the priest is said to make the heart clean, and Timothy to save souls, by attribution of that to the instrument which is wrought by the agent, the happy concurrence of the Spirit and the gospel, Acts 3:12, 16.

(3.) A woman is the fittest for this domestical business. The minister being a man, is aptest in God's choice for this spiritual leavening. Should God speak in his own person, his glory would swallow us up. 'For our God is even a consuming fire,' Heb. 12:29. 'Who hath seen God and lives?' Ask Mount Sinai, if as stout-hearted men as we can be did not run away, tremble for fear, and entreat that Moses might

speak to them from God, not God himself. If angels should preach to us, their brightness would amaze us, and in derogation to his glory, to whom alone it belongs, and he will not give it to another, we would fall down to worship them, ready to give them the honour of all good wrought on us. The word should not be said to save, but the angels. If one should rise from the dead, as Dives—having learned some charity in hell that had none on earth—wished, it would terrify us. Lo, then, by men of our own flesh, of the same animation with ourselves, doth Jehovah speak to us, that the praise might be, not man's, but God's.

2. The agent thus considered, let us look to the action. This is double: taking the leaven; putting it into the meal.

(1.) The woman took the leaven: she hath it ready before she useth it. We must first have the gospel, before we can leaven your souls with it. We must not be vaporous and imaginative enthusiasts, to trust all on a dabitur in hora; but with much study and painfulness get this leaven, and apply it. What betters it to have a physician, that hath no medicine; or a medicine, without skill to apply it? Men think sermons as easy as they are common. You that never prepare yourselves to hear, think so of us, that we never prepare ourselves to preach. If this cheap conceit of preaching did not transport many, they would never covet to hear more in a day than they will learn in a year, or practise all their lives. Alas! how shall we take this leaven? The skill of mingling it is fetched from the schools of the prophets; from meditation, from books. But in these days, disquietness allows no meditation; penury, no books. You deprive us of our means, yet expect our leavens; as Pharaoh required of the Israelites their number of bricks, but allowed them no straw.

(2.) We must (with the woman) hide our leaven in the meal—apply it to your consciences. We must preach in pain of death. We are salt, and must melt away ourselves to season you. We are nurses, and must feed our children with the white blood of our labours, strained from our own hearts. And you must be content to let this leaven be

hidden in your consciences. The word must not be laid on superficially, with a perfunctory negligence, like loose corn on the floor of the heart. The seed that lay scattered on the highway, the fowls of the air picked up, and prevented the fructifying, Matt. 13:4. This leaven must be hid from the eyes, and laid up out of the reach of Satan, lest his temptations, like ravening vultures, devour it up. Mary 'hid the sayings of Christ in her heart.' 'Thy law, O Lord,' saith David, 'is within my heart.' If this leaven have not taken the conscience, all outward reformation is but Jehoiakim's rotten wall, painted over with vermilion. What cares a good market-man how fair the fleece or the flesh look, if the liver be specked? It is the praise of Christ's spouse, that 'she is all glorious within.'

3. This leaven must be hid in the meal; which is the third point, the subject: 'three measures of meal.' Observe—

(1.) Three measures. We have no time to discuss the literal and numeral glosses hence inferred, and by some enforced. Either what the measure is; translated by some a peck: for this read the marginal note in the new translation. Or what are those three; by which some understand the three parts of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa; some the whole man, which they will have to consist of the body, soul, and conscience. Others refer it to the soul, wherein they find the understanding, will, and affections: the understanding enlightened, the will reformed, the affections sanctified. But I rather take it spoken, not *terminis terminantibus*, but a finite number put for an indefinite. The gospel, by the power of the Spirit, doth sanctify the whole man, and gets conquest over sin and Satan. Therefore, not to stretch the words of Christ further than he meant them, but to keep the bounds of sobriety, laying our hand on our lips, and where we understand not, to be silent, let our instruction be this: The gospel is of such force, that it can leaven us throughout; *quanti quanti sumus*, three pecks, more or less, we shall be made clean by the word. 'Now are ye clean through the word I have spoken unto you,' John 15:3.

Thus God's little beginnings have great effects. Hoc discrimen inter opera Dei et mundi: the works of the world have a great and swelling entrance, but malo fine clauduntur,—they go lame off. But the works of God, from a slender beginning, have a glorious issue. So unequal are his ways and ours. A little mustard-seed proves a great tree; a little leaven (saith Paul, though in another sense) sours the whole lump. How proudly the world begins, how it halts in the conclusion! The tower of Babel is begun, as if it scorned earth, and dared heaven: how quickly, how easily is all dashed! Behold Nebuchadnezzar entering on the stage, with 'Who is God!' but he goes off to feed with beasts. So dissolute is our pride at the breaking out, so desolate at the shutting up. God, from a low and slender ground, at least in our opinion, raiseth up mountains of wonders to us, of praises to himself. Joseph from the prison shall be taken up into the second chariot of Egypt. Drowning Moses shall come to countermand a monarch. David shall be fetched from the sheep-folds to the throne. The world begins with great promises; but could it give as much as ever the prince of it proffered to Christ, it cannot keep thy bones from the ague, thy flesh from worms, nor thy soul from hell. Behold, a little leaven shall sanctify thee throughout; the folly of preaching shall save thy soul, and raise thy body to eternal glory.

(2.) This leaven must be put in flour or meal. There must be a fit matter to work on. *Rebus idoneis immiscendum est; non cineribus, non arena, sed farina,*—It must not be mixed with ashes, or sand, or bran, but meal. It doth no good on the reprobate Jews, but broken-hearted Gentiles. Not on atheists and mockers, but on repentant souls, groaning beneath the burden of their sins. Hence so many come to this place of leavening, and return unleavened; their hearts are not prepared, how should they be repaired? They are sand or dust, not meal or flour. There must be a congruity or pliability of the subject to the worker. Christ doth not gather wolves and goats into his fold, but sheep. He doth not plant weeds and thorns in his garden, but lilies, roses, and pomegranates. The dogs and swine are excluded the gates of heaven; only the lambs enter to that holy Lamb of God. Ashes and rubbish cannot be conglutinate by leaven, but

meal. Whiles you come other substances, look you to be leavened? You may put leaven to stones and rocks long enough, ere you make them bread. When you bring so unfit natures with you, complain not that you are not leavened.

(3.) The third observation hence serves to take away an objection raised against the former conclusion. You say Christ will not accept of goats into his fold, nor thorns into his vineyard; nor can leaven work effectually upon incapable natures, as sand, stones, or ashes; but wherefore serves the word but to turn goats into sheep, and wild olives into vines, and refractory servants into obedient sons? The gospel intends the expunction of the old image, and a new creation of us in Christ Jesus. True, it doth so; but still there must be in you a co-working answerableness to the gospel. Whiles you obstinately will continue dust and stones, look you to be leavened? First grind your hearts with a true repentance for your sins; or because you cannot do it of yourselves, beseech God to break your stony bowels with his Spirit, and to grind you with remorse and sorrow. Of corn is made bread; but not till first it be turned to meal. The unbeaten corn will make no paste or dough. Though there be matter in us,—for we are reasonable creatures,—yet God must turn our corn into meal, prepare our hearts with fit qualities to receive his grace. True it is, that God doth often work this preparation also by preaching; as our sermons have two subjects, the law and the gospel. By the law we must be ground to meal, before the gospel can leaven us. Christ here speaks of sanctification, the effect of the gospel. For the law admits of no repentance; because we cannot satisfy for the evils we have already committed. Thus we are corn men; but must be ground to meal before fit to be leavened. There is matter in the rock to build a house of, but not form, till it be hewn and squared. Thus God by his grace must prepare us to receive his grace, and by first making us meal, to leaven us. Away, then, with that Popish doctrine of self-preparation by congruity; God works first, in order of place, if not of time. We weakly meet him, when his secret operation has once called us. We are men, there is in us reason, will, capableness, which are

not in a block, in a beast. Yet hitherto we are but corn. Our God must grind us to meal by his law, and then leaven us by his gospel.

4. This is the subject. The continuance is, till the whole be leavened. We must preach, and you must hear the gospel perpetually, till you be wholly leavened: which because you cannot fully attain in this world, therefore you frequent the place of leavening till death. Peter doth warn the pure minds of the saints, 2 Peter, 3:1; and Paul preacheth the law even to those that know the law, Rom. 7:1. You cannot be perfect, yet labour to perfection. Sit not down with that pharisaical opinion, We are leavened enough. The more you know, the more you know your own wants. 'Now the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God that your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 1 Thess. 5:23. Amen!

THE TWO SONS;

OR,

THE DISSOLUTE CONFERRED WITH THE HYPOCRITE

But what think you? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not: but afterward he repented, and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir: but he went not.—MATT. 21:28–30.

THE priests and elders quarrel with our Saviour, ver. 23, about his authority. Christ requites them, by demanding their opinion concerning the baptism of John. Here is question against question: the Jews oppose Jesus, Jesus opposeth the Jews. Neither of them doth answer the other: the elders could and durst not, our Saviour could and would not. Indeed, Christ's very question was a sufficient answer and resolution of their demand; their own consciences bearing against them invincible witness, that as John's baptism, so our Saviour's authority, was immediately derived from heaven.

Well, the former question would not be answered: now Christ puts another to them; if with any better success. The other they understand, but dare not answer; this they dare answer, but not understand, lest they should conclude themselves those hypocritical sons that say they will, and do not, against whom heaven-gate is so fast shut that publicans and harlots shall first be admitted. 'But what think you?' If you dare not open your lips, I appeal to your hearts; your tongues may be kept silent, your consciences cannot be insensible. I come to your thoughts: 'What think you?'

In the body of this discourse are three special members: the proposition of a parable; a question inferred on it; the application of it. The parable itself is contained in the words of my text: 'A certain man had two sons,' &c. The question, ver. 31, 'Whether of them twain did the will of the father? They say to him, The first.' The application concludes, 'Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'

The parable itself shall limit my speech, and your attention for this time. There is an induction, 'A certain man had two sons.' A production, which consists of a double charge, a double answer, a double event:—1. Here is the father's charge to his eldest son: 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' 2. His answer is negative: 'I will not.' 3. His obedience was affirmative: 'He repented and went.' So, 1. The father's command to his younger son was the same. 2. His answer is affirmative: 'I go, sir.' 3. The event was negative: 'He went not.' You

hear the propositions; assume to yourselves, and the conclusion will tell you whether of these sons you are.

In the first was no show, all action; in the second all show, no action. They were diametrically cross and opposite in their words and works. In their words, one said, 'I will not;' the other, 'I will.' In their works, the one did, the other did not. In the one was no promise, but a performance; in the other no performance, but a promise. The first spoke ill, but did well; the second spoke well, but did ill. Either was faulty, one in words, the other in deeds.

I.—1. We will begin, according to our proposed method, with the father's charge to his eldest son: 'Son, go and work to-day in my vineyard;' wherein we have, (1.) An appellation; (2.) An excitation; (3.) An injunction; (4.) A limitation of time; (5.) A direction of place:—The appellation, 'son;' the incitation, 'go;' the injunction, 'work;' the limitation of time, 'to-day;' the direction of place, 'in my vineyard.'

(1.) The appellation: 'son.' God doth lay the imposition of labour upon his sons. The charge of working in the vineyard belongs to a Christian, not only as he is a servant, but even as he is a son to God. Indeed God hath no son but he that serves him. David was a great king, yet the title he delights himself in was servant,—as appears by his doubling and varying the word,—which he spake not in compliment, but in sincerity of heart: 'O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid;' and, that I may the better serve thee, 'thou hast loosed my bonds,' Ps. 116:16, released me from the servitude of sin. For none but freemen are God's servants.

It is customable with men on earth to make difference betwixt their servants, their friends, their sons. Good servants we love well, yet respect as servants, not trusting them with the secrets of our bosoms. They know our commands, not counsels: to them the execution of our wills, our intentions to ourselves. Good friends we hold in a

dearer regard: neglecting no time, place, or other circumstantial demonstration of our loves; yet still account them other from ourselves, no part of our charge; and seldom ariseth anxiety from any careful provision for them. But our children, as the sweet resultancies and living pictures of ourselves,—a kind of eternity lent to our bodies, who in some sort die not whiles their offspring lives,—these we principally affect; and they inherit our loves and lands. There is no such difference with God; all these are one in his estimation. His servants are his friends, his friends his sons, and his sons are his servants. Only all the trial, whether we be friends or sons, stands in this, if we be servants. If thou be my son, work in my vineyard. The son is not exempted from doing his father's business. Even the natural Son of God, and that by an eternal generation, doth not extricate himself from this charge, nor shift from his shoulders the imposition of labour: Phil. 2:6, 7, 'Who being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God; yet made himself of no reputation,' &c., induit formam servi,—took upon him the form of a servant. Christ so answered his mother returning from the feast, and after much search finding him, 'How is it that you sought me? Wist you not that I must be about my Father's business?' Luke 2:49. So he preached to his disciples, 'I must work the works of him that sent me,' John 9:4.

Without this, vain is the ostentation of other titles. Many and excellent are the attributions which the Scripture giveth us; as friends, children, heirs, &c. Most men arrogate these, as the sweet privileges of ease, honour, benefit. They imagine that facility, a soft and gentle life, is hence warranted: that it is glory enough to be God's friend or son. Saul will be God's friend, if it be but for his kingdom. The Jews title themselves God's sons, that they may be his heirs. Whiles the door of adoption is thought to stand open in the gospel, infinite flock in thither; not for love, but gain. Again, these stand most in affection; and, dwelling inwardly, may with the more ease be dissembled. The profession of many is like the mountebank's trunk, which his host seeing fairly bound with a gaudy cover, and weighty in poise, had his trust deceived with the rubbish and stones within.

Only service hath neither ease nor concealment allotted it, because it consists in a visible action. Many say they are God's friends, but they will do nothing for him. Let a distressed member of their Saviour pass by them, with never so hearty beseechings and pitiful complaints, they are dry nurses; not a drop of milk comes from them. Call you these God's friends? Let profane swaggerers blaspheme God's sacred name; where is their controlment? They cannot endure a serpent, yet give close society to a blasphemer; whereas this wretch is worse than anything. For every creature doth praise God in his kind; yea, the very dragons and loathsome toads after their fashion: Ps. 148:7, 'Praise the Lord, ye dragons, and all deeps.' Yet this caitiff, like a mad dog, flies in his master's face that keeps him. Whoso can endure this, and not have their blood rise, and their very souls moved, are no friends to God. It is a poor part of friendship to stand silent by whiles a friend's good name is traduced. Such a man is possessed with a dumb devil. If men were God's friends, they would frequent God's house: there is little friendship to God where there is no respect of his presence, nor affection to his company. Our Saviour throughly decides this: 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you,' John 15:14. There is no friendship where no obedience; neither shall the rebellious ever hear that welcome invitation to God's feast: 'Eat, O friends; drink and be merry, O beloved,' Cant. 5:1. There is, then, no friend to God but his servant.

Some claim kindred of God, that they are his offspring, Acts 17:29, and 'made partakers of the divine nature,' 2 Pet. 1:4; though not really, yet by renovation. But we know Christ distinguished his kindred in the spirit from those in the flesh, by this mark of audience and obedience: 'He that heareth my word, and doth it, is to me a mother, or a sister, or a brother.'

There are that challenge a filiality: as the Jews, 'We have one Father, even God.' To whom Christ answers, 'If God were your Father, you would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God,' John 8:41, 42. If you were the children of God, you would surely know your elder brother. God, by the prophet Malachi, nonsuits that plea, 'If I

be your father, where is mine honour?' chap. 1:6. Still no good title is ours without service; whether thou be friend, or kindred, or son, go and work in my vineyard.

Casting over this whole reckoning, we find the sum this: God hath few friends, kindred, sons, because he hath few servants. How many have promised good hopes to themselves, and not unlikely to us, that they were God's children, against whom the gate of heaven hath been shut for want of actual service! Let men never plead acquaintance, familiarity, sonship, when God tries them, as this son, what they will do for him, and they refuse to work in his vineyard. It must be the word, written on the scutcheon of every true Christian soldier, though the Son himself hath made him free, and he is free indeed—I SERVE. And yet some, as they presume themselves to be God's sons, so they assume to be his servants; and have evidence to neither of these claims. They will be held God's servants, yet never did good char in his house. Religion is his livery, which once getting on their backs, they think themselves safe; and, as many a lewd fellow doth a nobleman's cloth, make it a countenance and protection to their wicked lives. They may, not unfitly, be compared to retainers; for as great men's retainers lightly visit their lord once by the year, and that at Christmas, and then rather for good cheer than love: so these deal with God; come to his table at Easter, and then they will feast with him, that the world may take notice they belong to him; which done, they bid him farewell till the next year.

It was a worthy observation, that all sins do strive to make God serve us. So God tells Israel, Isa. 43:14, *Servire me fecisti*,—'Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.' Not only that God danceth attendance to our reversion,—that exposition is too short,—but God in his plentiful blessings doth serve our turns, which we abusing to riot, and supplying the fire of our own lusts with his good fuel, we make God serve us. Which of us in this congregation exempts himself from that style of God's servant? Yet how many here so live, as if God were rather their servant! God blesseth the vintage, and hangs the boughs with abundant clusters; he fills the valleys with corn, that the

loaden scythe fetcheth a little compass: wine is made of the one, strong drink of the other; and both these doth the drunkard sacrifice to his throat. That is the god he adores, and the God of heaven is fain to serve him. The glutton is fed liberally from God's trencher; the fowls of the air, fishes of the sea, all the delicates of nature, are of his providing. God thus serves the epicure, and the epicure his belly, Phil. 3:19. The angry man, like the two hot disciples that called for fire from heaven, ordains himself the judge, and would have God turn his executioner. The ambitious politician worships the chair of honour with most rank idolatry, and useth religion as a servile arm to help him up to it; wherein once seated, he will scarce thank God for his service. Thus, as Solomon saith, 'I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth,' Eccles. 10:7. The basest drudge, lust, is highly honoured, whiles the Prince of princes is put to a servile office. But woe unto him that is whirled in coaches through the popular streets, and makes God his lacquey, and religion a footboy to run after him! God will not ever dance attendance to us; and when he is once gone quite from us, we shall never be able to recover him.

Well, sons we are, yet this appears by our services in the vineyard; natural proportion requires this. If God be so gracious to us, as to fetch us by a strong arm through death and blood from the servitude of Satan, and in a sweet ineffable mercy to adopt us his own children, it is fit we should return him obedience. 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate from the unclean, and I will receive you: and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty,' 2 Cor. 6:17. Not that our adoption doth depend upon our separation from the wicked, but, first, to give testimony to the world, and to our own conscience, that we are God's children, by refusing society—if not cum operatoribus, yet cum operibus tenebrarum—and fellowship with the works of darkness; secondly, to shew that the mercy of God and our amendment of life must go together. For God gives not remission of sin without contrition for sin. Where is forgiveness, there is also repentance. The blood and water which issued out of Christ's blessed

side must not be parted. Every man catcheth at his blood, but few care for his water. The blood signifies our justification, the water our sanctification. We would be justified, we will not be sanctified. But those two cannot possibly be sundered. They came together out of his side, and they must be together in our hearts. God will never accept him for just that will not be holy; nor acquit that soul of her sins that will not amend her life.

So that if God have indented with us to save us as sons, we must indent with him to serve him as servants. 'The heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all,' Gal. 4:1. It hath pleased God to adopt us co-heirs with his blessed Son to an immortal inheritance; yet so long as we live on earth, we are but in our minority, and therefore differ not from servants. Though he gives us the vineyard, yet we must first work in it. 'Blessed is that good servant,' Matt. 24:45, that ruleth the household of his affections, and giveth due sustenance to all the faculties of his soul, understanding, memory, conscience. But woe to that 'evil servant,' to whose outward misgovernment is added an inward riot, and heedless regard to his own lusts!

I have read a parable to moralise this. A great prince, intending travel into a far country, left his daughter to the tuition of a servant. Him he made chief, and set under him a controller and five serviceable guardians. The prince no sooner gone, but the servant falls to lust and riot; forceth the lady, the controller, and the guardians to the like intemperance; which they refusing, he despoils her of her robes and jewels, them of their weapons, and turns them forth either by beggary or pillage to seek their livings. This servant is man, God is the prince, his daughter the soul, the controller is reason, and the five senses the guardians. Whiles these hinder man from spoiling his soul with riot, he abuseth them; turns reason to madness, and makes all his senses instruments of wickedness. But woe to that servant whom his lord coming shall find so doing!

I conclude this point. If thou be my son, serve me, saith God. It was David's holy ambition, and our happy bliss, to be the lowest drudge in God's family. To be a monarch of men is less than to be an underling of saints. Non reputes magnum quod Deo servis, sed maximum reputa, quod ipse dignatur te in servum assumere,*—It is no ordinary favour that God will vouchsafe thee to be his servant, yet hath he made us his sons; let us, then, carry ourselves as the sons of so great a prince. The children of kings, not only in their serious studies, but even in their recreations, bear a greater port, and hold a higher intention, than the children of subjects. Their very sports are not so base as the object of pins and points, and such slight toys. Let worldlings stoop with a grovelling baseness to the trash of this world, and write their low desires in the dust; let us remember our birth and breeding,—I mean our new birth and sanctification,—and carry ourselves like the sons of so great a king. Our work in the vineyard is a holy work, and God will crown it with a rich mercy: 'They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him,' Mal. 3:17.

In that the father chargeth his eldest son to work, I might derive a moral observation, and instruct some to pull back that over-partial indulgence which they give to the eldest. It is the fashion with us to make the eldest a gentleman, though the rest be left beggars. The privilege of primogeniture so sweeps away all from the younger, that they are often enforced to the elder. The causes most commonly are, either an ambitious desire of enhancing our names. We think a great many stars make not so fair a show as one sun: therefore join land to land, living to living, and give all to the eldest, not regarding whether younger Jacob be more virtuous. I speak not this to deprive the first-born of his right. Though God be not tied to primogeniture, as appears by Israel's laying his right hand upon Ephraim's head, and his left upon Manasseh's, Gen. 48:14; yet with men it is often seen that the disinheriting the eldest proves the ruin of the whole posterity. I speak only to help the others with a just and fit portion. Or, perhaps, the cause hereof is, a special affection we bear to one

child more than to another, and not after their merits, but our own dotage, prefer them; as Isaac loved Esau, and Rebekah Jacob, Gen. 25:28. Or, most likely, a covetous desire of procuring great marriage-portions to our eldest, whom we have famed for our sole and entire heirs.

But the father here sets his eldest son to work. If any business be to be done, our custom is to impose all on the younger, and favour the elder. It is enough for him to see fashions abroad. This indulgence too often turns to ruin; for long unrestrained wantonness, and unhidden pride, teacheth him at last, though his now dead father left him much lands, to carry them all up in his purse to London; whence he lightly brings nothing down, but a few new-fangled rags, or perhaps a church on his back, and the bells at his heels; as one said of the church-robber's heir with jingling spurs. Too many run to such riot in the April of their years, that they soon bring December on their houses, and sell their patrimony to some supplanter for pottage. They so toss and bandy their estates, from vanity to vanity, from madness to madness, till at last they fall into the usurer's hazard. And once lying at the extortioner's mercy by forfeit, it is as surely damned as the extortioner himself will be when he lies at the mercy of the devil. The mind having once caught the trick of running out, is hardly banked in. He that is used to a torch scorns to go with a candle. It is a good course: let them work in the vineyard before they have it, they will keep it the better when they have it. But some fathers are so dotingly kind, that they put themselves out of their estates to fasten them on their eldest son. Alas, poor men! how few of them ever die without cursing the time when they made themselves slaves to their cradles!

The prolixity of this point shall be recompensed with the succeeding brevity of the rest. We have done with the appellation: now follows—

(2.) The incitation: 'go.' This is a word of instigation to sedulity and forwardness in the service of our Father. Every son of God must be going. The servants under the law were commanded to eat the

passover 'with their shoes on their feet,' Exod. 12:11; and St Paul may seem to allude to it, when he bids the children of the gospel 'stand with your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' Eph. 6:15. So long as we are standing, there is hope we will be going. It is not permitted to us to sit down in the midst of our race. Christ telleth his apostles, 'When the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall also sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,' Matt. 19:28. But we know our Saviour dearly earned that voice, before he heard it from his Father, 'Son, sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool.' Before he heard this requiem, he complained that 'the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of man no resting-place for his head.' We must so apprehend God's voice: 'Go, my son.' When God found Elias laid under the juniper-tree, he sends him sustenance, and bids him 'arise and eat.' And being laid down again, the angel again 'touched him, saying, Arise and eat; the journey is too great for thee,' 1 Kings 19:5–7. Strengthen thy heart, O Christian; sit not down as if thou wert perfect, thou hast a great journey to go.

Every one thinks himself God's son: then hear his voice, 'Go, my son.' You have all your vineyards to go to. Magistrates, go to the bench, to execute judgment and justice; ministers, go to the temple, to preach, to pray, to do the work of evangelists; people, go to your callings, that you may eat the labours of your own hands. Eye to thy seeing, ear to thy hearing, foot to thy walking, hand to thy working; Peter to thy nets, Paul to thy tents; every man to his profession, according to that station wherein God hath disposed us. So Origen comments upon Abraham's family, for their entertaining the three angels, Gen. 18:6: *Senex currit, mulier festinat, puer accelerat; nullus piger invenitur domo sapientis*,—Sarah goes quickly to knead the flour, Abraham runs to the herd for a calf, the servant makes haste to dress it; here is none idle in the wise man's family. The incitation gives way to—

(3.) The injunction: 'work.' The labour of a Christian is like the labour of a husbandman; whereof I have read this proverb, that it returns into a ring: the meaning is, it is endless; they have

perpetually somewhat to do, either ploughing, or sowing, or reaping, &c. Idleness is of itself against the law of Scripture, against the law of nature: Deus maximus invisibilium, mundus maximus visibilium,—God, the greatest of invisible natures; the world, the greatest of visible creatures; neither of them is idle. Plato could say, that sapientes majorem cum vitiis, quam cum inimicis pugnam gerunt,—wise men have a greater skirmish with their own vices and lusts than with foreign swords. There is enough in every man to keep him from idleness; if at least he do not prefer an unjust peace to a just war.

For us men, and for our salvation, (such was our weakness,) came the Son of God from heaven, (such was his kindness;) gave battle for us to the devil, and world, and all the enemies of our salvation, (such was his goodness;) gave them all the overthrow, (such was his greatness.) What! that we should therefore sit still and take our ease? No, but rather to encourage our labour, and hearten us to a happy success. God hath so proportioned things and their events, that they who will rest in the time of labour shall labour in the time of rest. This is our day of labour, hereafter follows our Sabbath of rest; if we will loiter when we should work, we shall work when we should rest, and feel the eternal throbs of an ever-wounded and wounding conscience. In that other parable of the vineyard, Matt. 20, the wages comes not to the servant till he hath wrought in the vineyard; nor here the inheritance to the son. The idle man is the devil's cushion; he sits on him, and takes his ease freely. If you would take the devil's muster-book, and rake hell for a rabble of reprobates,—nasty drunkards, blown swearers, stall-fed gluttons,—I might say of them all, as the poet of Ægistus, how he became an adulterer: In promptu causa est, desidiosus erat,—The cause is ready, they were idle. Work is the injunction. If you ask when and how long—

(4.) The limitation of time instructs you: 'to-day.' We need not grudge God our labour; it is but a day wherein we are enjoined to work: Ps. 104:23, 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening;' not only that little part of time, the artificial day, as they call it, but even his whole natural day of life, till his sun set.

Christ thus instructs us in his own example, and that with a must, a word of necessity: 'I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: for the night cometh, when no man can work,' John 9:4. The rich man, Luke 12, had his day: which because he spent in filling his barns with corn, and not his heart with repentance, at evening was rung his soul-knell, 'Thou fool, this night shall they require thy soul of thee; then whose are those things which thou hast provided?' Luke 12:10. Christ spake it not with dry eyes to Jerusalem: 'If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!' Luke 19:42. The next is God's day. This our day hath no morrow to work in; then *Deus et dies ultionum* convenient,—the God of vengeance and the day of vengeance shall meet together. At night we must give account how we have spent our day; happy are we if we can make our reckoning even with God; a day misspent is lost. The good Emperor Vespasian, if he had heard no causes, or done no charitable act, would complain to his courtiers at night, *Amici, diem perdidit*,—My friends, I have lost a day. I fear too many may say so of the whole day of their lives: I have lost my day.

Time is precious; and howsoever our pride and lusts think it, God so highly prizeth it, that he will punish the loss of a short time with a revenge beyond all times: the misspense of a temporal day with an eternal night. Every hour hath wings, and there is no moment passing from us but it flies up to the Maker of time, and bears him true tidings how we have used it. There is no usury tolerable but of two things, grace and time; and it is only blessed wealth that is gotten by improving them to the best. We brought with us into the world sin enough to repent of all our short day. There is no minute flies over our heads without new addition to our sins, and therefore brings new reason for our sorrows. We little think that every moment we misspend is a record against us in heaven, or that every idle hour is entered into God's registry, and stands there in capital letters till our repentant tears wash it out. The Ancient of days sees us fool away our time, as if we had eternity before us. Harlots, taverns, theatres, markets of vanity, take up whole weeks, months, years; and we are old ere we consider ourselves mortal. Not so many sands are left in

the glass as a sparrow can take in her bill, before we think we have lost much time, or perceive we have no more to lose. Nothing is of that nature that life is; for it loseth by getting, diminisheth by increasing, and every day that is added to it is so much by a day taken from it. That very night which thou last sleptest hath by a night shortened thy life. So insensibly runs away our time, though we entreat it never so earnestly to slacken the pace. How fond are they that invent for it pastimes!

This limitation of the time gives us a double encouragement to our cheerful working in God's vineyard:—

First, The shortness of our day. The saints have reckoned their time by days. So that aged patriarch to the Egyptian king: 'Few and evil have the days of thy servant been.' Here it is taken in the singular number, a day. So, Heb. 3:13, 'To-day, if ye will hear God's voice, harden not your hearts;' Matt. 20:6, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' It is a day, a short day, a winter's day. And, alas! it is but a little part of this day that we work. *Multum temporis nobis eripitur, plus subducitur, plurimum effluit: exigua pars est vitæ quam nos vivimus,**—Much of our time is violently snatched from us, more we are cozened of, most steals away insensibly; it is the least part of our life which we are properly said to live. Distinguish our day into a morning, noon, and evening. Our youth, which is our morning, we most usually (not usefully) spend in toys and vanities: as if it were not *vitium adolescenti scortari, &c.*,—a fault in a young man to wantonise, dance, drink, swear, swagger, revel. Our old age, which is our afternoon, for the most part is spent in caring, trouble, and anxiety for this world; our distrustful hearts still asking, How shall we do when we are old? yet being so old already, that there is no possible good means of spending what we have. So that here remains nothing but the noon of our day. As Epaminondas aptly said, Young men should be saluted with Good-morrow, or welcome into the world; old men with Good-night, because they are taking their leaves of the world; only men of middle age with Good-day. This mid-day is

only left for the vineyard, and how much of it spend we in working there?

Day-labourers use not to sleep at noon; and yet we, for the most part, sleep out almost half our time: other hours are wasted in eating and drinking, other in playing; and, that is worst of all, yet most of all in sinning. Now, behold the great part of our day which we spend in God's vineyard. Let the time before our conversion be deducted; for then we were quite out of the vineyard: we were not awake. If a sleeping man may be said dead, then sure a dead man may be said asleep. And, indeed, sins are justly called *opera tenebrarum*, the works of the night, not of the light: no fit actions for the day. So that our unregenerate time hath stolen a great piece from our day. I have read of a courtier that, wearied with that few in these days will be wearied of,—glorious vanities, gallant miseries,—retired himself into the country, where he lived privately seven years. Dying, he caused this epitaph to be engraven on his tomb: *Hic jacet Similis, cujus ætas multorum annorum fuit: ipse duntaxat septem annos vixit;—*

'Here lies Similis, whose age

Saw many years on this world's stage.

His own account is far less given,

He says he only lived seven;'

esteeming the compass of his life no longer than his retiring himself from worldly vanities. So it may be said of a wicked old man: *Non diu vixit, sed diu fuit*,—He hath not lived long, but been long upon the earth. After this rule many good men have reckoned their years: not from the time of their birth, but of their new birth; accounting only from that day when they were supernaturally born again, not when naturally born into the world: as if all that time were lost which an unsanctified life took up.

Secondly, That other heartening to our cheerful labour is, that when this short day is ended, our rest shall be eternal. Death shall deliver us of this travel; and a life shall follow it, as incapable of paining as it is of pain-suffering. 'Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them,' Rev. 14:13. Our labour in the vineyard is not lost: it is written in heaven; and when our souls ascend thither, it shall meet us at the gate with joy. A man's good deeds are in heaven before him; he that will not forget us, lets not one of them slip from his notice, or evade his memory. No good work is meritorious, yet none transient. God that loves not us for our good deeds, will love our good deeds for us. The person being justified in Christ, the sanctified work shall be had in remembrance. We rest now one day in seven; but then, our Sabbath shall be more delightful, our rest more joyful, our temple heaven, our songs and psalms, hosannas and hallelujahs, and the continuance of all, eternity.

(5.) The time of our working is not only confined, but the place defined; this is the last circumstance of the charge: the direction of place, 'in my vineyard.'

Not in the wilderness of the world, nor in the labyrinth of lusts, nor in the orchard of vain delights, nor in the field of covetousness, nor in the house of security, much less in the chamber of wantonness, or tavern of drunkenness, or theatre of lewdness; but in my vineyard: do my work in my vineyard. We must not only be doing, but be doing what we ought. True obedience is a readiness to do as we are bidden. It is an everlasting rule that Paul gives: Rom. 6:16, 'His servants ye are to whom ye obey.' The centurion so describeth his good servant: 'I bid him do this, and he doeth it.' It is only a laudable deed that hath in it bene as well as bonum. Many can take no pains unless the devil set them on work. They must be their own carvers in their employment, or they will sit idle. God sends them to his vineyard, and when he comes, finds them in the market, perhaps in a theatre, in a dicing-house, in a drinking-house. Let them appoint themselves their task, and God cannot have better servants; let him give the

direction, and he cannot possibly have worse. So a man may work, and be over-diligent, yet have no thanks for his labour.

God scorns that the world or the flesh should set down rules how he will be served. He never made the devil his steward, to appoint his sons to their task. The king having made positive laws and decrees whereby he will govern either his public or private house, his kingdom or family, disdains that a groom should contradict and annul those, to dignify and advance other of his own fiction. Paul durst not 'confer with flesh and blood,' Gal. 1:16, when God had imposed on him an office. That obedience of Abraham, which was so highly praised, was punctually dependent on God's command. He is a sorry servant that, on the first bidding, runs away without his errand. There is a generation of men that are too laborious: curious statesmen in foreign commonwealths, busy bishops in others' dioceses, scalding their lips in their neighbour's pottage. This is an ambitious age of meddlers; there are almost as many minds as men, sects as cities, gospels as gossips: as if they laboured the reducing of the old chaos and first informity of things again. So the foxes do without labour make spoil of the grapes; and these endeavours do not help, but hurt the vineyard. Painfulness is not only required, but profitableness. Otherwise, as it is said of the schoolmen, they may *magno conatu nihil agere*,—take great pains to no purpose. The wise Ordinator of all things hath so disposed us in our stations, that in serving him, we serve one another. And it is an habitual part even of our liberty, that 'by love we serve one another,' Gal. 5:13. That byword, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all,' is uncharitable, ungodly, and impugneeth directly the end of every good calling, and honest kind of life. The good son, then, must observe—what? when? where, or how? What? work. When? to-day. Where, or how? in God's vineyard; labouring in a lawful vocation lawfully.

The particular instances of the charge have been discussed; the general doctrine or sum is this: God hath given every one of us, besides our particular, a general calling of Christianity. The working in his vineyard is expounded by that chosen vessel: 'Work out your

own salvation with fear and trembling,' Phil. 2:12. There is no action but hath his labour; and the proportion of it differs, and is made less or more according to the will of the agent. Whatsoever difficulty there is, ariseth rather from the doer than from the work. What we do willingly, seems easy. Some can follow their dogs a whole day in the field with delight, upon whom, if authority should impose the measuring so many paces, how often would they complain of weariness! Let good-fellows sit in a tavern from sun to sun, and they think the day very short, confessing (though insensible of the loss) that time is a light-heeled runner. Bind them to the church for two hours, and you put an ache into their bones, the seats be too hard: now time is held a cripple, and many a weary look is cast up to the glass. It is a man's mind that makes any work pleasant or troublesome.

The voluptuous man swaggers, bezzles, dances, riots; and scornfully laughs at the sneaking earth-worm, that is ever carrying loads of earth to his hole, sweating and groaning under the burden; and applauds his own wit for choosing such ease. The covetous, that is ever carking and vexing for the world, pitifully derides the voluptuous; and judgeth his banquets too costly, his clothes too superfluous, his sports and revels too troublesome; whiles himself hath only culled out the easy and happy living. Thus conceit can make difficult things facile, and light ponderous. The true Christian is all this while hearing the word, or praying, or meditating, or following his honest profession, (which both the former imagine burdensome,) and knows his life to be only blessed and comfortable; accounting the covetous man's gain a loss, the voluptuous man's disport a punishment.

The way to heaven is one and the same, to all in itself alike; though some make it to themselves more tedious by their own unwillingness. The same yoke more troubles the unyielding neck than the patient. *Dii laborantibus, &c.* We pay no price to God for any good thing but labour; if we higgie in that, we are worthy to go without the bargain. A little loitering doth often no little hurt; he that

rows against a violent stream, by neglecting a stroke or two, is borne down a great way suddenly. Honest labour is a good companion, and beguiles the time, as society doth a tedious way. The wise man thinks those hours only go merrily down that are spent in doing good. But take we heed, that as our hands be not idle, so our works not vicious. The prophet speaks of some that are so far from slothfulness, that they 'imagine mischief on their beds, and rise up early to practise it,' Micah 2:1. He that forbears idleness, and falls to lewdness, mends the matter as the unskilful chirurgeon did his patient's leg: when it was only out of joint, he broke it quite in pieces.

2. The charge is ended: the next point objected to our consideration is the son's answer, 'I will not.'

We have not been so long about the charge, but the son is as short in his answer: 'I will not.' A very strange speech of a son to a father: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

Here is no irresolute answer; no halting between two opinions, as the Jews did in the days of Elijah, betwixt God and Baal. No lukewarmness, as Laodicea, Rev. 3:15; which was neither hot nor cold, and therefore in danger to be spewed up, as an offence to God's stomach. He is none of those neuters, that walk to heaven with statute legs. None of those fools, that onwards their journey to heaven stand in a quandary whether they should go forward to God or backwards to the world. He is not a tottering Israelite, but a plain Jezreelite; straining his voice to the highest note of obstinacy: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

He was no hypocrite: here is no dissembling carriage of the business; as if his father would be pleased with good words, or that terms smoother than Jacob could countenance rebellion rougher than Esau. He speaks his thought; fall back, fall edge: 'I will not go.' He was not like that guest whom the hermit turned out of doors after his charitable entertainment, because he perceived that he could warm

his cold hands with the same breath wherewith he cooled his hot pottage.

"Twas strange, he thought,

Both hot and cold could from one mouth be brought.'

This son's breath was stone-cold; as if no spark of piety, or ember of natural duty, lay on the hearth of his heart to warm it: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

He was no Papist sure: for the Lovanian reservation, Jesuitical equivocation, or mental evasion, were not rules entered into his grammar. Those spurious, bastard, enigmatical positions,—abortive births, which are called *piæ fraudes*,—those smothered affirmations, and devilish cozenages, were not taught him; he never saw the Jesuits' College, nor heard Satan dispute in a friar's cowl; he is blunt and plain, and puts his father out of all doubt: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

He was no lawyer, that is palpable: here be no demurs, nor pausing on an answer; perhaps fearing a further solicitation, he goes roundly to work, and joins issue in a word: 'I will not go.'

He was no talkative fellow: that to every short question returns answer able to fill a volume; with as many parentheses in one sentence as would serve Lipsius all his life. I have read of two sorts of ill answers. Come to one of them, and ask where his master is: he replies, He is not within; and goes his way, not a word further. Demand so much of another: he answers, My master is gone to the Exchange, to talk with a merchant of Turkey, about the return of a ship which went out in April, laden with, &c.; a voluble, tedious, headless, endless discourse. This son is one of the former; he doth not trouble his father with many words: he is short with him, as if he wanted breath, or were loath to draw out the thread of his speech too long: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

He was no complimenter: he does not with a kissed hand, and cringing ham, practise his long-studied art of compliment; and after a tedious antic of French courtesies, sets his tongue to a clinkant tune. No; he deals peremptorily, proudly, impudently, desperately: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

Excuses might have been quickly ready, if he would as willingly have lied as have disobeyed. He might have said with the sluggard, 'There is a lion in the way, there is a bear without;' terror stands at the door: or, My head aches, I cannot work: or, The vineyard is in good case, and needs no dressing: or, It is too far thither; as Jeroboam pleaded: or, I want skill to work in it: or, Thou hast servants enow, lay this task on them, and spare thy son: or, If thy son must do it, burden the younger with it; I am thy eldest son, and privileged by primogeniture. No; he hath no desire to shelter his disobedience under the boughs of excuses; he had rather speak his mind freely: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

Here is the picture of one thrusting away obedience with both hands, and renouncing goodness, as the Gergesenes did Christ, Matt. 8, when they thrust him out of their coasts; as if they had told him that he was no guest for Gergesenes, for his severe laws and their secure lives could never cotton. Would you have some matches set by this son? Stephen tells the Jews, Acts 7:51, 'Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost.' David speaks of some that 'cast the laws of God behind their backs,' Ps. 50:17; as a man throws a thing behind him in scorn, being an eyesore unto him. Job brings in the wicked saying to the Almighty, 'Depart from us, for we will none of thy ways,' chap. 21:14. Israel returns God's mild admonitions with 'There is no help; no, for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go,' Jer. 2:25; and, ver. 31, 'We are lords, we will no more come unto thee.' Here be matches and parallels to this son.

It is generally customable with us to justify ourselves, and rather than our ulcerous blains and putrefying sores should be exposed to

sight and censure, we will double sin, and bind iniquity to iniquity, by concealing it. If there be any bush in Paradise, the sons of Adam have learnt of their father to shroud themselves under it. Either by covering it with a lie, as Gehazi to his master Elisha, 'Thy servant went no whither.' Or by colouring it with pretences, as Saul: Not I, but 'the people, saved,' not the worst, but 'the best of the cattle,' not for our own private uses, but 'for sacrifice to the Lord.' What a gradation of holy pretences is here assumed! Or by translating it from ourselves, as Adam: Not I, but 'the woman;' nay, 'the woman which thou gavest me;' and so by rebound casting the fault on God. But here is rebellion unmasking herself, and shewing her ugly visage to the world with an immodest impudence; a protestation, a prostitution of the heart to all manner of impiety: Nolo, 'I will not go.'

3. You hear his answer: let us examine whether we can find any better comfort in the event. 'But he repented and went.'

We say the second thoughts are most commonly the better. For all his big words, his stomach comes down. If I may take leave to gloss it, he could not want motives of humiliation to repentance, of excitation to obedience, if his recollected understanding did consider —(1.) The person commanding; (2.) The charge; (3.) Himself, the party charged.

(1.) Pater est qui genuit, pavit, educavit. It is his father, that bred him, that fed him; and therefore, jure paterno, by the right of a father to his begotten child, might command him; neither should his obedience be forced formidine pœnæ, as slaves execute their master's will for fear of the whip. But he is to be drawn parentis amore, with those soft and silken threads of inducement which love gently leads on.

(2.) The charge is not burdensome, nor unbecoming his worth, if he stood upon it. It is no base drudgery, as, Feed the ox, Hold the plough; which no good son refuseth at his father's bidding. It was the

fairest business his father could set him about—Work in the vineyard.

(3.) Himself, though a son, though the eldest son, must not live idle. There is nothing more tedious to a noble spirit than to do nothing. There is neither orb, nor star, nor mind, nor eye, nor joint that moveth not. This is not all: it inures his heart to obedience, as well as his hand to diligence; it procures his father's blessing, inflames his affection; and for a bountiful conclusion, shall possess him of his heritage. His father will give him the vineyard he wrought in.

Our Father in heaven gives every one of us the same charge. He sends us to his vineyard, his church, and bids us work there; glorify his name, edify our brethren, and assure our own salvation. There is no precept in the whole book of God but enjoins this. Perhaps we have not so blasphemously answered with our tongues, *Nolumus*, —'We will not go,' we will not do it. But our lives have spoken it: and they make as loud a noise in his ears that hears the heart as easily as the lips. Our conversations speak it; we actually deny it. I would to God our refusal were not too demonstrative. Oh, let us reclaim our impudent and refractory renegations, by a serious meditation of the former circumstances!

(1.) The commander is the Lord Almighty, that commands heaven, earth, and hell; and our benign and merciful Father. He must be obeyed, his will must be done: either by thee willingly, or constrainedly upon thee. There was never any Cain or Esau, Ahithophel or Jezebel, Julian or Judas, but did the will of God, though they went to hell for their labour. The signed will of God may be disobeyed, his eternal decrees cannot be crossed. What thou must do, do willingly. *Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt*. God gently leads thee coming, but drags thee on withdrawing: we say, a noble disposition *ducitur, non trahitur*. It is our Father's charge, let our obedience be cheerful. Let the wicked quake at his thunder, the sweet dews of his mercies mollify our hearts. It is for slaves to do nothing but for fear of present plagues, and the horror of future damnation;

but Paul persuades Christians 'by the mercy of God,' Rom. 12:1. If that argument prevail not with us, we are unworthy the name of his sons. If the tender compassion of our loving Father, and the heart-blood of our elder Brother, Jesus Christ, cannot make our feet quake to enter forbidden paths, and our hands tremble when we put them forth to wicked actions, our souls are in a desperate case. Think, think, it is thy Father that commands.

(2.) The service required is easy, pleasant, comfortable. The devil imposeth on his slaves a heavy work, and a more heavy wages. His work is true drudgery (let not flesh and blood sit judges): the vexation of covetousness, the misery of ambition, the sickness of ebriety, the poison of lust, the pining of malice, and the sting of conscience wrapt up in the honey of carnal delights, are baseness and most sordid slavery. His wages is worse: 'The wages of sin is death.' Such a death as the severing of the body from the soul, compared with the separation of the soul from God, is of a far vaster difference than the ache of a finger and the most horrid torments of the wheel. Well were it for his slaves if they might for ever go unpaid. But this work is sweet and delectable: hearing, reading, praying, singing, doing the works of piety, of pity; can we imagine a fairer business, if at most it may be called a work?

(3.) The reward is infinitely transcendent: when we have laboured in the vineyard, we shall have the vineyard. 'Work out your salvation,' and take your salvation. Those that have honoured God, God will honour. It is his mercy not to let any of our poor services to him go unregarded, unrewarded.

In this event, there is, first, a word of retraction; secondly, a word of reversion; thirdly, a word of proceeding. He was going on to hell roundly: this but interrupts him and stops his course. He begins in cool blood to pause and think upon it. His answer (and when he answered, his purpose) was, 'I will not go.' Yet here is a but that recollects him. After a little gathering up his spirits, and champing on this bit of the bridle that checked him, this but, he falls to be sorry

for what he had spoken, and in direct terms to repentance. Lastly, when sorrow had well humbled him, and his wild spirits grew tame, he delays the time no longer, but falls instantly to his business: 'he went.' Faith taught him that his father was merciful, and would forgive his disobedient language, upon the true remorse of his conscience, especially when he came and found him 'working in the vineyard.'

But.—That which stops his lewd course is a serious consideration of his folly. This *veruntamen*, like an oar, turns the boat another way, and saves him from the rock, and inevitable shipwreck, whereinto he was running his vessel. It is a gasp that recovers his swooning soul, when there was little hope of life left. He had died if this but, like a little *aqua vitæ*, had not fetched him back.

It is a blessed wisdom of the soul, an antidote, or at least good physic for temerity, to consider our ways. He that goes on without a serious thought of a *quid feci* or *facturus sum*, precipitates his soul to ruin. The royal prophet so recalls and snibs himself: 'I thought on my ways: and turned my feet unto thy testimonies,' Ps. 119:59.

He repented.—They go far that never return. We heard this son at the highest stair of rebellion, now behold him descending by degrees: 'he repented and went;' and it may be supplied, 'he wrought.' Those that to man's judgment and help are inextricably wrapped in the devil's snares, the Lord can easily unwind and set at liberty: not seven devils in one, not a whole legion in another, not all the principalities and powers of darkness in. a third, can hinder repentance of sin, and mercy to repentance, when God will bestow them. Kiss we the feet of his goodness, that can heal when the case is desperate: a woman bowed down with an infirmity eighteen years, Luke 13; a man thirty-and-eight years bedrid, John 5. There is no heart so obdurate but the blood of Christ, when it shall please God to apply it, can mollify it.

Let this keep us from despairing of their salvation whom we see, for the present, given over to licentiousness. The prodigal returns home,

the lost sheep is found, the dying thief is converted, this rebellious son is brought to repentance. Then, sin and spare not, says the libertine; there will be hope even to the last. But the mouth of this wickedness is soon stopped. *Qui semper dat pœnitenti remissionem, non semper dat peccanti pœnitentiam*,—Who always gives remission to him that repents, doth not evermore give repentance to him that sins. God hath promised forgiveness to him that converts; his oath hath confirmed this, and the blood of Christ hath sealed it. But *hoc opus, hic labor est*, how shalt thou be converted if God withholds his gracious Spirit? This promise binds thee to repentance as well as God to mercy. But where grows that herb of grace that thou mightest gather it? 'Convert thou me, O Lord, and I shall be converted.' The faults of the saints are therefore recorded; not to encourage our falling, but to comfort us when we are down. He that shall hearten himself to offend by their example, makes the same sin in him presumption which was in them infirmity. So, beholding a man falling by misfortune from some high bridge into a deep water, and yet scape drowning, go and precipitate thyself in, to scape after the same fashion! It is dangerous tempting of God's mercy.

He went.—Sorrow for the evil past was not sufficient; he must amend his future life. It is not enough to be sorry that he had loitered; he must now labour in the vineyard. It is often seen that the more perverse a sinner hath been, when he repents he proves the sounder. When this son grew to be good, he was good indeed. The prophet Jeremiah brings in Ephraim, saying, 'Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth,' chap. 31:19. Paul had long been a loiterer, but when he began once to run in the right path, he overtook them all; and he that confessed himself 'born out of due time,' yet doth withal acknowledge that he was 'in labours more abundant than they all,' 1 Cor. 15:8, 10. Mary Magdalene, being emptied of her seven devils, is testified by Christ 'to love much, because many sins were forgiven her,' Luke 7:47. Zaccheus had long been a covetous extortioner, but when Christ and salvation came to his house, to his soul, how rich

was his conversion! 'Behold, half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wronged any man, I restore him fourfold,' Luke 19:8. As if he would make haste to unravel that bottom of sin which he had been so long in winding up.

Thus I have shewed you a precedent of repentance; shew me a sinner that follows it: one Sabbath-breaker that offers to redeem God's holy time he hath abusively lost; one encloser that will throw open his unjustly taken-in commons; one extortioner that returns his thefts,—his usuries, I should say, but sure I did not mistake. We say, We will not; and indeed we do not. Repentance must not look in at our gates. We are not humbled to this day. God must lay us panting upon our bed of sickness, drink up our bloods, and raise our sins, like dust and smoke, in the eyes of our consciences, before we will be moved. Till then we bear our perjuries, blasphemies, oppressions, frauds, those unsupportable burdens, like cork and feathers upon our shoulders, without any sensible pressure. God touch our hearts, that we may 'repent, go and work in his vineyard!'

II. We have done with the dissolute, and are fallen now upon the hypocrite. But he hath been so liberally described in *The White Devil*, that I will only now present him, and let him go. This second son hath also his charge; which because it is the same with the former, I lightly pass over. Only observe, that the Father commands every son to work. There must be no lazy ones in God's family. Adam, even in his innocency, Gen. 2:15, was not permitted to sleep in the sweet bowers only, or to disport himself in the cool and pleasant walks, but he was bidden to dress the garden. But in the next chapter, when he had sinned, then labour was laid on him as a curse, chap. 3:19. He and all his generations must earn their bread in the sweat of either brow or brain. There must be no ciphers in God's arithmetic,* no mutes in his grammar, no blanks in his calendar, no dumb shows on his stage, no false lights in his house, no loiterers in his vineyard.

The charge of the father requires also this son's answer: 'I go, sir.' He gives his father a fair title, κύριε, 'lord,' or 'sir,' as if he acknowledged

to him most submissive reverence; words soft as butter, but the deeds of war are in the heart. Many can give God good words, but *verba rebus proba*, saith the wise philosopher; appeal from their lips to their lives. And you shall find these two differ, as it is seen in some taverns: there are good sentences upon the walls, Watch, Be sober, Fear God, &c., where there is nothing but blasphemy, ebriety, and unmeasurable rioting in the room. Our times have lighted on a strange flashing zeal in the tongue; but it is a poor fire of zeal that will not make the pot of charity seethe. Our profession is hot, but our hospitality cold. These men are like a bad mill, that keeps a great clacking, but grinds no grist. 'What hast thou to do to take my covenant in thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction in thy heart?' Ps. 50:16. The hen, when she hath laid an egg, straight cackles it, which causeth it instantly to be taken from her. But here is one cackles when he has not laid, and God coming, finds his nest empty. This is to fry in words, freeze in deeds; to speak by ells, and work by inches; to promise mountains, and bring forth ridiculous mole-hills. A bad course and a good discourse(?) agree not. Words are but vocal interpreters of the mind, actions real; what a man does we may be sure he thinks, not evermore what he says. Of the two, give me him that says little and doth much. Will you examine further who are like this son? They that can say here in the temple, 'Lord, hallowed be thy name;' scarce out of the church-doors, the first thing they do is to blaspheme it: that pray, 'Thy will be done,' when with all their powers they oppose it: and, 'Incline our hearts to keep thy laws,' when they utterly decline themselves. These are but devils in angels' feathers, stinking dunghills covered with white snow, rotten timber shining in the night; Pharisees' cups, *ignes fatui*, that seem to shine as fixed in the orb, yet are no other than crude substances and falling meteors. You hear how fairly this younger brother promiseth; what shall we find in the event? But 'he went not.'

What an excellent son had this been if his heart and tongue had been cut out of one piece! He comes on bravely, but, like an ill actor, he goes halting off. It is not profession, but obedience, that pleaseth God. 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into

heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven,' Matt. 7:21. There are three things that cozen many, because they are preparatives to obedience, but are not it: Some intend well, as if the blast of a good meaning could blow them into heaven. Others prepare and set themselves in a towardness; but, like the George, booted and spurred, and on horseback, yet they stir not an inch. Others go a degree further, and they begin to think of a course for heaven: for a Sabbath or two you shall have them diligent churchmen; but the devil's in it, some vanity or other steals into their heart, and farewell devotion. All these are short, are nothing, may be worse than nothing; and it is only actual obedience that pleaseth God. Beloved, say no longer you will, but do; and the 'doer shall be blessed in his deed,' James 1:25. Which blessedness the mercies of God in Christ Jesus vouchsafe us! Amen.

MAJESTY IN MISERY;
OR,
THE POWER OF CHRIST EVEN DYING

And, behold, the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of saints which slept arose—MATT. 27:51.

IN the lowest depth of Christ's humiliation, God never left him without some evident and eminent testimony of his divine power. He hangs here on the cross dying, yea, dead; his enemies insulting over him, Where is now his God? 'If he be able to save us, let him save himself.' He bears not only the wrath of God, but even the reproach of men. Yet even now shall his divinity appear, and break like a glorious sun through these clouds of misery. He rends the vail, shakes the earth, breaks the stones, raiseth the dead.

These two verses stand gloriously adorned with four miracles:—

1. 'The vail of the temple was rent in twain.' You will say, perhaps the substance of it was not so strong but an easy force might rend it. But, ver. 50, Christ was dead before, or died at that very instant. It was above nature that a dying, yea, a dead man, crucified in so remote a place from it, should rend the vail within the temple.

2. 'The earth did quake.' Say the vail was of less substance, yet the huge body of the earth will try a man's strength. In vain should silly man contend with that which shall devour him. He cannot move the earth, the earth shall remove him, from walking alive on it, to lie

dead in it. Behold the power of Christ: *terram movet*, he makes the vast body of the earth to tremble.

3. 'The rocks rent.' Will any yet say, natural causes can shake the earth? Then let their malicious cavil be choked with this third miracle beyond exception: he breaks the stones, not little stones, but huge, massy rocks.

4. Lastly, to stop the mouth of all adversaries to his divine power, he raiseth up the dead. *Suscitare mortuos è sepulchro*, is only proper to God. 'No man can give a ransom to God for his brother, that he should live for ever, and not see corruption,' Ps. 49:7, 9. How much less, when he is dead, recover him to life again? Here was the finger of God. Now to proceed in order with the miracles:—

FIRST MIRACLE: 'The vail of the temple,' &c.—This vail was the partition betwixt the *sanctum sanctorum* and the *sanctum*, as it might be the upper part of the choir. 'Into this went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people,' Heb. 9:7. By the rending of this vail were many things presignified:—

1. This serves for a confirmation of that Christ spoke on the cross: 'It is finished.' The rending of the vail doth actually echo to his words, and indeed fulfils them. Here is an end put to all the sacrifices and ceremonies of the law. In the New Testament is one only real and royal sacrifice, Christ crucified. This was that object whereunto all those rites looked; and to them all there is now given a *consummatum est*. So that now *ceremonia mortua*, *lex mortifera*,—ceremonies are dead, and the law of them deadly. *Novum Testamentum latet in veteri*, *Vetus patet in novo*. The gospel lay hidden under the law, the law is complete in the gospel. 'Now, after that you have known God in his gospel, how turn you again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto you desire again to be in bondage?' Gal. 4:9. God's service is now simple and plain: 'in spirit and truth,' John 4:23.

Christ is said to be 'the end of the law:' the moral law he kept himself sincerely, and satisfied for our breaches of it thoroughly. The ceremonial was referred to him, performed of him, fulfilled in him, extinguished by him. They had all vigorem à Christo, relationem ad Christum, consummationem in Christo. He gave them their beginning, he hath also given them their end. The vail rent, to witness the cancelling of that ritual obligation. 'Christ hath blotted out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, nailing it to his cross,' Col. 2:14. That moment was their last gasp, they expired with Christ. But did all ceremonies then utterly die? No; some were typical, prefiguring Christ: those are dead. Some are for decency and order, adminicula devotionis: these are not dead. The law of Jewish ceremonies is abolished, but some must be retained. Christ came not to dissolve order. Men consist of bodies as well as souls; and God must be served with both. Now bodies cannot serve God without external rites; the spouse of Christ cannot be without her borders and laces. Of necessity there must be some outward observances, but thus qualified: that they be for number few, for signification plain, for observation simple; far from ostentation, further from superstition. Christ's spouse must not flaunt it like a harlot, but be soberly attired like a grave matron. Ceremoniæ quasi caremoniæ; wants, à carendo; as it were ordained to supply the defects of our nature. Because we could not serve God in that simplicity we ought, therefore we have these helps. Hence it is that the nearer to perfection the fewer ceremonies; as it were, the more light the less shadow. In the law were abundant ceremonies, in the gospel far fewer, in heaven none at all.

This condemns the church of Rome for a glorious harlot, because she loads herself with such a heap of gaudy ceremonies; and their mass for mere idolatry, which they believe to be a real propitiatory sacrifice of Christ, made by the priests for the sins of quick and dead. This is to build up the vail here rent in pieces, and to accuse Christ of falsehood in his consummatum est. Is an end put to them, and shall they still retain them; yea, obtrude them as principal parts of God's service; yea, worship them; yea, bind men's consciences to them, on

pain of damnation? Therefore they are liable to the censure of Augustine, who calls such *impios sepulturæ violatores*,—diggers into the graves of the dead for putrefied and rotten relics; yea, to the judgment of God, who saith, 'If ye be dead with Christ from the rudiments of the world, why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances, after the commandments and doctrines of men?' Col. 2:20, 22. They will say, *Dicit Papa, sanxit concilium*,—Thus saith the Pope, thus decrees the council; but we, *Dixit Dominus, non Donatus*,—we hear what the Lord says in his Scripture concerning the law of ceremonies.

2. The second thing signified by the rending the veil is this: the holy of holies figured the third heaven, where God sheweth himself in glory and majesty to his saints. Solomon's temple had in it three courts: an outer court, whereinto the people were admitted; an inner court, wherein only the priests and Levites entered; an inmost of all, whereinto the high priest alone entered, and that but once a-year, and this was called *sanctum sanctorum*. So there is a threefold heaven—*caelum elementarium, stellatum, gloriosum*. First, the elementary heaven, wherein are clouds, winds, rain, dew; and the birds are called the birds of heaven, that is, of this elementary heaven. The second is the starry heaven; so the sun is said to 'go from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it,' Ps. 19:6. The last is the glorious heaven, the habitation of God himself; and this was signified by the holy of holies. The veil signified the flesh of Christ; the rending of the veil, the crucifying of Christ; by this is made an entrance into that *sanctum sanctorum*, the heaven of glory. So expressly: Heb. 10:19, 'Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh.' Heaven-gate was shut up by our sins; none but our highest and holiest Priest had passage thither: but he rent the veil, suffered his body to be torn by death, that he might give us an entrance. Paul, speaking of the legal use of that holiest place in the temple, saith thus, 'The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing,' Heb.

9:8. But now, by Christ's rending the vail, patet alti janua coeli,—the way of salvation is opened. Let this reach forth to us two comforts:—

Comfort 1.—There is no fear to be shut out of heaven if thou have faith in Christ; for to thee is the vail rent, the separation is abolished, Christ is crucified. For so, saith St Peter, 'an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,' 2 Pet. 1:11. Indeed, to unbelievers and hypocrites, to worldly wolves and luxurious goats, the vail is up still. How should they enter the sanctum sanctorum, that never approached the sanctum? How shall they see the glory of God, who would never entertain the grace of God? No; to these there are inaccessible bars, and cherubims with flaming swords, to forbid their entrance. But to every good and faithful servant the vail is taken away; and Christ says, 'Enter thou into the joy of the Lord,' Matt. 25:21.

Comfort 2.—By this means we have in this world a free access to the throne of grace by our prayers; the vail and separation of sin and wrath is rent asunder by Christ, and a clear way made for our supplications. The propitiatory and mercy-seat, the cherubims of glory shadowing it, the very presence of God, were within the holiest; and the people might not approach it, but stood without afar off: our Saviour hath torn away this vail, and opened our petitions a free passage to the seat of mercy in heaven. 'Having such an high priest over the house of God,' saith Paul, immediately after the clearing our way through the vail, 'let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,' &c., Heb. 10:21, 22. We see how far our prerogative excels that of the Jews. They were servants, we are sons, and cry, 'Abba, Father;' they had priests, we are priests; they had a bar, to us that vail is rent away. 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need,' Heb. 4:16. This is singular comfort, that poor subjects may be sure of access to the king with their petitions; yea, more, be heard in all their desires; yea, most of all, have an advocate at the king's right hand to plead their cause. But then remember the

Psalmist's caution: 'If I regard wickedness in my heart, the Lord will not hear me,' Ps. 66:18. Let the servants of Baal cry never so loudly, if lewdly; their prayers are not heard. To the cries of unfaithful sinners the vail is up still; and, like a thick cloud, reverberates and beats back their orisons, that they cannot ascend to the throne of grace. Only faith makes a free passage; and a clear conscience hath a clear voice that can pierce heaven.

3. The breaking down of this vail did make the holiest and the other part of the temple all one. Whereby was signified, that of two was made one, Jews and Gentiles one church. 'He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us,' Eph. 2:14. So that now those the Jews called dogs, eat the bread of the children; yea, they are the children: and 'Japhet is persuaded to dwell in the tents of Shem,' Gen. 9:27. She is also beloved that was hated; even the church of the Gentiles is the spouse of Christ. The vail that hindered, Paul calls the 'law of commandments, contained in ordinances;' this 'he abolished, for to make in himself of twain one new man,' Eph. 2:15. Heaven-gate is no wider open to a Jew than to a Grecian. 'In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God,' Gal. 6:15, 16. The sun of the gospel, as of the world, is not confined to lighten Judea only, but shines universally. There is not one privilege wherein the Gentile hath not as frank a share as the Jew; the sons of Hagar are adopted the sons of God; and the free 'Jerusalem above is the mother of us all,' Gal. 4:26. All this did our blessed Saviour work for us by rending the vail; 'that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby,' Eph. 2:16.

Oh, then, let us 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace!' Christ hath made us at one; let us not make ourselves twain. The vail is rent, why set we up new—schisms in doctrine, jars in conversation? The bill of divorcement is cancelled; let us love our husband Christ, and, for his sake, every man his brother. Let us set

up no more vails, lest we do it with the curse of building more Jerichos. There is no bond so sure as religion; no ligaments so strong as faith and a good conscience. Wretched man, that breakest these ties, and rendest thyself from them to whom thou art by Christ united! A mother's, yea, a father's blessing, forsakes thee; and thou buildest up a new vail, which thou must look for no more Christs to come rend asunder!

4. The rending of the vail teacheth us, that when men sin rebelliously against God, no prerogative shall do them good. The temple was one of their principalest privileges, their glory, their crown. 'The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord,' Jer. 7:4. It was a figure of the church-militant, as Solomon the builder was a figure of Christ. For this temple's sake God often spared them. So Daniel prays, 'Cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary, that is desolate,' chap. 9:17. Yet when they fall away from God, and crucify their Messias, this prerogative helps not. For here God's own hand rends the vail, and after gives the whole fabric a spoil to the Gentiles. 'If ye will not hear, if ye will not lay it to heart, I will send a curse upon you, I will curse your blessings; yea, I have cursed them already, because you do not lay it to heart,' Mal. 2:2. It lies in man's sin to make God curse his very blessings, and to punish the nocent in the innocent creatures.

We see the way how we may lose temples, and peace, and gospel, and all privileges, by running the courses of disobedience. Who can number the blessings we have enjoyed by the gospel? Let us beware lest our ungracious and ungrateful lives rob us not of that, with all the appertinent comforts. They that have travelled the Belgic provinces can witness the miserable footsteps of war, and the tyranny of desolation. Churches and cities have no more monuments, but the ruined foundations, to testify that they were. Sin made way for blood and massacre; idolatry pulled down those walls, which, otherwise, the most sacrilegious hand should have forborne. If there had been no enemy to raze them, they would have fallen alone, rather than covered so blasphemous impiety under their guilty roofs. 'Peace is within our walls, and prosperity within our palaces,'

Ps. 122:7; blessed for ever be our God of peace for it! Yet we have a subtle adversary, Sacrilege, that eneroacheth sore upon us, and 'hath taken many of God's houses in possession,' Ps. 83:12. We cannot say, 'They have burnt up all the synagogues in the land,' Ps. 74:8; but they have done very wickedly to the Lord's sanctuaries. The walls stand,—and it is well if in many places they do so,—but there is not a Levite to feed the people. Alas, how can there, when there is nothing left to feed a Levite? Covetousness would do as much hurt with us, as war hath done with our neighbours: it would, but I trust in the Lord Jesus it shall not. Though they have rent away God's right,—'tithes and offerings,' Mal. 3:8,—they shall never rend away God's truth and gospel: rend themselves from it indeed they are likely to do.

5. Lastly, 'The vail was rent.' By rending the part, God did threaten the subversion of the whole. If he spare not the holy of holies, then much less the rest. When God had commanded, 'Slay utterly old and young, maids and children,' he adds withal, 'and begin at my sanctuary,' Ezek. 9:6. If God begin at his sanctuary, he will not fail to end with the rest. If that shall not scape being profaned, how much less houses built for riot and disorder, pride and ambition! If the temple of prayers, then surely the dens of thieves. 'For, lo, I begin to bring evil on the city which is called by my name, and shall ye go unpunished?' saith God to the heathen, Jer. 25:29. If the sacred things defiled by idolatry shall be subverted, never think that your fair houses shall stand, when they are made coverts of oppressions, and convents of superstition. When the better things are not favoured, the worst have small hope. So Peter reasons: 'If judgment shall begin at the house of God, what shall be the end of them that obey not the gospel?' 1 Pet. 4:17. If the strong cedars of Lebanon be rooted up, woe to the rotten-rooted poplars! If the dragon's tail sweep stars from heaven, what shall become of squalid earthly vapours? The temple was one of the world's greatest wonders; as curious a workmanship as six-and-thirty years could make it. It wanted not the art of man; yea, the blessing of heaven was added to it. Yet now, lo, etiam periere ruinæ, this goodly building by sin was brought to ruin; yea, even the very ruins are perished. Shall, then,

your forts and palaces, worldlings' paradises, full of rapine, empty of charity, stand against all weathers and storms of judgment? No: stone shall fall after stone; and ruin shall one day tell the passengers, as God threatened of Jerusalem, Here stood a goodly manor, a sumptuous edifice, a royal palace. Or if they fall not down in themselves, they shall fall to the owners, whose iniquities have defiled them.

God punisheth by certain degrees: first he rends the vail, then rends away the temple; as by David's hand he first rent Saul's garment, and then rent away his kingdom. God at first toucheth men lightly, in their goods, quiet, health; if these stir not to repentance, he proceeds against the whole. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?' 1 Cor. 3:16. If you set up in this temple idols, lusts, and evil affections, God first rends the vail, toucheth you with some gentle afflictions; but if you still continue to make this temple a den of thieves, the temple itself will be destroyed.

You have heard the first miracle, the rending of the vail. As the Jews were wont to rend their garments when they heard blasphemy against God, so it may seem the temple tore its garments, rent its vail in pieces, when it heard those execrable blasphemies against the Son of God.*

SECOND MIRACLE: 'The earth did quake.'—The philosophers having given divers natural causes of earthquakes, as by hot and dry exhalations shut up in the bowels of the earth, and labouring for vent, resisted by the earth's solidness, there ensueth terræ motus, a shaking of the earth, &c. But this was an extraordinary earthquake; for it happened exactly at the very instant of Christ's death.

It might be to set forth the glory of the New Testament, and to vindicate it from inferiority to the Old. The law was both given and renewed with an earthquake. Given, Exod. 19:18, to the hand of Moses: 'The whole mount quaked greatly.' As at the giving, Mount Sinai, so at the renewing, Mount Horeb quaked: 'As Elijah stood

upon the mount, there passed by a strong wind, and after the wind an earthquake,' 1 Kings 19:11. So when the Lord of the gospel died, the earth shook, that the ministration of righteousness might not be less glorious than the ministration of death, 2 Cor. 3:9. This miracle shall give us a threefold instruction:—

1. To consider the fierceness of God's wrath against sins and sinners. For God, by shaking the earth, did no less than threaten the utter subversion of those desperate and bloody wretches. Korah and his confederates were swallowed up of the earth, for rebelling against Moses, the Lord's servant. 'Of how much sorer punishment were these worthy that had crucified,' not the servant, but 'the Son of God?' Heb. 10:29. If the mercies of God had not been greater than their iniquities, they had not escaped.

By this we see how able God is to punish sinners. He shews what he can do; it is his mercy that he forbears. Some of these were to be converted; therefore, *concussi non excussi*,—moved, not removed; shaken, but not destroyed. *Ostendisti populo gravia*, saith the Psalmist: 'Thou hast shewed thy people hard things,' Ps. 60:3. Shewed, not imposed; shook the rod, not laid it on. This forbearance of God should lead us on to repentance, Rom. 2:4. If not, it is but the forerunner of vengeance. Though now by moving the earth he scare and spare these Jews, yet after the earth spewed them out, as an offence to her stomach. O obstinate hearts, that quake not, when the senseless ground quakes that bears so unprofitable a burden! Cannot the earth admonish thee? it shall devour thee. *Si non monebit, movebit*. If the Almighty's hand stirring it hath not stirred thee to repentance, a sexton's hand shall cover thee with moulds; a weak shaker shall do it. Think when God moves the earth, he preacheth to thy soul. If thy heart, so little in comparison of that great vast body, will not tremble, know God hath one thing that shall shake thee to pieces—death.

2. The nature of sin is here considerable; so heavy, that it makes the very earth to quake. The Jews' sins were such a burden, that the

earth could not bear them without trembling. The earth is fixed, and 'standeth fast,' saith the Psalmist, as the centre of the world; it is strange that to be moved, even so strange is the cause that moves it. It must needs be a monstrous weight of iniquity that totters the earth on her foundations. But why is the earth so quiet now? Do not innumerable wretches daily crucify Christ, by their oaths, blasphemies, and rebellions, in himself; by their persecutions and oppressions, in his members? Is not his word derided, his sacraments despised, his good creatures abused? Why doth not the earth shrink and shake at these horrid impieties? Be still; he that holds his hand from miracles, will not hold it from plagues. They are forborne, not forgiven. God keeps silence, but he sleepeth not; the earth may spare them, but 'desolation in a moment shall swallow them,' Ps. 73:19. To the Jews the earth moved, and they stood still; to these the earth shall stand still, and themselves shall be moved.

3. There is nothing on the earth that is not moveable, if the earth itseh be moveable. 'God hath laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved,' Ps. 104:5. Yet so that he who laid it can shake it: 'He shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble,' Job 9:6. If the earth, then whatsoever is built upon it. 'The earth shall be burnt,' saith Peter. What, alone? No; 'the earth, with the works that are therein, shall be burnt up,' 2 Peter 3:10. The works of men's hands, the works of their brains, their very 'thoughts shall perish.' 'The Lord's voice shook the earth; and he hath said, Yet once again I will shake not the earth only, but also heaven,' Heb. 12:26. O blessed place, that is not subject to this shaking, whose joys have not only an amiable countenance, but a glorious continuance! 'The things that are shaken shall be removed, but the things that are not shaken remain for ever.' All the terrors of this world move not him that is fixed in heaven: 'They that put their trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,' Ps. 125:1. But the tabernacles and hopes of the wicked shall perish together: 'For the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth ever,' 1 John 2:17. Whereon, saith Augustine, *Quid vis? Utrum amare temporalia, et transire cum*

tempore! an amare Christum, et vivere in æternum?—Whether wilt thou love the world, and perish with it, or love Christ, and live for ever?

THIRD MIRACLE: 'The rocks rent.'—A wonderful act, to break stones and rend rocks. This gives us two observations:—

1. This did foreshadow the power and efficacy of the gospel, that it should be able to break the very rocks. As the death and passion of Christ did cleave those solid and almost impenetrable substances, so the publishing of his death and passion shall rend and break in pieces the rocky hearts of men. So John Baptist said, 'God is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham,' Matt. 3:9. The hearts of Zaccheus, Mary Magdalene, Paul, were such rocks; yet they were cleft with the wedge of the gospel. This is that rod of Moses, able to break the hardest rocks, till they gush out with floods of penitent tears. This is Jeremiah's hammer, powerful to bruise the most obdurate hearts. The blood of the goat sacrificed, of force to dissolve adamant. There is power in the blood of Jesus to put sense in stones. Blessed are you, if you be thus broken-hearted for him whose heart was broken for you! For 'the broken heart the Lord will not despise,' Ps. 51:17.

2. Observe the wonderful hardness of the Jews' hearts. The stones rent and clave in sunder at the cruel death of Jesus; but their hearts, more stony than stones, are no whit moved. They rend not their garments, much less their hearts; whenas the earth rent the stones, her bones, and the rocks, her ribs. The flints are softer than they; the flints break, they harden. They still belch their malicious blasphemies; the rocks relent; the stones are become men, and the men stones. Oh the senselessness of a hard heart! rocks will sooner break than that can be mollified. Even the hardest creatures are flexible to some actions,—flints to the rain, iron to the fire, stones to the hammer,—but this heart yields to nothing, neither the showers of mercy, nor the hammer of reproof, nor the fire of judgments; but, like the stithy, is still the harder for beating. All the plagues of Egypt

cannot mollify the heart of Pharaoh. It is wondrously unnatural that men, made the softest-hearted of all, should be *rigidiores lupis, duriores lapidibus*,—more cruel than wolves, more hard than stones. I would to God all hard-heartedness had died with these Jews; but it is not so. How often has Christ been here crucified, in the word preaching his cross to your ears, in the sacraments presenting his death to your eyes! Think, think in your own souls, have not the stones in the walls of this church been as much moved? God forbid our obdurateness should be punished as theirs was! Since they would be so stonyhearted, Jerusalem was turned to a heap of stones, and the conquering Romans dashed them pitilessly against those stones which they exceeded in hardness.

Here let the wicked see their doom: the stones that will not be softened shall be broken. There is no changing the decree of God; but change thy nature, and then know thou art not decreed to death. Stony hearts shall be broken to pieces with vengeance; do not strive to alter that doom, but alter thy own stony heart to a heart of flesh, and so prevent it in the particular. Wolves and goats shall not enter into heaven. Thou mayest pull stars out of heaven before alter this sentence; but do it thus. Leave that nature, and become one of Christ's sheep, and then thou art sure to enter. No adulterer nor covetous person, saith Paul, 'shall inherit the kingdom of heaven,' 1 Cor. 6:9. This doom must stand, but not against thee, if thou be converted. 'Such were ye, but ye are washed,' &c., ver. 11. You are not such. Had the Jews ceased to be stones, they had been spared. God will root thorns and briars out of his vineyard. If thou wouldst not have him root out thee, become a vine, and bring forth good grapes. God threatens to 'break the hairy scalp of him that goes on in sin;' yet mayest thou ward this blow from thyself. Go no further on in sin. When God comes in judgment to visit the earth, to shatter rocks, and break stones in pieces, thou hast a heart of flesh, mollified with repentance. Let the earth quake, and the rocks tear; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

FOURTH MIRACLE: 'The graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept arose.'—Concerning this two questions are moved:

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1. Where their souls were all this while before. I answer, where the Scripture hath no tongue, we should have no ear. Most probably thus: their souls were in heaven, in Abraham's bosom, and came down to their bodies by divine dispensation, to manifest the power and deity of Christ.

2. Whither they went afterwards. I answer, by the same likelihood, that they died no more, but waited on the earth till Christ's resurrection, and then attended him to heaven. But these things that are concealed should not be disputed. *Tutum est nescire quod tegitur*,—It is a safe ignorance where a man is not commanded to know. Let us see what profitable instructions we can hence derive to ourselves. They are many, and therefore I will but lightly touch them:

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1. This teacheth us, that Christ, by his death, hath vanquished death, even in the grave, his own chamber. That giant is subdued, the graves fly open, the dead go out. This bears ample witness to that speech of Christ: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,' John 11:25. The bodies of the saints, what part of the earth or sea soever holds their dusts, shall not be detained in prison when Christ calls for them; as the members must needs go, when the head draws them. He shall speak to all creatures, *Reddite quod devorastis*,—Restore whatsoever of man you have devoured; not a dust, not a bone can be denied. The bodies of the saints shall be raised, saith Augustine,* *tanta facilitate, quanta felicitate*,—with as much easiness as happiness. *Desinunt ista, non pereunt; mors intermittit vitam, non eripit*,†—Our bodies are left for a time, but perish not; death may discontinue life, not disannul it. *Intermittitur, non interimitur*,—it may be paused, cannot be destroyed.

2. Observe, that all the dead do not rise, but many, and those saints. The general resurrection is reserved till the last day; this a pledge or earnest of it. Now, who shall rise with this comfort? None but saints; as here Christ takes no other company from the graves but saints: 'The dead in Christ shall rise first,' 1 Thess. 4:16. Christ is called 'the first-born from the dead,' Col. 1:28. He hath risen, and his shall next follow him: 'Every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming,' 1 Cor. 15:23. Worms and corruption shall not hinder. He that said 'to corruption, Thou art my mother; and to the worms, You are my brethren and sisters,' said also, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and one day with these eyes I shall behold him.' The wicked shall also be raised, though with horror, to 'look upon him whom they have pierced.' But as Christ did here, so will he at the last—single out the saints to bear him company.

3. This sheweth the true operation of Christ's death in all men. We are all dead in our sins, as these bodies were in their graves; now, when Christ's death becomes effectual to our souls, we rise again and become new creatures. From the grave of this world we come into the church, 'the holy city.' But thou complainest of the deadness of thy heart. It is well thou complainest; there is some life, or thou couldst not feel the deadness. 'The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear it shall live,' John 5:25. If this word hath raised thee from death, and wrought spiritual life in thy heart, thou shalt perceive it by thy breathing, words glorifying God; and by thy moving, in the ways, and to the works, of obedience.

4. Observe, that these saints which arose are said to have slept. The death of the godly is often called a sleep. So it is said of the patriarchs and kings of Judah, they 'slept with their fathers.' So Paul saith, they 'sleep in Christ,' 1 Cor. 15:18. The coffin is a couch; in quo mollius dormit, qui bene in vita laboravit,—wherein he takes good rest that hath wrought hard in the work of his salvation before he went to bed. Felix somnus cum requie, requies cum voluptate, voluptas cum

æternitate,—It is a sweet sleep that hath peace with rest, rest with pleasure, pleasure with everlastingness. So the godly sleep, till the sound of a trumpet shall wake them, and then eternal glory shall receive them.

5. Lastly, observe, that Jerusalem is called the holy city, though she were at this time a sink of sin, and a debauched harlot. Either, as some think, that she is called holy because she was once holy. So Rahab is called the harlot, because she was a harlot. Simon is termed the leper, Matt. 26:6, for that he was a leper; and Matthew the publican, Matt. 10:3, for that he was a publican. Or else she was called holy for the covenant's sake, in regard of the temple, sacrifices, service of God, and of the elect people of God that were in it. Whence we may infer how unlawful it is to separate from a church because it hath some corruptions. Is apostate Jerusalem, that hath crucified her Saviour, called still the holy city; and must England, that departeth in nothing from the faith and doctrine of her Saviour, for some scarce discernible imperfections, be rejected as a fœdifragous strumpet? But there be wicked persons in it. What then? She may be still a holy city. *Recedatur ab iniquitate, non ah iniquis*,—Let us depart from sin; we cannot run from sinners.

Thus we have considered the miracles; let us now look into the causes wherefore they were wrought.

These maybe reduced into five:—In respect of, 1. The sufferer dying; 2. The creatures obeying; 3. The Jews persecuting; 4. The women beholding; 5. The disciples forsaking.

1. In regard to Christ, to testify not only his innocency, but his majesty. His innocency, that he was, as Pilate's wife acknowledged, a 'just man,' Matt. 27:19. His majesty, as the centurion confessed, 'seeing the earthquake, and the things that were done, Truly this was the Son of God,' ver. 54. He seemed a worm, no man: the contempt and derision of the people, forsaken of his confidence. In the midst of all, God will not leave him without witnesses, but raiseth up

senseless creatures as preachers of his deity. *Est æterni filius qui illic pendet mortuus*,—He that hangs there dead on the cross is the Son of the eternal God. Rather than the children of God shall want witnesses of their integrity, God will work miracles for their testimony.

2. In regard of the creatures, to shew their obedience to their Creator; they are not wanting to him that gave being to them. These demonstrate it was their Lord that suffered, and that they were ready to execute vengeance on his murderers. The heaven that was dark would have rained fire on them; the earth that quaked, shook them to pieces; the rocks that rent, would have tumbled on them; and the graves that opened to let out all other prisoners, have swallowed them quick. They all waited but his command to perform this revengeful execution. Who shall now dare to persecute Christ in his members? The stones are thy enemies, the earth gapes for thee, hell itself enlargeth her jaws; if the Lord but hiss to them, they are suddenly in an uproar against thee. Go on in your malice, you raging persecutors, you cannot wrong Christ, no, not in his very members, but you pull the fists of all creatures in heaven, earth, and hell, about your ears: flies from the air, beasts from the earth, poison from sustenance, thunder from the clouds; yea, at last also, though now they help you, the very devils from hell against you. All creatures shoot their malignancy at them that shoot theirs at Christ.

3. In respect of the Jews, his enemies, to shame and confound them. The rocks and graves are moved at his passion; not they. *Lapides tremunt, homines fremunt*. The stones rend, the huge earth quakes with fear, the Jews rage with malice. We see how difficult it is to mollify a hard heart: harder than to remove a mountain, raise the dead, cleave a rock, shake the whole earth. It is a great miracle to convert a wicked man, greater than rending of rocks. Moses's rod struck a rock thrice, and did it. Ministers have stroke men's rocky hearts three hundred times, and cannot. The graves sooner open than the sepulchres of sin and darkness; the vast earth sooner quakes than men's hearts at God's judgments.

4. In respect of the women that stood by, that their faith might be confirmed. For seeing him on the cross, at their mercy whose bowels never knew the softness of such a nature, exposed to all the tyranny of their hands and tongues: hands that, like cruel chirurgeons, searched every part of his blessed body; tongues that ran nimbly through all the passages of obloquy, till they had overtaken reproach itself, and cast it on him: his body at the full will of the tormentors, and his soul not without intolerable terrors; as they might judge by the strange speech that came from him: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Doth man triumph over him, and doth God forsake him? This might breed in their hearts a suspicion, either that he was a deceiver, or else utterly cut off. To stifle this doubt in the very birth, he shakes the earth, and rends the rocks; that as they knew him dying *hominem verum*, so they might perceive him, doing these miracles, not *hominem merum*, but the ever-living God. These wonders blow the spark of their faith, almost dying with Christ, and root in their hearts a deep and infallible persuasion of their Saviour. Something there is to keep the faith of the elect from quenching, though Satan rain on it showers of discomforts. Though no object greets the eye of flesh but discouragement, yet there is a secret spirit within, that will never suffer the faith to fail.

5. In regard of the disciples, to shame and convince them for leaving him. Christ had said before, *Si hi tacerent, loquerentur lapides*,—'If these,' speaking of his disciples, 'should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out,' Luke 19:40. Lo, this saying is here come to pass: the disciples hold their peace, the stones speak; they forsake Christ, the rocks proclaim him. Such a shame is it for apostles and ministers of Christ to hold their peace, that if they be silent, the very stones shall preach against them. The walls, windows, pavements of churches shall cry out against such pastors, that undertake the office of shepherd, and feed Christ's flock with nothing but air. And even you that come to hear, if no remorse can be put into your hearts at the relation of our Saviour's death; if you have no feeling of his sorrows, no apprehension of these mysteries, no repentance of your sins, no emendation of your lives; know that the very seats whereon

you sit, the walls of your temples, the very stones you tread on, shall bear witness against you.

Now, the Lord Jesus, that at his death brake the rocks, by the virtue of his death break our rocky hearts, that being mollified in this life, they may be glorified in the life to come! Grant this, O Father, for thy mercies' sake; O Christ, for thy merits' sake; O Holy Spirit, for thy name's sake: to whom, three Persons, one only wise and eternal God, be glory and praise for ever! Amen.

LYCANTHROPY;

OR,

THE WOLF WORRYING THE LAMBS

Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.—LUKE 10:3.

THE Great Bishop of our souls being now at the ordination of his ministers, having first instructed them in *via Domini*, doth here discipline them in *vita discipuli*; and pre-arms them to that entertainment which the Samaritans of the world are likely to give all those whose faces look toward Jerusalem: Matt. 10:22, 'You shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.' If we had but some opposers, there were some comfort; then it is probable that the rest would help: nay, all. Yet if they were but indifferently affected toward us, and would neither defend nor offend, but resign us up to ourselves: nay, they shall oppose, they will hate. Your persecutors shall be in

every city; not few, but many; not neuters, but maligners. If there were many, and not haters, then, as it is in the proverb, 'the more the merrier;' if haters, and not many, then 'the fewer the better cheer:' but they are for nature, persecutors; for number, many men, most men, innumerable, 'all men.' But we are here præmoniti, and therefore should be præmuniti: neither need we grudge to suffer in some measure for him that hath suffered beyond measure for us. Whatsoever we endure for his name's sake, the patience and passion of others hath matched it; but his grief for us could not be fitted with a sicut in all the world.

But I would not, like a careless porter, keep you without doors till you had lost your stomachs. There is some cheer coming, and I will now unlock the gates of my text to let you in to it. The words contain the deputation to an office: 'Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.' Considerable in the deputation are—I. A commission; wherein observe, 1. The sender, Christ; 2. The sent, the apostles; 3. The sending, or warrant. II. A commixtion; which consists, 1. In a prescription, what they should be that are sent, lambs; 2. A description, what they are among whom sent, wolves.

This is the tree and the branches; shall we now step forward to gather and taste the fruit? But stay: here is a gardener must first be spoke with; one that stands in the very entrance of my text, for some purpose sure: Behold.

Behold is, like John Baptist, in holy writ, evermore the avant-courier of some excellent thing. Pontan compares it to the sounding of a trumpet before some great proclamation. It is like the hand in the margin of a book, pointing to some remarkable thing, and of great succeeding consequence. It is a direct, a reference, a dash of the Holy Ghost's pen; seldom used repletively, but to impart and import some special note, worthy our deeper and more serious observation. It is like the ringing of the great bell before the sermon of some famous preacher, and bids us here, as a monitor, keep silence to hear what the eternal Word speaketh unto us. In a word, it is but a word, and

yet the epitome of that whole sentence: 'Let him that hath ears to hear, hear;' let him that hath eyes to see, behold.

This was our Saviour Christ's sermon ad clerum, whose pulpit is now in heaven; and sends us to preach on his preachings, to paraphrase his lectures, and no more but to deliver that to you which he hath dictated to us. Your attention is therefore charged in this behold. Open your eyes, those organical conduits of discipline; nay, your hearts are liable, and therefore should be pliable, to this charge. Keep then patience in your minds, attention in your ears, meditation in your hearts, practice in your lives. Behold.

Behold what? St Matthew recites this deputation, together with a direction: 'Behold, I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,' chap. 10:16; where Christ doth not only confer a great charge, but infer a fit carriage. The former is *institutio viæ*, the other *instructio vitæ*. 'I send:' 'Be you,' &c. The deputation, or designing their office, shall only limit my speech and your attention for this time. This current parts itself into two rivulets—a commission, a commixtion. The missure, 'I send you;' the mixture, 'as lambs among wolves.'

I. Every commission consists, of necessity, besides the mere act, of at least two persons—the sender, the sent.

1. In the sender may be considered his greatness, his goodness. His greatness, that he can send; his goodness, that he will send, for the benefit of his church.

(1.) His greatness. The sender is greater than the person sent: as Paul said, in a shallower inequality, of Melchisedec and Abraham, being both men, Heb. 7:7, 'Without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the greater.' Here the sender is God and man: a king, the King; of pure, absolute, and independent authority; a real prince, a royal prince—real in his right, in his might, royal in his affects and effects; he purposeth and disposeth good to his church. Tyrants are the kings

of slaves; liberal princes are the kings of men; Christ is the King of kings, here despatching his legates on an embassy to the world. This his greatness.

(2.) His goodness. He that is King doth send to his subjects, abjects,—or rather to rebels, to make them subjects,—with a pardon of all their treasons ready signed and sealed to their accepting hands. Eph. 4:8, 'When he had led captivity captive, he gave gifts unto men.' 'When he had led captivity captive,' there is his greatness; 'he gave gifts unto men,' there is his goodness. By the former he is mirificans; mitificans by the latter. Behold, he must send to us; we knew not, desired not access to him. He is 'the way, the truth, the life,' and therefore sends out these as describers of the way, dispensers of the truth, conductors to the life. If the way had not found us, we should never have found the way. Here then is his goodness: though a king, yet he preacheth himself, and sends preachers; as was Solomon, his type, both a king over Israel and a preacher to Israel. Time was, Christ refused to be a king, denied to be a judge, but vouchsafed to be a preacher. Without this sweet dignation to us, we should never have ascended to him, *nec opibus, nec operibus, nec opera*, neither by our wealth, nor by our worth, nor by our wills, nor by our works, nor by our wits, nor by our worship. Thus for the sender.

2. In a messenger sent is required celerity, sincerity, constancy. That he be speedy, that he be heedful, and, as we say, that he be deedy; hold out till his embassy be ended, and till he that sent him send after him a revocation. Celerity without discretion is like wings without eyes; discretion without celerity like eyes without wings; both without constancy are like feet and eyes without a heart.

(1.) For their speediness. Before they are sent, they should not run at all; after they are sent, they cannot run too fast. We may say of these messengers, as it was proverbial of the Lacedaemonians, *Turpe est cuilibet fugere, Laconi etiam deliberasse*. God grant all our consciences may witness with ourselves, what Paul speaks of his unretarded execution of Christ's message: 'When it pleased God to

send me to preach his Son among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood!' Gal. 1:16. To adjure their posting alacrity to this business, the apostles were charged to 'salute no man by the way;' much less should the burying our dead friends, or taking leave of our living friends, procrastinate our course. Prov. 10:26, 'As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is a sluggard to them that send him.' Isa. 40:31, 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.' It is so, or it should be so; our diligence should tread upon the heels of our calling for haste, and we should make use of the first handsel of time. In limine offendisse ominosum, odiosum,—To stumble at the threshold is a bad heed, and a worse sign.

(2.) It is not enough to be speedful; we must also be discreet and faithful. The messenger must do the sender's business, not his own. Celerity lays the reins on our necks; discretion is the curb of the bridle. There are that run too fast: *qui trans mare currunt*. As Cyprian writes of some schismatics that had put to sea for Rome, *quasi Veritas post eos navigare non possit*.^{*} This is called by St Augustine, *Cursus celerrimus præter viam*. The four cherubims, Ezek. 1:7, had *pedes rectos*, straight feet; and the feet of ministers, if they be beautiful, take straight steps. *Sunt opera quæ videntur bona, et non sunt: quia non referuntur ad illum finem, ex quo bona sunt*.[†] Indeed, *intentio facit bonum opus*; but then *fides dirigit intentionem*, saith the same father. It is enough that conscience must lead us, but truth must lead our conscience. *Non est rectum, quod non est à Deo directum*. He that commands us *agere*, commands us *hoc agere*; non aliud, sed illud. With God, adverbs shall have better thanks than nouns.

'Both good and well must in our actions meet:

Wicked is not much worse than undiscreet.'

He that hath a nimble foot and a false heart, runs himself out of breath ere he remembers his errand. Fidelity is requisite in a messenger.

'Non bove mactato cælcstia numina gaudent;

Sed, quæ præstauda est, et sine teste, fide.'‡

(3.) It is not yet enough to go speedily and heedfully, except also deed-fully, with a constant holding out. Though soon enough, and fast enough, it is not well enough, except far enough: *Lauda navigantem, cum pervenerit ad portum.* Paul must fight out his battle with victory, 'finish his race' with winning the prize, and 'keep the faith,' though he 'bear about in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus.' And then 'there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at the last day: and not to him only, but to them also that love his appearing,' 2 Tim. 4:8. *Inveniat mittens missum, judicabundus prædicantem.*

Some begin hotly, and keep the pulpits warm at first, barking loud against dumb dogs; thundering out, 'Let him that labours not, not eat:' forbidding promotion without devotion. On a sudden, these 'sons of thunder' are as mute as fishes. What is the matter? Now, from their own lips, they should have no promotion. Oh, sir, they have the promotion already. You may perceive the fish is caught, by their hanging aside their nets. Perhaps in a cathedral church, to a refined audience, some episcopal command may deliver him of *elephanti partum*, a child of two years' breeding; one whereof is spent in the conception, another in fashioning the members, and yet a mere embryo when it is born. Oh, favour them: *Raræ fumant felicibus aræ.* Their beginning was golden, like that monarch's dreamed image, but their conclusion is dirty: they end in clay; leaving the word, and cleaving to the world. It were good for the church, and not amiss for themselves, if their gains might be decreased with their pains. But if a restraint of pluralities, or a diminution and abatement of their demesnes, should be imposed,

how would they complain; and be answered as certain monks in Winchester were, who complaining to King Henry the Second that their bishop had taken away three of their dishes, and left them but ten, the king replied, that the bishop should do well to take away the ten and leave them but three. As they have crimen immane and nomen inane, so let them have mercedem tenuem, a slender recompense. Inertes should be justly inopes; especially cum valuerunt, et non voluerunt prædicare. Is this all? No; but as the tree falls so it lies. If Christ find them at last loiterers, he will set them to work for ever in torments.

3. You have heard the persons designing and designed; the designation follows, which gives them, (1.) Their warrant; (2.) Their qualification.

(1.) Christ seals them a warrant in his word: ἀποστέλλω ὑμᾶς, 'I send you.' It is not humanum inventum, but divinum institutum,* authorised under the broad seal of heaven, in the power of the second Person of that state-royal. He says not, 'I will pray to my Father to send you,' but, 'I send you;' for 'all power is given to me in heaven and in earth,' Matt. 28:18. They come not then without their commission; as those, Jer. 23:21, 'I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied.' Would you have a minister? Seek to the nurseries of Christian learning, the universities; there you shall have them furnished with excellent parts and arts. Is it enough to have learning? No; the man of God must be holy. Say he be well learned, and well lived, may he instantly climb up into the pulpit and preach? No; he must first have an inward commission from heaven, and an outward ordination on earth, by imposition of hands. You see their warrant.

(2.) Their qualification is inseparable to their missure. Christ not only speaks, but works effectually in them, and gives them a fieri faciam, how unapt and unable soever they were before. So, Matt. 4:19, Ego faciam vos piscatores hominum,—You made yourselves fishermen, 'I will make you fishers of men.' He doth not in these days

so enthusiastically inspire men, but sets them first to be cisterns in the university, before they be conduits in the country. Before they can 'minister a word in time,' Isa. 50:4, there must be a time to have it ministered to them. Ere their 'words be like apples of gold, with pictures of silver,' Prov. 25:11, they must be refined in some academical furnace, and by much study have this picture and impression of wisdom set on them.

Neither were these apostles dismissed out of Christ's college till they were made fit to teach, 1 Tim. 3:2. Christ, that set them up as lights, and bade them shine, made them shine; and not as *Ardens** speaks of some since their days, that are *fumantes, magis quam flammantes*. Both our torches, life and learning, must burn brightly. It is for the Papists to build a blockhouse of ignorance, and set dunces over fools,—for so the Jesuits call their seculars,—that they may 'both fall into the ditch.' It was a rule with them, the very epitome of their canons in that point:—

'Qui bene Can, Con,[†] ille poterit bene presbyter esse.'

And yet methinks they should be more circumspect in their choice; for they seem to magnify it beyond us, and make it a sacrament, calling it the 'Sacrament of Order.' Wot you not why? They think the sacraments confer grace; and, let him be a devil before, the imposition of hands shall make him holy enough.

II. We have examined their commission, let us now examine their commixtion: 'as lambs among wolves.' Alas! it goes harsh when those two natures meet: it must be miraculous if one of them come not short home. Yet I find it prophesied of the days of the gospel, 'The wolf and the lamb shall feed together,' Isa. 65:25. Indeed, when wolves become lambs,—of which supernatural effect these lambs are sent forth as instrumental causes,—this peace may be fulfilled. But wolves, whiles they are wolves, will not let the lambs live in quiet. In this mixture there is a prescription, a description: what we must be that are sent; what they are amongst whom sent.

1. The nature of our duties is exemplified in this word, 'lambs.' Not that there should be a metamorphosis or transformation of us into that kind of beasts literally; but 'as lambs.' As is sometimes a note of quality, sometimes of equality, here it is only similitudinary: 'as lambs,' 'as doves,' &c. Neither is this enjoined likeness catholic, but partial: we must not be in every respect as lambs, but it must be taken in a limited and qualified sense.

Lambs! Let us observe here, *quam ob rem, qua in re*,—(1.) Wherefore, (2.) Wherein, we must be lambs.

(1.) Wherefore. Good reason: he that sends them forth was a Lamb, John 1:29, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world'—ὁ ἀμνὸς, the Lamb, that Lamb of God, even from his own bosom; 'taking away the sins of the world.' Other Levitical lambs took away sin typically, this really. They were slain for the sins of the Jews, this of all the world. There is tacita antithesis in τοῦ κόσμου. Christ was a Lamb (that we may take with us our precedent) especially in three respects: of his innocency, patience, profit.

[1.] For his innocency: John 8, 'Which of you can convince me of sin?' You may reprove, can you disprove? The world traduced him for a blasphemer, a Samaritan, a sorcerer, an enemy to Cæsar, a boon companion: so easy is it to avile and revile, so hard to convince. The church sweetly and truly commends him: Cant. 5:10, 'My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.' Candidus sanctitate, rubicundus passione,*—He was white of himself, made red by the wounds of his enemies. It was not praise enough for him that he was (as it is said of David) *ore rubicundo*, of a ruddy colour, unless this red had been first grounded on white. His passion had lost the virtue of merit had he not been innocent. But he was *agnus ille immaculatus*, 1 Pet. 1:19, a lamb, that lamb, without blemish, without spot: a sun without a mote, a rose without a canker, a clear heaven without any cloud.

[2.] For his patience: Isa. 53, 'He was oppressed, he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before the shearer is dumb, so openeth not he his mouth.' First the shearers fleece him, and then the butchers kill him, yet 'he opens not his mouth;' to wit, against them, but for them: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' He wrote that in the dust which many engrave in brass and marble—wrongs. Behold, the King of heaven is factus in terris, and fractus in terris, yet calls not fire from heaven to consume his enemies, but quencheth that fire with his own blood, which they in shedding it had kindled against themselves. It is probable that some of the agents in his death were saved by his death. O strange inversion, wrought by mercy, that *injusti in homicidio* should be made *justi per homicidium*; and that the blood which was scarce washed from their guilty hands should now whiten their consciences! Like that imposthomed soldier, the blow that was thought to have killed him cured him.

[3.] For his profit: he was profitable in his fleece, profitable in his flesh, profitable in his blood; in his life, in his death, and after death eternally profitable.

First, His flesh is meat indeed, though *non dentis, sed mentis*. 'Our fathers did eat manna,' John 6:49, which was the food of angels, as it were, and yet died corporally; but whosoever eats the God of angels spiritually, shall not die eternally.

Secondly, His fleece is good. We were cold and naked. Is this all? Nay, and polluted too. The fleece of his imputed righteousness keeps us warm, clothes our nakedness, hides our uncleanness. Hence the prophet calls him 'The Lord our righteousness:' ours not inherent, but imputative, 2 Cor. 5:21. We are made no otherwise 'the righteousness of God in him,' than he was made sin for us; which was only by imputation. So Luther: *Christiana sanctitas non est activa, sed passiva sanctitas; extra nos est justitia nostra, non in nobis.*

Thirdly, His blood excellent, and of most transcendent virtue, whether *lavando* or *levando*. We were *maculati, et mactati*,—speckled with corruptions, dead in sins. Not only as the Rhemists say, diseased; but as Paul saith, deceased: Eph. 2:1, 'Dead in sins and trespasses.' His blood hath recovered our life, our health, and washed us as white as the snow in Salmon. Thus he is in every respect profitable to us, more than we could either *expetere* or *expectare*,—deserve or desire. Satan is against us; behold Christ is with us, and 'we overcome him by the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. 12:11.

Now, is Christ a Lamb? Then must you be *sicut agni*, 'as lambs.' Christ is the principal and truest exemplar—a general rule without exception. Imitation doth soonest come, and best become children and scholars. We are children: Matt. 5:44, 'Love your enemies,' &c., 'that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.' We are servants to Christ: John 13, 'Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well, for so I am.' Though we cannot tread in his steps, we must walk in his path. As Virgil of Ascanius, son to Æneas: *Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*. Now our imitation is confined, not to his miracles, but to his morals.

It is fit the disciple should follow his master: Matt. 16:24, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' Some follow him, as Peter, afar off. Some go cheek-by-jowl with him, as the Papists; confounding their own merits with his, and therein themselves. Some outrun Christ, as James and John, Luke 9:54, in a preproperous, preposterous zeal, as hot as Mount Hecla. Let us follow him close, but in meekness. *Vis capere celsitudinem Dei? cape prius humilitatem Dei.**

(2.) We must be lambs accordingly; and that in—

[1.] Patience. We must take up Christ's cross when we become his scholars. Not only bear it, but take it up. *Tollere* and *ferre* differ. An ass bears, man takes up. There is a threefold cross: innocent, perient, penitent. Christ bore the first; the perishing thief, the second; the

repentant, and we all, must bear the last. The lamb, whether he be shorn or slain, is dumb to complaints.

We bless God that we are well freed from the Bonners and butchers of these lambs; but we have still fleecers enough,—too many,—that love to see learning follow Homer with a staff and a wallet. This we must expect: Christ sends us not as wolves among wolves, or shepherds among wolves, or sheep about wolves, but as lambs ἐν μέσῳ λυκῶν, 'in the midst of wolves,' as St Matthew hath it, chap. 10:16. If they cannot devour our flesh, they will pluck our fleeces,—leave us nothing but the tag-locks, poor vicarage tithes, whiles themselves and their children are kept warm in our wool, the parsonage. Nay, and they would clip off the tag-locks too,—raven up the vicarages,—if the law would but allow them a pair of shears. Every gentleman thinks the priest mean, but the priest's means hath made many a gentleman.

Well, he had need be a lamb that lives among such wolves. But as Dr Luther was wont to say, *Mitte mundum vadere sicut vadit, nam vult vadere sicut vadit*—merry Latin, but resolute patience,—'Let the world go as it doth, for it will go as it doth.' Let us comfort ourselves, as our Jewel did his friends in banishment: *Hæc non durabunt ætatem*,—This world will not last ever.

He that enters this holy calling must be content, as Paul, 'to die daily,' 1 Cor. 15:31. To preach the gospel boldly is to pull the world about our ears, and to conjure up the furies of hell against us. But—

'Frangit, et attollit vires in milite causa,'—†

Yet patience is the best gamester, for it winneth when it loseth. He had need be a Job that lives among the Sabeans and Chaldeans of our times. Are you disparaged? suffer. Are you despised? suffer. Are you impoverished? suffer. This same bulapathum is the best herb in the garden, the herb patience. It shall amaze them, after all wrongs, to see your foreheads smooth, countenance mild, lips silent, and your

habits unmoved. The wolf in the fable (oh that it were but a fable!) when he sees the lamb drinking at the pool, comes blundering into the water and troubles it; then quarrels with the lamb: *Quare turbasti aquam?*—Why hast thou troubled the water? *Sic nocet innocuo nocuus, causamque nocendi quærit.* So Ahab the wolf told Elisha the lamb that he troubled Israel. As it is truly reported, the Papists would have laid the Gunpowder-treason on the Puritans, if it had been effected. 'Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise,' Heb. 10:36. But I fear I have incited your patience by standing so long upon patience.

[2.] Time and your expectation call me to the innocency of these lambs. It is not enough for them to suffer wrongs, but they must offer none. For he that doth injury may well receive it. To look for good and do bad is against the law of retail.* Dionysius of Syracuse, being banished, came to Theodore's court a suppliant, where not presently admitted, he turned to his companion with these words, 'Perhaps I did the like when I was in the like dignity.'† When thou receivest offence, remember what thou hast given.

It is no wonder if those lambs be stricken that strike. He that will be an agent in wrongs, must be a patient. How strange and unproper a speech is this, a contentious lamb, a troublesome minister! How learned soever such men may seem, they are indeed illiterate. They are bad writers that have not learned to join; simple grammarians that have not their concords. It is observed of lambs, that *Cætera animalia armavit natura, solum agnum dimisit inermem,*—Other living creatures nature hath armed, but the lamb she has sent into the world naked and unarmed, giving it neither offensive nor defensive weapons. The dog hath teeth to bite; the horse, hoofs to trample; the bear, nails to tear; the ox, horns to dash; the lion, paws and jaws to devour; the boar hath his tusk; the elephant, his snout; the hind and hare have swift feet, to save themselves by flight: only the lamb hath no means either to help itself or hurt others.

Neither is this our innocency only to be considered in respect immediately of man, or of injuries directed to him; but these lambs must be innocent in regard of God, in regard of their calling. The priest in his breastplate must not only have Urim, which is science, but Thummim, which is conscience. We have manifold weakness; we must not have manifest wickedness. Though we be not in facto, we must be in fieri; and not then to begin when we should be onwards half our journey. Theodore required that the schoolmasters for his children should be φιλόθεοι, as well as φιλόσοφοι; and Christ's apostles were not only deputati, but deputari.‡ John 13:8, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Bis peccat, qui peccat exemplo. Uncleansed ministers are like Bilhah and Zilpah, Jacob's maids, that being bound themselves, brought forth children that were free. Such churchmen are like the pinnacles on some battlements, that point upward to heaven, but poise downward to their centre.

The best schoolman said, that magistrates and ministers, when they sin, do peccare in quid essentialiter; all others but in quale accidentaliter. To smoke with the Indian, quarrel with the Frenchman, court a lady with the Venetian, plot villany with the Italian, be proud with the Spaniard, cog with a Jew, insult with a Turk, drink down a Dutchman, and tell lies with the devil, for a wager, are works for wolves, not for lambs. To conclude; as we have deputation, we should have reputation; and because called to be lambs, behave ourselves in innocence.

[3.] Our patience and innocency make us not complete lambs without our profitableness. Malum ferimus, malum non offerimus, bonum proferimus,—We offer no evil, we suffer evil, we return good. It is not enough to suffer wrongs, but we must do none. It is not enough to do no wrong, but we must do good for wrong, Matt. 5:44. Bonum pro malo reddere, Christianum est. Everything in a lamb is good and useful. His fell good, his fleece good, his flesh good; immo et viscera et excrementa commodo sunt. The lambs of God, the ministers of the gospel, must universally abound with benefits.

First, To some this lamb gives his fleece; he clothes the naked, and keeps the sick and poor warm in his wool. He sees not a lamb of Christ stripped by poverty, but he lends him one lock to hide his nakedness.

'Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis oves.'

Secondly, He is no niggard of his flesh. Part of his meat and drink, and such refectations as God hath sent him, he willingly gives. The lamb is not covetous. 'If I have food and raiment,' saith St Paul, 'I have learned to be content.' Covetousness becomes a lamb worse than rapine a wolf. Jude makes it the mark of false teachers to 'feed themselves,' ver. 12; and Jeremiah saith, 'the wind shall feed them,' chap. 22:22; nay, feed on them, and eat them up. Saith Gregory,* Considerate, quid de gregibus agatur, quando lupi sunt pastores!—What shall become of the lambs under the tuition of wolves!

Thirdly, Yea, even the blood of these lambs is profitable; which they grudge not to give for the glory of God and benefit of the church, when a just cause hath called for it. We know that the blood of martyrs was milk which nourished the primitive infancy of the church, and God's tithe hath been paid in the lives of his servants. Every drop of blood so spilt hath been like a grain sown in mature ground, and brought forth a plenteous harvest of believers. Well may that Lamb of God, that hath begot the church by his blood on the cross, and still nourisheth her with the same blood in the sacrament, deservingly require this circumcision and tribute of blood at the hands of his lambs. The Jews sacrificed their beasts to God; we equal them in sacrificing our concupiscences and beastly lusts. But we far exceed those typic times, when we immolate our souls and bodies to God. What confirmation of faith, where it was weak; what enkindling of zeal, where it was not, hath been thus effected, the devout acknowledgment of many, non obiter, but ex professo, hath demonstrated.

Innumerable are the benefits redounding to you by these lambs. They are 'eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;' nurses to infants, and feeders of stronger Christians. They lend their eyes to those that cannot see, their feet to those that cannot go, speak comfortable things to the troubled heart, and inform others in the higher mysteries of salvation. If you truly prized and duly praised the profits arising to you by them, you would not, as most do, more esteem a rotten sheep than a sound minister.

2. But I forget myself, as if I were so delighted with these lambs that I knew not how to leave them. Especially blame me not if I be loathe to come among the wolves; whereupon, by the next point of my text, and last I purpose now to handle, I am enforced to venture. Of the wolf I must speak; but I hope it cannot be said, *lupus in fabula*, there are any such present to hear me.

This is the description of those among whom the lambs are sent. There is a natural antipathy of these, one against another, ever since God put enmity, an irreconcilable hatred and contrariety, between the seed of the woman and of the serpent. I have read that a string made of wolves' guts, put amongst a knot of strings made of the guts of sheep, corrupts and spoils them all. A strange secret in nature, and may serve to insinuate the malice of these lycanthropi against lambs, that they do not only persecute them living, but even infest them dead.

No marvel, then, if the lambs care not greatly for the company of wolves. For if one scabbed sheep infect the whole flock for morality, what will one wolf do among the lambs for mortality? Therefore, so far as we may, let us fly the society of wolves. 'With the merciful thou shalt shew thyself merciful,' &c., Ps. 18:25. Therefore with the poet, fly wicked company, *et te melioribus offer*. But how can this be, when we are sent as lambs in *medio luporum*? The lamb would not willingly be alone; yet is far better when solitary than in wolvis society. Plutarch speaks of certain lawgivers that would have their priests abstain from goats,—a luxurious beast, and making men by

contact obnoxious to epilepsy,—as the Jews were commanded in Leviticus to abstain from unclean things. Though we cannot escape the company of wolves, let us abhor all participation of their vices, 1 Cor. 5:10.

The holy word of God, who can give most congruous names to natures, often compares the wicked to brute and savage creatures. God doth not only send reasonable man to learn wisdom of the unreasonable beast;—so he schooled Israel by the ox, Balaam by his ass, and Solomon sends the sluggard to the pismire; for it is certain that many beasts exceed man in divers natural faculties, as the dog in smelling, the hart in hearing, the ape in tasting, &c;—but he matcheth degenerate man with beasts of the most notorious turpitudes:—

The proud enemies of the church are called lions: Ps. 58:6, 'Break out the great teeth of the young lions, O Lord.' Wild boars: Ps. 80:13, 'The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field devours it.' Bulls: Ps. 22:12, 'Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.' And in the same psalm, unicorns. The bull hath two horns, the unicorn one. The roaring bull, (I had almost said the roaring boy,) the swaggering ruffian, hath two horns: Ishmael's tongue, and Esau's hand; with one horn wounding our bodies and estates, with the other our good names. The unicorn, —that is, the hypocrite,—the foul-breasted, fair-crested, factious Puritan hath but one horn; but therewith he doth no small mischief. This unicorn's horn might be very good if it were out of his head; but so long as it is there, it hurts rather.

David, Ps. 32:9, compares refractory men to 'horses and mules which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.' The mule, if you heed not, will take his rider in his teeth, and lay him in the manger. And the horse, when he hath cast his load, gives him a kind of farewell with his heels. Experience justifieth this truth amongst us; for many of our

parishioners are so full of jadish qualities, that the poor minister can hardly keep his saddle.

Sometimes we have the wicked likened to fowls. There is the peacock, the proud man; stretching out his painted and gaudy wings. The desperate cock, the contentious; that fights without any quarrel. The house-bird, the sparrow; the emblem of an incontinent and hot adulterer. The lapwing, the hypocrite; that cries, 'Here it is, here it is;' here is holiness, when he builds his nest on the ground, is earthly-minded, and runs away with the shell on his head; as if he were perfect, when he is once pipient. There is the owl, the night-bird, the Jesuited Seminary; that skulks all day in a hollow tree, in some Popish vault, and at even hoots and flutters abroad, and shrieks downfall and ruin to king, church, and commonwealth. There is the bat-the neuter; that hath both wings and teeth, and is both a bird and a beast; of any religion, of no religion. There is the cormorant, the corn-vorant, the mire-drumble, the covetous; that are ever rooting and rotting their hearts in the mire of this world. There is also the vulture, that follows armies to prey upon dead corpses; the usurer, that waits on prodigals to devour their decaying fortunes. Some men have in them the pernicious nature of all these foul fowls.

We may say of a wicked man, as their school-gloss saith of their soul-priests: *Malus presbyter æquiparatur corvo, in nigredine vitiorum, in raucedine vocis, in voracitate oblationum mortuarum, in fætoe spiritus, in garrulitate, et in furto.* Such a man is resembled to a raven, in the blackness of his vices, in the hoarseness of his voice, in his insatiable voracity, in his stench of breath, in his tattling garrulity, and in theft.

We find the wicked otherwhiles compared to dogs. Ps. 22:16, 'Dogs have compassed me;' and, ver. 20, 'Deliver my soul from the sword, and my darling from the power of the dog;' and, Ps. 59:6, 'They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city.' Saith Paul, Phil. 3:2, 'Beware of dogs,' &c., either grinning in malice, or barking with reproaches, or biting with mischief.

There is the great mastiff, the usurer; that worrieth all the lambs in a country. The blood-hound, the malicious murderer; that kills any man which angers him, relying on a friend in the court for pardon. There is the nimble beagle, the cunning persecutor; that hath always the innocent in the wind. The proud greyhound, the gay gallant; that outruns all moderation. The fawning spaniel, the flattering sycophant; that hath only learned to fetch and carry, to spring the covey of his master's lusts, and to arride and deride him. You have also setters, quick-setters, I should say, that undo the country by making commons several. You have your trencher-dogs, lazy servitors; that do nothing but eat, drink, play, and sleep. There be tumblers too, luxurious scortators, and their infectious harlots. Some have yard-dogs, churlish porters; to keep the poor away from their gates. And there be bawling curs, rural ignorants; that blaspheme all godliness under the name of puritanism.

To come home, there be wolves everywhere in abundance. I do not mean literally those whom the Greeks call *λυκάνθρωπους*; whereof I have read in divers stories, and more authentically reported by that most reverend bishop, Doctor Joseph Hall, in his short epistolical discourse of his travels,* to abound in Ardena; called by the inhabitants *lougaraus*; in English, witch-wolves, witches that had put on the form of those cruel beasts. Aristotle, in his second book of the nature of beasts, saith that in India is a wolf that hath three rows of teeth above, hath feet like a lion, a face like a man, and the tail of a scorpion; his voice like a man's voice, and shrill as a trumpet; and is *άνθρωπόφαγος*, as these wolves are.

But mystical wolves: ravenous beasts in the forms of men; having a greater similitude to wolves in the disposition of their minds than dissimilitude in the composition of their bodies. The wicked have many resemblances to wolves. Desire of brevity shall reduce them to four: sterility, ferocity, voracity, subtlety.

(1.) For sterility. The wolf is not very fertile in producing its own kind, (if less, better,) but utterly unprofitable in any good thing

redounding from him. The horse carrieth his master, the ox is strong to draw the plough, the sheep gives us wool for warmth, and flesh for nourishment, the cow's udder drops milk into our pails. The elephant hath virtue in his tooth, the unicorn in his horn, the civet-cat in her scent, the goat in his blood, the beaver in his genitals. The dog hath his service, and the cat keeps away vermin; not the ape, but makes some sport; and the very poison of serpents is by art made medicinal. For hide, or hair, or horn, or hoof, or blood, or flesh, most beasts yield some profit; but the wolf is good for nothing.

A fit emblem of a wicked man; that he is universally evil while he lives, and not often doth so much good as a hog when he dies. Only death hath bound him to the good forbearance, and restrains him from doing any further mischief. Perhaps he may give away some fragments in his testament; but he parts with it in his will, against his will; and it is but a part, whereas Judas returned all, yet went to hell. The wolf living is like Rumney Marsh: *hyeme malus, æstate molestus, nunquam bonus*,—tide and time, morning and evening, winter and summer, never good. Thus every way is this wolf infructuous.

(2.) For ferocity. This wolf is savage and cruel, and loves to lick his own lips when they reek with the lukewarm gore of the lambs. There is no such complacency to the wicked as the wreaking their malicious teens on the good. If they cannot reach them with their claws, they vomit out fire, or at least smoke. *Omnis malitia eructat fumum*.^{*} The tongue of such a wolf is often like a war-arrow, which doubly hurts where it lights: it wounds the flesh in going in, and it rends it worse in pulling out. This is the 'arrow they make on the string, to shoot privily at the upright in heart,' Ps. 11:2.

Their atrocity is not thus satisfied; but if opportunity give power, they will wound and worry the lambs first, and proclaim their guiltiness afterwards. As Cyril[†] observes the Lamb of God was served by the Jews: *Primum ligant; deinde causas in eum quærunt*,—First they bind him, and then they seek matter against him. As it is

reported of a judge of the Staunery at Lydford, in Devonshire, who having hanged a felon among the tanners in the forenoon, sat in judgment on him in the afternoon. So the wolves in Queen Mary's days imprisoned the innocent lambs that had broken no law, and afterwards devised a law to condemn them; and having first martyred them, then held disputation whether the act were authentic. These were the sanguisugous wolves, Papists. There are still rapidi, rabidi lupi, that must have somewhat to expiate their savage fury. Avicen speaks of the wolf, that if the fishermen leave him no offal, he will rend their nets. These cannibals look for somewhat, if it be but for a Ne noceant. Other wolves are afraid of burning flames; but these lycanthropi budge not an inch for all the fire in hell.

(3.) For voracity. The wolf is ravenous of all beasts; especially the she-wolf, when she hath a litter; and eats the very earth when she hath no other prey, saith Isidore. These mystical wolves rob the ministers, and take away the portion of their meat, as Melzar did from Daniel, though against our wills, and force us to live with pulse and water-gruel. They love to have the priest look through a lattice, and would be loath all his means should keep his house from dilapidations. The main policy and piety of many that would seem to be most religious and pure, consists in plotting and parleying how to lessen the clergyman's estate. They grudge not the merchant's wealth, nor envy the ditation of lawyers, nor hinder the enriching of physicians. These occupations provide for their bellies, their bodies, their estates. But, as if all were more precious than their souls, their whole labour is to devour the minister's due, and to beggar him. I could tell them what Paul saith: 'If we have sown to you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?' 1 Cor. 9:11; but these have no faith in the Scriptures. They are very hot for the gospel; they love the gospel: who but they? Not because they believe it, but because they feel it: the wealth, peace, liberty that ariseth by it.

To cozen the ministers of their tithes in private; or to devour them in public, and to justify it when they have done, and to have the wrested law taking their parts; (but, alas! how should it be otherwise, when it is both judges' and jurors' own case too often?) to laugh at the poor vicar, that is glad to feed on crusts, and to spin out twenty merks a-year into a thread as long as his life, whiles the wolf ins a crop worth three hundred pounds per annum;—this is a prey somewhat answerable to the voracity of their throats. Let every man, of what profession soever, necessary or superfluous, be he a member or scab of the commonwealth, live: so the priest be poor, they care not.

Aristotle saith, that when wolves go out of their dens to prey, they first sharpen and whet their teeth with origanum, or wild marjoram. Before these wolves speak in public or confer in private, they edge their tongues against the clergy; and like the merciless Spaniards to the Indians, they will set them a great deal of work, and but a little meat. Let them preach their hearts out; for they will see their hearts out ere they restore them aught of their own.

Go to, thou wolf; put that thou hast robbed the minister of into the inventory of thy goods: it shall be gravel in thy throat, hooks in the bellies of thy posterity, and engender destruction to all the rest. Aristotle saith, that the wool of that sheep which was devoured by a wolf infecteth and annoyeth the wearer. So the goods stolen from the minister, though never so closely, is an infectious contagion, and a devouring pestilence to thy body, to thy state, to thy conscience, and will bring all thou hast to confusion. The world says now, 'Alas, poor lamb!' It shall say one day, 'Alas, poor wolf! How art thou caught in the snares of hell!' Meantime they lie in the bosom of the church, as that disease in the breast called the cancer, vulgarly the wolf; devouring our very flesh, if we will not pacify and satisfy them with our substance.

(4.) For subtlety. The fox is admired for craft; but he hath not stolen all from the wolf. It is observed of wolves, that when they go to the fold for prey, they will be sure to advantage themselves of the wind;

and Solinus reports of them, that they hide themselves in bushes and thickets, for the more sudden and guileful preying upon goats and sheep. These lycanthropi in our times do more hurt by their subtlety than by their violence. More is to be feared their pax, quam fax; malitia, quam militia. 'Beware of them, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves,' Matt. 7:15.

They have outsides of Christianity, but insides of rapine. Intus linum subtilitatis, extra lanam simplicitatis demonstrant.* Saith Tertullian, Quænam sunt istæ pelles ovium, nisi Christiani nominis extrinsecus superficies?

'Hic dolus est magnus, lupus est qui creditur agnus.'

If you take a wolf in a lambskin, hang him up; for he is the worst of the generation.

You will ask how we should know them. A wolf is discerned from a sheep by his howling, and by his claws: tanquam ex ungue leonem. For the howling of these wolves: you shall hear them barking at the moon, railing, reviling, swearing, blaspheming, abusing, slandering; for this is a wolfish language. For their claws: Matt. 7:16, 'By their fruits you shall know them.' Etsi non ex omnibus fructibus, tamen ex aliquibus cognoscetis eos.*

Their wolfish nature will burst forth to their own shame, and the abhorring of all men. Thus saith Melancthon, Ex malo dogmate, et malis moribus dignoscentur. You see the nature of these wolves. Oh that they would consider it that have power to manage them! that they would protect the lambs, and as we have detected their enemies, so punish them: muzzle the wolves, that they may not devour the flocks; give them their chain and their clog—bind them to the good behaviour toward the minister, and restrain their violences! Wolves fly him that is anointed with the oil of lions. If magistrates would use that sword which the lion, the king, hath put into their hands, to God's glory, the wolves would be in more fear and quiet.

Let him that hath episcopal jurisdiction consider what St Bernard† writes to Eugenius: that it is his office, *magis domare lupos, quam dominari ovibus*. And as they say the subject of the canon law is, *Homo dirigibilis in Deum, et in bonum commune*; so that court which is called *forum spirituale* should specially consider the public tranquillity of these lambs, and to enervate the furious strength of wolves.

Let them that are deputed supervisors of parishes—churchwardens—remember that nothing in the world is more spiritual, tender, and delicate, than the conscience of a man, and nothing binds the conscience more strongly than an oath. Come ye not therefore with *Omne bene*, when there are so many wolves among you. If you favour the wolves, you give shrewd suspicion that you are wolves yourselves. Is there nothing for you to present? God's house, God's day, is neglected: the temples unrepaired, and unrepaired to; neither adorned nor frequented. Adultery breaks forth into smoke, fame, infamy. Drunkenness cannot find the way to the church so readily as to the alehouse; and when it comes to the temple, takes a nap just the length of the sermon. And yet *Omnia bene* still. Let me say, security and partiality are often the churchwardens, connivance and wilful ignorance the sidemen. You will say, I talk for the profit of the commissary. I answer, in the face and fear of God, I speak not to benefit his office, but to discharge my own office.

When all is done, and yet all undone still, the lambs must be patient, though in *medio luporum*. God will not suffer our labours to pass unrewarded. *Emittuntur, non amittuntur agni*. When we have 'finished our course,' there is 'laid up for us a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give us at the last day,' 2 Tim. 4:8. Aristotle, in his Ethics, affirms virtue to be only *bonum laudabile*, making *ἐπαίνοσ* to be the adjunct thereof; but his felicity to be *bonum honorabile*, and gives for the adjunct *τιμή*, making it the most honourable thing in the world. But God's reward to his servants surmounts all ethic or ethnic happiness, bestowing a kingdom upon his lambs on the right hand; whiles the wolves and goats on the left

be sent away to eternal malediction. Now the Lamb of God make us lambs, and give us the reward of lambs—his everlasting comforts! Amen.

THE COSMOPOLITE;
OR,
WORLD'S FAVOURITE

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?—LUKE 12:20.

THIS is the covetous man's scripture; and both (like an unflattering glass) presents his present condition, what he is, and (like a fatal book) premonstrates his future state, what he shall be. And because, as no man would be thought of others, or will think himself, a worldling, so nor apply to himself the terror of this text; therefore this scripture doth both indicate and single him out, with a *Tu es homo*: and when it hath set himself before himself, it tells him how he shall stand before the tribunal of God—with a lost name, with a lost soul, with a lost world, with a lost and never to be recovered heaven.

We shall perceive more plainly the cosmopolite's fearful judgment, if we take a precursory view of the parable's former passages.

First, we have the rich man, ver. 16, prospering in his wealth; not only in the usurious gains which his money, fraud, oppression, or

unjust dealing might get, but even in those things which God by the hand of nature did reach forth to him. For 'his ground brought forth plentifully.' So deep a draught have the wicked often drunk in the common cup of blessings! 'Their bull gendereth, and faileth not;' their cow calveth, and casteth not. They spend their days in wealth,' Job 21:10. Yea, will you hear yet a larger exhibition? 'They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like others,' Ps. 73:5. There they have exemption from misery. 'Their eyes stand out for fatness; they have more than heart could wish,' ver. 7. There they have accumulation of felicity.

Secondly, we have him caring what to do, ver. 17. He had so much gain, so much grain, that his rooms could not answer the capacity of his heart. 'What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?' Care is the inseparable companion of abundance. *Una recipiuntur divitiæ et sollicitudo*. They to whom is given most wealth are most given to carking, sharking, and solicitous thoughtfulness, with a little inversion of our Saviour's meaning: 'Where is much given, there is much,' yea, more, 'required.' Those hearts whom the world hath done most to satisfy, are least of all satisfied; still they require more, and perplex themselves to get it. A reasonable man would think, that they who possess abundant riches should not be possessed with abundant cares. But, 'Care not for to-morrow,' saith Christ. *Cujus enim diei spatium te visurum nescis, quam ob causam illius solitudine torqueris?**—Why shouldst thou disquiet thyself with thought of provision for that day whose evening thou art not sure to see?

Thirdly, we have his resolution; which in his purpose hath a double succession (though no success) for their disposed order and places. 'This will I do,' ver. 18. What? 'I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.' He thinks of no room in *visceribus pauperum*,—in the bowels of the poor; which the Lord hath proposed to him a fit receptacle of his superfluity. He minds not to build an hospital, or to repair a church; either in *cultum Christi*, or *culturam Christiani*,—to the worship of

Christ, or education of orphans, or consolations of distressed souls; but only respects horreum suum, and hordeum suum,—his barn and his barley. The want of room troubles him; his harvest was so great, that he is crop-sick. The stomach of his barn is too little to hold that surfeit of corn he intends it; and therefore in anger he will pull it down, and make it answerable to his own desires. This he takes as granted, and upon the new building of his barn he builds his rest: ver. 19, 'Then I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' He dreams his belly full, and now his pipes go; he sings requiem, and lullabies his spirit in the cradle of his barn. This sweet news he whispers to his soul. Though he had wearied his body with incessant toils, and made it a galley-slave to his imperious affection; yet his soul had been especially disquieted, and therefore he promiseth his soul some ease. In this indulgent promise, there is a preface and a solace:—

1. The preface assures his soul 'much goods,' and 'many years:' *multas divitias, multos annos*. He knew that a scant and sparing proffer would not satisfy his boundless desires; there must be show of an abundant impletion. It is not enough to have an ample rock or distaff of wealth, unless a longeval time be afforded to spin it out. Philoxenus's wish coupled with his pleasant viands a long throat, crane-like, to prolong his delight: for shortness cloth somewhat abate sweetness. *Rex horæ*, a king of one hour, can scarce warm his throne; it keeps a Christmas-lord flat, that he knows his end. If this man had been his own lord, how excellent an estate would he have assured himself! His farm should have been so large, and his lease so long, that I doubt whether Adam in paradise had a greater lordship, or Methusalem a longer life. The last of his desires is of the longest size: give him much goods and much time, abundance of joys and abundance of days, and you hit or fit the length of his foot.

2. The solace is a dance of four paces: 'Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' The full belly loves an easy-chair; he must needs join with his laborious surfeits the vacation of sleep. He hath taken great

pains to bring death upon him; and now standing at his door, it hears him talk of ease. He promiseth himself that which he travailes to destroy, life; and even now ends what he threatens to begin. So worldlings weary and wear out their lives to hoard wealth; and when wealth comes, and health goes, they would give all for life. O fools! in continual quest of riches, to hunt themselves out of breath, and then be glad to restore all at once for recovery. The next pace is, Eat: his bones must not only be pleased, but his belly. It is somewhat yet that this man resolves at last no more to pinch his guts; therefore what before he was in their debt, he will pay them with the usury of surfeits. He purposeth to make himself of a thin starveling, a fat epicure; and so to translate *parcum* into *porcum*. The third pace is, Drink: where gluttony is bid welcome, there is no shutting out of drunkenness. You shall not take a Nabal, but he plies his goblet as well as his trencher. And this is a ready course to retire himself from his former vexation, to drown his cares in wine. The last pace is a *levalto*, Be merry: when he hath got junkets in his belly, and wines in his brain, what should he do but leap, dance, revel, be merry, be mad! After feasting must follow jesting. Here be all the four passages: he sleeps care away, he eats care away, he drinks care away, and now he sings care away. His pipes be full, and they must needs squeak, though the name of the good, yea, the name of God, be dishonoured. But to such a mad-merry scoffer might well be applied that verse which was sounded in the ear of a great rhymer dying: *Desine ludere temere, nitere propere surgere de pulvere*. Leave playing, and fall to praying: it is but sorry jesting with death. Thus his dance was like Sardanapalus's: *Ede, bibe, lude*,—Eat, drink, and be merry; but there is one thing mars all his sport, the bringing of his soul to judgment. He promiseth a merry life, and a long life; but death says nay to both. He gratifies his soul, and ratifies his state; but cozens himself in all. It may be said of him, as King John of the fat stag dying: 'See how easily he hath lived, yet he never heard mass.' This was the sweet, but the sour follows. *Qui gaudebit cum mundo, non regnabit cum Christo*,*—He rejoiceth with the world, but must not live in glory with Christ.

Thus far the rich man acts; now comes in God's part: which turns the nature of his play from comic purposes to tragic events. He behights all peace and joy to himself: 'But God said, Thou fool, this night shall thy sold be taken from thee,' &c.

The words contain—1. An agent; 2. A patient; 3. A passion; 4. A question.

The agent is God: 'But God said.' The patient is the rich fool. The passion: 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' The question which God puts to him, to let him see his folly: 'Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?'

1. The agent, God. The rich man was purposing great matters; but he reckoned without his host: he resolves thus and thus; 'but God said to him.' Hence two observations:—

Obs. 1.—That the purposes of men are abortive, and never come to a happy birth, if God bless not their conception. Man purposeth, and God disposeth. 'The horse is prepared to the battle, but the victory is of the Lord.' It is a holy reservation in all our purposes, *Si Deo placuerit*,—If it shall please the Lord. 'Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. Ye ought to say, If the Lord will,' James 4:13. For neither tongue can speak, nor foot move, if the Lord shall enervate them: as he did Zacharias's tongue in the temple, Luke 1:22, and Jeroboam's arm, when he would have reached it out against the prophet, 1 Kings 13:4. In vain man intends that whereagainst God contends. Sisera resolves on victory; God crosseth it with overthrow. Yet thinks Sisera, Jael will succour me, 'for there is peace between Jabin king of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite,' Judg. 4:17. No; even there the arm of the Lord is ready to encounter him; a draught of milk shall be his last draught, and the hand of a woman shall kill him that hath escaped the hand of an army of men.

The Jews may say, 'We will flee away on swift horses.' But God saith, 'Your persecutors shall be swifter.' Sennacherib purposeth to lick up Israel as the ox grass, and though he found the land before him as an Eden, to leave it behind him as Sodom; but God said, He shall go home without his errand; a hook in his nostrils shall rein him back. The king of Babylon says in his heart, 'I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; and I will be like the Most High,' Isa. 14:13, 14. But God said, ver. 15, 'Thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.' Herod made himself so sure of Christ, that rather than to fail of cutting off the prophesied King, he slays his own son. He might so, but he shall not touch God's Son. With what lavish promises did the Spaniards flatter themselves, when they baptized their navy with the name of Invincible! England is their own, they are already grasping it, warm with gore, in their clutches. But God said, Destruction shall inherit their hopes; and the remainder of ruin shall be only left to testify what they would have done.

Men's thoughts promise often to themselves multa, magna, many things, great things: they are plotted, contrived, commenced; yet die like Jonah's gourd, when we should expect their refreshing, quia non fortunavit Deus,—because God hath not blessed them. Ambition may rear turrets in emulation of heaven, and vain-glory build castles in the air; but the former shall have no roof, as the latter hath no foundation. Philip threatened the Lacedemonians, that if he entered their country, he would utterly extinguish them. They wrote him no other answer but Si, If: meaning, it was a condition well put in, for he never was like to come there. Si SI non esset, perfectum quidlibet esset. But in the menaces of angry tyrants, and purposes of hasty intenders, there is an if, an included condition, that infatuates all. Let our lesson hence be this: That our purposes may be sped with a happy success, let us intend in the Lord, for the Lord:—

First, Let us derive authority of our intentions from this sacred truth, which gives rules not only to live well, and to speak well, but even ad bene cogitandum, to think well. It is a wicked purpose to fast till Paul

be killed: to wreak malice, to satisfy lust. Inauspicious and without speed are the intents whose beginning is not from God. Let no purpose pass current from thy heart, till God hath set on it his stamp and seal of approbation. Let his word give it a fiat. Whatsoever ye do, yea, or intend to do, let both action of hand and thought of heart be all to God's glory.

Secondly, Let us in all our purposes reserve the first place for God's helping hand. 'Without me ye can do nothing,' saith Christ, John 15:5. But it is objected that Paul spake peremptorily to his Corinthians: 'I will come unto you when I shall pass through Macedonia,' 1 Cor. 16:5. And David: 'I will go to the house of the Lord,' Ps. 66. I answer, *Cor tenet, quod lingua tacet*,—They that had so much grace in their hearts wanted not this grace, *et noscere et poscere facultatem Domini*,—to know and desire the Lord's permission. You shall never take men so well affected to good works, that do not implore God's assistance. Though they do not ever express in word, yet they never suppress in thought, that reservation: 'If it please God;' as Paul doth afterwards in that place, 'If the Lord permit,' 1 Cor. 16:7. If any will dare to resolve too confidently, patronising their temerity from such patterns, as if their voluntates were potestates, let them know that, like tailors, they have measured others, but never took measure of themselves: that there is great difference betwixt a holy prophet or apostle, and a profane publican.

Obs. 2.—Observe that God now speaks so to the covetous that he will be heard. He preacheth another kind of sermon to him than ever he did before; a fatal, final, funeral sermon, a text of judgment: 'This night shall they fetch away thy soul.' For this is God's lecture, himself reads it: 'But God said.' He had preached to the worldling often before; and those sermons were of three sorts:—

(1.) By his word. But cares of the world choke this seed; the 'heart goes after covetousness,' even whiles the flesh sits under the pulpit. This is the devil's three-winged arrow,—wealth, pride, voluptuousness,—whereby he nails the very heart fast to the earth. It

is his talent of lead, which he hangs on the feet of the soul, the affections, that keeps her from mounting into heaven. With the painted beauty of this filthy harlot he bewitcheth their minds, steals their desires from Christ, and sends them a-whoring to the hot stews of hell. Thus is God's first sermon quite lost.

(2.) By judgments on others, whose smart should amaze him. For God, when he strikes others, warns thee, *Tua res agitur*, &c. When the next-house is on fire, thy cause is in question. God hath smitten Israel, that Judah might fear. 'Though Israel play the harlot, yet let not Judah offend.' 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone,' Hos. 4:15, 17. When the plague knocks at thy neighbour's door, it tells thee, 'I am not far off.' God's judgment on the Galileans, and men in Siloa, is thus applied by Christ, to draw others to repentance, lest 'they likewise perish,' Luke 13:5. But what if thousands fall on the worldling's right hand, and ten thousands about him, he dreams of no danger: his own gold gives him more content than all this terror. The devil hath hoodwinked him with gain, and so carries him quietly (like a hooded hawk) on his fist, without baiting, to hell. This sermon is lost also.

(3.) By crosses on himself; and this sermon comes a little nearer to him, for it concerns his feeling. The first was objected to his ear, the second to his eye, this last to his sense. But as the first sermon he would not hear, the next not see, so this he will not feel: 'He is stricken, but he hath not sorrowed,' Jer. 5:3. He imputes all to his ill luck, that he loseth the game of his worldly desires; he looks no more up to heaven than if there was none. 'God is not in all his thoughts,' Ps. 10:4. All these sermons are lost.

But now God will be heard: 'He said;' he spoke home; a word and a blow. He will be understood, though not stood under. *Vociferat, vulnerat; per dictum, per ictum*. This is such a sermon as shall not pass without consideration. So he preached to Pharaoh by frogs, flies, locusts, murrain, darkness; but when neither by Moses's vocal, nor by these actual lectures he would be melted, the last sermon is a

Red Sea, that drowns him and his army. The tree is bared, manured, watered, spared in expectancy of fruits; but when none comes, the last sermon is the axe: it must be 'hewn down and cast into the fire,' Matt. 3:10. This kind of argument is unanswerable, and cannot be evaded. When 'God gives the word, innumerable are the preachers;' if the lower voices will not be heard, death shall be feared. God knocks long by his prophets, yea, 'stands at the door' himself, Rev. 3:20; we will not open. But when this preacher comes, he opens the door himself, and will not be denied entrance. 'All the day long have I stretched forth my hands' unto thee, Rom. 10:21: *manum misericordiæ*, the hand of his mercy; it is not embraced. Now therefore he stretcheth out *manum justitiæ*, the hand of his justice; and this cannot be avoided. All that long day is past, and now the worldling's night comes: 'This night shall they require thy soul.' The rich man must hear this sermon; there is no remedy. 'But God said.'

2. We are come from the doer to the sufferer, or patient; and his title is ἄφρων, 'Thou fool.' What! if this had come from a poor tenant's mouth, it had been held a petty kind of blasphemy. Is the rich man only held the wise man at all parts; and doth God change his title with such a contradiction? Is the world's gold become dross? the rich idol a fool? It is even a maxim in common acceptance, 'He is wise that is rich.' *Dives* and *sapiens* are voces convertibiles,—Rich and wise are convertible terms, imagined to signify one thing. When the rich man speaks, all the people give bareheaded silence and attention. As if no argument could evince such a necessity, as the chief priests to Judas, Matt. 26:14: *Tantum dabo*,—So much will I give thee. *Tantus valor in quatuor syllabis*,—Such force is there in four syllables and but two words. It is not only eloquence, but enchantment; and they that use it prevail like sorcerers, unless perhaps they light upon *multis è millibus unum*,—a Peter: 'Thou and thy money be damned together,' Acts 8:20. If he that can plead by the strongest arguments be the wisest man, how doth God call the rich man fool? If a man should travel through all conditions of the world, what gates would not open to the rich man's knock?

In the church surely religion should have the strongest force; yet riches thrusts in her head even under religion's arm, and speaks her mind. Money once brought the greatest preacher of the gospel, even the author of the gospel, Christ himself, to be judged before an earthly tribunal. Now, 'the servant is not greater than his Lord.' No wonder if money plays the rex still, and disposeth places to men of the greatest worldly, not the best heavenly, gifts. For a gift prospereth which way soever it goeth. It were somewhat tolerable, if money did only hinder us from what we should have; but it wrings from us also what we have.

In the courts of justice, law should rule; yet often money overrules law and court too. It is a lamentable complaint in the prophecy of Isaiah, 'Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter,' Isa. 59:14. If there must be contention, judgment should go forward; and is it turned backward? Justice should lay a close ear to the cause of the distressed; and must it stand afar off? 'Truth is fallen in the street.' Oh, the mercy of God! in the street? Had it fallen in the wilderness, it had been less strange; but in the street, where everybody passeth by, and nobody takes it up! Miserable iniquity! 'Equity cannot enter.' What! not equity? Are they not called courts of equity, and must that which gives them denomination be kept out? Now all this perversion, eversion of justice, is made by money. This turneth 'judgment to wormwood,' Amos 5:7, poisons a good cause; or at least into vinegar, as wine that stands long becomes sour. And you are beholden to that lawyer that will restituere rem, get you your right, though he doth it cunctando, by delays. There is many one of whom that old verse may be inverted, *Talis homo nobis cunctando diminuit rem.*

In the wars valour bears a great stroke, yet not so great as money. That Macedonian monarch was wont to say, he would never fear to surprise that city whose gates were but wide enough for an ass laden with gold to enter. How many forts, castles, cities, kingdoms hath that blown up before ever gunpowder was invented. I need name no

more. What quality bears up so brave a head but money gives it the checkmate! It answereth all things, saith Solomon: 'A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things,' Eccles. 10:19. By all this it appears that riches is the greatest wisdom; but we must take out a writ, ad melius inquirendum.

If wealth be wit, what means Christ here to call the rich man fool? Yes, good reason. 'God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world,' 1 Cor. 1:20. If God calls him so, he gets little to have the world esteem him otherwise. 'Not he that commendeth himself,' nor whom the world commendeth, 'is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth,' 2 Cor. 10:18. An ounce of credit with God is worth a talent of men's praises. Frustra commendatur in terris, qui condemnatur in cœlis,—The world commends, but God condemns; which of these judgments shall stand?

I might here infer doctrinally that all covetous men be fools; and that in his censure that cannot deceive, not be deceived. But I should prevent the issue of this text, to say and shew this now. I therefore content myself to say it now, to shew it anon. It may be cavilled that folly is rather a defect in the understanding, covetousness in the affections; for so they distinguish the soul, into the intellectual and affectionate part. How then is this attribution of fool proper to the worldling? The truth is, that the offence of the will and affections doth mostly proceed from the former error of the mind. Our desire, fear, love, hatred, reflecting on evil objects, arise from the deceived understanding. So there is a double error in the covetous man's mind that makes him a fool:—

(1.) He conceives not the sufficiency of God's help, and therefore leaves him that will never leave his. He thinks God's treasury too empty to content him; he sees not his glory, and therefore will not trust him on bare promises. The good man sweetens his most bitter miseries with this comfort: 'The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance,' Ps. 16:5. But all God's wealth cannot satisfy the fool. *O nimis avarus est, cui Deus non sufficit*,—He is unmeasurably

covetous whom God himself cannot satisfy. Here is one argument of his folly.

(2.) Having left God, who, rested on, would not have left him, he adheres to the world, which cannot help him. The mind of man, like the elephant, must have somewhat to lean upon; and when the olive, fig-tree, vine, are refused, he must put 'his trust under the shadow of the bramble,' Judges 9:15. When the Israelites had forsaken the King of heaven, they make to themselves a 'queen of heaven,' Jer. 7:18. Moses is gone: 'Up, make us gods which shall go before us,' Exod. 32:1. *Admiratur mundum, qui rejecit Dominum,*—He falls off from God, and falls in with the world. Here be both the parts of his folly: 'He hath committed two evils; forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewed himself a broken cistern,' Jer. 2:13.

3. We see the patient, let us come to the passion, or suffering. This is the point of war, which my text sounds like a trumpet, against all worldlings: 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' Favour them in this, and they think all well; but in this of all they must not be favoured. The suffering is aggravated by four circumstances:—(1.) *Quid*, what? the 'soul;' (2.) *A quo*, of whom? 'of thee;' (3.) *Quomodo*, how? 'shall be required;' (4.) *Quando*, when? 'this night.

(1.) What? The 'soul,' thy soul: not thy barns, nor thy crop; neither the continent, nor content; not thy goods, which thou boldest dear, nor thy body, which thou prizest dearer, but thy soul, which should be to thee dearest of all. Imagine the whole convex of heaven for thy barn, (and that were one large enough,) and all the riches of the world thy grain, (and that were crop sufficient,) yet put all these into one balance, and thy soul into the other, and thy soul outweighs, outvalues the world. 'What is the whole world worth to him that loseth his soul?' The soul is of a precious nature.

One in substance, like the sun, yet of diverse operations. It is confined in the body, not refined by the body, but is often most active when her jailor is most dull. She is a careful housewife, disposing all

well at home; conserving all forms, and mustering them to her own serviceable use. The senses discern the outside, the circumstance, the husk of things; she the inside, the virtue, the marrow: resolving effects into causes; compounding, comparing, contemplating things in their highest sublimity. Fire turns coals into fire; the body concocts meat into blood; but the soul converts body into spirits, reducing their purest forms within her dimensive lines. In man's composition there is a shadow of the Trinity. For to make up one man there is an elementary body, a divine soul, and a firmamental spirit. Here is the difference: in God there are three persons in one essence, in us three essences in one person. So in the soul there is a trinity of powers, vegetable, sensitive, rational: the former would only be; the second be, and be well; the third be, be well, and be for ever well. O excellent nature, in whose cabinet ten thousand forms may sit at once; which gives agitation to the body, without whom it would fall down a dead and inanimate lump of clay! This soul shall be required.

'Thy soul,' which understands what delight is, and conceives a tickling pleasure in these covetous desires. But to satisfy thy soul, thou wouldst not be so greedy of abundance; for a little serves the body. If it have food to sustain it, garments to hide it, harbour to shelter it, liberty to refresh it, it is contented. And satiety of these things doth not reficere, sed interficere,—comfort, but confound it. Too much meat surfeits the body, too much apparel wearies it, too much wine drowns it; only quod convenit, conservat. It is, then, the soul that requires this plenitude, and therefore from this plenitude shall the soul be required.

'Thy soul,' which is not made of a perishing nature, as the body, but of an everlasting substance; and hath by the eternity thereof a capableness of more joy or more sorrow: it must be ever in heaven or ever in hell. This night must this soul receive her doom; 'thy soul shall be required.'

That soul which shall be the body's perpetual companion, saving a short divorce by the hand of death in the grave; but afterwards ordained to an everlasting reunion. Whereas all worldly goods, being once broken off by death, can never again be recovered. The soul shall return to the body, but riches to neither; and this soul must be required.

This is a loss, a cross beyond all that the worldling's imagination can give being to. How differ the wicked's thoughts dying from their thoughts living! In the days of their peace they forget to get for the soul any good. Either it must rest itself on these inferior props, or despair of refuge. The eye is not scanted of lustful objects, the ear of melodious sounds, the palate of well-relished viands: but the soul's eye is not fastened on heaven, nor her ears on the word of God; her taste savours not the bread of life; she is neither brought to touch nor to smell on Christ's vesture. *Animas habent, quasi inanimata vivunt*: regarding their flesh as that pampered Roman did his, and their souls as he esteemed his horse; who being a spruce, neat, and fat epicure, and riding on a lean, scraggy jade, was asked by the censors the reason. His answer was, *Ego euro meipsum, Staius vero equum*, —I look to myself, but my man to my horse. So these worldlings look to their bodies, let who will take care of their souls.

But when this night comes, with what a price would they purchase again their souls, so mortgaged to the devil for a little vanity! Now *curare non volunt, then recuperare non valent*. With what studious and artificial cost is the body adorned, whiles the beggarly soul lies in tattered rags! The flesh is pleased with the purest flour of the wheat, and reddest blood of the grape; the soul is famished. The body is allowed liberty, even to licentiousness; the soul is under Satan's lock and key, shackled with the fetters of ignorance and impiety. At this night's terror, to what bondage, hunger, cold, calamity, would they not subject their bodies, to free their souls out of that friendless and endless prison! Why cannot men think of this before it be too late? It will sound harshly in thine ear, O thou riotous or avarous worldling, when this passing-bell rings, 'Thy soul shall be required!' If the

prince should confiscate thy goods, which thou lovest so dearly, this news would strike cold to thy heart; but here thy soul is confiscate. The devil prizeth this most: he says, as the king of Sodom to Abraham, *Da mihi animas, cætera sume tibi*,—Give me the soul, take the rest to thyself.

(2.) Of whom? 'Of thee,' that hadst so provided for thy soul in another place; for though earth be a dungeon in regard to heaven, yet is it a paradise in respect of hell. This world was his selected and affected home, and from thence shall death pluck him out by the ears.

If this news of the soul's requiring had come to a faithful Christian, he would have welcomed it. and judged it only the voice of the Feastmaker, finding him in the humble room of this base earth, 'Friend, sit up higher,' Luke 14:10; or that voice of heaven that spake to John, 'Come up hither,' Rev. 4:1: Sit no longer in the vale of tears, but ascend the mountain of glory;—a trumpet calling him to Mount Tabor, where he shall be transfigured for ever. This time would be to him the non ultra of his joys and desires: he fought all his combat for this, that he might 'receive the end of his faith, the salvation of his soul,' 1 Pet. 1:9. He is content to live here till God call him; but his 'desire is to be dissolved, and to be with Christ,' Phil. 1:23. *Bonus vitam habet in patientia, mortem in desiderio*,—He is patient to live, but willing to die. To him,' the day of death is better than the day of his birth,' Eccles. 7:1. Job 'cursed the day of his birth,' chap, 3:3; and Jeremiah saith, 'Let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed,' chap. 20:14. But blessed is the hour of death: 'So saith the Spirit; Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours,' Rev. 14:13. Both philosophers and poets could so commend the happiness of this time, that they thought no good man truly happy till it saluted him.

'Dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.'

The ethnics, ignorant of a better life future, honoured this with great solemnities, and kept prodigal feasts on their birthdays; as Herod, when he was served with the Baptist's head for his second course, Matt. 14:6. But the Christians were wont to celebrate the funerals of the martyrs, as if we did then only begin truly to live when we die. For though the soul is gotten when man is made, yet it is, as it were, born when he dies: his body being the womb, and death the midwife that delivers it to glorious perfection. The good man may then well say, *Mors mihi munus erit*, with a poet;* or rather, 'Death shall be my advantage,' with an apostle, Phil. 1:21. His happiest hour is when *In manus tuas Domine*, he can say, 'Into thy hands, Lord, I commend my soul.' For *anima non amittitur, sed præmittitur*.

But this of thee is terrible. Thou that never preparedst for death; wert 'at a league with hell,' securely rocked asleep in the cradle of thy barn; that didst 'put far away from thee the evil day,' and give it a charge *de non instando*; thou that criedst, 'Peace, peace,' on thee shall come 'sudden destruction;' thou that saidst, 'Soul, be merry,' to sorrow shall thy soul be required. Thou that never esteemedst thy soul so dear as thy wealth, but didst set that after thy stables which might have been equal to angels—'thy soul.' Thou that wert loath to hear of death, as having no hope of future bliss; that wouldest not give thy possession on earth for thy expectation in heaven: as that French cardinal, that said he would not give his part in Paris for his part in paradise: 'of thee' shall a soul be required. This point is sharp, and makes up his misery.

(3.) How? 'Required.' The original is *ἀπαιτοῦσιν*, 'They shall require it.' This is such a requiring as cannot be withstood. God requires thy obedience, thou deniest it; the poor require thy charity, thou deniest it; the world requires thy equity, thou deniest it. But when thy soul shall be required, there must be no denying of that; it cannot be withheld. Who shall require this soul?

Not God. He required it in thy life, to sanctify it and save it: thou wouldest not hearken to him; now he will none of it. What should

God do with a drunken, profane, covetous, polluted, sensual soul? He offered it the gospel, it would not believe; the blood of Christ, it would not wash and be clean: it is foul and nasty, God requires it not. Or if he require it, it is to judge and condemn it, not to reserve and keep it. *Recusabit Deus jam oblatum, quod non redditur, quando erat requisitum,*—God will refuse thy soul now offered, which thou deniedst him while he desired.

Not heaven. Those crystalline walks are not for muddy feet, nor shall lust-infected eyes look within those holy doors: 'In no wise shall enter into that city anything that defileth, or worketh abomination,' Rev. 21:27. There is a room without for such, chap. 22:15; a black room for black works. What should a worldling do in heaven? His heart, so full of envy and covetise, would not brook another's felicity. If there be no gold there, he cares not for coming at it. But he shall be fitted; for as he requires not heaven, so heaven requires not him. It will spare him no place; not that it wants room to receive him, but because his heart wants room to desire it. 'The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God,' 1 Cor. 6:9. But because this general menace doth not terrify him, read his particular name in the bill of indictment: ver. 10, 'nor the covetous.' Heaven is for men of a 'heavenly conversation,' Phil. 3:20. It was but Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Dan. 2: God will not set a golden head upon earthen feet; give the glory of heaven to him that loves nothing but the baseness of this world.

The angels require it not. Those celestial porters, that carry the souls of the saints, as they did the soul of Lazarus, into the bosom of Abraham, have no commission for this man's soul. This rich man might be wheeled and whirled in a coach, or perhaps, Pope-like, be borne on men's shoulders; but the poor beggar, whose hope is in heaven though his body on earth, that could neither stand, go, nor sit, is now carried in the highest state by the very angels; when the other dying, hath no better attendance than devils.

And so if you ask, who then require his soul, sith neither God, nor heaven, nor the blessed angels will receive it: why, devils—they that have right to it by God's just decree for his unjust obedience. God's justice so appoints it, for his sins have so caused it; Satan challengeth his due, his officers require it. Thou hast offended, O miserable cosmopolite, against thy great Sovereign's law, crown, and majesty; now all thou hast is confiscate—thy goods, thy body, thy soul. Thou, whose whole desires were set to scrape all together, shalt now find all scattered asunder; thy close congestion meets with a wide dispersion. Every one claims his own: the world thy riches, the worms thy carcase, the devil thy soul. Lust hath transported thine eyes, blasphemy thy tongue, pride thy foot, oppression thy hand, covetousness thy heart; now Satan requires thy soul. Not to give it ease, rest, or supply to the defects of thy insatiate desires; no, dabit in cruciatum, he shall deliver it over to torment. This requiring is a fetching with some kind of violence. The good man resigns or surrenders up his soul, as Christ gave up the ghost; but the worldling's soul must be plucked from him by force.

(4.) When? 'This night.' In this dark quando lie hid two fearful extremities—sadness and suddenness. It is not only said in the 'night,' but in 'this night.'

[1.] In the 'night;' this aggravates the horror of his judgment. The night is a sad and uncomfortable time; therefore misery is compared to the night, and joy said to come in the morning. 'Pray that your flight be not in the night,' saith Christ to the Jews; as if the dismal time would make desperate their sorrow. The night presents to the fantasy, which then lies most patient of such impressions, many deceiving and affrightful imaginations. Well, then, may a true, not fantasied, terror work strongly on this wretch's heart, whiles the night helps it forward. All sickness is generally stronger by night than by day; this very circumstance of season then aggravates his misery, making at once his grief stronger, himself weaker.

But what if we look further than the literal sense, and conceive by this night the darkness of his soul. Such a blindness he brings on himself, though the day of the gospel be broke round about him. The cause of night to a man is the interposition of the earth betwixt him and the sun. This worldling hath placed the earth, the thick and gross body of riches, between his eyes and the Sun of righteousness. And so, shine the sun never so clear, it is still night with him. There is light enough without him, but there is darkness too much within him. And then darkness must to darkness; inward to outward, as Christ calls it, 'outer darkness.' He would not see whiles he might, he shall not see when he would. Though he shall for ever have fire enough, yet it shall give him no light, except it be a little glimmering, to shew him the torments of others, and others the torments of himself.

[2.] 'This night;' the sadness is yet increased by the suddenness. It will be fearful, not only to be surprised in the night, but in that night when he doth not dream of any such matter; when there is no fear nor suspicion of apprehension. His case is as with a man that having rested with a pleasing slumber, and been fed with a golden dream, suddenly waking finds his house flaming about his ears, his wife and children dying in the fire, robbers ransacking his coffers and transporting his goods, all lovers forsaking, no friend pitying, when the very thrusting in of an arm might deliver him. This rich man was long asleep, and had been delighted with pretty wanton dreams, of enlarged barns and plentiful harvests, (as all worldly pleasures are but waking dreams;) now he starts up, on the hearing of this soul-knell, and perceives all was but a dream, and that indeed he is everlastingly wretched.

The suddenness increaseth the misery. The rich man hath no time to dispose his goods; how shall he do with his soul? If in his health, wealth, peace, strength, succoured with all the helps of nature, of opportunity, preaching of the gospel, counsel of ministers, comfort of friends, he would not work out his salvation, what shall he do when extreme pangs deny capableness to receive them, and shortness of

his time prevents their approaching to him? He hath a huge bottom of sin to unravel by repentance, which he hath been many years winding up by disobedience; now a great work and a little time do not well agree. This sudden call is fearful: 'This night shall thy soul be required.' Yet before I part from this point, let me give you two notes:—

First, There is mercy in God that it is *hac nocte*, this night; not this hour, not this moment. *Hac nocte* was sudden, but *hoc momento* had been more sudden; and that this larger exhibition of time is allowed was God's mere mercy against the worldling's merit. He that spared Nineveh many forties of years will yet allow her forty days, Jonah 3:4. He that forbore this wretch many days, receiving no fruit worth his expectation, will yet add a few hours. God, in the midst of justice, remembers mercy: much time he had received and abused, yet he shall have a little more. When the Lord's hand is lifted up to strike him, yet he gives him some *lucida intervalla monitionis*,—warning before he lets it down. But let not the worldling presume on this; sometimes not an hour, not a minute is granted. Sword, palsy, apoplexy, imposthume, make quick despatch, and there is no space given to cry for mercy. But what if a paucity of hours be permitted? Ancient wounds are not cured in haste; the plaster must lie long upon them. There was one man so saved, to take away desperation; and but one so saved, to bar presumption: *Unus latro in fine pœnituit: unus quidem ut nullus desperet; solus autem, ut nullus præsumat.** Conversion at the eleventh hour is a wonder, at the twelfth a miracle. All thieves do not go from the gallows to glory because one did, no more than all asses speak because God opened the mouth of one. Flatter not thyself with hope of time. *Nemo sibi promittat, quod non promittit evangelium*,—Let no man promise himself a larger patent than the gospel hath sealed to him.

Secondly, The day of the wicked turns at last to a night. After the day of vanity comes the night of judgment. Now is the time when the rich man's sun sets; his light and his delight is taken from him. His last sand is run out; the clock hath ended his latest minute, his night is

come. His day of pleasure was short; his night of sorrow is everlasting. *Extremum gaudii luctus occupat. Vexation treads on the heels of vanity. Man's life is compared to a day.*

This day to some may be distinguished into twelve hours. The first gives us nativity: even in this hour there is sin; an original pravity, indisposition to good, proneness to evil, Secondly, infancy: God now protects the cradle. Thirdly, childhood: and now we learn to speak and to swear together; the sap of iniquity begins to put out. Fourthly, tender age: wherein toys and gauds fill up our scene. Fifthly, youth: this is a madding, a gadding time. 'Remember not the sins' of this time, prays David, Ps. 25:7; their 'remembrance is bitter,' says Job, chap. 13:26. Sixthly, our high noon: God, that could not be heard before for the loud noise of vanity, now looks for audience, for obedience. Seventhly, this is full of cares and crosses: the dugs of the world taste bitter; it is full time that this hour should wean us. The eighth brings us to a sense of mortality! we feel our blood decaying. Ninthly, our bodies go crooked and stooping, to put us in mind that they are going to their original earth. Tenthly, we are even as dying: we do die by degrees; our senses first fail us, our eyes are dim, like old Isaac's, our ears deaf, our tastes dull, our grinders are done, our stilts unable to support us. Eleventhly, we are a burden to ourselves, to our friends: we long for death, if any hope of a better life hath possessed our hearts. The twelfth hour it comes. Which of these hours pass over us without God's mercies, without our voluntary unthankfulness, unless those first hours wherein our ignorance is incapable of such observance? 'All thy day long have I stretched out my hands unto thee,' saith God, Rom. 10:21. If none of these hours reclaim us, our day is spent, and the night comes; that night 'wherein no man can work,' John 9:4; actively to comfort, though passively he works for ever in torment. I know that God cuts many one short of most of these hours, and often shuts up his daylight before he comes to his noon. But howsoever man pass from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, from youth to age, yet *senectutem nemo excedit*,—none can be more than old. Though *tam senex nemo, quin putet se annum posse vivere*,*—no man is so old but still he thinks he

may live another year. And therefore lightly the older, the more covetous; and *quo minus viæ restat, eo plus viatici quæritur*.—the less journey men have, the more provision they make.

God allows this liberal time to some; but what enemies are we to ourselves, that of all these twelve hours allow ourselves not one! Many post off their conversion from day to day, sending religion before them to thirty; and then putting it off to forty; and not pleased yet to overtake it, promise it entertainment at threescore: at last death comes, and allows not one hour. In youth, men resolve to allow themselves the time of age to serve God; in age, they shuffle it off to sickness; when sickness comes, care to dispose their goods, loathness to die, hope to escape, martyrs that good thought; and their resolution still keeps before them the length of 'Gracious Street' at least. If we have but the lease of a farm for twenty years, we make use of the time and gather profit. But in this precious farm of time we are so ill husbands, that our lease comes out before we are one pennyworth of grace the richer by it. Take heed; it is dangerous trifling out thy good day, lest thou hear this message in the evening, 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.'

4. 'Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' This is the question. It were somewhat if thou mightest perpetually enjoy them thyself, if thou couldst fetch down eternity to them: as those in the 49th Psalm, 'whose inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations: they call their lands after their own names.' But there is a *quamdiu* and a *quousque*. How long? Hab. 2:6, 'How long? thou that loadest thyself with thick clay!' How far? Isa. 14:16, 'How far? thou that madest the earth to tremble, and didst shake the kingdoms!' Here is a *non ultra* to both: thy power is confined, thy time is limited; both thy latitude and extension are briefed up; here is the period; a full stop in the midst of the sentence. *Τὶνι ἔσται*, 'Whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' He that should read thy history, being ignorant of thy destiny, and find so plentiful a happiness in the first page of the book;—grounds so fertile, cattle so prospering, house so

furnished, possibilities stroking thy hopes, hopes milking thy desires, desires dancing to the tune of thy pleasures; promises of larger barns, more opulent fruits; and all this with ease, yea, with heart's-ease: 'Soul, be merry;'—and coming now to the end of the page, but not of the sentence, turning over a new leaf, thinking there to read the maturity and perfection of all, should find a blank, an abrupt period, an unlooked-for stop, would surely imagine that either destiny was mistaken, or else some leaves were torn out of the book. Such a *Cujus erunt hæc omnia* would be a terrible dash in a story of happiness so fairly written, and promising so good an epilogue. But here is his end, you must read him no further: 'He whom you have seen this day, you shall see him again no more for ever,' Exod. 14:13. 'Whose shall these things be,' O worldling? Were thy grounds as Eden, and thy house like the court of Jehoiakim, yet 'dost thou think to reign, because thou closest thyself in cedar?' Jer. 22:15. No; *Advenit finis tuus*,—Thy end is come; 'whose shall these things be?'

It were something yet if thy children might enjoy these riches. But there is a man that 'hath no child, yet is there no end of his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with wealth; and he saith not, For whom do I travail, and bereave my soul of this good?' Eccles. 4:8. The prodigal would be his own heir and executor; but this covetous man bequeaths neither legacy to himself, nor to any known inheritor. The other desires to see an end of all his substance; this man to see only the beginning. He hunts the world full cry, yet hath no purpose to overtake it; he lives behind his wealth, as the other lives beyond it. But suppose he hath children, and then though he famish himself to feed them fat; though he be damned, yet if his son be made a gentleman, there is some satisfaction. But this *Cujus erunt* is a scattering word, and of great uncertainty. 'Whose shall they be?' Perhaps not thy children's. They say, 'Happy is that son whose father goes to the devil,' but thou mayest go to the devil, and yet not make thy son happy. For men make heritages, but God makes heirs. He will wash away the unholy seed, and cut off the generation of the wicked. Solomon had a thousand wives and concubines, and consequently many children; yet at last he wants one of his 'seed to

sit upon the throne of David, or to bear rule in Judah;' and St Luke derives Christ from Nathan the younger brother, Luke 3:31. For thus saith God of Jechoniah, whom he calls Coniah,* cutting short at once his name, his life, his hope of posterity: 'Write this man childless,' Jer. 22:30. It often so falls out, that to a man exceeding wealthy is denied a successor of his own loins. Let him have children, he is not sure those children shall possess his riches. 'But those riches perish by evil travail; and he begetteth a son, and there is nothing in his hand,' Eccles. 5:14. A scatterer succeeds a gatherer: *avari hæres dissipans*; the father loved the world too well, and the son cares not for it. The sire was all for the rake, and the son is all for the pitchfork. So, 'whose shall all these be?' Even his that will one day pity the poor. He will love the poor so well, that he will not rest till he be poor with them for company. 'This is the portion of the wicked, and the heritage which the oppressors shall receive of the Almighty. If their children be multiplied, it is for the sword; and their offspring shall not be satisfied with bread,' Job 27:13, 14.

Children are a great plea for covetousness, for oppression. Art thou covetous because thou hast children? Remember to make Christ one of thy children. If thou hast one, make him the second; if two, make him the third; if three, the fourth: how many soever thou hast, let Christ be one; let the poor have a child's part. This is the way to get a blessing to all the rest. When Christ is made a brother to thy children, and hath a legacy bequeathed him, he will bless the portions of the other. 'The seed of the righteous shall not beg their bread,' Ps. 37:26. It is a sweet verse of the psalm, worthy of observation, as it is full of comfort: 'The good man is ever merciful, and lendeth, and his seed is blessed.' The world thinks the more a man giveth away, the less should be left to his children; but the Lord witnesseth otherwise: let a man lend to the borrower, give to the beggar, be merciful to the distressed, and this is the way to make his seed blessed. Charitable works do not hinder the children's wealth, but further it: what thou givest to the poor, will be a sure undecaying portion to thy posterity. *Duplicatum erit filiis justi, quod justus dedit filiis Dei*,—God will double that to thy children which thou hast given

to his children. Men flatter themselves, and cozen their consciences, with a tolerableness of usury, when moneys be put out for their children's stocks. Alas! saith a man, I can leave my children but a little; but by that they come to age of discretion to use it, it will be jollily increased. I may be quickly gone, and when I am dead, they have no skill to employ it; I will therefore safe-bind it for them, by good bonds with allowance of interest.

God often in the Scriptures hath promised to be a father of the fatherless, and to provide for those whom the parents' faith have left to his protection. By this promise did Christ commend himself to his disciples: 'I will not leave you orphans,' John 14:18; we translate it, 'comfortless,' the original is 'orphans,' or fatherless children. 'The Lord relieveth the fatherless, and the widow,' Ps. 146:9. You may read, 2 Kings 4, that God would work a miracle rather than a poor widow, with her two fatherless children, should want. Hath God made himself their guardian, and must their means be secured by usurious contracts? Surely God hath just reason to take this the most unkindly of all the rest. Leave not thy children the inheritance of thy sin, turn not the providence of God from them by iniquity, who hath promised to protect them, if committed to him. Lo the wit of a worldly man! He takes thought to make his children rich, and yet takes the only course to undo them. No casualty shall fall upon their stocks, (so they plot,) by any act of God or man; but here certain loss falls presently upon their souls, and a final ruin shall impartially at last consume their estates. For God will blast the stocks and branches, that are planted in the moorish and muddy ground of usury. The dependence on God is abandoned, and how justly may the Lord forsake them that forsake him! Neither is this sin only damnable to the parents, but also dangerous to the children; who are by this means dyed in the very wool of their youth with the scarlet wickedness of usury.

There was a devil whom the disciples of Christ could not cast out; and when Christ expelled him, the spirit 'tare the man, and he fell on the ground wallowing and foaming,' Mark 9:21. Christ then asked,

'How long is it ago since this came unto him?' To which the father answered, 'Of a child.' If usury be hardly thrown out of the affections, the wonder is little, seeing that devil hath possessed him 'of a child.' The new mortar, wherein garlic hath been stamped, will not a great while lose the smell. It is a fearful advantage that thou givest Satan over thy children, when thou bringest them up in the trade of oppression.

Thy depopulations pull down the country, that thou mayest build up thy posterity. which way canst thou turn thine eyes from beholding the infatuation of such hopes? One generation is thus raised up high, and the next comes down as low, even to contempt and beggary.

But perhaps if thou hast no children, yet thou hast a brother. 'There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet is there no end of his labour,' Eccles. 4:8. Say thou hast a brother, yet is not Christ, thy brother in heaven, dearer to thee than any son of thy mother? Is not he that hath adopted thee co-heir to his eternal purchase, an inheritance of glory, worthy of some part of thy earthly possessions? Never brother did so much for thee as he hath done. Nature made a man thy brother in thy parents' blood; he made thee his brother by his own blood. Remember then his needy brethren, and in him thine. He is nearest in blood that is dearest in good; but if thou hast any faith, none did thee ever so much good as Christ. And to take away all plea from the heart of uncharitableness, Christ calls the poor his brethren, affirms their relievers blessed, and invites them to an everlasting kingdom: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' Matt. 25:40. But thou hast a brother in the flesh! Wilt thou therefore covet, extort, oppress, and so go to hell for thy brother? It is ill done in any to divert amorem fratris, in odium sui,—the love of his brother into hate against himself. Yet is not this all; but when thou hast purposed most for thy brother, God shall disappoint him of all. 'Whose shall these things be?' No, not thy brother's. 'To the sinner the Lord gives travail, to gather and to heap up,' Eccles. 2:26; but at last he bestows that heap of treasure upon 'him that is good before God.' Thou

bequeathest it to thy brother, but God disposeth it to his children. But thou hast no brother, yet thou hast kindred and friends; and to help thy cousins to wealth, thou wilt cozen thy own soul! Alas! it is a mystery of knowledge to discern friends. 'Wealth maketh many friends,' Prov. 19:4; they are friends to the wealth, not to the wealthy. They regard not qualis sis, but quantus,—not how good thou art, but how great. They admire thee to thy face, but inwardly consider thee only as a necessary evil, yea, a necessary devil; and when thou diest, are ready to sing thy soul a Dirige to hell. If thine eyes be ever opened, thou wilt hate such suborners of bastard thoughts to thy heart; as a recovered man, having drunk a loathsome potion in his sickness, doth ever after hate the very cruse it was brought him in. But say thy friends stick truer to thee, and one holds thy aching head, another runs for physic, a third, by helping thee to change sides, seeks to mitigate thy pains; yet still thou complainest of unremedied torments. Oh, then, hadst thou not better make the God of comfort thy friend, who would neither be wanting in his presence, nor scanting in his consolations?

Worldly friends are but like hot water, that when cold weather comes, are soonest frozen. Like cuckoos, all summer they will sing a scurvy note to thee, but they are gone in July at furthest: sure enough before the fall. They flatter a rich man, as we feed beasts, till he be fat, and then feed on him. A true friend reproves thee erring, though perhaps not suddenly. Iron is first heated, then beaten: first let him be heated with due and deserved praise for his good, then cool and work him with reprehension for his evil; as nurses, when their children are fallen, first take them up, and speak them fair, and chide or correct them afterwards. These friends love not thy soul's good, but thy body's goods; let them not carry away thy heart from Christ. But if thou so resolvest that these friends shall enjoy thy riches, yet God saith, *Cujus erunt*, 'Whose shall they be?' Thy kindred or friends shall not eat the grapes of thy planted vineyard; no, 'a stranger shall eat thereof.' 'God giveth not thee power to eat thereof;' no, nor him thou desirest; 'but a stranger eateth it,' Eccles. 6:2. *Dabitur digniori*, it shall be given to one good in God's sight: perhaps to such a man's

posterity whom thou now scornest. The 'wicked heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay. They may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver,' Job 27:17.

Now see thy folly, O covetous churl, whose desires were all set on a nunquam satis: 'Whose shall those things be?' Not whom thou choosest, but whom God appointeth. Thy children are God's charge, if thou wilt faithfully trust him with them: otherwise, couldst thou bind thy lands, and bequeath thy goods; settle thy whole estate so sure as either strength of law or wit of lawyers can devise; yet Cujus erunt,—'Whose shall these things be?' Lo, now thou hast enough; thy head aches, thy conscience pricks, death requires thy body, Satan thy soul. Couldst thou not wish that thy barns had been less, and thy charity more? that as God blessed thy store, so thou hadst returned some liberal testimony of thankfulness to his church and poor again? Especially, when neither thyself nor thy assignees shall enjoy these things. 'Whose shall they be?'

All these particulars surveyed give the covetous cosmopolite three brands. He is branded in his soul, in his riches, in his good name. In his soul: 'Thy soul shall be fetched away.' In his riches: 'Whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?' In his name 'Thou fool.' Whereupon we may justly infer this conclusion as the sum of all: that abundant wealth can bring no good either to soul, body, or name. Man is said to have three lives: spiritual, corporal, and civil, as the lawyers call it—the life of his good name. Neither to this, nor to the life of his soul or body, can multitude of riches confer any good. This text shall prove it in all the particulars:—

1. To the soul can opulency procure no benefit. All Christians know that good for the soul is the passion and merits of Christ: faith to apprehend these; repentance to mortify sins; sanctification to give us celestial lives; and salvation to glorify our persons. But can any of these be bought with money? 'Thou and thy money perish together, that thinkest the gifts of God may be purchased with money,' Acts

8:20. God will not barter away his graces (as the Indians their gold) for thy gauds and rattles. He will not take the mortgage of a lordship for the debt thou owest him. The smoke of thy sacrifice smells never the sweeter because thou art clothed in silks, or canst sit down to tell thy Michaelmas thousands. Thy adulteries cannot be commuted for in heaven, nor thy usuries be answered by a fine before the tribunal of the Highest. Thou mayest as soon and easily mount up to heaven with wings of lead as by feathers of wealth. Indeed, they can do a man as much good in distress of conscience, as to have his head bound with a wet cloth in a cold morning can cure the headache. If wealth could keep a man from hell, how few rich men would be damned! But he is not sanctorum qui ditior; nor is salvation vendible to a full purse. The doctrine of Rome may affirm it; but the decree of God will not afford it. This cosmopolite had barns and bars, but these cannot hedge in his soul; that is 'required.'

2. To the body perhaps there is some more expectation of good, but no more success. Thou art anguished: will thy wealth purchase health? Sleep is denied thy senses, and after many changed sides and places, thou canst find no rest: go now, empty thy coffers, and try what slumber the charms and chimes of gold can ring thee. Thy stomach loathes meat: all thy riches are not sufficient sauce to get thee an appetite. Couldst thou drink Cleopatra's draught, it will not ease thy headache'. The physician will take thy money, and give thee physic; but what physic will give thee infallible health?

But the rich man hath a fire, when the poor sits cold; the rich a harbour, attendance, and delicate provision, when the poor wants both house and home, meat and money, garments and company. For though riches gather many friends, 'the poor is separated from his neighbours,' Prov. 19:4. No part of my sermon hath denied but the competency of these earthly things is a blessing; neither dare I infer that the want of these is a curse; for the best have wanted them, not the Saviour of men himself excepted. But what is this to abundance? Is not he as warm that goes in russet as another that rustles and ruffles in his silks? Hath not the poor labourer as sound a sleep on

his flock-bed or pad of straw as the epicure on his down-bed, with his rich curtains and coverings? Doth not quiet lie oftener in cottages than in glorious manors? 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep,' Eccles. 5:12. And for a good appetite, we see the toiling servant feed savourily of one homely dish, when his surfeited master looks loathingly on his far-fetched and dearly-bought dainties: sitting down to his second meal in a quandary whether he should eat of his best dish or nothing; his stomach being such a coward, that it dares not fight with a chicken. This gentleman envies the happiness of his poor hind, and would be content to change states with him, upon condition he might change stomachs. It is not then the plenitude, but competency of these things, that affords even the rich content. So that a man's estate should be like his garment, rather fit than long; for too much troubles him, and the satiety of these earthly riches doth rather kill than conserve the body.

3. The name perhaps hath some hope of luxurious share in this abundance, and thinks to be swelled into a Colossus, over-straddling the world. Indeed, here is the centre; for, I persuade myself, few worldlings can propound to themselves any well-grounded expectation of good to their souls, or help to their bodies, by their accumulation of treasures. Only in his nomen potius quam omen quæritur,—there is more hope of a great name than of good content. And now for the name; what is the event? Come his riches ill; his credit is the commons' curse. *Populus sibilat*, the world rails at him living; and when he dies, no man says, It is pity; but, It is pity he died no sooner. 'They shall not lament for him with, Ah lord! or, Ah his glory!' Jer. 22:18; but 'he shall be buried with the burial of an ass,' ver. 19, that hath lived the life of a wolf. His glorious tomb, erected by his enriched heir, shall be saluted with execrations; and the passengers by will say, 'Here lies the devil's promoter.' Come his wealth well; yet what is credit, or how may we define a good name? Is it to have a pageant of cringes and faces acted to a taffety jacket? To be followed by a world of hang-byes, and hooted at by the reeling multitude, like a bird of paradise, stuck full of pied feathers? To be

daubed over with court-mortar, flattery; and set up as a butt for whores, panders, drunkards, cheaters, to shoot their commendations at? To be licked with a sycophant's rankling tongue; and to have poor men crouch to him, as little dogs use to a great mastiff? Is this a good name? Is this credit? Indeed these things may give him a great sound: as the clapper doth to a bell, makes it have a great sound, but the bell is hollow. They are empty gulls, whose credit is nothing else but a great noise, forced by these lewd clappers. A rich worldling is like a great cannon, and flatterers' praises are the powder that charge him; whereupon he takes fire, and makes a great report; but instantly goes off, goes out in stench. He may think himself the better; but no wise man, no good man doth; and the fame that is derived from fools is infamy.

That which I take to be a good name is this: *Laudari à laude dignis*;* to be well esteemed of in Christian hearts; to find reverence in good men's souls. *Bonum est laudari, sed præstat esse laudabilem*,—It is a good thing to be praised, but it is a better to be praiseworthy. It is well that good men commend thee in their consciences, but it is better when thy good conscience can commend thee in itself. Happy is he whose 'own heart doth not condemn him,' 1 John 3:21. This credit wealth cannot procure, but grace; not goods, but goodness. The poorest man serving God with a faithful heart, finds this approbation in sanctified affections, when golden asses go without it. I confess, many rich men have had this credit, but they will never thank their riches for it. Their greatness never helped them to this name, but their goodness. They have honoured the Lord, and those the Lord hath promised that he will honour. So that all the reputation which wealth can procure a man in God's judgment is but 'Thou fool.' In that parabolical history, Luke 16, mention is made of a 'rich man,' but none of his name; as if it were unworthy to stand in the Lord's book. Here is all the credit of the wicked: their 'very memory shall rot,' and their great name shall either not be remembered, or remembered with detestation.

Lo now the benefit of worldly wealth, and the brands which disfigure the soul, body, name, of covetous men. For his reputation, folly challengeth it; for his riches, uncertainty devours it; for his soul, Satan claims it. He is gone in all respects; and now there is nothing left of him, but his infamy in the thoughts of men, his goods in the keeping of the world, his body in the prison of the grave, and his soul in the hand of hell. Abiit, he is gone: a tempest hath stole him away in the night. Saith Job, 'The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered: he openeth his eyes, and he is not,' chap, 27:19. Therefore it is said, Luke 16:19, 'There was a certain rich man:' Erat, non est,† 'There was,' there is not, he is now gone. 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he is not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found,' Ps. 37:36.

To conclude: it may be yet objected, that though much wealth can procure to soul, body, or name, no good; yet it may be an antidote to prevent some evil, or a medicine to rid them all of some malady. The insufficiency of such a promise in riches is punctually also confuted in this text. For neither the rich man's soul, body, nor estate is secured by his abundance. Infernal spirits fetch his soul; temporal men possess his wealth; eternal censures blast his good name; and the worms prey upon his carcase. What evil then can riches either prevent or remove from man?

1. Not from the soul; all evil to this is either pœnæ or culpæ; of sin, or of punishment for sin.

For sin. What vice is evacuated by riches? Is the wealthy man humbled by his abundance. No, he is rather swelled into a frothy pride; conceiting himself more than he is, or at least imagining that he is either τῆς or ὁ, the man or somebody. And as pride is radix omnis peccati, the root of all sin, so riches is the root of pride. Divitiarum vermis superbia, saith St Augustine. When the sun of prosperity heats the dunghill of riches, there is engendered the snake of pride. Wealth is but a quill, to blow up the bladder of high-

mindfulness. St Paul knew this inseparable consequence, when he charged Timothy to 'charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded,' 1 Tim. 6:17. And do we think that the heat of malice will be slaked by riches? No, it is fired rather into combustion; and now bursts forth into a flame, what before was forced to lie suppressed in the embers of the heart. Is any man the more continent for his abundance? No; *Stat quævis multo meretrix mercabilis auro,*—Whores are led to hell with golden threads. Riches is a warm nest, where lust securely sits to hatch all her unclean brood. From fulness of bread, the Sodomites fall to unnatural wantonness. *Ceres et Liber pinguefaciunt Venerem.* Oppression is not abated by multiplication of riches; but rather *longiorem et magis strenuam reddit manum,*—gives it a longer and stronger arm. For as the poor cannot withstand, so the rich will not restrain, the tyranny of great oppressors. 'They covet fields, and take them by violence,' Micah 2:2. How? 'Because their hand hath power.'

For punishment. What security is in money. Doth the devil balk a lordly house, as if he were afraid to come in? Dares he not tempt a rich man to lewdness? Let experience witness whether he dares not bring the highest gallant both to sin and shame. Let his food be never so delicate, he will be a guest at his table; and perhaps thrust in one dish to his feast—drunkenness. Be his attendance never so complete, yet Satan will wait on him too. Wealth is no charm to conjure away the devil; such an amulet and the Pope's holy-water are both of a force. Inward vexations forbear not their stings in awe of riches. An evil conscience dares perplex a Saul in his throne, and a Judas with his purse full of money. Can a silken sleeve keep a broken arm from aching? Then may full barns keep an evil conscience from vexing. And doth hell-fire favour the rich man's limbs more than the poor's? Hath he any servant there to fan cold air upon his tormented joints? Nay, the nameless Dives goes from soft linen to sheets of fire; from purple robes to flames of the same colour, purple flames; from delicate morsels to want a drop of water. Herod, though a king on earth, when he comes to that smoky vault, hath not a cushion to sit

on, more than the meanest parasite in his court. So poor a defence are they for an oppressed soul.

2. Nor from the body can riches remove any plague. The lightning from heaven may consume us, though we be clad in gold; the vapours of earth choke us, though perfumes are still in our nostrils; and poison burst us, though we have the most virtual antidotes. What judgment is the poor subject to, from which the rich is exempted? Their feet do as soon stumble, and their bones are as quickly broken. Consumptions, fevers, gouts, dropsies, pleurisies, palsies, surfeits, are household guests in rich men's families, and but mere strangers in cottages. They are the effects of superfluous fare and idleness; and keep their ordinary at rich men's tables. Anguish lies oftener on a down-bed than on a pallet; diseases wait upon luxury as close as luxury upon wealth. These frogs dare leap into King Pharaoh's chamber, and forbear not the most sumptuous palace. But money can buy medicines: yet, what sick man would not wish that he had no money, on condition that he had no malady! Labour and moderate diet are the poor man's friends, and preserve him from the acquaintance of Master Doctor, or the surfeited bills of his apothecary. Though our worldling here promiseth out of his abundance, meat, drink, and mirth; yet his body grows sick, and his soul sad: he was before careless, and he is now cureless; all his wealth cannot retain his health, when God will take it away.

3. But what shall we say to the estate? Evils to that are poverty, hunger, thirst, weariness, servility. We hope wealth can stop the invasion of these miseries. Nothing less: it rather mounts a man, as a wrestler does his combatant, that it may give him the greater fall. Riches are but a shield of wax against a sword of power. The larger state, the fairest mark for misfortune to shoot at. Eagles catch not after flies; nor will the Hercules of ambition lift up his club but against these giants. There is not in poverty that matter for a great man's covetous fire to work upon. If Naboth had had no vineyard to prejudice the command of Ahab's lordship, he had saved both his peace and life. Violent winds blow through a hollow willow, or over a

poor shrub, and let them stand, whiles they rend a-pieces oaks and great cedars, that oppose their great bodies to the furious blasts. The tempests of oppressing power meddle not with the contemptible quiet of poor labourers, but shake up rich men by the very roots; that their blasted fortunes may be fit timber for their own building. Who stands so like an eyesore in the tyrannous sight of ambition as the wealthy? Imprisonment, restraint, banishment, confiscation, fining, and confining are greatness's intelligencers; instruments and stairs to climb up by into rich men's possessions. Superabundant wealth hath four hindrances from doing good to the estate:—

(1.) God usually punisheth our over-loving of riches with their loss. He thinks them unworthy to be rivals with himself; for all height and strength of love is his due. So that the ready way to lose wealth is to love it. *Et delectatio perdet.*

(2.) The greatness of state, or of affection to it, opens the way to ruin. A full and large sail gives vantage to a tempest: this pulled down, the danger of the gust, and of shipwreck by it, is eluded; and it passeth by with only waves roaring, as if it was angry for being thus prevented. He that walks on plain ground either doth not fall, or riseth again with little hurt. He that climbs high towers is more in danger of falling, and if he fall, of breaking his neck.

(3.) We see the most rich worldlings live the most miserably, slaved to that wealth whereof they keep the key under their girdles. *Esuriunt in popina*, as we say,—they starve in a cook's shop. A man would think, that if wealth could do any good, it could surely do this good, keep the owner from want, hunger, sorrow, care. No, even these evils riches do not avoid, but rather force on him. Whereof is a man covetous but of riches? When these riches come, you think he is cured of his covetousness: no, he is more covetous; though the desires of his mind be granted, yet this precludes not the access of new desires to his mind. So a man might strive to extinguish the lamp by putting oil into it, but this makes it burn more. And as it is with some, that thirstily drink harish and ill-brewed drinks, have not

their heat hereby allayed, but inflamed; so this worldling's hot eagerness of riches is not cooled, but fired by his abundance.

(4.) That which makes a man easy to hit, makes also his wound grievous. The poet* tells us, that when Codrus's house burns, (a little cottage in the forest,) he stands by and warms himself at the flame: he knows that a few sticks, straw, and clay, with a little labour, can rebuild him as good a tabernacle. But if this accident light upon the usurer's house, distraction seizeth him withal: he cries out of this chamber, and that chest, of his closet and cabinet, of his bonds and mortgages, money and plate; and is so much the more impatient as he had more to lose.

In a word, here is all the difference betwixt the rich and the poor: the poor man would be rich whiles he lives, and the rich would be poor when he dies. For it is small grief to leave hunger, cold, distress, bondage, hard lodging, and harder fare; but to forsake full barns, full purses, music, wine, junkets, soft beds, beauteous women, and these lust-tickling delights, and to go with death to the land of forgetfulness, this is the terror. I end, then, as Paul concludes his counsel to rich men: 'Lay up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold on eternal life,' 1 Tim. 6:19.

THE FIRE OF CONTENTION;

OR,

**THE TROUBLE THAT FOLLOWS THE
GOSPEL**

I come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled? LUKE 12:49.

BEFORE I run upon division, (and yet division is the subject of my text, and for method's sake I must use some division in my discourse,) I must let you understand what this fire is that is sent, and how innocent our Saviour is that sendeth it.

1. There may be dissension betwixt the good and the good; and hereof is the devil the author. It is the enemy that sows those tares. This is one of the abominations that the Lord ahhorreth: 'A false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren,' Prov. 6:19. God is never the immediate cause of that which he abominates. 'If any seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God,' 1 Cor. 11:16. To clear Christ and his gospel from causing this, the tenor of all Scriptures admonisheth us with St Peter: 'Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous,' 1 Pet. 3:8.

Unity is the badge of Christianity: we are all the members of one body. 'The eye cannot say to the hands, I have no need of you,' &c., 1 Cor. 12. We are all stones of one building, therefore must not jar one with another, lest we ruin the whole house. Christ saith, that 'a kingdom divided cannot stand.' The soldiers would not divide the unseamed coat of Christ; far be it from us to rend his body. There are three grounds of love: virtue, pleasure, profit. Virtue all consent to be the surest and best. That then which is grounded on the best virtue is

the best unity; and this is faith. Love issuing from faith is a bond able to tie God to man, man to God; and therefore man to man. This knot is tied so fast, that the powers of hell cannot undo it. All other unities but the communion of saints may be broken.

There is no peace so indissoluble as the peace of faith. So, contrarily, there is no contention so violent and raging as that is inflamed by erroneous religion. Cyprian writes of Novatus,* that he would not so much as allow his own father bread whiles he lived, nor vouchsafe him burial being dead; that he spurned his own wife, and killed his own child within her body. Oh, the unmatched cruelty that some men's religion (if I may so call it) hath embloodied them to! What treasons, conspiracies, massacres, did or durst ever shew their black faces in the light of the sun like to those of Papists, all vizarded under pretended religion! The Pope hath a canon, called *Nos sanctorum predecessorum, &c.*,—'We, observing the statutes of our holy predecessors, do absolve those that are bound by fidelity and oath to persons excommunicated, from their oaths; and do forbid them to keep their fealty towards them, *quousque ipsi ad satisfactionem veniant*, till they come to yield satisfaction.' What malicious stratagems against suspended princes have not been kindled from this fire? Against what nation hath not this cannon shot its fury? Yea, the more to embolden subjects to such pernicious attempts, the Pope makes them believe that the very apostles take their parts. For so it is manifest by the form of Gregory's sentence, that he commandeth St Peter and St Paul, as if they were his bailiffs-errant, to execute the writs of his pontifical and privative authority.

Malice in humour is like fire in straw, quickly up and quickly out; but taking hold of conscience, like fire in steel: *quod tarde acquisivit, diu retinet*,—what was long in getting will be longer in keeping. Religion is the greatest enemy to religion; the false to the true. *Favos etiam vespæ faciunt.*† Wasps also make combs, though instead of honey we find gunpowder. Of dissension among professors of the gospel, Christ is not author; he never gave fire to burn his church. Yet he hath his hand in it. 'There must be heresies among you, that they

which are approved may be made manifest,' 1 Cor. 11:19. He draws good out of evil, and makes a good shall of the evil must; so raising a virtue from a necessity. From contentions begot by Satan, he so sweetly works that the profession of his children, but darkly glowing before, shall be made to shine brightly. In Queen Mary's time, when persecution wrung the church, martyrdom gave a manifest approbation of many unknown saints. The virtues of divers had been less noted if this fiery trial had not put them to it. God's glory and power are more perspicuous in strengthening his against their enemies than if they had none. Christ came not to send this fire, yet he wisely tempers it to our good.

2. There may be dissension betwixt the wicked and the wicked; and hereof also is Satan author. He sets his own together by the ears, like cocks of the game, to make him sport. Hereupon he raised these great heathen wars, that in them millions of souls might go down to people his lower kingdom. Hereupon he draws ruffian into the field against ruffian, and then laughs at their vainly spilt blood. All the contentions, quarrels, whereby one evil neighbour vexeth another, all slanders, scoldings, reproaches, calumnies, are his own damned fires. Thus sometimes the ungodly massacre the ungodly, oppressors devour oppressors. 'I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians: and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbour; city against city, and kingdom against kingdom,' Isa. 19:2. The Pharisees against the Sadducees, the Turk against the Pope, the transgressor against transgressor. Covetousness shall be against prodigality, baseness against pride, temerity against dastardy. The drunkard spills the drunkard, the thief robs the thief,—proditoris proditor,—the traitor shall be betrayed, and the cozener shall be cheated. 'They shall eat every man the flesh of his own arm; Manasseh, Ephraim; and Ephraim, Manasseh,' Isa. 9:21. It is impossible that any true peace should be amongst the wicked, whiles they want the solder that should glue them together—faith. Agreement in evil is not peace, but conspiracy. Wicked men's combining themselves may be a faction, no unity, no amity; so they have but *metum et noxam conscientiae pro foedere*,—

terror and guilt of conscience for their league. But some may question, Doth not Satan, in setting reprobates against reprobates, overthrow his own kingdom? I answer—

(1.) The devil is politic, and will not divide his subjects, when by their holding together he may divide the church. So the Pharisees, though they hate the Sadducees, and the Herodians, that despise them both, shall all join forces, shake and take hands against Christ, Matt. 22:16, 23. Papists are enemies to truth, schismatics to peace; yet both to the church: which suffers, as her Saviour did, in medio inimicorum, in the midst of adversaries, not only to her now, but at other times also to themselves. Herod and Pilate were of reconciled* enemies reconciled friends, that their united rancours might meet against Jesus. The Jews and the Lystrians, so diversely religioned, the devil can make agree to stone Paul, Acts 14:19. Thus Satan holds them under colours and pay, whiles they can do him any service; but when they can no longer vex others, he falls to vexing of them; and enrageth their thirst to one another's blood, when they have done quaffing the blood of the saints.

(2.) The devil, in raising seditions and tumults among his own, intends not the destruction but erection of his kingdom. Perhaps his forces on earth are weakened, but his territories in hell are replenished; wherein he takes himself to reign most surely. For Satan, during a man's life, knows not certainly whether he belongs to God or to him. Predestination is too mystical and secret a book for his condemned eyes to look into; and repentance hath often stepped in between old age and death, frustrating the hopes of Satan. Therefore he hastens a wicked man, with what speed he can, to hell; for till he come within the smoky gates, Satan is not sure of him; he may start out of his clutches. For this cause he precipitates witches with much suddenness to their ends: whom, one would think, he should let live, that they might do more mischief. No; such is his malicious policy, he would be sure of some, and rather take one soul in present, than hazard all on the vain hope of more gains.

3. There is a dissension between the wicked and godly; nor yet is Christ the proper and immediate cause of this. For 'if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,' Rom. 12:18.

4. There is an enmity betwixt grace and wickedness, a continual combat between sanctity and sin; and this is the fire Christ came to send. He is to some a living stone, whereupon they are built to life; to others a stone of offence, whereat they stumble to death. Now, because the local seat of holiness on earth is in the hearts of the saints, of wickedness in the devil and his instruments, therefore it follows that the evil will persecute the good, and the good may not partake of the vices of the bad. 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you,' 2 Cor. 6:16. Out of the Egypt of this world hath God called his sons. We are forbidden all 'fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness;' not altogether with the workers, 'for then we must needs go out of the world,' 1 Cor. 5:10. It is commanded, Jer. 15:19, that 'the precious be separated from the vile;' yet so that they may return to the good, though the good may not turn to them. It is good for the good to sunder themselves from the incorrigible wicked, as being the first stair of the ladder that leaves the earth, and sets the first step of our journey to heaven. God in his eternal decree separated the elect from the reprobate; in his vocation he sequesters them from corrupt nature and sin. When he executes particular judgment, he takes Israel from the tabernacles of Korah; when he will give the general, he will sever the sheep from the goats.

Christ, then, who is the 'Prince of peace,' Isa. 9:6, causeth not quarrels between man and man, as they are creatures; but betwixt goodness and evil, as they are contrary natures. That the sons of Belial hate the sons of God, Christ is not the cause, but the occasion. For when the gospel separates us from the world, the world then bends his malicious forces against us; so that peace in sin, ver. 51, Christ came not to send, but peace of conscience: Phil. 4:7, 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' &c. Which because

the wicked will not embrace, therefore 'five in one house shall be divided: the father against the son, and the son against the father,' &c., ver. 52, 53. The gospel doth not otherwise work this division than the law is said to make sin, Rom. 7:7, because it made sin known; or the sun is said to cause moles, because it causeth their appearance. Let Paul continue a Pharisee, and the Pharisees will love him; convert he to a Christian, and they will hate him. Whiles we live after the world, we have peace with the world, none with God; when we are turned to Christ, we have peace with God, none with the world.

This ground laid, we will consider, for the better exposition of the words, five circumstances:—1. The fire; 2. The fuel; 3. The kindlers; 4. The smoke; 5. The bellows.

Wherein we shall find Christ's willing, and the fire's kindling: who wills goodness to his chosen, which he is sure will enrage the wicked to their persecution. The cause thus given, the fire is left to be kindled by others. For though non sine Deo patimur, yet non a Deo patimur. The instruments of our affliction will be found ungodly, who, though they plead, We have done the will of the Lord, shall go to hell for their labour.

1. The fire is discord, debate, contention, anger, and hatred against the godly. Every man is composed of four elemental humours, whereof one is choler, resembled to fire. In whom this choler is most adust and puissant, they are usually most hot, furious, fiery. But I speak here of nature; for grace can alter nature, and purge this corruption. Regeneration is the best physic to purge choler. Many medicines hath philosophy prescribed against this spiritual disease, but in vain. The philosopher's servant could scoff his master: He inveighs against anger, writes volumes against it, et ipse mihi irascitur,—and yet he is angry with me. Only grace can, more than give rules, give power to master this madness. Fire and contention have some resemblances:—

(1.) Debate is like fire; for as that of all elements, so this of all passions, is most violent. The earth is huge, yet we walk quietly on it; it suffers our ploughs to rend up the entrails of it, to teach us patience. The air is copious, yet admits our respiration. The waters boisterous, yet sail we upon them, against them. But fire, especially getting the upper hand, is unmercifully raging: it left nothing behind to witness the former happiness of Sodom. The world's last destruction shall be by fire, 2 Pet. 3:12; and God useth that, of all elements, to express the very torments of hell, adding brimstone to it, Rev. 21:8. To this is the anger of God likened: 'Our God is even a consuming fire,' Heb. 12:29. So doth debate exceed all passions: floods of correction cannot quench the turbulent spirit, which is 'set on fire of hell,' James 3:6. Only one extreme may drive out another, as we hold our burnt finger to the fire, by a new heat to extract the former. So the fire of grace only must draw out the fire of debate, Matt. 3:11, or send it to the everlasting fire to quench it, ver. 12.

(2.) Contention is like fire, for both burn so long as there is any exustible matter to contend with. Only herein it transcends fire: for fire begets not matter, but consumes it; debate begets matter, but not consumes it. For the wicked study causes of contention, as Benhadad did against Ahab, 1 Kings 20. So when the Pope could find no just exception against Frederick the emperor, he quarrelled with him for holding the wrong stirrup when the great prelate should mount his palfrey; and though he might easily mistake, for emperors are not used to hold stirrups, yet he was persecuted almost to excommunication for it. It is woeful dwelling amongst debateful men, whose souls hate peace; that are ἀστόργοι, 'without natural affection,' Rom. 1:13,—which Paul makes a reprobate's mark,—striking all that stand in their way, and not ceasing to burn till all matter cease to feed them. Solomon describes such with a fiery comparison, Prov. 26. First, ver. 17, he calls him a busy-body: 'He passeth by, and meddleth with strife not belonging to him;' he thrusts himself into impertinent business, and 'is like one that taketh a dog by the ears,' which he can neither hold nor well let go. Ver. 18, he notes his politic villany: 'As a madman who casteth firebrands,

arrows, and death, and saith, Am I not in sport?' he scattereth abroad mortal mischiefs under the colour of jests. And, ver. 20, lest the fire should go out, he administers fuel himself: 'Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out.' Ver. 21, when he hath kindled this flame, he strives to spread and disperse it, and is as 'coals to burning coals, and wood to the fire. The words of a tale-bearer are wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.' They penetrate and cruciate the most tender and sensible places.

(3.) As a little spark grows to a great flame, so a small debate often proves a great rent. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' James 3:5. The wind, at first a small vapour, yet gets such strength in going, that it overturns trees and towers. 'A backbiting tongue hath pulled down strong cities, and overthrown the houses of great men,' Eccles. 28:14. War is compared to fire: Num. 21:28, 'A fire hath gone out of Heshbon, and a flame from the city of Sihon: it hath consumed Ar of Moab, and the lords of the high places of Arnon.' But contention runs like wild-fire; so furious a pace, that nothing but blood can extinguish it.

(4.) As fire is proverbially said to be an ill master, but a good servant: so anger, where it is a lord of rule, is a lord of misrule; but where it is subdued to reason, or rather sanctified by grace, it is a good servant. That anger is holy that is zealous for the glory of God.

Thus is division a raging fire, and able, whether it take hold of civility or religion, of bourse or church, to overthrow the common good of both.

For civility, the breaking of relatives is the ruin of substantives. We stand not of ourselves, but upon reference. Want of justice in magistrates, of instruction in governors, of obedience in subjects, of charity in neighbours, destroys the commonwealth. Some gather thus much from the fifth commandment, by good consequence: 'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' For if princes rule well, and

subjects obey well; if masters command right, and servants do right; if parents instruct children in the fear of God, and children obey parents in that fear, this happy harmony shall preserve the land. If this relation and reciprocal duty be neglected, all runs to ruin, and the blessing of long life shall be withdrawn. For it is not fit they should have long life that rebel against those from whom they had, and by whom they hold, their life.

Begin with the least ascendantly. The overthrow of a house is division. When the husband and wife draw not evenly in the yoke,—when the one brings fire, and the other hath no water to quench it,—when the children are refractory, the servants wasters, there must needs be a decay of this family. Whereof consists a city but of many households? If the particulars be ruined, what will become of the general? When the members are gone, where is the body? If the magistrates are unjust, the people disobedient; if one profession quarrel with another, and deny mutuality,—the head refusing to give guidance, the eyes their sight, the feet to walk, the hands to work,—the body of that city dissolves. The dissolution of cities and towns must needs ruin the kingdom. When the members fell out with the stomach, that it devoured all and took no pains, hereon the eye would not see for it, nor the hand work for it, nor the foot walk for it, &c.; so the stomach wanting meat, the eyes, hands, feet, and all members, faint and languish. Tributes and subsidies are but the dues and duties of the members to the prince; who, as the stomach, returns all to their welfare and benefit.

Dissension in religion doth no less hurt, doth more. It divides a house: here, ver. 52, 'Five in one house shall be divided: two against three, and three against two.' And, Matt. 10:36, 'A man's foes shall be they of his own household.' It divides a city: how many cities have been destroyed by their own mutinous distractions, whom foreign invasions could not subdue! It divides a kingdom: whereof France hath long been a bleeding witness; neither hath England been insensible.

'Ac velut in magno populo, cum sæpe coorta est

Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus:

Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.'*

It overthrows propinquity: the mutual succour of lending, borrowing, giving, relieving, is lost. Yea, it overturns nature itself, setting 'children at variance against their own parents,' Matt. 10:35. There are three very near: superior, equal, inferior—parent, wife, children; yet we must separate from them, rather than from Jesus Christ, ver. 37. Yea, it is enough to extirpate all: regem, legem, gregem,—prince, law, and people. No wonder, then, if the busy devil seeks so studiously to kindle this fire. So Eusebius observes: † The subtle serpent, when persecutions gave the church breathing space, began to vex her with her own divisions.

2. The fuel whereon this fire works is the good profession of the godly. So the rulers against Daniel, in *causa Dei sui*, chap. 6:4,—because of his religion. Ps. 59:3, 'The mighty are gathered against me, not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O Lord.' They persecute us, not because they find evil in us, but because they cannot find evil in us. 'They run and prepare themselves against me, without my fault.' Without fault? It is fault enough in their judgment because we serve the Lord. 'They speak evil of us, because we run not with them to the same excess of riot,' 1 Pet. 4:4. If we will not communicate with their vicious customs, we shall suffer under their raging cruelties. Against Israel, yea, because it is Israel, do they consult: 'Come, let us cut off them from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance,' Ps. 83:4. For this cause was the Babylonian fire kindled against those three servants of God; and the same cause moved mystical Babylon to burn our martyrs in England. If they would have turned to idols and images, the fire had been put out. We would not, could not, yield to their superstitions, therefore the fire burned.

But that which is the occasion of evil cannot be perfectly good. Indeed that which simply and of itself causeth evil is evil itself. But that may be good which indirectly and by consequence, in man's corrupt nature, occasioneth it. The gospel, and integrity of professing it, is not the efficient, but accidental cause, or rather properly no cause, but an occasion of this feud. The bright sun shining on mud and filth is said to cause stench; yet is not the sun the true cause, but the former putrefaction of the subject reflected on. When a corrupt vapour comes into the fiery region, it is soon inflamed. Their rancorous filth had lain quiet, as muck in a dunghill, had not the sun of the gospel shone on it and stirred it. Now howsoever the gospel is not the direct cause of this, yet surely the occasion. For Athens is quiet enough till Paul comes; and till Christ is born, Jerusalem is hushed in peace. Many parishes stick not to say, We had rest and security enough before; but now since preaching came in, and the pulpits have been warmed, there is nothing but disturbance and unquietness. How else could this text be true, that Christ 'came to send fire on the earth?' The deluge of sin was universal, and the waters of iniquity stood untroubled, and all was a mare mortuum; but when Christ puts fire to this water, no marvel if they wrestle. The devil stirs not till God rouse him, as the wild boar sleeps till he be hunted. Let darkness cover men's impieties, and their slumber is unmolested; produce them to the light, and they cannot endure it. The ulcerous side full of dead flesh feels not till you touch the quick. But let Elias tell Ahab of his idolatries, John Baptist, Herod of his lusts, and then, 'Thou art mine enemy.' The ungodly may pretend other causes, but this is the true one. The Pope refused to confirm an archbishop elect, when no insufficiency could be found against him, only because of his age;* not considering that himself, being older, did manage a greater place. But if the archbishop was able to travel to Rome and back again to England, sure he was able to have sat in the chair of Canterbury. Age was the exception; but the truth was, the archbishop's honesty; that he carried not with him to Rome a golden bottle to quench the Pope's thirsty soul, as many others did, who returned home with as much wit as they went forth, but not with so much money. Such was the Pope's pretence against Reimundus, the

good Earl of Toulouse, that he was a heretic; but when his just purgation and justifying of himself would not pacify his unmerciful Holiness, nor get peaceable possession of his own lands, it was evident to all eyes that the Pope's desire was not so much to have the earl part from his heresy, as from his heritage.† Persecutors plead castigation of errors, but they mean subversion of truth.

But great peace is prophesied to the gospel: Isa. 11:6, 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie quietly by the kid,' &c.; and, Micah 4:3, 'They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' I answer, God will either restrain the fury of these savage beasts, and turn Esau's threats into mildness when he meets Jacob: 'He that sits in heaven laughs' at their combinings, Ps. 2:4. Or many tyrants shall be converted to the faith of Christ, subjecting their crowns and laying down their sceptres at the feet of the Lamb. Or it may intend that outward universal peace which was through all the world when Christ was born, in the days of Augustus. But most specially that peace of conscience and communion which shall be among the saints, who shall lay aside all querelous differences, and be made one by the blood of Jesus.

But when the gospel came to us in Queen Elizabeth's days, of so blessed memory, we also had much peace. We had with Gloria in excelsis Deo, sung also Pax in terris. The iron gates of war were shut up, and the long tossed ark of our church had an olive-branch of flourishing peace bestowed upon it. The fury of an adversary was not known, but 'righteousness and peace kissed each other.' Yet was not this peace without great fires:—

(1.) There was a great fire of Anabaptism: a gross, perverse, and sottish sect, that had washed off their font-water as unclean, and thought it not enough to run out of Babylon, unless they ran also out of themselves, out of their wits. This combustion could not be well quenched; only we were happily rid of it by the shifting ground. For

when the flames were suppressed in England, they burst out beyond sea.

(2.) There was a great fire of Brownism: an ignis fatuus, fastening on abundance of crude and squalid matter, that could not easily be extinguished. It was blown up with the bellows of pride; and because it might not have its own swing, it fell to direct railing. They say the church of England may be their mother, but is none of God's wife. Why do they not call her plain 'whore?' for such is a mother that hath children, and no husband. But these the whiles are brave sons, who care not to prove themselves bastards, that their mother may be noted for a harlot. But the shame be their own, integrity hers; who hath not defiled her bed, though they have shamed her womb. But whiles they call her St John's beast in the Revelation, let them beware lest they prove themselves such as St Paul calls beasts, even dogs, Phil. 3:2. Surely God will never leave peaceable spirits in England, to go dwell with railers at Amsterdam.

(3.) There was a raging fire of the Papists; who to maintain their spiritual fire of superstition, made use of material fire to set a whole land in combustion. How unspeakable were their treasons against that gracious princess! which yet if we gather up into one volume, we shall find their last equalling all: which should have been a fire, a fire indeed, such a one as hell itself could only belch out. But bless we our God, that with sweet showers of mercy rained it out.

These fires have been kindled in a land of peace, though many tears have been showered upon them, and earnest prayers sent up to heaven for their quenching. Yea, and will be still, so long as that crown-shorn generation can transport their burning quills into England; and their great Antichrist, the successor not of Peter, but of Romulus, sits on that fiery chair. So long as he is suffered to tyrannise over nations, to depose kings, and dispose kingdoms; who prays Peter and Paul (as if they never had taught subjects to obey their sovereigns) to eradicate and cast out an emperor from his

royalty.* Whereupon he conferred the empire upon Rodolphus, with this blasphemous verse:—

'Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodolpho;'—

'All kingdoms were to Peter given by Christ;

And Peter may dispose them as he list.'

But as Cardinal Benno affirms, that when this Hildebrand would needs solemnly excommunicate the emperor, his chair burst in pieces, being but newly made of sufficient timber; so if it were thoroughly broken to fitters,* never like Jericho, to be rebuilt, then, and not till then, princes may reign in peace. From all this we may observe—

First, That this fire was kindled in Christ's time, and hath burned ever since. For if this rage stroke at the head, it will not favour the members. If the saucy devil durst meddle and encounter with the captain, he will not fear to set upon a mean soldier. 'Remember,' saith Christ, 'the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than the lord; if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you,' John 15:20. We cannot expect that immunity which our Saviour never found. In the securest and most quiet state of the church we have found this: that sedition hath trode on the heels of peace, and persecution been born into the world with the feet forward, for haste.

Secondly, That the godly must maintain this fire; for there must be in them no deficiency of fuel. They must hold fast integrity, though this be the matter whereupon this fire works. No peace must be had with them that have no peace with God; I deny not peace in civil affairs, but in conforming our manners to theirs. For righteousness must not yield to iniquity; Christ must be born, and being born must reign, though Herod rage, and the devil foam, and all Jerusalem be troubled at it, Matt. 2:3. Dagon must yield to the ark, not the ark to Dagon, 1 Sam. 5:3; the ten tribes come to Judah, not Judah go to them; Ishbosheth to David, not David to Ishbosheth.

The gospel must be preached, though hell break out into opposition; and we must keep faith and a good conscience, though persecutors print in our sides 'the marks of the Lord Jesus.'

Thirdly, That the fruit of the gospel is so far from allowing carnal peace, that it gives dissension. It hath ever been the destiny of the gospel to bring commotion, trouble, and wars; though no doctrine teacheth so much peace. Matt. 10:34, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.' Not that the gospel of itself causeth wars; for it maketh peace between God and man, man and man, man and his inward soul; but it overturneth the tables of the moneychangers, spoileth the bank of usurers, will not let Herod keep his Herodias, bars Demetrius of his idolatrous shrines, pulls the cup from the mouth of the drunkard, denounceth confusion to the oppressor, unvizardeth painted hypocrisy, and discovers the ugly face of fraud to the world: therefore it hath enemies, even to the effusion of blood, and endeavoured extirpation of all that profess it. So that partly this proceeds from our own corruption, that cannot endure the light, because our deeds are evil; and partly from the malice of Satan, who by the growth of the gospel loseth his jurisdiction. For look, how much ground Christianity gets, that bloody infernal Turk loseth. So that neither can the devil so uncontrollably lead men to quiet damnation; neither can the evil heart be so securely evil. For the gospel informs the understanding, the understanding tells the conscience, and the conscience will not spare to tell men their wickedness. Though God's hand forbears to strike outwardly, the conscience smites inwardly; and the former unjust peace is broken by a new just war. Men shall by this means know hell before they salute it, and discern themselves in that broad way that leads to damnation. Safe they may be, they cannot be secure. Thus the gospel begets all manner of enemies, foreign, civil, domestical. Foreign: the devil, who now makes apparent his horns, as if it were high time to bestir himself. He sees he cannot lead souls to his black kingdom in a twine thread, as he was wont, without reluctancy; he must clap irons upon them, and bind them with his strongest tentations. Civil: the world, which erst ticed us on, as a bait doth the fish, not knowing that there is a hook

so near the jaws; we took it for a kind and familiar friend, but now it is descried and described for a very adversary. Domestic: thy own bosom is disquieted, and thou must muster up all the forces of thy soul, to take the traitor that lurks within thee, thy own flesh. This is a near and a dear enemy, yet we must fight against it, and that with a will to subdue it; denying ourselves, and forsaking our delighted lusts and pleasures. The godly must be fain to sit, like the nightingale, with a thorn against her breast. If they scape conflicts abroad, they are sure to have them at home; and if foreign and professed adversaries should give over their invasions, yet this domestical rebel, lust, must with great trouble be subdued. After which spiritual combat, our comfort is that in the end the victory shall be ours. 'It shall not have rule over them that fear God, neither shall they be burnt with the flames thereof,' Eccclus. 28:22. Hence we learn five useful lessons:—

Lesson 1.—That we have need of patience, seeing we know that the law of our profession binds us to a warfare; and it is decreed upon that 'all that will live godly in Christ shall suffer persecution.' When fire, which was the god of the Chaldeans, had devoured all the other wooden deities, Canopis set upon him a caldron full of water, whose bottom was full of holes artificially stopped with wax; which, when it felt the heat of that furious idol, melted and gave way to the water to fall down upon it, and quench it. The water of our patience must only extinguish this fire; nothing but our tears, moderation, and sufferance can abate it. But this patience hath no further latitude than our proper respect; for in the cause of the Lord we must be jealous and zealous. *Meam injuriam patienter tuli, injuriam contra sponsam Christi ferre non potui,**—Our own injuries we must bury in forgetfulness, but wrongs to the truth of God, and gospel of Jesus Christ, we must oppose. Patience is intolerable when the honour of God is in question. Otherwise we must consider, that by troubles God doth try and exercise our patience. *Ideo Deus misit in terram bonam separationem, ut malam rumperet conjunctionem,*—Therefore God sent on earth a good separation, that he might dissolve an evil conjunction.

Lesson 2.—That we must not shrink from our profession, though we know it to be the fuel that maintains this fire. Daniel leaves not his God, though he be shewed the lions; nor those three servants their integrity and abomination of the idol, though the heat of the fire be septupled. Let the Pope spew out his execrations, interdictions, and maledictions,—for his holy mouth is full of curses,—yet keep we our faith: it is better to have the Pope curse us than God. His curse is but like Domitian's thunder: if you give ear to the cracks and noise, it seems a terrible and hideous matter; but if you consider the causes and effects, it is a ridiculous jest. Revolt not from the gospel, from thy faith and innocency; and though he curse, the Lord will bless. Balaam could say, *Quomodo maledicam ei, cui non maledixit Dominus?*—How shall I curse him whom the Lord hath not cursed? Rash and headlong judgment hurts not the person *de quo temere judicatur*, against whom it is denounced, but him that so indiscreetly judgeth. *Qui conantur per iram aliena coercere, graviora committunt*,—To correct other men's errors in anger is to commit a greater error than theirs. Let not the thunders of malignant opposers dishearten thy zeal. 'The just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him,' Heb. 10:38.

Lesson 3.—That we think not much of the troublous fires that are thus sent to wait upon the gospel. He that gave us that blessed covenant meant not that we should stick at these conditions. It is enough to have this passover, though we eat it with sour herbs; to enjoy the lily, though 'among thorns.' Let the Jews fret, and devils run mad, and many give ground to these persecutions; yet say we with Peter, 'Master, whither shall we go from thee? thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68. He is unworthy of God's favour that cannot go away contented with it, unless he may also enjoy the favour of the world. It is enough to have the promise of a crown, although we climb to it by the cross. The ancient Christians used to have *crucem coronatam* pictured, a cross with a crown on the top of it. *Tolle crucem, si vis et habere coronam*. Their hieroglyphic taught men to attain the crown by bearing the cross. Though the friends and factors of hell compass us round, yet we have heaven within us;

would we have it within us and without us too? That is only the privilege of glory. Cannot Paul endure the 'thorns and buffets of Satan?' 2 Cor. 12:9. Let him quiet his heart with God's encouragement: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' It is enough to have the 'peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' Phil. 4:7, though we lack the ill-conditioned peace of the world. Murmur not that the world denies her wanton solaces to tickle thee with vain pleasures; thou hast the 'joy of the Holy Ghost:' God is thy portion. Though the lot fall short in earthly means, wealth and worship, yet he is well for a part that hath God for his portion. Content thyself; this fire must go with the gospel, and thou art unworthy of the immortal gold of grace if thou wilt not endure it to be tried in the fire. 'Your faith is much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire: and shall be found at last to praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ,' 1 Pet. 1:7.

Lesson 4.—That we esteem not the worse of our profession, but the better. It is no small comfort that God thinks thee worthy to suffer for his name. This was the apostles' joy, not that they were worthy, but 'that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ,' Acts 5:41. He refused not to be our Saviour for the shame he was put to; he brooked a purple robe to cover his white innocence; his face, which is worshipped by the angels in heaven, to be spit on; his soul, in the midst of all his unutterable pangs, to be derided and jested at; some wagging their heads, others moving their tongues to blasphemy; and if the manner of death could add to his ignominy, he suffered the most opprobrious: yet, saith Paul, for our sakes, 'he endured the cross, and despised the shame,' Heb. 12:2;—this, all this shame, that he might bring salvation to us, and us to salvation. And shall we be ashamed of his profession, that was not ashamed of our protection? If we be, we have read his judgment: 'He will be ashamed of us before his Father in heaven.' The king doth not cast away his crown, though it be the occasion of many treasons. Lose not thy hope and hold of a royal inheritance, because this title hath many enemies. He was never worthy to wear a wreath of victory, that, coward-like, ran out of the bloody field. The unthrifty soul is justly starved, that

will not reap and gather his corn because there be thistles amongst it. He never knew how precious a metal gold is, that will rather throw away his ore than take pains at the furnace. It is pity that ever the water of baptism was spilt upon his face that forsakes the standard of Christ because he hath many enemies. Israel had never gotten that promised Canaan had they been afraid of the sons of Anak. It is honour enough to be a Christian, though others that are contemptible do cast contempt upon it. Our Saviour hath armed us with a sweet prediction: 'These things have I spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace. In the world you shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world,' John 16:33.

Lesson 5.—Seeing the fuel is our integrity,—and this they specially strike at,—let us more constantly hold together: confirming the communion of saints, which they would dissolve. Let us more strongly fortify our unity, because they so fiercely assault it; and cling faithfully to our Head, from whom their sacrilegious hands would pull us. 'Lord, whither shall we go from thee? thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68. Where those words are found, woe be to us if we are not found! *Multitudo inimicorum corroboret unitatem amicorum.* Let not brethren fight with themselves whiles they have foreign enemies. It is enough that foes strike us; let not us strike our friends. No, nor yet part with our friends and Christ's, because some adversaries are scattered among them. What though the miscellaneous rabble of the profane, as the Brownists term them, be admitted among us; shall the lewdness of these disannul God's covenant with his? Yes, say they: this is their mercy; God's is more. He still held Israel for his, when not many in Israel held him for theirs. The desert was a witness of their mutinous rebellion against God and his minister; yet the pillar of protection by day and night left them not. Moses was so far from rejecting them, that he would not endure that God should reject them, though for his own advantage. In all companies there will be evil intruders: Satan among the angels, Saul among the prophets, Judas among the apostles, Nicolas* among the deacons, Demas among professors. Yet though

Thyatira retains a Jezebel, the good are commanded but 'to hold their own,' Rev. 2:25.

But say they, we reserve the ceremonies of a superstitious church. But we reserve no superstition in those ceremonies. We have both abridged their number and altered their nature. As it was a pains not amiss undertaken of late, to reduce the feast of Christ's nativity as near to the right quando and period of time as art and industry could devise, by taking up the loose minutes which, in tract of time and multiplication of degrees, had drawn out a wider distance by certain days than was congruent to the first calendar; so hath our church, so near as she could, abridged the rank superfluities and excrescent corruptions which the traditional ceremonies and ceremonial traditions of Rome had brought in, and thereby removed her from that nearness to her Saviour which she formerly enjoyed, striving to reduce herself concerning ceremonies; for their number to paucity, for their nature to purity, for their use to significancy.

Separate we not then from the church, because the church cannot separate from all imperfection; but keep the Apostle's rule: Eph. 4:15, 'Follow the truth in love;' not only the truth, but the truth in love. Divers follow the truth, but not truly:—

(1.) Some there are that embrace the truth, but not all the truth: those are heretics.

(2.) Some embrace the truth, but not in unity: and those are separatists.

(3.) Others embrace the truth in unity and verity, but not in heart: and those are hypocrites.

Therefore the Apostle so often urgeth it: 'Be ye all of one mind: have the same affection.' As children of one house have most usually one and the same education, so all God's children must be like affected to God, to Christ, to the church, and one to another. To God in obedience and piety, to Christ in faith and sincerity, to the church in

peace and unity, to their own sins in hatred and enmity, to one another in love and charity: employing the graces of God bestowed on us to the edification and consolation of others; spending ourselves, like torches, to give others light. A Christian, though he be the fittest man of all, yet he is servant to all: to Christ for himself, to others for Christ. 'Serve one another in love,' Gal. 5:13. Let this affection of unity be increased by considering three inconveniences of dissension:—

(1.) A great advantage is given to the enemy. They boast the goodness of their errors, whilst we agree not in our truth. They take opportunity to shuffle in their counterfeit coin, whiles we consent not in our gold; I say not so much for the weight or pureness of the substance, as for the fashion. Is it not a shame for the children of God to dissent, when the children of hell are at peace? It is a military principle: tempt not an enemy by giving him the advantage. What is this but to hearten their malignant opposition to assault us, when they spy in the city a breach? *Qui unionem rumpit,—*He that dissolves the union of parts, overthrows the unity of the whole.

(2.) Sin by this means steals up: nor is there an advantage given only to our adversaries of Rome, but to our enemies of hell. Wickedness is a crafty thief, which spying a town on fire, and all hands labouring to quench it, takes his advantage of booties, and what others redeem he steals. Whiles we are busy about this fire, the devil's factors come abroad, like Nicholas's clerks, and steal away souls. Whiles so many disagree about Christ's descending into hell, Satan gathers many thither.

(3.) Our souls by this means oftentimes become rusty, and gather corruption, for want of scouring them by repentance. Whiles we are careful and curious about mint and cummin, justice and piety go away neglected. We at once grow hot in contention and cold in devotion. The fire of the altar goes out whiles the fire of sedition is fuelled. The means whereby the shepherds take the pelican is to lay fire near her nest; which she, in a foolish pity to save her young ones,

offers to flap out with her wings, and so is burned herself. So many, in a fond compassion to quench this fire, burn their own wings, rather than help others. If our ashes could quench it, we should not grudge them; but since it increaseth part-takings, let us either quench it with our tears, or by prayers move God to put it out. Howsoever, neglect we not the estate of our own souls, nor suffer our hearts overgrown with the rust of corruption or moss of security. So thou mayest be like the gold-finer, that is all day purifying of metals, till himself be reezed, smoothed,* and soiled all over. Take heed; thou mayest be so long about the fire, till thou be made black with the smoke.

3. We have brought together the fire and the fuel; now we must look for kindlers. The kindler of this fire is principally Satan: it is he that brings the fuel of good men's sanctity and the fire of evil men's iniquity together, and so begets a great flame. This he doth perform either by his instruments or by himself. He is the great bustuary himself, and hath other deputed inflamers under him.

Sometimes immediately by himself, Rev. 12. That 'great red dragon, with seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns on his heads,' stands 'before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child so soon as it was born.' When he perceived that the Great Light (Christ) was come into the world, by throwing down his oracles of darkness, he begins to bustle, and howsoever he speeds, he will fight two or three bouts with him, in a monomachy or duel, person to person. He durst not trust this battle to an instrument, or fight by attorney: this fire he will kindle himself. *Per alium desperat; quod etiam per se fieri dubitat.* As proud as he is, rather than he will hazard the escaping of a soul from his black kingdom, he will in his own proper person take the pains to hamper him with his strongest temptations.

Sometimes by his instruments, which are many thousands: for if we compare numbers, he hath more helpers on earth to kindle this fire, than Christ hath servants to put it out. Therefore he is called 'the god

of this world,' 2 Cor. 4:4; where sub nomine mundi are meant mundani, worldlings: Rev. 12:9, he is said to 'deceive the whole world.' He labours to deceive all that are in the world, but he doth deceive all that are of the world. It was he that stirred up covetousness in the Sabeans, and covetousness stirred up their hearts against Job. He incensed Haman, and Haman Ahasuerus against the Jews. He provoked Judas, and almost all Judah, against Jesus. He kindleth malice in their hearts, that kindleth these damnable fires, and shall burn in unquenchable fire for his labour. It is he that provoketh the magistrate to tyranny, the people to disobedience and treachery, the learned to heresy, the simple to security, all to rebellion and impiety. Men little think whose instruments they are, and whose business they go about, when they put their finger in this fire. It is the devil that puts slander in their tongues, malice in their hearts, and mischief in their hands: whereby they labour either seducere or abducere,* to corrupt men's souls or to cut their throats. For Satan's whole intent is to draw men à cultu Dei debito, ad cultum suimet indebitum,—from worshipping the God of light, to worship him that is an angel of darkness. Oh that men would consider what eternal fire is prepared for them, by whom this mystical fire is kindled!

Now Satan kindleth two sorts of fires, general or special. And either of these is double. The general are extended either to error or terror.

(1.) He kindles the fire of open war. He is the great general of that army, Ps. 2, that do 'band themselves against the Lord's anointed.' 'The dragon and his angels fight against Michael and his angels,' Rev. 12. There is no fighting against the saints but under his colours. He was the captain in that Parisian massacre; the pilot to that invincible navy in '88. He is the great master of the Inquisition: the grand Cair† of all confederacies abroad; the Machiavel of all conspiracies at home. There was no treason but was first hammered in his forge, and took the damned fire from his breath. The Pope hath been his applauded instrument many years, to kindle these belluine and Belial fires. Innumerable seditions of wars have been sent from the

ingenious study of his holy breast to vex Christian emperors and kings: wherein continually the Pope gave the battle, but the Lord gave the victory, and that where his vicar least intended it. Hildebrand (Hell-brand rather) promised Rodolphus, whom he incensed against his liege-emperor Henricus, assured conquest; but it seems the bishop had small power in heaven, whatsoever he pretended on earth, for Rodolphus's overthrow gave Henricus direct proof to the contrary. It appears in a certain letter of Benno to the cardinals, that this Hildebrand, preaching in the pulpit, did so promise and prophesy the death of Henricus, that he bid his auditors no more to take him for Pope, but to pluck him from the altar, if the said Henry did not die, or were not dejected from his kingdom, before the feast of St Peter then next ensuing. But the event proved the Pope a liar in the pulpit; and therefore, I hope, took from him all impossibility of lying in cathedra. Indeed, he laboured tooth and nail, by policy and sorcery, by his friends and fiends, to effect this. Innumerable were the plots of his treason. One among the rest is observable, in the letter of the said Cardinal Benno: that he had hired a villain, observing the place in the church where this emperor used to pray, to carry up to the roof of the church a great number and weight of stones, with purpose to let them fall down on the emperor's head at his devotion, and to knock out his brains; but the traitor being busy to remove a stone of an unwonted hugeness to the place, the plank whereon he stood broke; down they come both to the floor of the church, and the stone (for it seems his own impiety made him the heavier, to fall first to his centre) fell on him, and quashed him to pieces.

But what speak I of their particular treasons? A private treachery was but like the French tourney at Chalons—*parvum bellum*, a little war. We are to consider their great fires which they have kindled in the Christian world, when the princes would never have broke mutual peace, had not the devil set on the Pope, and the Pope set on them to this eager contention. But lightly as Mars and money made them popes, so Mars and simony held them rich popes. And now, through Satan's help, they have brought it about, that as at first no pope

might be chosen without the emperor, so now no emperor must be chosen without the pope. Both the swords are their claim, and they will have them both, or they will lift them up both against the deniers; and where the sword spiritual may not be admitted, they will make way for it with the sword temporal. It is fit, they say, that they should bear temporal rule that follow nearest to God: but the Pope and his clergy follow nearest to God: therefore are the fittest men to rule. It is answered, if God be here taken for that god which St Paul speaks of, the belly, Phil. 3:19, they follow nearest indeed. From the other and only true God, they are far enough. If they were not, they would use only spiritual war against the kingdom of Satan, and not meddle with temporal war against the kingdoms of Christian princes. Plead what they can from the wrested Scriptures and misunderstood fathers, yet frustra apostolica autoritas prætenditur, ubi apostolica Scriptura contemnitur,—in vain is apostolic authority pretended, where apostolic Scripture is despised or perverted. Non eripit mortalia, qui regna dat cœlestia,—That God warrants not the taking away of earthly kingdoms, that gives the kingdom of heaven.

(2.) The second general fire he kindles is error and heresy, a burning river of poison; that cup of abomination which he reacheth out to the world in the hand of that great Babylonian whore. To maintain this fire he calls councils, enacts laws, teacheth many parliaments the promulgation of bloody statutes; and whereas other laws of princes (tending to the ruin of iniquity) are ever neglected, those that are made against Christians have been most severely executed. And lest the devil in this should appear like himself, the prince of death and darkness, he sits thundering in the Pope's mouth like an angel of light, and so directs him; that under In Dei nomine, Amen, he unmercifully condemneth his brother. So that the usurpation of a divine dispensation must burn the poor members of Christ at the fiery stakes. Now this fire he kindleth by two malicious courses:—

[1.] By obscuring the light of the gospel from men's eyes, and hardening their affection to darkness. So that the children of the night have so doted upon ignorance, that they hate and persecute all

the means and messengers of illumination. Shine the sun never so bright, the Papists will see nothing but candle-light. Therefore, it may be, they are permitted tapers, torches, and candles, to content their carnal devotion, that they might not spiritually desire 'the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, who is the image of God,' 2 Cor. 4:4. And if ever their caliginous minds spy the least glimmering of zeal, or feel a little turning from their former impieties, the shrine, picture, or image of some saint hath the glory of their conversion. A very block shall have the praise rather than God. But we can hardly believe they are converted from darkness to light that fetch their illumination out of a stone.

It is recorded that, at Amesbury, when Queen Elinor, the wife of King Henry the Third, lay there, a man that famed himself to have been long blind, came to her, and told her that he had now his sight restored again at the tomb of King Henry, her deceased husband.* The mother easily believed it; but her son, King Edward the First, knowing this man, that he had been ever a dissolute wretch and vile impostor, dissuaded her from giving faith to it, protesting that he knew so well the justice of his father, that if he were living he would sooner pull out both the dissembler's eyes than restore sight to any one of them. So certainly those saints, to the virtue of whose dead bones these hypocrites attribute the glory of their conversion and enlightening, would, if they were living, rather say these men had no eyes of grace at all, than that any light was given them out of their dead dusts or painted resemblances. This is Satan's first project, to cast a thick cloud of invincible ignorance between men's eyes and the clear sun.

[2.] By hindering all those that have a commission to preach it. Zech. 3:1, 'He shewed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.' 'A door is opened, but there are many adversaries,' saith the Apostle. 1 Thess. 2:18, will you hear the principal adversary? 'We would have come unto you, even I Paul, once and again; but Satan hindered us.' The good minister hath no adversary in his calling but he is of the

devil's raising. And herein he is either a wolf or a fox, effecting this either by public opposition or secret corruption:—

First, Openly he sets not only his principalities infernal, but also powers terrestrial, against it. What preacher ever began to sing, with a clear breast, the songs of Zion, for many hundred years under the Pope's reach, but instantly pope, cardinals, friars, devils, cursed him with bells and candles, and were ready to burn him in flames? *Sævit mundus, cum ostenditur immundus,*—The world is mad, that his dominion and damnation should be spoken against.

Secondly, Secretly he hinders the free preaching of the gospel, by corrupting their hearts that are deputed to that office. And this he effecteth by infusion of these four hellish ingredients: heresy against truth, schism against peace, popularity against simplicity, and covetise against charity.

First, He poisons some hearts with heretical points of doctrine, which being (lightly) most pleasing to the flesh, are drunk with thirsty attention. Heresy is thus defined: *humano sensu electa, Scripturæ sacræ contraria, palam docta, pertinaciter defensa,*—begot of man's brain, contrary to the Holy Scriptures, openly taught, and peremptorily defended. By this, so far as the flesh in man prevails against the Spirit, Satan prevails against the truth. So that if they must needs have any of the pure gold of God's word, it shall be so sophisticated, adulterate, and mingled with the dross of human traditions, that they shall not be able to perceive or receive it.

Secondly, Those whom he cannot corrupt against truth he incenseth against peace. Division shall accomplish that mischief which error failed in. Whom he cannot transport to Rome, he ferries over to Amsterdam. He will either keep men on this side the truth, or send them beyond it. Error on the right hand shall cast away souls, if error on the left cannot. Some run so far from Babylon, that they will not keep near Jerusalem; as men that run so eagerly from a lion that they refuge themselves in the hole of a serpent. The schismatic meets with

the Romanist in superstition another way. Thus quibus nequit tollere veritatem, negat permittere unitatem,—if he cannot deprive us of truth, he will not permit us peace.

Thirdly, By persuading men to be temporisers, and to catch at the favours of great men. Thus when a preacher must measure his sermon by his lord's humour, the truth of the Lord of hosts is smothered. Against oppression he dares not speak, because it is his lord's fault; not against pride, because it is his lady's; not against riot, because it is his young master's; nor against drunkenness, because they favour it whom his great one favours. He must not meddle with those ulcers which he sees to stick on his patron's conscience. That were the way to lose both present benefit and future benefice; he dares not do it. Whiles he is their servile chaplain, he must learn Turkey-work, to make thrummed cushions of flattery for their elbows. It seems it was not God's business that such a one made himself minister for, but his own, or worse. He hath three masters: he serves his lord, he serves himself, he serves the devil; which of these will pay him the best wages? Thus if Satan can neither take away the truth nor peace, yet he labours against simplicity; that for fear of men and hope of means they forbear to speak against wickedness. What his kingdom loseth one way, it recovers another.

Fourthly, By infecting their hearts with covetousness, and extending their desires to an insatiable wealth. With this pill he poisoned Demas, and Judas before him, and thousands after him. The chair of Rome is filled with this pestilence. England hath found it, though many princes will not find it, when the revenues of the crown amounted not to half the Pope's yearly taxes. But we are well eased of that unsupportable burden. Edward the Third began it, for he first made the Præmunire against the Pope; and our succeeding Christian princes have quite thrown him out of the saddle. God did not make his law so long but man might easily remember it, comprising it all in ten commandments. But the Pope hath curtailed it, and made it far shorter, abridging the ten commandments into two words: *Da pecuniam*,—Give money. And for this the whole law shall be

dispensed with. Experience hath still proved that money was the apostolical arguments of Rome. An emperor paid for his absolution a hundred and twenty thousand ounces of gold: a dear reckoning for those wares that cost the Pope nothing!

In the reign of Henry the Third the Pope required the tenths of all the moveables in England, Ireland, and Wales; and because he feared that such moneys could not be speedily enough collected, he sent over many usurers into the land, which were then called *Coursini*, who would lend money to those of the clergy that wanted, but on so unreasonable extortion that the debtors were still beggared. So that what by his violent exaction and subtle circumvention by his own usurers, (for all they had was the Pope's money,) he desired only the tenth part, but he got away also the other nine. And indeed the Pope had reason to maintain usury, for usury maintained the Pope. Neither is this infection bounded up with that bishop, but dissipated among all his clergy. Not so much as the very mendicant friars, that profess wilful poverty, but have a wilful desire to be rich. They have more holiness in their hands than in their hearts; their hands touch no money, their hearts covet it. But the great *Belphegor* sometimes gives them a purge. Whereupon said *W. Swinderby*, 'If the Pope may take from the friars to make them keep *St Francis's* rule, why may not the emperor take from the Pope to make him keep *Christ's* rule?*' But, whosoever gets, the poor laity loseth all. There was a book called *Pœnitentiarius Asini*, 'The Ass's Confessor,' wherein is mentioned this fable: The wolf, the fox, and the ass come to shrift together, to do penance. The wolf confesseth himself to the fox, who easily absolveth him. The fox doth the like to the wolf, and receiveth the like favour. After this the ass comes to confession, and his fault was, that being hungry he had taken out one straw from the sheaf of a pilgrim to Rome, whereof he was heartily repentant. But this would not serve; the law was executed severely upon him: he was slain and devoured. By the wolf is meant the Pope; by the fox, his cardinals, Jesuits, priests: these quickly absolve one another, how heinous soever their offences are. But when the poor ass—that is the laity—comes to shrift, though his offence be not the weight and worth of a straw, yet

on his back must the law be severely executed; and the holy father, the wolf, makes a great matter of it.

'Immensum scelus est, injuria quam peregrino,

Fecisti, stramen surripiendo sibi.'

Oh, the insatiable gulf of that sea! God grant that none of that infection ever come over amongst the ministers of the gospel! There is nothing more absurd than that those which teach others to seek the kingdom of heaven and to despise the world, should be found to embrace the world with the neglect of heaven.

These are the general fires this malicious incendiary kindles. There are also two particular and special, which he inflameth in private men's hearts; whereby he prepossesseth them with a prejudicial distimation of the gospel, for causes either direct or oblique. Directly for itself, or obliquely and by consequence for private ends:—

(1.) First he begets in a man's mind a dislike of the word for itself. This man esteems preaching but folly: he sees no good it doth to have one prattling an hour or two in a pulpit. He is a parishioner to two parishes to the congregation he lives with, quoad corpus; to the synagogue of Satan, quoad animam. 1 Cor. 1:18, 'The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.' It is horrible when man—dust and ashes, mere folly—shall censure the wisdom of God. Let them have their wills, be it in their account folly; yet 'it pleaseth God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe,' ver. 21. And without this they must live in error, and die in terror: hell-fire will make them change their opinions.

(2.) Others are wrought to hate it only for second and sinister respects. The masters of that damsel, Acts 16, 'possessed with a spirit of divination, seeing the hope of their gains gone,' brought Paul and Silas to scourging, and never left them till they saw them in prison. When Demetrius perceived the ruin, not so much of the Ephesian

Diana, as of his own Diana,—gain and commodity in making of silver shrines,—he sets all Ephesus in a tumult, Acts 19:24. The loss of profit or pleasure by the gospel is ground enough of malice and madness against it. Cannot a tyrant be bloody, cannot an oppressor depopulate, a usurer make benefit of his money, a swearer brave with blasphemies, a drunkard keep his tavern-session, but the pulpits must ring of it? Down shall that gospel come, if they can subject it, that will not let them run to hell untroubled. *Non turbant evangelio, dum ob evangelium non turbentur*,—Let them alone, and they will let you alone. But if you fight against their sins with the sword of the Spirit, they will have you by the ears, and salute you with the sword of death. You see the fires that the devil kindleth. It is objected—

Obj. 1.—Satan knows that he can do nothing but by the permission of God. Answer.—Therefore, not knowing God's secret will, who are elect, who reprobate, he labours to destroy all. And if he perceive that God more especially loves any, have at them to choose. If he can but bruise their heels, oh, he thinks he hath wrought a great spite to God.

Obj. 2.—He knows that though with his tail he can draw stars from heaven, discover the hypocrisy of great professors, yet he cannot wipe the name of one soul out of the book of life which the Lamb hath written there. Answer.—It is the devil's nature to sin against his own knowledge. *Contra scientiam peccabit, qui contra conscientiam peccavit*.

Obj. 3.—He knows he shall receive the greater damnation, and the more aggravated torments. 'And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever,' Rev. 19:20. Answer.—He sins always with purposed malice of heart, proudly against God, and blasphemously against the Holy Ghost, though he receive the smart himself.

4. We perceive now the fire, the fuel, and the kindler; let us look to the smoke. There goes lightly a smoke before this fire: Rev. 9:2, 'He

opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth.' When we see smoke, we conclude there is fire. Christ will not quench the smoking flax; for the smoke without shews a spark of faith within. When Abraham saw 'the smoke of the country going up as the smoke of a furnace,' Gen. 19:28, he knew that the fire was begun in Sodom. This smoke is the sign of persecution ensuing; and it is either public or private. Public is twofold:—

(1.) The threatening of tyrants: this smoke came out of the mouth of Saul: Acts 9:1, 'And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings.' Such were the Romish vaunts of the Spanish ships; but God quenched that fire in water, and it was but a smoke. He that could forbid the fire to burn, Dan. 3:25, can also forbid the smoke to become a flame. Only the massacre at Paris was a fire without a smoke; unless it be smoke enough (as indeed it is) for Papists to live among Protestants.

(2.) Security is a public smoke: when men cry, Peace, peace; this is the smoke of war. The careless lives of the old world and Sodom were portentous smokes of their enkindled destruction. Our secure and dead-hearted conversations are arguments of the like to us. God both avert that, and convert us! We feast, revel, dance, sin, and sing, like swans, the prognostics of our own funerals. We are not circumspect to look upon those which watch us with the keen eyes of malice; our sleep gives them hope and ourselves danger. Neglect of defence heartens on a very coward enemy. Our comfort only is, 'He that keepeth Israel doth not slumber nor sleep,' Ps. 121:4.

The private smoke, particularly laid to a Christian, is a gentler and more soft temptation. But if this smoke prevail not, Satan comes with a fiery trial. If he cannot pervert Joseph with his tempting mistress, a kind smoke, he will try what a jail can do. If the devil can draw thee to his purpose with a twine-thread, what needs he a cable-rope? If Samson can be bound with green withs, the Philistines need not seek for iron chains. But Satan knows that some will not, like Adam and

Esau, be won with trifles; that some will stick to Christ while the weather is fair and there is peace with the gospel, yet in time of persecution start away, Matt. 13:21. When he comes with tempests and floods, then the house not built on a rock falls, Matt. 7:27. If our foundation be straw and stubble, we know this fire will consume; but if gold, it shall rather purge and purify it.

He will not go about that can pass the next way. If a soft puff can turn thee from Christ, Satan will spare his blustering tempests; if a smoke can do it, the fire shall be forborne. If Job could have been brought to his bow, with killing his cattle, servants, children, perhaps his body had been favoured. So that after gentle temptations look for storms; as thou wouldest, after smoke, for fire. Inure thy heart therefore to vanquish the least, that thou mayest foil the greatest; let the former give thee exercise against these latter, as with wooden wasters men learn to play at the sharp. Be thy confidence in him that ever enabled thee; and affy his promise that will not suffer thee 'to be tempted above thy strength.' Only handle this weapon with more heedful cunning; and when thou perceivest the dallyings of the devil, play not with his baits. Corrupt not thy conscience with a little gain, so shalt thou withstand more. Think the easiest temptations a porpoise before a tempest, smoke before fire, signs and prodiges* of a fearful conflict to come.

5. There remains nothing now to be considered but the bellows; that help to maintain this fire. The bellows are double: passive and active. Some blow because they cannot, others because they will not, avoid it.

(1.) The passive bellows are the godly: for they must have no peace with wickedness, 'no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness,' Eph. 5:11. We must love their persons, and pray for them, as Christ for his crucifiers. But if they will not be converted, if they cannot be suppressed, we may desire either their conversion or confusion: as God wills none to perish as a creature, but as a sinful creature; not of his own making, but of their own marring. So we

must hate not virum, but vitium; reprovng and condemning evil works, both by our lips and lives: though our good conversation be the passive bellows to blow this fire.

(2.) The active are the wicked: who do profoundly hate the good, in regard of both their actions and their persons. To this their own forwardness is helped by the devil's instigation: 'If thou blow the spark, it shall burn; if thou spit upon it, it shall be quenched: and both these come out of thy mouth,' Ecclus. 28:12.

But all men love good naturally. No, not all; for some have not only extinguished the flames of religion, but even the very sparks of nature in their hearts.

But some wicked men have loved the godly. True, but not for their actions, not for their persons, not of their own natures. But, first, either because God snaffles the horses and mules, and curbs the malicious rage of tyrants: or, secondly, converts them to the faith and obedience of his truth; as he took Saul from his raging cruelty, and made him ready to die for him whose servants he would have killed; so turning a wolf into a lamb: or, thirdly, else they love the good for some benefit by them; and therein they love not them, so much as themselves in them. So Ahasuerus loved Esther for her beauty; Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel for his wisdom; Potiphar, Joseph because his house prospered by him; and for this cause did the former Pharaoh affect him.

But otherwise, with blood-red eyes, and faces sparkling fire, they behold us; as Haman did Mordecai. They plot like Machiavels, rail like Rabshakehs, and conspire like Absaloms. These are the devil's bellows here, to blow quarrels among men; and shall be his bellows in hell to blow the fire of their eternal torments. A man that is great both in wealth and wickedness cannot be without these bellows—intelligencers, informers, tale-bearers. Let these seditious spirits understand their employment; they are the devil's bellows: and when their service is done, they shall be thrown into the fire.

I conclude. All this trouble and calamity shall be but upon the earth; so saith our Saviour: 'I come to send fire on the earth.' In heaven shall be no distraction to break our peace. We should be too well affected to the world, if it had this privilege and exemption; but in vain we seek it where it is not to be found. In heaven only we shall find it, in heaven only let us seek it. Here we may have desiderium pacis, but there only pacem desiderii,—here the desires of peace, there peace of our desires. Now then, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus!' Amen.

THE BARREN TREE

Then said he to the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?—LUKE 13:7.

NEWS is brought to Christ of a certain judgment, which was not more Pilate's than God's, upon some Galileans, who, while they were sacrificing, were sacrificed, their blood being mingled with the blood of the beasts on the same altar. Lest this should be wholly attributed to Pilate's cruelty, without due respect had of the omnipotent justice, he samples it with another—of eighteen men miscarrying by the fall of a tower. No Pilate threw down this; here was no human executioner: the matter of their death was mortar and stones; these had no purpose to kill them. This therefore must be an invisible hand working by an insensible creature: the instrument may be diverse, the judge is the same.

Now, *pœna paucorum*, *terror omnium*. As an exhalation drawn from the earth, fired and sent back again to the earth, smites only one place, but terrifieth the whole country: so their ruins should be our terrors; let them teach us, that they may not touch us. They are hitherto but like Moses's rod turned into a serpent; not into a bear or lion, lest it should have devoured Pharaoh, but into a serpent, that he might be more afraid than hurt. It is God's special favour to us, that others be made examples for us, and not we made examples for others. Nothing could teach them; let them teach us.

Of these fearful instances, our Saviour makes this use, setting down a peremptory conclusion: *Vel pœnitendum, vel pereundum*,—'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' Such vengeance is no way to be avoided but by repentance. But here the Jews might flatter themselves, If we be greater sinners than they, how comes it to pass that we speed better than they? To this silent objection Christ makes an apologetical answer, ver. 6. You are not spared because you are more righteous, but because God to you is more gracious. You deserve such or sorer judgments: and the reason of this impunity is not to be looked for in your innocence, but in the Lord's patience; not because you are not worse to him, but because he is better to you; who offers you space and grace to amend, if (at least) at last you will bring forth the fruits of repentance.

There be some terms in the text, (as that the vineyard is the church, every Christian a fig-tree, God the owner, every pastor a dresser,) wherein your understandings may well prevent my discourse: these known and familiar things I take as granted of all hands.

It is a parable, therefore not to be forced every way, nor made to warrant a conclusion which the author never meant. This were, when it 'offers us its company a mile, to compel it to go with us twain,' or to make Christ's messenger speak our errand. Such is the trade of Rome; what their own policy hath made necessary, they will teach God to make good: this is to pick darkness out of the sun. No, *verificatur in sensu suo*, like a good creature, it does only that it was

made for. A parable is not like a looking-glass, to represent all forms and faces; but a well-drawn picture, to remonstrate that person whereof it is a counterfeit. It is like a knife: with the haft it cuts not, with the back it cuts not; it cuts with the edge. A candle is made to light us, not to heat us; a stove is made to heat us, not to light us: if this parable, like the sun, may give both light and heat, the more profitable, the more acceptable.

The distribution.—'Then said he to the dresser,' &c. That part of it to which I limit my present discourse delivers itself to us in these four passages:—1. A consultation: 'Then said he to the dresser of his vineyard.' 2. A complaint: 'Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none.' 3. A sentence: 'Cut it down.' 4. A reason: 'Why cumberst thou the ground?'

1. The consultation: 'Then said he unto,' &c.

(1.) Dixit, non percussit,—he spake, he stroke not: he might have spared words, and begun with wounds. The tree had rather deserved the axe and fire than a consultation of recovery. How easily would man have rejected his hopeless brother! As when a piece of clay will not work to his mind, the potter throws it away; or we cast foul rags to the dunghill, little thinking that they may become white paper. But with God, *verba antecedunt verbera*,—he will be heard before he be felt. Our first parents, when they had sinned, *vocem audiverunt*, 'heard the voice of God,' Gen. 3:8. He reasoned with them before he condemned them. If the father's word can correct the child, he will let the rod alone. Wicked men use the sudden arguments of steel and iron; as Joab discoursed with Amasa 'in the fifth rib,' 2 Sam. 20:10: they speak daggers' points. So Zedekiah disputed with the prophet: a word and a blow, 1 Kings 22:24; yea, a blow without a word: he struck him first, and spoke to him afterwards. God deals otherwise: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,' Rev. 3:20. He knocks at the door, does not presently break it open. He gives us warning of his judgments, that gave him no warning of our sins. Why doth he thus? That we might see our miserable estate, and fall to timely

deprecation; that so punishing ourselves, we might save him a labour.

(2.) *Dixit, non destinavit*: as if the Lord would double and repeat his thoughts, before he decreed it to irrevocable ruin. A divine precedent of moderation! If he that cannot transgress in his wrath, nor exceed in his justice, will yet *consulere amicum*, advise with his friend, how ought frail man to suspend his furious purposes to mature deliberation! It is too common with us, to attempt dangerous and desperate actions without further counsel than our own green thoughts; so anger is made a solicitor, passion a judge, and rashness an executioner. The wise man first considers, then speaks or does: the madman first speaks or does, and then considers; which drives him on necessity to play the after-game—with shame and sorrow to recover his former estate, or give it lost for ever. O holy deliberation! whither art thou fled? David's harp did cast the evil spirit out; this would keep him from ever coming in. It is a porter at the gate of God's spiritual temple, man; that would be as sure to keep out his enemies, as David would have been ready to let in his friends. How many desperate precipices of sin would be prevented were this rule remembered, *Consule cultorem*! For matter of estate, we are counselled by the lawyer; for health of body, advised by the physician; we trust the pilot to steer our course by sea, the surveyor to mete out our land: but for the soul, let it be as barren as this fig-tree, we take no counsel of the gardener. Do worldlings consult the preacher concerning their usurious trade, before they undertake it? Do gallants advise with him, before they meet in *Aceldama*, the field of blood? Oh that they would admit an answer from such a friend, before they give an answer to such an enemy!

(3.) *Dixit vinitori*. Such is the honour God doth his ministers, to acquaint them with his own purposes. 'Surely the Lord will do nothing, but he first revealeth it to his servants the prophets,' Amos 3:7. Nothing, which may conduce to the office of their ministry and the good of his church. 'To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven,' Luke 8:10. 'To you;' not to the world, they

have no such revelation. 'It is given;' it is none of your inheritance, you were not born to it. 'To know mysteries;' sapere alta, not common things. 'Of the kingdom;' not secular, such mysteries are for the knowledge of statizing Jesuits, but 'of heaven.' 'Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I mean to do?' Gen. 18:17. The matter concerned Sodom, not Abraham; yet it was revealed to Abraham, not to Sodom. But doth God need any man's counsel? 'Who hath at any time been his counsellor?' Rom. 11:34. Will the potter take advice of his pots? No; when Christ asked Philip where supply of bread might be had for the multitude, 'this he said to prove him: for himself knew what he would do,' John 6:6. His questions are not his but our satisfactions. Thus doth he credit his own ordinance, teaching the world how to esteem of them whom himself so singularly honours. How poor a place soever they find in men's thoughts, the King of heaven and earth calls them to his counsel. Priest was a title whereof the princes of Israel were ambitious: they would not every man have written his name upon his rod, but in hope that this dignity might fall to his lot, Num. 17. Now, is the ministry of the gospel inferior to that of the law? Was the service of death more glorious than the service of life and salvation? If the evangelical covenant be better, is the ministration worse? The sons of the great think scorn of such an employment: what they held an honour, these count a disparagement. In one and the same subject meets their ambition and our scorn. It is ill when the fig-tree shall despise the dresser, but it would be far worse if the dresser should despise the fig-tree.

(4.) 'To the dresser.' This is the whole congregation of his ministers, to whom he hath committed the culture of his vineyard. All which, by an enallage numeri, are summed up in one dresser: quia cor unum, because they have all one heart, Acts 4:32; quia officium unum, all their labours meet in that one common term, the 'edification of the body of Christ,' Eph. 4:12; it is usual to name one pro cæteris, for all the rest. Peter says, 'Though I should die with thee, I will not deny thee.' Did Peter only promise this? No; but 'so said likewise the rest of the disciples,' Matt. 26:35. Had not this been a parable, I never found a place of more probable colour for the high priest of Rome to

challenge his universal supremacy by. But surely he will never dress Christ's vineyard as it ought, unless in a parable. Nay, would his instruments forbear to sow it with brambles, to manure it with blood, and to cast Naboth out of his own vineyard, it were somewhat. But let them pass. When the Spirit wrote to a whole church, he inscribes his epistle under one particular name, *Angelo ecclesiæ*, 'To the angel of the church,' Rev. 2 and 3.

(5.) 'To the dresser.' Dressing implies labour and heedfulness. I might here touch upon the minister's diligence, that Christ's vineyard never lie rude and unpolished through his default. But this age will look to that well enough: never did the Egyptians call so fast upon the Israelites for making of bricks, as the people call on us for making of sermons; and our allowance of materials is much alike. They think it recompense bountiful enough to praise our pains; as if we could live, like chameleons, upon the subtle air of commendations. So they serve us as carriers do their horses; lay heavy burdens upon their backs, and then hang bells at their ears to make them music. But be our reward little or much, God forbid we should slack dressing the vineyard of Jesus Christ.

(6.) 'To the dresser.' Why to him? *Ut intercederet*, that he might plead for the tree. So unwilling is God to destroy, that he would have us manacle his hands with our prayers: he would be entreated to forbear. 'Go thy ways down, for the people which thou broughtest out of Egypt have corrupted themselves,' Exod. 32:7. Why this to Moses? That he might pray for them. He that meant to spare them in mercy, meant withal that Moses should be beholden to him for that mercy. And Moses indeed chargeth the Lord, sets upon him with so holy a violence, that as if his prayers could *vincere invincibilem*, he hears, 'Let me alone.' Oh that every vine-dresser were full of this gracious affection to the trees under his charge! Yea, who fears God, and in some measure hath it not? The people forgot Moses, Moses remembers the people; they could be merry and happy without him, he would not be happy without them. Men rob us of our means, load us with reproaches; all our revenge is to solicit heaven for them by

our supplications: they sue us, we sue for them: they impoverish our temporal condition, we pray for their eternal salvation. We could never hope for good to ourselves, if we should not return them this good for their evil.

Korah had drawn a multitude to rebel against Moses and Aaron; Moses and Aaron pray for the rebels, Num. 16:22. They were worthy of death, and they had it; yet would these merciful leaders have prevented it, refusing to buy their own peace with the loss of such enemies. Yea, they are so far from carving their own just revenge, that they would not have the Lord to revenge for them. Let us fill our hearts with this great example: the people rise up against their pastors, the pastors fall on their faces for the people. Certainly, if God had not meant to hear us, he would never invite us to pray. But as it pleaseth him to make us his mouth to you, so also your mouth to him: both to tell you what he doth say, and to return him what you should say; to preach against your sins, to pray for your souls. Do you hear us plead for Christ, for Christ hears us plead for you. Indeed, we are men of polluted lips and lives; but as God's power is not straitened through our weakness, so nor is his mercy lessened through our unworthiness. Therefore, as Paul had his *Væ mihi si non prædicavero*,—'Woe unto me if I preach not;' so Moses, in effect, had his *Væ mihi si non intercessero*,—'Woe unto me if I pray not! 'God forbid I should cease praying for you.' But as all our preaching can work no good upon you but through the Holy Ghost, so all our praying can bring no good to you but through Jesus Christ. We pray for you; forget not you to pray for us. Indeed, weak ones pray with us, malicious ones pray against us, covetous ones prey upon us, few pray for us. We entreat for you, do you entreat for us; and that only Mediator betwixt God and man plead for us all!

2. The complaint: 'Behold, I come,' &c. This hath in it two passages—(1.) His access: 'Behold, these three years,' &c.; (2.) His success: 'I find none.'

(1.) First, the access: Behold.—Ecce is here a note of complaint. He that can thunder down sin with vengeance rains on it showers of complaint. 'Behold the tree;' he might in a moment have put it past beholding by throwing it into the infernal furnace. Why doth he complain that can compel? Habet in manu potentiam, in corde patientiam,—There is power in his hand, but patience in his heart. To do justice, we, after a sort, constrain him; but his delight is to be merciful.

He complains. All complain of lost labours: the shepherd, after all his vigilance, complains of straggling lambs; the gardener, after all his diligence, of withering plants; the husbandman, after all his toil, of lean fields and thin harvests; merchants, after many adventures, of wrecks and piracies; tradesmen, of bad debtors, and scarcity of moneys; lawyers complain of few clients; and divines, of fewer converts. Thus we complain one of another; but God hath just cause to complain of us all.

Well, if the Lord complain of sin, let not us make ourselves merry with it. Like Samson, it may make us sport for a while, but will at last pull down the house upon our heads. 'The voice of the turtle is' not 'heard in our land,' Cant. 2:12. Vox turturis, vox gementis. True penitents be more rare than turtles. The voice of the sparrow we hear, chirping lust; of the night-bird, buzzing ignorance; the voice of the screech-owl, croaking blasphemy; of the popinjay, gaudy pride; the voice of the kite and cormorant, covetousness and oppression: these, and other birds of that wing, be common. But non audita est vox turturis. Who mourns for the sin of the time, and longs to be freed from the time of sin? It was an unhappy spectacle in Israel to see at once lachrymantem Dominum and ridentem populum,—a weeping Saviour and deriding sinners. We complain of our crosses and losses; we complain of our maladies, of our injuries, enemies, miseries: the Lord open our eyes, and soften our hearts, to see and feel the cause of all, and to complain of our sins!

I come.—The Lord had often sent before, now he came himself; even by his personal presence, accepting our nature. The Son of God, that made us the sons of men, became the Son of man to make us the sons of God. He came voluntarily: we come into the world, not by our own wills, but by the will of our parents; Christ came by his own will. He came not for his own benefit, but ours. What profit doth the sun receive by our looking on him? We are the better for his light, not he for our sight. A shower of rain that waters the earth gets nothing to itself; the earth fares the better for it. He came for our fruits; these cannot enrich him: 'Lord, our well-doing extendeth not to thee,' Ps. 16:2.

Never came such an inhabitant to our country as Jesus. Had God granted men the liberty to beg of him what they would, and have it, they durst not have been so bold as to ask his only Son. When the king gives a free concession to his subject, to make choice of his own suit without denial, he will not be so impudent as to beg the prince. Let us entertain him well, we fare the better for him: the profit of our redemption blesseth all the rest unto us. Far be it from us to welcome him with scandals, with blasphemies and neglect. He may then reply, as Absalom to Hushai, 'Is this thy kindness to thy friend?' 2 Sam. 16:17. No, you say, we make much of him, hold him in the highest regard, trust him with our whole salvation. But know, Christ fares not the better for thy faith, but for thy charity. Faith is a beggarly receiver, charity is a rich giver. Thy faith is a hand that takes something from him to enrich thyself; thy charity is a hand that gives something to him in his distressed members. Indeed Christ is the subject of all tongues, but he is not the object of all hearts. The school disputes of him, the pulpit preaches of him, profession talks of him, profane men swear by him; few love him, few serve him. He is come, let him be made welcome, by setting our best cheer and choicest fruits before him. Whom should we entertain, if not our Saviour?

Seeking.—But did not he know before? What need he seek that hath found? He that 'understands our thoughts' long before they are born, cannot be nescious of our works when they are done. My answer

shall be short: the Lord's Quærit is a Requirit; he doth not seek a thing that is hid from him, but requires a debt that is due unto him.

Seeking.—This is no rare, but a continued act. It is not Veni, I came: 'He came unto his own,' &c., John 1:11. Nor a Venturus sum, 'Yet a little while, and I will come,' Rev. 22. But ἔρχομαι ζητῶν: as, Rev. 3:20, Sto pulsans, 'I stand knocking;' so here, Venio quærens, 'I come seeking.' He seeks continually: will you hear how long?

These three years.—Much time hath been spent about the interpretation of this time; how it is applicable to the Jewish synagogue, to whom it was immediately referred. I find no great difference among expositors, saving only in their terms. Some by the first year understand the time before the captivity; by the second, their return to Jewry; by the last, the coming of Christ. Some by the first year conceive the law given by Moses; by the second, the prophetic attestations; by the third, the grace of our Lord Jesus. Some resolve it thus: the first year was the time of circumcision, from Abraham to Moses; the next, the Levitical law, from Moses to Christ; the last is the year of salvation by the Messiah. Others understand the first year to be of the patriarchs, the middle year of the judges, the third of the kings. After all this he was entreated to forbear it a fourth year, till it was instructed by the apostles; and then being found fruitless, it was cut down by the Romans. But I rather take a definite number to be put for an indefinite; three years is time long enough to wait for the proof of a tree: such a proportionable expectation had the Lord for that church. If literally you would have it, I take this to be the probablest exposition. These three years were the very three years of his preaching, healing diseases, casting out devils, working miracles before their faces. The other year which he added was the time while the apostles offered them the gospel of salvation. Whereof the refusers were cut down, the accepters were saved.

He hath likewise waited for the church of Christianity three years; that is, three revolutions of ages, thrice five hundred years. Or he

hath tarried the leisure of the whole world three years: the first year, under nature; the second, under the law; the third, under grace; the fourth is now a-passing, and who knows how far it is spent?

Or to apply it to ourselves: these three years of our visitation hath been so many scores of years. Conceive the foremost to be in the days of King Edward the Sixth, who purged the gold from the rust and dross of superstition, ignorance, and cozenage which it had contracted. The sun began to shine out in his bright lustre: the Lord came seeking our fruits; but not finding them answerable to his expectation, not worthy of the glorious gospel, he drew another cloud over our sun; teaching us better to value that heavenly manna wherewith we were so suddenly grown wanton. The second year, under Queen Elizabeth, of so blessed memory; that royal nurse, upon whose bosom the church of God leaned to take her rest. She did again vindicate this vineyard, which had so long lain among friars and monks, that it had almost quite forgotten the language of Canaan: she taught it anew to speak the dialect of the Holy Ghost. When that gracious queen was taken from a crown of gold to a diadem of glory, then began our third year, wherein our present sovereign was sent: *dignissimus regno, si non natus ad regnum*,—under whom we know not whether our truth or peace be more; only let us bless him, and bless God for him, that we may all be blessed in him. Thus far we may say of our land, as Sylvius did of Rhodes, *Semper in sole sita est*,—The bright reflection of the gospel compasseth us round about. Now he comes this third year seeking our fruits; which when we consider, we can say no more but *Miserere Deus*, Lord be merciful to us; for never were such blessings requited with such unthankfulness. We condemn the Jews for abusing Christ's patience: God grant they rise not up at the last day to condemn us!

He comes to particular man three years:—First, In youth: I have planted thee in my vineyard, given thee the influence of my mercies; where is thy fruitfulness? Alas! the young man sends him away, with a *Nondum tempus ficorum*,—It is too early for me to fall to mortification; would you put me to penance before I have had the

leisure and pleasure to offend? He is ready to send Christ away in the language of that foul spirit, 'Art thou come to torment me before my time?' But whose charge is it to 'Remember thy Creator' diebus juventutis? Then the conquest is most glorious, because then it is most difficult. You say, It is never too late; but I am sure it is never too soon, to be gracious and holy. The devil is a false sexton, and sets back the clock of time in prosperity; in the day of trouble, he will make it run fast enough. Secondly, In middle age; and now the 'buying of farms,' and 'trying of beasts,' the pleasures of matrimony, the cares for posterity, take up all the rooms of the soul. Men rather busy themselves to gather the fruits of earth than to yield the fruits of heaven. Here is strength of nature and fulness of stature, but still a defect of grace. Perhaps Christ hath now some fair promises of fruits hereafter: 'Let me first go bury my father, then,' Luke 9:61. But (a thousand to one) he finds something in domo, left by his father, that keeps him à Domino, from following his Master. To prevent this, it is his caution to the entertained servant: Ps. 45:10, 'Forget thine own people, and thy father's house:' rather forego and forget thy father's house than thy Maker's service. Thirdly, In old age: now the decay of body should argue a decay of sin. The taste finds no relish in riot, the ears cannot distinguish music, the eyes are dim to pleasing objects, very 'desire fails:' now all things promise mortification. He that cannot stir abroad in the world, what should he do but recollect himself, and settle his thoughts on the world to come? Now fruits, or never. Not yet; morosity, pride, and avarice, are the three diseases of old age: men covet most when they have time to spend least; as cheating tradesmen then get up most commodities into their hands when they mean to break. Still he comes seeking fruit, and is returned with a Non inventus.

If yet it were but as the prophet's sign to Hezekiah,—'This year ye shall eat such as groweth of itself; and the second year such as springeth of the same; and in the third year ye shall sow and reap,' &c.,—the third year might afford him somewhat. But doth he forbear all trees thus long? No; some are snatched away in the flower and pride of their life; yea, they be not few that will not allow themselves

to live, but with riot and intemperance hasten their own ends, before they have well begun or learned what life is: like bad scholars, that slubber out their books before they have learned their lessons. That instead of *Non est fructus*, we may say, *Non est ficus*, the tree itself is gone. And that goodly person, which like a fair ship hath been long a-building, and was but yesterday put to sea, is to day sunk in the main. We do not eat, drink, and sleep, and take such refectations of nature, *ut non moriamur*, that we might not die,—that is impossible,—but that we should not die barren, but bear some fruits up with us to him that made the tree.

Seeking.—It is fit we should offer our fruits to God, and not put him to seek for his own. We should be like those 'ripe figs that fall into the mouth of the eater,' Nahum 3:12. The best liquors are they that drop from their cells of their own accord, without pressing. The most acceptable of all oblations be the free-will-offerings. Howsoever, let us be sure not to disappoint the Lord when he seeks.

On this fig-tree.—It is fit that he that plants a vineyard should taste of the wine, Prov. 27:18: good reason his own tree should yield him some fruit; considering what he hath done for it, he may well challenge it.

[1.] He hath planted us: we spring not up naturally, as the oak grows from an acorn, the peach from a stone; but a gracious hand hath set us. 'We are not born of flesh, nor of the will of blood, nor of man, but of God,' John 1:13.

[2.] He hath planted us in his vineyard, within the enclosed garden of the church. Had he left us to the unregarded wilderness, without any dresser to look to us, there might have been some excuse of our barrenness. The ground that is left to itself is, in a manner, blameless, though it be fruitless. But in *vinea sua*, which he hath fenced in with his providence, blessed with his saving influence, husbanded with his dresser's diligence, forwarded with the beams of mercy, and showers more precious than the 'dews of Hermon that

fell upon the hill of Zion;' where we participate the fatness of the ground, are fed with unperishing manna, compassed about with songs of deliverance, and have 'seen our desires upon' his and 'our enemies;' where righteousness is our walls, and peace our bulwarks, and the ways be milk where we set our feet.

[3.] We are fig-trees, not brambles; no man expects 'grapes from thorns,' Matt. 7:16. Not oaks or cedars, to be a dwelling for the storks, but fig-trees apt for fruit, pleasant fruit. If the rest be fruitless, they serve for other purposes; but what shall become of the barren fig-tree?

[4.] He is our Lord, and, *quærit suum*, he seeks but his own. If our own kine give us no milk, our own sheep afford us no wool, our own land returns us no increase, we are displeased; whereas these be reasonless creatures, but we have sense above common nature, reason above sense, grace above reason. We are but tenants of these, Christ is Lord of us; our sins bring the curse of barrenness upon them, but there is no fault in God if we be unfruitful.

[5.] He comes seeking: not threatening, raging, wounding; not felling down the tree, nor stocking it up by the roots; but seeking. *Dignatur expectare fructus, cui licet eradicare infructuosos*,—Man is a loser by the barrenness of his garden tree; were there not a tree left, God is never the poorer.

Now lay all these together: a Lord that owes us, we are his trees; to come into his vineyard, where he may be confident; we live on his ground; to look upon a fig-tree, made of an apt disposition to good fruit; such a one as himself hath planted, not casually grown up; a tree not neglected, but whereon he hath bestowed great care and cost; waiting, not destroying: what can we plead for it if it be fruitless? God is our Lord and proprietary, England is his vineyard, every one of us his fig-tree, thus planted, watered, blessed by his gracious mercy. He comes to us with patience, that should run to him with penitence; seeking our fruits, that should make tender of them

unsought; waiting, that might command: now, fear, obedience, and thankfulness keep us from sending him back with a *Non invenio*,—'I find none!'

Fruit.—This is that inseparable effect that God expects from every tree planted in his garden. We are married to Christ: to what end? 'That we should bring forth fruits unto God,' Rom. 7:4. He seeks not for leaves, buds, or blossoms, but fruits. Could leaves content him, we would not leave him unsatisfied; he should have an arbour large enough to reach to 'the world's end,' Ps. 19:4. Our tongues run apace, not seldom faster than our wits. We are God's debtors, and if he will take our words, so: that is all he is like to have. Might buds please him, or blossoms; we have intentions to good, certain offers and shows of obedience, which we wear like a cloak, or some loose garment, that when lust calls we may quickly slip off. But when he seeks for works, all our consonants be turned into mutes, we are speechless, Matt. 22:12. Oh, would he ask us for anything but fruits! but what should be expected from the fig-tree but figs?

Of every soul here he seeks for fruits. Of the magistrate, that he bring forth the fruits of justice; determining causes with sincerity of decision and convenience of expedition; being, so far as equity permits, a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. Of the minister, that he bring forth the fruits of knowledge. Aaron's rod was his pastoral staff: in one and the same night it brought forth buds, and blossoms, and fruit. Fruitfulness is the best argument that God hath called us: there is not a plant of his setting but the very branches thereof shall flourish. I do not say our pains shall always convert many souls; that is God's fruits, not ours. He chargeth us to be industrious in preaching, let himself alone with the work of saving. Of the private man, he expects the fruit of his calling: to be idle is to be barren of good; and to be barren of good is to be pregnant of all evil. *Bella gerant alii*, *Protesilaus edit*: but let us that are called to work, work in our calling, otherwise at last we shall make but a sorry answer to that question, *Ubi fructus*? Let us all produce the fruits of charity; rich men do good turns to themselves,

—as they play at tennis, tossing the ball to him that will toss it to them again,—seldom to the poor, for they are not able to bandy it back. Pride cuts, and riot shuffles, but betwixt them both they deal the poor but a bad game. The fruit of Christianity is mercy; when the rich, like full ears of corn, humble themselves to the poor earth in charity. Feed him that feeds you; give him part of your temporals, from whom you expect eternal: you clothe Christ with your blacks on earth, he will clothe you with his glorious whites in heaven. Our mercy to others is the fruit of God's mercy to us.

Fruit.—Nothing is created for itself, but so placed by the most wise providence, that it may confer something to the public good, though it be but as the widow's two mites to the treasury. The poorest creature yields some fruit, wherein it doth imitate the goodness of the Maker. We know not readily what good serpents and vermin may do; yet certainly they have their fruit, both in sucking up that poison of the earth, which would be contagious to man; in setting off the beauty of the better pieces of creation,*—for though the same hand made both the angels in heaven and the worms on earth, yet the angels appear the more glorious, being so compared,—besides their hidden virtues abstracted from our knowledge. Of stones they make iron, rubbish serves to raise bulwarks, the small pebble for the sling, worms and flies are baits for fishes; everything is enabled with some gift for the universal benefit, and so to produce those fruits is their natural work.

The sun comes forth of his chamber like a bridegroom, fresh and lively; and rejoiceth as a giant, to run his diurnal course, to lighten us with his refulgent beams, to generate, cheer, and mature things with his parental heat: this is his fruit. In his absence, the moon and stars adorn the canopy of heaven, reflecting their operative influence to quicken the lower world: this is their fruits. The curled clouds, those bottles of rain, thin as the liquor they contain, fly up and down on the wings of the wind, delivering their moist burdens upon the earth, teats whereon the hungry fields and pastures do suck; yet they expect no harvest from us: this is their fruits. The subtle winds come puffing

out of their caverns, to make artificial motions, wholesome airs, and navigable seas; yet neither earth, air, nor sea return them recompense: this is their fruits. The earth, in a thankful imitation of the heavens, locks not up her treasures within her own coffers; but without respect of her private benefit, is liberal of her allowance, yielding her fatness and riches to innumerable creatures that hang on her breasts, and depend upon her as their common mother for maintenance. Of the beasts that feed upon her, kine give us their milk, sheep their wool; every one pays a tribute to man, their usufructuary lord: this is their fruits. Fruit-bearing trees spend not all their sap and moisture upon themselves, or the increase of their own magnitudes; but the principal and purer part of it is concocted into some pleasant fruits, whereof neither they nor their young springs ever come to taste; but they proffer it us, and when it is ripe, they voluntarily let it fall at their masters' feet. Never did the olive anoint itself with its own oil, nor the vine make itself drunk with its own grapes, nor the tree in my text devour its own figs: yet they all strive to abound with fruits.

Let me raise your meditations from earth to heaven: the holy angels there are called 'ministering spirits;' those royal armies fight for us against our enemies; like nurses, they bear us up in their arms, and, though unseen, do glorious offices for us: this is part of their fruit. The blessed Trinity is always working: 'Hitherto my Father worketh, and I work,' John 5:17. The Father by his providence and protection, the Son by his mercy and mediation, the Holy Ghost by his grace and sanctification; all dividing the streams of their goodness for the best behoof of the world. The more anything furthers the common good, the more noble is its nature, and more resembling the Creator.

The earth is fruitful; the sea, the air, the heavens are fruitful; and shall not man bring forth fruits, for whom all these are fruitful? While all the armies of heaven and earth are busied in fructifying, shall man, of more singular graces and faculties, be idle, a burden to the world and himself? Both the church of God for the propagation of piety, and the world itself for the upholding of his state, require our

fruits. If happiness consisted in doing nothing, God, that meant Adam so happy, would never have set him about business; but as paradise was his storehouse, so also his workhouse: his pleasure was his task. There is no state of man that can privilege a folded hand. Our life is *vita pulveris, non pulvinaris*. Lands, means, and moneys, men make the protections of idleness; whereas Adam commanded the whole earth, yet work expected him. In paradise all things did labour for man, now man must labour for all things. Adam did work because he was happy, we his children must work that we may be happy. Heaven is for joys, hell for pains, earth for labour. God hath three houses; this is his workhouse, that above is his warehouse. Oh, then, let us be fruitful, that others' benefit may be ours, our benefit theirs, and the glory of all the Lord's. If magistrates yield not the fruits of justice, ministers the fruits of knowledge, private men the fruits of charity and obedience; it is as unnatural as if the sun should forget to shine, or the earth to fructify. God made all these for man, he made man for himself; of us he looks for fruit, of us let him find it, from us accept it, in us increase it, and to us reward it, through him in whom alone we expect mercy, Jesus Christ.

(2.) The success follows. *Non invenio*. We have brought the Lord into his vineyard, heard him calling for the dresser, shewing him a tree, telling him of a three years' expectation; now, if after all this we inquire for the event, himself certifies us, *Οὐχ εὐρίσκω*, 'I find none.'

None? Peradventure he came before the season,—*nondum tempus erat ficorum*. When should a tree bring forth fruits, but *tempore suo*? This is the praise of the good tree, Ps. 1:3, that it 'brings forth the fruit in due season.' If the fig-tree could have objected to the owner, as Elisha to his servant, *Hoccine tempus*,—'Is this a time to plant vineyards, or gather fruits?' 2 Kings 5:26. Or, as the man replied to his neighbour, that came to borrow loaves at midnight, Luke 11:7, 'Is this a time to lend bread, when myself and family are in bed?' The spring is the season of fructifying, the autumn of gathering. When 'the time of the singing of birds is come, then the fig-tree puts forth her green figs,' Cant. 2:12, 13. *Not cum fermento perfundatur pulvis*,

when 'the dust is leavened with mire,' Job 38:38, and the bands of Orion have locked up the influence of heaven. Who seeks fruit in winter, he must be content with winter-fruit. There is the winter of an afflicted conscience: no marvel then if neither ripe figs, nor so much as green leaves appear; when all the sap is retired to the root, as in extreme cold the blood runs to the heart to succour it. When the Babylonians required of their captive Israelites some Hebrew songs, they could soon answer: 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' Ps. 137:4. Is this a time or place to be merry? But did the Lord come out of season? No, he required it not the first day, or month, but waited the full time, expecting fruit in the autumn or vintage season. *Non ante tempus quærit, qui per triennium venit.** He came not with a triennial visitation, as episcopal fathers use to visit, once in three years; but every year, every month in the year, week of the month, day of the week. Of another fig-tree it is said, that 'the time of figs was not yet,' yet he cursed it, Mark 11:13. Here the time was three years past without fruit, yet he cursed it not. But look to it: if thou wilt not fructify tempore tuo, thou shalt be cut down tempore non tuo, perish before thy time, Eccles. 7:17. There is not a day in the year wherein he forbears seeking our fruit; yet *Venio, non invenio*, 'I find none.'

None? *Nunquid quia male quæsivit Dominus?* Was there an error in his search? Men often seek *bona*, good things, *non bene*, not in a good manner. Either they fail in their *quando*: as Joseph sought Christ after a 'day's journey;' whereas he is too precious to be missed one hour: 'They shall seek thee,' *tempore inveniendi*, 'when thou mayest be found,' Ps. 32:6. Or in the right *ubi*: as Mary sought her son in *cognitione carnis*, 'among her kindred;' who was in *domo patris*, in the temple. So the Papists seek now him in pictures, who promised to be found in the Scriptures. Or in their *quomodo*: as they that seek *aliud pro illo*, *aliud præ illo*, another instead of him, another besides him, another with him, another before him, which they do not seek for him. All these seek and miss, because they seek amiss. The world is commonly mistaken in their search; *quærunt bona locis non suis*,—they seek for things out of their proper orbs.

Men seek honour in pride, whereas honour is to be found in humility. They seek reputation in bloody revenge; alas! that is to be found in patience: 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.' They seek content in riches, which is as if one should seek for fresh water in the midst of the sea. But in none of these circumstances did this seeker fail; not in the ubi, for he sought in the vineyard; not in the quando, for he came in the vintage; not in the quomodo, for he sought fruit on that fig-tree about which he had been at so great charges: yet 'I find none.'

None? Haply not so thick with fruits as the 'vines of Engedi;' every land is not a Canaan, to flow with milk and honey. But yet some competent measure, enough to pay the landlord rent for the ground it stands on; no, 'none.' If there be none to spare, whereof the owner may make money, yet sufficiat ad usum suum, ad esum suum,—that he may eat the labours of his own hands; no, 'none.' If the number be not 'as the sand,' yet let there be 'a remnant,' Rom. 9:27. If there cannot be a whole harvest, yet let there be 'a tenth,' Isa. 6:13. If not a tenth, yet let there be some 'gleanings,' Micah 7:1; and that is a woeful scarcity. If the gleanings be not allowed, yet let there be here and there a fig, a grape, a berry, 'on the outmost branches,' Isa. 17:6, that the planter may have a taste. It is too defective, when non florebit ficus,—the tree doth not flourish; but quando non erit uva in vitibus, non ficus in ficulneis, Hab. 3:17,—when there shall not be 'a grape on the vine, nor a fig on the tree,' Jer. 8:13; this is a miserable sterility. Something hath some savour, but none is good for nothing. Indeed all trees are not equally loaden; there is the measure of a hundred, of sixty, of thirty; an omer, and an ephah; but the sacred dews of heaven, the graces of the gospel, bless us from having none! 'I find none.'

None? Peradventure none such as he looks for, no fruits delicate enough for the Almighty's taste. Indeed, our best fruits are never perfect and kindly ripened; still they relish sour and earthly, and savour of the stock from which they were taken. They are heavenly plants, but grow in a foreign and cold climate; not well concocted,

not worthy the charges and care bestowed upon us. Set orange or fig-trees in this our cold country, the fruit will not quit the cost of the planting and maintaining. But the complaint is not here of the imperfection or paucity of fruits, but of the nullity: 'none.' Some reading that text with idle eyes, that after all our fruits, we are still 'unprofitable trees,' Luke 17:10, because they can find no validity of merit in their works, throw the plough in the hedge, and make holiday. But shall not the servant do his master's business, because he cannot earn his masters inheritance? Shall the mason say, I will share with my sovereign in his kingdom, or I will not lay a stone in his building? Yet good fruits have their reward; though not by the merit of the doer, yet by the mercy of the acceptor. Sour they be of themselves, but in Christ they have their sweetening; and the meanest fruits which that great 'Angel of the Covenant' shall present to his Father, with the addition of his own 'precious incense,' Rev. 8:4, are both received and rewarded. In their own nature they may be corrupt; but being dyed in the blood of Christ, they are made pleasing to God; yea, also profitable to the church, and useful to men, seem they never so poor. Even a troubled spring doth often quench a distressed soldier's thirst; a small candle doth good where the greater lights be absent; and the meanest fruit of holy charity, even a cup, though it be not of the juice of the grapes out of the vineyard, but of cold water out of the tankard, in the name of Christ, shall have its recompense, Matt. 10:42. But here the complaint is not of the meanness or fewness, but of the barrenness: none at all.

None? 'Every tree is known by its fruits;' it is Christ's everlasting rule. Howsoever the tree lives by the sap, and not by the fruits; yet it is known to live by the fruits, and not by the sap, for this is hidden. 'The just man lives by his faith,' not by his works; but he is known to live by his works, not by his invisible faith. Neither doth the fruit make good the tree, but the tree makes good the fruit. Opera bona non faciunt justum, justus facit bona opera. Good works make not a man righteous, but the righteous man doth good works. Our persons are justified before our actions; as of necessity the tree must be good

before it can bear good fruit. But how shall that tree be discerned that hath no fruit? 'I find none.'

None? Why this to us? Why such a text in such a time? We abound with fruits; which way can you look, and not have your eye full of our works? They before, in such places, have successively commended our fruits. Be it so; yet Euripides being questioned why he always made women bad in his plays, whereas Sophocles ever made them good in his, answered, 'Sophocles makes them such as they ought to be, but I make them such as indeed they are.' Their former commendations have told us what we should be; but this emblem, I fear, tells us truly what we are. Not all of us; God forbid! Here is but one fig-tree in a whole vineyard thus taxed, and far be it from us to tax a whole vineyard for one barren fig-tree.

None? Yes; enough of some fruits, but the prophet calls them *ficos valde malos*,—'so bad that they cannot be eaten,' Jer. 24:8. As the fruit of the vine is commended for quickness, the fruit of the olive for fatness, so the fruit of the fig-tree for sweetness, in Jotham's parable, Judg. 9. But if it bear not *fructum nativitatis suæ*, the fruit of its own kind, but bitter figs, here had better be none at all. What an uncomfortable sight is this to him whose heart is set on his orchard, after the cost of so dear blood to purchase it, after such indulgent care to cherish it, and the charges of so many workmen to dress it; yea, after so much patience to expect it, say the fig-tree does not bear so soon as it is planted; in our infancy we can do nothing, in our minority we will do little, in God's service: but now it is grown fructifiable, *Jam non gustare fructus*, not to have so much as a taste! Yea, were this all, did barrenness only usurp it, but there is worse than a mere orbity or absence of goodness: a position of bitter fruits: *Quæsi uvas, inuenio labruscas*,—I find 'wild grapes,' Isa. 5:3, luxuriant fruits. Instead of the hearty effects which wine produceth, I am answered with the melancholy prevarications of malice.

Behold the wonder and spectacle of unthankfulness: among all God's creatures, man; and among men, the barren Christian. 'Though

Israel play the harlot, yet let not Judah transgress,' Hos. 4:15. What may be expected from the wild forest of paganism, when the garden of Eden yields such fruits. The sweet fruit of the spiritual fig-tree is mercy: our God is the God of love, our Saviour is the Prince of love, the church is knit together in love; our root is love, our sap is love, our ligaments love. Now, if we shall suck the blood one of another, violate the relations of peace, concoct all our moisture into malice, here is worse than *Invenio fructum nullum*, 'I find none:' for *Invenio fructum malum*, I find cursed fruits. We are grown unnatural; the hand scratcheth the eye, the mouth biteth the hand; thorns and briars entwine and embrace one another, while (against all nature) fig-trees devour one another. 'Lord, thou didst sow good seed in thy field; whence then hath it tares?' Matt. 13:27. Here is more fruit than God would have; but for that he expects, 'I find none.'

When we are filled with his blessings, Christ looks for our praises; when we have 'eaten and are fat,' that we should 'worship him,' Ps. 22:29. What fruit finds he? 'We sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play,' 1 Cor. 10:7: for praying, playing. When we are scourged, he looks for our humiliation and penance: 'Sure in their affliction they will seek me,' Isa. 26:16. What fruit finds he? 'Lord, thou hast smitten them, but they have not sorrowed,' Jer. 5:3; an insensible desperateness. In this case let us pray, 'Lord, less of the fruits we have, and more of them we should have.' 'Instead of righteousness, a cry,' Isa. 5:7: a cry indeed—a roaring cry of the oppressor, and a mourning cry of the oppressed. *Hæc non sunt placido suscipienda sinu.*

Our bells ring, our chimneys smoke, our fields rejoice, our children dance, ourselves sing and play; *Jovis omnia plena*. But when righteousness hath sown and comes to reap, here is no harvest: *οὐχ εὐρίσκω*, 'I find none.' And as there was never less wisdom in Greece than in the time of the seven wise men, so never less piety among us than now, when upon good cause most is expected. When the sun is brightest, the stars be darkest: so the clearer our light, the more gloomy our life with the deeds of darkness. The Cimmerians, that live

in a perpetual mist, though they deny a sun, are not condemned of impiety, but of ignorance: but Anaxagoras, that saw the sun, and yet denied it, is not condemned of ignorance, but of impiety. Former times were like Leah, blear-eyed, but fruitful: the present, like Rachel, fair, but barren. We give such acclamation to the gospel, that we quite forget to observe the law. As upon some solemn festival the bells are rung in all steeples, but then the clocks are tied up; there is a great untuned confusion and clangour, but no man knows how the time passeth: so in this universal allowance of liberty by the gospel, which indeed rejoiceth our hearts, had we the grace of sober usage, the clocks that tell us how the time passes, truth and conscience, that shew the bounded use and decent form of things, are tied up and cannot be heard. Still, *Fructum non invenio*, 'I find no fruits.' I am sorry to pass the fig-tree in this plight: but as I find it, so I must leave it, till the Lord mend it. So I come to—

3. The sentence: 'Cut it down.' A heavy doom! Alas! will nothing else expiate the fault? May not the lopping off some superfluities recover it? Take from the sinner the object of his vicious error: deface the harlot's beauty that bewitcheth the lascivious; pull the cup from the mouth of the drunkard; nauseate the stomach of the riotous; strip the popinjay of her pied feathers; rust the gold, vanish the riches of the covetous; take away Micah's gods, perhaps he will make him no more. If this will not do, cut off some of the arms and branches: weaken his strength; sicken his body; lay him groaning and bleeding on the bed of sufferance; grieve his heart-strings with the sense and sorrow of his sins;—anything rather than 'cut it down:' alas! no fruit can grow on it then but sad despair. A man's house is foul, or a little decayed; will he pull it down, or not rather repair it? 'There is hope of a tree, though the root wax old in the earth, and the stock die in the ground,' Job 14:8; yet the springs of water may put new life into it: but once cut down, all hope is cut down with it. When a man hath taken delight in a tree, conveniently planted in his garden, what variety of experiments will he use before he cuts it down? Alas! thus, poor silly men, we reason: we measure things that be unmeasurable by things that be measurable, by things that be miserable. What we

in a foolish pity would do, we think God in his merciful wisdom should do. Yet which of us would endure a dead tree three years together in his orchard? We would say, If it will not bear fruit to cheer us, it shall make a fire to warm us. But the Lord hath been six-and-thirty moons gracious in his forbearance; give him now leave to be just in his vengeance. If so much indulgence cannot recover it, there is little hope of it: 'Cut it down.'

'Cut it down.' Who must do this? The dresser. An unpleasant office to him that hath bestowed so much labour upon it, esteemed it so precious, hoped for some reward at his master's hand for his diligence about it; now to give the fatal blow to cut it down! And if it must fall, let it be *manu aliena, non sua*,—let another's hand do it. Hagar mil not behold her dying son; die he must, she was persuaded: *Modo non videam*, 'Let me not see the death of the child,' Gen. 21. But he must obey; *arbor non est cultoris, sed patris familias*: the tree is not the dresser's, but the Lord's; and his own is at his own disposing: 'Cut it down.'

'Cut it down.' But how? How can the minister be said to cut down a barren soul? Some may conceive here a reference to excommunication; whether the greater, which deprives a man of all benefit by the church's public prayers and the society of Christians; which St Paul calls *tradere Satanæ*,—'to deliver unto Satan,' 1 Cor. 5: so himself excommunicated Hymenæus and Alexander, 'delivering them unto Satan,' 1 Tim. 1:20—a miserable condition, to be subjected to a slave, to a dog, a drudge; but then especially fearful, when God grants unto Satan a writ or faculty, *pro excommunicato capiendo*: the ignominy of ignominy, besides the peril; for as Christ protecteth all the trees in his vineyard, so if any be transplanted to the wild desert, they are under the god of this world. Or the less, which is indeed no other properly than an act of the church's discipline, whereby she corrects her unruly children, that smarting with the absence of wonted comforts, they may be humbled by repentance, and so recover their pristine state. This censure may be either too cruel or too trivial. The church of Rome grants excommunications for

things lost: a man hath lost his horse, he may have an excommunication against him that detains him;* so the father may hap to excommunicate his own son, and for the body of a jade, hazard the soul of his child. Yea, which is worse, they publish excommunications for sins not yet committed. The lord of a manor hath set a row of young elms; he may have an excommunication against all those that shall do them any harm. This is to hang a man before he hath done the fact that deserves it. These irritate, forceless, bugbear excommunications, the ridiculous affordments of a mercenary power, are not unlike those old night-spells which blind people had from mongrel witches, to set about their orchards and houses, antidotes and charms against thieving; wherein distrusting the providence of God, they made themselves beholden to the devil for safety. Creditors that would be paid in their moneys may procure an excommunication against their debtors, if they pay not by such a day. This were an excellent project for your citizens, a rounder course than arrests and tedious trials at law. But it is to be doubted that your debtors would fear the Pope's parchment less than the scrivener's, and an excommunication far less than an outlawry. There are but four things exempted from the power of their excommunication, as Navarrus notes—a locust, an infidel, the devil, and the Pope: so he hath matched them, so let them go together. For the excommunicate must be a man, a Christian, mortal, and an inferior; now the locust is not a man, the infidel is not a Christian, the devil is not mortal, and the Pope hath no superior. But too much of that; this is a parable, and here is no foundation for such a building.

'Cut it down.' How? with an axe of martial iron? This were an exposition fit for Douay, or the Gunpowder-engineers; that by cutting it down understood, 'Blow it up;' turning their axe to a petard. Had God said to them, 'Cut it down,' the axe had been instantly heaved up; yea, they did it when God said no such thing. Rather than fail of cutting it down, they would have stocked it up, root and all: this is their mercy. But the spiritual axe is to cut down culpas, non animas; when we read of cutting down, remember it is meant of men's sins,

not of their souls. Preachers indeed do wound; but it is *gladio oris*, not *ore gladii*,—with the sword of the Spirit, not a Ravillac's knife. If God had meant such a cutting down, Nero had been a fitter instrument than Paul. We read that 'their sound went through the world,' Ps. 19; but that their sword went through the world, we never read.

'Cut it down.' How then? *Succide*; that is, *Succidendam minare*,—Threaten that I will cut it down. 'Cast them out of my sight,' Jer. 15:1. *Ejice*; that is, *Ejiciendos pronuncia*,—Say that I will reject them. *Quod moritur, moriatur: quod succidendum est, succidatur*,—'That which dieth, let it die,' Zech. 11:9. God sometimes sends such farewells and defiances to sinners that will not repent. 'Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone.' If they will not be persuaded to return, let them go on to their ruin; let them alone. 'If any man will be unjust, let him be unjust; he that will be filthy, let him be filthy still,' Rev. 22:11; let them perish. *Abeat, pereat, profundat, perdat*.

'Cut it down.' This was *sententia oris*,—the sentence of the mouth; but it may be this was not *consilium cordis*,—the purpose of the heart. *Sæpe Deo minante quod peccans meretur, peccanti non fit quod Deus minatur*. Nor can this tax God of levity; for he that speaks with condition of repentance, may change his word without suspicion of lightness. *Tu muta sententiam tuam, Deus mutabit suam*.^{*} Thus was Nineveh cut down: *eversa est in malo, ut ædificaretur in bono*,—the subversion was menaced, the conversion was intended. The father shuts his rebellious son out of doors, will not allow him a lodging, not so much as among his servants; yet he does not mean to let him perish with hunger and cold in the streets: but when he hath well smarted for his disobedience, upon his humble submission he is re-entertained. The very 'mercies of the wicked are cruel,' but the very judgments of God are sweet. This cutting down is *medicinale*, not *mortale*; *disciplinans*, not *eradicans*; for restitution, not destitution; for remedy, not for ruin. Indeed, if all this denunciation and threatening cannot persuade them to return, then comes their final perdition: when they have cut off themselves

impenitently, God will cut them off impartially. But if we turn to deprecation and repentance, he will turn to commiseration and forgiveness. The tree is barren, and the Lord says, 'Cut it down;' the tree fructifies, and he will say, 'Let it stand.' Oh, then, let us humble ourselves, and with seasonable repentance cut down our sins, that this terrible sentence may never cut down our souls!

4. The reason: 'Why cumbereth it the ground?' God is an independent Lord, and needs not give a reason of his doings; for who can call him to account: *Cur ita facis?* Rom. 9:20. His judgments are not always manifest, they are always just; nor doth he things because they are good, but they are therefore good because he doth them. Should he make short work on the earth, and despatch all barren trees in a moment; yet 'thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel!' If he strikes us, we are not wronged; it is our desert, and his justice. If he spares us, we have not merited; it is his mercy. *Huic fit misericordia, tibi non fit injuria*,—That man receives mercy, thou hast no injury. Yet that he might be justified, and the mouth of all wickedness stopped, he is content to give a reason of this sentence: Think not I deal hardly with this fig-tree; let us confer together, and hear one another with patience. I will shew thee sufficient reason of cutting it down: do thou shew me some cause why it should stand. My reason is, 'It cumbereth the ground.' *Terram reddit otiosam, inutilem*. It is not only barren formaliter, but effectivè. In a word: (1.) It does no good; (2.) It doth much harm.

(1.) First, it doth no good, therefore it is unworthy of the nourishment. *Terra bona* and *gens mala* are an ill match: an opulent land and a pestilent people. *Peccator non est dignus pane quo vescitur*,*—The wicked man is not worthy of the bread he eats, of the water he drinks, of the air he breathes, of the ground he goes on. The rich thinks himself worthy of delicate viands, costly garments, dutiful attendance, *quia dives*, because he is rich; yet he may not be worthy of a crumb, a rag, a respect, *quia malus*, because he is evil. It will one day grieve such fruitless Nabals, when they must receive a multiplicity of torments, according to the number of their abused

benefits; and they will wish that they had not fared so well upon earth, that they might fare less ill in hell. They live in the vineyard, eat the fat, and drink the sweet; turning all this juice, not into fruitful clusters, for the behoof of God's servants, but into their own arms and branches: raising their houses out of the ruins of God's house, What good do they? Cut them down; 'why cumber they the ground?' It is fit that the 'riches of the sinner should be laid up for the righteous,' Eccles. 2:26: *dentur dignioribus*.

But if God should at once cut down all the barren trees among us, there never was such a cry in Egypt as there would be about London. What innumerable swarms of nothing-does beleaguer this city! Men and women, whose whole employment is to go from their beds to the tap-house, then to the playhouse, where they make a match for the brothel-house, and from thence to bed again. To omit those ambulatory Christians, that wear out the pavement of this great temple with their feet, but scarce ever touch the stones of it with their knees; that are never further from God than when they are nearest the church. To omit that rabble of begging and pilfering vagabonds, that like beasts know no other end of their creation but recreation, but to eat, and drink, and sleep. What an army of these might be mustered out of our suburbs, but that idleness hath disabled them to any service; they are neither fit for God nor man. Did they yet but, like worms and insects, spend up the corruption of the land, and leave us the less, it were somewhat. But they are worse, even diseases and unwholesome airs, to breed infection among us. Let authority look to their castigation, or answer for their mischiefs: so far as they deserve, let them not be spared; cut them down, why cumber they the ground?

(2.) The barren tree doth no good you see; but that is not all—it doth much hurt, and that in two respects:—

[1.] It occupies the room where a better tree might grow. The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, 'and given to a nation that will bring forth the fruits thereof,' Matt. 21:43. A fruitful nation

would be content with such a dwelling. Christ foretells this mutation, Paul shews it accomplished. 'They are broken off, that we'—in their places—'might be grafted on,' Rom. 11:19. 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?' Matt. 22:12. Why dost thou usurp the seat where a worthy guest might sit? Thus David used to purge his court, admitting the righteous into the offices of the unrighteous, Ps. 101:8. As in case of calamity, the godly are delivered out of trouble, and the wicked comes in his room: so in case of felicity, the ungodly shall be turned out of their happiness, and the righteous shall come in their stead.

A judge is corrupt; he is girded with justice, but the girdle sags to that side where the purse hangeth: God will cut him down; here is room for a good man that will do equity. A magistrate is partial, and draws the sword of justice in his own quarrel, which he puts up in the cause of Christ: he must be cut down, here is room for one that will love and adhere to the truth. An office is abused by him that holds it; he bought dear and cannot sell cheap: it is time he were cut down; this place will maintain a man that will maintain the place with uprightness. A minister is barren, hath no milk in his breasts; ministerium ejus accipiat alter: Acts 1:20, let another take his office; here is room for one that will feed the people. A profane patron will let none into the Lord's vineyard but at the non-licet gate, by which good men will never enter; his clerk shall be Simon, himself will be Magus: vengeance shall cut him down; here is room for one that will freely put faithful labourers into the vineyard. There grows an oppressor, skulking in a corner; the needy cannot find him, or if they do, they find no fruit from him: cut him down; here is room for one that will pity the poor. The Lord will root out such bastard plants, and replenish his garden with fruitful trees.

[2.] It draws away nourishment from better plants that would bear us fruits. For this Christ denounceth a woe to those Jewish clerks, that keeping the keys of heaven, would 'neither enter themselves nor suffer others,' Matt, 23:13. What shall become of them that will neither do good nor suffer good to be done, but cutting down? A

great oak pines all the underwood near it, yea, spoils the grass that should feed the cattle. A great oppressor engrosseth all round about him, till there be no place left for a fertile tree, Isa. 5:8. Meanwhile, himself hath only some leaves, to shadow his sycophants; but no fruit, unless bramble-berries, and such as the hogs will scarce eat.

All covet to be great trees, few to be good. The briar would grow up to the bigness of the maple, the maple would be as tall as the cedar, the cedar as strong as the oak; and these so spread their roots till they starve the rest by an insensible soaking. When mother earth, the church, would derive her sap to some young hopeful plant, these intercept it. There is maintenance due to the minister, but the barren impropiator stands in his way and sucks it all from him: perhaps he leaves him some few drops to cool his temples, but not enough to preserve life.

But the famished tree cries against him that draws the life from it, and yields no fruit; and God will hear it: *Abscinde*, Cut it down. How charitable would Lazarus have been, had he been owner of Dives's estate! How would Mordecai have promoted the good of Israel, had he been as great a favourite as Haman was! How freely would the conscionable man give spiritual preferments, were he a patron! He that fears God would justly render the church her dues, did he drive such trades and dwell in such houses as you do. But that God, who disposeth all as it pleaseth him, mend all when it pleaseth him, even for his own mercies' sake!

Thus from a plain text I have derived you familiar persuasions; for I came not hither to satisfy the curious head, but the honest heart. Admit but two considerations more, and I have done:—

Consideration 1.—The Lord hath shewed us the way to be fruitful by his own example. He owes us nothing: if he withhold good things, we cannot challenge him; if he sends us good things, we are bound to thank him. The last year, how general was the complaint all over this kingdom! The mower could not fill his scythe, nor the binder-up of

sheaves his bosom; the beasts perished for want of fodder; yea, children died in the street with hunger, the poor father not being able with all his week's labour to buy them only bread. The fields were thin, and the barns thinner; little in many places there was to gather, and the unseasonable weather prevented the gathering of that little. The emptiness of their bowels did justly fill our bowels with compassion. Famine is a sore plague. We then cried unto the Lord for fruits, and he heard us. Lo, in how plentiful a harvest he hath answered our desires, to his own praise, and our comfort! Yea, he concluded all with songs and triumphs, a joyful harvest-home: the best sheaf of our wheat, the best grape of the vintage, the best flower of our garland, the best fruit of that royal tree, the safe return of our gracious prince. These be the fruits of his mercy to us; where be the fruits of our thankfulness to him?

Consideration 2.—The barren fig-tree is of all most miserable; and so much the more as it is barren in the vineyard. The vine fruitless is of all trees most useless, Ezek. 15:3. It is compared to noble and worthy things: to the good woman, *Uxor tua sicut vitis*, Ps. 128:3; to the best man, 'I am the true vine,' John 15:1; it cheers the heart of God and man, Judg. 9:13. But if barren, it is good for nothing; not so much as to make a pin to hang a hat on. Oaks and cedars are good for building, poplars for pales, very bushes for hedging, doted wood for firing; but the fruitless vine is good for nothing. Salt keeps other things from putrefying; but if itself be putrefied, what shall season it? Matt. 5:13. A sweet singer delights us all; but *quis medebitur cantatori à serpente percusso?*—if a serpent hath stung him, who shall recover his voice? If the eye be blind, what shall look to the eye?

Ad nihilum valet, quod non valet ad finem suum,—It is good for nothing that is not good for the end it was made. If a knife be not good to cut, we say it is good for nothing; yet may some other use be invented for it. If a plough be not good to break the ground, we say it is good for nothing; yet it may stop a gap. If a hound be not good to hunt, we say he is good for nothing; yet may he in the night give warning of a thief. But if a fig-tree, a professor, be not good for fruit,

he is indeed good for nothing. The refuse of other things have their uses: sour wine will make vinegar, old rags make paper, lees are for dyers, soil is good to fat the land, potsherds and broken tiles to mend highways; all good for somewhat: yea, they offer to sell the combings of their hairs,—ladies and gentlewomen know whether they be good for any purpose or no. But the fruitless vine, the savourless salt, the lightless lamp, the figless fig-tree, the graceless Christian, is good for nothing.

We all have our stations in the vineyard, to bring forth fruits; but what be those fruits? It was a smart invention of him, that having placed the emperor and the Pope, reconciled, in their majestic thrones, he brought the states of the world before them. First comes a councillor of state, with this motto, 'I advise you two;' then a courtier, 'I flatter you three;' then a husbandman, 'I feed you four;' then a merchant, 'I cozen you five;' then a lawyer, 'I rob you six;' then a soldier, 'I fight for you seven;' then a physician, 'I kill you eight;' lastly, a priest, 'I absolve you all nine.' This was his satire. But in the fear of God, as our sovereign doth govern us in truth and peace, so let the councillor advise, the judge censure, the husbandman labour, the merchant traffic, the lawyer plead, the soldier bear arms, the divine preach—all bring forth the fruits of righteousness; that this kingdom may flourish, and be an exemplary encouragement to our neighbours; that our children may be blessed after us, our enemies convinced, aliens converted, Satan confounded, the gospel honoured, the Lord glorified, and our own souls eternally saved. Which grace, the happy fruit of the gospel, and glory, the happy fruit of grace, God the Father grant us all for his mercies' sake, God the Son for his merits' sake, God the Holy Ghost for his name's sake; to whom, three Persons, and one most glorious God, be rendered all honour and obedience, now and for ever! Amen.

TO THE READER

I neither affect those rheumatic pens that are still dropping upon the press, nor those phlegmatic spirits that will scarce be conjured into

the orb of employment; but if modest forwardness be a fault, I cannot excuse myself.

It pleased God Almighty to make a fearful comment on this, his own text, the very same day it was preached by his unworthiest servant.* The argument was but audible in the morning, before night it was visible. His holy pen had long since written with ink; now his hand of justice expounded it in the characters of blood. There was only a conditional menace, 'So it shall be;' here a terrible remonstrance, 'So it is.' Sure, he did not mean it for a nine-days' wonder! Their sudden departure out of the world must not so suddenly depart from the memory of the world. Woe to that soul that shall take so slight a notice of so extraordinary a judgment! We do not say, They perished; charity forbid it! But this we say, It is a sign of God's favour, when he gives a man law. We pass no sentence upon them; yet let us take warning by them. The remarkableness would not be neglected; for the time, the place, the persons, the number, the manner. Yet still we conclude not this was for the transgression of the dead; but this we are sure of, it is meant for the admonition of the living.

Such is our blessed Saviour's conclusion upon a parallel instance: 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' There is no place safe enough for offenders: but when the Lord is once up in arms, happy man that can make his own peace! otherwise, in vain we hope to run from the plague, while we carry the sin along with us. Yet will not our wilful and bewitched recusants, from these legible characters, spell God's plain meaning. No impression can be made in those hearts that are ordained to perish. For their malicious, causeless, and unchristian censures of us, God forgive them: our requital be only pity and prayers for them. Howsoever thy give out—and I will not here examine—that their pity is more than ours, impudence itself cannot deny but our charity is greater than theirs. Now the holy fear of God keep us in the ways of faith and obedience, that the properation of death may never prevent our preparation to die! And yet still, after our best endeavour, 'from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us all!' Amen.

T. A.

FAITH'S ENCOURAGEMENT

And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.—LUKE 17:19.

THESE words were spoken by our Saviour Christ to the penitent and faithful leper. For induction, I will observe two remarkable circumstances preceding my text: first, that Christ did mend him, and then commend him; he did purge him, and praise him.

1. He mended him: curing first his body, then his soul. His body of the leprosy: a disease not more hard to endure than hard to cure. The difficulty of healing it appears by the answer of the king of Israel, upon the receipt of the king of Syria's letters: 'Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?' 2 Kings 5:7; intimating that only God is able to cure the leprosy. His soul of the spiritual leprosy: and this was the perfection of health. For this cure the prophet so earnestly prays: Sana animam, 'Lord, be merciful unto me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee,' Ps. 41:4. This is a supernatural cure, fit only for the great Physician of souls to perform; the more difficult, quo minus in natura sit, quod prosit,—because nature hath no influence in her stars, no minerals in her earth, no herbs in her garden, that can heal it.

2. He commends him: of all the ten cleansed, 'there are none found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger,' ver. 18. God had his tithe there, whence he might least expect it. Now, what doth Christ commend him for? For his thankfulness, for his humility, for his faith: why, these graces were Christ's own; doth he praise him for

that himself had given him? Yes, this is God's custom: *sua dona coronat*,—he crowns his own graces, he rewards his own gifts; which teacheth how we should understand reward in the Scripture. 'Call the labourers, and give them their hire,' Matt. 20:8. 'Whosoever gives a cup of cold water to a disciple, shall not lose his reward,' Matt. 10:42. This hire and reward is not the stipend of our labours, but of God's love. He gives us the good of grace, and then rewards it with the good of glory. It is a reward *secundum quid*, a gift *simpliciter*. Compare eternal life to the work, looking no further, it is a reward: 'Rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven,' Matt. 5:12. But examine the original from whence it proceeds, then it is the gift of God: 'Eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ,' Rom. 6:23. He is said to 'shew mercy to them that keep his commandments,' Exod. 20:6; the very keeping the commandments is not merit, it hath need of mercy. Lo thus the Lord gives grace, then praiseth it, blesseth it, rewards it. Christ clotheth his spouse with his own 'garments, the smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia,' Ps. 45:8,—a white robe of his perfect righteousness imputed, with his golden merits and inestimable jewels of graces,—and then praiseth her: 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee,' Cant. 4:7. When God made the world, with all creatures in it, he beheld it, and *Euge bonum*,—'Behold, it is exceeding good.' So when he makes a Christian, *majorem, meliorem mundo*, and hath furnished him with competent graces, he turns back and looks upon his own workmanship: *Ecce bonum*,—It is exceeding good; he forbears not to commend it.

Now what doth he specially commend in this converted leper? His praising of God. The leper praiseth God, God praiseth the leper. He praiseth in his praising two things: the rightness, and the rareness. First, The rightness, that he gave praise to God; directed it thither where it was only due: 'He returned to give glory to God.' *Non mihi, sed Deo*, saith Christ,—Not to me, but to God. Perhaps his knowledge was not yet so far enlightened as to know him that cured him to be God; therefore bestowed his praise where he was sure it should be accepted, where only it is deserved—on God. 'I seek not mine own praise,' saith Jesus, but *mittentis*, 'the praise of him that sent me.' 'If

I honour myself, my honour is nothing,' John 8:54. Secondly, The rareness, and that in two respects:—First, That he alone of ten blessed God; God had but his tenth: it is much if the tenth soul go to heaven. The godly are so rare, that they are set up 'for marks, and signs, and wonders,' Isa. 8:18, as if the world stood amazed at them. Secondly, That he only was the stranger—a Samaritan.

Many great virtues were found among the Samaritans: faith, charity, thankfulness. First, Faith: 'Many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him,' John 4:39. Secondly, Charity: it was the Samaritan that took compassion on the man wounded between Jerusalem and Jericho. The priest and the Levite passed by him without pity, but the Samaritan 'bound up his wounds,' Luke 10:34. Thirdly, Gratitude, exemplified in this Samaritan leper: none of the Jews gave God praise for their healing, but only the Samaritan. It was strange that in Gentiles should be found such virtue, where it was least looked for. 'Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,' Matt. 8:10. The less informed did prove the more reformed. Samaritan was held a word of reproach amongst the Jews, as appears by their malicious imputation to Christ: 'Say we not well, that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?' John 8:48. And at the first promulgation of the gospel, the apostles received a manifest prohibition: 'Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not,' Matt. 10:5. It was therefore rare to reap such fruits out of the wild forest, cursed like the mountains of Gilboa: 'Let there be no dew, neither rain upon you, nor fields of offerings,' 2 Sam. 1:21. To be good in good company is little wonder: for angels to be good in heaven, Adam in paradise, Judas in Christ's college, had been no admirable matter; to apostate in these places, so full of goodness, was intolerable weakness. But for Abraham to be good in Chaldea, Noah in the old world, Lot in Sodom; for a man now to be humble in Spain, continent in France, chaste in Venice, sober in Germany, temperate in England; this is the commendation. Such a one is a lily in a forest of thorns, a handful of wheat in a field of cockle. Let me not here omit two things worthy my insertion and your observation:—

First, God's judgment and man's do not concur: the Samaritans were condemned of the Jews, yet here nine Jews are condemned by one Samaritan. They that seem best to the world, are often the worst to God; they that are best to God, seem worst to the world. When the moon is lightest to the earth, she is darkest to heaven; when she is lightest to heaven, she is darkest to the earth. So often men most glorious to the world are obscurest to the divine approbation; others, obscure to the world's acknowledgment, are principally respected in God's favour. Man would have cleared the Pharisee and condemned the publican, when they both appeared in the temple together,—the one, as it were, in the choir, the other in the belfry,—but Christ's judgment is, that the publican 'departed rather justified,' Luke 18:14. The Jews thought that if but two men in the world were saved, the one should be a scribe, the other a Pharisee; but Christ saith neither of them both shall come there: 'You shall see others in the kingdom of heaven, and you yourselves thrust out,' Luke 13:28. Some, like the moon, are greater or less by the sun* of men's estimation. Samuel was mistaken in Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammah, 1 Sam. 16; for the Lord had chosen David. Isaac preferred Esau, but God preferred Jacob, and made the father give the blessing to that son to whom he least meant it. All this justifies that: 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord,' Isa. 55:8.

Secondly, Learn we here from Christ to give men their due; praise to them that deserve praise. God speaks of vices with commination, of virtues with commendation. Let us speak of others' sins with grief, of their good works with praise and joy. Of others' sins with grief; so did St Paul: 'Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ,' Phil. 3:18. So David, 'Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law,' Ps. 119:136. Our Saviour wept over apostate Jerusalem; he wept over the people, beholding them as scattered 'sheep without a shepherd.' Who can forbear weeping to see souls muffled and misled by ignorance: like the babes of Nineveh, not able to distinguish the right hand from the left? Alas! there are innumerable souls that

know not their own estate; oh, pity them! 'Because thou wilt not hear this, my soul shall weep in secret for thy pride,' Jer. 13:17.

But let us mention others' virtues and good actions with praise. It is the argument of a sullen and proud disposition, not to commend them that do well. Yet there is no ointment so sweet but there will be some 'dead flies' to corrupt it, Eccles. 10:1. There be certain dogs that will bark at the moon; critics that spend the larger part of their time seeking knots in a bulrush. The snow is not so white, but there is an Anaxagoras to make it black. It was God's commendation of Job, that 'there was none like him in the earth,' Job 1:8; he had no fellow, yet the devil picks and inventeth slanders against him. Traducers of their brethren, I call not dæmones, but dæmonis agunt; I do not say they are devils, but they do the work of devils.

This mischief of depraving hath also infected the church. Many a preacher thinks his own glory eclipsed, if the next orb be lightened with a brighter star. Hence they fall to faulting and inveighing; as if there were no way to build up their own credits but by the ruins of another's disgrace. God doth otherwise: 'The Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely,' Luke 16:8. Though he had many faults, yet Christ praiseth him for what was worthy praise—his policy. St Paul found gross errors in the Corinthians: 'In this I praise you not, that you come together not for the better, but for the worse,' 1 Cor. 11:17. But wherein they did well, he commends them: ver. 2, 'I praise you, brethren, that you remember me in all things.' Thus Ezekiel commends Daniel, a prophet of his own time, and thought it not any derogation from himself: 'Behold, art thou wiser than Daniel?' Ezek. 28:3. As Solomon saith of beggars: 'A poor man oppressing the poor is like a sweeping rain which leaveth no food behind it,' Prov. 28:3. So a minister disparaging a minister is a breach whereby the devil comes out, and many souls go into hell.

Now to the words, 'Arise, go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.'

The verse may be distinguished into—I. A passport; and, II. A certificate. 'Arise, go thy way,' there is the passport; 'Thy faith hath made thee whole,' there is the certificate. He gives him first a dismissal, leave to depart; then a testimony, or assurance, both to certify the church actually that he was cleansed of his leprosy, but especially to certify his own conscience that he was converted, and that the faith of his soul brought health to his body.

I. In the passport, or dismissal, there are two words considerable: Surge and Vade,—'Arise,' 'Go.' Surge ad incipiendum, vade ad perficiendum. First, let us speak of them secundum sonum; then, secundum sensum: first, according to the history; then, according to mystery. Allegories are tolerable when they be profitable. Nor can it be much from the text, by occasion of those two words spoken to the ears of the leper's body, to instruct your souls how to arise from the seat of custom, the couch of sin, and to go on in the way of salvation.

1. 'Arise.' The leper casts himself down, and Christ bids him arise. Humility is the gentleman-usher to glory. God, that sends away the rich empty from his gates, loves to 'fill the hungry with good things,' Luke 1:53. The air passeth by the full vessel, and only filleth that is empty. This is the difference between the proud and beggars; both agree in not having, differ in craving. The proud are pauperes spiritus, the humble are pauperes spiritu. 'Blessed are,' not the poor spirits, but 'the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:3. Such as felt their wants sought and besought God for supply. 'Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain be brought low,' Luke 3:5. The lowly mind shall be exalted, the high-towering ambitious shall be thrown down. How should God say to the merchant that glories in his wealth, to the usurer that admireth his moneys, to the gallant that wonders that his good clothes do not prefer him: 'Arise!' Alas! they are up already, they were never down. A dwarf in a great throng, seeming low on his knees, was bidden by the prince to stand up; alas! he was before at his highest. God cannot be so mistaken as to encourage their standing up who never yet had the manners to cast themselves down. Descendite ut ascendatis ad

Deum: cecidistis enim ascendendo contra eum,*—Descend, that ye may rise up to God; for you have fallen by rising up against God. He that is a mountebank must level himself even with the ground; if humbleness hath once thrown him down, and brought him on his knees, he shall hear the patron and pattern of humbleness comforting him with a Surge, 'Arise.'

The guest that sets himself down at the lower end of the table shall hear the feastmaker kindly remove him: 'Friend, sit up higher,' Luke 14:10. If Esther fall at Ahasuerus's feet, he will take her by the hand, and bid her arise. When 'Peter fell down at Jesus's knees, saying, Depart from me; I am a sinful man, O Lord,' Luke 5:8, 10, he presently was raised up with, 'Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men.' Zaccheus is gotten up on high to see Jesus; see him he may with his eye of flesh, but he must descend that he may see him with his eye of faith. 'Come down, Zaccheus; this day is salvation come to thy house,' Luke 19:5: Descend to the ground, that thou mayest be raised above the clouds. Pride, even in good things, non ditio, sed perditio, is no argument of possession, but destruction. The haughty-minded looks always beyond the mark, and offers to shoot further than he looks, but ever falls two bows short—humility and discretion. Who is heard to say with Paul, Quorum ego sum primus, —'I am the chief of sinners?' 1 Tim. 1:15: such a humble confession scarce heard of. But Christ had given him a Surge on his former humbling: 'Arise, and bear my name before Gentiles and kings,' &c. Let us all thus cast ourselves down in humility, that the Lord may say to us in mercy, 'Arise!'

2. 'Go.' This was the word of dismissal wherewith Christ sends him away. He was healed, and therein had his heart's desire; what could he expect more of Christ? why is he not gone? No, he has not yet his Vade; he will not go till he is bidden. He found such sweetness in the Lord Jesus, that could you blame him though he were loath to depart? From another man's house, we say, after some small tarrying, Let us save our credits, and go before we are bidden; but from the Lord let us not depart without a dismissal. The hearts of

the people were so set on Christ, that he was fain to send them often away, Mark 6:45, Matt. 14:22, 'He sent the multitudes away,' Matt. 15:39, 'He sent the people away.' As Simeon, that swan, which sung his own funeral: *Nunc dimittis*,—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

This makes to the shame of their faces that, without other cause than of weariness, waywardness, or wantonness, will not tarry for their *Discedite*, but depart the church without the blessing; they will not stay till Christ bids them go. They venture therein wretchedly and dangerously, if they could so conceive it, to depart without the 'peace of God.' It is a usual complaint of man in distress, *Quare dereliquisti me, Domine?*—Why hast thou forsaken me, O Lord? God justly answers, *Quare dereliquisti me, homo?*—Why didst thou forsake me first, O man? Would you needs depart when you should not? you therefore shall depart when you would not. *Discedite*, 'Depart;' indeed a woeful dejection, Matt. 7:23. 'Depart from me, ye cursed,' Matt. 25:41. Why cursed? Good reason; you would not tarry for a blessing. Thus is God even with the wicked: *Recedisti à me, recedam à vobis*,—You left me, I therefore leave you. Will you go without bidding? *Abite*,—Get you gone. 'He that will go into captivity, let him go.' *Deus prior in amore, posterior in odio*,—God loved us before we loved him; he doth not actually hate us, till we first hate him. *Nunquam deserit, nisi cum deseritur*,—He forsakes not us till we forsake him. No man can take Christ from thy soul, unless thou take thy soul from Christ. God complains of the Jews, that they had left him: 'My people have forsaken me,' Jer. 2:13. Forsake thee, O Lord, living Father of mercies, and God of all comfort! 'Will a man forsake the snow of Lebanon, and the cold flowing waters that come from the rocks?' Jer. 18:14. If any will do so, then hear the curse: 'O Lord, the hope of Israel, all that forsake thee shall be ashamed, and they that depart from thee shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters,' Jer. 17:13. But let them that cleave to the Lord, hear the blessing: 'I will not leave thee nor forsake thee,' Heb. 13:5. Let us hang on the mouth of God for decision of all our doubts, direction of all our ways; like the

centurion's servants, Matt. 8:9, going when he bids us, coming when he calls us, doing what he commands us. At his word let us arise and go on earth; at his call we shall arise and go to heaven. He that obeys the Surge in grace shall have the Surge in glory. He that goes in the ways of holiness shall go into the courts of happiness. 'He that goeth forth weeping, bearing with him precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him,' Ps. 126:6. 'They that have done well shall go into everlasting life,' Matt. 25.

Thus much of these two words, as they belonged to that person, the leper. Now let us usefully apply them to ourselves.

First, Let us observe from this Arise, it is Christ that gives the Surge which reviveth us: we can never stir from the seat of impiety till he bids us arise. 'No man can come to me, except the Father draw him,' John 6:44. The Spirit of Christ must draw us out of the black and miry pit of iniquity; as Ebedmelech drew Jeremiah out of the dungeon, Jer. 38:13. We cannot arise of ourselves; nature hath no foot that can make one true step toward heaven: 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh,' John 3:6; not fleshly in the concrete, but flesh in the abstract. We cannot speak unless he open our lips. God says to the prophet, 'Cry.' 'What shall I cry?' The Spirit must give the word: 'All flesh is grass,' &c., Isa. 40:6. We cannot stand unless he give us feet: 'Son of man, stand upon thy feet,' Ezek. 2:1. Alas! he cannot; but, ver. 2, 'The Spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet.' We cannot see except he give us eyes: *Intelligite, insipientes,—*'Be wise, O ye fools.' Alas! they cannot; but *da mihi intellectum,—*do thou, O Lord, give them wisdom. 'Be ye not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of your minds, that you may prove,' &c., Rom. 12:2. There are first two verbs passive, then an active; to shew that we are double so much patients as we are agents. Being moved, we move. *Acta fit activa voluntas:* when God hath inclined our will to good, that will can then incline us to perform goodness.

If we cannot speak without lips from him, nor walk without affections from him, nor see except he give us eyes; then neither can

we arise except he takes us by the hand, as Peter took the cripple, 'and lift him up, and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength,' Acts 3:7. If the Spirit of our Lord Jesus give us a Surge, our lame soul shall grow strong and lively in the nerves of graces, we shall arise and walk; leaping, and singing, and praising God.

Secondly, We must arise, for we are naturally down. By nature a man 'lieth in wickedness,' 1 John 5:19: by grace he 'riseth to newness of life,' Rom. 6:4. Nature and religion are two opposites: I mean by nature, corrupted nature; and by religion, true religion; for otherwise, the accepting of some religion is engrafted to every nature. It is nature to be 'dead in sins,' Eph. 2:1: it is religion to be 'dead to sin,' Rom. 6:2. It is nature to be 'reprobate to every good work,' Tit. 1:16: religion to be 'ready to every good work,' Tit. 3:1. It is nature to be a 'lover of one's self,' 2 Tim. 3:2: religion to 'deny one's self,' Luke 9:23. It is nature for a man to 'seek only his own profits,' Phil. 2:21: religion to 'serve others by love,' Gal. 5:13. Nature esteems preaching, folly: religion, the 'power of God to salvation,' 1 Cor. 1:21, 24. There are two lights in man, as in heaven—reason and faith. Reason, like Sarah, is still asking, 'How can this be?' Faith, like Abraham, not disputes, but believes. There is no validity in moral virtues: civil men's good works are a mere carcase, without the soul of faith.

They are like that Roman, that having fortunately slain his three enemies, the Curiatii, coming home in triumph, and beholding all the people welcome him with acclamations, only his sister weep, because he had slain her love; he embittered his victories with the murder of his own sister. Carnal men may do glorious deeds, flourish with brave achievements; but they mar all by killing their own sister, the dear soul. Thus we are down by nature; grace can only help us up, and make us arise. If you ask how nature hath dejected us, how we came originally thus depraved? I answer, We know not so well how we came by it, as we are sure we have it. *Nihil ad prædicandum notius, nihil ad intelligendum secretius,**—Nothing is more certainly true to be preached, nothing more secretly hard to be understood.

Therefore, as in case of a town on fire, let us not busily inquire how it came, but carefully endeavour to put it out. A traveller passing by, and seeing a man fallen into a deep pit, began to wonder how he fell in; to whom the other replied, *Tu cogita quomodo hinc me liberares, non quomodo huc ceciderim quæras*,—Do thou, good friend, rather study how to help me out, than stand questioning how I came in. Pray to Christ for this Surge: *Libera nos Domine*,—We are naturally down; do thou, O Lord, graciously raise us up.

Thirdly, We must 'arise' before we can 'go.' First arise, then go thy way, saith Christ. He that is down may creep like a serpent, cannot go like a man. Thou art to fight with cruel enemies: 'Not flesh and blood, but principalities and powers, wicked spirits in high places,' Eph. 6:12. Thou wilt perform it poorly whiles thou art along on the ground. The flesh will insult over thee with undenied lusts. *Quicquid suggeritur, cæteris aggeritur*,—there is not a sinful motion suggested, but it is instantly embraced, and added to that miserable dunghill of iniquity. And is not this wretched, to have Ham's curse upon thee, to be a slave to slaves? The world will hold thy head under his girdle, whiles he tramples on thy heart: thou shalt eat no other food than he gives thee; he will feed thee with bribes, usuries, injuries, perjuries, blasphemies, homicides, turpitudes; none of these must be refused. The devil will tyrannise over thee; thou canst hardly grapple with that great red dragon, until thou art mounted like St George on the back of faith. Alas! how shouldst thou resist him, being down under his feet? Arise therefore, and 'take the whole armour of God,' Eph. 6:13, that you may both stand and withstand.

'Arise,' lest God coming, and finding thee down, strike thee lower: 'From him that hath not shall be taken away that he seemeth to have.' Pauper ubique jacet, is a proverb more plentifully true in a mystical than a temporal poverty. We say, *Qui jacet in terris, non habet unde cadat*,—He that lies on the ground hath no lower descent to fall to. Yes, there is a lower place. Judas found a lower fall than the earth when he departed, in *locum suum*, 'into his own place,' Acts 1:25. Such was that great monarch's fall: 'How art thou fallen from

heaven, O Lucifer? how art thou cut down to the ground?' Isa. 14:12. This was a great descent, from heaven to earth. But, ver. 15, 'Thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.' This was a greater descent, from heaven to hell. We esteem it a great fall (ceremonially) from a throne to a prison; and the devil meant a great fall (locally) from the pinnacle to the ground: but there is abyssus inferna, a lower precipice. David begins a psalm of prayer, De profundis,—'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord,' Ps. 130. But there is a depth of depths, and out of that deep there is no rising. Arise now, lest you fall into that deep then.

'Arise;' for if thou wilt not, thou shalt be raised. Si non surrexeris volenter, suscitaberis violenter,—If thou refuse to rise willingly, thou shalt be roused against thy will. If thou wilt not hear the first Surge, which is the minister's voice, thou shalt hear the last Surge, which is the archangel's voice. Dicis, Surgam,—Thou sayest, I will rise. But when? Modo Domine, modo,—Anon, Lord, all in time. Will not this be a silly excuse at the day of judgment, 'I will rise anon?' Thou must rise 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump,' 1 Cor. 15:52. Though thou cry to the 'mountains, Fall on me, and to the rocks, Hide me,' Rev. 6:16; yet nulla evasio, thou must arise and appear. There are two voices that sound out this Surge: one evangelical, and that is of mercy; yet we drown this, as Italians do thunder, by drums, bells, cannons. The other angelical, and that is of justice, a voice impossible to be avoided. This is that last sermon, that all the world shall hear: 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.'

'Arise;' let us now raise up ourselves from corruption of soul, that we may one day be raised from corruption of body. They that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodies to judgment. This world was made for man, not man for this world; therefore they take a wrong course that lie down there. He that lies down when he should arise and go, shall rise and go when he would lie down. He that sleeps in the cradle of security all his life, sins soundly without starting; when he once starts and wakes, he must never sleep again. The devil and mischief are ever watching; and shall men, whom they

watch to hurt, sleep? He that would deceive the devil had need to rise betimes. The lion is said to sleep with one eye open, the hare with both; the worldling with both eyes of his soul shut. He never riseth till he goes to bed; his soul wakens not till his body falls asleep on his deathbed: then perhaps he looks up. As sometimes they that have been blind many years, at the approaching of death have seen,—whereof physicians give many reasons,—so the death-bed opens the eyes of the soul. Indeed at that time there is possibility of waking, but hazard of rising. That poor winter-fruit will hardly relish with God. *Miserum incipere vivere, cum desinendum est*,—It is wretched for a man then to begin his life when he must end it. It is at the best but *morosa et morbosa pœnitentia*,—a wearish and sick repentance. Whereas God requires a 'quick and lively sacrifice,' Rom. 12:1, this is as sick as the person that makes it. This indeed is not a conversion, but a reversion, or mere refuse.

To raise the secure from their unseasonable, unreasonable sleep, God doth ring them a peal of five bells:—

The first bell is conscience: this is the treble, and doth somewhat trouble; especially if the hand of God pulls it. Many think of their consciences as ill debtors do of their creditors—they are loath to talk with them. Indeed God is the creditor, and conscience the serjeant, that will meet them at every turn. It makes a syllogistical conclusion in the mind. Reason, like David, draws the sword, and conscience, like Nathan, knocks him on the breast with the hilts. David made the proposition, 'The man that hath done this shall die the death,' 2 Sam. 12; Nathan the assumption, 'Thou art the man;' conscience the conclusion, 'Therefore thou must die.' If you hear not, yea feel not the sound of this bell, suspect your deadness of heart; for that city is in danger where the alarm-bell rings not.

The second bell is the stint, or certain to all the rest: *vox evangelii*, the voice of the gospel. This bell of Aaron is so perpetually rung amongst us, that as a knell in a great mortality, *quia frequens, non terrenus*,—so common that no man regards it. Indeed, if some

particular clapper ring melodiously to the ear, we come to please that rather than the soul. Luxuriant wits think the Scripture phrase gross; nothing delights them but a painted and meretricious eloquence. There are some that will not hear this bell at all; like Jeroboam, they will not travel to Jerusalem for a sermon, but content themselves with a calf at home. Others look that the preacher's tongue should incessantly walk, but let their own hearts lie still. Thus often our lecturer shall preach, we will give the hearing when we list. Thus many ministers come to a parish with their bones full of marrow, veins full of blood; but all is soon spent, and the people never the better. We ring, but you do not rise.

The third bell is the mean; and this is *suspiria gemitusque morientium*,—the cries and groans of the dying. Another's passing-bell is thy warning-bell. Death snatcheth here and there about us, thousands on our left, ten thousand on our right; yet as if we had a Supersedeas, or protestation against it, we neither relent nor repent. Our security is argued of the more madness, because we have so common motions and monitions of death. Yet *non erimus memores esse necesse mori*. How horrible is it to be drunk in a charnel-house! As Christ spake, 'Let the dead bury their dead.' So we bring to the church dead bodies, with deader souls.

'Forma, favor populi, fervor juvenilis, opesque,

Surripuere tibi noscere quid sit homo.'

We confess ourselves mortal, yet we live as if death had no quarrel against us. This bell is the mean, but is too mean to wake us.

The fourth bell is the counter-tenor: *vox pauperum*, the cry of the poor. This bell rings loud, either to us for mercy, or against us for cruelty. Let us know, that if it cannot waken us, it shall waken God against us. 'Their cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth,' James 5:4. Set not thy soul in danger of the people's curse; by enhancings, engrossing?, oppressions, &c. But thou sayest they

are wicked men that will curse, and God will not hear the wishes of the wicked. I answer, it is often seen that the curse of the undone waster lights upon the head of the undoing usurer. The imprecation of an evil man may fall upon another. God so suffers it, not because he cursed thee, but because thou hast deserved this curse. Let this bell make oppressors arise to shew mercy, that God may rise to shew them mercy. Otherwise the poor man is ready to pray, 'Arise, O Lord, in thine anger, lift up thyself because of the rage of our enemies: awake for us to the judgment thou hast commanded,' Ps. 7:6. Yea, though they pray not for it, God will do it. 'For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him,' Ps. 12:5. If this bell sound mournfully to thee for bread to the hungry, arise to this sound, as that neighbour rose at midnight to relieve his importunate friend, Luke 11:8. If it cannot waken thy covetous soul to shew mercy to Christ tempore suo, in his time of need, nor will Christ arise to shew mercy to thee, tempore tuo, in thy time of need.

The last bell is the tenor, the bow-bell: able to waken all the city. But though that material bell can teach us when it is time to go to bed, yet this mystical bell cannot teach us the time to arise. This is the abuse of the creatures: 'The rust of the gold cries' against the hoarder, James 5:3; 'the stone out of the wall' against the oppressor, Hab. 2:11; the corn and wine against the epicure. This is a roaring and a groaning bell: 'The whole creature groans and travails in pain' under us, Rom. 8:22. This is the creatures' ordinary sermon: Accipe, redde, cave,—Use us without abusing, return thankfulness without dissembling, or look for vengeance without sparing. They seem to cry unto us, 'We desire not to be spared, but not to be abused: necessitati subservire non recusamus, sed luxui,—we would satisfy your natural necessity, not intemperate riot.' We are the nocent creatures that cause their innocency to become miserable. And but that the divine providence restrains them, it is marvel hat they break not their league with us; and with their horns, and hoofs, and other artillery of nature, make war upon us, as their unrighteous and tyrannical lords.

Let some of these bells waken us; lest, as God once protested against Israel, that seeing they would not when it was offered, therefore they should never 'enter into his rest,' Heb. 3. So a renunciation come out against us: 'If any will be filthy, let them be filthy still,' Rev. 22; if they will not arise, they shall lie still for ever. If this peal cannot effect it, yet God hath four things more to rouse us:—

First, A goad that pricks the skin and smarts the flesh—affliction. He hath crosses and curses; those gall, these deeply wound; they are able to make any but a Pharaoh arise. It was affliction that wakened David: 'It is good for me that I was troubled.' The leprosy brought Naaman to the prophet; the prophet brought him to God. It is strange if bloody sides put not sense into us. Yet such was the obduracy of Israel: 'Thou hast stricken them, but they have not sorrowed; thou hast consumed them, yet they refused to return,' Jer. 5:3. Insensible hearts! 'The people turneth not to him that smiteth them; neither do they seek the Lord of hosts,' Isa. 9:13. Hast thou been wounded, and wilt thou not be wakened? Beware lest God speak to thy soul, as in another sense Christ did to Peter, 'Sleep on now, and take thy rest.'

Secondly, He hath, to rouse us, thunder of heavier judgments. Perhaps the light scratches which some adverse thorns make are slightly reckoned; we scarce change countenance for them; but he sleeps soundly whom thunder cannot wake. *Humanas motura tonitrua mentes*. When God thundered that menace in the ears of Nineveh, it waked them. Let Absalom fire Joab's barley fields, and he shall make him rise, 2 Sam. 14. Shake the foundations of the prison, and the stern jailor will rise a converted Christian: 'Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?' Acts 16. This thundering of judgments should cleanse our air, awaken our sleepy minds, purge our unclean hearts. 'If the lion roar, who will not fear? If the Lord thunder, what man will not be afraid?' Amos 3:8.

Thirdly, He hath an ordnance to shoot off—death. *Statutum est omnibus mori*. It is a statute law of heaven, an ordinance from the

court of justice, every man shall die. When this cannon is discharged at thy paper walls, then let thy soul rise, or never. The shooting off this ordnance made Belshazzar stagger before he was drunk. 'His knees smote one against another,' when that fatal hand wrote his destiny on the wall, Dan. 5:6. Indeed most do slumber on the couch of health, they are quiet, no sickness stirs them; they are at a covenant with the grave:—

'Sed cito finitam datur istam cernere vitam.

Præceps mortis iter.'

Death makes a headlong progress. This ordnance carries death in its mouth: it is an even hand that shoots; one that will never miss the mark. Let this rouse us.

Fourthly, God hath a trumpet to sound: 'The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God,' 1 Thess. 4:16. *Altisona, grandisona tuba*,—the loudest instrument of war: every ear shall hear it. As it was in the days of Noah and Lot, 'so shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed,' Luke 17:30: from eating and drinking, building and planting, buying and selling, marrying and dancing, shall this trumpet call them. It shall fetch the drunkard from the ale-bench, the harlot from her luxurious bed, the epicure from his riotous table, the usurer from his charnel-house of men's bones and beasts' skins, his study: now *surgendum est undique*, there must be a universal rising. Well, let us waken before this last trumpet's last summons, lest then we rise only to judgment, and be judged to lie down again in torments. God long expects our rising: *Quanto diutius nos expectat ut emendemus, tanto districtius judicabit si neglexerimus*,*—With how much patience he waits for our neglected conversion, with so much vengeance he will punish our continued rebellion. The Lord of his mercy give us the first resurrection to grace, that we may enjoy the rising of glory!

'Arise, and go.' Being got up, it is not fit we should stand still, we must be going. The main work was to raise us; now we are up, I hope an easy matter will set us a-going. And to help forward our journey, let our meditations take along with them these three furtherances: the necessity, the conveniency, the end. The necessity, we must go; the conveniency, how we must go; the end, whither we must go.

(1.) The necessity: all that have hope of heaven must be going. The servants of God under the law, *Exod. 12:11*, the sons of God under the gospel, *Eph. 6:15*, are commanded to have their feet shod, to witness their preparation of going. God doth not only charge Elijah with a Surge, 'Arise,' *1 Kings 19:5*; but also with a Vade, 'Go,' *ver. 7*. The sitting bird is easily shot; so long as she is flying in the air, the murdering piece is not levelled at her. There were two principal occasions of David's sin: *otium et oculus*,—idleness and his eye. The one gives Satan opportunity, the other conveniency, to inject his temptation. *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*. 'David, hast thou nothing to do? Come, walk with me on thy palace roof; I will shew thee beauty, a snare able to take a saint.' It is necessary therefore to be going; for so we are not so fair a mark for Satan. Adam, so long as he was at his work in the garden, was safe enough; when he became lazy, and fell a-dallying with Eve, Satan shot him. It was Jerome's counsel to Rusticus: 'Be ever doing, *ut quando diabolus veniat, inveniatur occupatum*,—that when the devil comes with his business, he may find thee at thine own business.' So thou shalt answer him knocking at thy door: 'I am busy; I have no time to talk with you, Satan.' Do you think the devil could be so sure to meet his friends at the theatre, tavern, brothel-house, but that Mistress Idleness sends them thither? Yea, by this he takes a worldling by the hand at church: 'Well met; you are so full of business all the week that you break your sleeps, cannot take your rest; come, here be two sermons on the Sunday, sleep out them.' The Sabbath seems tedious to some, they have nothing to do. Nothing? Alas! they know not a Sabbath-day's work. To pray, to hear, to read, to meditate, to confer, to visit, to pray again; is all this nothing? Because they labour not in their worldly calling, they think there needs no labour about their

Christian calling: the 'working out their salvation' they hold no pains; indeed they take no pains about it. If they did perform these duties, they should find the right spending the Sabbath, not *nullum laborem, sed alium*,—not no labour, but another kind of labour than ever they conceived. And this not *opus tædii, sed gaudii*. Think of that sweet vicissitude of works and comforts; and *breve videbitur tempus, tantis varietatibus occupatum*,—that time must needs seem short that is spent in such variety of delights. It was the principal of those three faults whereof Cato professed himself to have so seriously repented. One was, passing by water when he might go by land; another was, trusting a secret to a woman; but the main one was, spending an hour unprofitably. How many hours, not only on common days, but even upon the holy Sabbath, that concerns the business of our souls, have we unprofitably lavished, and yet never heartily repented them!

(2.) The conveniency: if we go, we must have feet. All our preaching is to beat the bush, put you from your coverts, and set you a-going; but now *quibus pedibus?*—on what feet must you go? The foot is the affection or appetite, saith St Augustine; *eo feror, quocunque feror*,—that carries me whithersoever I go. The foot moves the body, the affection moves the soul. The regenerate soul hath three principal faculties, as the natural body hath three semblable members: the eye, hand, and foot. In the soul the eye is knowledge, the hand is faith, the foot is obedience. The soul without knowledge is like Bartimeus, blind; without faith, like the man with the withered hand; without obedience, like Mephibosheth, lame.

True Christians are not monopodes, one-footed; the Apostle speaks in the plural number, of their feet: 'Stand, having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' Eph. 6:15. He meant not corporal feet: the soul must therefore have spiritual feet, like the body's, for number, for nature:—

[1.] For number; the body hath two feet, so hath the soul—affection and action, desiring and doing. The former, that puts forward the

soul, is a hopeful affection. One said, Hope is a foot, *pes spes*; but hope is rather a nerve that strengthens the motion of this foot, than the foot itself. The latter is action, or operative obedience; that rightly walks in the blessed way of holiness. 'I desire to do thy will, O my God,' Ps. 40:8; there is the foot of affection. 'I will run the way of thy commandments,' Ps. 119:32; there is the foot of action. 'I have longed for thy precepts,' ver. 40; there is the foot of desiring. 'I turned my feet unto thy testimonies,' ver. 59; there is the foot of obeying.

[2.] For nature; they are fitly compared to feet, and that, *ratione situs et transitus*,—for placing and for passing.

For site, or placing; the feet are the lower parts of the body, so are affections of the soul. The head is the director, the foot the carrier: the feet help the head, the head guides the feet. The understanding and affection are like the blind man and the lame: the lame hath eyes but no feet; the blind hath feet but no eyes. But whiles the blind carries the lame, and the lame directs the blind, both may come to their journey's end. The understanding sees well, but of itself cannot go; the affection is able to go, but of himself cannot see: let the one direct well, the other walk after that direction, and they will bring the soul to heaven.

For transition, or passing; as the feet corporally, so these spiritually, move and conduct the man from place to place. Indeed, 'none can come to the Son unless the Father draw him,' John 6:44; but when he hath given us feet, he looks we should go. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;' he that hath hands, let him work; he that hath feet, let him go. Hence is that exhortation, 'Draw near to God, and he will draw near to you,' James 4:8. In this footmanship there is *terminus a quo recedimus, terminus ad quem accedimus, motus per quem procedimus*,—from the ways of darkness, to the fruition of light, to the conversation in light. From darkness exterior, interior, inferior. Outward: this land is full of darkness, fraught *operibus tenebrarum*, with the works of darkness. Inward: 'Having the

understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, and because of the blindness of their heart,' Eph. 4:18. Outer darkness, that which Christ calls τὸ σκότος τὸ ἑξώτερον, Matt. 22:13, or lower darkness: 'He hath reserved the lost angels in everlasting chains under darkness,' Jude 6. Unto light external, internal, eternal. Outward light: 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path,' Ps. 119:105. Inward light: 'In the hidden parts thou shalt make me to know wisdom,' Ps. 51:6. Everlasting light: 'They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever,' Dan. 12:3. Blessed feet! that carry us to 'that light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world,' John 1:8; and to the beams of that sun which 'gives light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,' Luke 1:79. Happy feet! they shall be guided 'into the way of peace.' Look to thy foot wheresoever thou treadest; beware the gardens of temporal pleasures: Est aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat. It is worse going on fertile ground than on barren: the smooth ways of prosperity are slippery, in rough afflictions we may take sure footing. Let your feet be shod, saith Paul, your affections restrained; bar lust of her vain objects, turn her from earth to heaven. Set her a-travelling, not after riches, but graces. Keep the foot of desire still going, but put it in the right way, direct it to everlasting blessedness. And this is—

(3.) The end whither we must go: to perfection. Thou hast done well, yet go on still. Nihil præsumitur actum, dum superest aliquid ad agendum,—Nothing is said to be done, while any part remains to do. No man can go too far in goodness. Nimis justus, et nimis sapiens potes esse, non nimis bonus,—Thou mayest be too just, thou mayest be too wise, but thou canst never be too good. Summæ religionis est, imitari quem colis,—It is a true height of religion, to be a follower of that God of whom thou art a worshipper. Come so nigh to God as possibly thou canst, in imitation, not of his power, wisdom, majesty, but of his mercy. 'Be holy, as the Lord is holy,' 1 Pet. 1:16; 'Be merciful, as your heavenly Father is merciful,' Luke 6:36. The going on forward to this perfection shall not displease him, but crown thee.

Give not over this going, until with St Paul thou have quite 'finished thy course,' 2 Tim. 4:7.

Aim at perfection, shoot at this mark, though thou cannot reach it. When the wrestling angel said to Jacob, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh,' he answered, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me,' Gen. 32:26. Happy perseverance! 'When I caught him whom my soul loved, I held him, and would not let him go,' Cant. 3:4. O sweet Jesus! who would let thee go, *qui tenes tenentem, apprehendentem fortificas, fortificatum confirmas, confirmatum perficis, perfectum coronas*,*—thou that holdest him that holdeth thee, that strengthenest him that trusteth thee, confirmest whom thou hast strengthened, perfectest whom thou hast confirmed, and crownest whom thou hast perfected? In the behalf of this continuance, the Holy Ghost gives those exhortations: 'Hold fast, stand fast;' 'Hold that thou hast, that no man take thy crown,' Rev. 3:11. The same to the church of Thyatira: *Tene quod habes*, Rev. 2:25. 'Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free,' Gal. 5:1. It is an ill hearing, 'Ye,' not do, but 'did run well,' ver. 7. The prophet in his threnes weeps that 'they which were brought up in scarlet, embrace dunghills,' Lam. 4:5. It is just matter of lamentation, when souls which have been clad with zeal as with scarlet, constantly forward for the glory of God, fall to such apostasy as with Demas to embrace the dunghill of this world, and with an avarous hausture to lick up the mud of corruption.

Joseph had a coat reaching down to his feet: our religion must be such a garment, neither too scant to cover, nor too short to continue *ad ultimum*, to the last day of our temporary breath. 'Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life,' Rev. 2:10: this crown is promised to a good beginning, but performed to a good ending. Strive to 'comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height,' Eph. 3:18. If we can comprehend with the saints, not only the height of hope, the depth of faith, the breadth of charity, but also the length of continuance, we are blessed for ever. Even the tired horse, when he comes near home, mends his

pace: be good always, without weariness, but best at last; that the nearer thou comest to the end of thy days, the nearer thou mayest be to the end of thy hopes, the salvation of thy soul. *Omnis cœlestis curia nos expectat, desideremus eam quanto possumus desiderio,**—The whole court of heaven waits for us; let us long for that blessed society with a hearty affection. The saints look for our coming, desiring to have the number of the elect fulfilled; the angels blush when they see us stumble, grieve when we fall, clap their wings with joy when we go cheerfully forward; our Saviour Christ stands on the battlements of heaven, and with the hand of help and comfort wafteth us to him. When a noble soldier in a foreign land hath achieved brave designs, won honourable victories, subdued dangerous adversaries, and with worthy chivalry hath renowned his king and country; home he comes, the king sends for him to court, and there in open audience of his noble courtiers, gives him words of grace, commendeth, and (which is rarely more) rewardeth his valour, heaps dignities, preferments, and places of honour on him. So shall Christ at the last day, to all those soldiers that have valiantly combated and conquered his enemies: in the sight of heaven and earth, audience of men and angels, give victorious wreaths, crowns and garlands, 'long white robes,' Rev. 7:9, to witness their innocency, and 'palms in their hands,' to express their victory; and finally, he shall give them a glorious kingdom to enjoy for ever and ever!

Now, yet further to encourage our going, let us think upon our company. Four sweet associates go with us in our journey: good Christians, good angels, good works, our most good Saviour Jesus Christ.

First, Good Christians accompany us even to our death. If thou go to the temple, they will go with thee. 'Many people shall say, Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob,' Isa. 2:3. If thou say, 'Come, let us build up the walls of Jerusalem,' Neh. 2:17; they will answer, 'Let us rise up and build,' ver. 18. So when Joshua protested to Israel: Do what you will, 'but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord,' Josh. 24:15; they

echoed to him, 'God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods: we also will serve the Lord,' ver. 16, 18. Thou canst not say with Elias, 'I am left alone;' there be 'seven thousand,' and thousand thousands, that never bowed their knee to Baal, Rom. 11:3.

Secondly, Good angels bear us company: to death, in our guarding; after death, in our carrying up to heaven. *Angelis mandavit*,—'He hath given his angels charge over us,' Ps. 91:11. There are malicious devils against us, but there are powerful angels with us. That great Majesty whom we all adore hath given them this commission: 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' Heb. 1:14. An angel counsels Hagar to return to her mistress, Gen. 16; an angel accompanies Jacob in his journey, Gen. 48; an angel feeds Elias, 1 Kings 19; an angel plucks Lot out of Sodom. *Gaudent angeli te conversum illorum sociari consortiis*,*—The angels rejoice at our conversion, that so their number might have a completion.

Thirdly, Good works bear us company: good angels associate us, to deliver their charge; good works, to receive their reward. Though none of our actions be meritorious, yet are none transient, none lost. They are gone before us to the courts of joy, and when we come, they shall welcome our entrance. *Virtutis miseris dulce sodalitium*,—What misery soever perplexeth our voyage, virtue and a good conscience are excellent company.

Lastly, Jesus Christ bears us company. He is both *via* and *conviator*,—'the way,' John 14:6, and companion in the way. When the two disciples went to Emmaus, 'Jesus himself drew near, and went with them,' Luke 24:15. If any man go to Emmaus, which Bernard interpreteth to be 'thirsting after good advice,' he shall be sure of Christ's company. If any man entreat Jesus to 'go a mile, he will go with him twain,' Matt. 5:41. None can complain the want of company whiles his Saviour goes along with him. 'Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ,' 1 John 1:3. There we find two Persons of the blessed Trinity our associates, the Father and the

Son: now the Holy Ghost is not wanting. 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion,' or fellowship, 'of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen,' 2 Cor. 13:13.

Go we then comfortably forward, and 'God will bring us to our desired haven,' Ps. 107:30. But pauci intrant, pauciores ambulat, paucissimi perveniunt,—few enter the way, fewer walk in the way, fewest of all come to the end of the way, their salvation. Men think the way to heaven broader than it is; but 'strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it,' Matt. 7:14. All say they are going to glory, but the greater number take the wrong way. A man somewhat thicksighted, when he is to pass over a narrow bridge, puts on spectacles to make it seem broader; but so his eyes beguile his feet, and he falls into the brook. Thus are many drowned in the whirlpool of sin, by viewing the passage to heaven only with the spectacles of flesh and blood: they think the bridge broad, so topple in. Happy eyes that well guide the feet, and happy feet that never rest going till they enter the gates of heaven!—Thus much for the passport; now we come to—

II. The certificate: 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' Wherein Christ doth comfort and encourage the leper. First, he comforts him that his faith was the means to restore health to his body; then thereby he encourageth him that this faith, increased, would also bring salvation to his soul.

I might here observe, that as faith is only perceived of God, so it is principally commended of God. The leper glorified God, and that with a loud voice; there was his thankfulness: he fell down at Christ's feet; there was his humbleness. The ears of men heard his gratitude, the eyes of men saw his humility; but they neither heard nor saw his faith. But how then, saith St James, 'Shew me thy faith?' Himself answers, 'By thy works,' chap. 2:18. It cannot be seen in habitu, in the very being; yet may be easily known in habente, that such a person hath it. No man can see wind as it is in its proper essence; yet by the full sails of the ship one may perceive which way the wind

stands. The sap of the tree is not visible, yet by the testimony of leaves and fruits we know it to be in the tree. Now Christ sees not as man sees; man looks upon the external witnesses of his gratitude and humility, but Christ to that sap of faith in his heart which sent forth those fruits. 'Thy faith hath saved thee.'

The words distribute themselves into two principal and essential parts:—1. The means, 'Thy faith;' 2. The effects, 'hath made thee whole.'

1. The means are partly demonstrative, faith; partly relative, thy faith. The quality and the propriety: the quality of the means, it is faith; the propriety, it is not another's, but thy faith.

(1.) 'Faith.' This is the demonstrative quality of the means of his healing. But what was this faith? There is a faith that believes *veritatem historiæ*, the truth of God's word. This we call an historical faith; but it; was not this faith. 'King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest,' Acts 26:27. There is a faith that believes *certitudinem promissi*, the certainty of God's promises: that verily is persuaded God will be so good as his word; that he will 'not break his covenant with Israel,' nor 'suffer his faithfulness to fail unto David,' Ps. 89:33, yet applies not this to itself; but it was not this faith. There is a faith that believes *potestatem dicentis*, the majesty and omnipotency of him that speaks: so the devil, that God is able to turn 'stones into bread,' Matt. 4:3: so the Papist, that he can turn bread into flesh, and cause one circumscribed body to supply millions of remote places at once; but it was not this faith. There is a faith believes *se moturam montes*, that it is able to remove mountains, 1 Cor. 13:2: a miraculous faith, which, though it were specially given to the apostles,—'In my name shall they cast out devils, take up serpents,' Mark 16:17; cure the sick by imposition of hands; say to a tree, 'Pluck thyself up by the roots, and plant thyself in the sea, and it shall obey them,' Luke 16:6,—yet reprobates also had it, for even they that are cast out with a *Discedite à me*, plead this: 'In thy name have we cast out devils, and done many wonderful

works,' Matt. 7:22; but it was not this faith. There is a faith that believes to go to heaven, though it bend the course directly to hell: that thinks to arrive at the Jerusalem of blessedness through the Samaria of profaneness—a presumption; but it was not this faith. There is a faith that believes a man's own mercy in Jesus Christ, and lives a life worthy of this hope, and becoming such a profession; and it was this faith that our Saviour commendeth.

When Samuel came to anoint one of the sons of Jesse, Eliab was presented to him, and he said, 'Surely the Lord's anointed is before him,' 1 Sam. 16:6. He was deceived: he might have a goodly countenance and a high stature; but it was not he. Then passed by Abinadab; nor is this he. Then Shammah; nor is this he. then seven of his sons were presented: 'The Lord hath chosen none of these.' 'Be here all?' saith Samuel. Jesse answered, 'No; the youngest is behind, and he keepeth the sheep.' Then saith Samuel, 'Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come.' When he was come, he 'was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look on. And the Lord said, Arise, and anoint him; for this is he,' ver. 12. If we should make such a quest for the principal grace: temperance is a sober and matronly virtue, but not she; humility in the lowest is respected of the highest, but not she; wisdom is a heavenly grace, *similisque creanti*, like the Maker, but not she; patience a sweet and comfortable virtue, that looks cheerfully on troubles, when her breast is red with the blood of sufferance, her cheeks are white with the pureness of innocency, yet not she; charity is a lovely virtue, little innocents hang at her breasts, angels kiss her cheeks,—'Her lips are like a thread of scarlet, and her speech is comely; her temples are like a pomegranate within her locks,' Cant. 4:3,—all the ends of the earth call her blessed; yet not she. Lastly, faith appears, beautified with the robe of her Saviour's righteousness, adorned with the jewels of his graces, and shining in that fairness which he gave her: *Jam regina venit*, now comes the queen of graces; this is she.

Now, as faith excels all other graces, so there is a special degree of faith that excels all other degrees. For every faith is not a saving faith.

The king of Syria commanded his captains, 'Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king of Israel,' 1 Kings 22:31. How should they know him? By his princely attire and royal deportment. Perhaps they met with many glorious personages, slew here and there one; none of them was the king of Israel. Setting upon Jehoshaphat, they said, 'Surely this is the king of Israel;' no, it was not. One 'drew a bow at a venture,' smote a man in his chariot, and that was the king of Israel. The faith that believes God's word to be true is a good faith, but not *illa fides*, that saving faith. The faith that believes Christ to be the world's Saviour is a true faith, but not that faith. The faith that believes many men shall be saved is *vera fides*, *non illa fides*, a true faith, but not that faith. The faith that believes a man's own soul redeemed, justified, saved by the merits of Jesus Christ,—not without works answerable to this belief,—this is that faith. That was the king of Israel, and this is the queen of Israel; all the other be but her attendants.

There is *fides sentiendi*, *assentiendi*, and *appropriandi*: a man may have the first, and not the second; he may have the first and second, yet not the third; but if he have the third degree, he hath all the former. Some know the truth, but do not consent to it; some know it and assent to it, yet believe not their own part; they that believe their own mercy have all the rest. As meat digested turns to juice in the stomach, to blood in the liver, to spirits in the heart; so faith is in the brain knowledge, in the reason assent, in the heart application. As the child in the womb hath first a vegetative life, then a sensitive, last a rational: so faith, as mere knowledge, hath but a vegetation; as allowance, but sense; only the applying and apportioning the merits of Christ to the own soul by it, this is the rational, the very life of it.

But thus we may better exemplify this similitude. The vegetative soul is the soul of plants, and it is a true soul in the kind, though it have neither sense nor reason. The sensitive soul is the soul of beasts, a true soul; includes vegetation, but is void of reason. The rational soul is the soul of man, a distinct soul by itself, comprehends both vegetation and sense, having added to them the perfection of reason.

So there are three kinds or degrees of faith:—First, To believe there is a God; this is the faith of pagans, and it is a true faith, though it neither believe the word of God, nor mercy from God. Secondly, To believe that what God says is true; this is the faith of devils and reprobates, and a true faith; including the faith of pagans, and going beyond it; yet it apprehends no mercy. Thirdly, To believe on God, to rely upon his mercy in Christ, and to affy their own reconciliation; this is the faith of the elect, comprehends both the former, yet is a distinct faith by itself.

This faith only saves; and it hath two properties:—First, It is a repenting faith; for repentance is faith's usher, and dewes all her way with tears. Repentance reads the law, and weeps; faith reads the gospel, and comforts. Both have several books in their hands. *Pœnitentia intuetur Mosem, fides Christum*,—Repentance looks on the rigorous brow of Moses, faith beholds the sweet countenance of Christ Jesus. Secondly, It is a working faith: if it work not, it is dead; and a dead faith no more saves than a painted fire warms. Faith is a great 'queen; her clothing is of wrought gold: the virgins, her companions, that follow her,' Ps. 45:14, are good deeds. *Omnis fidelis tantum credit, quantum sperat et amat; et quantum credit, sperat, et amat, tantum, operatur.** A Christian so far believes as he hopes and loves; and so far as he believes, hopes, and loves, he works. Now, as Moses is said to 'see him that is invisible,' Heb. 11:27, because he saw his back parts; and as when we see the members of the body moving to their several functions, we know there is a soul within, albeit unseen: so faith cannot be so invisible but the fruits of a good life will declare it.

Thus by degrees you see what is the right saving faith. As a lapidary that shews the buyer an orient pearl; and having a little fed his eye with that, outpleaseth him with a sapphire; yet outvalues that with some ruby or chrysolite; wherewith ravished, he doeth lastly amaze him with a sparkling diamond transcending all: or as drapers shew divers colours, yet at last for a masterpiece exceed all with a piece of scarlet;—so there are divers virtues like jewels, but the most precious

virtue of all is faith. And there are divers degrees of faith, as divers-coloured cloths, but the saving faith is arrayed in the scarlet robe, hath dipped and dyed herself in the blood of her Saviour Jesus; yet is she white, pure white as the snow of Lebanon. So are all that be washed in that red fountain: 'They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. 7:14.

(2.) 'Thy faith.' This is the property of that faith that healed him; his own faith. But how could Christ call it his faith, whenas faith is God's gift? It is indeed datum, so well as mandatum. Commanded: 'This is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ,' 1 John 3:23. So also given: 'To you it is given in the behalf of Christ to believe on him,' Phil. 1:29; and, 'This is the work,' so well as the will, 'of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent,' John 6:29. But this is not given without means, as the woman of Tekoah said to David: 'God doth devise means,' 2 Sam. 14:14. What is that? 'Faith comes by hearing,' Rom. 10:17. Now when God hath given a man faith, he calls it his: 'Thy faith;' for what is freer than gift? So the prophet calls it their own mercy: 'They that wait on lying vanities forsake their own mercy,' Jonah 2:8; as the water in the cistern is said to be the cistern's, though it have it from the fountain.

But yet, how doth Christ call it his faith? Had he a faith by himself? 'There is one faith,' Eph. 4:5: therefore not more his than others. In regard of the object upon whom our faith reflects, there is but one faith; in regard of the subject wherein faith resides, every one must have his own faith. There is no salvation by a common faith; but as all true believers have one and the same faith, so every true believer hath a singular and individual faith of his own. 'Thy faith:' thine for two reasons; to distinguish—[1.] His person from common men; [2.] His faith from common faiths.

[1.] To distinguish his person from others; the nine had not this faith They believed not, but thou believest. Thy faith; this declares him to be out of the common road. 'Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do

evil,' Exod. 23:2: that bellua multorum capitum must not lead thee. Some were devoted to Christ, but 'they could not come nigh him for the press,' Mark 2:4. It was the multitude that rebuked the blind man's prayers, Luke 18:39. As a river leads a man through sweet meadows, green woods, fertile pastures, fruit-loaden fields, by glorious buildings, strong forts, famous cities, yet at last brings him to the salt sea; so the stream of this world carries along through rich commodities, voluptuous delights, stately dignities, all possible content to flesh and blood, but after all this brings a man to death, after death to judgment, after judgment to hell.

Here one of the Romists' authentical pleas for their church falls to the ground—universality. They plead antiquity; so a homicide may derive his murder from Cain. They plead unity; so Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians combined against Christ. They plead universality; yet of the ten lepers but one was thankful. The way to hell hath the greatest store of passengers. Company is good, but it is better to go the right way alone than the broad with multitudes. It is thought, probably, that at this day, Mohammedanism hath more under it than Christianity,—though we put Protestant, and Papist, and Puritan, and Separatist, and Arminian, and all in the scale to boot,—and that mere Paganism is larger than both. Where many join in the truth, there is the church; not for the many's sake, but for the truth's sake. St Augustine* teacheth us to take religion not by tale, but by weight. Numbers make not a thing good, but the weight of truth. Some are so mannerly that they will not go one step before a great man; no, not to heaven. Many say with Hushai, 'Whom the people, and all the men of Israel, choose, his will I be,' 2 Sam. 16:18. But they leave out one principal thing, which Hushai there put in as the prime ingredient, 'Whom the Lord chooseth;' they leave out the Lord. But Joshua was of another mind: 'Choose you what gods soever you will serve; I and my house will serve the Lord,' Josh. 24:15. The inferior orbs have a motion of their own, contrary to the greater; good men are moved by God's Spirit, not by the planetary motions of popular greatness. Let us prize righteousness highly, because it is seldom found. The pebbles of the world are common, but the pearls

of graces rare. The vulgar stream will bring no vessel to the land of peace.

[2.] To distinguish his faith from the common faith. 'Thine;' another kind than the Pharisees' faith. To believe the word, but traditions withal, *vera fides, non pura fides*,—is a true, but not a pure faith. To believe the major of the gospel, not the minor,—*vera, non sana fides*,—is a true, not a sound faith. To believe a man's own salvation, how debauchedly soever he lives, *nec vera, pura, sana, nec omnino fides*,—is neither a true, pure, sound faith, nor indeed a faith at all, but a dangerous presumption. To believe thy own reconciliation by the merits of Christ, and to strengthen this by a desire of pleasing God, is a true, sound, saving faith; and this is *fides tua*, 'thy faith.'

Whosoever will go to heaven must have a faith of his own. In Gideon's camp every soldier had his own pitcher; among Solomon's men of valour, every one wore his own sword, and these were they that got the victories. The five wise virgins had every one oil in her lamp; and only these enter in with the bridegroom. Another's eating of dainty meat makes thee never the fatter. Indeed, many have sped the better for other men's faith: so the centurion's servant was healed for his master's sake. 'As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee,' Matt. 8:13. But for the salvation of the reprobates: 'Though Moses and Samuel stood before me,' saith the Lord, 'yet my mind could not be toward such people,' Jer. 15:1. 'Though Noah, Daniel, and Job interceded, yet they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness,' Ezek. 14:14. Pious men's faith may often save others from temporal calamities, but it must be their own faith that saves them from eternal vengeance. Luther was wont to say, There is great divinity in pronouns. Thy faith. One bird shall as soon fly with another bird's feathers, as thy soul mount to heaven by the wings of another's faith. It is true faith, and thy faith: true with other men's faith, but inherent in thine own person that saves thee. True, not an empty faith: *Nuda fides, nulla fides*. *Inseparabilis est bona vita à fide, imo vero ea ipsa est bona vita*, saith Augustine,*—A good life is inseparable from a good faith; yea, a good faith is a good life. So

Irenæus, To believe is to do God's will. Thine; therefore we say, Credo, not Credimus,—I believe; not, We believe. Every man must profess, and be accountant for, his own faith. Thus much of the means; now to—

2. The effect: 'Hath made thee whole,' or 'saved thee.' It may be read either way: It hath saved thee, or, It hath salved thee. First of them both jointly, then severally.

Faith is the means to bring health to body, comfort to soul, salvation to both. I call it but the means, for some have given it more. Because the Apostle saith, Abraham obtained the promise 'through the righteousness of faith,' Rom. 4:13; therefore say they, Fides ipsa justitia,—Faith is righteousness itself. But let St Paul answer them, and expound himself: I desire to 'be found in Christ, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ,' (whose is that?) 'the righteousness which is,' not of us, but 'of God by faith,' Phil. 3:9. Thus faith is said to save us, not of itself: the hand feeds the mouth, yet no man thinks that the mouth eats the hand; only as the hand conveys meat to the body, so faith salvation to the soul. We say the ring stancheth blood, when indeed it is not the ring, but the stone in it. There are many that make faith an almighty idol—it shall save; but thus they make themselves idle, and trust all upon nothing. That faith is a meritorious cause of justification, this is a doctrine that may come in time to trample Christ's blood under feet.

Now these speeches rightly understood, faith adopteth, faith justifieth, faith saveth, are not derogatory to the glory of God, nor contradictory to these speeches, Christ adopteth, Christ justifieth, Christ saveth. One thing may be spoken of divers particulars in a different sense. God the Father adopteth, the Son adopteth, the Holy Spirit adopteth, faith adopteth; all these are true, and without contrariety. They be not as the young men that came out of the two armies before Joab and Abner, 'every one thrusting his sword into his fellow's side, and falling down together,' 2 Sam. 2:16; but like

David's 'brethren, dwelling together in peace,' Ps. 133:1, 2. God the Father adopteth, as the fountain of adoption; God the Son, as the conduit; God the Holy Ghost, as the cistern; faith as the cock whereby it runs into our hearts.

Faith brings justification, not by any special excellency it hath in itself, but only by that place and office which God hath assigned it; it is the condition on our parts. So the Apostle instructed the jailer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house,' Acts 16:31. God's ordinance gives that thing the blessing, which it hath not in its own nature. If Naaman had gone of his own head, and washed himself seven times in Jordan, he had not been healed; it was God's command that gave those waters such purging virtue. If the Israelites stung with these fiery serpents in the desert had of their own devising set up a brazen serpent, they had not been cured; it was neither the material brass, nor the serpentine form, but the direction of God which effected it. It was not the statue, but the statute, that gave the virtue. So faith for its own merit brings none to heaven, but for the promise which the God of grace and truth had made to it.

In common speech we say of such a man, his lease maintains him. Is there any absurdity in these words? No man conceives it to be a parchment lined with a few words, accompanied with a waxen label, that thus maintains him; but house or land or rents so conveyed to him. So faith saveth; I ascribe not this to the instrument, but to Jesus Christ whom it apprehends, and that inheritance by this means conveyed.

But now wouldest thou know thyself thus interested? Look to thy faith, this is thy proof. If a rich man die, and bequeath all his riches and possessions to the next of blood, many may challenge it, but he that hath the best proof carries it. To Christ's legacy thou layest claim, look to thy proof: it is not, 'Lord, Lord, I have prophesied in thy name,' Matt. 7:22; nor, 'We have feasted in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets,' Luke 13:26; but, 'I believe; Lord, help

my unbelief,' Mark 9:24; and then thou shalt hear, 'Be it unto thee according to thy faith.' And this a little faith doth, if it be true. There is a faith like a grain of mustard-seed: small, but true; little, but bite it, and there is heat in it; faith warms wherever it goes. In a word, this is not the faith of explication, but of application, that is dignified with the honour of this conveyance.

'Hath made thee whole.' Faith brings health to the body. There was a woman vexed with an uncomfortable disease twelve years, Matt. 9:20: 'she suffered many things of physicians; Mark 5:26; some torturing her with one medicine, some with another; none did her good, but much hurt: 'She had spent all her living upon them,' Luke 8:43, and herein, saith Erasmus, was *bis misera*; her sickness brought her to weakness, weakness to physic, physic to beggary, beggary to contempt. Thus was she anguished in body, vexed in mind, beggared in estate, despised in place, yet faith healed her. Her wealth was gone, physicians had given her over, her faith did not forsake her: 'Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole,' Matt. 9:22. There was a woman bowed down with a spirit of infirmity 'eighteen years,' yet loosed, Luke 13:11; there was a man bedrid 'eight and thirty years,' John 5:5, a long and miserable time, when, besides his corporal distress, he might perhaps conceive from that, Eccus. 38:15, 'He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hand of the physician,' that God had cast him away; yet Christ restored him.

Perhaps this leprosy was not so old, but as hard to cure; yet faith is able to do it: 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' But it was not properly his faith, but Christ's virtue, that cured him; why then doth not Christ say, *Mea virtus*, and not, *Tua fides*,—My virtue, not thy faith, hath made thee whole? True it is, his virtue only cures, but this is apprehended by man's faith. When that diseased woman had touched him, 'Jesus knew in himself that virtue had gone out of him, and he turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?' Mark 5:30. Yet speaking to the woman, he mentioned not his virtue, but her faith: 'Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole,'

ver. 34. Faith, in respect of the object, is called in Scripture, 'The faith of Jesus Christ,' Gal. 3:22; in respect of the subject wherein it is inherent, it is my faith, and thy faith. 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

'Hath saved thee:' made whole, not thy body only, that is but part, the worst part; but thy soul also, totum te, thy whole self: 'saved thee.' The other nine had whole bodies, this tenth was made whole in soul too; saved. The richest jewel Christ left to his church is salvation: 'My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved,' Rom. 10:1. Not their opulency, not their dignity, not their prosperity, was St Paul's wish; but their salvation. If the devils would confess to us the truth, they would say, The best thing of all is to be saved. The rich man would fain send this news out of hell, 'Let Lazarus testify to my brethren, lest they also come into this place of torment,' Luke 16:28. The testimony of salvation was blessed news, from the mouth of him that gives salvation, Jesus Christ. The vessel of man's soul is continually in a tempest, until Christ enter the ship, and then follows the calm of peace.

It is remarkable, that God gives the best gifts at last. Christ gave this leper health, ver. 14; bonum, this was good: for *vita non est vivere, sed valere*,—it is more comfortable to die quickly, than to live sickly. He gave him a good name, 'that he returned to give glory to God,' ver. 18; melius, this was better. But now lastly he gives him salvation, 'Thy faith hath saved thee,' ver. 19; optimum, this is best of all: *ultima optima*.

Hath God given thee wealth, bless him for it; hath he given thee health, bless him for it; hath he given thee good reputation, bless him for it; hath he given thee children, friends, peaceable days, bless him for all these. But hath he given thee faith? Especially bless him for this; he hath given thee with it, what we beseech his mercy to give us all, salvation in Jesus Christ.

I conclude: there is a faith powerful to justify the soul by the righteousness of Jesus Christ; but it never dwelt in a bosom that lodgeth with it lust and dissoluteness: 'If while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid,' Gal. 2:17. Which verse may not unfitly be distinguished into four particulars: Quod sit, Si sit, An sit, Absit: There is a concession, a supposition, a question, a detestation. The concession, Quod sit, That is so; he takes it granted that all true Christians seek their only justification by Christ. The supposition, Si sit, If it be so, that in the meantime we are found sinners. The question or discussion, An sit, Is it so? is Christ therefore the minister of sin? The detestation, Absit, 'God forbid.'

Where let us behold what the gospel acquireth for us, and requireth of us. It brings us liberty: the 'law gendereth to bondage;' and that, saith Aquinas, quantum ad affectum, et quantum ad effectum. The law begets an affection of fear, the gospel of love: 'Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father,' Rom. 8:15. Brevissima et apertissima duorum testamentorum differentia, timor et amor,*—There is a short and easy difference betwixt the Old Testament and the New, fear and love. The law brought forth only servants, the gospel sons: 'Jerusalem above is free, which is the mother of us all,' Gal. 4:26. Libera, quod liberata,—free because she is freed. For 'if the Son make you free, you shall be free indeed,' John 8:36.

This it brings to us; it also challengeth something of us: 'That we use not our liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another,' Gal. 5:13. All things are free to us by faith, yet all things serviceable by charity: ut simul stet servitus libertatis, et libertas servitutis,†—that the service of liberty, and liberty of service, might stand together. A Christian for his faith is lord of all, for his love servant to all. That therefore we might not abuse our freedom, nor turn the grace of God into wantonness, the Apostle, after the reins given, pulls us in with the curb: though justified by Christ, take heed that we be not 'found sinners,' a check to over-jocund looseness, a

corrective, not so much libertatis, as liberatorum,—of our freedom, as of ourselves being freed. In vain we plead that Christ hath made us saints, if our own evil lives prove us sinners. Indeed, as God covenants by the gospel to remit our sins, so we must condition by the law to amend our lives. For that faith to which the promise of justification and eternal life is made, is a faith that can never be separated from charity. Wheresoever it is, there is love joined with it, bringing forth the 'fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God,' Phil, 1:11. This is that faith to which 'all the promises of God are Yea and Amen in Christ, to the glory of God by us,' 2 Cor. 1:20. The Lord, that hath made them Yea and Amen in his never-failing mercies, make them also Yea and Amen in our ever-believing hearts, through our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen!

THE LOST ARE FOUND

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—LUKE 19:10.

THE first word is causal, and puts us in mind of some reference. In brief, the dependence is this. Little Zaccheus became great in God's favour; he was, ver. 2, a publican, a chief publican, a rich publican: yet he hath a desire to see Jesus, and Jesus hath a purpose to see him. A fig-tree shall help him to the sight of Christ, and Christ to the sight of him.

Our Saviour calls him down, (it is fit they should come down in humility that entertain Christ,) and bids himself to his house to dinner. He is made Zaccheus's guest for temporal food, and Zaccheus

is made his guest for everlasting cheer. 'This day is salvation come to this house,' ver. 9.

This mercy is not without the Pharisees' grudging: ver. 7, 'When they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.' Murmuring is between secret backbiting and open railing; a smothered malice, which can neither be utterly concealed, nor dare be openly vented. The cause of their murmuring was, that he was become a guest to a sinner; as if the Sun of righteousness could be corrupted in shining on a dunghill of sin. No; while he did associate the bad, he made them good; feeding them spiritually, that fed him corporally. He did not consent to their sin, but correct it; not infecting himself, but affecting their souls, and effecting their bliss. A man may accompany those whom he desires to make better, or them to make him better. And that the mouth of all wickedness might be stopped, our Saviour says that his coming into this world was not only to call home Zaccheus, but even many such publicans: 'For the Son of man is come to seek and to save,' &c.

We are thus gotten over the threshold, for; let us now look into the house, and survey every chamber and room in it. The foundation of this comfortable Scripture is Jesus Christ, and the building may be distinguished into five several parlours, all richly hung and adorned with the graces and mercies of God, 'and the midst thereof paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem,' Cant. 3:10. CHRIST is the buttress or corner-stone, and in him consider here, 1. His humility, 'The Son of man;' 2. His verity, 'is come;' 3. His pity, 'to seek;' 4. His piety, 'to save;' 5. His power, 'that which was lost.'

1. 'The Son of man.' Ecce humilitatem. He that is the Son of eternal God calls himself the Son of mortal man.

2. 'Is come.' Ecce veritatem. What God had promised, his servants prophesied, his types prefigured, he hath now performed. They all foretold in their kinds that he should come; he makes all good, he 'is come.'

3. 'To seek.' *Ecce compassionem.* He knew that we were utterly gone, that we had *nec valentis oculum nec volentis animum*,—neither an eye able nor a mind willing to seek him; in pity he seeks us.

4. 'To save.' *Ecce pietatem.* He seeks us not in *ruinam*, to our destruction, as we deserved; but in *salutem*, to our salvation, as he desired. *Amissos quærit, quæritos invenit, inventos servat*,—He seeks them that were lost, he finds them he seeks, he saves them he finds. 'To save'—

5. 'The lost.' *Ecce potestatem.* He is not only able to strengthen us weak, nor to recover us sick, nor to fetch us home offering ourselves to be brought; but when we had neither will nor power to procure this, yea, when we had a reluctancy against this,—for we were his enemies and hated him,—he did recall us gone, revive us dead, seek and save us that were lost.

You see the chambers, how they lie in order; let me keep your thoughts, in this house of mercy a while, wherein may all our souls dwell for ever! In surveying the rooms, it is fit we should begin with the lowermost, and thither the text aptly first leads us.

1. 'The Son Of man.' Christ is called a son in three respects. First, In regard of his deity, the Son of God, begotten of him from all eternity, co-equal and co-essential to him. Secondly, In respect of his flesh, the Son of Mary, naturally born of her. Thirdly, He calls himself the Son of man, in regard that he took on him man's nature, and undertook the performance of man's redemption. Man like us in all things, sin only excepted. So that in this circumstance two things are considerable in Christ, the one necessarily involved in the other—(1.) His humanity; (2.) His humility.

(1.) His humanity. When the fulness of time was come, 'God sent his Son, made of a woman,' Gal. 4:4. *Ex muliere, non in muliere*, as Gorrán notes against Valentinus, whose heresy was that Christ passed through the Virgin as water through a conduit-pipe. But this

preposition, *ex*, signifies a pre-existent matter, as a house is made of timber and stones, bread of wheat, wine of grapes. Christ had therefore the materials of his body from the Virgin Mary, though not his formale principium; for the Holy Ghost was agent in this wonderful conception.

Neither is this a thing impossible to God, though wonderful to man, that this Christ should be the Son of Mary without man. As it was possible to God in the first creation to make a woman out of a man without the help of a woman, so in this new creation to make a man out of a woman without the help of a man. There is the same reason of possibility. It is as easy to bring fire from a steel without a flint, as from a flint without a steel. But he that could dare *essentiam nihilo*, can raise a nature *ex aliquo*.

God had four divers manners of creating human creatures. First, The first man Adam was made of no man, but immediately created of God. Secondly, The second, that was Eve, was made, not of a woman, but of a man alone. Thirdly, The third sort, all men and women else, are begotten of man and woman. Fourthly, Christ, the last sort, was of a different manner from all these. First, not of no precedent flesh, as Adam; secondly, not of a man without a woman, as Eve; thirdly, not of man and woman, as all we; fourthly, but after a new way, of a woman without a man. We are all in this sort opposed to Adam, Christ to Eve. Adam was made of neither man nor woman, we of both man and woman. Eve of a man without a woman, Christ of a woman without a man.

Now as this was a great work of God, so it is a great wonder to man. Three miracles here: *Deum nasci*, *virginem parere*, *fidem hæc credere*. That the Son of God should become the son of woman, a great miracle. That a virgin should bear a child, and yet before, at, after the birth remain still a virgin, a great miracle. That the faith of man should believe all this, *maximum miraculum*, this is the greatest wonder of all.

Thus you have divinity assuming humanity, a great mystery: 'God manifested in the flesh,' 1 Tim. 3:16. In mundum venit, qui mundum condidit; he comes down to earth, but he leaves not heaven; hic affuit, inde non defuit. Humana natura assumpta est, divina non consumpta est. He took humanity, he lost not his divinity. He abideth Mariæ Pater, the Father of Mary, who is made Mariæ Filius, the Son of Mary. 'To us a child is born, to us a son is given,' Isa. 9:6. Whereon Emissenus,* Natus qui sentiret occasum, datus qui nesciret exordium,—He was born that should feel death: he was given that was from everlasting, and could not die. Natus qui et matre esset junior, datus quo nec Pater esset antiquior,—He that was born was younger than his mother; he that was given was as eternal as his Father. He was Son to both God and Mary. Non alter ex Patre, alter ex Virgine; sed aliter ex Patre, aliter ex Virgine.

As the flowers are said to have solem in cœlo patrem, solum in terra matrem; so Christ hath a Father in heaven without a mother, a mother on earth without a father. Here is then the wonder of his humanity. The 'everlasting Father,' Isa. 9:6, is become a little child. He that spreads out the heavens is wrapped in swaddling clouts, Luke 2:7. He that is the Word becomes an infant not able to speak. The Son of God calls himself the Son of man.

(2.) His humility. If your understandings can reach the depth of this bottom, take it at one view. The Son of God calls himself the Son of man. The omnipotent Creator becomes an impotent creature. As himself saith, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,' John 15:13. So greater humility never was than this, that God should be made man. It is the voice of pride in man, 'I will be like God,' Isa. 14:14; but the action of humility in God, 'I will be man.' Proud Nebuchadnezzar says, Ero similis altissimo, 'I will be like the Highest;' meek Christ saith, Ero similis infimo, 'I will be like the lowest:' 'he put on him the form of a servant;' yea, he was a despised worm. God spoke it in derision of sinful man, 'Behold, he is become as one of us,' Gen. 3:22; but now we may say, God is become as one of us. There the lowest aspires to

be the highest, here the Highest vouchsafes to be the lowest. Alexander, a son of man, would make himself the son of God: Christ, the Son of God, makes himself the Son of man. God, in 'whose presence is fulness of joy,' Ps. 16:11, becomes 'a man full of sorrows,' Isa. 53:3. Eternal rest betakes himself to unrest: having whilst he lived 'passive action,' and when he died 'active passion.'†

The 'Lord over all things,' Acts 10:36, and 'heir of the world,' Heb. 1:2, undertakes ignominy and poverty. Ignominy: the 'King of glory,' Ps. 24:7, is become 'the shame of men,' Ps. 22:6. Poverty: Pauper in nativitate, pauperior in vita, pauperrimus in cruce, ‡ —Poor in his birth, for born in another man's stable; poor in his life, fed at another man's table; poor in his death, buried in another man's sepulchre.

There are, saith Bernard,§ some that are humbled, but not humble; others that are humble, not humbled; and a third sort, that are both humbled and humble. Pharaoh was humbled and cast down, but not humble; smitten with subversion, not moved with submission. Godfrey of Bologne was not humbled, yet humble; for in the very heat and height of his honour he refused to be crowned in Jerusalem with a crown of gold, because Christ, his Master, had been in that place crowned with a crown of thorns. Others are both humbled and humble. 'When he slew them, they sought him: they returned and inquired early after God,' Ps. 78:34. Our Saviour Christ was passively humbled: 'he was made lower than the angels, by suffering death,' Heb. 2:9; the Lord did break him. Actively, he humbled himself: 'He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant; he humbled himself,' Phil. 2:7. Habitually, he was humbled: 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart,' Matt. 11:29. Let this observation lesson us two duties:—

Lesson 1.—Esteem we not the worse but the better of Christ, that he made himself the Son of man. Let him not lose any part of his honour because he abased himself for us. He that took our flesh 'is also over all, God blessed for ever, Amen,' Rom. 9:5. There is more in him than humanity; not *alia persona*, but *alia natura*,—not another

person, but another nature. Though he be verus homo, he is not merus homo. And even that man that was crucified on a cross, and laid in a grave, is more high than the heavens, more holy than the angels.

Stephen saw this very 'Son of man standing on the right hand of God,' Acts 7:56. The blood of this Son of man gives salvation; and to whom it doth not, this Son of man shall adjudge them to condemnation, John 5:27. Under this name and form of humility our Saviour apposed his disciples: 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?' Matt. 16:13. Peter answers for himself and the apostles, whatsoever the people thought: 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God,' ver. 16. He calls himself the Son of man, Peter calls him the Son of God. The Jews see him only a stumblingblock, and the Greeks foolishness, 1 Cor. 1:23; but Christians see him 'the power of God and the wisdom of God,' ver. 24. The wicked behold him 'without form or comeliness, or beauty to desire him,' Isa. 53:2; but the faithful behold him 'crowned with a crown,' Cant. 3:11, 'his face shining as the sun in his glory,' Matt. 17:2. Therefore, Quanto minorem se fecit in humilitate, tanto majorem exhibuit in bonitate. Quanto pro me vilior, tanto mihi carior,*—The lower he brought himself in humility, the higher he magnified his mercy. By so much as he was made the baser for us, by so much let him be the dearer to us.

Observe it, O man; et quia limus es, non sis superbus: et quia Deo junctus, non sis ingratus,—because thou art dust of thyself, be not proud: because thou art made immortal by Christ, be not unthankful.

Condemned world, that despisest him appearing as a silly man! The Jews expected an external pomp in the Messias: 'Can he not come down from the cross?' how should this man save us? They consider not that he who wanted a rest for his head, and bread for his followers, fed some thousands of them with a few loaves; that he which wanted a pillow, gives rest to all believing souls; that he could, but would not come down from the cross, that the dear price of their redemption might be paid.

Many still have such Jewish hearts: What! believe on a crucified man? But Paul 'determines to know nothing, but this Jesus Christ, and him crucified,' 1 Cor. 2:2. They can be content to dwell with him on Mount Tabor, but not to follow him to Mount Calvary. They cleave to him so long as he gives them bread, but forsake him when himself cries for drink, John 19:28. Oderunt pannos tuos. O Christ, they like well thy robes of glory, but not thy rags of poverty! They love him while the people cry 'Hosanna,' but shrink back when they cry 'Crucify him.' All pleaseth them but the cross: all the fair-way of delights they will accompany him, but at the cross they part.

They will share with him in his kingdom, but they will none of his vassalage. The lion (in a fable) had many attendants, and he provided for them good cheer. They like well of this, and are proud of their master, to whom all the other beasts gave awe and obedience. But it chanced that the lion fell into the danger of the dragon, who had got him down, ready to devour him. His followers seeing this, quickly betook themselves to their heels, and fell every beast to his old trade of rapine. Only the poor lamb stood bleating by, and, though he could not help, would not forsake his lord. At last the lion gets the victory, and treads the dragon under his feet to death. Then he punisheth those revolting traitors with deserved destruction, and sets the lamb by his own side.

The great 'Lion of Judah,' Rev. 5:5, feeds many of the Jews, and at this day profane wretches: whilst his bounty lasts, 'Christ, and none but Christ.' But when the red dragon hath got him under, nailed him to the cross, crucified him dead, away go these renegades: 'No more penny, no more paternoster.' If affliction come for Christ's cause, they know where to find a kinder master. Back to the world: one to his fraud, and he will overreach others with the sin of deceitfulness, though himself be overreached with the 'deceitfulness of sin,' Heb. 3:13. Another to his usury; and he chymically projects money out of the poor's bowels. A third to his covetousness; and he had rather that the very frame of the world should fall than the price of corn. A fourth to his idols; and he hopes for cakes from 'the queen of heaven,'

as if the King of heaven was not able to give bread. If the Lord pinch them with distress, they run to Rome for succour, expecting that from a block which they would not tarry to obtain from the God of mercy. Then they cry like the Israelites: 'Up, make us gods to go before us; for as for this Moses, we know not what is become of him,' *Exod. 32:1*. But at last this Lion conquers the dragon, overcomes Satan and his damnation; what shall he then say to those rebels 'that would not have him reign over them,' but 'Bring those mine enemies, and slay them before me?' *Luke 19:27*. But the poor and innocent lambs, that 'suffer with him, shall reign with him,' *Rom. 8:17*. 'Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' *Matt. 5:10*.

Lesson 2.—The other use is St Paul's: 'Let the same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus,' *Phil. 2:5*. What mind is that? Humility. *Ver. 7*, He that 'thought it no robbery to be equal with God,' humbled himself to become man: we should have found it no robbery to be equal with devils, and shall we be proud? What an intolerable disproportion is this, to behold humilem Deum, et superbum hominem,—a humble God, and a proud man. Who can endure to see a prince on foot, and his vassal mounted? Shall the Son of God be thus humble for us, and shall not we be humble for ourselves? For ourselves, I say, that deserve to be cast down among the lowest; for ourselves, that we may be exalted.

He that here calls himself the Son of man is now glorified: they that humbly acknowledge themselves to be the sons of men, that is, mortal, shall be made the sons of God, that is, immortal. In *1 Kings 19:11*, there was a mighty strong wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks; but God was not in the wind: the Lord will not rest in the turbulent spirit, puffed up with the wind of vainglory. There was an earthquake, but God was not in the earthquake: he will not dwell in a covetous heart, buried in the furrows of the earth, and cares of the world. There was a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire: he will not rest in a choleric angry soul, full of combustion and furious heat. There was a still soft voice, and the Lord came with it:

in a mild and humble spirit the God of heaven and earth will dwell. 'The high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, will dwell in the contrite and humble soul,' Isa. 57:15.

It is a sweet mixture of greatness and goodness, *ut dum nihil in honore sublimius, nihil in humilitate submissius*,—when the highest in dignity are the lowest in courtesy. Augustine called himself, *minimum non solum omnium apostolorum, sed etiam episcoporum*,—the least not only of all the apostles, but of all the bishops; whereas he was the most illuminate doctor and best bishop of his times. Paul thought himself 'not worthy to be called an apostle,' 1 Cor. 15:9; and, behold, he is called The Apostle,—*κατ' ἔξοχην*,—not only Paul, but The Apostle. Abraham, that esteemed himself 'dust and ashes,' Gen. 18:27, is honoured to be the 'father of all them that believe,' Rom. 4:11. David sits content at his sheep-folds, the Lord makes him king over his Israel.

But as humility, like the bee, gathers honey out of rank weeds, very sins moving to repentance; so pride, like the spider, sucks poison out of the fairest flowers, the best graces, and is corrupted with insolence. *Una superbia destruit omnia*,—Only pride overthrows all. It thrust proud Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, proud Saul out of his kingdom, proud Adam out of paradise, proud Haman out of the court, proud Lucifer out of heaven. Pride had her beginning among the angels that fell, her continuance in earth, her end in hell. Poor man, how ill it becomes thee to be proud when God himself is humble!

2. 'Is come.' We understand the person, let us come to his coming. And herein, *ecce veritatem*,—behold his truth. Did God promise a son of a virgin; Emmanuel, a Saviour? He is as good as his word; venit, 'he is come.' Did the sacrificed blood of so many bulls, goats, and lambs, prefigure the expiatory blood of the Lamb of God to be shed? *Ecce Agnus Dei*,—'Behold that Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world,' John 1:29. Is the 'Seed of the woman' promised to 'break the head of the serpent?' Behold he 'breaks the heavens,

and comes down' to do it. 'For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil,' John 3:8. Did God engage his word for a Redeemer to purge our sins? 'Call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins,' Matt. 1:21.

Against unbelieving atheists, and misbelieving Jews, here is sufficient conviction. But I speak to Christians, that believe he is come. *Hac fide credite venturum esse, qua creditis venisse,—*Believe that he will come again with the same faith wherewith you believe he is come already. Do not curtail God's word, believing only so much as you list. Faith is holy and catholic: if you distrust part of God's word, you prepare infidelity to the whole. Did God promise Christ, and in 'the fulness of time' send him? Gal. 4:4. Then, since he hath again promised him, and 'appointed a day wherein he will judge the world by that man,' Acts 17:31, he shall come. As certainly as he came to suffer for the world, so certainly shall he come to judge the world. 'Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation,' Heb. 9:28. He that kept his promise when he came to die for us, followed by some few poor apostles, will not break it when he shall come in glory with thousands of angels.

Neither did God only promise that Christ should come, but that all believers should be saved by him: 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to be the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name,' John 1:12. *Misit filium, promisit in filio vitam.* He sent his Son to us, and salvation with him. Wretched and desperate men that distrust his mercy! 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.' Whosoever; *Qui se ipsum excipit, seipsum decipit.* Did not God spare to send his promised Son out of his bosom to death, and will he to those that believe on him deny life? No; all 'his promises are Yea and Amen in Christ:' may these also be 'Yea and Amen' in our believing hearts! A yielding devil could say, 'Jesus I know;' yet some men are like that tempting devil, Matt, 4, *Si filius Dei sis,—*'If thou be the Son of God.' *Si, If;* as if they doubted whether he could or would save them.

'Is come.' There is a threefold coming of Christ; according to the threefold difference of time—past, present, future. As Bernard*—Venit, (1.) Ad homines; (2.) In homines; (3.) Contra homines.

(1.) First, for the time past, he came among men: 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' John 1:14. (2.) Secondly, for the present, he comes into men, by his Spirit and grace: Rev. 3:20, 'I stand at the door and knock; if any open unto me, I will come in to him.' (3.) Thirdly, for the time to come, he shall come against men: Rom. 2:16, 'At the day when God shall judge the secrets of all hearts by Jesus Christ.' Or as it is wittily observed, the 'Sun of righteousness' appeareth in three signs: Leo, Virgo, Libra. First, in the law like a lion, roaring out terrible things, with a voice not endurable: 'And they said to Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die,' Exod. 20:19. Secondly, in the gospel he appeared in Virgo, an infant born of a virgin, Matt. 1:25. Thirdly, at his last audit he shall appear in Libra, weighing all our thoughts, words, and works in a balance: 'Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be,' Rev. 22:12.

'Is come.' He was not fetched, not forced, sponte venit: of his own accord he is come. 'No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down of myself,' John 10:18. Ambrose on these words of Christ, in Matt. 26:55: 'Are ye come out against a thief, with swords and staves to take me?' *Stultum est cum gladiis eum quærere, qui ultro se offert.* It was superfluous folly to apprehend him with weapons that willingly offered himself; to seek him in the night by treason, as if he shunned the light, who was every day teaching publicly in the temple. *Sed factum congruit tempori et personis; quia cum tenebræ, in tenebroso tempore, tenebrosum opus exercebant,—*The fact agrees to the time and persons: they were darkness, therefore they do the work of darkness, in a time of darkness. Indeed he prays, 'Father, save me from this hour;' but withal he corrects himself, 'Therefore came I to this hour.'

But he is to 'fear death,' Heb. 5. What is it to us quod timuit, that he feared; nostrum est quod sustinuit, that he suffered. Christ's nature must needs abhor destructive things: he feared death, ex affectu sensualitatis, not ex affectu rationis.† He eschewed it secundum se, but did undergo it propter aliud. Ex impetu naturæ he declined it, but ex imperio rationis; considering that either he must come and die on earth, or we all must go and die in hell, and that the head's temporal death might procure the body's eternal life, behold, 'the Son of man is come.' Neither was it necessary for him to love his pain, though he so loved us to suffer this pain. No man properly loves the rod that beats him, though he loves for his soul's good to be beaten. As Augustine said of crosses, Tolerare jubemur, non amare. Nemo quod tolerat amat, etsi tolerare amat;*—We are commanded to bear them, not to love them. No man that even loves to suffer, loves that he suffers.

Voluntarily yields himself; saluting Judas by the name of friend: Amice, cur venis? He suffered not his followers to offend his enemies, nor commands the angels to defend himself.† O blind Jews! was it impossible for him, de parvo stipite ligni descendere, qui descendit à cœlorum altitudine?—to come down from a piece of wood, that came down from heaven? Nunquid tua vincula illum possunt tenere, quem cœli non possunt capere?—Shall your bonds hold him, when the heavens could not contain him? He came not to deliver himself, that was in freedom; but to deliver us, that were in bondage.‡

'Is come.' Is Christ come to us, and shall not we come to him? Doth the Son of God come to the sons of men; and do the sons of men scorn to come to the Son of God? Proud dust! wilt thou not meet thy Maker? If any ask, 'Whither is thy beloved gone, that we may seek him with thee?' Cant. 6:1; the church answers, 'My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies,' ver. 2. You shall have him in his garden, the congregation of the faithful: 'Wheresoever a number is gathered together in his name.' Behold, venit ad limina virtus, manna lies at

your thresholds; will you not go forth and gather it? The bridegroom is come; will you not make merry with him? The nice piece of dust, like idolatrous Jeroboam, cries, The church is too far off, the journey too long to Christ. He came all that long way from heaven to earth for us, and is a mile too tedious to go to him? Go to, sede, ede, perde,—sit still, eat thy meat, and destroy thyself; who shall blame the justice of thy condemnation?

But for us, let us leave our pleasures and go to our Saviour. Non sed eas sed eas, ne pereas per eas. Come a little way to him, that came so far to thee. Philip tells Nathanael, 'We have found the Messiah.' Nathanael objects: 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' 'Come and see,' saith Philip. And straightway Jesus saw Nathanael coming, John 1:45–47. Christ hath sent many preachers to invite us to salvation. We ask, Ubi, Where? They say, 'Come and see:' but we will not come; Christ cannot see us coming. Mundus, cura, caro; three mischievous hinderers: we come not. Christ himself calls; yet 'you will not come unto me, that you might have life,' John 5:40. He comes amongst us, Christians; ad suos: 'He came to his own, and his own received him not,' John 1:11. We say of such things as are unlike, they come not near one another; many clothes lie on a heap together, yet because of their different colours, we say they come not near one to another. But of things that are alike, we say they come nigh one another. Our coming near to Christ is not in place, but in grace. Not in place; for so the wicked is near to God. 'Whither shall I flee from thy presence?' Ps. 139:7. But in grace and quality; being 'holy as he is holy.' Indeed he must first draw us before we can come. 'Draw me, we will run after thee,' Cant. 1:4. He first draws us by grace, then we run after him by repentance.

3. 'To seek.' He is come; to what purpose? Ecce compassionem: 'to seek.' All the days of his flesh upon earth he went about seeking souls. He went to Samaria to seek the woman, to Bethany to seek Mary, to Capernaum to seek the centurion, to Jericho to seek Zaccheus. Oh, what is man, and the son of man, that the Son of God should thus hunt after him! We sought not him: 'The wicked,

through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God,' Ps. 10:4. Behold, he seeks us. We would not call upon him; he sends ambassadors to beseech us: 'We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,' 2 Cor. 5:20. Indeed, we cannot seek him till he first find us. *Oportuit viam invenire errantes, errantes enim nequeunt invenire viam,*—If the 'way,' John 14:6, had not found us, we should never have found the way. Lo, his mercy! *Non solum redeuntem suscipit, sed perditum quærit,*—How joyful will he be to us, that is thus careful to seek us!

Let this teach us not to hide ourselves from him. Wretched men, guilty of their own eternal loss, that will not be found of Christ when he seeks them! How shall they at the last day 'stand with confidence before him,' 1 John 2:28, that at this day run from him? If we will not be found to be sanctified, we cannot be found to be glorified. Paul 'desires to be found in Christ,' Phil. 3:9: in Christ found, for without Christ ever lost. 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them are lost, but the son of perdition,' John 17:12. Woe to that man when Christ shall return with a *Non inventus!* What can the shepherd do but seek? *Nolunt inveniri,* they will not be found. What the charmer but charm? *Nolunt incantari,* they will not be charmed. What the suitor but woo? *Nolunt desponsari,* they will not be espoused to Christ. What the ambassador but beseech? *Nolunt exorari,* they will not be entreated. What then remains? 'He that will be unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that will be filthy, let him be filthy still,' Rev. 22:11. If we will not be found of him when he seeks us, he will not be found of us when we seek him. 'They shall seek me early, but they shall not find me,' Prov. 1:28. *Quæsitus contemnet, qui quærens contemnitur,*—He was despised when he sought, and will despise when he is sought to.

Three vicious sorts of men are here culpable. First, some skulk when Christ seeks. If there be any bush in paradise, Adam will thrust his head into it. If there be any hole of pretence, Saul will there burrow his rebellion. If Gehazi can shadow his bribery with a lie, Elisha shall not find him. When the sun shines, every bird comes forth; only the

owl will not be found. These birds of darkness cannot abide the light, 'because their deeds are evil,' John 3:19. Thus they play at all-hid with God, but how foolishly! Like that beast that having thrust his head in a bush, and seeing nobody, thinks nobody sees him. But they shall find at last that not holes of mountains or caves of rocks can conceal them, Rev. 6:16.

Secondly, Others play at fast and loose with God; as a man behind a tree, one while seen, another while hid. In the day of prosperity they are hidden; only in affliction they come out of their holes. As some beasts are driven out of their burrows by pouring in scalding water; or as Absalom fetched Joab, by setting 'on fire his barley-fields,' 2 Sam. 14:30. These are found on the Sunday, but lost all the week. Like the devil, they stand among the sons of God, yet devour the servants of God; as Saul at one time prophesied with the prophets, and at another time massacred them. Christ calls them to a banquet of prosperity, they cry *Hic sumus*, We are here; but if Satan (in their opinion) offer them better cheer, *Tibi sumus*, We are for thee.

Thirdly, Others being lost, and hearing the seeker's voice, go further from him. These are wolves, not sheep. The 'sheep hear his voice,' and come; the wolf hears it, and flies. The nearer salvation comes to them, the further they run from it. Because England tenders them the gospel, they will run as far as Rome for damnation.

Christ came to seek the lost sheep: Luke 15, he found it, he laid it on his shoulders, and he rejoiced. In his life he seeks the sinner till he find him. In his death he lays him on his shoulders, bearing his sins in his body on the cross. In his resurrection he rejoiced for him. In his ascension he opens the door of heaven, and brings him home. *Venit et invenit*,—he comes to seek, and he seeks to save; which is the next point:—

4. 'To save.' *Ecce pietatem*, behold his goodness. Herod sought Christ *ad interitum*, to kill him; Christ seeks us *ad salutem*, to save us. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ

came into the world to save sinners,' 1 Tim. 1:15. Yield to be found, if thou wilt yield to be saved. There is nothing but good meant thee in this seeking. *Vidimus et testamur, &c.*,—'We have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world,' 1 John 4:14. The fishermen's riddle was: Those we could not find we kept; those we found we lost. But Christ's course is otherwise: whom he finds he saves; whom he finds not are lost for ever. It was a poetical speech, *Amare et sapere vix conceditur diis*,—To love and to be wise seldom meet. They are met in Christ: he did love us—*suscepit naturam*, he became man; he was wise—*occidit peccatum*, he killed sin. In love he seeks us, in wisdom he saves us: here was *amare et sapere*. This sweet and comfortable note I must leave to your meditations; my speech must end his saving, though of his salvation there be no end. *Parvum est servare bonos*,—It is a small thing to save those that are in no danger of spilling; therefore, lastly, look to the object:—

5. 'The lost.' There *ecce potestatem*, behold his power. He is that 'strongest man' that unbound us from the fetters of sin and Satan. *Fortissimus*; for *cætera excellit, cætera expellit*,—he excels the rest, he expels the rest. He had need be powerful, that redeems so weak man from the hands of so strong enemies. *Magnus venit medicus, quia magnus jacebat ægrotus*. The whole world was sick; there had need be a great physician, for there was a great patient. Lo, where wretchedness lies at the foot of goodness: *ecce miserum ante misericordem*. What but infinite misery should be the fit object of infinite mercy!

Here was then the purpose of Christ's coming: to 'seek the lost,' to recall wanderers, to heal the sick, to cleanse the leprous, to revive the dead, to save sinners. He 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' Matt. 9:13; he leaves 'the ninety-nine in the wilderness, to seek the lost sheep,' Luke 15. Whether it be meant of the just angels in heaven, (as Ambrose, Chrysostom, Hilary, Euthymius think;) or those that thought themselves just, (as Bucer and Ludolphus,) the scribes and Pharisees, that presumed they

needed no repentance;—he embraceth publicans and sinners, that confess themselves sick, and lacking a physician; sinful wretches, and needing a Saviour.

Those worldlings in the gospel have better cheer at home; what care they for Christ's supper? It is the dry ground that thinks well of rain, the hungry soul that is glad of sustenance. The mercy of God falls most welcome on the broken spirit. They that feel themselves miserable, and that they stand in need of every drop of his saving blood, to those it runs fresh and sweet. They that feel themselves lost are found. They are least of all lost that think themselves lost; they are nearest to their health that are most sensible of their sickness. These he seeks, these he saves: to these nascens se dedit in socium, convescens in cibum, moriens in pretium, regnans in præmium,*—in his birth he became their companion, in his life their food, in his death their redemption, in his glory their salvation.

'Lost!' But where was man lost? There are diverse losing-places:—

(1.) A garden of delights: and there the first man lost himself, and all us. In a garden therefore our Saviour found us again. We were lost in a garden of rest; we are found in a garden of trouble. The serpent could never take the hare, (he was too light-footed for him,) till he found him sleeping in a garden of sweet flowers, under which the serpent lay hidden. Whilst man not only surfeits on pleasures, but sleeps in them, Satan, that old serpent, wounds him to death.

(2.) A wilderness is a place able to lose us: and that is this world, a wide and wild forest; many lost in it. We read of a rich man, Luke 12, that lost himself in one corner of this wilderness, his very barns. Strange, to be lost in a barn; and yet how many lose themselves in a less room, their counting-house! The usurer hath there lost his soul, and no man can find it. It is so long wrapped up among his bonds, till Satan take the forfeit. The depopulator takes a larger field to lose his soul in; and to make sure work that grace may never find it, he hedges and ditches it in.

(3.) Another losing-place is a labyrinth or maze. In the orchard of this world the god of it hath made a labyrinth, which St John describes, 'The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' 1 Epist. 2:16. The entrance hereinto is easy, as you have seen in that emblem of suretyship, the Horn: a man goes gently in at the butt end, but comes hardly out at the buckle; the coming forth is difficult. It is so full of crooked meanders, windings, and turnings, out of one sin into another,—from consent to delight, from delight to custom, from custom to impenitency,—that in this labyrinth men soon grow to a maze, and know not how to be extricated: Labyrinthus, quasi labor intus. The wicked 'weary themselves in the ways of destruction,' Wisd. 5:7.

'Lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, pride of life.' Hæc tria pro trino Numine mundus habet,—This is the trinity the world worships.

'Lust of the flesh.' The adulterer loseth himself in the forbidden bed: Inter mamillas perditur,—He is lost between the breasts of a harlot. He that seeks for him must, as the pursuivant for the Seminary, not forbear the mistress's bed to find him.

'Lust of the eyes.' Ahab casts a covetous eye at Naboth's vineyard, David a lustful eye at Bathsheba. The eye is the pulse of the soul: as physicians judge of the heart by the pulse, so we by the eye; a rolling eye, a roving heart. The good eye keeps minute-time, and strikes when it should; the lustful crotchet-time, and so puts all out of tune.

'Pride' has lost as many as any her fellow-devils. They say she was born in heaven, and being cast down, wandered upon earth, where a woman took her in; and there she hath dwelt ever since. Indeed, Isa. 3, the shop of pride is the woman's wardrobe; in this wardrobe many souls, both of women and men too, are lost. The common study is new fashions; but it is an ill fashion thus to lose the soul.

If we would get out of this maze, we must, as God warned the wise men, depart another way. Out of lust we must wind forth by chastity,

out of covetousness by charity, out of pride by humility. Penitence is the clue to guide us forth; howsoever we came in, we must go out by repentance.

(4.) A fourth losing-place is the multitude of new and strange ways; wherein men wander, as Saul after his asses, and are lost. There is a way to Rome, a way to Amsterdam; a way to the silliness of ignorance, a way to the sullenness of arrogance. None of all these is the way to Zion. In the multitude of ways, multitude of souls lose themselves.

(5.) Lastly, some are lost in the dark vault of ignorance, applauding themselves in their blindness, and like bats refusing the sunshine. They have an altar, Acts 17:23, but it is Ignoto Deo, to an unknown God. Like the host of the king of Syria, they are blind, and lost betwixt Dothan and Samaria, 2 Kings 6:19. They may grope, as the Sodomites, for the door of heaven; but let not the Pope make them believe that they can find it blindfold. Ignorance is not God's star-chamber of light, but the devil's vault of darkness. By that doctrine Antichrist fills hell, and his own coffers. The light that must bring us out is Jesus Christ, 'which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' John 1:9; and his 'word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our paths,' Ps. 119:105.

Thus you see there are many places to be lost in, but one way to be found; and that is this: 'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that was lost.' O Jesus, turn our wandering steps into the narrow way of righteousness! Come to us, that we may be sought; seek us, that we may be found; find us, that we may be saved; save us, that we may be blessed, and bless thy name for ever! Amen.

THE WHITE DEVIL;
OR,
THE HYPOCRITE UNCASSED

IN A SERMON PREACHED AT PAUL'S CROSS, MARCH 7, 1612.

This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.—JOHN 12:6.

I AM to speak of Judas, a devil by the testimony of our Saviour, —'Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?' John 6:7, —yet so transformed into a show of sanctimony, that he who was a devil in the knowledge of Christ seemed an angel in the deceived judgment of his fellow-apostles. A devil he was, black within and full of rancour, but white without, and skinned over with hypocrisy; therefore, to use Luther's word, we will call him the 'white devil.' Even here he discovers himself, and makes good this title. Consider the occasion thus:—

Christ was now at supper among his friends, where every one shewed him several kindness; among the rest, Mary pours on him a box of ointment. Take a short view of her affection:—(1.) She gave a precious unction, spikenard; Judas valued it at three hundred pence, which (after the best computation) is with us above eight pounds; as if she could not be too prodigal in her love. (2.) She gave him a whole pound, ver. 3: she did not cut him out devotion by piecemeal or remnant, nor serve God by the ounce, but she gave all: for quality, precious; for quantity, the whole pound. Oh that our service to God were answerable! We rather give one ounce to lust, a second to pride, a third to malice, &c., so dividing the whole pound to the devil: she

gave all to Christ. (3.) To omit her anointing his feet, and wiping them with the hairs of her head; wherein her humility and zeal met: his feet, as unworthy to touch his head; with her hairs, as if her chief ornament was but good enough to honour Christ withal, the beauty of her head to serve Christ's feet. 'She brake the box,' *tanquam ebria amore*, and this of no worse than alabaster, that Christ might have the last remaining drop: and the whole house was filled with the odour;' at this repines Judas, pretending the poor, for he was 'white;' intending his profit, for he was a 'devil.'

The words contain in them a double censure:—I. Judas's censure of Mary; this repeatedly folded up: εἶπε δὲ τοῦτο, 'he said thus,' with reference to his former words, ver. 5, 'Why was not this,' &c. II. God's censure of Judas: this partly, 1. Negative, 'he cared not for the poor;' to convince his hypocrisy, that roved at the poor, but levelled at his profit; like a ferryman, looking toward charity with his face, rowing toward covetousness with his arms. 2. Affirmative, demonstrating, (1.) His meaning, 'he was a thief;' (2.) His means, 'he had the bag;' (3.) His maintenance, 'he bare what was given, or put therein.'

I. In Judas's censure of Mary, many things are observable, to his shame, our instruction; and these, 1. Some more general; 2. Some more special and personal; all worthy your attention, if there wanted nothing in the deliverance.

1. Observe that St John lays this fault on Judas only; but St Matthew, chap. 26:8, and Mark, chap. 14:4, charge the disciples with it, and find them guilty of this repining; and that (in both, ἀγανακτοῦντες) not without indignation. This knot is easily untied: Judas was the ringleader, and his voice was the voice of Jacob, all charitable; but his hands were the hands of Esau, rough and injurious. Judas pleads for the poor; the whole synod likes the motion well, they second it with their verdicts, their words agree; but their spirits differ. Judas hath a further reach: to distil this ointment through the lembic of hypocrisy into his own purse; the apostles mean plainly: Judas was malicious against his Master; they simply thought the poor had more

need. So sensible and ample a difference do circumstances put into one and the same action: presumption or weakness, knowledge or ignorance, simplicity or craft, do much aggravate or mitigate an offence. The apostles consent to the circumstance, not to the substance, setting, as it were, their hands to a blank paper: it was in them pity rather than piety; in Judas neither pity nor piety, but plain perfidy, an exorbitant and transcendent sin, that would have brought innocence itself into the same condemnation; thus the aggregation of circumstances is the aggravation of offences. Consider his covetise, fraud, malice, hypocrisy, and you will say his sin was monstrous; sine modo, like a mathematical line, divisibilis in semper divisibilia,—infinitely divisible. The other apostles receive the infection, but not into so corrupted stomachs, therefore it may make them sick, not kill them: sin they do, but not unto death. It is a true rule even in good works: Finibus, non officiis, discernendæ sunt virtutes à vitiis,—Virtues are discerned from vices, not by their offices, but by their ends or intents: neither the outward form, no, nor often the event, is a sure rule to measure the action by. The eleven tribes went twice, by God's special word and warrant, against the Benjamites, yet in both assaults received the overthrow. Cum Pater Filium, Christus corpus, Judas Dominum, res eadem, non causa, non intentio operantis,*—When God gave his Son, Christ gave himself, Judas gave his Master; here was the work, not the same cause nor intention in the workers. The same rule holds proportion in offences: here they all sin, the apostles in the imprudence of their censure, Judas in the impudence of his rancour.

I might here, first, lead you into the distinction of sins; secondly, or traverse the indictment with Judas, whereby he accuseth Mary, justifying her action, convincing his slander; thirdly, or discover to you the foulness of rash judgment, which often sets a rankling tooth into virtue's side; often calls charity herself a harlot, and a guilty hand throws the first stone at innocence, John 8:7.

But that which I fasten on is the power and force of example. Judas, with a false weight, set all the wheels of their tongues agoing: the

steward hath begun a health to the poor, and they begin to pledge him round. Authority shews itself in this, to beget a likeness of manners: *Tutum est peccare autoribus illis*,—It is safe sinning after such authors; if the steward say the word, the fiat of consent goes round. *Imperio maximus, exemplo major*,—He that is greatest in his government is yet greater in his precedent. A great man's livery is countenance enough to keep drunkenness from the stocks, whoredom from the post, murder and stealth from the gallows: such double sinners shall not escape with single judgments; such leprous and contagious spirits shall answer to the justice of God, not only for their own sins, but for all theirs whom the pattern of their precedency hath induced to the like. To the like, said I? nay, to worse; for if the master drink *ad plenitudinem*, to fulness, the servant will *ad ebrietatem*, to madness; the imitation of good comes, for the most part, short of the pattern, but the imitation of ill exceeds the example. A great man's warrant is like a charm or spell, to keep quick and stirring spirits within the circle of combined mischief; a superior's example is like strong or strange physic, that ever works the servile patients to a likeness of humours, of affections: thus when the mother is a Hittite, and the father an Amorite, the daughter seldom proves an Israelite, *Ezek. 16:45*. *Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis*,—Greatness is a copy, which every action, every affection strives to write after. The son of Nebat is never without his commendation following him, 'he made Israel to sin,' *1 Kings 15:30*, and *16:15*. The imitation of our governors' manners, fashion, vices, is styled obedience: if Augustus Cæsar loves poetry, he is nobody that cannot versify; now, saith Horace,

'*Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.*'

When Leo lived, because he loved merry fellows, and stood well-affected to the stage, all Rome swarmed with jugglers, singers, players. To this, I think, was the proverb squared: *Confessor Papa, confessor populus*,—If the Pope be an honest man, so will the people be. *In vulgus manant exempla regentum*.^{*} The common people are like tempered wax, whereon the vicious seal of greatness makes easy

impression. It was a custom for young gentlemen in Athens to play on recorders; at length Alcibiades, seeing his blown cheeks in a glass, threw away his pipe, and they all followed him. Our gallants, instead of recorders, embrace scorching lust, staring pride, staggering drunkenness, till their souls are more blown than those Athenians' cheeks. I would some Alcibiades would begin to throw away these vanities, and all the rest would follow him. Thus spreads example, like a stone thrown into a pond, that makes circle to beget circle, till it spread to the banks. Judas's train soon took fire in the unsuspecting disciples; and Satan's infections shoot through some great star the influence of damnation into the ear of the commonalty. Let the experience hereof make us fearful of examples.

Observe, that no society hath the privilege to be free from a Judas; no, not Christ's college itself: 'I have chosen you twelve, and behold one of you is a devil;' and this no worse man than the steward, put in trust with the bread of the prophets. The synod of the Pharisees, the convent of monks, the consistory of Jesuits, the holy chair at Rome, the sanctified parlour at Amsterdam, is not free from a Judas. Some tares will shew that 'the envious man' is not asleep. They hear him preach that 'had the words of eternal life,' John 6:68; they attend him that could 'feed them with miraculous bread,' ver. 51; they followed him that could 'quiet the seas and control the winds,' Matt. 26; they saw a precedent in whom there was no defect, no default, no sin, no guile; yet, behold, one of them is a hypocrite, an Iscariot, a devil. What! among saints? 'Is Saul among the prophets?' 1 Sam. 10:12. Among the Jews, a wicked publican, a dissolute soldier, was not worth the wondering at: for the publicans, you may judge of their honesty when you always find them coupled with harlots in the Scripture; for the soldiers, (that robed Christ in jest, and robbed him in earnest,) they were irreligious ethnics; but amongst the sober, chaste, pure, precise Pharisees, to find a man of sin was held uncouth, monstrous. They run from their wits, then, that run from the church because there are Judases. Thus it will be till the great Judge with his fan shall 'purge his floor,' Matt. 3:12; till the 'angels shall carry the wheat into the barn of glory,' Matt. 13:30. Until that

day comes, some rubbish will be in the net, some goats amongst the sheep, some with the mark of the beast in the congregation of saints; an Ishmael in the family of Abraham; one without his wedding garment at the marriage-feast; among the disciples a Demas, among the apostles a Judas.—Thus generally.

2.—(1.) Observe: Judas is bold to reprove a lawful, laudable, allowable work: 'he said thus.' I do not read him so peremptory in a just opportunity. He could swallow a gudgeon, though he kecks at a fly; he could observe, obey, flatter the compounding Pharisees, and thought he should get more by licking than by biting; but here, because his mouth waters at the money, his teeth rankle the woman's credit, for so I find malignant reprovers styled: corrodunt, non corrigunt; correptores, immo corruptores,—they do not mend, but make worse; they bite, they gnaw. Thus was Diogenes surnamed Cynic for his snarling: conviciorum canis, the dog of reproaches. Such forget that monendo plus, quam minando possumus,—mercies are above menaces. Many of the Jews, whom the thunders of Sinai, terrors of the law, humanas motura tonitrua mentes, moved not, John Baptist wins with the songs of Zion. Judas could feign and fawn, and fan the cool wind of flattery on the burning malice of the consulting scribes. Here he is hot, sweats and swells without cause; either he must be unmerciful or over-merciful; either wholly for the reins, or all upon the spur. He hath soft and silken words for his Master's enemies, coarse and rough for his friends; there he is a dumb dog and finds no fault, here he is a barking cur and a true man instead of a thief; he was before an ill mute, and now he is a worse consonant: but as Pierius's ambitious daughters were turned to magpies for correcting the Muses,* so God justly reproves Judas for unjustly reprovng Mary. Qui mittit in altum lapidem, recidet in caput ejus, † —A stone thrown up in a rash humour falls on the thrower's head, to teach him more wisdom. He that could come to the Pharisees, (like Martial's parrot, χαίρει, or like Jupiter's priests to Alexander with a Jove sate,) commending their piety, which was without mercy, here condemns mercy, which was true piety and pity.

I could here find cause to praise reprehension: if it be reasonable, seasonable, well-grounded for the reprovor, well-conditioned for the reprov'd. I would have no profession more wisely bold than a minister's, for sin is bold, yea, saucy and presumptuous. It is miserable for both, when a bold sinner and a cold priest shall meet; when he that should lift up his voice like a trumpet doth but whisper through a trunk. Many men are dull beasts without a goad, blind Sodomites without a guide, deaf adders and idols without ears, forgetful, like Pharaoh's butler, without memories: our connivance is sinful, our silence baneful, our allowance damnable. Of sin, neither the fathers, factors, nor fautors are excusable; nay, the last may be worst, whiles they may, and will not help it, Rom. 13:2. Let Rome have the praise without our envy or rivalry: *Peccatis Roma patrociniū est. Sodomy is licensed, sins to come pardoned, drunkenness defended, the stews maintained, perjury commended, treason commanded. As sinful as they think us, and we know ourselves, we would blush at these. Nihil interest, sceleri an faveas, an illud facias,—There is little difference between permission and commission, between the toleration and perpetration of the sin: he is an abettor of the evil that may and will not better the evil. Amici vitia, si feras, facis tua. Thy unchristian sufferance adopts thy brother's sins for thine own, as children of thy fatherhood. Of so great a progeny is many a sin-favouring magistrate; he begets more bastards in an hour than Hercules did in a night; and, except Christ be his friend, God's sessions will charge him with the keeping of them all. No private man can plead exemption from this duty, for amicus is animi custos,—he is thy friend that brings thee to a fair and free end. Doth human charity bind thee to reduce thy neighbour's straying beast, and shall not Christianity double thy care to his erring soul? *Cadit asina, et est qui sublevet; perit anima, non est qui recogitet,—The fallen beast is lifted up, the burdened soul is let sink under her load.**

(2.) Observe his devilish disposition, bent and intended to stifle goodness in others, that had utterly choked it in himself. Is the apostle Judas a hinderer of godliness? Surely man hath not a worse

neighbour, nor God a worse servant, nor the devil a better factor, than such a one: an Æsop's dog, that because he can eat no hay himself, lies in the manger and will not suffer the horse. He would be an ill porter of heaven-gates, that having no lust to enter himself, will not admit others; as Christ reprov'd the lawyers, Luke 11:52. They are fruitless trees that cumber the ground, chap. 13:7; cockle and darnel, that hinder the good corn's growth; malicious devils, that plot to bring more partners to their own damnation, as if it were aliquid socios habuisse doloris,—some ease to them to have fellows in their misery.

Let me pant out a short complaint against this sin: *dolendum à medico, quod non delendum à medicina*,—we may bewail where we cannot prevail. The good old man must weep, though he cannot drive away the disease of his child with tears. Thou that hinderest others from good works, makest their sins thine, which, I think, thou needest not do, for any scarcity of thine own; whiles thou temptest a man to villany, or withstandest his piety, thou at once pullest his sins and God's curse on thee. For the author sins more than the actor, as appears by God's judgment in paradise, Gen. 3:14, &c., where three punishments were inflicted on the serpent, as the original plotter; two on the woman, as the immediate procurer; and but one on Adam, as the party seduced. Is it not enough for thee, O Judas, to be a villain thyself, but thou must also cross the piety of others? Hast thou spoiled thyself, and wouldst thou also mar Mary?

(3.) Nay, observe: he would hinder the works of piety through colour of the works of charity, diverting Mary's bounty from Christ to the poor, as if respect to man should take the wall of God's service. Thus he strives to set the two tables of the law at war, one against the other; both which look to God's obedience, as the two cherubims to the mercy-seat, Exod. 25:20; and the catholic Christian hath a catholic care. I prefer not the laws of God one to the other: 'one star here differs not from another star in glory.' Yet I know the best distinguisher's caution to the lawyer: 'This is the commandment, and the other is (but) like unto it,' Matt. 22:38, 39. Indeed I would not

have sacrifice turn mercy out of doors, as Sarah did Hagar; nor the fire of zeal drink up the dew and moisture of charity, as the fire from heaven dried up the water at Elijah's sacrifice, 1 Kings 18:38; neither would I that the precise observation of the second table should gild over the monstrous breaches of the first. Yet I have heard divines (reasoning this point) attribute this privilege to the first table above the second: that God never did (I will not say, never could) dispense with these commandments which have himself for their proper and immediate object. For then (say they) he should dispense against himself, or make himself no God, or more. He never gave allowance to any to have another god; another form of worship; the honour of his name he will not give to another; nor suffer the profaner of his holy day to escape unpunished. For the second table, you have read him commanding the brother 'to raise up seed to his brother,' Deut. 25:5, notwithstanding the law, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' Matt. 12:24; commanding the Israelites to rob the Egyptians, Exod. 11:2, without infringing the law of stealth; all this without wrong, for 'the earth is his, and the fulness thereof!' Thou art a father of many children: thou sayest to the younger, 'Sirrah, wear you the coat to-day which your other brother wore yesterday;' who complains of wrong? We are all (or, at least, say we are all) the children of God: have earthly parents a greater privilege than our heavenly? If God then have given dispensation to the second table, not to the first, the observation of which (think you) best pleaseth him?

Let not then, O Judas, charity shoulder out piety; nay, charity will not, cannot; for 'faith worketh by love,' Gal. 5:6. And love never dined in a conscience where faith had not first broken her fast. Faith and love are like a pair of compasses; whilst faith stands perfectly fixed in the centre, which is God, love walks the round, and puts a girdle of mercy about the loins. There may indeed be a show of charity without faith, but there can be no show of faith without charity. Man judgeth by the hand, God by the heart.

Hence our policies in their positive laws lay severe punishments on the actual breaches of the second table, leaving most sins against the

first to the hand of the almighty justice. Let man's name be slandered, *currat lex*, 'the law is open,' Acts 19:38; be God's name dishonoured, blasphemed, there is no punishment but from God's immediate hand. Carnal fornication speeds, though not ever bad enough, yet sometimes worse than spiritual, which is idolatry. Yet this last is *majus adulterium*, the greater adultery; because *non ad alteram mulierem*, 1 Cor. 6:15, *sed ad alterum Deum*, Hos. 2:2,—it is not the knitting of the body to another woman, but of the soul to another God. The poor slave is convented to the spiritual court, and meets with a shrewd penance for his incontinence; the rich nobleman, knight, or gentleman, (for Papists are no beggars,) breaks the commissary's cords as easily as Samson the Philistine's withs, and puts an excommunication in his pocket. All is answered: 'Who knows the spirit of man, but the spirit of man?' and, 'He stands or falls to his own master,' Rom. 14:4. Yet again, who knows whether bodily stripes may not procure spiritual health, and a seasonable blow to the estate may not save the soul 'in the day of the Lord Jesus?' 1 Cor. 5:5. Often *detrimentum pecuniæ et sanitatis; propter bonum animæ*,* a loss to the purse, or a cross to the corpse, is for the good of the conscience. Let me then complain, are there no laws for atheists, that would scrape out the deep engraven characters of the soul's eternity out of their consciences, and think their souls as vanishing as the spirits of dogs; not contenting themselves to lock up this damned persuasion in their own bowels, but belching out this unsavoury breath to the contagion of others? Witness many an ordinary that this is an ordinary custom; that in despite of the oracles of heaven, the prophets, and the secretaries of nature, the philosophers, would enforce that either there is no God, or such a one as had as good be none: nominal protestants, verbal neuters, real atheists. Are there no laws for image-worshippers, secret friends to Baal, that eat with us, sit with us, play with us, not pray with us, nor for us, unless for our ruins? Yes, the sword of the law is shaken against them: alas, that but only shaken! But either their breasts are invulnerable, or the sword is obtuse, or the strikers troubled with the palsy and numbness in the arms. Are there no laws for blasphemers, common swearers, whose constitutions are so ill-tempered of the

four elements, that they take and possess several seats in them: all earth in their hearts, all water in their stomachs, all air in their brains, and (saith St James) all fire in their tongues, James 3:6; they have heavy earthen hearts, watery and surfeited stomachs, light, airy, mad brains, fiery and flaming tongues. Are there no laws to compel them on these days, that 'God's house may be filled?' Luke 14:23; no power to bring them from the 'puddles to the springs?' Jer. 2:13; from walking the streets, sporting in the fields, quaffing in taverns, slugging, wantonising on couches, to watch with Christ 'one hour in his house of prayer?' Matt. 26:40. Why should not such blisters be lanced by the knife of authority, which will else make the whole body of the commonwealth, though not incurable, yet dangerously sick? I may not seem to prescribe, give leave to exhort: non est meæ humilitatis dictare vobis, &c.† It suits not with my mean knowledge to direct you the means, but with my conscience to rub your memories. Oh, let not the pretended equity to men countenance out our neglect of piety to God!

(4.) Lastly, observe his unkindness to Christ. What, Judas, grudge thy Master a little unction! And, which is yet viler, from another's purse! With what detraction, derision, exclamation, wouldest thou have permitted this to thy fellow-servant, that repinest it to thy Master! How hardly had this been derived from thy own estate, that didst not tolerate it from Mary's! What! Thy Master, that honoured thee with Christianity, graced thee with apostleship, trusted thee with stewardship, wilt thou deny him this courtesy, and without thine own cost? Thy Master, Judas, thy Friend, thy God, and, yet in a sweeter note, thy Saviour, and canst not endure another's gratuitous kindness towards him? Shall he pour forth the best unction of his blood, to bathe and comfort thy body and soul, and thou not allow him a little refection? Hath Christ hungered, thirsted, fainted, sweated, and must he instantly bleed and die, and is he denied a little unction? and dost thou, Judas, grudge it? It had come more tolerably from any mouth: his friend, his follower, his professor, his apostle, his steward! Unkind, unnatural, unjust, unmerciful Judas.

Nay, he terms it no better than waste and a loss: Εἰς τί ἢ ἀπώλεια αὐτῆ; Ad quid perditio hæc?—'Why is this waste?' Matt. 26:8. What, lost and given to Jesus! Can there be any waste in the creature's due service to the Creator? No; pietas est proprietate sumptus facere,‡—this is godliness, to be at cost with God: therefore our fathers left behind them deposita pietatis, pledges, evidences, sure testimonies of their religion, in honouring Christ with their riches; I mean not those in the days of Popery, but before ever the locusts of the Papal sea made our nation drunk with that enchanted cup. They thought it no waste either nova construere, aut vetera conservare,—to build new monuments to Christ's honour, or to better the old ones. We may say of them, as Rome bragged of Augustus Cæsar: Quæ invenerunt lateritia, reliquerunt marmorea,—What they found of brick, they left of marble; in imitation of that precedent in Isaiah, though with honester hearts: 'The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones. The sycamores are cut down, but we will change them into cedars,' chap. 9:10. In those days charity to the church was not counted waste. The people of England, devout like those of Israel, cried one to another, Afferte, Bring ye into God's house; till they were stayed with a statute of mortmain, like Moses's prohibition, 'The people bring too much,' Exod. 36:6. But now they change a letter, and cry, Auferte, take away as fast as they gave; and no inhibition of God or Moses, gospel or statute, can restrain their violence, till the alabaster-box be as empty of oil as their own consciences are of grace. We need not stint your devotion, but your devoration; every contribution to God's service is held waste: Ad quid perditio hæc? Now any required ornament to the church is held waste; but the swallowing down, I say not of ornaments, as things better spared, but of necessary maintenance, tithes, fruits, offerings, are all too little. Gentlemen in these cold countries have very good stomachs; they can devour, and digest too, three or four plump parsonages. In Italy, Spain, and those hot countries, or else nature and experience too lies, a temporal man cannot swallow a morsel or bit of spiritual preferment, but it is reluctant in his stomach, up it comes again. Surely these northern countries, coldly situate, and nearer to* the tropic, have greater appetites. The Africans think the

Spaniards gluttons; the Spaniards think so of the Frenchmen; Frenchmen, and all, think and say so of Englishmen, for they can devour whole churches; and they have fed so liberally, that the poor servitors, (ashamed I am to call them so,) the vicars, have scarce enough left to keep life and soul together: not so much as *sitis et fames et frigora poscunt*,[†]—the defence of hunger, and thirst, and cold, requires. Your fathers thought many acres of ground well bestowed, you think the tithe of those acres a waste. Oppression hath played the Judas with the church, and because he would prevent the sins incurable by our fulness of bread, hath scarce left us bread to feed upon, Daniel's diet among the lions, or Elias's in the wilderness. I will not censure you in this, ye citizens; let it be your praise, that though you 'dwell in ceiled houses' yourselves, 'you let not God's house lie waste,' Hag. 1:4; yet sometimes it is found that some of you, so careful in the city, are as negligent in the country, where your lands lie; and there the temples are often the ruins of your oppression, *monumenta rapinæ*; your poor, undone, blood-sucked tenants, not being able to repair the windows or the leads, to keep out rain or birds.‡ If a levy or taxation would force your benevolence, it comes malevolently from you, with a 'Why is this waste?' Raise a contribution to a lecture, a collection for a fire, an alms to a poor destitute soul, and lightly there is one Judas in the congregation to cry, *Ad quid perditio hæc?*—'Why is this waste?' Yet you will say, if Christ stood in need of an unction, though as costly as Mary's, you would not grudge it, nor think it lost. Cozen not yourselves, ye hypocrites; if ye will not do it to his church, to his poor ministers, to his poor members, neither would you to Christ, Matt. 25:40; if you clothe not them, neither would you clothe Christ if he stood naked at your doors. Whiles you count that money lost which God's service receiveth of you, you cannot shake away Judas from your shoulders. What would you do, if Christ should charge you, as he did the young man in the gospel, 'Sell all, and give to the poor,' Matt. 19:21, that think superfluties a waste? Oh, *durus sermo!*—a hard sentence! Indeed, 'a cup of cold water,' Matt. 10:42, is bounty praised and rewarded, but in them that are not able to give more; 'the widow's two mites' are accepted, because all her estate, Luke 21:4. If God

thought it no waste to give you plenty, even all you have, think it no waste to return him some of his own. Think not the oil waste which you pour into the lamp of the sanctuary, Exod. 25:6; think not the bread waste which you cast on the waters of adversity, Eccles. 11:1; think nothing lost whereof you have feoffed God in trust. But let me teach you soberly to apply this, and tell you what indeed is waste:—

(1.) Our immoderate diet,—indeed not diet, for that contents nature, but surfeit, that overthrows nature,—this is waste. Plain Mr Nabal, 1 Sam. 25:36, made a feast like a prince. Dives, Luke 16, hath no other arms to prove himself a gentleman, but a scutcheon of these three colours: first, he had money in his purse, he was rich; secondly, he had good rags on his back, clothed in purple; thirdly, dainties on his table, he fared deliciously, and that every day: this was a gentleman without heraldry. It was the rule, *ad alimenta, ut ad medicamenta*,—to our meat as to our medicine: man hath the least mouth of all creatures, *malum non imitari, quod sumus*. Therefore it is ill for us not to imitate that which we are; not to be like ourselves. There are many shrewd contentions between the appetite and the purse: the wise man is either a neuter or takes part with his purse. To consume that at one banquet which would keep a poor man with convenient sustenance all his life, this is waste. But, alas! our slavery to epicurism is great in these days: *mancipia serviunt dominis, domini cupiditatibus*,—servants are not more slaves to their masters, than their masters are slaves to lusts. Timocreon's epitaph fits many:—

'*Multa bibens, et multa vorans, mala plurima dicens,*' &c.,—

He ate much and drank much, and spake much evil. We sacrifice to our palates as to gods: the rich feast, the poor fast, the dogs dine, the poor pine? *Ad quid perditio hæc?*—'Why is this waste?'

(2.) Our unreasonable ebrieties:—

'*Tenentque*

Pocula sæpe homines, et inumbrant ora coronis.'

They take their fill of wine here, as if they were resolved, with Dives, they should not get a drop of water in hell. Eat, drink, play; quid aliud sepulchro bovis inscribi poterat?—what other epitaph could be written on the sepulchre of an ox? Epulonum crateres, sunt epulonum carceres,—their bowls are their bolts; there is no bondage like to that of the vintage. The furnace beguiles the oven, the cellar deceives the buttery; we drink away our bread, as if we would put a new petition into the Lord's prayer, and abrogate the old: saying no more, with Christ, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' but, Give us this day our daily drink; quod non in diem, sed in mensem sufficit,—which is more than enough for a day, nay, would serve a month. Temperance, the just steward, is put out of office: what place is free from these alehouse recusants, that think better of their drinking-room than Peter thought of Mount Tabor? Bonum est esse hic,—'It is good being here,' Matt. 17:4, ubi nec Deus, nec dæmon,—where both God and the devil are fast asleep. It is a question whether it be worse to turn the image of a beast to a god, or the image of God to a beast; if the first be idolatry, the last is impiety. A voluptuous man is a murderer to himself, a covetous man a thief, a malicious a witch, a drunkard a devil; thus to drink away the poor's relief, our own estate: Ad quid perditio hæc?—'Why is this waste?'

(3.) Our monstrous pride, that turns hospitality into a dumb show: that which fed the belly of hunger now feeds the eye of lust; acres of land are metamorphosed into trunks of apparel; and the soul of charity is transmigrated into the body of bravery: this is waste. We make ourselves the compounds of all nations: we borrow of Spain, Italy, Germany, France, Turkey and all; that death, when he robs an Englishman, robs all countries. Where lies the wealth of England? In three places: on citizens' tables, in usurers' coffers, and upon courtiers' backs. God made all simple, therefore, woe to these compounded fashions! God will one day say, Hoc non opus meum, nec imago mea est,—This is none of my workmanship, none of my image. One man wears enough on his back at once to clothe two naked wretches all their lives: Ad quid, &c.—'Why is this waste?'

(4.) Our vainglorious buildings, to emulate the skies, which the wise man calls 'the lifting up of our gates too high,' Prov. 17:19. Houses built like palaces; tabernacles that, in the master's thought, equal the mansion of heaven; structures to whom is promised eternity, as if the ground they stood on should not be shaken, Heb. 12:16. Whole towns depopulate to rear up one man's walls; chimneys built in proportion, not one of them so happy as to smoke; brave gates, but never open; sumptuous parlours, for owls and bats to fly in: pride began them, riches finished them, beggary keeps them; for most of them moulder away, as if they were in the dead builder's case, a consumption. Would not a less house, Jeconiah, have served thee for better hospitality? Jer. 22. Our fathers lived well under lower roofs; this is waste, and waste indeed, and these worse than the devil. The devil had once some charity in him, to turn stones into bread, Matt. 4:3; but these men turn bread into stones, a trick beyond the devil: Ad quid perditio hæc?—'Why is this waste?'

(5.) Our ambitious seeking after great alliance: the 'son of the thistle must match with the cedar's daughter,' 2 Kings 14:9. The father tears dear years out of the earth's bowels, and raiseth a bank of usury to set his son upon, and thus mounted, he must not enter save under the noble roof; no cost is spared to ambitious advancement: Ad quid, &c.—'Why is this waste?'

Shall I say our upholding of theatres, to the contempt of religion; our maintaining ordinaries, to play away our patrimonies; our four-wheeled porters; our antic fashions; our smoky consumptions; our perfumed putrefaction: Ad quid perditio hæc?—Why are these wastes? Experience will testify at last that these are wastes indeed; for they waste the body, the blood, the estate, the freedom, the soul itself, and all is lost thus laid out; but what is given (with Mary) to Christ is lost like sown grain, that shall be found again at the harvest of joy.

II. We have heard Judas censuring Mary, let us now hear God censuring Judas:—

1. And that, first, negatively: 'he cared not for the poor.' For the poor he pleads, but himself is the poor he means well to; but let his pretence be what it will, God's witness is true against him: 'he cared not for the poor.'

(1.) Observe: Doth Christ condemn Judas for condemning Mary? Then it appears he doth justify her action; he doth, and that after in express terms: 'Let her alone,' &c., ver. 7. Happy Mary, that hast Jesus to plead for thee! blessed Christians, for whom 'Jesus Christ is an advocate!' 1 John 2:1. 'He is near me that justifies me; who will contend with me? Behold, the Lord will help me; who is he that can condemn me?' Isa. 50:8, 9. Hence David resigns his protection into the hands of God: 'Judge me, O God, and defend my cause against the unmerciful people,' Ps. 43:1. And Paul yet with greater boldness sends a frank defiance and challenge to all the actors and pleaders that ever condemnation had, that they should never have power to condemn him, since Jesus Christ justifies him, Rom. 8:33. Happy man whose cause God takes in hand to plead! Here is a Judas to accuse us, a Jesus to acquit us; Judas slanders, Jesus clears; wicked men censure, the just God approves; earth judgeth evil what is pronounced good in heaven! Oh, then, do well, though, fremunt gentes, great men rage, though perverseness censures, impudence slanders, malice hinders, tyranny persecutes; there is a Jesus that approves: his approbation shall outweigh all their censures; let his Spirit testify within me, though the whole world oppose me.

(2.) Observe: It is the nature of the wicked to have no care of the poor. *Sibi nati, sibi vivunt, sibi moriuntur, sibi damnantur,*—They are all for themselves, they are born to themselves, live to themselves; so let them die for themselves, and go to hell for themselves. The fat bulls of Bashan love 'the lambs from the flock, and the calves from the stall,' &c., 'but think not on the affliction of Joseph,' Amos 6:4. Your gallant thinks not the distressed, the blind, the lame to be part of his care; it concerns him not. True; and therefore heaven concerns him not. It is infallible truth, if they have no feeling of others' miseries they are no members of Christ, Heb.

13:3. Go on now in thy scorn, thou proud royster; admire the fashion and stuff thou wearest, whiles the poor mourn for nakedness; feast royal Dives, while Lazarus can get no crumbs. Apply, Absalom, thy sound, healthful limbs to lust and lewdness, whiles the same blind, maimed, cannot derive a penny from thy purse, though he move his suit in the name of Jesus; thou givest testimony to the world, to thy own conscience, that thou art but a Judas. Why, the poorest and the proudest have, though not vestem comunem, yet cutem comunem,—there may be difference in the fleece, there is none in the flesh; yea, perhaps, as the gallant's perfumed body is often the sepulchre to a putrefied soul, so a white, pure, innocent spirit may be shadowed under the broken roof of a maimed corpse. Nay, let me terrify them: 'Not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble are called,' 1 Cor. 1:26. It is Paul's thunder against the flashes of greatness: he says not, 'not any,' but 'not many;' for servatur Lazarus pauper, sed in sinu Abrahami Divitis,*—Lazarus the poor man is saved, but in the bosom of Abraham the rich. It is a good saying of the son of Sirach, 'The affliction of one hour will make the proudest stoop,' Eccclus. 11:27, sit upon the ground, and forget his former pleasure; a piercing misery will soften your bowels, and let your soul see through the breaches of her prison, in what need distress stands of succour. Then you will be charitable or never, as physicians say of their patients, 'Take whiles they be in pain;' for in health nothing will be wrung out of them. So long as health and prosperity clothe you, you reckon not the poor. Nabal looks to his sheep, what cares he for David? If the truth were known, there are many Nabals now, that love their own sheep better than Christ's sheep. Christ's sheep are fain to take coats, their own sheep give coats. Say some that cavil, If we must care for the poor, then for the covetous; for they want what they possess, and are indeed poorest. No; pity not them that pity not themselves, who in despite of God's bounty will be miserable; but pity those whom a fatal distress hath made wretched.

Oh, how unfit is it among Christians, that some should surfeit whiles other hunger! 1 Cor. 11:21 that one should have two coats, and another be naked, yet both one man's servants! Luke 3:11.

Remember that God hath made many his stewards, none his treasurer; he did not mean thou shouldst hoard his blessings, but extend them to his glory. He that is infinitely rich, yet keeps nothing in his own hands, but gives all to his creatures. At his own cost and charges he hath maintained the world almost six thousand years. He will most certainly admit no hoarder into his kingdom; yet, if you will needs love laying up, God hath provided you a coffer: the poor man's hand is Christ's treasury. The besotted worldling hath a greedy mind, to gather goods and keep them; and, lo, his keeping loseth them: for they must have either *finem tuum*, or *finem suum*,—thy end, or their end. Job tarried and his goods went, chap. 1; but the rich man went, and his goods tarried, Luke 12 *Si vestra sunt, tollite vobiscum*,—If they be yours, why do you not take them with you? No, *hic acquiruntur, hic amittuntur*,—here they are gotten, here lost. But, God himself being witness, (nay, he hath passed his word,) what we for his sake give away here, we shall find again hereafter; and the charitable man, dead and buried, is richer under the ground than he was above it. It is a usual song, which the saints now sing in heaven—

'That we gave,

That we have.'

This riddle poseth the worldling, as the fishermen's did Homer: *Quæ cepimus, reliquimus; quæ non cepimus, nobiscum portamus*,—What we caught, we left behind us; what we could not catch, we carried with us. So, what we lose, we keep; what we will keep, we shall lose: he that loseth his goods, his lands, his freedom, his life for Christ's sake, shall find it, Matt. 10:39. This is the charitable man's case: all his alms, mercies, relievings are, wisely and without executorship, sown in his lifetime; and the harvest will be so great by that time he gets to heaven, that he shall receive a thousand for one: God is made his debtor, and he is a sure paymaster. Earth hath not riches enough in it to pay him; his requital shall be in heaven, and there with no less degree of honour than a kingdom.

Judas cares not for the poor. Judas is dead, but this fault of his lives still: the poor had never more need to be cared for; but how? There are two sorts of poor, and our care must be proportionable to their conditions: there are some poor of God's making, some of their own making. Let me say, there are God's poor, and the devil's poor: those the hand of God hath crossed; these have forced necessity on themselves by a dissolute life. The former must be cared for by the compassion of the heart, and charity of the purse: God's poor must have God's alms, a seasonable relief according to thy power; or else the Apostle fearfully and peremptorily concludes against thee, 'The love of God is not in thee,' 1 John 3:17. If thou canst not find in thy heart to diminish a grain from thy heap, a penny from thy purse, a cut from thy loaf, when Jesus Christ stands at thy door and calls for it; profess what thou wilt, the love of earth hath thrust the love of heaven out of thy conscience. Even Judas himself will pretend charity to these.

For the other poor, who have pulled necessity on themselves with the cords of idleness, riot, or such disordered courses, there is another care to be taken: not to cherish the lazy blood in their veins by abusive mercy; but rather chafe the stunted sinews by correction, relieve them with punishment, and so recover them to the life of obedience. 'The sluggard lusteth,' and hath an empty stomach; he loves sustenance well, but is loath to set his foot on the cold ground for it. The laws' sanction, the good man's function saith, 'If he will not labour, let him not eat,' 2 Thess. 3:10. For experience telleth that where sloth refuseth the ordinary pains of getting, there lust hunts for it in the unwarranted paths of wickedness; and you shall find, that if ever occasion should put as much power into their hands as idleness hath put villany into their hearts, they will be ready to pilfer your goods, fire your house, cut your throats. I have read of the king of Macedon, descrying two such in his dominions, that alterum è Macedonia fugere, alterum fugare fecit,—he made one fly out of his kingdom, and the other drive him. I would our magistrates would follow no worse a precedent; indeed, our laws have taken order for their restraint. Wheresoever the fault is, they are rather multiplied;

as if they had been sown at the making of the statute, and now, as from a harvest, they arise ten for one. Surely our laws make good wills, but they have bad luck for executors; their wills are not performed, nor their legacies distributed; I mean the legacies of correction to such children of sloth: *impunitas delicti invitat homines ad malignandum*. Sin's chief encouragement is the want of punishment; favour one, hearten many. It is fit, therefore, that *pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat*,—penalty be inflicted on some, to strike terror into the rest.

It was St Augustine's censure: *Illicita non prohibere, consensus erroris est*,*—Not to restrain evil is to maintain evil. The commonwealth is an instrument, the people are the strings, the magistrate is the musician; let the musician look that the instrument be in tune, the jarring strings ordered, and not play on it to make himself sport, but to please the ears of God. Doctores, the ministers of mercy, now can do no good, except ductores, the ministers of justice, put to their hands. We can but forbid the corruption of the heart; they must prohibit the wickedness of the hand. Let these poor be cared for that have no care for themselves; runagates, renegades, that will not be ranged (like wandering planets) within the sphere of obedience. 'Yet a little more sleep,' says the sluggard; but *modicum non habet bonum*,—their bunch will swell to a mountain, if it be not prevented and pared down. Care for these, ye magistrates, lest you answer for the subordination of their sins: for the other let all care, that care to be received into the arms of Jesus Christ.

(3.) Observe: Judas cares not for the poor. What! and yet would he for their sakes have drawn comfort from the Son of God? What a hypocrite is this! Could there be so deep dissimulation in an apostle? Yes, in that apostle that was a devil. Lo, still I am haunted with this white devil, hypocrisy; I cannot sail two leagues, but I rush upon this rock: nay, it will encounter, encumber me quite through the voyage of this verse. Judas said, and meant not, there is hypocrisy; he spake for the poor, and hates them, there is hypocrisy; he was a privy thief, a false steward, &c., all this not without hypocrisy. Shall I be rid of

this devil at once, and conjure him out of my speech? God give me assistance, and add you patience, and I will spend a little time to uncase this white devil, and strip him of all his borrowed colours.

Of all bodily creatures, man (as he is God's image) is the best; but basely dejected, degenerated, debauched, simply the worst. Of all earthly creatures a wicked man is the worst, of all men a wicked Christian, of all Christians a wicked professor, of all professors a wicked hypocrite, of all hypocrites a wicked, warped, wretched Judas. Take the extraction or quintessence of all corrupted men, and you have a Judas. This then is a Judas: a man degenerate, a Christian corrupted, a professor putrefied, a gilded hypocrite, a white-skinned devil. I profess I am sparingly affected to this point, and would fain shift my hands of this monster, and not encounter him; for it is not to fight with the unicorns of Assyria, nor the bulls of Samaria, nor the beasts of Ephesus,—neither absolute atheists, nor dissolute Christians, nor resolute ruffians, the horns of whose rapine and malice are no less manifest than malignant, but at once imminent in their threats, and eminent in their appearance,—but to set upon a beast, that hath with the heart of a leopard, the face of a man, of a good man, of the best man; a star placed high in the orb of the church, though swooped down with the dragon's tail, because not fixed; a darling in the mother's lap, blessed with the church's indulgence, yet a bastard; a brother of the fraternity, trusted sometimes with the church's stock, yet no brother, but a broker of treacheries, a broacher of falsehoods. I would willingly save this labour, but that the necessity of my text overrules my disposition.

I know these times are so shameless and impudent, that many strip off the white, and keep the devil; wicked they are, and without show of the contrary. Men are so far from giving house-room to the substance of religion, that they admit not an out-room for the show; so backward to put on Christ, that they will not accept of his livery; who are short of Agrippa, Acts 26:28, scarce persuaded to seem Christians, not at all to be. These will not drink hearty draughts of the waters of life, nay, scarce vouchsafe, like the dogs that run by

Nilus, to give a lap at Jacob's well; unless it be some, as they report, that frequent the sign of it, to be drunk. They salute not Christ at the cross, nor bid him good-morrow in the temple, but go blustering by, as if some serious business had put haste into their feet, and God was not worthy to be stayed and spoken withal. If this be a riddle, shew me the day shall not expound it by a demonstrative experience. For these I may say, I would to God they might seem holy, and frequent the places where sanctimony is taught; but the devil is a nimble, running, cunning fencer, that strikes on both hands, *duplici ictu*, and would have men either *non sanctos*, aut *non parum sanctos*,—not holy, or not a little holy, in their own opinion, and outward ostentation: either no fire of devotion on the earth, or that that is, in the top of the chimney. That subtle 'winnower' persuades men that they are all chaff and no wheat, or all wheat and no chaff; and would keep the soul either lank with ignorance, or rank with insolence: let me therefore woo you, win you to reject both these extremes, between which your hearts lie, as the grain betwixt both the millstones.

Shall I speak plainly? You are sick at London of one disease (I speak to you settled citizens, not extravagants,) and we in the country of another. A sermon against hypocrisy in most places of the country is like phlebotomy to a consumption, the spilling of innocent blood. Our sicknesses are cold palsies and shaking agues; yours in the city are hotter diseases, the burning fevers of fiery zeal, the inflammations and imposthumes of hypocrisy. We have the frosts, and you have the lightnings; most of us profess too little, and some of you profess too much, unless your courses were more answerable. I would willingly be in none of your bosoms; only I must speak of Judas. His hypocrisy was vile in three respects:—

First, He might have been sound. I make no question but he heard his Master preach, and preached himself, that God's request is the heart: so Christ schools the Samaritan woman, John 4; so prescribed the scribe, 'Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,' &c., Mark 12:30. Corde, Judas, with the heart, which thou reservest like an

equivocating Jesuit; nay, *toto corde*, for it is not *tutum*, except it be *totum*, with the whole heart, which thou never stoodest to divide, but gavest it wholly to him that wholly killed it, thy Master's enemy, and none of thy friend, the devil. Thou heardest thy Master, thy friend, thy God, denounce many a fearful, fatal, final woe against the Pharisees: *hac appellatione, et ob hanc causam*,—under this title, and for this cause; hypocrites, and because hypocrites. As if his woes were but words, and his words wind, empty and airy menaces, without intention of hurt, or extension of a revengeful arm, behold thou art a hypocrite; thou art therefore the worse because thou mightest be better.

Secondly, He seemed sound. *Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem*, nay, *dolum* rather; craft rather than grief, unless he grieved that out of his cunning there was so little coming, so small prize or booty; yet, like a subtle gamester, he keeps his countenance, though the dice do not favour him. And as Fabius Maximus told Scipio, preparing for Africa, concerning Syphax, *Fraus fidem in parvis sibi perstruit, ut cum operæ pretium sit, cum magna mercede fallat*;* Judas creeps into trust by his justice in trifles, that he might more securely cheat for a fit advantage. Without pretence of fidelity, how got he the stewardship? Perhaps if need required, he spared not his own purse in Christ's service; but he meant to put it to usury: he carried not the purse, but to pay himself for his pains, thus *jactura in loco, res quæstuosissima*,—a seasonable damage is a reasonable vantage; in this then his vileness is more execrable, that he seemed good.

If it were possible, the devil was then worse than himself, when he came into Samuel's mantle. Jezebel's paint made her more ugly. If ever you take a fox in a lamb's skin, hang him up, for he is the worst of the generation. A Gibeonite in his old shoes, a Seminary in his haircloth, a ruffian in the robes of a Jacobine, fly like the plague. These are so much the worse devils, as they would be holy devils; true traitors, that would fight against God with his own weapons;

and by being out-of-cry religious, run themselves out of breath to do the church a mischief.

Thirdly, He would seem thus to his Master, yet knew in his heart that his Master knew his heart; therefore his hypocrisy is the worst. Had he been an alien to the commonwealth of Israel, and never seen more of God than the eye of nature had discovered, (yet, says even the heathen, ἔχει Θεὸς ἔκδικον ὄμμα,†—God hath a revenging eye,) then no marvel if his eyes had been so blind as to think Christ blind also, and that he, which made the eye, had not an eye to see withal; but he saw that Son of David give sight to so many sons of Adam, casually blind, to one naturally and born blind, John 9:32,—miraculum inauditum, a wonder of wonders,—and shall Judas think to put out his eye that gave them all eyes? Oh, incredible, insensible, invincible ignorance!

You see his hypocrisy: methinks even the sight of it is dissuasion forcible enough, and it should be needless to give any other reason than the discovery; yet whiles many censure it in Judas, they condemn it not in themselves, and either think they have it not, or not in such measure. Surely, we may be no Judases, yet hypocrites; and who will totally clear himself? Let me tell thee, if thou doest, thou art the worst hypocrite, and but for thee we had not such need to complain. He that clears himself from all sin is the most sinner, and he that says he hath not sinned in hypocrisy is the rankest hypocrite; but I do admit a distinction. All the sons of Adam are infected with this contamination, some more, some less. Here is the difference, all have hypocrisy, but hypocrisy hath some: aliud habere peccatum, aliud haberi à peccato,—it is one thing for thee to possess sin, another thing for sin to possess thee. All have the same corruption, not the same eruption; in a word, all are not hypocrites, yet who hath not sinned in hypocrisy? Do not then send your eyes, like Dinah's, gadding abroad, forgetting your own business at home; strain not courtesy with these banquets, having good meat carved thee, to lay it liberally upon another man's trencher; be not sick of this plague and conceal it, or call it by another name. Hypocrisy is

hypocrisy, whatsoever you call it; and as it hath learned to leave no sins naked, so I hope it hath not forgot to clothe itself. It hath as many names as Garnet had, and more Protean shapes than the Seminaries: the white devil is in this a true devil; multorum nominum, non boni nominis,—of many names, but never a good one. The vileness of this white devil appears in six respects:—

First, It is the worst of sins, because it keeps all sins: they are made sure and secure by hypocrisy. Indeed some vices are quartermasters with it, and some sovereigns over it, for hypocrisy is but another sin's pander; except to content some affected guest, we could never yield to this filthy Herodias, Matt. 14:9. It is made a stalking-horse for covetousness: Under long prayers many a Pharisee devours the poor, houses, goods, and all. It is a complexion for lust, who, were she not painted over with a religious show, would appear as loathsome to the world as she is indeed. It is a sepulchre of rotten impostures, which would stink like a putrefied corpse, if hypocrisy were not their cover. It is a mask for treason, whose shopful of poisons, pistols, daggers, gunpowder-trains, would easily be spied out, had hypocrisy left them barefaced. Treachery under this vizard thrusts into court revels, nay, court counsels, and holds the torch to the sports, nay, the books to serious consultations; deviseth, adviseth, plots with those that provide best for the commonwealth. Thus are all sins beholden to hypocrisy; she maintains them at her own proper cost and charges.

Secondly, It is the worst of sins, because it counterfeits all virtues. He that counterfeits the king's coin is liable to death; if hypocrisy find not death, and mortem sine morte, death without death, for counterfeiting the King of heaven's seal-manual of grace, it speeds better than it merits. Vice is made virtue's ape in a hypocrite's practice. If he see Chusi run, this Ahimaaz will outrun him; he mends his pace, but not his path; the good man goes slower, but will be at heaven before him. Thus thriftiness in a saint is counterfeited by niggardliness in a hypocrite; be thou charitable, behold he is bountiful, but not except thou may behold him; his vainglorious pride shall emulate thy liberality; thou art good to the poor, he will

be better to the rich; he follows the religious man afar off, as Peter did Christ, but when he comes to the cross he will deny him. Thus hypocrisy can put blood into your cheeks, (like the *Aliptæ*,) and better your colours, but you may be sick in your consciences, and almost dead at the heart, and *non est medicamen in hortis*,—there is no medicine in this drugster's shop can cure you.

Thirdly, A hypocrite is a kind of honest atheist; for his own good is his god, his heaven is upon earth, and that not the peace of his conscience, Phil. 4:7, or that kingdom of heaven which may be in a soul living on earth, Rom. 14:17, but the secure peace of a worldly estate. He stands in awe of no judge but man's eye; that he observes with as great respect as David did the eyes of God. If man takes notice, he cares not, yet laughs at him for that notice, and kills his soul by that laughter: so Pygmalion-like, he dotes on his own carved and painted piece; and perhaps dies Zeuxis's death, who, painting an old woman, and looking merrily on her, brake out into a laughter that killed him. If the world do not praise his doings, he is ready to challenge it, as the Jews God, 'Wherefore have we fasted, and thou seest it not?' Isa. 58:3. He crosseth Christ's precept, Matt. 6:3, the left hand must not be privy to the right hand's charity. He dares not trust God with a penny, except before a whole congregation of witnesses, lest perhaps God should deny the receipt.

Fourthly, A hypocrite is hated of all, both God and man: the world hates thee, Judas, because thou retainest to Christ; Christ hates thee more, because thou but only retainest, and doest no faithful service. The world cannot abide thee, thou hypocrite, because thou professest godliness; God can worse abide thee, because thou doest no more than profess it. It had been yet some policy, on the loss of the world's favour, to keep God's; or if lost God's, to have yet kept in with the world. Thou art not thy own friend, to make them both thy enemies. Miserable man, destitute of both refuges, shut out both from God's and the world's doors! Neither God nor the devil loves thee; thou hast been true to none of them both, and yet most false of all to thyself. So this white devil, Judas, that for the Pharisees' sake

betrayed his Master, and for the devil's sake betrayed himself, was in the end rejected of Pharisees and Master; and like a ball, tossed by the rackets of contempt and shame, bandied from the Pharisees to Christ, from Christ to the Pharisees, from wall to wall, till he fell into the devil's hazard, not resting like a stone, till he came to his centre, εἰς τὸν τόπον τὸν ἴδιον, 'into his own place,' Acts 1:25. Purposeth he to go to Christ? His own conscience gives him a repulsive answer: No, 'thou hast betrayed the innocent blood,' Matt, 27:4. Goes he to the chief priests and elders? Cold comfort: 'What is that to us? see thou to that.' Thus your ambo-dexter proves at last ambo-sinister; he that plays so long on both hands hath no hand to help himself withal. This is the hypocrite's misery; because he wears God's livery, the world will not be his mother; because his heart, habit, service, is sin-wedded, God will not be his father. He hath lost earth for heaven's sake, and heaven for earth's sake, and may complain, with Rebekah's fear of her two sons, 'Why should I be deprived of you both in one day?' Gen. 27:45; or as sorrowful Jacob expostulated for his, 'Me have you robbed of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and will you take Benjamin also? all these things are against me,' Gen. 42:36. This may be the hypocrite's mournful dirge: 'My hypocrisy hath robbed me of all my comforts: my Creator is lost, my Redeemer will not own me; and will ye take away (my beloved Benjamin) the world also? all these things are against me.' Thus an open sinner is in better case than a dissembling saint. There are few that seem worse to others than they are in themselves; yet I have both read and heard of some that have, with broken hearts and mourning bowels, sorrowed for themselves as if they had been reprobates, and not spared so to proclaim themselves, when yet their estate was good to Godward, though they knew it not. Perhaps their wickedness and ill-life hath been grievous, but their repentance is gracious: I may call these black saints. The hypocrite is neat and curious in his religious outside, but the linings of his conscience are as 'filthy and polluted rags,' Isa. 64:6: then I say still, a black saint is better than a white devil.

Fifthly, Hypocrisy is like the devil, for he is a perfect hypocrite; so he began, with our first parents, to put out his apparent horns in paradise: *Non moriemini*,—'Ye shall not die,' Gen. 3:4; yet he knew this would kill them. A hypocrite then is the child of the devil, and (quoth Time, the midwife) as like the father as it may possibly look. He is 'the father of lies,' John 8:44; and there is no liar like the hypocrite, for, as Peter said to Ananias, 'Thou hast not lied to men, but to God,' Acts 5:4. Nay, the hypocrite is his eldest son. Now, the privilege of primogeniture by the law was to have 'a double portion,' Deut. 21:17; wretched hypocrite in this eldership! Matt. 24:51. Satan is called a prince, and thus stands his monarchy, or rather anarchy: the devil is king; the hypocrite his eldest son, 2 Chron. 21:3, Job 16:11, Eph. 2:2; the usurer his younger; atheists are his viceroys in his several provinces, for his dominion is beyond the Turk's for limits; epicures are his nobles; persecutors his magistrates; heretics his ministers; traitors his executors; sin his law; the wicked his subjects; tyranny his government; hell his court; and damnation his wages. Of all these the hypocrite is his eldest son.

Lastly, A hypocrite is in greatest difficulty to be cured. Why should the minister administer physic to him that is perfectly sound? Matt. 9:12, 13; or why should Christ give his blood to the righteous? Well may he be hurt and swell, swell and rankle, rankle and fester, fester and die, that will not bewray his disease, lest he betray his credit.

*'Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.'**

A man of great profession, little devotion, is like a body so repugnantly composed, that he hath a hot liver and a cold stomach: that which heats the stomach, overheats the liver; that which cools the liver, overcools the stomach: so, exhortations that warm his conscience, inflame his outward zeal; dissuasives to cool his hypocrisy, freeze his devotion. He hath a flushing in his face, as if he had eaten fire; zeal burns in his tongue, but come near this glowworm, and he is cold, dark, squalid. Summer sweats in his face, winter freezeth in his conscience. March, many forwards in his

words, December in his actions; pepper is not more hot in the tongue's end, nor more cold at heart; and, to borrow the words of our worthy divine and best characterer, we think him a saint, he thinks himself an angel, flatterers make him a god, God knows him a devil.

This is the white devil: you will not think how glad I am that I am rid of him. Let him go; yet I must not let you go till I have persuaded you to hate this monster, to abhor this devil. Alas! how forget we, in these days, to build up the cedar work of piety, and learn only to paint it over with vermilion! We white and parget the walls of our profession, but the rubbish and cobwebs of sin hang in the corners of our consciences. Take heed; a Bible under your arms will not excuse a false conscience in your bosoms; think not you fathom the substance when you embrace the shadow: so the fox seeing sweetmeats in the vial, licked the glass, and thought he had the thing; the ignorant sick man eats up the physicians' bill, instead of the receipt contained in it. It is not a day of seven, nay, any hour of seven days, the grudging parting with an alms to a fire, the conjuring of a Paternoster, (for the heart only prays,) or once a-year renewing thy acquaintance with God in the sacrament, can privilege or keep impune thy injuries, usuries, perjuries, frauds, slanders, oppressions, lusts, blasphemies. Beware of this white devil, lest your portion be with them in hell whose society you would defy on earth. 'God shall smite thee, thou painted wall,' Acts 23:3, and wash off thy vermilion dye with the rivers of brimstone. You have read of some that heard Christ preach in their pulpits, feasted at his communion-table, cast out devils in his name, yet not admitted: whiles they wrought miracles, not good works, cast out devils from others, not sins from themselves, Luke 13:26, &c., they miss of entrance. Go then and solace thyself in thy bodily devotion: thou hearest, readest, receivest, relievest; where is thy conscience, thy heart, thy spirit? God asks not for thy livery, but thy service; he knows none by their confession, but by their conversation. Your looks are the objects of strangers' eyes, your lives of your neighbours', your consciences of your own, all of God's. Do not Ixion-like take a cloud for Juno, a mist for presumption of a sound and solid faith: more can say the creed than understand it,

than practise it. Go into your grounds in the dead of winter, and of two naked and destitute trees you know not which is the sound, which the doted; the summer will give Christ's mark: 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' Matt. 7:20.

I speak not to discourage your zeal, but to hearten it, but to better it. Your zeal goes through the world, ye worthy citizens. Who builds hospitals? the city. Who is liberal to the distressed gospel? the city. Who is ever faithful to the crown? the city. Beloved, your works are good; oh, do not lose their reward through hypocrisy! I am not bitter, but charitable; I would fain put you into the chariot of grace with Elias, and only wish you to put off this mantle, 2 Kings 2:13. Oh that it lay in my power to prevail with your affections as well as your judgments! You lose all your goodness, if your hearts be not right; the ostentation of man shall meet with the detestation of God. You lose your attention now, if your zeal be in your eye, more than heart. You lose your prayers, if when the ground hath your knee, the world hath your conscience: as if you had two gods—one for Sundays, another for work-days; one for the church, another for the change. You lose your charity, whiles you give glozingly, illiberally, too late: not a window you have erected but must bear your names. But some of you rob Peter to pay Paul: take tenths from the church, and give not the poor the twentieths of them. It is not seasonable, nor reasonable charity, to undo whole towns by your usuries, enclosings, oppressions, impropriations; and for a kind of expiation, to give three or four the yearly pension of twenty marks: an almshouse is not so big as a village, nor thy superfluity whereout thou givest, like their necessity whereout thou extortest; he is but poorly charitable that, having made a hundred beggars, relieves two. You lose all your credit of piety, whiles you lose your integrity; your solemn censuring, mourning for the time's evil, whiles yourselves are the evil cause thereof; your counterfeit sorrow for the sins of your youth, whiles the sins of your age are worse; your casting salt and brine of reproof at others' faults, whiles your own hearts are most unseasoned: all these artificial whitings are but thrifty leasings, sick healths, bitter sweets, and more pleasing deaths. Cast then away this bane of religion,

hypocrisy; this candle with a great wick and no tallow, that often goes out quickly, never without stench; this fair, flattering, white devil. How well have we bestowed this pains, I in speaking, you in hearing, if this devil be cast out of your consciences, out of your conversations! It will leave some prints behind it in the best, but bless not yourselves in it, and God shall bless you from it. Amen.

2. The affirmative part of God's censure stands next to our speech: describing, (1.) His meaning; (2.) His means; (3.) His maintenance:—

(1.) His meaning was to be a thief, and shark for himself, though his pretence pleaded *forma pauperis*, in the behalf of the poor. He might, perhaps, stand upon his honesty, and rather than lose his credit, strive to purge himself from his suspectless neighbours; but there need no further jury pass upon him, God hath given testimony, and his witness is beyond exception: 'Judas is a thief.' A thief! who saw him steal? He that hath now condemned him for his pains. Indeed the world did not so take him, his reputation was good enough, John 13:29; yet he was a thief, a crafty, cunning, cheating thief.

There are two sorts of thieves: public ones, that either with a violent hand take away the passengers' money, or rob the house at midnight; whose church is the highway: there they pray, not to God, but on men;* their dwelling, like Cain's, very unsure; they stand upon thorns, whiles they stand upon certainties. Their refuge is a wood; the instrument of their vocation, a sword: of these some are land-thieves, some sea-thieves; all rove on the sea of this world, and most commonly suffer shipwreck, some in the deep, some on a hill. I will say little of these, as not pertinent to my text, but leave them to the jury; and speak of thieves like Judas, secret robbers, that do more mischief, with less present danger to themselves. These ride in the open streets, whiles the other lurk in close woods. And to reason, for these private thieves are in greater hazard of damnation: the grave exhortations of the judge, the serious counsel of the assistant minister, together with the sight of present death, and the necessity

of an instant account with God, work strongly on a public thief's conscience; all which the private thief neither hath, nor hath need of in the general thought. The public thief wants but apprehension, but this private thief needs discovery; for they lie close as treason, dig low like pioneers, and though they be as familiar with us as familiars, they seem stranger than the Indians.

To define this manner of thieves: A private thief is he that without danger of law robs his neighbour; that sets a good face on the matter, and hath some profession to countenance it: a fair cloak hides a damnable fraud; a trade, a profession, a mystery, like a Rome-hearted Protestant, hides this devilish Seminary under his roof without suspicion. To say truth, most of our professions (thanks to ill professors) are so confounded with sins, as if there went but a pair of shears between them; nay, they can scarce be distinguished: you shall not easily discern between a hot, furious professor and a hypocrite, between a covetous man and a thief, between a courtier and an aspirer, between a gallant and a swearer, between an officer and a bribe-taker, between a servitor and a parasite, between farmers and poor-grinders, between gentlemen and pleasure-lovers, between great men and madmen, between a tradesman and a fraudsman, between a moneyed man and a usurer, between a usurer and the devil. In many arts, the more skilful the more ill-full; for now-a-days armis potentior astus, fraud goes beyond force: this makes lawyers richer than soldiers, usurers than lawyers, the devil than all. The old lion, saith the fable, when his nimble days were over, and he could no longer prey by violence, kept his den with a feigned sickness; the suspectless beasts, drawn thither to a dutiful visitation, thus became his prey: cunning served his turn when his canning failed. The world, whiles it was young, was simple, honest, plain-dealing: gentlemen then delved in the ground, now the soles of their feet must not touch it; then they drank water, now wine will not serve, except to drunkenness; then they kept sheep, now they scorn to wear the wool; then Jacob returned the money in the sack's mouth, Gen. 43:12, now we are ready to steal it, and put it in. Plain-dealing is dead, and, what we most lament, it died without issue. Virtue had but a short reign,

and was soon deposed; all the examples of sin in the Bible are newly acted over again, and the interest exceeds the principal, the counterpart the original. The apostasy now holds us in our manner: we leave God for man, for Mammon. Once, *orbis ingemuit factum se videns Arianum*,—the world groaned, seeing itself made an Arian; it may now groan worse, *factum se videns Machiavellum*,—seeing itself made a Machiavel: *nisi Deus opem præstat, deperire mundum restat*. Grieved Devotion had never more cause to sing—

'Mundum dolens circumivi;

Fidem undique quæsivi,' &c.;—

'The world I compassed about,

Faith and honesty to find out;

But country, city, court, and all,

Thrust poor Devotion to the wall:

The lawyer, courtier, merchant, clown,

Have beaten poor Devotion down;

All wound her, till, for lack of breath,

Fainting Devotion bleeds to death.'

But I am to deal with none but thieves, and those private ones; and because Judas is the precedent, I will begin with him that is most like him, according to the proverb which the Grecians had of Philo Judæus: Ἡ Πλάτων Φιλονίζει, ἢ Φίλων Πλατωνίζει, Aut Plato Philonem sequitur, aut Platonem Philo,—Either Plato followed Philo, or Philo imitated Plato. Let me only change the names: Either Judas played the Pope, or the Pope plays the Judas. This is the most subtle thief in the world, and robs all Christendom under a good colour.

Who can say he hath a black eye or a light finger? for experience hath taught him, that *cui pellis leonina non sufficit, vulpina est assuenda*,

—

'When the lion's skin cannot threat,

The fox's skin can cheat.'

Pope Alexander was a beast, that having entered like a fox, he must needs reign like a lion; worthy he was to die like a dog: for *vis consilii expers, mole ruit sua*,—power without policy is like a piece without powder. Many a Pope sings that common ballad of hell, *Ingenio perii, qui miser ipse meo*,*—

'Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me;

My wit hath wrought my misery.'

To say truth, their religion is nothing in the circumstance but craft; and policy maintains their hierarchy, as Judas's subtlety made him rich. Judas was put in trust with a great deal of the devil's business; yet not more than the Pope. Judas pretended the poor, and robbed them; and doth not the Pope, think you? Are there no alms-boxes rifled and emptied into the Pope's treasury? Our fathers say that the poor gave Peter-pence to the Pope, but our grandfathers cannot tell us that the Pope gave Cæsar-pence to the poor. Did not he sit in the holy chair, as Augustus Cæsar in his imperial throne, and cause the whole Christian world to be taxed? Luke 2:1. And what! Did they freely give it? No; a taxation forced it. What right, then, had the Pope to it? Just as much as Judas had to his Master's money. Was he not then a thief? Yet what need a rich man be a thief? The Pope is rich, and needs must, for his comings-in be great: he hath rent out of heaven, rent out of hell, rent out of purgatory; but more sacks come to his mill out of purgatory than out of hell and heaven too; and for his tolling let the world judge: therefore saith Bishop Jewel, 'He would be content to lose hell and heaven too, to save his purgatory.' Some by pardons he prevents from hell; some by indulgences he lifts

up to heaven; and infinite by ransoms from purgatory: not a jot without money. Cruces, altaria, Christum,—He sells Christ's cross, Christ's blood, Christ's self, all for money. Nay, he hath rent from the very stews, a hell above-ground, and swells his coffers by the sins of the people; he suffers a price to be set on damnation, and maintains lust to go to law for her own: gives whoredom a toleration under his seal, that lust, the son of idleness, hath free access to liberty, the daughter of pride.

Judas was a great statesman in the devil's commonwealth, for he bore four main offices;—either he begged them shamefully, or he bought them bribingly, or else Beelzebub saw desert in him, and gave him them gratis for his good parts, for Judas was his white boy;—he was a hypocrite, a thief, a traitor, a murderer. Yet the Pope shall vie offices with him, and win the game too for plurality. The Pope sits in the holy chair, yet a devil: perjury, sodomy, sorcery, homicide, parricide, patricide, treason, murder, &c., are essential things to the new Papacy. He is not content to be steward, but he must be vicar, nay, indeed, Lord himself; for what can Christ do, and the Pope cannot do? Judas was nobody to him. He hath stolen Truth's garment, and put it on Error's back, turning poor Truth naked out of doors; he hath altered the primitive institutions, and adulterated God's sacred laws, maintaining vagas libidines; he steals the hearts of subjects from their sovereigns, by stealing fidelity from the hearts of subjects, and would steal the crown from the king's head;—and all under the shadow of religion. This is a thief, a notable, a notorious thief; but let him go: I hope he is known well enough, and every true man will bless himself out of his way.

I come to ourselves: there are many kinds of private thieves in both the houses of Israel and Aaron; in foro et choro,—in chancel and chancel, commonwealth and church. I can tax no man's person; if I could, I would abhor it, or were worthy to be abhorred: the sins of our times are the thieves I would arraign, testify against, condemn, have executed; the persons I would have 'saved in the day of the Lord.'

[1.] If there be any magistrates (into whose mouths God hath put the determination of doubts, and the distribution of right into their hands) that suffer popularity, partiality, passion, to rule, overrule their judgments, these are private thieves; they rob the poor man of his just cause and equity's relief, and no law can touch them for it. Thus may causes go, not according to right, but friendship; as Themistocles's boy could say, 'As I will, the whole senate will: for as I will, my mother will; as my mother will, my father will; as my father will, the whole senate will.' Thus as a groom of a chamber, a secretary of the closet, or a porter of the gate will, the cause must go. This is horrible theft, though not arraignable: hence a knot is found in a bulrush; delay shifts off the day of hearing; a good paint is set on a foul pasteboard; circumstances are shuffled from the bar; the sun of truth is clouded; the poor confident plaintiff goes home undone; his moans, his groans are vented up to heaven; the just God sees and suffers it, but he will one day judge that judge. Who can indict this thief? What law may pass on him? What jury can find him? What judge can fine him? None on earth; there is a bar he shall not escape. If there be any such, as I trust there is not, they are thieves.

[2.] If there be any lawyer that takes fees on both hands, one to speak, another to hold his peace, (as Demosthenes answered his bragging fellow-lawyer,) this is a thief, though the law doth not call him so. A mercenary tongue, and a money-spelled conscience, that undertakes the defence of things known to his own heart to be unjust, is only proper to a thief. He robs both sides: the adverse part in pleading against the truth, his own client in drawing him on to his further damage. If this be not, as the Roman complained, *latrocinium in foro*, thievery in the hall, there is none. Happy Westminster-hall, if thou wert freed from this kind of cutpurses! If no plummets, except of unreasonable weight, can set the wheels of their tongues agoing, and then if a golden addition can make the hammer strike to our pleasure; if they keep their ears and mouths shut, till their purses be full, and will not understand a cause till they feel it; if they shuffle difficulties into plainness, and trip up the law's heels with tricks; if they, surgeon-like, keep the client's disease from

healing till he hath no more money for salve: then, to speak in their own language, *Noverint universi*, 'Be it known to all men by these presents,' that these are thieves; though I could wish rather, that *noverint ipsi*, they would know it themselves, and reform it.

[3.] If there be any officer that walks with unwashen hands,—I mean, with the foul fingers of bribery,—he is a thief: be the matter penal or capital, if a bribe can pick justice's lock, and plead innocent, or for itself, being nocent, and prevail, this is theft. Theft? Who is robbed? The giver? Doth not the freedom of his will transfer a right of the gift to the receiver? No; for it is not a voluntary or willing will; but as a man gives his purse to the over-mastering thief, rather than venture his life, so this his bribe, rather than endanger his cause. Shall I say, the thief hath as much right to the purse as the officer to the bribe; and they are both, though not equally palpable, yet equally culpable thieves. Is the giver innocent, or nocent? Innocent, and shall not innocence have her right without a bribe? Nocent, and shall gold conceal his fault or cancel his punishment? Dost thou not know whether, and wilt thou blind thyself beforehand with a bribe? for bribes are like dust thrown in the eyes of justice, that she cannot without pain look on the sunshine of truth. Though a second to thyself receive them, wife or friend, by thy allowance, they are but stolen goods, coals of fire put in the roof of thy house: 'for fire shall devour the houses of bribes,' Job 15:34. And there have been many houses built, (by report,) the first stone of whose foundation was hewn out of the quarry of bribery. These are thieves.

[4.] There is thievery too among tradesmen: and who would think it? Many, they say, rob us, but we rob none; yes, but they think that *verba lactis* will countenance *fraudem in factis*,—smooth words will smother rough deeds. This web of theft is many ways woven in a shop or warehouse, but three especially:—

First, By a false weight, and no true measure, whose content or extent is not justifiable by law, Deut. 25:13; or the cunning conveyances in weighing or meting, such as cheat the buyer. Are not

these pretty tricks to pick men's purses? The French word hath well expressed them; they are legerdemains. Now had I not as good lose my purse on Salisbury plain as in London Exchange? Is my loss the less, because violence forbears, and craft picks my purse? The highway thief is not greater abomination to God than the shop-thief, Prov. 11:1; and for man, the last is more dangerous: the other we knowingly fly, but this laughs us in the face whiles he robs us.

Secondly, By insufficient wares, which yet, with a dark window and an impudent tongue, will appear good to the buyer's eye and ear too. Sophistry is now fled from the schools into shops; from disputation to merchandising. He is a silly tradesman that cannot sophisticate his wares, as well as he hath done his conscience; and wear his tongue with protestations barer than trees in autumn, the head of old age, or the livings of churchmen. Oaths indeed smell too rank of infidelity; marry, we are Protestants, and protest away our souls: there is no other way to put off bad wares, and put up good moneys. Are not these thieves?

Thirdly, By playing, or rather preying, upon men's necessities: they must have the commodity, therefore set the dice on them; vox latronis, the advantage taken of a man's necessity is a trick beyond Judas. Thou shouldest rather be like Job, 'a foot to lame necessity,' chap. 29:15, and not take away his crutch. Or perhaps God hath put more wit into thy brains than his, thou seest further into the bargain, and therefore takest opportunity to abuse his plainness: thou servest thyself in gain, not him in love; thou mayest, and laugh at the law, but there is a law thou hast transgressed, that, without Jesus Christ, shall condemn thee to hell.

Go now, applaud yourselves, ye sons of fraud, that eagle-eyed scrupulosity cannot find you faulty, nor the lion-handed law touch you; please yourselves in your security. You practise belike behind the hangings, and come not on the public stage of injury; yet you are not free from spectators: testante Numine, homine, dæmone,—God, men, angels, devils, shall witness against you. Ex cordibus, ex

codicibus,—By your hearts, by your books God shall judge you. Injury is often in the one, perjury in the other; the great Justice will not put it up: they shall be convicted thieves.

[5.] There are thieves crept into the church too; or rather they encroach on the church: for ministers cannot now play the thieves with their livings, they have nothing left to steal; but there are secret Judases can make shift to do it. *Difficilis magni custodia census.* The eagles flock to a carcase, and thieves hanker about rich doors; at the dispersion of church livings, they cried as the Babylonians, 'To the spoil, to the spoil.' The church was once rich, but it was *diebus illis*, in the golden time, when honesty went in good clothes, and ostentation durst not give religion the checkmate; now they plead prescription, and prove them their own by long possession. I do not tax all those for private thieves that hold in their hands lands and possessions that were once the church's, but those that withhold such as are due to churchmen. Their estates were once taken away by more than God's mere sufferance, for a just punishment for their idleness, idolatry, and lusts: sure there is some Achanism in the camp of the Levites, that makes this plague-sore to run still; there are some disobedient and fugitive Jonahs that thus totter our ship. I complain not that *claustra* are turned into *castra*; abbeys into gentlemen's houses; places of monition, to places of munition; but that men rob *aram Dominicam*, God's house, to furnish *haram domesticam*, their own houses. This is theft, and sacrilegious theft; a succession of theft: for the fingers of the sons are now heavier than the loins of their fathers; those were *improbi Papistæ*, wicked Papists, and these are *improbi rapistæ*, ungodly robbers.

This is a monstrous theft, and so exceeding all thefts, as *non nisi in Deum fieri potest*,*—it can be committed against none but God. When Scipio robbed the temple of Tholossa, there was not a man that carried away any of the gold who ever prospered after it; and, I pray you, tell me how many have thrived with the goods of the church? They go from man to man without rest, like the ark among the Philistines, 1 Sam. 5, which was removed from Ashdod to Gath,

from Gath to Ekron, as if it could find no place to rest in, but vexed the people that kept it, till it returned to its old seat in Israel. Oftentimes these goods, left by gentlemen to their heirs, prove gangrenes to their whole estates; and 'house is joined to house,' Isa. 5:8, so fast, God's house to their own, that the fire which begins at the one consumes the other: as the eagle, that stole a piece of meat from the altar, carried a coal with it that set her nest on fire. I am persuaded many a house of blood in England had stood at this hour, had not the forced springs of impropriations turned their foundation to a quagmire. In all your knowledge, think but on a church-robber's heir that ever thrived to the third generation. Yet, alas! horror to my bones, and shame to my speech! there are not wanting among ourselves that give encouragement to these thieves: and without question, many a man, so well otherwise disposed, would have been reclaimed from this sin but for their distinctions of competencies. I appeal to their consciences, there is not a humorist living that in heart thinks so, or would forbear their reproof, were he not well provided for. These are the foxes, that content not themselves to steal the grapes, but they must forage the vine, Cant. 2:15: thus yet still is 'God's house made a den of thieves,' Matt. 21:13. Without envy or partiality they are thieves.

[6.] There is more store of thieves yet: covetous landlords, that stretch their rents on the tenter-hooks of an evil conscience, and swell their coffers by undoing their poor tenants. These sit close, and stare the law in the face, yet, by their leave, they are thieves. I do not deny the improvement of old rents, so it be done with old minds,—I mean, our forefathers' charity,—but with the devil, to set right upon the pinnacles, and pitch so high a price of our lands that it strains the tenants' heart-blood to reach it, is theft, and killing theft. What all their immoderate toil, broken sleeps, sore labours can get, with a miserable diet to themselves, not being able to spare a morsel of bread to others, is a prey to the landlords' rapine: this is to rob their estates, grind their faces, suck their bloods. These are thieves.

[7.] Engrossers; that hoard up commodities, and by stopping their community raise the price: these are thieves. Many blockhouses in the city, monopolies in the court, garners in the country, can testify there are now such thieves abroad. We complain of a dearth; sure the heavens are too merciful to us that are so unmerciful one towards another. Scarcity comes without God's sending: who brings it then? Even the devil and his brokers, engrossing misers. The commonwealth may often blow her nails, unless she sit by an engrosser's fire: her limbs may be faint with hunger, unless she buy grain at an engrosser's price. I confess this is a sin which the law takes notice of, but not in the full nature, as theft. The pick-purse, in my opinion, doth not so much hurt as this general robber; for they rob millions. These do not, with Joseph, buy up the superfluity of plenty to prevent a dearth, but hoard up the store of plenty to procure a dearth: rebels to God, trespassers to nature, thieves to the commonwealth. If these were apprehended and punished, neither city nor country should complain as they do. Meantime the people's curse is upon them, and I doubt not but God's plague will follow it, if repentance turn it not away: till when, they are private thieves.

[8.] Enclosers; that pretend a distinction of possessions, a preservation of woods, indeed to make better and broader their own territories, and to steal from the poor commons: these are horrible thieves. The poor man's beast is his maintenance, his substance, his life; to take food from his beast, is to take the beast's food from his belly: so he that encloseth commons is a monstrous thief, for he steals away the poor man's living and life; hence many a cottager, nay, perhaps farmer, is fain (as the Indians do to devils) to sacrifice to the lord of the soil a yearly bribe for a ne noceat. For though the law forbids such enclosures, yet *quod fieri non debet, factum valet*,—when they are once ditched in, say the law what it will, I see no throwing out. Force bears out what fraud hath borne in. Let them never open their mouths to plead the commonwealth's benefit; they intend it as much as Judas did when he spake for the poor. No, they are thieves, the bane of the common good, the surfeit of the land, the scourge of the poor; good only to themselves, and that in opinion

only, for they do it 'to dwell alone,' Isa. 5:8: and they dwell alone indeed, for neither God nor good angel keeps them company; and for a good conscience, it cannot get through their quicksets. These are thieves, though they have enclosed their theft, to keep the law out and their wickedness in: yet the day shall come their lands shall be thrown out, their lives thrown out, and their souls thrown out; their lands out of their possessions, their lives out of their bodies, their souls out of heaven, except repentance and restitution prevail with the great Judge for their pardon. Meantime they are thieves.

[9.] Many taphouse-keepers, taverners, victuallers, which the provident care of our worthy magistrates hath now done well to restrain; if at least this Hydra's heads do not multiply. I do not speak to annihilate the profession: they may be honest men, and doubtless some are, which live in this rank; but if many of them should not chop away a good conscience for money, drunkenness should never be so welcome to their doors. The dissolute wretch sits there securely, and buys his own sickness with a great expense, which would preserve the health of his poor wife and children at home, that lamentably moan for bread whiles he lavisheth all in drink. Thus the pot robs him of his wits, he robs himself of grace, and the victualler robs him of his money. This theft might yet be borne, but the commonwealth is here robbed too. Drunkenness makes so quick riddance of the ale that this raiseth the price of malt, and the good sale of malt raiseth the price of barley: thus is the land distressed, the poor's bread is dissolved into the drunkard's cup, the markets are hoised up. If the poor cannot reach the price, the maltmaster will; he can utter it to the taphouse, and the taphouse is sure of her old friend, drunkenness. Thus theft sits close in a drinking-room, and robs all that sail into that coast. I confess they are (most of them) bound to suffer no drunkenness in their houses, yet they secretly acknowledge that if it were not for drunkenness, they might shut up their doors, as utterly unable to pay their rents. These are thieves.

[10.] Flatterers, that eat like moths into liberal men's coats,—the bane of greatness,—are thieves, not to be forgotten in this catalogue.

These rob many a great man of his goodness, and make him rob the commonwealth of her happiness. Doth his lord want money? He puts into his head such fines to be levied, such grounds enclosed, such rents improved. Be his maintainer's courses never so foul, either he furthers them or he smothers them: sin hath not a more impudent bawd, nor his master a more impious thief, nor the commonwealth a more sucking horse-leech. He would raise himself by his great one, and cannot contrive it but by the ruin of others. He robs the flattered of his goods, of his grace, of his time, of his freedom, of his soul: is not this a thief? Beneficia, veneficia,—All their good is poison. They are dominis arrosores, reipublicæ arrosores,—their masters' spaniels, the commonwealth's wolves. Put them in your Paternoster, let them never come in your creed: pray for them, but trust them no more than thieves.

[11.] There is another nest of thieves more in this city, brokers and breakers. I conjoin them in my description for the likeness of their condition: brokers, that will upon a good pawn lend money to a devil, whose extortion, by report, is monstrous, and such as to find in men is improbable, in Christians impossible; the very vermin of the earth. Indeed man had a poor beginning; we are the sons of Adam, Adam of dust, dust of deformity, deformity of nothing, yet made by God; but these are bred, like monsters, of the corruption of nature and wicked manners, and carry the devil's cognisance. For breakers, such as necessity compels to it I censure not; if they desire with all their hearts to satisfy the utmost farthing, and cannot, God will then accept votal restitution for total restitution, that which is affected for that which is effected, the will for the deed: and in those, debt is not (as the vulgar speech is) deadly sin; a sore it may be, no sin. But they that with a purpose of deceit get goods into their hands in trust, and then without need hide their heads, are thieves; for the intent to steal in their minds directed their injurious hands. The law arraigns them not, the judgment-seat of God shall not acquit them. These steal more quickly and with more security than a highway robber, who all his lifetime is in perpetual danger. It is but passing their words, allowing a good price, conveying home the wares, and on a sudden

dive under the waters; a close concealment shall save them five hundred pound in a thousand. They live upon others' sweat, fare richly upon others' meat; and the debtor is often made a gentleman, when the creditor is made a beggar.

Such false Gibeonites enrich scriveners: their unfaithfulness hath banished all trust and fidelity. Time was, that Noverint universi was unborn, the lawyer himself knew not what an obligation meant. Security stood on no other legs but promises, and those were so sound that they never failed their burden; but Time, adulterating with the harlot Fraud, begot a brood of Noverints: and but for these shackles, debt would often shew credit a light pair of heels. Therefore, now, plus creditur annulis quam animis,*—there is more faith given to men's seals than to their souls. 'Owe nothing but love,' saith the Apostle, Rom. 13:8; all owe this, but few pay it: or if they do, it is cracked money, not current in God's exchequer; for our love is dissimulation, and our charity is not cold, but dead. But these bankrupts, of both wealth and honesty, owe all things but love, and more than ever they mean to pay, though you give them time till doomsday. These are thieves.

[12.] The twelfth and last sort of thieves (to make up the just dozen) are the usurers. This is a private thief like Judas, and for the bag like Judas, which he steals from Christ like Judas, or rather from Christians, that have more need, and therefore worse than Judas. This is a man made out of wax: his Paternoster is a pawn; his creed is the condition of this obligation; his religion is all religation, a binding of others to himself, of himself to the devil: for look how far any of the former thieves have ventured to hell, the usurer goes a foot further by the standard. The poet exclaims against this sin—

'Hinc usura vorax, avidumque, in tempore fœnus,' &c.;

describing in that one line the names and nature of usury. Fœnus, quasi fœtus. It is a teeming thing, ever with child, pregnant, and multiplying. Money is an unfruitful thing by nature, made only for

commutation; it is a preternatural thing it should engender money; this is *monstruosus partus*, a prodigious birth. *Usura*, quasi *propter usum rei*. The nature of it is wholly devouring: their money to necessity is like cold water to a hot ague, that for a time refresheth, but prolongs the disease. The usurer is like the worm we call the timber-worm, (*Teredo*,) which is wonderful soft to touch, but hath teeth so hard that it eats timber; but the usurer eats timber and stones too. The prophet hedgeth it in between bribery and extortion: 'In thee have they taken gifts to shed blood: thou hast taken usury and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbours by extortion, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord. Therefore I have smitten my hands at thy dishonest gain,' &c., Ezek. 22:12, 13. You hear God's opinion of it. Beware this dishonest gain; take heed lest this casting your money into a bank cast not up a bank against you; when you have found out the fairest pretexts for it, God's justice shall strike off all: 'Let no man deceive you with vain words: for such things God's wrath will fall on the children of disobedience,' Eph. 5:6. Infinite colours, mitigations, evasions, distinctions are invented, to countenance on earth heaven-exploded usury: God shall then frustrate all, when he pours his wrath on the naked conscience. God saith, 'Thou shalt not take usury:' go now study paintings, excuses, apologies, dispute the matter with God; hell-fire shall decide the question. 'I have no other trade to live on but usury.' Only the devil first made usury a trade. But can this plea in a thief, 'I have no other trade to live on but stealing,' protect and secure him from the gallows?

The usurer then is a thief; nay, a double thief, as the old Roman law censured them, that charged the thief with restitution double, the usurer with fourfold; concluding him a double thief. Thieves steal sometimes, usurers always. Thieves steal for necessity, usurers without need. The usurer wounds deeper with a piece of paper than the robber with a sword. Many a young gentleman, newly broke out of the cage of wardship, or blessed with the first sunshine of his one-and-twenty, goes from the vigilance of a restraining governor into the tempting hand of a merciless usurer, as if he came out of God's

blessing into the warm sun. Many a man, that comes to his lands ere he comes to his wits, or experience of their villany, is so let blood in his estate by usury, that he never proves his own man again.

Either prodigality, or penury, or dissembled riches, borrow on usury. To rack the poor with overpulls, all but devils hold monstrous. To lend the prodigal is wicked enough, for it feeds his issue with ill-humours, and puts stibium into his broth, who was erst sick of the vomiting disease, and could not digest his father's ill-gotten patrimony. For the rich that dissemble poverty, to borrow on usury, —'For there is that maketh himself poor, and hath great riches,' Prov. 13:7,—they do it either to defeat creditors or to avoid taxations and subsidies, or some such sinister respects. The gentleman that borroweth on usury, by racking his rents makes his tenants pay his usury. The farmer so borrowing, by enhancing his corn makes the poor pay his usury. The tradesman raiseth his wares, that the buyer must pay his usury. I will not tax every borrower: it is lawful to suffer injury, though not to offer it; and it is no sin for the true man to give his purse to the thief, when he cannot choose. To redeem his lands, liberty, life, he may (I suppose) give interest; but not for mere gain only which he may get by that wicked money, lest he encourage the usurer, for a receiver upholds a thief. This is the cutpurse, whose death is the more grievous because he is reprieved till the last sessions: a gibbet is built in hell for him, and all the gold in the world cannot purchase a pardon. I know there is mercy in Christ's blood to any repentant and believing sinner, but, excepted Zaccheus, shew me the usurer that repents; for as humility is the repentance of pride, and abstinence the repentance of surfeit, so is restitution the repentance of usury. He that restores not repents not his usury; and then non remittitur peccatum, nisi restituatur ablatum,*—the sin is retained, till the gains of usury be restored. This is durus sermo, sed verus sermo,—a hard saying, but true. 'Then we may give all.' Do, if they be so gotten: Dabit Deus meliora, majora, plura,—God will give better things, God will give greater things, God will give more things; as the prophet to Amaziah, 2 Chron. 25:9, 'The Lord is able to give thee more than this.'

Thus I have discovered by occasion of Judas some privy thieves: if without thanks, yet not without conscience; if without profit, yet not without purpose of profit. Indeed these are the sins which I vowed with myself to reprove; not that others have not done it, or not done it better than I, from this place. I acknowledge both freely; yet could I not pass this secret thief, Judas, without discovering his companions, or, as it were, breaking open the knot of thieves, which under allowed pretences are arrant cutpurses to the commonwealth. How to punish, how to restrain, I meddle not: it is enough to discharge my conscience, that I have endeavoured to make the sins hateful to the trespassers, to the trespassed: Deus tam faciat commodum, quam fecit accommodum,—God make it as prevalent as I am sure it is pertinent!

(2.) and (3.) Give me leave, yet ere I leave, to speak a word of the bag: first, his means; and, secondly, his maintenance. I will join them together; a fit and a fat booty makes a thief. Judas hath got the bag, and the bag hath got Judas; he could not carry it, but he must make it light enough for his carriage: he empties it into his own coffer, as many stewards rise by their good lord and master's fall. Judas means to be a thief, and Satan means to fit him with a booty; for after he had once wrought journey-work with the devil, he shall not want work, and a subject to work on. I will limit my remaining speech to these three heads:—First, The difficulty, to bear the bag, and not to be covetous. Secondly, The usual incidency of the bag to the worst men. Thirdly, The progress of sin; only faint not in this last act.

[1.] It is hard to bear the bag, and not to be covetous. Judas is bursar, and he shuts himself into his pouch: the more he hath, the more he covets. The apostles, that wanted money, are not so having: Judas hath the bag, and yet he must have more, or he will filch it. So impossible is it that these outward things should satisfy the heart of man. Soli habent omnia, qui habent habentem omnia,—They alone possess all things that possess the possessor of all things. The nature of true content is to fill all the chinks of our desires, as the wax doth the seal. None can do this but God, for (as it is well observed) the

world is round, man's heart three-cornered: a globe can never fill a triangle, but one part will be still empty; only the blessed Trinity can fill these three corners of man's heart. I confess the bag is a thing much reckoned of, and makes men much reckoned of; for pecuniæ obediunt omnia,—all things make obeisance to money. Et qui ex divitiis tam magni fiunt, non miror si divitias tam magni faciant,—they may admire money whom money makes admired. Such is the plague and dropsy the bag brings to the mind, that the more covetousness drinks down, the thirstier it is. This is a true drunkard: dum absorbet vinum, absorbetur à vino,—he drinks down his wealth, and his wealth drinks down him. Qui tenet marsupium, tenetur à marsupio,*—He holds his purse fast, but not so fast as his purse holds him: the strings of his bag tie his heart faster than he ties the strings of his bag. He is a jailer to his jailer, a prisoner to his prisoner, he jails up his gold in the prison of his coffer, his gold jails up him in the prison of covetousness; thus dum vult esse præda, fit præda,†—whiles he would come to a prey, he becomes a prey. The devil gets his heart, as the crab the oyster: the oyster lies gaping for air on the sands, the crab chops in her claw, and so devoureth it; whiles the covetous gapes for money, the devil thrusts in his hairy and cloven foot, I mean his baits of temptation, and chokes the conscience.

Thus the bag never comes alone, but brings with it cares, saith Christ, Matt. 13:22; snares, saith Paul, 1 Tim. 6:9. It is better to be without riches than, like Judas, conjured into the circle of his bag: his heaven is among his bags; in the sight of them he applauds himself against all censures, revilings, curses. It had profited some to have wanted the bag; and this the wicked (waked) consciences confess dying: wishing to be without riches, so they were without sins; yea, even those their riches have procured. It is none of God's least favours, that wealth comes not trolling in upon us; for many of us, if our estate were better to the world, would be worse to God. The poor labourer hath not time to luxuriate: he trusts to God to bless his endeavours, and so rests content; but the bag commonly makes a man either prodigum or avarum, a prodigal man or a prodigious

man; for *avarus monstrum*, the covetous man is a monster. How many wretches hath this bag drowned, as they swam over the sea of this world, and kept them from the shore of bliss! Be proud then of your bag, ye Judases: when God's bailiff, Death, shall come with a *habeas corpus*, what shall become of your bag? or rather of yourselves for your bag? Your bag will be found, but yourselves lost. It will be one day said of you, as great as the bag hath made you, as the poet sung of Achilles:—

'*Jam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille,*

Nescio quid, parvam quod non benè compleat urnam;'—‡

'A great man living holds much ground: the brim

Of his days fill'd, how little ground holds him!

Great in command, large in land, in gold richer:

His quiet ashes, now, scarce fill a pitcher.'

Can your bag commute any penance in hell? or can you by a fine answer your faults in the star-chamber of heaven? No; Judas and his bag too are perished, Acts 8:20. As he gave religion the bag for the world, so the world gave him the bag, and turned him a-begging in that miserable country where all the bags in the world cannot purchase 'a drop of water to cool his tongue,' Luke 16:24. Thus are the covetous Judas and his bag well met.

[2.] The bag is most usually given to the worst men: of the apostles, he that was to betray Christ is made his steward. Goods are in themselves good: *Ne putentur mala, dantur et bonis; ne putentur summa bona, dantur et malis*,§—Lest they should be thought not good, they are given to good men; lest they should be thought too good, they are given to evil men. Doubtless some rich men are in heaven, and some poor out; because some rich in the purse are poor in the spirit, and some poor in purse are proud in spirit: and it is not

the bag, but the mind, which condemns a man; for the bag is more easily contemned than the mind conquered. Therefore foolish Crates, to throw away his money into the sea,—Ego mergam te, ne mergar à te, I will drown thee, lest thou drown me,—since wealth well employed comforts ourselves, relieves others, and brings us, as it were, the speedier way to heaven, and perhaps to a greater portion of glory; but for the most part, the rich are enemies to goodness, and the poor friends. Lazarus, the poor man, was in Abraham's bosom, and it was Dives that went to hell: the rich, and not the poor.

Search the Scriptures, consult all authors, and who are they that have sailed through the world in the tallest vessels: and you shall meet loaden with the bag, Cains, Nimrods, Hams, Ishmaels, Esaus, Sauls, Ahabs, Labans, Nabals, Demases, Judases, devils, the slime of nature, the worst of men, and as bad as the best of devils. What do men cast to swine and dogs, but draff and carrion? What else are the riches that God gives to the wicked men? Himself is pleased to call them by these names. If they were excellent things, they should never be cast on those God hates ('I have hated Esau') and means to condemn. There is no privilege, then, in the bag to keep thee from being a Judas; nay, therefore thou art most likely, and thereby made most likely, to be a Judas. Who hath so much beauty as Absalom? who so much honour as Nebuchadnezzar? who so much wealth as Nabal? who the bag but Judas?

Surely God is wise in all his ways; he knows what he does: Judas shall hence bag up for himself the greater damnation. It is then no argument of God's favour to be his purse-bearer; no more than it was a sign that Christ loved Judas above the other apostles because he made him his steward: he gave the rest grace, and him the bag; which sped best? The outward things are the scatterings of his mercies, like the gleaning after the vintage: the full crop goes to his children. Ishmael shall have wealth, but Isaac the inheritance; Esau his pleasures, but Jacob goes away with blessing. God bestows favours upon some, but they are angry favours; they are in themselves bona, goods, and from God, dona, gifts,—for he is not

only a living God, Heb. 9:14, but a giving God, James 1:17,—but to the receivers, banes. The Israelites had better have wanted their quails, than eaten them with such sauce. Judas had better been without the bag, than have had the bag, and the devil with it.

I would have no man make his riches an argument of God's disfavour and his own dereliction; no, but rather of comfort, if he can find his affections ready to part with them at Christ's calling. I never was in your bosoms: how many of you lay up this resolution in your closet among your bags? how many resolve, said I, nay, perform this? You cannot want opportunity in these days. I would wish you to try your hearts, that you may secure your consciences of freedom from this Judasm: oh, how few* Good-riches there be in these days! But one apostle goes to hell, and he is the richest. Make then your riches a means to help you to heaven; whither you can have no direct and ready way, till you have gotten the moon beneath your feet, Rev. 12:1; I mean the world. Lay up your bag in the bosom of charity, and your treasure in the lap of Christ, and then the bag shall not hinder, but further your flight to heaven.

[3.] Observe how Judas runs through sin, from one wickedness to another, without stay: from covetousness to hypocrisy, from hypocrisy to theft, from theft to treason, from treason to murder; for since he could not get the ointment bestowed on Christ, he means to get Christ himself, Matt. 26:14, 15; and to this purpose goes instantly to the elders and priests with a *Quid dabit*, &c. He values the ointment at three hundred pence, and Christ at but thirty; as if he was worth no more than the interest-money, ten in the hundred: and herein he makes his own price, for they gave him his asking. He betrays Jesus Christ a man, Jesus Christ his Master, Jesus Christ his Maker; as if he would destroy his Saviour, and mar his Maker.

Thus he runs from sin to sin, and needs he must, for he that the devil drives feels no lead at his heels. Godliness creeps to heaven, but wickedness runs to hell. Many Parliament-Protestants go but a statute pace, yet look to come to heaven; but, without more haste, it

is like to be when the Pharisees come out of hell. But facilis descensus Averni; were you blinder than superstition, you may find the way to hell. It is but slipping down a hill, and hell stands at the bottom; this is the cause that Judas runs so fast.*

I have read of one Ruffus, that upon his shield painted God on the one side, and the devil on the other, with this motto: Si tu me nolis, iste rogitat,—If thou, O God, wilt none of me, here is one will. Either God must take him suddenly, or he will run quick to the devil. The gallant gallops in riot; the epicure reels a drunken pace; the lustful scorns to be behind, he runs from the fire of lust to the fire of hell, as the fondly impatient fish leaps out of the boiling pan into the burning flame. The swearer is there ere he be aware, for he goes by his tongue; the covetous rides post, for he is carried on the back of Mammon; the usurer sits still in his chair or the chimney-corner, lame of the gout, and can but halt, yet he will be at hell as soon as the best runner of them all.

Usury is a coach, and the devil is driver; needs must he go whom the devil drives. He is drawn to hell in pomp, by two coach-horses, wild spirits, with wings on their heels, swifter than Pegasus or Mercury—Covetousness and Infidelity. What makes him put money to use but covetousness? What makes him so wretchedly covetous but want of faith? Thus he is hurried to hell in ease, state, triumph. If any be worthy to bear the usurer company, let it be the rioter; though they be of contrary dispositions, yet in this journey fitly and accordantly met: for the usurer commonly hath money, but no coach, and the prodigal gallant hath a coach, but no money. If they want more company, let them take in the cheater; for he waits upon both these, and may perhaps fail of the like opportunity.

Thus because the ways to hell are full of green, smooth, soft, and tempting pleasures, infinite run apace with Judas, till they come to 'their own place.' But heaven's way is harsh and ascending, and the 'gate narrow.' Indeed, the city of glory is capacious and roomy: 'In my Father's house there are many mansions,' saith Christ, John 14:2.

It is domus speciosa, et domus spatiosa,[†]—not either scant of beauty, or pent of room. But the gate hath two properties: it is low, strait, and requires of the enterers a stooping, a stripping.

Low. Pride is so stiff that many a gallant cannot enter: you have few women with the topgallant headdresses get here, they cannot stoop low enough; few proud in and of their offices, that have eaten a stake and cannot stoop; few sons of pride, so starched and laced up that they cannot without pain salute a friend; a wonderful scarcity of over-precise, over-dissolute, factious humorists, for they are so high in their own conceits that they cannot stoop to this low gate. The insolent, haughty, well-opinioned of themselves cannot be admitted, for, 'not humbled to this day,' Jer. 44:10. This low gate and a high state do not accord. Wretched fools, that rather refuse the glory within, than stoop for entrance! as if a soldier should refuse the honour of knighthood because he must kneel to receive it.

Strait, or narrow. As they must stoop that enter this low gate, so they must strip that enter this strait gate. No make-bates get in, they are too full of tales and lies. God, by word of mouth, excludes them: 'Into it shall enter no unclean thing, or that worketh abomination or lies,' Rev. 21:27. Few litigious neighbours; they have so many suits, contentions, nisi-priuses on their backs, that they cannot get in. Some lawyers may enter, if they be not overladen with fees. You have few courtiers taken into this court, by reason there is no coach-way to it, the gate is too narrow. No officers, that are big with bribes. Not an encloser; he hath too much of the poor commons in his belly. The usurer hath no hope; for, besides his bags, he hath too much wax and paper about him. The citizen hopes well; but a false measure sticks so cross in his mouth that he cannot thrust in his head. The gentleman makes no question, and there is great possibility, if two things do not cross him—a bundle of racked rents, or a kennel of lusts and sports. The plain man is likely, if his ignorance can but find the gate. Husbandmen were in great possibility, but for the hoarding of com and hoising of markets. Tradesmen, if they would not swear good credit into their bad wares, might be admitted. Ministers may enter

without doubt or hindrance, if they be as poor in their spirits as they are in their purses. But impropiators have such huge barns full of church grains in their bellies, that they are too great. Let all these take the physic of repentance, to abate their swollen souls, or there will be no entrance.

You hear how difficult the way is to heaven, how easy to hell; how fast sin runs, how slowly godliness creeps; what should you then do, but 'strive to enter in at the narrow gate?' which you shall the better do if you lighten yourselves of your bags. Oh, do not, Judas-like, for the bag, sell your honesty, conscience, heaven! The bag is a continent to money, and the world is a continent to the bag; and they shall all perish, 'Meat for the belly, and the belly for meat,'—gold for the purse, and the purse for gold,—'but God shall destroy them both,' 1 Cor. 6:13. Trust not then a wealthy bag, nor a wealthy man, nor the wealthy world; all will fail: but trust in God, whose 'mercy endureth for ever.' The time shall come that

'Deus erit pro numine,

Cum mundus sit pro nomine,

Cum homo pro nemine;'—

God shall be God when the world shall be no world, man no man; or at least no man, no world of our expectation, or of ability to help us. To God, then, our only help, be all praise, power, and glory, now and for ever! Amen.

THE HOLY CHOICE

And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, shew whether of these two thou hast chosen.—
ACTS 1:24.

THE business of the day is an election; an election into one of the most noble offices of the kingdom—the government of this honourable city, which (let not envy hear it) hath no parallel under the sun. The business of my text is an election too; an election into the highest office in the church—to be an apostle and witness of Jesus Christ. If you please to spare the pattern in four circumstances,—as, First, This office is spiritual, yours temporal; Secondly, This place was void by apostasy or decession, yours is supplied by succession; Thirdly, This election is by lots, yours is by suffrages; Fourthly, This choice was but one of two, it may be your number exceeds,—the rest will suit well enough, and the same God that was in the one, be also present in the other, by the assistance of his Holy Spirit!

The argument of the text is a prayer to God for his direction in their choice: yea, indeed, that he would choose a man for them; including a strong reason of such a request, because he doth 'know the hearts of all men.'

They begin with prayer; this was the usual manner in the church of God. So Moses prayed for the choice of his successor: 'Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation,' Num. 27:16. Christ sent not his apostles to that holy work without a prayer: 'Sanctify them through thy truth,' John 17:17. In the choosing of those seven deacons, they first prayed, and then 'laid their hands upon them,' Acts 6:6. Thus were kings inaugurated, with sacrifice and prayer. It is not fit he that is chosen for God should be chosen without God. But for this, Samuel himself may be mistaken, and choose seven wrong, before he hit upon the right. In this I cannot but commend your religious care, that businesses of so great a consequence be always sanctified with a blessing. Those which in a due proportion must represent God to the world, ought to be

consecrated to that Majesty which they resemble by public devotions. Every important action requires prayer, much more that which concerns a whole city. When Samuel came to Bethlehem to anoint David, he calls the whole city to the sacrifice. Indeed the family of Jesse was sanctified in a more special manner: this business was most theirs, and all Israel's in them. The fear of God should take full possession of all our hearts that are this day assembled; but those with whom God hath more to do than with the rest, should be more holy than the rest.

The choice of your wardens and masters in your several companies hath a solemn form; and it is the honour of your greatest feasts, that the first dish is a sermon. Charity forbid that any should think you admit such a custom rather for convenience than devotion; as if preaching were but a necessary complement to a solemnity, as wine and music. I am persuaded better things of you: but if there should be any such perverse spirits, that like the governor of a people called *Æqui*, when the Romans came to him, *jussit eos ad quercum dicere*, bade them speak to the oak, for he had other business; but they replied, *Et hæc sacrata quercus audiat foedus à vobis violatum*,—Let this oak bear witness that you have broke the league which you have covenanted: so when we come to preach to your souls, if you should secretly bid us speak to the walls, lo, even the very walls will be witness against you at the last day. Though Saul be king over Samuel, yet Samuel must teach Saul how to be king. We may instruct, though we may not rule; yea, we must instruct them that shall rule. Therefore, as we obey your call in coming to speak, so do you obey God's command in vouchsafing to hear. Let us apply ourselves to him with devotion, and then he will be graciously present at our election.

This prayer respects two things:—I. *Quem*, the person whom they entreat. II. *Quid*, the matter for which they entreat.

I. The person is described, 1. By his omnipotence, 'Lord;' 2. By his omniscience, 'That knowest the hearts of men.'

1. Omnipotence; 'Lord.' We acknowledge thy right; thou art fit to be thine own chooser. 'Lord:' there be many on earth called lords; but those are lords of earth, and those lords are earth, and those lords must return to earth. This Lord is almighty; raising out of the dust to the honour of princes, and 'laying the honour of princes in the dust.' 'Lord:' of what? Nay, not qualified; not Lord of such a county, barony, seigniory; nor Lord by virtue of office and deputation, but in abstracto, most absolute. His lordship is universal: Lord of heaven, the owner of those glorious mansions; Lord of earth, disposer of all kingdoms and principalities; Lord of hell, to lock up the old dragon and his crew in the bottomless pit; Lord of death, to unlock the graves; he keeps the key that shall let all bodies out of their earthly prisons. A potent Lord; whither shall we go to get out of his dominion? Ps. 139:7, &c. To heaven? There we cannot miss him. To hell? There we cannot be without him. In air, earth, or sea, in light or darkness, we are sure to find him. Whither then, except to purgatory? That terra incognita is not mentioned in his lordship, the Pope may keep the key of that himself. But for the rest he is too saucy, exalting his universal lordship, and hedging in the whole Christian world for his diocese. Stretching his arm to heaven, in rubricating what saints he list; to hell, in freeing what prisoners he list; on earth, in setting up or pulling down what kings he list, but that some have cut short his busy fingers.

To the Lord of all they commend the choice of his own servants. Every mortal lord hath this power in his own family; how much more that Lord which makes lords! Who so fit to choose as he that can choose the fit? Who so fit to choose as he that can make those fit whom he doth choose? It is he alone that can give power and grace to the elected, therefore not to be left out in the election. How can the apostle preach, or the magistrate govern, without him, when none of us all can move but in him? It is happy when we do remit all doubts to his decision, and resign ourselves to his disposition. We must not be our own carvers, but let God's choice be ours. When we know his pleasure, let us shew our obedience. And for you upon whom this election falls, remember how you are bound to honour that Lord of

heaven that hath ordained such honour for you upon earth: that so in all things we may glorify his blessed name.

2. Omniscience: it is God's peculiar to be the searcher of the heart. 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?' Jer. 17:9, 10. Who? Ego Dominus, 'I the Lord search the heart.' He hath made no window into it, for man or angel to look in: only it hath a door, and he keeps the key himself.

But why the heart? Here was an apostle to be chosen: now wisdom, learning, eloquence, memory, might seem to be more necessary qualities than the heart. No, they are all nothing to an honest heart. I deny not but learning to divide the word, elocution to pronounce it, wisdom to discern the truth, boldness to deliver it, be all parts requirable in a preacher. But as if all these were scarce worth mention in respect of the heart, they say not, Thou that knowest which of them hath the subtler wit or abler memory, but which hath the truer heart; not which is the greater scholar, but which is the better man: 'Thou that knowest the heart.'

Samuel being sent to anoint a son of Jesse, when Eliab, the eldest, came forth, a man of a goodly presence, fit for his person to succeed Saul; he thinks with himself, This choice is soon made; sure this is the head upon which I must spend my holy oil. The privilege of nature and of stature, his primogeniture and proportion, give it him; this is he. But even the holiest prophet, when he speaks without God, runs into error. Signs and apparances are the guides of our eyes; and these are seldom without a true falsehood or an uncertain truth. Saul had a goodly person, but a bad heart; he was higher than all, many were better than he. It is not hard for the best judgment to err in the shape. Philoxemenes, a magnanimous and valiant soldier, being invited to Magyas's house to dinner, came in due season, but found not his host at home. A servant seeing one so plain in clothes, and somewhat deformed in body, thought him some sorry fellow, and set him to cleave wood. Whereat Magyas (being returned) wondering, he received from him this answer: *Expendo pœnas deformitatis meæ,—I*

pay for my unhandsomeness. All is not valour that looks big and goes brave. He that judgeth by the inside, checked Samuel for his misconceit: 'Look not on his countenance or stature, for I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth,' 1 Sam. 16:7. David's countenance was ingenuous and beautiful, but had it promised so much as Eliab's or Abinadab's, he had not been left in the field, while his brethren sat at the table. Jesse could find nothing in David worthy the competition of honour with his brethren: God could find something to prefer him before them all. His father thought him fit to keep sheep, though his brethren fit to rule men: God thinks him fit to rule, and his brethren to serve; and by his own immediate choice destines him to the throne. Here was all the difference: Samuel and Jesse went by the outside, God by the inside; they saw the composition of the body, he the disposition of the mind. Israel desires a king of God, and that king was chosen by the head; God will choose a king for Israel, and that king is chosen by the heart. If, in our choice for God, or for ourselves, we altogether follow the eye, and suffer our thoughts to be guided by outward respects, we shall be deceived.

Why do they not say, Thou that knowest the estates of men, who is rich, and fit to support a high place, and who so poor that the place must support him? I hear some call wealth substance; but certainly at best it is but a mere circumstance. It is like the planet Mercury: if it be joined with a good heart, it is useful; if with a bad and corrupt one, dangerous. But howsoever, at the beam of the sanctuary, money makes not the man, yet it often adds some metal to the man; makes his justice the bolder, and in less hazard of being vitiated. But *pauperis sapientia plus valet quam divitis abundantia*. If the poor man have 'wisdom to deliver the city,' Eccles. 9:15, he is worthy to govern the city. I yield that something is due to the state of authority: *ad populum phaleras*. So Agrippa came to the tribunal with great pomp and attendance. This is requisite to keep awe in the people, that the magistracy be not exposed to contempt. But *magistratus, non vestitus, indicat virum*,—wise government, not rich garment, shews an able man. It was not riches that they regarded.

Why do they not say, Thou that knowest the birth or blood of men? I know it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or palace not in decay, or a fair tree sound and perfect timber. But as foul birds build their nests in an old forsaken house, and doted trees are good for nothing but the fire; so the decay of virtue is the ruin of nobility. To speak morally, active worth is better than passive: this last we have from our ancestors, the first from ourselves. Let me rather see one virtue in a man alive, than all the rest in his pedigree dead. Nature is regular in the brute creatures: eagles do not produce cravens; and it was a monstrous fable that Nicippus's ewe should yean a lion. But in man she fails, and may bring forth the like proportion, not the like disposition. Children do often resemble their parents in face and features, not in heart and qualities. It is the earthly part that follows the seed; wisdom, valour, virtue, are of another beginning. Honour sits best upon the back of merit: I had rather be good without honour, than honourable without goodness. Cottages have yielded this as well as palaces. Agathocles was the son of a potter, Bion of an infamous courtesan. In holy writ, Gideon was a poor thresher, David a shepherd; yet both mighty men of valour, both chosen to rule, both special saviours of their country. Far be it from us to condemn all honour of the first head, when noble deservings have raised it, though before it could shew nothing but a white shield. Indeed, it is not the birth, but the new birth, that makes men truly noble.

Why do they not say, Thou that knowest the wisdom and policy of men? Certainly, this is requisite to a man of place; without which he is a blind Polyphemus, a strong arm without an eye. But a man may be wise for himself, not for God, not for the public good. An ant is a wise creature for itself, but a shrewd thing in a garden. Magistrates that are great lovers of themselves are seldom true lovers of their country. All their actions be motions that have recourse to one centre—that is, themselves. A cunning head without an honest heart, is but like him that can pack the cards, yet when he hath done, cannot play the game; or like a house with many convenient stairs, entries, and other passages, but never a fair room; all the inwards be sluttish and offensive. It is not then, Thou that knowest the wealth, or the birth,

or the head, but the heart: as if in an election that were the main; it is all if the rest be admitted on the by.

Here then we have three remarkable observations—(1.) What kind of hearts God will not choose, and we may guess at them. (2.) What hearts he will choose, and himself describes them. (3.) Why he will choose men especially by the heart.

(1.) What kind of hearts he will not choose; and of these, among many, I will mention but three:—

[1.] *Cor divisum*, a distracted heart; part whereof is dedicated to the Lord, and part to the world. But he that made all will not be contented with a piece. *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil*. The service of two masters, in the obedience of their contrary commands, is incompatible, *sensu composito*. Indeed Zaccheus did first serve the world, and not Christ; afterward Christ, and not the world; but never the world and Christ together. Many divisions followed sin. First, It divided the heart from God: 'Your sins have separated between you and your God,' Isa. 59:2. Secondly, It divided heart from heart. God by marriage made one of two, sin doth often by prevarication make two of one. Thirdly, It divided the tongue from the heart. So Cain answered God, when he questioned him about Abel, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' as if he would say, Go look. Fourthly, It divided tongue from tongue at the building of Babel; that when one called for brick, his fellow brings him mortar; and when he spake of coming down, the other falls a-removing the ladder. Fifthly, It divided the heart from itself: 'They spake with a double heart,' Ps. 12:2. The original is, 'A heart and a heart:' one for the church, another for the change; one for Sundays, another for working days; one for the king, another for the Pope. A man without a heart is a wonder, but a man with two hearts is a monster. It is said of Judas, There were many hearts in one man; and we read of the saints, There was one heart in many men, Acts 4:32. *Dabo illis cor unum*; a special blessing.

Now this division of heart is intolerable in a magistrate; when he plies his own cause under the pretence of another's, and cares not who lose, so he be a gainer. St Jerome calls this *cor malè locatum*; for many have hearts, but not in their right places. *Cor habet in ventre gulosus, lascivus in libidine, cupidus in lucris*. Naturally, if the heart be removed from the proper seat, it instantly dies. The eye unnested from the head, cannot see; the foot sundered from the body, cannot go: so spiritually, let the heart be uncentred from Christ, it is dead. Thus the coward is said to have his heart at his heel, the timorous hath his heart at his mouth, the envious hath his heart in his eyes, the prodigal hath his heart in his hand, the fool hath his heart in his tongue, the covetous locks it up in his chest. He that knows the hearts of all men will not choose a divided or misplaced heart.

[2.] *Cor lapideum*, a hard or stony heart. This is *ingratum ad beneficia, infidum ad consilia, inverecundum ad turpia, inhumamim ad bona, temerarium ad omnia*. A rock, which all the floods of that infinite sea of God's mercies and judgments cannot soften; a stithy, that is still the harder for beating. It hath all the properties of a stone: it is as cold as a stone, as heavy as a stone, as hard as a stone, as senseless as a stone. No persuasions can heat it, no prohibitions can stay it, no instructions can teach it, no compassions can mollify it. Were it of iron, it might be wrought; were it of lead, it might be molten, and cast into some better form; were it of earth, it might be tempered to another fashion; but being stone, nothing remains but that it be broken. What was Pharaoh's greatest plague? Was it the murrain of beasts? Was it the plague of boils? Was it the destruction of the fruits? Was it the turning of their rivers into blood? Was it the striking of their first-born with death? No; though all these plagues were grievous, yet one was more grievous than all—*cor durum*, his hard heart. He that knows all hearts, knows how ill this would be in a magistrate; a heart which no cries of orphans, no tears of widows, no mourning of the oppressed, can melt into pity. From such a heart, good Lord, deliver us!

[3.] Cor cupidum, a covetous heart, the desires whereof are never filled. A handful of corn put to the whole heap increaseth it; yea, add water to the sea, it hath so much the more; but 'he that loveth silver shall never be satisfied with silver,' Eccles. 5:10. One desire may be filled, but another comes. Crescet amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit. Natural desires are finite, as thirst is satisfied with drink, and hunger with meat. But unnatural desires be infinite: as it fares with the body in burning fevers, quo plus sunt potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ; so it is in the covetous heart, ut cum possideat plurima, plura petat. Grace can never fill the purse nor wealth the heart.

This vice is in all men iniquity, but in a magistrate blasphemy; the root of all evil in every man, the rot of all goodness in a great man. It leaves them, like those idols in the Psalms, neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, but only hands to handle. Such men will transgress for handfuls of barley and morsels of bread; and a very dram of profit put into the scale of justice turns it to the wrong side. There is not among all the charms of hell a more damnable spell to enchant a magistrate than the love of money. This 'turns judgment into wormwood,' or at least into vinegar; for if injustice do not make it bitter as wormwood, yet shifts and delays will make it sour as vinegar. Oh, how sordid and execrable should bribes be to them, and stink worse in their nostrils than Vespasian's tribute of urine! Let them not only bind their own hands, and the hands of their servants, that may take, but even bind the hands of them that would offer. He that useth integrity doth the former, but he that constantly professeth integrity doth the latter. It is not enough to avoid the fault, but even the suspicion. It is some discredit to the judge, when a client with his bribe comes, to be denied; for if his usual carriage had given him no hope of speeding, he would not offer. A servant that is a favourite or inward gives suspicion of corruption, and is commonly thought but a by-way; some postern or back-door for a gift to come in when the broad fore-gates are shut against it. This makes many aspire to offices and great places, not to do good, but to get goods; as some love to be stirring the fire, if it be but to warm their own

fingers. Whatsoever affairs pass through their hands, they crook them all to their own ends; and care not what becomes of the public good, so they may advance their own private: and would set their neighbour's house on fire and it were but to roast their own eggs. Let them banish covetousness with as great a hatred as Amnon did Tamar: first thrust it out of their hearts, then shut and lock the door after it; for the covetous heart is none of them that God chooseth.

(2.) Next let us see what kind of hearts God will choose; and they be furnished with these virtues fit for a magistrate:—

[1.] There is *cor sapiens*, a wise heart; and this was Solomon's suit, 'an understanding heart,' 1 Kings 3:9. He saw he had power enough, but not wisdom enough; and that royalty without wisdom was no better than an eminent dishonour, a very calf made of golden earrings. There is no trade of life but a peculiar wisdom belongs to it, without which all is tedious and unprofitable; how much more to the highest and busiest vocation, the government of men! An ignorant ruler is like a blind pilot; who shall save the vessel from ruin?

[2.] *Cor patiens*, a meek heart; what is it to discern the cause, and not to be patient of the proceedings? The first governor that God set over his Israel was Moses, a man of the meekest spirit on earth. How is he fit to govern others, that hath not learned to govern himself? He that cannot rule a boat upon the river is not to be trusted with steering a vessel on the ocean. Nor yet must this patience degenerate into cowardliness: Moses, that was so meek in his own cause, in God's cause was as resolute. So there is also—

[3.] *Cor magnanimum*, a heart of fortitude and courage. The rules and squares that regulate others are not made of lead or soft wood, such as will bend or bow. The principal columns of a house had need be heart of oak. A timorous and flexible magistrate is not fit for these corrupt times. If either threatenings can terrify him, or favour melt him, or persuasions swerve him from justice, he shall not want temptations. The brain that must dispel the fumes ascending from a

corrupt liver, stomach, or spleen, had need be of a strong constitution. The courageous spirit that resolves to do the will of heaven, what malignant powers soever would cross it on earth, is the heart that God chooseth.

[4.] There is *cor honestum*, an honest heart. Without this, courage will prove but legal injustice, policy but mere subtlety, and ability but the devil's anvil to forge mischiefs on. Private men have many curbs, but men in authority, if they fear not God, have nothing else to fear. If he be a simple dastard, he fears all men; if a headstrong commander, he fears no man: like that unjust judge that 'feared neither God nor man,' Luke 18:2. This is the ground of all fidelity to king and country—religion. Such was Constantine's maxim: 'He cannot be faithful to me that is unfaithful to God.' As this honourable place of the king's lieutenantship hath a sword-bearer, so the magistrate himself is the Lord's sword-bearer, saith St Paul, Rom. 13:4. And as he may never draw this sword in his private quarrel, so he must not let it be sheathed when God's cause calls for it. It is lenity and connivance that hath invited contempt to great places. Did justice carry a severer hand, they durst not traduce their rulers in songs and satires, the burden whereof will be their own shame. Magistrates are our civil fathers; and what deserve they but the curse of Ham, that lay open the nakedness of their fathers? When Alexander had conquered Darius, and casually found his slain body lying naked, he threw his own coat over him, saying, 'I will cover the destiny of a king.' It is God alone that 'casteth contempt upon princes;' which that he may not do, let them preserve *cor mundum*, a clean heart, not conscious of ill demerits.

Such a one sits on the judgment-seat as one that never forgets that he must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. So he executeth justice, as never losing the sense of mercy; so he sheweth mercy, as not offering violence to justice. He can at once punish the offence and pity the offender. He remembers his oath, and fears to violate it: to an enemy he is not cruel, to a friend he will not be partial. And if ever he have but once cut the skirt of justice, as David the lap of

Saul's garment, his heart smites him for it. He minds no other clock on the bench but that of his own conscience. He will not offend the just, nor afford a good look to varlets; nor yet doth he so disregard their persons as to wrong their causes. He will maintain piety, but not neglect equity. In court, he looks not before him on the person, nor about him on the beholders, nor behind him for bribes; nay, he will not touch them in his closet or chamber, lest the timber and stones in the wall should witness against him. So he helps the church, that the commonwealth be no loser; so he looks to the commonwealth, that the church may not be wronged. The lewd fear him, the good praise him, the poor bless him; he hath been a father to orphans, a husband to distressed widows. Many prayers are laid up for him in heaven; and when he dies, they, with the assistance of angels, shall bear him up to blessedness.

(3.) Lastly, Let us see why God will choose men by the heart. I deny not but wisdom and courage, moderation and patience, are all requisite concurrences; but the heart is the *primum mobile*, that sets all the wheels agoing, and improves them to the right end. When God begins to make a man good, he begins at the heart: as nature in forming, so God in reforming, begins there. As the eye is the first that begins to die, and the last that begins to live, so the heart is the first that lives, and the last that dies. It is said of the spider that in the morning, before she seeks out for her prey, she mends her broken web, and in doing that, she always begins in the midst. Before we pursue the profits and baits of this world, let us first amend our life; and when we undertake this, let us be sure to begin at the heart. The heart is the fort or citadel in this little isle of man; let us fortify that, or all will be lost. And as naturally the heart is first in being, so here the will (which is meant by the heart) is chief in commanding. The centurion's servants did not more carefully obey him, when he said to one, 'Go, and he goeth; to another, Come, and he cometh; to a third, Do this, and he doeth it,' Matt. 8:9, than all the members observe the heart. If it say to the eye, See, it seeth; to the ear, Hear, it hearkeneth; to the tongue, Speak, it speaketh; to the foot, Walk, it walketh; to the hand, Work, it worketh. If the heart lead the way to

God, not a member of the body, not a faculty of the soul, will stay behind. As when the sun ariseth in the morning, birds rise from their nests, beasts from their dens, and men from their beds. They all say to the heart, as the Israelites did to Joshua, 'All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us we will go: only the Lord be with thee,' Josh. 1:16. Therefore the penitent publican 'smote his heart,' Luke 18:13, as if he would call up that to call up all the rest. It cannot command and go without.

No part of man can sin without the heart; the heart can sin without all the rest. The wolf goes to the flock, purposing to devour a lamb, and is prevented by the vigilancy of the shepherd; yet *lupus exit, lupus regreditur*,—he went forth a wolf, and comes home a wolf. The heart intends a sin which is never brought into action, yet it sins in that very intention. The hand cannot offend without the heart, the heart can offend without the hand. The heart is like a mill: if the wind or water be violent, the mill will go whether the miller will or not; yet he may choose what kind of grain it shall grind, wheat or darnel. If the affections be strong and passionate, the heart may be working; yet the Christian, by grace, may keep out lusts, and supply it with good thoughts.

The heart is God's peculiar, the thing he especially cares for: 'My son, give me thy heart;' and good reason, for I gave my own Son's heart to death for it. *Non minus tuum, quia meum*,—It is not less thine for being mine; yea, it cannot be thine comfortably unless it be mine perfectly. God requires it principally, but not only; give him that, and all the rest will follow. He that gives me fire needs not be requested for light and heat, for they are inseparable. *Non corticis, sed cordis Deus*,*—God doth not regard the rind of the lips, but the root of the heart. It was the oracle's answer to him that would be instructed which was the best sacrifice, *Da medium lunæ, solem simul, et canis iram*; which three characters make COR, the heart. Man's affection is God's hall; man's memory, his library; man's intellect, his privy chamber; but his closet, sacrary, or chapel, is the heart. So St

Augustine glosseth the Paternoster: *qui es in cœlis*,—which art in heaven; that is, in a heavenly heart.

All outward works a hypocrite may do, only he fails in the heart; and because he fails there, he is lost everywhere. Let the flesh look never so fair, the good caterer will not buy it if the liver be specked. Who will put that timber into the building of his house which is rotten at the heart? Man judgeth the heart by the works; God judgeth the works by the heart. All other powers of man may be suspended from doing their offices, but only the will; that is, the heart. Therefore God will excuse all necessary defects, but only of the heart. The blind man cannot serve God with his eyes, he is excused; the deaf cannot serve God with his ears, he is excused; the dumb cannot serve God with his tongue, he is excused; the cripple cannot serve God with his feet, he is excused; but no man is excused for not serving God with his heart. *Deus non respicit quantum homo valet, sed quantum velit.* St Chrysostom seemed to be angry with the Apostle for saying, 'Behold, we have left all, and followed thee,' Matt. 19:27. What have you left? An angle, a couple of broken nets, and a weather-beaten fish-boat; a fair deal to speak of! But at last he corrects himself, 'I cry you mercy, St Peter: you have forsaken all' indeed; for he truly leaves all that leaves *quod vel capit mundus, vel cupit*,—that takes his heart from the world, and gives it to Christ.

All other faculties of man apprehend their objects when they are brought home to them; only the will, the heart, goes home to the object. Colour must come to the eye, before it can see it; sound to the ear, before it can hear it; the object to be apprehended is brought home to the understanding, and past things are recollected to the memory, before either can do her office. But the heart goes home to the object. *Ubi thesaurus, ibi cor*,—Not where the heart is, there will be the treasure; but where the treasure is, there will be the heart.

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' Matt. 5:8. Of all, the pure heart is beholden to God, and shall one day behold God. Therefore David prays, *Cor mundum crea in me, Deus*,—'Create in

me a clean heart, O God,' Ps. 51:10. The Lord rested from the works of his creation the seventh day; but so dearly he loves clean hearts, that he rests from creating them no day. As Jehu said to Jehonadab, *Est tibi cor rectum*,—'Is thy heart right?' 2 Kings 10:15; then give me thy hand, 'come up into my chariot:' so this is God's question, Is thy heart upright? then give me thy hand, ascend my triumphant chariot, the everlasting glory of heaven.

To conclude; because there is such difference of hearts, and such need of a good one, they put it to him that knows them all, and knows which is best of all. For howsoever nature knows no difference, nor is there any, *quorum præcordia Titan de meliore luto finxit*; yet in regard of grace, the sanctified heart is of purer metal than common ones. A little living stone in God's building is worth a whole quarry of the world. One honest heart is better than a thousand other: the richest mine and the coarsest mould have not such a disproportion of value. Man often fails in his election; God cannot err. The choice here was extraordinary, by lots; yours is ordinary, by suffrages: God's hand is in both.

Great is the benefit of good magistrates: that we may sit under our own vines, go in and out in peace, eat our bread in safety, and (which is above all) lead our lives in honest liberty; for all this we are beholden, under God, to the magistrate, first the supreme, then the subordinate. They are trees, under whose branches the people build and sing, and bring up their young ones in religious nurture. That 'silence in heaven about half an hour,' Rev. 8, when the 'golden vials were filled with sweet odours,' and the prayers of the saints ascended as pillars of smoke and incense, is referred by some to the peace of the church under Constantine. It is the king of Mexico's oath, when he takes his crown, *Justitiam se administraturum, effecturum ut sol cursum teneat, nubes pluant, rivi currant, terra producat fructus*,—That he will minister justice, he will make the sun hold his course, the clouds to rain, the rivers to run, and the earth to fructify. The meaning is, that the upright and diligent administration of justice will bring all these blessings of God upon a country.

If we compare this city with many in foreign parts, how joyfully may we admire our own happiness! Those murders and massacres, rapes and constuprations, and other mischiefs, that be there as common as nights, be rare with us. I will not say that all our people are better than theirs; I dare say, our government is better than theirs. Merchants make higher use, and are more glad of, calm seas than common passengers. So should Christians more rejoice in peace than can the heathen; because they know how to improve it to richer ends—the glory of God, and salvation of their own souls. Proceed, ye grave and honourable senators, in your former approved courses, to the suppressing of vice and disorders, and to the maintenance of truth and peace among us. It is none of the least renown of this famous city, the wisdom and equity of the governors. To repeat the worthy acts done by the Lords Mayors of London were fitter for a chronicle; they are too large for a sermon.

But it is high time to bless you with a dismissal, and to dismiss you with a blessing.* That Almighty God, 'that knows the hearts of all,' sanctify your hearts to govern, and ours to obey; that we all seeking to do good one to another, He may do good unto us all! To this blessed and eternal God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be all glory and praise for ever! Amen.

A VISITATION SERMON

And some days after, Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do.—ACTS 15:36.

THERE be certain royal laws, which Christ and his apostles made for eternal use; to the observation whereof all Christian nations and persons are unchangeably bound. And there be some ritual things, which were at the first convenient, but variable according to the

difference of times and places. Strictly to impose all these circumstances on us, were to make us, not the sons, but the slaves of the apostles. That is a fond scrupulosity which would press us in all fashions with a conformity to the primitive times; as if the spouse of Christ might not wear a lace or a border for which she could not plead prescription. *Diversitas rituum commendat unitatem fidei*, saith our Anselm. Let us keep the substance, for the shadow God hath left us at liberty. But yet when we look back upon those first patterns, and find a rule of discipline fit for the present times, in vain we should study a new, that are so well accommodated with the old. The business of the text and day is a visitation; a practice which, at the first view of the words, can plead antiquity; and by a review, shall plead the great utility. I know there be divers kinds of visitations; but whether they be national, provincial, parochial, or capitular, they all have *auctoritatem uberrimam*, being grounded upon a practice apostolical; and *usum saluberrimum*, (to use the words of St Augustine,) being of a physical nature, to prevent or cure distemperatures in the church of God.

Generally, I. The form of the words is a motion; II. The matter, a visitation.

I. The motion was Paul's, the forwardest soldier in all the army of Christ: that winged husbandman, who ploughed up the fallow hearts of the Gentiles; that with a holy zeal, greater than the ambition of Alexander, would sooner have wanted ground than desire to travel in the business of his Master. *Terra citius defecisset, quam studium prædicandi*. Indeed, he had found an unusual mercy, as himself delivers it: 'The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant toward me,' 1 Tim. 1:14; using an extraordinary phrase to express an extraordinary grace; a word never the like used, for a mercy never the like exhibited. There is oil in the widow's cruse to sustain, 1 Kings 17:16; Aaron's was far more, it 'ran down to the skirts of his clothing,' Ps. 133:2. Such a superabundant grace was in Paul. For sanctification; many saints are commended for some special virtues: Abraham for faith, Moses for meekness, David for thankfulness, Job

for patience—Paul is praised for them all. For subduing of vices; men most sanctified have had some tings: as David of anger for Nabal's churlish answer; Hezekiah had a smack of pride—setting aside concupiscence, Paul had no spot. For knowledge; he was rapt up into heaven, there learned his divinity among the angels—his school being paradise, his university the third heaven, and God his tutor. For power; his very clothes wrought miracles. God so trusted Paul, that he committed his whole church unto him. Thus was he honoured: the other apostles were sent à Christo mortali, Paul à Christo immortalis. And with the like superabundant grace did he answer his charge; that though he were novissimus in ordine, he was primus in merito. Yea, he is well called God's arrow, wounding every soul that heard him with the love of Christ. This was his motion, one act of his apostolical care.

II. The matter is a visitation. To visit is a word of great latitude, and signifies the performance of all pastoral duties: to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the weak, to correct the stubborn, to confirm the religious. Strictly, it imports a superior's scrutiny or examination of things under his charge; as a steward in a family overlooks the under-servants: praising the forward, provoking the sluggard, and rectifying disorders, which are ready to creep in through the least connivance. This we shall the better apprehend, if we let the text fall into parts, of which we shall find seven:—

1. The visitors, Paul and Barnabas; for this office was at first apostolical, and hath ever been episcopal.
2. The visited, their 'brethren'—whether the people under the pastors, or the pastors set over the people; for as they ought to visit their own particular charges, so the bishops to visit them: yea, and even those visitors may be visited by such delegates as the prince appoints, who is the chief visitor under Christ.
3. The exercise, or frequent use of this office, 'Let us go again.' For the rareness of performing this duty may breed much inconvenience.

4. The moderation, or seasonableness of it, 'after certain days.' There must be some intermission, or else the assiduity may make it a burden, or bring it into contempt.

5. The latitude or extent of it, 'in every city;' not calling all the world to one place, as the bishop of Rome did in his glory, summoning all nations to his consistory. They visit every city; they compel not every city to visit them. Nor do they balk the greatest for fear, nor neglect the meanest in contempt; but 'every city.'

6. The limitation, restraint, or confining of this exercise, 'where we have preached the word of God.' Pagans are out of their walk; they meddle not with unbelievers, but with those grounds wherein they have sown the seeds of the gospel.

7. Lastly, the intent and scope of all, 'to see how they do:' quomodo se habeant; whether they fail or thrive in their spiritual growth. These be the passages; whereof with what brevity I can, and with what fidelity I ought.

1. The visitors: Paul and Barnabas. There is difference, I know, betwixt the apostles and bishops. For, besides their immediate calling and extraordinary endowments, the apostles' function was an unlimited circuit, *Itē in universum orbem*; the bishop's is a fixed or positive residence in one city. All those acts which proceeded from supernatural privilege ceased with their cause; as the gift of tongues, of miracles, and the like. Those tools that serve for the foundation are not the fittest for the roof. The great Master-builder made choice of such for the first stones which he meant not to employ in the walls. But this is the first thing I would here note;—

The first foundation of the church was laid in an inequality, and hath ever since so continued. Parity in government is the mother of confusion and disorder,* and disorder doth ill become the church of God; where all the strings or voices be unisons, or of one tenor, there can be no harmony. There be σκοποῦντες, seers, which signifies the

duty of each pastor over his flock; and there be ἐπισκοποῦντες, overseers, such as must visit and overlook both flock and sheeps. In the Old Testament, together with the parity of priesthood, there was an imparity of government: one Levite above another, priests above them, the high priest above them all. Christ himself is said to be a 'priest after the order of Melchizedek:' he was of some order then; but we have those that would be priests without any order at all, that, refuse to be ordered.

Take away difference, and what will follow, but an anabaptistical ataxy, or confusion. It was the saying of Bishop Jewel, or the jewel of bishops, All priests have idem ministerium, sed diversam potestatem. A bishop and an archbishop differ not in potestate ordinis, sed in potestate regiminis. Nor doth a bishop differ from a pastor, quoad virtutem sacerdotii, sed quoad potentiam jurisdictionis. There is one indelible character of priesthood to them both. That great Claviger of heaven, who opens, and no man shuts, shuts, and no man opens, Rev. 3:7, hath left two keys for the government of the church: the one, clavem scientiæ, the preaching of the gospel, which is the more essential part of our function; for a 'necessity is laid upon us, and woe unto us if we preach not the gospel,' if we turn not that key. The other, clavem potentiæ, the key of jurisdiction or discipline, which makes the church aciem ordinatam, an army well marshalled. The former imposeth a duty, and hæc oportet facere; the latter importeth a decency, and hæc oportet fieri. Thus did the great Shepherd of Israel govern his flock, with 'two staves,' Zech. 11:7. One, the 'staff of bands,' sound doctrine; the other, the 'staff of beauty,' orderly discipline. St Paul joins them both together: the steadfastness of their faith, and the comeliness of their order, and makes them the matter of his joy in the Colossians, chap. 2:5. Without order, faith itself would be at a loss. Even the stars do not fight from heaven, but in their order, Judg. 5:20. Therefore is our ministry called orders, to shew that we are bound to order above other professions. This orderly distinction of ecclesiastical persons is set down by the Holy Ghost, 1 Cor. 12, placing some as the head, other as the eyes, other as the feet; all

members of one body, with mutual concord, equal amity, but unequal dignity. To be a bishop, then, is not a numeral, but a muneral function; a priority in order, a superiority in degree. 'Who is a faithful and wise servant, whom his Lord hath made ruler over his household?'—quem Dominus constituit super familiam,—Matt. 24:45. All ministers of Christ have their due honour; some are worthy of double honour. Far be it from us sinners to grudge them that honour, whereof God himself hath pronounced them worthy. This first. Again:—

Paul and Barnabas. Paul was a man of ardent zeal; Barnabas is interpreted 'the son of consolation.' Paul would have Barnabas along with him, that the lenity of the one might somewhat mitigate and qualify the fervour of the other. Thus Moses was with Elias when they both met with Christ transfigured on the mount. Elias was a fiery-spirited prophet, inflamed with holy zeal; Moses a prophet of a meek and mild spirit: these two together are fit servants to wait upon the Son of God. I do not say that either Paul wanted compassion or Barnabas fervency; but this I say, that both these tempers are a happy composition in a visitor, and make his breast like the sacred ark, wherein lay both Aaron's rod and the golden pot of manna, Heb. 9:4: the rod of correction, the manna of consolation; the one a corrosive, the other a cordial. Spiritual fathers should be like natural mothers, that have both ubera and verbera; or like bees, having much honey, but not without a sting. Only, let the sting be the least in their desire or intention, and the last in execution; like God himself, qui habet in potestate vindictam, sed mavult in usu misericordiam.

There have been some who did put lime and gall into the milk; yea, ministered pro lacte venenum: Bonners and Gardiners, that gave too sharp physic for the disposition of their patients; that—as the Antiochians said of Julian,* taking occasion by the bull which he stamped on his coin—have gored the world to death; that, as if they had Saul's commission to vex the church of Christ, have concluded their visitations in blood. But mercy, no less than holiness, becomes

the breastplate of Aaron. I deny not the necessity of jurisdiction, both corrective and coactive: the one restraining where is too much forwardness, the other enforcing where is slackness. There is a rod, and there is a sword. *Veniam ad vos in virga*; that is the rod. *Utinam abscindantur qui perturbant vos*; that is the sword. If we observe God's proceeding in the church, we shall find how he hath fitted men to the times and occasions. In the low and afflicted estate of Israel, they had Moses, a man of meek spirit, and mighty in wonders. Meek, because he had to do with a tetchy and froward people; mighty in wonders, because he had to do with a Pharaoh. When they were settled in a quiet consistence, they had a grave and holy Samuel. In their corrupted declination, they had a hot-spirited Elijah, who came in a tempest, as he went out in a whirlwind. These times of ours be of a sinful and depraved condition, therefore have need to be visited with spirits more stirring than those of the common mould. Imo, *veni Paule cum virga*, † —Come, Paul, with thy rod. Rather let us smart with correction than run on to confusion.

2. The visited: their brethren. Such was that great Apostle's humility that he calls all believers brethren, to shew that he had but the privilege of a brother, and did no otherwise than all the rest bear the arms of the elder. Yea, why should not an apostle accept of that title, when the eternal Son of God 'is not ashamed to call us brethren?' Heb. 2:11. The weakest Christian is a brother to the holiest saint, therefore not to be contemned. It is most unnatural for a man to despise his brother, the son of his own father. It is a brand set upon that tongue, which must burn with quenchless flames: 'That it spake against his brother, and slandered his own mother's son,' Ps. 50:20. Bishops are in the chiefest respect brethren to the ministers; in a meaner regard they are fathers. They are our fathers but in that respect whereby they govern us; but in that respect which doth save us, they are our brethren. *Fratres in salute, patres in ordine ad salutem*. Even princes should not scorn the brotherhood of their subjects; for howsoever on earth there is a necessity of these ceremonial differences, yet in the grave for our bodies, in heaven for our souls, there is no such distinction. If there be any disparity after

this life, it shall be *secundum opera*, not *secundum officia*; proportioned to the works they have done, not to the honours they have borne. St Paul calls Timothy in one place his son, in another place his brother.

Bishops are brethren to ministers in a threefold relation:—By nature, so are all men; by grace, so are all Christians; by office, so are all pastors. He that, Matt. 24:45, was called *rector super familiam*, 'ruler over the household,' the same is also termed, ver. 49, *συνδούλος*, 'a fellow-servant' with the rest of the meany:* all servants under one lord, though some superior in office to the rest. As in the civil state, within that honourable rank, both earls and lords are called barons, yet their dignities are not equal: every earl being a baron, but not every baron an earl. So in the state ecclesiastical, in respect of the general service of Christ, the dispensation of his word and mysteries, bishops and priests are all brethren and fellow-presbyters; yet though the styles be communicable, the terms are not convertible for every bishop is a priest, but every priest is not a bishop. As this therefore no way diminisheth their authority, for *episcopus est sacerdotum princeps*, saith Ignatius; † so it commendeth their humility to call us brethren. If we offend *paterna agant*, let them correct us as their children; while we do well, *fraterna teneant*, let them encourage us their brethren. God is not tied to means; for illumination of the mind, he often lights a great lamp of the sanctuary at a little wax-taper, as he did Paul by Ananias. And for moving of affections, often with a puff of wind he stirs up the waves of the great ocean. *Deus non est parvus in parvo*; not straitened according to the smallness of the organ. On the one side love and gravity, on the other side obedience and sincerity, on all sides holiness and humility, become the ministers of Jesus Christ.

3. The exercise, or due practice of this office: 'Let us go again.' Let us go; that is, go personally. Let us go again; that is, go frequently.

(1.) Let us go; not send our deputy, but go ourselves. He that sends sees by another's eyes, and takes the state of things upon trust. If we

go, we see by our own, and our own eyes be our best informers. How is he episcopus that never overlooks? So St Jerome, in his epistle to Nepotian, nitatur esse quod dicitur. He is an ill shepherd that does not know vultum pecoris. 'Know the state of thy flocks and the face of thy herds,' Prov. 27:23. Desire to see them, quomodo Moses voluit videre Deum, γνωστῶς, face to face. In the proverb, Domini oculus pascit equum, et vestigia ejus pinguefaciunt agrum,—The master's eye feeds the horse; the presence of the bishop, like the north wind, dispels infection. It was Paul's continual fear, some prevarication in his absence: 'I fear I shall not find you such as I would, and that I shall be found to you such as you would not,' 2 Cor. 12:20. St Peter's shadow wrought miracles, but now the bishop's shadow will work no miracles. This is one special thing to be visited and examined, the residence of pastors in their charges. It is an unhappy thing for a man to be a stranger at home. Damasus[‡] compares such to wanton women, who no sooner bear children, but presently put them forth to nurse, that with less trouble they may return to their old pleasure. Peraldus, a Popish writer, is so bitter against those that feed their flocks by deputies, that he says, It is as if a man should marry a wife, and suffer another to get children by her. Illudque Clictovæi, magis salsum quam falsum; vicariam quidem salutem, personalem vero perniciem, talibus manere.

I know there is a residence personal and pastoral: and he that is a stranger to the pulpit, though he straggle not out of the bounds of his parish, is the greatest non-resident. And I grant that in some cases a dispensation is requisite—cedat minus majori; yet it is no hurt to pray, God persuade them all to dwell in their own tents. But it is not well for a preacher to be like a door, when it is once oiled, then to leave creaking. It was a friar's conceit upon Gen. 6, when the clergy, those 'sons of God,' began to dote upon the 'daughters of men,'—to be enamoured of temporal preferments,—then by such marriages monsters were begotten in the church, and the sanctuary of God was filled with giants, far from the shape of Christians. It is pity but the bishop should forbid the banns; and if any such marriage be, it is more than time to make it a nullity, by divorcing them from idleness,

covetousness, and ambition. 'The faithful steward is he that gives the household their portion of meat in due season,' Luke 12:42. He must give them all meat, young and old, rich and poor, weak and strong. In due season, that is, when their appetites call for it; nay, he must not always stay till they desire it. *Propriis manibus*, he must do it with his own hands: he is but a deputy, and therefore is not evermore allowed a deputy. Let us go ourselves.

(2.) Let us go again. The building of the church goes slowly forward; though there be many labourers, there be more hinderers: God never had so many friends as enemies. If the overseers look not well to the business, too many will make church-work of it; for such loitering is now fallen into a proverb. Men are fickle, as were the Galatians and churches of Asia; if they be not often visited, they will soon be corrupted. Luther said in Wittenberg, that a few fanatical fellows had pulled down more in a short space than all they could build up again in twenty years. The devil is always busy, and it is no small labour to earth that fox. The plant which we would have thrive must be often watered. The apostles did visit to confirm and comfort, because that was a time of persecution. Our mischief is intestine: *Pax à paganis, pax ab hæreticis, nulla pax à falsis filiis*. Let but Moses turn his back, and ascend the mount, to be Israel's lieger with God, the people presently speak of making a calf. He went but on their embassy to their Maker: yet, as if they had seen him take his heels and run into the wilderness, is no sooner vanished out of their sight, than out of their mind, and they fall to idolatry. Our churches are not like Irish timber; if they be not continually swept, there will be spiders and cobwebs. If the servants sleep, the master's field is not privileged from tares. Therefore to prevent dangers, and to heal diseases, frequent visitation is necessary for the church of Christ.

4. The moderation, or seasonableness of it: 'after certain days.' *Ex assiduitate vilitas*; that which is too common becomes cheap, and loseth credit. Due respirations are requisite in the holiest acts. God is so favourable to his creatures, that he requires them not to be overtoiled in the works of his own service. When the temple was a-

preparing, the thirty thousand workmen wrought not continuedly, but with intermission, 1 Kings 5:14. One month they were in Lebanon, and two at home; so their labour was more generous and less burdensome. Ever ten thousand did work, while twenty thousand breathed. The mind that is overlaid with business grows dull and heavy; over-lavish expense of spirits leaves it heartless. The best horse will tire soonest, if the reins lie loose on his neck. Perfection comes by leisure, and no excellent thing is done at once. The gourd, which came up in a night, withered in a day; but the plants that live long rise slowly. It is the rising and setting of many suns that ripens the business both of nature and art. Who would not rather choose many competent meals than buy the gluttony of one day with the fast of a whole week? Therefore the reverend fathers of the church observe their due times of visiting; and particular pastors have their set days of feeding. He is an ill fisher that never mends his net; a bad mower that never whets his scythe.

There be some so mad of hearing, that, as if their preacher had ribs of iron, and a spirit of angelical nature, they will not suffer him to breathe; but are as impatient of such a pause as Saul was of David's sickness: 'Bring him to me in the bed, that I may slay him,' 1 Sam. 19:15. Such, and no more, is their pity to their minister. Bring him though he lie sick in his bed; spare him not, though his heat and heart be spent. And if he satisfy not their unseasonable, unreasonable desires, they exclaim and break out into bitter invectives against us: not unlike the Chinese, that whip their gods when they do not answer them. Such misgoverned feeders should be stinted to their measure, as the Israelites were to an omer. God will never thank us for killing ourselves to humour our hearers.

5. The extent, or latitude of it: 'in every city.' First, such was their favour and indulgence, they went to every city; not summoned every city to appear before them. Our grave diocesans do follow the blessed apostles in this step: they visit us in our several deaneries and divisions, without compelling the remote dwellers to travel unto their consistories.

Again, 'in every city:' such was their impartial justice, and most equal love to all; the greatest were not exempted from their jurisdiction, nor the least neglected of their compassion. The holiest congregations may be blemished with some malefactors. Rome, and Corinth, and Ephesus, though they were all famous cities, had no less need of apostles for their visitants than they had for their founders. Three traitors kindle a fire, two hundred and fifty captains bring sticks to it, and all Israel is ready to warm themselves at it, Num. 16. It was happy for Israel when they had but one Achan, Josh. 7; and yet that one Achan was enough to make them unhappy. The innocence of so many thousands was not so forcible to excuse his one sin, as his one sin was to taint all the people. One evil man may kindle that fire which the whole world cannot quench. Shall Jeroboam be an idolater alone? No; he can no sooner set up his calves, but his subjects, like beasts, are presently down on their knees.

Where stands that Utopia, that city which is in so good case that it need not be visited? Sin doth multiply so fast that the poor preacher cannot outreach it; yea, it is well if the bishop himself, with all his authority, can suppress it. We cannot say always whence these evils come, but we are sure they are. You have peradventure heard or seen a motion, a puppet-play; how the little idols leap, and move, and run strangely up and down. We know it is not of themselves; but there is a fellow behind which we see not, it is he that doth the feat. We see in our parishes strange motions: a drunken companion bearding his minister, a contentious incendiary vexing him with actions and slanders; an obstinate Papist carries away his recusancy, scorns the preacher, seduceth the people: this is a strange kind of puppet-play; but God knows who it is behind the curtain that gives them their motion; only we are sure they cannot thus move themselves. There are many meetings, and much ado, as if sin should be punished: a jury is empannelled, a sore charge is given; the drunkard shall be made an example, Good-ale shall be talked with, whoredom shall be whipped, and all shall be well. We look for present reformation; but it commonly proves like the juggler's feast in Suidas: a table

furnished with all manner of dainties in show, whereof when they came to taste, they found nothing but air. But I pass from the extent, to—

6. The limitation, or restraint of it: 'where we have preached the word of the Lord.' Not every city, but every city and place that hath received the word of instruction. No visiting a garden but where some seeds have been planted; that which is all weeds is left to a higher visitation: 'God shall judge them that are without,' 1 Cor. 5:13. One would think that the word of God were so prevailing, that it should beat down enormities faster than Satan can raise them. But we find, by miserable experience, that even in those cities where the gospel hath abounded, sin hath superabounded; and that this glorious sun hath not dispelled and overcome all those fogs and mists that have surged from hell. But if the sun cause a stench, it is a sign there is some dunghill nigh; let it reflect upon a bed of roses, there is all sweetness.

Shall we lay the blame upon the preachers? That were unjust in our own consciences. What city in the world is so rich in her spiritual provision as this? Some whole countries within the Christian pale have not so many learned and painful pastors as be within these walls and liberties. It looks like the firmament in a clear night, bespangled with refulgent stars of different magnitude, but all yielding comfortable light 'to guide our feet in the way of peace.' The church in Constantinople, wherein Nazianzen preached, was called ἀναστασία, the Resurrection Church, in respect of the great concourse and assembly of people. Most churches in this city may well bear that name. Where is the fault then? I could happily tell you of some causes: the great profanation of God's Sabbath, the perfunctory hearing of his sacred word, the cages of unclean birds, brothels and drinking-schools, the negligence of the secular magistrate, the exemplary corruption of rulers, the sinful indulgence of parents and masters in their families, when the mouths of their children and servants be filled with uncorrected oaths and

blasphemies. Oh that we might see an end of these things before we see an end of all things! The last point is—

7. The intent, or end of all: 'to see how they do.' First, to see how the pastors do whom they had set over particular congregations. The apostles had been careful in their first election; and good reason: 'Lay hands suddenly on no man,' saith St Paul. There is a story in the legend, how a bishop devoted to the service of Our Lady, in the agony of death, prayed her to be his mediator, as he had been her chaplain. To whom she answered, that for his other sins she had obtained pardon, but his rash imposition of hands was a case which her Son would reserve to himself. But some that were fit in the choice, may prove unworthy in the progress: therefore must be visited, to 'see how they do.' For if the physician be sick, what shall become of his patients? Certainly a minister's life is full of honour here, and hereafter too; so it is full of danger here, and hereafter too. Oh, what an honour it is to labour in God's harvest, to be an ambassador from Christ, to remit and retain sins, to dress and lead the bride, to sit on thrones and judge the nations! Again, what a danger is it to answer for souls lost by our silence, to be guilty of blood by either teaching or living amiss! For howsoever the doctrine itself be the light, yet the preacher's life is the lantern that carries it, and keeps it from blowing out; and it is an easier defect to want Latin or learning than to want honesty and discretion. God hath given us the keys; but if they rust upon our hands, whether through foul carriage or want of use, they will but serve to lock ourselves out of doors. Therefore we must submit to a visitation.

'How they do.' What! must it be examined what store of souls they have converted? No, it is the measure, not the success, that God looks to. St Paul himself doth not say, *Plus profui omnibus*,—I did more good than the rest; but, *Plus laboravi omnibus*,—I took more pains than the rest. 'I laboured more abundantly than they all,' 1 Cor. 15:10. Our reward shall be 'according to our works,' not according to the fruit of our works. And our labour, however fruitless among men, 'shall not be in vain in the Lord,' ver. 58. It was the complaint of a

great prophet, 'I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought; yet my reward is with the Lord,' Isa. 49:4. Though we cannot save you, yet our desire and endeavour to do it shall save ourselves. We give God what we have, he asks us no more: this is enough to honour him and reward us.

'How they do.' What! how they thrive in their temporals, what riches or preferments be given them? No, as this is none of our ambition, so it is none of our luck or portion. Men suck our milk, like mules, and then kick us with their heels. Cominæus says, he that would be a favourite must not have a hard name, that so he might be easily remembered when promotions are a-dealing. It seems that preachers have hard names, for none remember them in the point of benefit. The world regards them as poor folks do their children, they would be loath to have any more of them, because they are troubled to maintain them they have. In Jeroboam's time the lowest of the people were made priests, and now priests are made the lowest of the people. A layman, like a mathematical line, runs on ad infinitum; only the preacher is bound to his competency, yea, and defrauded of that. But let all preferments go; so long as we can find preferment in your consciences, and be the instruments of your salvation, we are content.

'How they do.' Not only the pastors, but even all the brethren; their errors must also be looked into. St Paul mentions the house of Chloe, 1 Cor. 1:11, 'It hath been declared to me, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions and faults among you;' from thence he had information of their disorders. Answerable to which, we have churchwardens, they are the house of Chloe, bound by oath to present misdemeanours, that sins may have their just censure. Let them on the one side take heed of spleen, that they do nothing maliciously. So their accusation may be just, and their affection unjust; and in doing that they shall sin, which they had sinned in not doing. Ille dat pœnam, tu amisisti laudem. On the other side, of connivance and partiality; for there is an Omnia bene that swallows all vanities. Drunkenness, uncleanness, swearing,

profanation of the Sabbath, go abroad all the year, and when the visitation comes, they are locked up with an Omnia bene. This is not that charity that 'covereth sin,' but a miserable indulgence that cherisheth sin.

In the creation there was an Omnia bene; God reviewed all his works, and they were 'exceeding good.' In our redemption there was an Omnia bene; he hath done all things well, he hath made the blind to see, and the lame to go; a just confession and applause. Here was an Omnia bene indeed, but there never was an Omnia bene since.

Let there be therefore a visitation with the rod, lest God come to visit with fire. God hath a fourfold visitation:—1. A visitation of grace and mercy: Visitavit et redemit,—'He hath visited and redeemed his people,' Luke 1:68. He came not only to see us, but to save us: not only to live among us, but to die for us. So Paul applies that of the psalm, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' Heb. 2:6. The time wherein Jerusalem heard the oracles, and saw the miracles of our blessed Saviour, is called 'the day of her visitation.' 2. A visitation of pity and compassion: so when God relieved Sarah's barrenness, he is said to 'visit her,' Gen. 21:1. Thus he did visit Job in his sickness: 'Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.' This duty he commends to us for true religion indeed: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God is, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,' James 1:27. To these works he promiseth the kingdom of heaven: 'You have visited me when I was sick, or in prison; therefore come, ye blessed,' Matt. 25:43. 3. A visitation of severity and correction; so Job calls his trial a visitation, Job 7:18, and we call the pestilence, God's visitation. This he threatened even to the offenders of the house of David: 'I will visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes,' Ps. 89:32, This visitation is not without mercy; yea, it is an argument of mercy; for when God refuseth to visit, that is the sorest visitation of all. Therefore we pray, 'Look down from heaven, O Lord; behold, and visit thy vine,' Ps. 80:14. 4. Lastly, a visitation of wrath and fury: 'Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be

avenged on such a nation as this?' Jer. 5:29. So he visited Egypt, when he slew their firstborn; the old world, when he drowned it; Sodom, when he burned it: 'I will go down and see.' Thus shall he one day visit the wicked, and with fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.

God's visitation cannot be eluded or avoided; there will be no appealing to a higher court, no revoking by prohibitions, no hiding from the censure, no corrupting the judge, no answering the matter by proxy, no commuting the penalty; no preventing, but either by living innocent, or dying penitent.

Therefore let us all visit ourselves, that we may save God the labour. This is a duty to which we are all naturally backward: like elephants that choose troubled waters, and refuse to drink in clear springs, for fear of seeing their own deformities. Our unthrifths, that are run so far in arrearages, they are loath to hear of a reckoning. Or, it may be, we have chiding consciences; and then, like those that are troubled with curst and scolding wives at home, love to be rambling abroad. But it is better to have our wounds searched while they are green, than to have our limbs cut off for being festered. Descend we, then, into the depth and corners of our own hearts, let us begin our visitation there; mortifying all our rebellious lusts, and subduing our affections to the will of our Maker. So only shall we pass clear and uncondemned by the great Bishop of our souls, Jesus Christ. I have done: Deo gloria, vobis gratia, mihi venia. Amen.

THE THREE DIVINE SISTERS:

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 COR. 13:13.

WHEN those three goddesses, say the poets, strove for the golden ball, Paris adjudged it to the queen of Love. Here are three celestial graces, in a holy emulation, if I may so speak, striving for the chiefdom; and our Apostle gives it to love. 'The greatest of these is charity.'

Not that other daughters are black, but that Charity excels in beauty. We may say of this sister, as it was said of the good woman, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all,' Prov. 31:29. Paul doth not disparage any when he saith, 'Charity is the greatest.' All stars are bright, though 'one star may differ from another in glory,' 1 Cor. 15. We may say of graces, as of the captains of the sons of Gad, 'The least a hundred, the greatest a thousand;' or as the song was of Saul and David: 'Saul hath slain his thousands, David his ten thousands.' Faith is excellent, so is hope; but 'the greatest of these is charity.'

Methinks these three theological virtues may not unfitly be compared to three great feasts which we celebrate in the year—Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas. Faith, like Easter, believes Christ dead for our sins, and risen again for our justification; Hope, like Pentecost, waits for the coming of the Holy Ghost, God's free Spirit of grace, to come into us, and to bring us to heaven; and Charity looks like Christmas, full of love to our neighbours, full of hospitality and mercy to the poor.

These are three strings often touched: faith, whereby we believe all God's promises to be true, and ours; hope, whereby we wait for them with patience; charity, whereby we testify what we believe and hope. He that hath faith cannot distrust; he that hath hope cannot be put from anchor; he that hath charity will not lead a licentious life, for 'love keeps the commandments.'

For method's sake, we might first confer them all, then prefer one. But I will speak of them according to the three degrees of comparison:—I. Positively; II. Comparatively; III. Superlatively: 'the greatest of these is charity.' Under which method we have involved—
1. Their order, how they are ranked; 2. Their nature, how they are defined; 3. Their distinction, how they are differenced; 4. Their number, how many are specified; 5. Their conference, how they are compared; 6. Lastly, their dignity, and therein how far one is preferred.

I. FAITH is that grace which makes Christ ours, and all his benefits. God gives it: 'Faith is given by the Spirit,' 1 Cor. 12:9. By the word preached: 'Faith cometh by hearing,' Rom. 10:17. For Christ's sake: 'To you it is given for Christ's sake, to believe in his name,' Phil. 1:29. This virtue is no sooner given of God, but it gives God. So soon as thou believest, Christ is thine, and all his: 'For he that gives us Christ will also with him give us all things,' Rom. 8:32.

'Without this it is impossible to please God,' Heb. 11:6. Let us not otherwise dare to come into his presence. There is nothing but wrath in him, for sin in us. Joseph charged his brethren that they should come no more in his sight, unless they brought Benjamin with them. We come at our peril into God's presence if we leave his beloved Benjamin, our dear Jesus, behind us. When the philosopher heard of the enraged emperor's menace, that the next time he saw him he would kill him, he took up the emperor's little son in his arms, and saluted him with a Potesne, 'Thou canst not now strike me.' God is angry with every man for his sins. Happy is he that can catch up his Son Jesus; for in whose arms soever the Lord sees his Son, he will

spare him. The men of Tyre were fain to intercede to Herod by Blastus, Acts 12:20. Our intercession to God is made by a higher and surer way; not by his servant, but by his Son.

Now this Mediator is not had without a medium—faith. *Fides medium, à quo remedium*; faith is that means whereby we lay hold on this Christ. Diffidence shall never have Jesus for its advocate; though every man may say, 'I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.'

St Paul useth one word that very significantly expresseth faith, calling it 'the evidence of things not seen,' Heb. 11:1. *Fides est credere quod non vides; cuius merces est videre quod credis*,—Faith is to believe what thou seest not; whose reward is to see what thou believest. Now the metaphor may be explained thus:—

(1.) Christ dying made a will or a testament, sealing it with his own blood, wherein he bequeathed a certain legacy of inheritance to his brethren with himself: 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me,' John 17:24. This is the substance of his will and testament.

(2.) The conveyance of this will is the gospel: 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.' A large patent, a free and full grant. There is no exception of persons, either in regard of state, quality, or country: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus,' Gal. 3:28. The conveyance is of an ample latitude.

(3.) The executor or administrator of this will, if I may so speak, is the Holy Ghost, that Comforter which Christ promised to 'send, that should lead us into all truth,' John 14:16. This Spirit begets faith and sanctification in our hearts, puts 'Abba' into our mouths, applies the merits of our Saviour to our souls, and indeed 'seals us up to the day of redemption,' Eph. 4:30. Without his assistance we could

appropriate no comfort by his will, nor challenge any legacy therein bequeathed.

(4.) Lastly, The evidence whereby every particular man apporions to himself his title and interest, is his faith. Thou, unregenerate soul, pleadest a legacy in this will. Go to, let us join issue, and come to trial. Where is thy evidence? Here it is; my faith. This evidence, as all other, must have some witnesses. Produce thine; and before the bar of the great Chief Justice, the King's Bench of heaven, let them not lie.

The first is thy conscience. Alas! give this leave to speak without interruption, and one day it shall not flatter thee. This saith, thy evidence is false and counterfeit, forged by a wretched scrivener, flesh and blood; for thy heart trusts in uncertainly good riches, or in certainly bad vanities, more than in the living God.

The next is thy life. Alas! this is so speckled with sins, so raw and sore with lusts, that as a body broken out into blains and boils argues a corrupted liver or stomach within, so the spots and ulcers of thy life demonstrate a putrefied heart. Lo, now thy witnesses. Thou art gone at the common law of justice; it is only the chancery of mercy that must clear thee. What wilt thou now do? What, but humble thyself in recompense for thy false faith; take prayer in thy company, for pardon of former errors; go by the word preached: for the minister is, as it were, the register to engross the deed; and desire God on the humble knees of thy soul, to give thee a new and a true evidence? Let this instruct us to some uses.

Use 1.—Be sure that thy evidence is good. Satan is a subtle lawyer (and thou dost not doubt of his malice,) and will soon pick holes in it; find out tricks and cavils against it. He will winnow and sift thee, grain after grain: take heed, lest thou run not all to chaff. There is a faith of saints: 'Now live not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life that I live, I live by the faith of the Son of God,' Gal. 2:20. And there is a faith of devils: 'Thou believest; thou doest well: the devils believe,

and tremble,' James 2:19. There is a faith which cannot perish: 'Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish,' John 3:15. And there is a faith that in the time of temptation falls away. The rocky ground receives the word, and for a while believeth, but in the time of temptation falls away, Luke 8:13. There is a faith which the world overcometh; such was the faith of Demas. And there is a faith that overcometh the world: 'This is the victory whereby we overcome the world, even our faith,' 1 John 5:4. There is a dead, idle, and infructuous faith, James 2:14; and there is a lively, active, working faith: 'Faith worketh by love,' Gal. 5:6. Be sure, then, that thy faith will endure the touch, even the fiery trial.

Use 2.—Do not lose such a legacy as Christ hath bequeathed, for want of faith. Glorious is the inheritance; but where is thy evidence? Flatter not thy soul with hope of this possession, without the assurance of faith, 'Christ gives his life for his sheep.' What is this to thee that art a wolf, a swine, a goat? God dresseth his vineyard, pruneth it, is provident over it. What is this to thee that art a thorn, and no branch of the vine? Look thou to be weeded up, and thrown out. The blood of Christ runs fresh; but where is thy pipe of faith to derive it from his side to thy conscience? Say it should shower mercy, yet if thou wantest faith, all would fall besides thee. There would be no more favour for thee than if there was no Saviour.

Let, then, no miseries of earth, much less pleasures, quench thy faith. Satan seeing this spark of fire kindled in thy heart, would blow it out with storms, or work thee to smother it thyself with vanities, or to rake it up in the dead embers of cold security. But believe against sight and sense; as David prophesied that he should be a king. *Eo plus habet fides meriti, quo minus argumenti,*—Faith shall have so much the more recompense, as it had the less argument to induce it.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

'Jam mala finissem letho; sed credula vitam

Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.'

Therefore, *Dum spiro spero*, said the heathen; but, *Dum exspiro spero*, says the Christian. The one, Whilst I live, I hope; the other also, When I die, I hope: so Job, 'I will hope in thee though thou killest me.' It tells the soul such sweet stories of the succeeding joys; what comforts there be in heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumphs, marriage-songs, and hallelujahs there are in that country whither she is travelling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

It holds the head whilst it aches, and gives invisible drink to the thirsty conscience. It is a liberty to them that are in prison, and the sweetest physic to the sick. St Paul calls it an anchor, Heb. 6:19. Let the winds blow, and the storms beat, and the waves swell, yet the anchor stays the ship. It breaks through all difficulties, and makes way for the soul to follow it. It teacheth Abraham to expect fruit from a withered stock; and Joseph in a dungeon, to look for the sun and stars' obeisance. It counsels a man, as Esdras did the woman who, having lost her son, would needs die languishing in the disconsolate fields: 'Go thy way into the city to thine husband,' 2 Esd. 10:17. Mourn not, wretch, for the loss of some worldly and perishing delight: sit not down and die, though the fruit of thy womb be swallowed into the earth; but go home to the city, the city of mercy, to thine husband, even thy husband Jesus Christ; let him comfort thee. This is the voice of Hope.

Though misery be present, comfort absent, though through the dim and waterish humour of thy heart, thou canst spy no deliverance, yet such is the nature of hope, that *futura facta dicit*,—it speaks of future things as if they were present: 'We are saved by hope,' Rom. 8:24. Yet, *sic liberati, ut adhuc speranda sit hæreditas, postea possidenda. Nunc habemus jus ad rem, nondum in re*,—We have our inheritance in hope; which gives us the right of the substance, though not the

substance of the right; assurance of the possession, though not possession of the thing assured. This tells us, that *nemo valde dolebit et diu*,—no man should grieve much and long; God making our misery *aut tolerabilem, aut brevem*,—either sufferable or short.

These are the comforts of hope. Now, that you may not be deceived, there is (as I said before of faith) a thing like hope, which is not it.

There is a bold and presumptuous hope, an ignorant security and ungrounded persuasion, the very illusion of the devil, who, when he cannot prevail with downright evil, cozens with the shadows of goodness: that how wickedly and wretchedly soever a man shall live, though he furs himself warm with poor men's hearts, though he forbids his brains (as on covenant) one sober hour in the year to think of heaven, though he thirst for carouses of blood, though he strives to powder a whole kingdom with the corns of death and massacre, though he carries half-a-dozen inappropriate churches on his sacrilegious back, though he out-thunder heaven with blasphemies, though he trample under his profane foot the precious blood of God's Son; yet still he hopes to be saved by the mercy of God. But we will sooner cast pearls to swine, and bread to dogs, than the comforts of Zion to such. We say not, 'Rejoice and tremble,' but tremble without rejoicing. We sing not to them, 'With the Lord is mercy, that he might be feared;' but with the Lord is judgment and vengeance; with him is plague and pestilence, storm and tempest, horror and anguish, indignation and wrath, that he may be feared. Against this hope we shut up the bosom of consolation, and the promise of safety by the merits of Christ; and so far as we are charged, the very gates of everlasting life.

There is a hope, sober, faithful, well-grounded, well-guarded, well-assured. This is like a house built on a rock. The rock is God's promised mercy; the building, hope in Christ: it is, as it were, moated or entrenched about with his blood by the sweet testimony of God's Spirit to the conscience: known by the charity of the inhabitants; for it keeps bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, entertainment

for strangers. To this hope we open the doors of the kingdom of heaven; and so far as the commission of the keys lead us, we unlock the gates of eternal life, and allow entrance. We call this 'the blessed hope.'

CHARITY is an excellent virtue, and therefore rare; if ever in this contentious age, wherein *fratrum quoque gratia rara est*, the unfeigned love of brothers is strange. Woe is me! before I am come to define what love is, I am fallen into a declamation against the want of it. What is here chiefly commended is chiefly contemned, as if we had no need of mutual succour, nor could spare a room in our hearts to entertain charity, lest we should expel our old loved guests, fraud, malice, and ambition. Love hath two proper objects—the one, immediate and principal; the other, mediate and limited.

The proper and immediate object of our love is God. This is the great commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength.' As if he would not leave out the least sinew or string of the heart, the least faculty or power of the soul, the least organ or action of the strength. So Bernard: 'With all the heart,' that is, affectionately; 'with all thy soul,' that is, wisely; 'with all thy strength,' that is, constantly. Let the zeal of thy heart inflame thy love to God; let the wisdom of thy soul guide it; let the strength of thy might confirm it. All the affections of the heart, all the election of the soul, all the administration of the body. The soul judgeth, the will prosecutes, the strength executes. God can brook no rivals; no division betwixt him and Mammon, betwixt him and Melchom, betwixt him and Baal, betwixt him and Belial. *Causa diligendi Deum Deus est, modus sine modo*,—The cause and motive to love God, is God; the manner is without measure. *Minus amat te, qui aliquid amat præter te, quod non amat propter te*,—He poorly loves God, that loves anything besides him, which he doth not love for him.

The subordinate object of love is man, and his love is the effect of the former cause, and an actual demonstration of the other inward

affection. Waters coming from the sea boil through the veins of the earth till they become springs, and those springs rivers, and those rivers run back to the sea again. All man's love must be carried in the stream of God's love. Blessed is he that loves *amicum in Domino, inimicum pro Domino*,—his friend in the Lord, his enemy for the Lord. 'Owe nothing to any man, but this, that ye love one another,' Rom. 13:8. Other debts, once truly paid, are no more due; but this debt, the more we pay it, the more we owe it; and we still do acknowledge ourselves debtors to all, when we are clear with all: proverbially, 'I owe him nothing but love.' The communication of this riches doth not impoverish the proprietary; the more he spends of his stock, the more he hath: 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,' Prov. 11:24. But he that will hoard the treasure of his charity shall grow poor, empty, and bankrupt: 'There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth unto poverty.' Love is the abridgment of the law, the new precept of the gospel. Luther calls it the shortest and the longest divinity: short, for the form of words; long, yea, everlasting, for the use and practice; for 'charity shall never cease.'

II. Thus for the first degree of comparison, positively. The second is comparative; where, though it be said virtues and great men must not be compared, yet we may without offence bring them to a holy conference; else how shall we perceive the Apostle's intended scope, the transcendency of charity? I will therefore first confer faith with hope, and then with them both, charity.

1. The distinction between faith and hope is nice, and must warily be discovered. I will reduce the differences into three respects, of order, office, and object:—

For order: Paul gives faith the precedency. 'Faith is the ground of things hoped for,' Heb. 11. Faith always goes before; hope follows after, and may in some sort be said to be the daughter of faith. For it is as impossible for a man to hope for that which he believes not, as for a painter to draw a picture in the air. Indeed, more is believed

than is hoped for; but nothing is hoped for which is not believed. So that on necessity, in respect of order, faith must precede hope.

For office: faith is the Christian's logic; hope his rhetoric. Faith perceives what is to be done, hope gives alacrity to the doing it. Faith guides, adviseth, rectifieth; hope courageously encounters with all adversaries.* Therefore faith is compared to a doctor in the schools, hope to a captain in the wars.† Faith discerns the truth, hope fights against impatience, heaviness of spirit, infirmity, dejectedness, desperation. Divines have alluded the difference between faith and hope in divinity to that between wisdom and valour in philosophy. Valour without wisdom is rashness, wisdom without valour is cowardice. Faith without hope is knowledge without valour to resist Satan; hope without faith is rash presumption, and an indiscreet daring; you see their different office.

For object: faith's object is the absolute word and infallible promise of God; hope's object is the thing promised. *Fides intuetur verbum rei, spes vero rem verbi,*—Faith looks to the word of the thing, hope to the thing of the word. So that faith hath for its object the truth of God; hope, the goodness of God. Faith is of things both good and bad, hope of good things only. A man believes there is a hell, as truly as he believes there is a heaven; but he fears the one, and hopes only for the other. Faith hath objected to it things past, present, future. Past, it believes Christ dead for our sins, and risen again for our justification. Present, that he now sits at the right hand of his Father in heaven. Future, that he shall come to judge quick and dead. Hope only respects and expects things to come. For a man cannot hope for that which he hath. You see how in some sense hope excels faith. For there is a faith in the devils; they believe the truth of God, the certainty of the Scriptures; they acknowledge Christ the Judge of quick and dead; therefore cry, 'Why tormentest thou us before the time?' They have faith joined with a Popish preparatory good work, fear; 'the devils believe and tremble:' yea, they pray, they beseech Christ not to send them into the deeps; what then want they? Hope, a confident expectation of the mercy of God; this they can never have.

They believe; they cannot hope. This is the life of Christians, and the want makes devils. If it were not for this hope, 'we of all men were most miserable,' 1 Cor. 15:19.

2. Charity differs from them both. These three divine graces are a created trinity; and have some glimmering resemblance of the Trinity uncreate. For as there the Son is begotten of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeds from them both; so here, a true faith begets a constant hope, and from them proceeds charity. 'Thus is God's temple built in our hearts,' saith Augustine: the foundation whereof is faith; hope the erection of the walls; charity the perfection of the roof.

In the godly all these three are united together, and cannot be sundered. We believe in God's mercy, we hope for his mercy, and we love him for his mercy. Faith says, there are good things prepared: hope says, they are prepared for me: charity says, I endeavour to walk worthy of them. So that, what good faith believes shall be, hope expects for herself, and charity aims at the way to get it, by 'keeping the commandments.' Faith apprehends both reward and punishment; hope only looks for good things for ourselves; charity desires the glory of God, and the good of all our brethren.

III. The second degree gives way to the third, last, best: the superlative. 'But the greatest of these is charity.' Time will not afford me to answer all the objections which subtle wits have ignorantly deduced from these words. Neither were it to other purpose than to write Iliads after Homer, they have been so soundly and satisfyingly answered. I will only mention two, and but report a responsive solution.

Object. 1.—The principal promises are made to believers: 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.' So no less a promise is made to lovers: 'All things shall work together for the best to those that love God,' &c., Rom. 8:28. 'God,' saith the Psalmist, 'is near to those that call upon him.' He is close by all those that suffer for him;

but he is within those that love him. Here is prope, intra, intus. This same intra, within, is of the highest degree. 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him,' 1 John 4:17. O unspeakable felicity!

Object. 2.—If charity be greater than faith, then is not man justified by faith only. Inconsequent illation! St Paul commends not love for the virtue of justification: it may fail in that particular action, yet receive no impeachment to the excellency of it. By demonstration: A prince doth excel a peasant: shall any man therefore infer that he can plough better, or have more skill in tillage? A philosopher doth excel a mechanic, though he cannot grind so well as a miller, or limn so cunningly as a painter. A man is better than a beast: who but a madman will therefore conclude that he can run faster than a horse, draw more than an ox, or carry a greater burden than an elephant? Though he fail in these particular acts, yet none will deny but he is better than a beast.

The truth is, that in faith stands originally our fellowship with God. Into that hand he poureth the riches of his mercy for salvation; and were the actions of charity never so great and (foolishly thought) meritorious, yet, if not the effects of a true saving faith, they are lost, and a man may for his charity go to the devil. And though they would plead from the form of the last judgment (Matt. 25) that God accepts men to life for their deeds of charity, feeding, clothing, relieving; yet the Scripture fully testifies, that God neither accepts these, nor ourselves for these, further than they are the effects of a true faith. Our persons being first justified by faith in Christ, then God will crown our works. Yet a Christian must work: for no nudifidian, as well as no nullifidian, shall be admitted into heaven. 'Therefore,' saith the apostle, 'faith worketh by love,' Gal. 5:6. For faith is able to justify of itself, not to work of itself. The hand alone can receive an alms, but cannot cut a piece of wood without an axe or some instrument. Faith is the Christian's hand, and can without help receive God's given grace into the heart; but to produce the fruits of obedience, and to work the actual duties required, it must have an

instrument: add love to it, and it worketh by love. So that the one is our justification before God, and the other our testification before men.

Their number is considerable; these three, neither more nor less. Why not two? as there be two parts in man, his understanding and will: to direct these two, is sufficient to salvation. By faith the understanding is kept safe; by charity, the will: what needed then the mention of hope? Yes, hope is the daughter of faith, and the mother of charity; and as man hath an understanding to be informed, and a will to be rectified, so he hath a heart to be comforted, which is the proper office of hope.

But why, then, speaks he of no more than three? St Peter mentions eight together, 2 Pet. 1:6; and St Paul himself, in another place, puts in nine, Gal. 5:22. Why are all these left out in this glorious catalogue? Is it enough to have these three and no more? Are the rest superfluous, and may well be spared? Nothing so; but all those virtues are comprehended under these three: as to the trade of a stationer, some are required to print, some to correct, some to fold, others to bind, and others to garnish; yet all belongs to one trade. There be many rays, and but one sun; there is heat and light in one fire. So all those graces may be reduced to these three principals, as we read 1 Thess. 1:3, the work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope; temperance, patience, godliness, &c., are all servants to these three great princes, faith, hope, and charity.

IV. Lastly, for the prelation. Wherein consisteth this high transcendency of charity? In six privileges:—

1. For latitude, love is the greatest. Faith and hope are restrained within the limits of our particular persons. 'The just man lives by his own faith,' and hopes good to himself; but love is like the vine which 'God brought out of Egypt, and cast out the heathen to plant it, which covereth the mountains with the shadow of its boughs, and spreads its branches unto the sea and the rivers,' Ps. 80:8. It is like the sun in

the sky, that throws his comfortable beams upon all, and forbears not to warm even that earth that beareth weeds. Love extends to earth and heaven. In heaven it affecteth God, the Maker and mover; the angels, as our guardians; the triumphant saints, for their pious sanctity. On earth, it embraceth those that fear the Lord especially; it wisheth conversion to those that do not; it counsels the rich; it comforts the poor; it reverenceth superiors, respecteth inferiors; doth good to friends, no evil to foes; wisheth well to all. This is the latitude of charity. Faith hath but narrow limits, but the extent of love is universal, not bounded with the world. Faith believes for thyself, but charity derives and drives the effects of thy faith to others. Thy faith relieves thyself, thy charity thy brother.

2. For perpetuity and continuance. Faith lays hold on God's gracious promise for everlasting salvation; hope expects this with patience; but when God shall fulfil his word, and us with joy, then faith shall be at an end, hope at an end, but love shall remain between God and us an everlasting bond. Therefore, saith the Apostle, 'now abideth faith,' &c. Now: now three, then one, and that is charity. When we have possession of those pleasures which we hoped and believed, what longer use is there of faith or hope? But our loves shall not end with our lives. We shall everlastingly love our Maker, Saviour, Sanctifier, angels, and saints; where no discontent shall breed any jar in our hallelujahs. If the use of love be so comfortable on earth, what may we think it will be in heaven?

Thus saith Chrysostom: 'Only love is eternal.' Now, faith and hope hold up the hands of charity, as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses; but then their use and office shall cease. *Tunc non erit spes, quando erit spes*,—Hope shall not be when the thing hoped is. Hope shall bring in possession, possession shall thrust out hope. Therefore, saith Augustine, is charity greater, *etsi non propter eminentiam, tamen propter permanentiam*,—if not for the excellency, yet for the perpetuity.

Thus to justify a man, faith is greater; but in a man justified, charity is greater. Let faith alone with the great work of our salvation; but that finished, it shall end, and so yield superiority to love, which shall endure for ever.

3. For the honour and likeness it hath unto God. Faith and hope make not a man like God, but charity doth. He neither can be said to believe nor to hope; but we know he loves, yea, he is love.

4. In respect of its titles, charity excelleth. It is *novum mandatum*, the new commandment: faith was never called so. It is *vinculum perfectionis*, the bond of perfection: faith is not so termed; thy faith only ties thyself to God, but love binds up all in one bundle of peace. It is *impletio legis*, the fulfilling of the law: where hath faith such a title? St Ambrose, on the funeral of Theodosius, observes, that he died with these words in his mouth, *Dilexi, dilexi*, which he conceived to be his answer to the angels asking him how he had behaved himself in his empire,—I have loved, I have loved; that was enough.

5. Charity is more noble, for it is a better thing to give than to receive. Faith and hope are all of the taking hand, but charity gives. If faith gives glory to God, yet this is but his own, an acknowledgment of that to be his which is his. The property of faith is to receive into itself; the property of love to lay out itself to others.

6. For manifestation. Faith and hope are things unseen, and may be dissembled, but charity cannot be without visible fruits; therefore the only trial of faith and hope is by charity.

Thus charity is greatest, if not *respectu originis*, or for causality, yet for dignity. 1. More honourable, because like God. 2. More noble, because more beneficial to man. 3. More communicable, for faith respects thyself, charity all. 4. More durable; when faith is swallowed up in vision, hope in possession, then love remains. 5. For titles. 6. For manifestation.

Thus you have commended to your souls these three sisters, faith, hope, and charity. Faith we must have, or we are reprobates; hope, or wretches; charity, or not Christians. There is a promise made to faith, that it shall have access to God, Heb. 11:6; to hope, that it shall not be ashamed, Rom. 5:5; but to charity, that it shall dwell in God, and have God dwelling in it, 1 John 4:16.

I should now tell you, that as these three fair sisters came down from heaven, so in a cross contrariety the devil sends up three foul fiends from hell: against faith, infidelity; against hope, desperation; against charity, malice. He that entertains the elder sister, unbelief, I quake to speak his doom, yet I must: 'He is already condemned,' John 3:18. He that embraceth the second ugly hag, despair, bars up against himself the possibility of all comfort, because he offends so precious a nature, the mercy of God, and tramples under his desperate feet that blood which is held out to his unaccepting hand. He that welcomes malice, welcomes the devil himself; he is called 'the envious,' and loves extremely to lodge himself in an envious heart. These be fearful, prodigious sisters: fly them and their embraces; and remember, O ye whom Christ concerns, the commandment of your Saviour, 'Love one another!'

I will end with our Apostle's exhortation to his Philippians: 'If there be any consolation in Christ,' and there is consolation in him when the whole world cannot afford it; 'if any comfort of love,' and he that knows not the comforts of love knows no difference betwixt man and beast; 'if any fellowship of the Spirit,' by whom we are all knit into one communion, and enriched with the same treasures of grace; 'if any bowels and mercies,' if uncharitableness and avarice hath* turned our entrails into stone and iron, if we have not forgotten the use and need of mercy; 'fulfil my joy, that ye be like-minded, and have the same love,' Phil. 2:1, 2. Fulfil the Apostle's joy only? No, the joy of the bride and Bridegroom, of the church on earth, of the saints in heaven; the joy of the blessed angels; the joy of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and last of all, the joy of your own hearts, that you 'Love one another.' Forget not that trite but true saying—

'They shall not want prosperity,
That keep faith, hope, and charity.'

THE TEMPLE

(AT PAUL'S CROSS, AUGUST 5*)

What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?—2 COR.
6:16.

IT is not fit they should be too familiar, or near together in this world, whose portions shall be far asunder in the world to come. The sheep and goats are indeed now blended promiscuously, and none can distinguish them here but he that shall separate them hereafter; the right and left hand of the last tribunal shall declare them. But they that be alien or opposite to us in faith and profession are manifest, and we have a frequent charge *De non commiscendo*. Now the nearer this ill-matched conjunction, the more intolerable: the same board, ill; the same bed, worse; worst of all the same temple. So the Apostle begins his dehoration, 'Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers:' so he ends it, 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' Divers seeds of grain in one ground, divers kinds of beasts in one yoke, divers sorts of cloth in one garment, were expressly forbidden under the law, Deut. 22; and shall several religions be allowed in one church under the gospel?

The absurdness of such a mixture is here illustrated by many oppositions; the sound of all which is interrogative, the sense negative. Righteousness and unrighteousness, light and darkness, Christ and Belial, the believer and the infidel; these can have no

communion, no concord, no conjunction; and 'what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?'

I need not by art divide these words, for they are divided by nature. Now as *quæ Deus conjunxit, nemo separet*,—those things that God hath joined together, let no man put asunder: so *quæ Deus separavit, nemo jungat*,—those things that God hath put asunder, let no man join together. The scope of the text, and the matter of my discourse, is to separate idols from the temple of God; the Holy Ghost hath divided them to my hands: they cannot agree in his sentence, let them never agree in our practice; cursed is he that goes about to compound this controversy. The temple is holy, idols profane; it is not lawful to mix *sacra profanis*. The temple is for God, idols for the devil; God and the devil admit no reconciliation. Therefore, as two hostile nations, after some treaty of peace, neither liking the proposed conditions, break off in a rage, *In hoc uterque consentimus, quod consentire nolumus*,—In this we both consent, that we will not consent at all; so be it here agreed, that no agreement can be made. In composing differences betwixt man and man, betwixt family and family, betwixt kingdom and kingdom, *beati pacifici*,—blessed are the peace-makers. But in reconciling Christ and Belial, the temple of God and idols, *maledicti pacifici*,—cursed are the peace-makers. Here *bella geri placeat magnos habitura triumphos*. God himself in paradise did first put the quarrel, his Apostle hath here given the alarm, and he deserves a malediction that sounds a retreat.

But as no battle can be well fought without order and martial array, so no discourse can be made profitable without some method. The temple, therefore, we will suppose to be God's castle, and idolatry the invasion of it. This castle is but one, idols are many. The champions that God hath set to defend his castle are especially or principally princes and pastors, the magistracy and the ministry; the adversary forces that fight against it be the devil's mercenary soldiers. The munition on the one side is the divine Scripture, the sacred word of God; the engines, ordnance, and instruments of assault on the other

side are idols, traditions, and those carnal inventions wherewith the corrupt heart of man seeks to batter it. The siege is continual, the feud implacable, the difference irreconcilable. Yet at last the war shall end, with the ruin of those enemies, in the triumph of the righteous, and to the everlasting glory of God.

Now though this war be every way spiritual, it is divers ways considerable. There is a material, and there is a mystical temple; there are external and internal idols; there be ordinary and extraordinary soldiers. Every Christian, as he is a temple of God, so not without the assault of idols: there is a civil war, a rebellion within him, wherewith he is continually exercised. In this militant estate of the church none are free: only he that gives full allowance to his own corruptions is not a temple of God, but a synagogue of Satan; a sink of uncleanness, rather than a sanctuary of holiness. Thus from one general arise many particulars, and you will say, 'Behold a company;' as Leah said of her son Gad, 'A troop cometh,' Gen. 30:11. Yet all these branches have but one root: they are but like the wheels of a clock, taken a little in sunder to view, then to be put together again. Let not their number discourage your attention. When a wealthy favourite of the world sent his servant to bespeak lodging for him, he told the host, 'Here will come to-night the lord of such a manor, the landlord of such a town, the keeper of such a forest, the master of such an office, the lay-parson of such a parish, a knight, a justice of peace, a gentleman, a usurer, and my master.' 'Alas,' answers the host, 'I have not lodging for half so many.' 'Be content,' replies the servant, 'for all these are but one man.' So if you distrust your memories for room to entertain so many observations, yet be comforted, for all have but this one sum, 'There is no agreement betwixt the temple of God and idols.'

The Temple.—That which was built by Solomon was justly called the wonder of the world, a white and glorious monument, set on the hill of Zion, inviting passengers to see it, and amazing their eyes when they beheld it. It was of white marble without, of cedar and gold within, all of the best, all beautiful, precious, durable. So magnificent

was that structure, that all nations have admired it, all times celebrated it. 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,' Ps. 48:2. While the favour of heaven was set upon Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth was Mount Zion. It is fit he that made the world a house for man, should have a house in this world made for himself: neither could it be too costly, seeing all the materials that went to it were his own. Every rotten cottage is too good for Satan, no fabric could be too sumptuous for God. While his people dwelt in tents, himself was content to dwell in a tabernacle: in the flitting condition of Israel, he would have his own house a moveable, that they might never remove without him. But when their residence was settled in the promised land, he would have his tabernacle turned into a temple, that they dwelling where he appointed them, he might also dwell among them. The former was for motion, the latter for rest; the one for progress, the other his standing house. All this while, God had but one house at once: first, the tabernacle; then that gave place to the temple; and Solomon's temple being defaced, was supplied by Zerubbabel. Now he hath many houses, even so many as there be nations, as there be congregations, as there be persons professing Christ. We have houses of our own, why should not God have his? A prince hath more houses than one, why should the King of heaven be abridged? A king in his own person can dwell but in one house at once; let God have never so many, he can at once fill them all. He hath a house of flesh, so every believer is his temple; a house of stone, so this material one is his temple; a house neither of flesh nor stone, but immaterial, immortal in the heavens. And as Christ says, that 'in his Father's house there are many mansions,' John 14, so in his Father's militant church there are many houses.

It were vain to ask what God should do with a house, when we consider what we do with our own: what but dwell in it? But how God doth dwell in it seems to be a question, seeing the Apostle saith, that 'he dwells not in temples made with hands,' Acts 17:24. Indeed he dwells not in them as we dwell in ours. Our house defends us, God defends his house; our house comprehends us, God comprehends his

house. We are only within our houses, and they are without us: God is so within his house that he is also without it, elsewhere, everywhere, yea, his house is within him. When we are abroad we cannot keep our houses; yea, when we are in them asleep they serve to keep us. God can never be absent from his, nor doth the keeper of this temple ever sleep. Now every material temple wherein the saints are assembled, the truth of the gospel is preached and professed, the holy sacraments duly administered, and the Lord's name is invocated and worshipped, is the temple of God.

Why is it called his temple, but for the testification of his presence? When Cain stood excommunicated for murdering his brother, and might not come to the place appointed for God's service, he is said to be 'cast out from the presence of the Lord,' Gen. 4:16. Some have interpreted the like of Jonah's 'flying from his presence,' chap. 1:3; that he fled from the place where the prophets used to stand ready to be sent of God. Nadab and Abihu 'died before the Lord,' Lev. 10:2; that is, before the altar of the Lord. That which was done before the ark or altar, in the tabernacle or temple, was said to be done coram Domino. And yet too many come to the temple with so little reverence as if they thought God were not at home, or did not dwell in his own house. But the Lord is present in his temple: in vain shall we hope to find him elsewhere, if we do not seek him here. 'I will be in the midst of you gathered together in my name,' Matt, 18:20; not anywhere, not everywhere, but here. Indeed no place excludes him, but this place is sure of him. He fills all places with his presence, he fills this with his gracious presence. Here he both hears us and is heard of us: *Audit orantes, docet audientes*,*—He hears our prayers, and teacheth us our lessons. No place sends up faithful prayers in vain, no place hath such a promise of hearing as the temple. It is the Lord's court of audience, his Highness's court of requests. There humble souls open their grievances, from whence they return laden with graces. Why are many so void of goodness, but because they are negligent of the public devotions? They seek not the Lord where he may be found, therefore deserve to miss him where they pretend to seek him. Why should they think to find God in their closets, while

they care not to seek him in his temples? When we need the help of our friend, do we tarry till we meet him by chance, or till he come to us, or shall we not rather go home to his house? 'Peter and John went up into the temple at the hour of prayer,' Acts 3:1; they thought it not sufficient to pray in their private chambers, but join themselves with the congregation, as a navy royal to transport their holy merchandise to heaven. 'Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord,' Ps. 134:2. Pure hands are accepted in every place, but especially in the sanctuary. What follows? 'The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.' He says not, The Lord that made heaven bless thee upon earth; nor, The Lord that made earth bless thee out of heaven; but, The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion. Blessings come originally from heaven, mediately through Zion. In the temple let us seek, in the temple we shall find those precious treasures and comforts of Jesus Christ.

This temple is not without some enemies. Besides those profane politicians, that think with one Eustathius, that there is no use of temples; or those Massilians, who, as Damascene reports, did add to other heresies, *templorum contemptum*; or those pseudo-apostoli, that laughed at a temple full of suppliants, as a house full of fools; or those that be of Jeroboam's mind, who to settle himself in the kingdom of Israel, diverts the people from God's house at Jerusalem. Instead of that snowy and glittering temple, they shall have two golden representations. Zion is too far off, these shall be near home: that is a tedious way of devotion, these both compendious and plausible. As Josephus[†] brings him in persuading them: 'My good people and friends, you cannot but know that no place is without God, and that no place doth contain God; wheresoever we pray, he can hear us; wheresoever we worship, he can see us: therefore the temple is superfluous, the journey needless; God is better able to come to you, than you are to go to him.' Beside these, the temple of God hath two kinds of foes:—

1. The Anabaptists tell us, that the old superstition hath made those houses fitter for stables than for churches; that they ought no more

to be called *templa Dei*, but *templa idolorum*; as they pretend, the passover was called in those corrupt times, not *pascha Dei*, but *pascha Judæorum*, John 2:13. By the same reason they would have removed all princes, because some have abused their governments. But we say, though evil men abuse good things, yet if a kingdom were not a lawful state, David and Josiah would never have been kings; for good men do not use evil things. The temple in Christ's time was become a den of thieves, yet even then and there did he send up devout and holy prayers. It is a gross ignorance that cannot distinguish betwixt a fault that proceeds *ex natura facti*, and that which proceeds *ex abusu boni*; the former is *malum simpliciter*, the other is but *malum per accidens*.[‡] No man pulls down his house, because uncleanness hath been committed in one of the chambers. Let offenders be removed from the temple, not demolished because of offences. 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you,' Matt. 21:43, saith Christ; not quite taken away, but only taken from the Jews. When God threatened the like to Saul, 1 Sam. 15:28, he did not mean to have no more kings, or to reduce it to the former state of judges; no, only the kingdom shall lose Saul, but Israel shall not lose the kingdom. It is a maxim in nature, Things dedicated to God are not to be transferred to the uses of men; a principle in philosophy, *Quæ recte data sunt, eripi non licet*;^{*} and a proverb among our children, To give a thing and take a thing is fit for the devil's darling.

2. The sacrilegious, to whom God is beholden, if they let his temple stand; but for the maintenance of it, they will be so bold with him, as either to share half, or leave him none. There be many that pray in the temple, who yet also prey on the temple; as if a thief should do homage to that house in the day which he means to rob in the night. But alas! why should I touch that sore which is all dead flesh? or speak against sacrilege in *orbe sacrilego*, among them that delight in it? Where lawyers are feed, hired, bribed to maintain sacrilege, God and his poor ministers may even hold their peace. Something would be spoken for Zion's sake, but I take this place and time for neither the right *ubi* nor *quando*. We know Abigail would not tell Nabal of his drunkenness, till he was awoke from his wine. Whensoever it

shall please God to awake you from this intoxication, we may then find a season to speak to you. But God keep you from Nabal's destiny! that when this sin shall be objected to your consciences on your deathbeds, your hearts do not then 'die in you like a stone,' 1 Sam. 25:37. One thing let me beg of you in the name of him whom you thus wrong: howsoever you persist to rob the temple of the due salary, yet do not stand to justify it. By imploring mercy, perhaps you may be saved, but by justifying the injury, you cannot but be lost. As the French king, Francis the First, said to a woman kneeling, and crying to him for justice, 'Stand up, woman, for justice I owe thee; if thou beggest anything, beg mercy.' So if you request anything of God, let it be mercy, for he owes you justice; and in this point, God be merciful to you all!

It was David's earnest prayer, 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple,' Ps. 27:7. There are many that pray David's words, but not with David's heart. *Unum petii*, One thing I have desired, *de præterito*, for the time past; *et hoc requiram*, this I will still seek after, *de futuro*, for the time to come: I have required it long, and this suit I will urge till I have obtained it. What? To dwell in some of the houses of God all the days of my life, and to leave them to my children after me; not to serve him there with devotion, but to make the place mine own possession? These love the house of God too well; they love it to have and to hold: but because the conveyance is made by the lawyer, and not by the minister, their title will be found naught in the end; and if there be not a *nisi prius* to prevent them, yet at the great day of universal audit, the Judge of all the world shall condemn them. By this way, the nearer to the church, the further from God. The Lord's temple is ordained to gain us to him, not for us to gain it from him. If we love the Lord, we will 'love the habitation of his house, and the place where his honour dwelleth;' that so by being humble frequenters of his temple below, we may be made noble saints of his house above, the glorious kingdom of Jesus Christ.

These be the enemies to the temple, whereof the first would separate *Dominum à templo*, the other *templum à Domino*,—they would take God from the temple, these would take the temple from God. Let me conclude this point with two watchwords:—

First, The first concerns us of the ministry, the waiters of the temple. It hath been an old saying, *De templo omne bonum, de templo omne malum,**—All good or evil comes from the temple. Where the pastor is good, and the people good, he may say to them as Paul to his Corinthians, *Nonne opus meum vos estis in Domino*,—'Are not ye my work in the Lord?' 1 Cor. 9:1. Where the pastor is bad, and the people no better, they may say to him, *Nonne destructio nostra tu es in seculo*,—Art not thou our destruction in the world? It is no wonder if an abused temple make a disordered people. A wicked priest is the worst creature upon God's earth; no sin is so black as that shall appear from under a white surplice. Every man's iniquity is so much the heinouser as his place is holier. The sin of the clergy is like a rheum, which rising from the stomach into the head, drops down upon the lungs, fretting the most noble and vital parts, till all the members languish into corruption. The lewd sons of Eli were so much the less tolerable by sinning in the tabernacle. Their sacrifices might do away the sins of others; no sacrifice could do away their own. Many a soul was the cleaner for the blood of those beasts they shed; their own souls were the fouler by it. By one and the same service they did expiate the people's offences and multiply their own. Our clergy is no charter for heaven. Such men are like the conveyances of land, evidences and instruments to settle others in the kingdom of heaven, while themselves have no part of that they convey. It is no impossible thing for men at once to shew the way to heaven with their tongue, and lead the way to hell with their foot. It was not a Jewish ephod, it is not a Romish cowl, that can privilege an evil-doer from punishment. Therefore it was God's charge to the executioners of his judgments, 'Begin at my own sanctuary,' Ezek. 9:6; and the Apostle tells us, that 'judgment shall begin at the house of God,' 1 Pet. 4:17; and Christ, entering into his prophetic office, began reformation at his Father's house, John 2:15. Let our devout

and holy behaviour prevent this, and by our reverend carriage in the temple of God, let us honour the God of the temple. It should be our endeavour 'to raise up seed unto our elder brother,'[†] to win souls unto Christ. *Nunquam cessate lucrari Christo, qui lucrati estis à Christo.* If Christ, while he was upon the cross, saith Bernard, had given me some drops of his own blood in a vial, how carefully would I have kept them, how dearly esteemed them, how laid them next my heart! But now he did not think it fit to trust me with those drops, but he hath entrusted to me a flock of his lambs, those souls for whom he shed his blood, like whom his own blood was not so dear unto him; upon these let me spend my care, my love, my labour, that I may present them holy saints to my dear Lord Jesus.

Secondly, The other concerns all Christians; that they beware lest, for the abuses of men, they despise the temple of God. For as the altar cannot sanctify the priest, so nor can the unholiness of the priest dishallow the altar. His sin is his own, and cannot make you guilty; the virtue and comfort is from God, and this is still able to make you holy. When we read that 'the sin of the priests was great before the Lord, for men abhorred the offering of the Lord,' 1 Sam. 2:17, this, we all confess, was ill done of the priests, and I hope no man thinks it was well done of the people. Say their sins, yea, their very persons, were worthy to be abhorred, shall men therefore scorn the sanctuary, and cast that contempt on the service of God which belongs to the vices of man? This were to add our own evil to the evil of others, and to offend God because he was offended. Cannot the faults of men displease us, but we must needs fall out with God? Do we not provoke him justly to abhor our souls, when we so unjustly contemn his service? Know that he is able to sanctify thy heart, even by the ministry of that man whose heart he hath not yet sanctified. The virtue consists not in the human action, but in the divine institution. We say of the sacraments themselves, much more of the ministers, *Isti non tribuunt, quod per istos tribuitur,*—These do not give us what God doth give us by them.

But this age is sick of such a wanton levity, that we make choice of the temple according to our fancy of the preacher: and so tie up the free Spirit of God from blowing where he pleaseth, that he shall be beholden to the grace of the speaker for giving grace to the hearer. So whereas Paul ties faith to hearing, they will tie hearing to faith: and as they believe the holiness of the man, so they expect fruit of the sermon. This is to make Paul something, and Apollos something; whereas Paul himself says they are both nothing. God only gives the increase, and who shall appoint him by whom he shall give it? Let the seed be good, and the ground good, and the Lord will send fruit, whosoever be the sower. But while you make hearing a matter of sport, preaching is too often become an exercise of wit. Words are but the images of matter, and you shall hear anon it is not lawful to worship images. It dangerously misbecomes the temple when anything shall be intended there but the glory of God, and gaining of souls to Jesus Christ.

Thus much concerning the temple. The next point I must fall upon is —

Idols.—Idol, in Greek, signifies a resemblance or representation, and differs not from image in Latin; both at first taken in a good sense, but the corruption of times hath bred a corruption of words, and idol is now only taken for the image of a false god. Every idol is an image, but every image is not an idol; but every image made and used for religious purposes is an idol. The images of God are idols, wherewith Popery abounds. An old man, sitting in a chair, with a triple crown on his head, and pontifical robes on his back, a dove hanging at his beard, and a crucifix in his arms, is their image of the Trinity. This picture sometime serves them for a god in their churches, and sometime for a sign at their taphouses; so that it is a common saying in many of their cities, 'Such a gentleman lies at the Trinity, and his servants at God's Head.' This they seem to do as if they would in some sort requite their Maker: because God made man according to his image, therefore they, by way of recompense, will make God according to man's image. But this certainly they durst not do,

without putting the second commandment out of their catechisms, and the whole decalogue out of their consciences.

I intend no polemical discourse of this point, by examining their arguments: that business is fitter for the school than the pulpit. And, O God! that either school or pulpit in Christendom should be troubled about it!—that any man should dare to make that a question which the Lord hath so plainly and punctually forbidden! Beside the iniquity, how grievous is the absurdity! How is a body without a spirit like to a spirit without a body? a visible picture like an invisible nature? How would the king take it in scorn to have his picture made like a weasel or a hedge-hog! and yet the difference betwixt the greatest monarch and the least emmet is nothing to the distance betwixt a finite and an infinite. If they allege, with the Anthropomorphites, that the Scripture attributes to God hands and feet and eyes, why therefore may they not represent him in the same forms? But we say, the Scripture also speaks of his covering us with the shadow of his wings; why therefore do they not paint him like a bird with feathers? If they say that he appeared to Daniel in this form, because he is there called the 'Ancient of days;' we answer, that God's commandments, and not his apparitions, be rules to us: by the former we shall be judged, and not by the latter. It is mad religion to neglect what he bids us do, and to imitate what he hath done: as if we should despise his laws, and go about to counterfeit his thunder. God is too infinite for the comprehension of our souls, why should we then labour to bring him into the narrow compass of boards and stones? Certainly, that should not be imaged which cannot be imagined. But Christ was a man, why may not his image be made? Some answer, that no man can make an image of Christ without leaving out the chief part of him, which is his divinity. It was the Godhead united to the manhood that makes him Christ: sure this cannot be painted. But why should we make Christ's image without Christ's warrant? The Lord hath forbidden the making of any image, whether of things in heaven, where Christ is, or of things on earth, where Christ was, to worship them. Now, till God revoke that precept, what can authorise this practice?

The images of the saints, employed to such religious purposes, make them no less than idolaters. It is a silly shift to say, the honour done to the images reflects upon the represented saints. When they clothe an image, is the saint ever the gayer or warmer? When they offer to an image, is the saint ever the richer? When they kneel to an image, the saint esteems himself no more worshipped than the king holds himself honoured when a man speaks to his picture before his face. Therefore some of them are driven to confess plainly, that the image is worshipped for itself. But could the saints in heaven be heard speak upon earth, they would disclaim that honour which is prejudicial to their Maker. As Calvin is not afraid to say of the blessed Virgin, that she would hold it less despite done to her, if they should pull her by the hair of the head, or trample her in the dirt, than to set her in rivalry with her Son, and God, and Saviour. But they tell us that they worship not the images of false gods, as did the pagans, but only the images of God's own servants and choice friends. But will the jealous God endure this, that his honour be taken from him upon condition it be not bestowed upon his enemies, but upon his friends? Idolatry is called adultery in the Scriptures; and shall a woman quit herself from offence because, though she do commit adultery, yet it is with none but her husband's friends? Is this done in a good meaning, or in love to Christ? It is but a bad excuse of a wife to say that she exceedingly loves her husband, therefore must have some other man to kiss and embrace in his absence, and all this in love to her husband.

We are all by nature prone to idolatry: when we were little children, we loved babies; and being grown men, we are apt to love images. And as babies be children's idols, so idols and images be men's babies. It seems that idols are fittest for babes, therefore so the Apostle fits his caution: 'Babes, keep yourselves from idols,' 1 John 5:21. As all our knowledge comes by sense, so we naturally desire a sensible object of devotion; finding it easier to see pictures than to comprehend doctrines, and to form prayers to the images of men, than to form man to the image of God.

Nor can they excuse themselves from idolatry by saying they put their confidence in God, not in the images of God. For when the Israelites had made their golden calf, and danced about it,—one calf about another,—they were not such beasts as to think that beast their God. But so can superstition besot the mind that it makes us not men, before it can make us idolaters. What do they say? 'Make us gods, that shall go before us,' Exod. 32:1. Every word is wicked, absurd, senseless. They had seen the power of God in many miraculous deliverances before their eyes; the voice of God had scarce yet done thundering in their ears: he had said, 'I am Jehovah, thou shalt have no other gods;' and this they, trembling, heard him speak out of the midst of the flames, and yet they dare speak of 'another god.' The singular number would not serve them: make us 'gods.' How many gods would they have? Is there any more than one? 'Make' us gods; and were not they strange gods that could be made? Instead of acknowledging God their Maker, they command the making of gods. This charge they put upon Aaron, as if he were able to make a god. Aaron might help to spoil a man, either himself or them, but he could not make a man, not one hair of a man, much less a god; and yet they say to him, 'Make us gods.' And what should these gods do? 'Go before us.' Alas! how should they go that were not able to stand? how go before others that could not move themselves? Oh the blockishness of men, that make blocks to worship! Otherwise, how could they that are the images of God fall down before the images of creatures? 'For health, they call upon that which is weak; for life, they pray to that which is dead; and a prosperous journey they beg of that which cannot set a foot forward,' Wisd. 13:18.

Yet, as their sin was bad enough, let not our uncharitableness make it worse. Let us not think them so unreasonable as to think that calf a god; or that the idol which they made to-day did bring them out of Egypt three months before. It was the true God they meant to worship in the calf; and yet, at the best, even that idolatry was damnable. So charity bids us hope of the Papists that they do not take that board or stone for their god; yet withal we find that God doth take them for idolaters. They tell us, with a new distinction, that

they forbid the people to give divine worship to images; but we say, they had better forbid the people to have images. A block lies in the highway, and a watchman is set by it to warn the passengers: 'Take heed, here is a block.' But how if the watchman fall asleep? Whether is the safer course, quite to remove the block out of the way, or to trust the passengers' safety upon the watchman's vigilance? As for their watchmen, commonly they are as very images as the images themselves; and how should one block remove another? When Jeroboam had set up his two idols in Israel, he rakes up his priests out of the common kennel; the basest of the people were good enough for such a bastard devotion: wooden priests were fit enough to wait upon golden deities. So when Micah had made him a costly idol, he hires him a beggarly Levite. No otherwise did the painter excuse himself for drawing the images of Peter and Paul too ruddy and high-coloured in the face, that howsoever they were while they lived, pale with fasting and preaching, yet now they must needs become red with blushing at the errors and ignorance of their successors; for such with a loud noise they give themselves out to be.

To conclude; if it were as easy to convince idolaters as it is to confound and tread down their idols, this labour of confutation had been well spared, or were soon ended. But if nothing can reclaim them from this superstitious practice, let them read their fearful sentence: Their place shall be 'without, among the dogs,' Rev. 22:18, and those desperate sinners un-capable of forgiveness. 'The strong,' the idol which they made their strength, 'shall be as tow, and the maker,' or worshipper, 'thereof as a spark, and they shall both burn together' in everlasting fire, 'and none shall quench them,' Isa. 1:31. Now the Lord open their eyes to see, and sanctify their hearts to yield, that 'there is no agreement betwixt the temple of God and idols;' which is the next point whereof I shall speak, with what brevity I can, and with what fidelity I ought.

No agreement.—There be some points which the wrangling passions of men have left further asunder than they found them, about which there needed not have been such a noise. But things that are in their

own natures contrary, and opposed by the ordinance of God, can never be reconciled. An enemy may be made a friend, but enmity can never be made friendship. The air that is now light may become dark, but light can never become darkness. Contraries in the abstract are out of all composition. The sick body may be recovered to health, but health can never be sickness. The sinner may be made righteous, but sin can never become righteousness. Fire and water, peace and war, love and hatred, truth and falsehood, faith and infidelity, religion and idolatry, can never be made friends; there can be 'no agreement betwixt the temple of God and idols.'

God is ens entium, all in all; an 'idol is nothing in the world,' saith the Apostle. Now all and nothing are most contrary. Idolatry quite takes away faith, a fundamental part of Christian religion; for an idol is a thing visible, but 'faith is of things invisible,' Heb. 11:1. The idol is a false evidence of things seen, faith is a true evidence of things not seen. Besides, God can defend himself, save his friends, plague his enemies; but idols *nec hostes abscindere possunt quasi dii, nec se abscondere quasi homines*,*—they can neither revenge themselves on provokers, like gods; nor hide themselves from injurers, like men.

The foolish Philistines thought that the same house could hold both the ark and Dagon, 1 Sam. 5:3; as if an insensible statue were a fit companion for the living God. In the morning they come to thank Dagon for the victory, and to fall down before him before whom they thought the God of Israel was fallen; and lo, now they find the keeper flat on his face before the prisoner. Had they formerly of their own accord, with awful reverence, laid him in this posture of a humble prostration, yet God would not have brooked the indignity of such an entertainment. But seeing they durst set up their idol cheek by cheek with their Maker, let them go read their folly in the temple floor, and confess that he which did cast their god so low, could cast them lower. Such a shame doth the Lord owe all them which will be making matches betwixt him and Belial. Yet they consider not, How should this god raise us, who is not able to stand or rise himself? Strange they must confess it, that whereas Dagon was wont to stand,

and themselves to fall down; now Dagon was fallen down, and themselves stood, and must help up with their own god. Yea, their god seems to worship them on his face, and to crave that succour from them which he was never able to give them. Yet in his place they set him again; and now lift up those hands to him which helped to lift him up, and prostrate those faces to him before whom he lay prostrate. So can idolatry turn men into the stocks and stones which they worship: 'They that make them are like unto them.' But will the Lord put it up thus? No, the next fall shall burst it to pieces; that they may sensibly perceive how God scorns a competitor, and that there is no agreement betwixt him and idols. Now, what is the difference betwixt the Philistines and Papists? The Philistines would set God in the temple of idols; the Papists would set idols in the temple of God. Both agree in this, that they would make God and idols agree together. But Manasseh found to his cost that an idol might not be endured in the house of God, 2 Chron. 33:7.

How vain, then, are the endeavours to reconcile our church with that of Rome, when God hath interposed this bar, there is no agreement betwixt him and idols! Either they must receive the temple without idols, or we must admit idols with the temple, or this composition cannot be. There is a contention betwixt Spain and the Netherlanders concerning the right of that country; but should not the inhabitants well fortify the coasts, the raging sea would soon determine the controversy, and by force of her waves take it from them both. There is a contestation betwixt us and the pontificians, which is the true church; but should not we, in meantime, carefully defend the faith of Christ against idols, superstition would quickly decide the business, and take the possession of truth from us both. A proud and perverse stomach keeps them from yielding to us, God and his holy word forbids our yielding to them; they will have idols or. no temple, we will have the temple and no idols: now till the agreement be made betwixt the temple and idols, no atonement can be hoped betwixt us and them.

'I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing,' Gal. 5:2. He that would not endure a little leaven in the lump, what would he have said of a little poison? If Moses joined with Christ, the ceremonial law with the gospel, were so offensive to him, how would he have brooked Christ and Belial, light and darkness, righteousness and unrighteousness, the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils, the table of the Lord and the table of devils, the temple of God and idols? In the tuning of an instrument, those strings that be right we meddle not with, but set the rest higher or lower, so as they make a proportion and harmony with the former. The same God, who, of his gracious mercy, hath put us in the right and unjarring harmony of truth, bring them home in true consent to us, but never suffer us to fall back unto them! Hitherto the contention between us hath not been for circumstance, but substance; not for the bounds, but for the whole inheritance: whether God or man, grace or nature, the blood of Christ or the milk of Mary, the written canon or unwritten tradition, God's ordinance in establishing kings, or the Pope's usurpation in deposing them, shall take place in our consciences, and be the rule of our faiths and lives.

We have but one foundation, the infallible word of God; they have a new foundation, the voice of their church, which they equalise in presumption of certainty with the other. We have but one head, that is Christ; they have gotten a new head, and dare not but believe him, whatsoever Christ says. *Sponsus ecclesiae nostrae Christus*,—Christ is our husband; they have a new husband. While Rome was a holy church, she had a holy husband; but now, as Christ said to the woman of Samaria, 'He whom thou now hast is not thine husband,' John 4:18: so he whom the Romanists have now got is an adulterer, he is no husband. So that here is foundation against foundation, head against head, husband against adulterer, doctrine against doctrine, faith against unbelief, religion against superstition, the temple of God against idols; and all these so diametrically opposed, that the two poles shall sooner meet than these be reconciled. Michael and the dragon cannot agree in one heaven, nor the ark and Dagon in one house, nor Jacob and Esau in one womb, nor John and

Cerinthus in one bath, nor the clean and the leprous in one camp, nor truth and falsehood in one mouth, nor the Lord and Mammon in one heart, nor religion and superstition in one kingdom, nor God and idols in one temple. The silly old hermit was sorry that God and the devil should be at such odds, and he would undertake to make them friends; but the devil bade him even spare his labour, for they two were everlastingly fallen out. No less vain a business doth that man attempt that would work an agreement betwixt the temple of God and idols.

I take leave of this point with a caution. Fly the places of infection, come not within the smoke of idols, lest it smother the zeal of God's temple in your hearts. Revolting Israel calls for gods; but why should this god of theirs be fashioned like a calf? What may be the reason of this shape? Whence had they the original of such an idol? Most likely in Egypt; they had seen a black calf with white spots worshipped there. This image still ran in their minds, and stole their hearts, and now they long to have it set up before their eyes. Egypt will not out of their fancies: when they wanted meat, they thought of the Egyptian flesh-pots; now they want Moses, they think of the Egyptian idols. They brought gold out of Egypt; that very gold was contagious: the very ear-rings and jewels of Egypt are fit to make idols. The Egyptian burdens made them run to the true God, the Egyptian examples led them to a false god. What mean our wanderers by running to Rome, and such superstitious places, unless they were weary of the church of God, and would fetch home idols? If it were granted that there is some little truth among them, yet who is so simple as to seek his corn among a great heap of chaff, and that far off, who may have it at home, winnowed and cleansed to his hand?

The very sight of evil is dangerous, and they be rare eyes that do not convey this poison to our hearts. I have heard of some, that even by labouring in the Spanish galleys, have come home the slaves of their superstitions. Egypt was always an unlucky place for Israel, as Rome is for England. The people sojourned there, and they brought home one calf; Jeroboam sojourned there, Judg. 17, and he brought home

two calves; an old woman (in all likelihood) had sojourned there, and she brought home a great many. The Romish idols have not the shape of calves, they have the sense and meaning of those calves; and to fill the temple full of calves, what is it but to make religion guilty of bulls?*

Consider it well, ye that make no scruple of superstitious assemblies: it will be hard for you to dwell in a temple of idols untainted. Not to sin the sins of the place we live in, is as strange as for pure liquor tunned up in a musty vessel not to smell of the cask. Egypt will teach even a Joseph to swear: a Peter will learn to curse in the high priest's hall. If we be not scorched with the fire of bad company, we shall be sure to be blacked with the smoke. The soundest body that is may be infected with a contagious air. Indeed a man may travel through Ethiopia unchanged, but he cannot dwell there without a complexion discoloured. How hath the common practice of others brought men to the devilish fashion of swearing, or to the brutish habit of drinking, by their own confessions! Superstition, if it have once got a secret liking of the heart, like the plague, will hang in the very clothes, and after long concealment, break forth in an unlooked-for infection. The Israelites, after all their airing in the wilderness, will still smell of Egypt. We read God saying, 'Out of Egypt have I called my Son,' Matt. 2:15. That God did call his Son out of Egypt, it is no wonder: the wonder is that he did call him into Egypt. It is true, that Egypt could not hurt Christ; the king doth not follow the court, the court waits upon the king: wheresoever Christ was, there was the church. But be our Israelites so sure of their sons, when they send them into Egypt, or any superstitious places? It was their presumption to send them in; let it be their repentance to call them out.

The familiar society of orthodox Christians with misbelievers hath by God ever been most strictly forbidden; and the nearer this conjunction, the more dangerous and displeasing to the forbidder. No man can choose a worse friend than one whom God holds his enemy. When religion and superstition meet in one bed, they

commonly produce a mongrel generation. If David marry Maacah, their issue proves an Absalom, 2 Sam. 3:3. If Solomon love idolatrous women, here is enough to overthrow him with all his wisdom. Other strange women only tempt to lust, these to misreligion; and by joining his heart to theirs, he shall disjoin it from God. One religion matching with another not seldom breed an atheist, one of no religion at all. I do not say this is a sufficient cause of divorce after it is done, but of restraint before it is done. They may be 'one flesh,' though they be not 'one spirit.' The difference of religion or virtue makes no divorce here; the great Judge's sentence shall do that hereafter. And the believing husband is never the further from heaven, though he cannot bring his unbelieving wife along with him. The better shall not carry up the worse to heaven, nor the worse pull down the better to hell. Quod fieri non debuit, factum valet. But now, is there no tree in the garden but the forbidden? None for me to love but one that hates the truth? Yes, let us say to them in plain fidelity, as the sons of Jacob did to the Shechemites in dissembling policy, 'We cannot give our sister to a man that is uncircumcised,' Gen. 34:14: either consent you to us in the truth of our religion, or we will not consent to you in the league of our communion.

St Chrysostom calls this a plain denial of Christ. He that eateth of the meat offered to idols *gustu negavit Christum*,—hath denied Christ with his tasting. If he but handle those things with delight, *tactu negavit Christum*,—he hath denied Christ with his touching. Though he touch not, taste not, yet if he stand to look upon the idolatry with patience, *visu negavit Christum*,—he hath denied Christ with his eyes. If he listen to those execrable charms, *auditu negavit Christum*,—he hath denied Christ with his ears. Omitting all these, if he do but smell to the incense with pleasure, *odoratu negavit Christum*,—he hath denied Christ with his smelling. It is said of the Israelites, *Commisti sunt inter gentes*,—'They were mingled among the heathen,' Ps. 106:35. What followed? Presently 'they learned their works.' The reason why the raven returned not to Noah's ark is given by some, because it met with a dead carcase by the way. Why do we

pray, 'Deliver us from evil,' but that we imply (besides all other mischiefs) there is an infectious power in it to make us evil? Let us do that we pray, and pray that we may do it. Yea, Lord, free us from Egypt, estrange us from Rome, separate us from idols, deliver us from evil; 'for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Thus far we have taken a literal survey of the text, concerning the material temple, external or objectual idols, and the impossibility of their agreement. Now to come nearer home to ourselves in a moral exposition: here, first—

THE TEMPLE OF GOD is the church of Christ; and they are so like, that we often interchange the terms, calling a temple the church, and the church a temple of God. The material temple under the law was a figure of the spiritual under the gospel. The former was distinguished into three rooms: the porch, the holy place, and the sanctum sanctorum, or holy of holies. The porch prefigured baptism, which is the door whereby we enter into the church of Christ. The holy place, the communion of the militant church upon earth, separated from the world. The holy of holies, whereinto the high priest only entered, and that once a-year, prefigured the glorious kingdom of heaven, whereinto the Lord Jesus entered once for all. There was one court of the temple common, whither access was denied to none; though they were unclean or uncircumcised, thus far they might be admitted. There was another court within that, allowed to none but the Israelites, and of them to none but the clean. There was a third, proper only to the priests and Levites, whither the laity might not come; thus far they might bring their offerings, but further they might not offer to go. In the temple itself there was one room into which the Levites might not enter, the priests might; another whither the priests might not come, but only the high priest, and even he but once yearly. Some passages of the Christian church are common to all, even to the unclean hypocrites and foul-hearted sinners. They have access to God's holy ordinances, and tread in his courts; as the Pharisee came into the congregation, and Judas received the

communion. Others are secret and reserved, wherein the faithful only converse with God, and solace themselves in the sweet fruition of his gracious presence.

The material temple, in three divisions, seemed to be a clear representation of the church in three degrees. The first signified the external and visible face of the church, from which no professor of Christ is debarred; the second, the communion of the invisible church upon earth; the last, the highest heaven of God's glorified saints. Neither did those rooms more exceed one another than do these parts of the spiritual house of Christ. What are the most polished corners of the temple to the spiritual and living stones of the church? What be pebbles to sapphires, or marbles to diamonds? Howsoever, some are more transported with insensible monuments than with living saints. As it was a complaint long since, *Fulget ecclesia in parietibus, luget in pauperibus*; yet temples are built for men, not men for temples. And what is a glorious edifice, when the whole world is not worth one soul? Dead walls be of small value to the living temples of the Holy Ghost; yea, the temple of our body to the temple of Christ's body, his church; yea, the temple of God's church militant on earth to that which is triumphant in heaven. What is silver and gold, cedar and marble, to those divine graces, faith, truth, piety, holiness? Solomon's temple did last but some four hundred and thirty years; the church is for eternity. The temple took up but a little space of ground, at most the hill Zion; the church is universally spread—in all parts of the world God hath his chosen.

Did our intellectual eyes truly behold the beauty of this temple, we would, with that good emperor, esteem it better to be a member of the church than head of the kingdom. We would set this one thing against all worldly glories. As when Henry the Fourth, that late great king of France, was told of the king of Spain's ample dominions: as, first, he is king of Castile, and 'I,' quoth Henry, 'am king of France;' he is king of Navarre, 'and I am king of France;' he is king of Portugal, 'and I am king of France;' he is king of Naples, 'and I am king of France,' he is king of the Sicilies, 'and I am king of France;' he

is king of Nova Hispania, the West Indies, 'and I am king of France.' He thought the kingdom of France equivalent to all these. So let thy soul, O Christian, solace itself against all the wants of thy mortal pilgrimage in this, that thou art a member of the church. Another hath the more wit or learning, yet I am a Christian; another hath more honour and preferment on earth, yet I am a Christian; another hath more silver, and gold, and riches, yet I am a Christian; another hath large possessions, yet I have an inheritance in heaven, I am a Christian. David thought it not so happy to be a king in his own house as to be a doorkeeper in God's house. Were our hearts thoroughly sanctified, we would undervalue all honours to this: that we are parts of this spiritual temple, the members of Jesus Christ.

'Idols.' Every device of man in the service of God is a mere idol. Whatsoever we invent out of God's school, or substitute in God's room, is to us an idol. Howsoever we flatter ourselves with reflecting all the honour on God, yet he will reflect the vengeance on us. 'Shall a man speak deceitfully for God?' Job 13:7, or tell a lie for his glory? He is not so penurious of means to honour himself as to be beholden to us for a lie. The doctrine of universal grace seems to make much for God's glory, but himself says it is a lie; for 'he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' To say that Christ in the womb wrought many miracles hath a fair show of honouring him; but who can say it is not a lie? Sure, we read no such matter! To distribute among the saints departed several offices—as one to have the charge of women in childbed, another to be the patron of such a city or country (to omit their protection of beasts, one for hogs, another for horses)—seems to honour God in thus honouring them: but it is a lie, and a plain derogation to his universal providence; yea, as absurd as if the flies should take upon them to give the charges and offices of this kingdom. To say the saints in heaven know the occurrents of this nether world, and the condition of their ancient friends or children below, reading them in the Deity as by the reflection of a glass,—this is a fiction that carries a show of honouring God; but it doth indeed dishonour him, by making creatures as omniscient as their Maker. Besides, how absurd is it to

say, that John in Patmos, seeing Christ, did see all that Christ saw! If I, standing on the ground, see a man on the top of a high turret, do I see all that he seeth? If the sight of him that looketh be to be measured by the sight of him on whom he looketh, it will follow, that he which looketh on a blind man should see nothing at all. And who seeth not the blindness of this consequence?

To say that all the worship done to the Virgin-Mother redounds to the honour of her Son and God, is a gross falsehood. The idolatrous Jews might as well have pretended the honour of God when they worshipped the queen of heaven. That fanatical vision of theirs,* concerning the two ladders that reached up to heaven while Christ was preparing to judge the world: the one red, at the top whereof Christ sat; the other white, at the top whereof the Virgin sat; and when the friars could not get up the red ladder of Christ, but evermore tumbled down backward, St Francis called them up the white ladder of Our Lady, and there they were received. Did this make for the honour of Christ, when the red blood of our Saviour is not so able to bring men to heaven as the white milk of his mother?—which must needs be the moral or meaning of it. Or the observation of Barrhadius, the Jesuit,† who made bold to ask Christ, why in his ascension to heaven he did not take his mother along with him, and makes himself this answer: 'It may be, Lord, for fear lest thy heavenly court should be in doubt which of the two they should go first to meet, an tibi Domino suo, an ipsi Dominæ suæ,—whether thee, their Lord, or her, their lady;' as if it had been well advised of Christ to leave his mother behind him, lest she should share part of his glory. Did this make for the honour of Christ? To choke up the knowledge of God by preaching that ignorance is the mother of devotion, hath small colour of honouring God. The ascribing of false miracles to the living or departed saints seems to honour God, but sure he will never thank them for it. St Augustine being sick, a blind man came to him, expecting that he could miraculously restore his sight; but that good father sent him away with a check, 'Doest thou think that if I could cure thee by miracle, that I would not by miracle cure myself?'

It is a foolish thought that God will be glorified by a lie. Our judicial astrologers, that tie men's destinies to the stars and planets, pretend God's honour, who hath given such virtue and influence to his creatures, but indeed make them no better than idols. Though the sun and moon be good and necessary, yet to adore the sun and moon is flat idolatry. It was not Mercury that made the thief, nor Venus that made the strumpet: as when the husband cudgelled his adulterous wife, and she complained that he was unnatural to strike his own flesh, alleging that it was not she that played the harlot, but Venus in her; to whom he replied, that neither was it she that he did beat, but Venus in her, or rather Venus out of her.

To make this useful to ourselves, let us take heed of fancying another service of God than he hath prescribed us. Every master in his own family appoints the manner how he will be served. He that requires our service requires it his own way, or else he holds us to serve ourselves, not him. Shall we make ourselves wiser than our Maker, as if he did not best know what would best please him? Shall heaven give a blessing to that which was devised against the will of heaven? Doth not God threaten them with the addition of plagues that shall add to his precepts? If such devices be good and necessary, why did not God command them? Did he want wisdom? If they be not necessary, why do we use them? Is it not our presumptuous folly? The Lord's jealousy is stirred up by the rivalry, not only of a false god, but of a false worship. Nothing is more dangerous than to mint his services in our own brains. 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men,' Matt. 15:9. Is it not grievous for men to lose all their labour, and that in the main business of their life? That so many hundred oblations, so many thousand prayers, so much cost of their purses, so much affliction to their bodies, so much anguish of their souls, should be all forceless, fruitless? Like a dog that hunts counter, and takes great pains to no purpose.

Evil deeds may have sometimes good meanings; but those good meanings are answered with evil recompenses. Many bestow their

labours, their goods, their bloods, and yet receive torments instead of thanks. When the Apostle bids us 'mortify our earthly members,' Col. 3:5, he does not intend violence to ourselves, but to our sins. There is one mortification, to cast ourselves out of the world: there is another mortification, to cast the world out of us. A body macerated with scourges, disabled with fastings, wearied with pilgrimages, was none of St Paul's mortification. 'Who hath required this at your hands?' Where is no command imposed, no reward proposed; no promise made, if you do; no punishment threatened, if you do not; what fruit can be expected but shame? Must we needs either do nothing, or that which is worse than nothing? Shall we offer so much, suffer so much, and all in vain? *Quis hæc à vobis?* Let him pay you your wages, that did set you on work. Never plead your own reason where God hath set a plain interdiction. He that suffers his faith to be overruled by his reason, may have a fat reason, but a lean faith. That man is not worthy to be a follower of Christ who hath not denied himself; therefore denied his reason, for his reason is no small piece of himself. If reason get the head in this divine business, it presently prevails with will, and will commands the affections; so this new triumvirate shall govern the Christian, not faith. But as when three ambassadors were sent from Rome to appease the discord between Nicomedes and Prusias,* whereof one was troubled with a megrim in his head, another had the gout in his toes, and the third was a fool; Cato said merrily, 'That ambassage had neither head, nor foot, nor heart.' So that man shall neither have a head to conceive the truth, nor a foot to walk in the ways of obedience, nor a heart to receive the comforts of salvation, that suffers his reason, will, and affections to usurp upon his faith.

Hence it comes to pass, that the most horrid sins are turned into idols, by setting our own reasons against the manifest will of God. Thus lies shall be fathered upon the 'Father of truth,' and truth upon the 'father of lies.' Thus breach of faith and perjury shall be held orthodox opinions. Yea, that execrable monster, whereof this day remembers us, treason itself, shall be held good doctrine. Rude cacodæmon, that stigmatic idol, that gross devil, shall be

worshipped. *Si fas cædendo cœlestia scandere*,—If this be the way to the kingdom of heaven, if thus men may merit to be stars in the firmament, by embruing their hands in the blood-royal of princes, what Jesuit will not be a star? When such be their principles, such must needs be their practices. What though God condemn treason to hell, when the Pope will advance it to heaven? What though the divine Scripture doth rank traitors among dogs and devils, when the Pope will number them among saints? It was wont to be said, *Ex quolibet ligno non fit Mercurius*,—Every block is not fit to make an image. Yet now, the most monstrous sin that ever the devil shaped in his infernal forge is not only by the practice, but even by the doctrine of Rome, turned into an idol. What is that we shall call sin, when murder and treason is held religion? Alas for our age, to bear the date of these impieties! That our posterity should ever read in our chronicles: In such a year, in such a day, traitors conspired against their lawful and gracious sovereign; and that in those days there was a sect of men living that did labour, in voluminous writings, to justify those horrible facts. But oh, may those pestiferous monuments be as fast devoured by oblivion as the authors' abettors themselves are swallowed up by confusion! And the same God deliver us his people from their conspiracies, that hath delivered this his church from their idolatries!

Thus we have looked abroad, but now have we no idols at home? Oh, how happy was it, if they were as far from the temple as they are from agreement with the temple! I will not abound in this discovery; there be three main idols among us: vain pleasure, vain honour, and riches; and it is to be feared that these three vanities have more clients than the Trinity that made us. The first is an idol of the water, the next an idol of the air, the last an idol of the earth.

First, Vain pleasure; and, oh, what world of foolish worshippers flock to this merry goddess! She hath a temple in every corner: ebriety sits in taverns, burning smoky incense, and sacrificing drink-offerings to her. So that if a man should 'prophesy of wine and strong drink,' Micah 2:11, he were a prophet fit for this age; but to preach sobriety

is held but a dry doctrine. We commend wine for the excellency of it; but if it could speak, as it can take away speech, it would complain, that by our abuse both the excellencies are lost; for the excellent man doth so spoil the excellent wine, until the excellent wine hath spoiled the excellent man. Oh that a man should take pleasure in that which makes him no man; that he should let a thief in at his mouth, to steal away his wit; that for a little throat-indulgence, he should kill in himself both the first Adam, his reason, and even the second Adam, his regeneration, and so commit two murders at once! In every brothel this idol hath her temple; where the bed of uncleanness is the altar, the priest a strumpet, and the sacrifice a burning flesh offered to Moloch. It is no rare thing for a man to make an idol of his mistress, and to spend more time in her courtings than he doth at his prayers, more cost on her body than upon his own soul. Images were but dead idols, but painted popinjays be living idols. Pleasure hath a larger extent than I can now stand to survey: this may be called an idol of the water, fluid and unsatisfying.

Secondly, Vain honour is the idol of fools: no wise man ever sought felicity in shadows. His temple is pride, his altar ambition, his service flattery, his sacrifice petulancy. Silly Sennacherib, to make an idol of a chariot! Isa. 37:24; and no wiser prince of Tyre, to make an idol of his own brain! Ezek. 28:4. Men mistake the way to be great, while they neglect the way to be good. All the while a man hunts after his shadow, he misspends his time and pains: for the sun is upon his back, behind him, and his shadow is still unovertaken before him; but let him turn his face to the sun, and follow that, his shadow shall follow him. In vain doth that man pursue honour, his shadow, while he turns his face from virtue and goodness; he shall miss what he so labours to catch: but let him set his face toward Christ, the Sun of righteousness, and run to the high prize of eternity, this shadow shall wait upon him; for 'those that honour me, I will honour,' saith the Lord.

'God resisteth the proud;' and good reason, for the proud resisteth God. Other sins divert a man from God, only pride brings him

against God, and brings God against him. There is nothing in this world worth our pride, but that moss will grow to a stone. Pride is ever dangerous, but then most when it puffs us up with a presumption of merit. Thus the Romanists presume to do more good works, and those more perfect, than God requires; so that he is become a debtor to them, and bound to make them satisfaction. But doubtless God will more easily bear with those sins whereof we repent, than of that righteousness whereof we presume. 'I am not as other men are,' said the Pharisee, Luke 18, and the clock of his tongue went truer than the dial of his heart; he was not like other men indeed, sure he was like none of them that should be saved. Humility is so hard a lesson to get into the heart, that Christ was fain to come down from heaven, in his own person, to teach it.

Pride is even conversant about good works and graces; this Saul loves to be among the prophets. So that if a man have some good measure of sanctification, and of assurance of eternal life, it will be hard not to be proud of that. Pride hath hurt many, humility never yet did harm. A man goes in at a door, and he stoops; the door is high enough, yet he stoops: you will say, he needs not stoop; yea, but saith Bernard, there is no hurt in his stooping; otherwise he may catch a knock, this way he is safe. A man may bear himself too high upon the favour of God, there is no danger in his stooping, no harm in humility. Let me rather be the lowest of God's servants than the noblest among his enemies. The honour of this world is at best but a golden dream, from which men commonly awake in contempt. This is an idol of the air.

Thirdly, Wealth is the covetous man's idol; Job shews the form of his canonisation: 'He makes gold his hope, and says to the wedge, Thou art my confidence,' chap. 31:24. As treason sets up a new king, for David, Absalom; so covetousness sets up a new god, for Jehovah, Mammon. But, O miserable god! saith Luther, that cannot defend itself from rusting or robbing. And, O more miserable man! that trusts himself upon the keeping of that god which himself is vain to keep. Micah did not worship his silver till it was cast into the form of

an idol: these spare the labour of forming, and worship the very metal. The superstitious adore aurum in idolo,—gold in the idol: the covetous find idolum in auro,—an idol in the very gold. Metalla seems to sound quasi μετὰ τὰ ἄλλα, post alia necessaria. When they had manured the ground, sown seeds, gathered fruits, and found out other things to sustain life, then itum est in viscera terræ,—they digged into the bowels of the earth. Oh that man should lay that next his heart which God hath placed under his feet! that the thing which might be best spared should be most admired! Mammon hath his temple, the world; God hath his temple, the church: but there be many that balk God's temple to go to Mammon's; and they offer fair, that make some reverence to God, as they pass by him to the world. Hence it is that so many get riches and so few godliness. The poets feign Pluto to be the god of hell and the god of riches, (as if riches and hell had both one master.) Sometimes they set him forth lame and slow-paced, sometimes nimble as fire. When Jupiter sends him to a soldier or a scholar, he goes limping; when he sends him to one of his panders, he flies like lightning. The moral is, the wealth that comes in God's name, comes slowly, and with diligent labour, but that which is haled in with an evil conscience, is both hasty and abundant in the collection. This is the worldling's main god, all the rest be subordinate to him. Si modo Jupiter mihi propitius sit, minores deos flocci facio,—So long as Mammon favours them, or their 'Great Diana' multiplies their gains, they scorn the other petty gods, making account with a little money to buy them all. This is an idol of the earth.

'No agreement.' 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' you may dispute for it, you shall never compound it. Gehazi cannot run after the forbidden talents, but he must leave his master. Some indeed here have so finely distinguished of the business, that though they serve God, they will serve him more thriftily, and please him as good cheap as they can. They have resolved not to do evil, though they may gain by it: yet for gain, they will venture as near evil as possibly they can, and miss it. But when it comes to the push, it will be found, that for one scruple of gold they will make no scruple of conscience.

But as those inhabitants of Judea, that served both God and idols, did indeed neither serve God nor idols; so these higglers, while they would have two masters, have indeed never a one. For in the evil day, their master the world will renounce them, and then their master Christ will not receive them; so highly doth he scorn such a competition. Man was made to serve God, and the world to serve man; so the world at best is but God's servant's servant. Now if we plead ourselves God's servants, what an indign and preposterous thing is it to take our own servant, and make him competitor with our Master? God says, Lend, give, clothe, feed, harbour; Mammon says, Take, gather, extort, oppress, spoil: whether of these is our God? Even he that is most obeyed. No less might be said for pleasures and honours, or whatsoever is delectable to flesh and blood. 'The love of this world is enmity to God;' and the east and west shall sooner unite their forces, than these be reconciled.

It is the devil's especial aim to bring these idols near the temple: he finds no such pleasure to domineer in his own hell; but he hath a mind to paradise. One wittily observeth, that Christ chose poor fishermen as the fittest to receive his oracles and to plant his church, because Satan scorned to look so low as to tempt them. He studied to prevent Christ among the kings of the earth and great doctors, never suspecting silly fishers. But when he found himself deceived, he will then make their whole profession to fare the worse for it; he bears the whole succession of their tribe an old grudge. Before, he passed by them, and tempted the great masters; now he will sooner tempt them than kings and emperors. The church doth 'not judge them that are without,' 1 Cor. 5:12, but them within; and Satan had rather foil one within than a hundred without. He hath a desire to all, but especially he loves a religious soul: he would eat that with more greediness than Rachel did her mandrakes. The fall of one Christian better pleaseth him than of many unbelievers. No king makes war against his own loyal subjects, but against rebels and enemies. The devil is too subtle to spend his malice upon them that do him ready service. He cares not so much to multiply idols in Babylon, as to get one into Zion. To maintain priests of Baal in the land of Israel, at the

table of Jezebel, as it were under God's nose; or to set up calves at Bethel, in scorn of the temple; this is his ambition. The fox seldom preys near home, nor doth Satan meddle with his own; they are as sure as temptation can make them. What jailer lays more chains upon the shackled malefactor, that loves his prison, and would not change. The pirate spends not a shot upon a coal-ship; but he lets fly at the rich merchant. Cantabit vacuus, the empty traveller may pass unmolested: it is the full barn that invites the thief. If we were not belonging to the temple, we should not be assaulted with so many idols; if not Christians, fewer tentations.

Now the more potent and malicious our adversaries, the more resolute and strong be our resistance. The more extreme the cold is without, the more doth the natural heat fortify itself within, and guard the heart. It is the note of the ungodly, that they 'bless idols,' Isa. 66:3: if we would not be such, let us bless ourselves from idols. And as we have banished the material idols out of our temples, so let us drive these spiritual ones out of our hearts. Let us say with Ephraim, We have heard God, and seen him: 'What have we to do any more with idols?' Hos. 14:8. The vices of the religious are the shame of religion: the sight of this hath made the stoutest champions of Christ melt into tears. 'Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law,' Ps. 119:136. David was one of those great worthies of the world, not matchable in his times; yet he weeps. Did he tear in pieces a bear like a kid? rescue a lamb with the death of a lion? foil a mighty giant, that had dared the whole army of God? Did he, like a whirlwind, bear and beat down his enemies before him; and now does he, like a child or a woman, fall a-weeping? Yes, he had heard the name of God blasphemed, seen his holy rites profaned, his statutes vilipended, and violence offered to the pure and intemperate chastity of that holy virgin, religion; this resolved that valiant heart into tears: 'Rivers of waters run down mine eyes.' So Paul, 'I tell you of them weeping, that are enemies to the cross of Christ,' Phil. 3:18. Had he, with so magnanimous a courage, endured stripes and persecutions, run through perils of all sorts and sizes, fought with beasts at Ephesus, been rapt up to heaven, and learned his divinity

among the angels; and does he now weep? Yes, he had seen idols in the temple, impiety in the church of God: this made that great spirit melt into tears. If we see these idols in others, or feel them in ourselves, and complain not; we give God and the church just cause to complain of us. Now the Lord deliver his temples from these idols!

But all this while we have walked in generals; and you will say, *Quod omnibus dicitur, nemini dicitur*; let me now therefore come to particulars.

'The temple of God' is every Christian: as the church is his great temple, so his little temple is every man. We are not only, through his grace, living stones in his temple, but living temples in his Zion; each one bearing about him a little shrine of that infinite Majesty. Wheresoever God dwells, there is his temple; therefore the believing heart is his temple, for there he dwells. As we poor creatures of the earth have our being in him, so he the God of heaven hath his dwelling in us. It is true that the heaven of heavens is not able to contain him, yet the narrow lodgings of our renewed souls are taken up for him. What were a house made with hands unto the God of spirits, unless there be a spirit for him to dwell in made without hands? Here if the body be the temple, the soul is priest; if that be not the offerer, the sacrifice will not be accepted.

In this spiritual temple, first there is the porch; which we may conceive to be the mouth. Therefore David prays to have 'a watch set at the door of his lips,' to ward the gate of God's temple. This may seem to be one reason of saluting in former times 'by a kiss;' they did kiss the gate of God's temple. Here the fear of God is the porter; who is both ready to let in his friends, and resolute to keep out his enemies. Let him specially watch for two sorts of foes—the one, a traitor that goes out, evil speaking; the other, a thief that steals in, too much drinking.

The holy place, the sanctified mind, that which St Paul calls the 'inner man.' Here be those riches and ornaments, the divine graces.

Here not only justice, and faith, and temperance, sing their parts, but the whole choir of heavenly virtues make up the harmony.

The holy of holies is the purified conscience, where stand the cherubims, faith and love; and the mercy-seat, shaded with the wings of those glorious angels: from which propitiatory God gives the gracious testimonies of his good Spirit, 'witnessing with our spirits that we are his children,' Rom. 8:16. In this sacrary doth the Lord converse with the soul; takes her humble confession, gives her sweet absolution. It is a place whither nor man nor angel can enter; only the high priest Jesus comes, not once a-year, but daily; and communicates such inestimable favours and comforts as no tongue can express.

Here we find the ark, wherein the royal law and pot of heavenly manna are preserved; the one restraining us from sin to come by a happy prevention, the other assuring us pardon of sin past with a blessed consolation. Let us look further upon the golden candlesticks, our illumined understandings, whereby we perceive the will of our Maker, and discern the way of our eternal peace. Then upon the tables of shew-bread, which be our holy memories, that keep the bread of life continually ready within us. Yea, memory is the treasury of this temple, which so locks up those celestial riches, that we can draw them forth for use at all opportunities. Here is also the vail, and those silken curtains and costly hangings, the righteousness of Christ, which makes us acceptable to God; both hiding our own infirmities, and decking us with his virtues. Here is the altar for sacrifice, the contrite heart; the beast to be slain is not found among our herds, but among our affections; we must sacrifice our lusts: the knife to kill them, which would else kill us, is the sword of the Spirit, the word of God; the fire to consume them is holy zeal, kindled in our breasts by the inspiration of God.

There be other sacrifices also to offer in this temple, on this altar. Besides our praises and prayers, the 'setting forth of our prayer as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as an evening sacrifice,' Ps.

141:2, there is mercy and charitable deeds. What is devotion without compassion? What sacrifice without mercy? 'If thy brother hath ought against thee,' Matt. 5:23; yea, if thou have ought that should have been thy brother's; thy oblation will stink in God's nostrils. It was an old complaint of the church, that her stones were clothed, and her children naked; that the curious found matter to delight them, but the distressed found not bread to sustain them. Therefore saith St Augustine,* *Si habes taurum pinguem, occide pauperibus,*—If thou have a fat bull, sacrifice it to the poor. Though they cannot drink the blood of goats, they can eat the flesh of bulls. And he that saith, 'If I were hungry, I would not tell thee,' Ps. 50:12; yet will acknowledge at the last day, 'I was hungry, and thou didst feed me; come, thou blessed,' Matt. 25. The poor have God's commendatory letters to us, and our prayers be our commendatory letters to God; if we will not hearken to him, how should he gratify us? Thus, O Christian, art thou a moving temple of the living God.

Let this teach us all to adorn these temples with decent graces. Superstition cares not what it bestows on material fanes, mountainous columns, marble pillars, gorgeous monuments, which yet are not sensible of their own ornaments; spangled crucifixes, images clad in silks and tissues, with embroidered canopies, and tables beset with pearls and diamonds. Thus bountiful is she to her superfluities. Oh that our religion would do something for these ancient and ruinous walls! But how much more precious be these spiritual temples of ourselves! How much more noble ought to be their furnitures!

1. First, then, if we be the temples of God, let us be holy: for 'holiness, O Lord, becometh thy house for ever.'
2. It is *domus orationis*; they must have the continual exercises of prayer. *In templo vis orare? In te ora,*—Wouldst thou pray in God's temple? Pray in thyself.

3. The sound of the high praises of God must be heard in these temples: 'There every man speaks of his honour.' It pleaseth the Lord to 'inhabit the praises of Israel.' And Ps. 48:9, 'We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple'—that is, even in the midst of ourselves, in our own hearts. There let us think upon his mercies, there echo forth his praises.

4. The inhabitant disposeth all the rooms of his house: if God dwell in us, let him rule us. Submit thy will to his word, thy affections to his Spirit. It is fit that every man should bear rule in his own house.

5. Let us be glad when he is in us, and give him no disturbance. Let not the foulness of any room make him dislike his habitation. Cleanse all the sluttish comers of sin, and perfume the whole house with myrrh and cassia. Still be getting nearer to thy Landlord: other inhabitants come home to their houses; but here the house must strive to come home to the inhabitant. Whensoever God comes toward thee, meet him by the way, and bid him welcome to his own.

6. Lastly, if we be the Lord's houses, then nobody's else. The material temples are not to be diverted to common offices; much more should the spiritual be used only for God's service. Let us not alienate his rights: thus he will say, 'This is my house, here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein.' Oh, may we so adorn these temples with graces, that God may take delight to dwell in us!

'Idols.' These be the temples: the idols that haunt them we better know than know how to expel. They be our lusts and inordinate affections; the rebellions of our corrupt nature, which 'fight against the soul,' defile the body, and disgrace the temples of God's Spirit. So I pass from them to the last point: that betwixt these libidinous idols and those spiritual temples there can be—

'No agreement.' God will dwell with no inmates: if uncleanness be there, will the fountain of all purity abide it? Will Christ dwell with an adulterer? He that will suffer no unclean thing to enter his city

above, Rev. 21:27, will he himself dwell in an unclean city below? Oh, think how execrable that sin is, which doth not only take the members of Christ and makes them the limbs of an harlot, but even turneth Christ's temples into stinking brothels. Our hearts be the altars to send up the sweet incense of devout prayers and cheerful thanksgivings; if the smoke of malicious thoughts be found there, will God accept our oblations? Is it possible that man should please his father, that will not be reconciled to his brother? The lamps of knowledge and sobriety are burning within us; will not the deluge of drink put them out? Will the Lord dwell in a drunken body? Must we not cease to be his temples, when we become Bacchus's tuns and tunnels? There is manna, the bread of life, within us; will not epicurism and throat-indulgence corrupt it? There is peace in us; will not pride and contention affright it? There is the love of heaven in us; will not the love of the world banish it? Shall the graces of God cohabit with the vices of Satan? Will the temple of God endure idols? No, these eagles' plumes will not brook the blending with common feathers; this heavenly gold scorns the mixture of base and sophisticate metals.

Let us search our hearts, and ransack them narrowly: if we do not cast out these idols, God will not own us for his temples. 'My house shall be called the house of prayer,' Matt. 21:13, this was God's appropriation; 'but you have made it a den of thieves,' this is man's impropriation. Let us take heed of impropriating God's house, remembering how he hath revenged such a profanation with scourges. 'We are bought with a price, therefore let us glorify God both in body and spirit, for they are his,' 1 Cor. 6:20: his purchase, his temple, his inheritance, his habitation. Do not lose so gracious an owner by the most ungracious sacrilege. You see many ruined houses which have been once king's palaces: learn by those dead spectacles to keep yourselves from the like fortunes, lest God say of you, Hoc templum meum fuit,—This was my house; but now, because it took in idols, I have forsaken it.

Or what if we do not set up idols in these temples, when we make the temples themselves idols; or say not with Israel, 'Make us gods,' while we make gods of ourselves? while we dress altars, and erect shrines to our own brains, and kiss our own hands for the good they have done us? If we attribute something to ourselves, how is Christ all in all with us? Do we justly blame them that worship the beast of Rome, and yet find out a new idolatry at home? Shall we refuse to adore the saints and angels, and yet give divine worship to ourselves, dust and ashes? If victory crown our battles, if plenty fill our garners, or success answer our endeavours, must the glory of all reflect upon our own achievements? This is a rivalry that God will not endure, to make so many temples nothing but idols. But as the Lancashire justice said of the ill-shaped rood, though it be not well-favoured enough for a god, it will serve to make an excellent devil. So proud dust and ashes, that arrogates the honour of God, and impropriates it to himself, though he be too foul for a temple, yet he is fit enough for an idol. When David prays, *Libera me ab homine malo*,—'Deliver me from the evil man, O Lord,' St Augustine, after much study and scrutiny to find out this evil man, at last lights upon him; *ab homine malo*, that is, *à me ipso*,—'Deliver me from the evil man,' deliver me from myself; deliver Augustine from Augustine; I am that evil man. So, of all idolatries, God deliver us from a superstitious worship of ourselves! Some have idolised their princes, some their mistresses, some their manufactures, but they are innumerable that have idolised themselves. He is a rare man that hath no idol, no little god in a box, no especial sin in his heart to which he gives uxorious and affectionate indulgence.

The only way to amend all is for every man to begin with himself. In vain shall we blame those faults abroad which we tolerate at home. That man makes himself ridiculous, who, leaving his own house on fire, runs to quench his neighbour's. Let but every man pull a brand from this fire, the flame will go out alone; if every soul cleanse his own temple, all shall be quit of idols, and God will accept of all. A multitude is but a heap of unities; the more we take away the fewer we leave behind. When a field is overgrown with weeds, the best

course to have a good general harvest is for every man to weed his own ground. When we would have the street cleansed, let every man sweep his own door, and it is quickly done. But while every man censures, and none amends, we do but talk against idols with still uncleansed temples.

Let us pray for universal repentance, like a good Josiah, to purge the houses of God, till lust and profaneness, pride and covetousness, fraud and wantonness, malice and drunkenness, be no more found among us: till everything be cast out, and nothing let in that is unclean. So shall the Lord dwell in us with content, and we shall dwell in him with comfort. Here we shall be a temple for him, hereafter he shall be a temple for us. So we find that glorious city described, 'I saw no temple therein, but the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb was the temple of it,' Rev. 21:22. We are God's temple on earth, God shall be our temple in heaven. To this purpose, the Spirit of God sanctify us, and be for ever sanctified in us! Amen.

Some may, haply, long ere this have prejudicated in their censures: How is this opus diei in die suo? What is all this to the business of the day? I might have prevented the objection, by comparing idolatry with treason: the one being a breach of allegiance to the Lord, the other a breach of allegiance to the Lord's anointed. Idolatry is a treason against God, and treason is a kind of idolatry against the king. From both which the divine grace and our holy obedience deliver us all! I conclude with application to the time.

This is one of those blessed days celebrated for the deliverance of our gracious sovereign; and well may the deliverance of a king, of such a king, deserve a day of gratulation. When God delivers a private man, he doth, as it were, repeat his creation; but the deliverance of a king is always a choice piece in the Lord's chronicle. The story how he was endangered and how preserved, this place hath divers times witnessed; and that in a more punctual manner than I have either strength, or art, or time to match. A hard time it seemed to be when a king was imprisoned, when he had no guard with him but his

innocency, no subject but a traitor. But there was a stronger with him than all they could be against him. A good prince hath more guards than one: he hath a subsidiary guard, consisting of mortal men; an inward guard, the integrity of his own conscience; a spiritual guard, the prayers of his faithful subjects; a celestial guard, the protection of diligent and powerful angels; a divine guard, his Maker's providence, that fenceth him in with a wall of fire, which shall at once both preserve him and consume his enemies.

But my purpose is not to bring your thoughts back to the view of his peril, but to stir your hearts up to thankfulness for his preservation. He is justly stiled 'the Defender of the Faith:' he hath ever defended the faith, and the faith hath ever defended him. He hath preserved the temple of God from idols, and therefore God hath preserved him from all his enemies. Surely that providence which delivered him from those early conspiracies, wherewith he hath been assaulted from his cradle, meant him for some extraordinary benefit and matchless good to the Christian world. He that gave him both life and crown almost together, hath still miraculously preserved them both from all the raging violences of Rome and hell. Now when the Lord delivered him, what did he else but even deliver us all? That we might rejoice in his safety, as the Romans did in the recovery of Germanicus, when they ran with lamps and sacrifices to the Capitol, and there sung with shouts and acclamations, *Salva Roma, salva patria, salvus Germanicus*,—The city is safe, the country is safe, and all in the safety of Germanicus. While we consider the blessings which we enjoy by his gracious government, that the estates we have gotten with honest industry may be safely conveyed to our posterity; that we sit under the shadow of peace, and may teach our children to know the Lord; that the good man may build up temples and hospitals without trembling to think of savage and barbarous violences to pull them down; that our devotions be not molested with uproars, nor men called from their callings by mutinies; that our temples be not profaned with idols, nor the service of God blended with superstitious devices; that our temporal estate is preserved in liberty, our spiritual estate may be improved in piety, and our eternal

estate assured us in glory; that our lives be protected, and in quiet our souls may be saved: for such a king of men, bless we the God of kings, and sing for his deliverance, as they did for their Germanicus, as privately every day, so this day in our public assemblies: *Salva Britannia, salva ecclesia, salvus Jacobus*,—Our kingdom is safe, the church of God is safe, our whole estate is safe, we are all safe and happy in the safety and happiness of King James. Oh that, as we have good cause to emulate, so also we would truly imitate, the gratulation of Israel, 2 Chron. 5:12, 13: we for our king, that hath preserved the temple, as they for their king that built the temple; while the Levites and singers stood with harps, and cymbals, and viols, and the priests blowing with trumpets, as if they had all been one man, and made one sweet harmony to the praise of God.

For these public and extraordinary blessings, God requires public and extraordinary praises: that this great assembly, with prepared hearts and religious affections, should magnify his glorious name, and if it were possible, by some unusual strain of our united thanks, pierce the very skies, and give an echo to those celestial choirs, singing, Honour, and praise, and glory be to our gracious God for all his merciful deliverances both of prince and people. Yea, O Lord, still preserve thine own anointed, convert or confound all his enemies; but upon his head let his crown flourish. Long, long live that royal keeper of God's holy temple, and the defender of that faith which he hath of old given to his saints, and let all true-hearted Israelites say, Amen; yea, let Amen, the faithful Witness in heaven, the Word and Truth of God, say Amen to it. For ourselves, let us heartily repent of our former sins, religiously amend our future lives, abandon all our intestine idols, serve the Lord with pure hearts; and still, and still God shall deliver both him and us from all our enemies. This God grant for his mercies' sake, Jesus Christ for his merits' sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake; to whom, three persons and one eternal God, be all praise and glory, obedience and thanksgiving, world without end! Amen.

EIRENOPOLIS:

THE CITY OF PEACE

TO ALL THAT LOVE PEACE AND TRUTH

PEACE, take it with all faults, is better than war; and the end of a just war is but *studium pacis*, the intention of a right peace. The subject, then, is beyond exception to all that love peace. But commonly they with whom it meddles, refuse to meddle with it. Let such take the course of their unhappy precipice into everlasting unquietness, who wilfully reject the cure of their affected malady; denying their consciences a trouble that may save them, for fear of losing a trouble that doth please them. As if a man were less than mad, that will leap into the fire to avoid the smoke. There is *pax fundamenti*, the peace of doctrine; and *pax ordinis*, the peace of discipline. The heretic would pull down the first pillar, the schismatic the other. The former would break our peace with Christ; the latter with ourselves and the church: both these are almost desperate. But there is a third, *pax politica*, a civil peace; and the common disturbers of this are such contentious spirits, that either unprovoked, out of mischievous intentions, or being provoked, out of malicious revenge, set all in uproar, make a mutiny in manners, an ataxy in the course of life. To cure this Babel, if at least she will be cured, is the scope of this tractate. Peace was Christ's blessed legacy to his church; and we are the ministers whom he hath chosen to see it paid. Executors are often sued for the bequest given by dead testators: lo, here a legacy, without suing, from a living Father. Embrace it, and be regulated by it; so shall your hearts find present comfort, and your souls eternal life in it.

The hearty desirer of your peace,

THO. ADAMS.

THE CITY OF PEACE

Live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—
2 COR. 13:11.

PEACE is the daughter of righteousness, and the mother of knowledge; the nurse of arts, and the improvement of all blessings. It is delectable to all that taste it, profitable to them that practise it; to them that look upon it, amiable; to them that enjoy it, a benefit invaluable. The building of Christianity knows no other materials. If we look upon the church itself, 'there is one body;' if upon the very soul of it, 'there is one Spirit;' if upon the endowment of it, 'there is one hope;' if upon the head of it, 'there is one Lord;' if upon the life of it, 'there is one faith;' if upon the door of it, 'there is one baptism;' if upon the Father of it, 'there is one God, and Father of all,' Eph. 4:4.

Peace is a fair virgin, every one's love, the praise of all tongues, the object of all eyes, the wish of all hearts; *pacem te poscimus omnes*. She hath a smiling look, which never frowned with the least scowl of anger; snowy arms, soft as down, and whiter than the swan's feathers, always open to pious embracements. Her milken hand carries an olive branch, the symbol and emblem of quietness. She hath the face of a glorious angel, always looking towards righteousness, as the two cherubims looked one upon the other, and both unto the mercy-seat. Her court is the invincible fort of integrity; so guarded by the divine providence, that drums, trumpets, and thundering cannons, those loud instruments of war, (I mean blasphemy, contention, violence,) may affront her, but never affright her. She hath a bounteous hand, virtual like the garment of Christ; if a faithful soul can come to touch it, to kiss it, all her vexations are fled, her conscience is at rest. Her bowels are full of pity; she is always composing salves for all the wounds of a broken heart. Sedition and tumult her very soul hates; she tramples injuries and discords under her triumphant feet. She sits in a throne of joy, and

wears a crown of eternity; and to all those that open the door of their heart to bid her welcome, she will open the door of heaven to bid them welcome, and repose their souls in everlasting peace. In these continual dog-days of ours, wherein love waxeth cold, and strife hot, we had need set our instruments to the tune of peace. This was the blessed legacy which Christ bequeathed to his church; the Apostle from his Master sent it as a token to the Corinthians; and I from the Apostle commend it as a jewel to all Christians: 'Live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' Which conclusion of the epistle contains the blessing of the Apostle; a valediction, and a benediction. They are in part hortatory, in part consolatory; the virtue to which he persuades them, and the reward which he promiseth them. There is a sweet symphony and respondent proportion between the counsel and the comfort, the active peace and the factive peace: for seeking peace on earth, we shall find peace in heaven; for keeping the peace of God, we shall be kept by the God of peace. The one is the regular compass of our life on earth, the other is the glorious crown of our life in heaven.

That we may not cherish too weak an opinion of this duty, we must know that this apostolical counsel is an evangelical law, and binds us all to the peace: 'Live in peace.' There are in it all the concurring qualities that define a good law, as Lycurgus taught: generalitas, bonitas, possibilitas,—it must be general, good, possible.

General, so that all be tied to the obedience of it. Else it were like Anacharsis's law, a cobweb to catch flies; or those tyrannous censures, which are made to vex doves, while they are indulgent to buzzards.

It must be good, for none are bound to the obedience of unjust things. If it have an indifferent extent to good or bad, there is easily found some colour of evasion.

It must be possible, for if things be imposed ultra posse, and so men be made liable to the mulct when they are not culpable of the guilt,

they may object that *Naturæ dictamen: nemo tenetur ad impossibile*,—none are to be tied to the obedience of impossible things. Such are tyrants' laws; not *vincula*, sed *retia*,—not limits to confine, but nets to ensnare; not pales, but toils.

But the law of peace is general, none can plead immunity; good, none tax it of iniquity; possible, none can say it is beyond their ability. But it may be objected: If you require it general, it is not possible, for we cannot have peace with all men; if it were possible, yet is it not lawful and good, for we may not have peace with all men. To direct us in this, the Apostle inserts two cautions: 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,' Rom. 12:18: *Εἰ δυνατόν, and τὸ ἐξ ὑμῶν*; for there are some cases in which *οὐ δυνατόν*, it is not possible. 'What communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?' 2 Cor. 6:15. We must have no peace with it, if there be no grace in it. 'Blessed is he that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,' &c., Ps. 1. Forbear not only to sit in the chair of pestilence with them, which is *peccatum dominans*, sin reigning, but even to stand and discourse with them, which is *peccatum delectans*, sin delighting; yea, even to walk a turn with them, which is *peccatum intrans*, sin entering; teaching us to shun the very acquaintance of their counsels.

But wicked men cannot be avoided; and so long as we are in this world, we must converse with men of the world. To answer this, we must distinguish between offenders and offences; we may have no peace with the one, true peace with the other. There are two names, *homo et peccator*,—a man, and a sinner: *quod peccator est, corripe; quod homo, miserere,**—as he is a sinner, reform him; as he is a man, the image of God, pity him. Doth thy brother sin of ignorance? *Dilige errantem, interfice errorem*,—Kill the error, preserve thy brother. Doth he offend of frailty? Be at peace *cum hominibus, non cum moribus*,—with the man, not with the manners. Trespasseth he of malice? Hate *vitium*, not *virum*,—the disease, not the patient. Howsoever these infirmities are inevitable, still we may have peace,

cum malis, licet non in malis,—with evil men, though not in evil matters.

Indeed, let him that hath authority correct malicious offences, for that is not like a ravisher to abuse, but like a champion to vindicate, the honour of peace. Yet still cum corrigat malitiam, diligat personam,—let him correct the transgression, love the person.

But how shall we answer that of the Psalmist: 'Be not merciful to them that sin of malicious wickedness,' Ps. 59:5. This was not precantis votum, sed prophetantis vaticinium,—not the request of a petitioner, but the prediction of a prophesier. He did not wish it should be so, but saw it would be so.

But if all this be true, we may then admit peace with Rome. We do accept a civil, not a religious peace. In a treatise of pacification both parties must yield somewhat; but nothing is to be yielded that may prejudice the truth. In a musical instrument, the strings that be out of tune are set up or set down to the rest; the strings that be in tune are not stirred. Our doctrine and profession are tuned to the blessed gospel, that infallible canon of truth, and therefore must not be changed. Their faith and religion jarreth and erreth from that; therefore must be proportioned to ours, if they will endeavour a perfect harmony.

Thus far, and upon these terms, we may have peace, if we seek it: we may live in peace, and peace may live in us, if we desire it. Therefore still Εἰρηνεύτε, 'Live in peace.' Calvin renders it, Pacem agite, 'Do peace;' or, as if God should say to men whom he found quarrelling, or too loud, 'Peace.' The word is emphatical, and intimates a continual habit: we may call it the exercise of peace, or the practice of peace.

Some have a good mind to peace, but they will be at no labour about it; many are content to embrace it, but they are ashamed to seek it; most men love it, few practise it. The use commends the virtue: the

beauty and praise of peace consists not in motion, but in action; nor is the benefit of it in a knowing discourse, but in a feeling sense. A speculative peace is like an historical knowledge, such as he that hath been always confined to his study may have of foreign countries. So we make a conquest of peace, as the byword says our fathers won Boulogne; who never came within the report of the cannon. Or as the Grecians kept philosophy in their leaves, but kept it not in their lives. A jejune and empty speculation, like some subtle air in the head, only breaks out into crotchets: it is experience that brings the sweetness of peace home to the heart. Use breeds perfectness, and disuse loseth the most serviceable things. Gold loseth more of its weight by rusting in corners, than by continual running in commerces, the proper end it was coined for. The best land will yield small increase if it be not tilled; though some have the most profitable trades, the want of industry hath made them the poorest men. The throne of peace is in the heart, not in the head.

To recover, therefore, the swooning life of this virtue, I will compare peace to a city: if you will, to this city; which should be, like Jerusalem, a 'city of peace.' And so much we will, pray for it: that it may preserve peace, and peace may preserve it, to the world's end.

I. Let the walls of this city be unity and concord. II. Let her have four gates: innocence and patience, benefaction and satisfaction. The first gate of peace is innocence; she must do no wrong. The second is patience; she must suffer wrong. The third is beneficence; she must do good instead of wrong. The fourth is recompense; she must make liberal and just satisfaction for any committed wrong. There is also a postern gate, and that is humility: a gate indeed, but a small and low one; whosoever enters the city of peace that way, must stoop before he get in. III. The enemies of this city are many, divided into two bands—hostility and mutiny. IV. The government of it is magistracy. V. The law, religion. VI. The palace, the temple. VII. The life of the citizens is love. VIII. It is served by the river of prosperity. IX. The state of it is felicity. X. The inheritance, eternal glory.

I. The walls of peace are unity and concord. *Omnis societas est corpus politicum*; and it is in a city as in a body: there are many members, one body; many citizens, one city. The body is one of the most lively figures and examples of peace. 'We are all one body,' 1 Cor. 12 Not only one kingdom; so disparity in religions makes many differences. Nor only one city, *inter dices erunt lites*; so disparity of estates will breed quarrels. Nor only one house; so we may have 'enemies of our own household.' But one body, here must be all love and peace. Where all are tied by bonds, joints, and ligaments to the head; there also by the same nerves one to another.

Some members are single: as the tongue is one, to speak one truth; the heart one, to entertain one God. Other are *gemina, germana*; their forces are doubled to supply mutual defects. Some are stronger, as the arms and legs, for the supportation of the weaker. Thus qualified are all the faithful citizens of peace; preserving a unanimity in affection, a sympathy in affliction, a ready help to the most needful condition; comforting the minds of those that are perplexed, supplying the wants of those that are distressed, rectifying the weakness of those that are unsettled, informing the ignorance of those that are seduced, and reforming the errors of those that are perverted: all endeavouring the deliverance of the oppressed.

The members provide one for another: the eye sees not only for itself, but for the body; the hand works not only for itself, but for the body; the ear hearkens, the tongue talks, the foot walks, all parts exercise their functions for the good of the whole. In the city of peace men must not only seek their own, but the glory of their Maker, and the good of their society. That God who hath given us honour by our ancestors, would also have us add honour to our successors. To prefer a private good before a public, is to famish and starve the whole body to fat a toe or please a finger. Such monopolies and patents as impoverisheth the whole to enrich a part are not tolerable in the city of peace.

There is no envy or grudging among the members; the eye doth not grieve to see the arm grow strong, nor the foot to be sensible of the stomach's health. In this city, one should not envy another's thriving, as if all were taken from ourselves that is given to our neighbours. The Lord sees that an inequality is best for his glory; distributing, to whomsoever least, yet to every one more than he deserves. 'Shall the ear say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body?' 1 Cor. 12:16. No; but, as John Baptist said of Christ, 'He cometh after me, yet is before me;' some come after us in wealth that may go before us in grace. The poor man is not so many pounds behind the rich for this world, as he may be talents before him for the world to come. They often with their poverty, misery, ignominy, are saved; while others, with all their honour and opulency, go to hell.

If one member suffer, the rest suffer with it. If there be a thorn in the foot, the eye sheds a tear, the heart aches, the head grieves, the hand is ready to pull it out. If a man tread on our toe, we say, 'Why do you tread on me?' *Quod cuiquam, cuivis*,—Let us sorrow for the afflictions of others, 'as if we were in the body.' He is no son of peace that 'forgets the breaking of his brother Joseph,' Amos 6:6.

The walls of the city must be whole, no breaches in them, lest this advantage the enemy's entrance. There must be no schism in a city, as no division in the body: one must not be for Paul, another for Apollos, another for Cephas; but all for Christ, and all for peace. Many evil men may have one will in wickedness. It is said of Pilate, Luke 23:25, *Tradidit Jesum voluntati eorum*,—'He delivered Jesus to their will,' not wills; many sinners, one will. Shall, then, the sons of grace jar? the children of peace be mutinous? *Unica columba mea*, saith Christ,—'My dove is but one.' The dove is a bird of peace: many of them can agree lovingly together in one house; every one hath a little cottage by herself, wherein she sits content, without disquieting her neighbours. Thus *dum singulæ quærunt unionem, omnes conservant unitatem*. We have them that rush into others' tabernacles, swallowing a man and his heritages: would doves do thus? Poor Naboth's portion is many a rich Ahab's eye-sore: would

doves do thus? Numbers are still on the wing to prey upon prostrate fortunes; these be ravens, not doves. If the law cannot make work for their malice, their malice shall make work for the law. This is like cocks of the game, to peck out one another's eyes to make the lawyers sport. When two friends, are fallen out of love into blows, and are fighting; a third adversary hath a fair advantage to kill them both. We have an enemy that watcheth his time, and while we wound one another, he wounds us all.

If the members be pulled asunder, they all rot; the distraction of parts is the dissolution of the whole. If we forsake the peace of our mother, we put ourselves upon record for bastards. Discontent with our own portions and places overthrows the city of peace. When the woods and the floods were at variance, the sand and the fire were fain to quiet their insurrection, 2 Esdr. 4:14. While men will not rest satisfied with their own determinate stations, but invade the severals and properties of others, what can be expected but destruction? If there be contention on this side, and ambition on that side, there will be confusion on all sides. While Judah was hot against Israel, and Israel hot against Judah, the king of Syria smote them both. God shall supply the part of Syria; and when brother is against brother, he will be against them all. He that doth not what he can to maintain the walls, doth what he can to betray the city.

II. So I come from the walls to the gates.

1. The first gate is innocence; and this may be called Bishopsgate, the ministers of the gospel being both the preachers and precedents of innocency. If men would abstain from doing wrong, the peace could not be broken. St Bernard writes of the dove, that felle caret,—she hath no gall. Let us be such doves, to purge our hearts from all bitterness.

Now the first shelf that wrecks innocence is anger. It were rare if 'the wrath of man should fulfil the righteousness of God;' even a curst anger breaks the peace. It is an evidence whereby God will judge men

guilty: now there is no malefactor going to the bar for his trial would willingly have that evidence found about him that should cast him. *Iratuſ non videt legem, ſed lex videt iratuſ,*—The wrathful man takes no notice of the law, but the law takes notice of the wrathful man. Let us take heed leſt we carry our anger with us unto God. That which offends our eyes, we remove either our ſight from it, or it from our ſight; but that which offends our ſouls, we too often lay next our hearts. But it is the voice of tranſportive fury, 'I cannot moderate my anger.' Cannot! Wherefore ſerveth grace but to mortify ſuch natural, yea, rather unnatural paſſions?

How eaſily doth this rage often inveterate, making ſome ſo angry with men that they will ſcarce be pleaſed with God himſelf! And either he muſt take them with their anger, or let them alone. So ſoon it rankles into malice, and that is full oppoſite to innocence.

What ſhall a man do? In this ſudden fit ſhall he come to the Lord's table, or forbear it? *Si non acceſſerit, periculum; ſi acceſſerit, damnum,*—To reſuſe the ſacrament in anger is evil; to receive it in anger, that is worſe. Is the body and blood of Chriſt no more worth, but that for love of a peeviſh humour we ſhould neglect it? Shall we ſtarve our conſciences to feed our miſbegotten paſſions? What is then to be done in this ſtrait? The anſwer is eaſy: Let us excommunicate our wrath, that we may communicate with the church; leave our luſts behind us, and we are welcome, as Abraham left his aſs when he went about his ſacrifice, Gen. 22:5. In the Levitical law no unclean thing might be touched; if it were touched, the temple by that perſon muſt not be approached. Now, for the Iſraelite to abſent himſelf from the aſſembly of ſaints and ſervice of God was uncomfortable; to come ſo polluted, was dangerous. He knew the remedy; either not to be unclean at all, or ſoon to get himſelf cleaſed. The firſt beſt is to harbour no malice: the next, to deliver ourſelves from it with all poſſible ſpeed.

In a word, let us turn our anger, when it comes, another way. Let all our hate be the hate of all ſin, and our anger bent againſt our own

corruptions. Let our wrath, like the shepherd's dog, sleep till the wolf comes. Be we at peace with God by repentance, with our neighbour by innocence, with our own heart by a purified and pacified conscience; and the Prince of peace, the Lord Jesus, shall embrace us.

2. The second gate is patience, which is not unlike to Ludgate; for that is a school of patience, the poor souls there learn to suffer. The first entrance of peace is to do no injury, the next is to suffer injury. It is one special commendation of charity, that it 'suffers all things;' *pro fratribus, à fratribus, propter fratres*. For our brethren we must sustain some loss: he that suffers not an abatement of his own fulness to supply their emptiness, is no brother. Of our brethren we must put up some wrong, rather than make a flaw in the smooth passage of peace. Because of our brethren, and 'for the elect's sake, we must endure all things, that they may obtain salvation,' 2 Tim. 2:18. Let us be infirmed, to have them confirmed; brooking a temporal loss, to procure their eternal good.

According to the Apostle's counsel, 'Let us bear the burden one of another,' Gal. 6:2, and God shall bear the burden of us all. As in the arch of a building, one stone bears mutually, though not equally, the weight of the rest. Or as deer swimming over a great water do ease themselves in laying their heads one upon the back of another; the foremost having none to support him, changeth his place, and rests his head upon the hindmost. Bear thou with his curiousness, he doth bear with thy furiousness; let me bear with his arrogance, he doth bear with my ignorance. In architecture, all stones are not fit to be laid in every part of the building; but some below, as the fundamental and chief corner-stone to sustain the load of the rest, some higher in the wall, others in the top for ornament. In the church, which is built of 'living stones,' Christ is the 'head of the corner,' the foundation that supports all; gracious saints have the next places, and are so set that they may help to bear up the weaker.

Materials that be only of a hard nature will never fadge well in an edifice. The Italians have a proverb, 'Hard without soft, the wall is nought.' Stones cobbled up together, without mortar to combine them, make but a tottering wall. But if there be mortar to cement them, and with the tractable softness of the one to glue and fix the solid hardness of the other, this may fortify it against the shock of the ram or shot of the cannon. The society that consists of nothing but stones, intractable and refractory spirits, one as froward and perverse as another, soon dissolves. But when one is reeking with the fire of rage, and another shall bring the water of patience to cool and quench it, here is a duration of peace. When iron meets iron, there is a harsh and stubborn jar; let wool meet that rougher metal, and this yielding turns resistance into embracements.

Let not then the voice be an echo of ill words, nor the hand a racket to bandy back fire-balls. Patience makes even the wicked confess, 'Thou art more righteous than I,' 1 Sam. 24:17. *Infoelix victoria qua hominem superamus, vitio succumbimus,**—It is a wretched victory that overcomes our foes, and slaves us to our lusts. *Patentia mea à Domino, Ps. 62:5,* as the fathers read it; and indeed who can give this patience but God? Paul had many lives, yet he sacrificed them all: 'I die daily,' 1 Cor. 15:31. *Etsi non mortis experientia, tamen propositio, †*—Though he could lose but one, yet, in regard of his patience and purpose, he was ready to lose them all.

Nor is Christian patience thus confined within the bearing of injuries, but it extends also to the remitting of them. Some can suffer for the present, as Haman before Mordecai, *animo vindicandi*. Forgiveness is the demonstration of patience. Not to contest because we cannot conquer, is called patience perforce; but can we remit? The civil man can forbear, the Christian must forgive. Let us be remiss to note a wrong, remissive to forget it, writing all our injuries in the dust. Yea, let humility sweetly order our forgiveness: for *gravissima pœna est contumeliosa venia,*—a proud and scornful pardon is a reproachful wrong; there is in it more bitterness than mercy, more punishment than reconciliation.

Otherwise, how can we pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us'? Oh but, say some, God is merciful! What! shall we therefore be unmerciful? I may forgive, but I cannot forget, is the faint reservation of another. Take we heed; let not us be in jest with God, lest he be in earnest with us. Do we not otherwise beg a removal of mercy and pardon from our own souls. Will not God say, 'Evil servant, ex ore tuo,—out of thy own mouth will I judge thee'? Hath Christ with his own blood made thee friends with God, and cannot that blood entreat thee to be friends with thy brother? When thou comest to the holy altar with thy gift, and rememberest thy offended brother, 'leave there thy gift; first be reconciled to him, then offer to God,' Matt. 5:24. A gift doth pacify wrath, and God is pleased with our sacrifice upon his altar; yet *cum omnis culpa munere solvatur, sola injuria incondonata rejicitur*, † —when every fault is solved with a gift, injury alone is sent away without pardon.

Therefore *qualem vis erga te esse Deum, talem te exhibeas erga proximum*, § —be thou to thy brother on earth as thou wouldest have thy Father in heaven be to thee. *Si lædens, pete veniam; si læsus, da veniam*, —If an injurer, ask pardon; if a sufferer, give pardon. Be we so far from expecting his submission, that we render our remission, and meet the trespasser with a pardon before he ask it. *Dissensio ab aliis, à te reconciliatio incipiat*, || —Let strife begin from others, be thou first in reconcilment. Christ healed Malchus's ear that came to arrest him. Which amongst us so loves his benefactors as Paul loved his malefactors? He would do anything to save them that would do anything to kill him. Others' offences to us are but small, valued with ours against God, who is infinite. If he forgive the pounds, let not us stick at the farthing tokens.

3. The next gate is beneficence. Doing good is the fortification of peace. This may be called Aldgate; not only because there is the picture of Charity at the gate, —I do not say, as near going out, but at the gate, to keep goodness in, —but because that is called the Old-gate, and charity was a virtue of old times, not so much now in fashion. The heathen moralist said we must use men thus: *Bene velle*

omnibus, bene facere amicis,—Wish well to all, and do good only to our friends. But the clear light of nature, which is the gospel, chargeth us, 'while we have opportunity, to do good to all men;' albeit with some preferment of the best,' especially to the household of faith,' Gal. 6:10.

All men may be ranked under one of these combinations: rich and poor, home-born and strangers, friends and enemies.

First, for the rich and poor. The Pharisee will stand on good terms with the rich, invite them for a re-invitation; as men at tennis toss the ball to another, that he may toss it to them again. But who helps the poor? 'Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbour,' Prov. 19:4. If he do well, he is not regarded; if ill, he is destroyed. The poor man, by his wisdom, delivered the city from the force of a puissant enemy; yet, when all was done, 'no man remembered that poor man,' Eccles. 9:15. But 'if he stumble, they will help to overthrow him,' Eccles. 13:23. How contemptibly* doth a rich epicure look upon a poor beggar! yet 'the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all,' Prov. 22:2. In all our grand feasts, the guests that Christ spoke for, Luke 14:14, are left out.

For domestics and strangers. Many have so much religion as to provide for their own, yea, so much irreligion as to do it with the prejudice of the public good and hazard of their own souls: but who provides for strangers? 'Entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares,' Heb. 13:2. But for all this possible happiness, few will put it to the venture: and were they indeed angels, without angels in their purses to pay for it, they should find cold entertainment.

Friends and enemies. For friends, many will be at peace with them, till they be put to the trial by some expressive action; and then they will rather hazard the loss of a friend than the least loss by a friend. But suppose we answer our friends in some slight courtesy, hoping for a greater, who will do good to his enemies? 'If thine enemy

hunger, feed him: so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head,' Rom. 12:20. Do it, not with an intent to make his reckoning more, but thy own reckoning less. 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you,' Matt. 5:44. Do unto them deeds of amity, deeds of charity, deeds of piety. Of amity, 'Love them that hate you;' of charity, 'Do good to them that hurt you;' of piety, 'Pray for them that persecute you.' There is the Diligite of the heart, 'Love your enemies;' the Benedicite of the tongue, 'Bless them that curse you;' the Benefacite of the hand, 'Do good to them that hate you;' the Benevelle of all, 'Pray for them that persecute you.' 'Love your enemies,' there is *Affectus cordis*; 'Do them good,' there is *Effectus operis*; 'Pray for them,' there is *Perfectio charitatis*. But the wise man counsels, 'Do well to him that is lowly, but give not to the ungodly;' and, 'Give unto the good, not to the sinner,' Ecclus. 12:5, 7. Though not *quia impius* and *quia impius*, yet *quia homo* and *quia homo*, we must relieve him. Cherish himself, not his sin. We must love him, *non quoad culpam, sed quoad naturam*. They are God's children, *licet insani*, although they be sick; and our brethren, *licet infirmi*, although they be weak. Therefore, for the conformity of nature, because we are the same workmanship; for our own benefit, for he that doth good to his enemy, even in that doth better to himself; and for the imitation of him we worship; let us uphold peace by charity. His sun rises, and rain falls, both on the just and unjust, Matt. 5:45. *Noli negare, quod Deus nulli negat*. Thus looking up with piety to the Lord's perfection, and down with pity upon man's imperfection, let us do good to all.

Through the gate of beneficence doth the charitable man enter into the city of peace. He that is covetous must needs be mutinous. 'He that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house,' Prov. 15:27. Solomon calls him a trouble-house, and we do find him a trouble-city, as Demetrius did all Ephesus. But charity makes peace; *Divitem voluit Deus ut pauperem adjuvaret, pauperem voluit ut divitem probaret*,—God makes some rich, to help the poor; and suffers some poor, to try the rich. The loaden would be glad of ease: now charity lighteneth the rich man of his superfluous and unwieldy carriage. When the

poor find mercy they will be tractable: when the rich find quiet, they should be charitable. Would you have your goods kept in peace? First, lock them up by your prayers, then open them again with your thankful use, and trust them in the hands of Christ by your charity.

This city hears ill for oppression, and is (I fear too justly) suspected of injustice: now the most noble confutation of jealousy is by deeds of charity. This is the East-gate to the city of peace, and I may (from St Paul) call it the principal, and 'most excellent way,' 1 Cor. 12:31. Whosoever can shew you the way better, yet certainly none can shew you a better way.

4. The fourth gate is recompense, or satisfaction; and this we may liken to Cripplegate. It is the lamest way to peace, yet a way: it is a halting gate, but a gate. It were far better coming into this city by any of the former gates, yet better at this than none. All come not by innocence, nor all by patience, nor all by beneficence; but if they have failed in these, they must be admitted by recompense, or not at all. The first best is to do no injury; the next is satisfaction, to make amends for that we have done. Hortensius said of his mother, *Ego nunquam cum ea inivi gratiam*,—I never was reconciled to her, because we two never fell out. Oh that the inhabitants of this city could say so of their neighbours: We never were made friends, because we never were foes! But as our Saviour saith, 'It is necessary that offences do come:' not that it should be so, but that it will be so. There is no necessity that compels a man to sin; except that the heart being evil, will give offence. As it is necessary for him that comes to the fire to be made hot; but there is no necessity that he come unto the fire.

The malady of offences will be contracted, therefore the only cure is by satisfaction. That we may know how to do this, the Scripture sets down divers degrees in the accomplishment of this satisfaction for injuries. First, He must go to the party wronged. Secondly, He must confess his fault. Thirdly, He must humble himself. Fourthly, He

must make restitution. Fifthly, He must reconcile himself. Sixthly, And this must be done quickly, with all possible speed.

He must go to him, not tarry till he meet him, or till some occasion bring them together, Not obvium da; but go to thine adversary, Matt. 5:24, go on purpose: inquire for him, seek him out, rest not till thou find him.

Humanity may work some to this undertaking and overtaking of peace; but man is naturally so good a constructor of his own doings, that will he confess his fault? Yes, 'He shall confess his trespass,' Num. 5:7.

An ingenious* nature may be brought to acknowledge his fault: but will pride, the contention-maker, admit humility? Will he stoop to him he hath abused? From insultation will he descend to submission? He must: 'Go and humble thyself,' Prov. 6:3.

Touch of conscience may procure humility; but yet will he not spend twice as much at law, ere he make restitution? Yet even here, a quiet man for his own peace's sake may be brought to give somewhat, for a part of amends: but will he satisfy him the whole? The law of nature requires total satisfaction, but will he besides give damages? The law of the land allows damages; but now will he give any overplus to make an atonement? or be at so much cost as to buy reconciliation, rather than miss it? He must: Zaccheus restores fourfold, and by the law he is bound to add a fifth part, Num. 5:7.

But if all this be done, will he yet ever be friends with him? will he be truly reconciled? He must: 'Reconcile thyself to thy brother,' Matt. 5:24. Otherwise, when he desires of the Lord to be forgiven, as he forgiveth, God will answer, as Joseph did to his brethren, 'Look me not in the face, unless thy brother be with thee,' Gen. 43:3. Shall the father think well of that son which rejecteth his brother? Do we call the 'Author of peace' our God, while we are the children of dissension? Will he ever agree with him that delights to quarrel with

his? But suppose the injurer doth entreat and persuade himself, without prevailing, will he use his friends about such a business? Yes, saith Solomon, he must employ his friends.

Time may work all this, but to do it when the flesh trembles, and the blood boils for revenge, suddenly; who can so prevail over himself? He must do it quickly: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly,' Matt. 5:25. Yes, perhaps, when leisure may serve; but will any man neglect business to go about it? Yes, all business set apart, though it were as important as offering sacrifice at God's own altar: 'Leave there thy gift,' &c. *Non experieris Deum tibi propitium, nisi proximus te sentiat sibi placatum*,—strife with our brother makes our best services unacceptable to our Father. The Lord dispenseth with his own worship to maintain our charity: and will not be found of us, till we have found our brother, to make our peace with him. Come not to the temples, hear no sermons, say not your prayers, forbear all worship and devotions, while a festering and rankling hatred is in your souls.

Yet now all this may be done of an inferior to a superior, either for fear, or hope of gain by his love: but would you have a superior yield thus to an inferior, to deprecate strife? Yes, Abraham disdained not to go unto Lot, the elder to the younger, the uncle to the nephew, the worthier to the meaner, and that in the kindest manner, to compose a controversy begun by their servants. Oh that this age, which seldom wakes but to do mischief, would yet think, how after all injuries to others, they do this greatest injury to their own souls, that for want of a just compensation, they exclude themselves from the blessing of peace!

5. These be the main gates; there is a little postern besides, that is, humility: for of all vices, pride is a stranger to peace. The proud man is too guilty, to come in by innocence; too surly, to come in by patience: he hath no mind to come in by benefaction; and he scorns to come in by satisfaction. All these portcullises be shut against him: there is no way left but the postern for him; he must stoop, or never

be admitted to peace. Pride is always envious and contumelious, thinking she adds so much to her own reputation as she detracts from others: she is no fit neighbour for peace.

Heaven is a high city, yet hath but a low gate. *Celsa patria, via humilis. Tolle superbiam, quod habes meum est: tolle invidiam, quod habeo tuum est,**—Take away pride, and that which thou hast is mine; take away envy, and that which I have is thine. Pride and envy are too uncivil for a peaceable city: the one cannot endure a vicine prosperity, nor the other a superior eminency. All men must be poor to please the one, and all must be base to content the other. Peace is humble, pride quite overlooks her. The philosopher might have seen the stars in the water; he could not see the water in the stars when he stumbled into the ditch. Men may behold glory in humility, they shall never find peace in ambition. The safest way to keep fire is to rake it up in embers; the best means to preserve peace is in humbleness. The tall cedars feel the fury of tempests, which blow over the humble shrubs in the low valleys. There was no rule with Paul at first; raising tumults, speeding commissions, breathing out slaughters against poor Christians; but when Christ had thundered him from his horse, broken his wild spirit to humility, then he was fit for peace. God, that often effectuates his own will by contraries, makes trouble the preparation for peace; as a father corrects his unruly children that they may be quiet. Let us examine our own experience: when the Lord hath soundly scourged us, we go from under his fingers as tame as lambs; farewell strife, all our care is to find rest and peace in Jesus Christ.

III. We have seen the city of peace, with her walls and gates, and we wish well to her: 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces,' Ps. 122:7. But hath she no adversaries? Yes; there is an enemy that beleaguers this city—contention; whose army is divided into two bands or troops: the one called the civil, the other the uncivil; the civil are law quarrels, the uncivil are sword quarrels. The one is the smooth-faced company, the other the rugged or ragged regiment. The city of peace hath gates for these also, when she hath

subdued them. Either she turns them out at Moorgate, as fitter for the society of Moors and pagans—she banisheth them; or lays them up in Newgate—a place very convenient, being not so old as peace, built since the birth of strife. These enemies pursue us, *vel ferro, vel foro*, as that father saith.†

Ferro; when upon every punctilio of honour, as they falsely call it, reason and religion must be thrown by, and fury govern. The gallant, as if he knew no law but his own will, or as if the least aspersion upon his honour were more weighty than if the state of Christendom or the glory of God lay upon it, cries, *Revenge!* offers the stab, threatens the pistol. How is that precious account forgotten which God requires of man and beast! Gen. 9:5. Men study to be mad with reason; they have an art of killing that teacheth murder by the book: as cunning as Joab was, that could stab in the fifth rib, a speeding place; so he treacherously slew Abner and Amasa, 2 Sam. 3:27, 20:10. Oh that men should venture their lives upon one another's sword, as if they had no souls to be ventured upon the sword of God's vengeance! that he should be held base who, being challenged, doth not write his mind with a pen of steel, in the ink of blood, on the white paper of man's life!

Cannot the tears of our mother prevail with us, when seeing us quarrel she says, as Jocasta advised her two unbrotherly sons:—

'Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos;'

or as Rebekah said of her twins, 'Why should I be deprived of you both in one day?' Gen. 27:45. But if our mother cannot still us, our Father will part us; and they whose souls hate peace shall be sent to a prison where is no peace, that seeing they love quarrels, they may have fighting enough with infernal spirits. But perhaps there be some who make no other reckoning, resolving with him in the Orator, *Hodie cœnabimus apud inferos*,—To-night we will sup together in hell. As it is reported of two to have fought under the gallows,

desperately forecasting, that if the one were there killed the other should there be hanged.

By the toleration of this duel in France, that kingdom lost in ten years six thousand gentlemen, as themselves report. Wretched men! for occisor lethaliter peccat, et occisus æternaliter perit,*—the homicide sins deadly, and the slain, without unexpectable mercy, perisheth eternally. How dare they lift up those hands to God for mercy, that have been lifted up against their brother in cruelty? Every base vermin can kill; it is true prowess and honour to give life and preserve it. † Simeon and Levi seemed to have just cause, the whoring of their own sister, Gen. 34:31; yet their father calls them 'brethren in evil' for it, blesseth his honour from their company, and his soul from their secrecy, Gen. 49:6. Thou sayest of thy contentent, he shall have as good as he brings, yet thyself condemnest that he brings for evil. Ne utaris inimico præceptore, ‡—Let not thy enemy teach thee to do that which thyself detestest in him. Because we receive injuries without right, shall we return them without law?

Sometimes this ariseth from the wine, Bacchus ad arma vocat; and lightly it makes men aptest to use their arms when they cannot stand on their legs. But shall this serve for a plea, and get a pardon, It was done in drink. No; this rather deserves a double punishment, as it is a double fault. Commonly it proceeds from unadvised anger; as if anything done in fury were not done in folly. The choleric man is like one that dwells in a thatched house, who being rich in the morning, by a sudden fire is a beggar before night. It was the decree of Theodosius, by the counsel of St Ambrose, that execution after a severe sentence should be deferred thirty days: that the heat being qualified, the severity might be moderated.

But they object, This is to stand by like fools, while we suffer others to abuse us. No, that is not folly which the Lord hath commended for wisdom. The shot of the cannon hurts not wool, and such yielding things, but that which is hard, stubborn, and resisting; the rage of our roaring sons is tamed by patience. Turn to the brawling cur, and

he will be more fierce; ride on neglecting him, and he will soon be quiet. This is the furious band.

Foro; there is another battalia of adversaries that turn their challenge into a writ: the field appointed is Westminster Hall or some other court of justice; the weapons, the law; the postures of the fight are demurs, delays, quirks, removals; the victory, a verdict; the doom, a sentence; and the death itself, an execution. One says, To bear this is against my conscience; when indeed he means it is against his concupiscence. If the plaintiff go no further than the court of his own affections, the defendant shall never have audience; for he is *amicus curiæ*. 'He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him,' Prov. 18:17: he is no competent judge in his own matter. It will bear an action, saith the lawgiver; this inflameth passion in the law-goer.

Oh that men could see the folly of this litigiousness! First, that he is not in the state of grace, but a mere carnal man. This is St Paul's argument to the Corinthians: If there be contentions among you, 'are ye not carnal?' 1 Cor. 3:4; whereas the 'fruit of the Spirit is peace, long-suffering, gentleness,' Gal. 5:22. Secondly, that he doth not so much find, as make himself enemies. We may say of him as the angel said to Hagar concerning her son Ishmael, Gen. 16:12, 'His hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.' Thirdly, that he vexeth himself without need: they that go to law for trifles, are like nice people that continually lie in the hands of chirurgeons and physicians, for pimples and warts; whereas the physician and lawyer are for necessity, not wantonness. Their boxes and papers are the books and badges of their profession; they trudge up and down, more busy to cast away their money, than lawyers are to catch it: their word is *Currat lex*,—Let the law have its course; but by their wills that course should never have an end.

They plead, We have stood before the best, in courts of highest honour; alas! so doth the spider, even 'in kings' palaces,' Prov. 20:10. So did the devil; when the sons of God presented themselves before

him, Satan was there also, Job 2:1. Fourthly, they consider not the root of contentions, as the Apostle describes them:—Want of wisdom to compound controversies: 'Is there not one wise man among you, able to judge between brethren?' 1 Cor. 6:5. Want of love: 'Brother is against brother.' Want of patience: 'Why do ye not rather suffer wrong?' Want of justice: 'Ye defraud and do wrong.' For want of justice, *foro conscientiæ*, they prosecute their malice, *foro justitiæ*. We may add, want of mercy,—they cannot forgive; but if they forgive not others, their final *Quietus est* was never yet sealed, and they shall be called to an after-reckoning. As that wicked servant sped; notwithstanding the 'Lord forgave him' at his request, because he did not forgive his brother at his entreaty, he was 'delivered over to the tormentors,' Matt, 18:22.

Fifthly, they weigh not how they are deceived. Lawyers first invented laws to secure our lands and titles; now they make those laws engines to get away our lands and titles. Their frequent session hath not been evermore to preserve a man's possession. And for those that can tarry the leisure of the law, they have quirks and delays; which are like the corrosive plasters of an unconscionable leech, that turns a small green wound to an incurable fistula, by poisoning and exulceration of it for filthy lucre. When a man must die without mercy, it is some ease to die quickly, and be out of his pain. But such, when they purpose to murder a man's estate, have tricks to keep him long a-dying; that he may still languish and pine away in hope of recovery.

And what doth the winner get, that at the term's end he may brag of his gains? Doth he not come home dry-foundered? Doth he not follow the mill so long, till the toll be more than the grist? It is a token of unwholesome air, where the country is full of thriving physicians: *Si valeant homines, ars tua, Phæbe, jacet*. It argues little health in that kingdom which hath so many thriving lawyers; who while unquietness feeds us, do quietly feed upon us.

We are willing to give such self-molesters some counsel, if they will take it, and ask them no fees for it. Yea, we give it not, but Christ gives it: will they take his advice, that great' Counsellor' of the Father? He counsels his clients to the everlasting possession of their souls by patience. In Olympiads certaminibus, diabolo consecratis,* —In the games of Olympus, consecrated to the devil, he had the glory of the day that gave most wounds, and came off himself untouched. In stadio Christi non est ea certandi lex, sed contraria,—In the race of Christianity, there is a contrary law of striving: not he that offers most blows, but he that suffers most blows, is crowned. A man is stricken; will he go to law for this? No, rather let him turn the other cheek; this is Christ's counsel. His cloak is taken from him: it is near him, a garment; of necessary comeliness, a cloak; of singular use, he hath but one cloak; he hath the propriety of it, it is his cloak: must he go to law for this? No, rather let him take his coat also. *Fœlix ille, si nudus corpore, sit nudus malitia,*—there is a wedding garment to clothe such.

I am no Anabaptist, nor libertine, to deny the magistracy, or lawfulness of authority, and our just appeal thereto. Rather than every man should be his own judge, I would appease uproars with the town-clerk of Ephesus: 'The law is open, and there are deputies; let them implead one another,' Acts 19:38. St Paul himself took this course, appealing to the judgment-seat of Cæsar, Acts 25:10. Our Saviour's practice is a clear comment and declaration of his law. He that bade us rather turn our other cheek to the smiter than revenge ourselves, did himself sweetly reprove him that smote him: 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?' John 18:23. So Paul to Ananias, 'Sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?' Acts 23:3. The Lord himself hath appointed tribunals; and no law, no love. I know there is a Christianly seeking of justice, when injurious persons grow worse by forbearance, and ground their insolence upon others' patience. As Christians may war in love, so they may jar in love: when the party cast in the suit, may be bettered, if not in his money, yet in his manners; and Satan only conquered. *Ut qui*

vincitur, simul vincat, et unus tantummodo vincatur diabolus. Sed reprimam me, I will hold me where I was. I have laboured to bring men into peace, I must shew them no way out again. The fathers sometimes in confuting a heresy much spread, if they did run a little within the brinks of a contrary error, not then questioned, nor so dangerous, were never censured for that to have erred dogmaticè. So if to convince that heresy in manners, 'It is lawful to go to law for every thing,' I should a little lean to and favour that other opinion, 'It is lawful to go to law for nothing,' either excuse me, or at least suspend your judgments, till I come on purpose to handle that point. If men would promise not to go to law till then, I would promise, when they did go to law, to bear all their charges.

Howsoever, let them not do it *animo litigandi*, nor for every wrong enter an action, lest God enter his action against them. 'The Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land,' Hosea 4:1: a terrible action, which the jury of heaven and earth will find. Let them therefore leave all, and study God's law with that royal prophet: 'Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors;' and 'I will meditate in thy statutes,' Ps. 119:24, 48. Blessed is he that 'meditates on God's law day and night,' Ps. 1:2; but cursed is he that wastes his time to meditate and study law-tricks. Let the litigious soul learn a new course of law; let conscience be his chancery, charity his chancellor, patience his counsellor, truth his attorney, and peace his solicitor. *Litem in proximum, divertat in seipsum*. Let him go to law with his own heart; arraign his passionate will at the bar of God's judgment; let the twelve apostles be a jury against him, who all condemn contention. Thus let him judge himself, that he be not judged of Jesus Christ. For he that avengeth his own quarrel, steps into the prince's chair of estate, yea, into God's own seat, dethroning both, and so disturbs heaven and earth. Madmen that thus presume, as if God did not see malice in the heart! 'Hell and destruction are before the Lord; much more then the hearts of the children of men,' Prov. 15:11. Or as if, seeing men contend, he had nothing to do with it; but must sit still like an idle looker-on, and take part with neither.

'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord,' Rom. 12:19. This sounds a retreat to all quarrels: Paul seeing the daggers drawn, and the peace in danger to be broken, steps in with the sword of the Spirit to part the fray. It is a writ of reversement from the high court of heaven; if we break open the writ, we shall find the King's pleasure in it: an arrest of revengers. He begins with 'Dearly beloved:' a sweet ingredience, to qualify a bitter medicine. As if he should say, It is my love that I write so much against malice: not for your hurt, but for your eternal good; if you will not believe me, believe God himself: 'To me belongeth vengeance,' Deut. 32:35.

The devil, when he gets audience, tells a man how much he is hated of others; the Holy Spirit tells him how much he is loved of others. The argument of our charity to them is God's charity to us. 'Put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, long-suffering,' Col. 3:12: seeing ye are beloved of God, love his.

This is God's challenge, 'Vengeance is mine;' God's execution, 'I will repay;' God's subscription, to which his great name is affixed, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Scriptum est, it is a transcript and faithful copy out of the original, to shew it the Lord's true act and deed; twice written, that it might never be forgotten: 'Once hath God spoken, twice have I heard it, that vengeance,' so well as power, 'belongeth unto God,' Ps. 62:11. He pleads the continuance of succession without interruption; vengeance, judgment, and glory are his alone. Therefore to avenge ourselves, is both to lose God's protection, and to incur his condemnation. It is faithless and fruitless. Faithless; not to believe that God will deal with us according to his word. 'With thine eyes thou shalt see the reward of the wicked,' Ps. 91:8. It is then infidelity not to commit our case to God and his deputy the prince, but to make them both our deputies and instruments of revenge. What is this but to exalt ourselves above all that is called God, and to play the devil in jest, and the Pope in good earnest? Fruitless; for if being wronged,

we draw out our wooden dagger of revenge, God will put up his sword, and leave us to ourselves. The injured child turns not again, but runs to his father. When the Italians hear how God hath reserved vengeance to himself, they say blasphemously, 'He knew it was too sweet a bit for man, therefore kept it for his own tooth.' But if man were his own carver, he would carve too deep. God only is wise and just: wise to know, and just to give the due proportion. Now the great and omnipotent Lord Chief-Justice bind us all to the peace on earth, and bring us all to the peace of heaven!

Now, because every city must have an established government, order being the good of every creature, and it is better not to be than to be out of order; therefore this city of peace must have a lord and a law; a ruler to govern it, and a rule whereby it must be governed. The king is Christ, who is therefore called, *Princeps Pacis*,—'The Prince of Peace.' And he hath a deputy or vicegerent under him, whom he hath set to promote the good, and to remove the evil, of peace. The law is truth, that is the gospel, *regula pacis*, the rule of truth.

IV. The governor of this city is supreme authority. As God is a great King, so the king is, as it were, a little god. 'I have said, Ye are gods.' God is an invisible King, the king is a visible god. 'Ye must be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake,' Rom. 13:5. All must obey: the bad for fear, the good for love. To compel the one, there is a writ out of the King's Bench; to persuade the other, there is an order in the Chancery.

Of all nations we are blessed with peace, under a king of peace; therefore all bound to be children of peace. There are three ways of choosing kings:—1. An immediate nomination from God; 2. A succession of blood; 3. An election of the people. The first ceaseth, the last hath been found dangerous, the best remains. They that are suddenly chosen out of the flock do seldom manifest such royal behaviour, nor become their majesty, for it is not their trade. Jehu remitted much of his noble zeal when he was settled in his kingdom. It is one thing to say, 'With a great sum of money obtained I this

kingdom,' Acts 22:28; and for* another to say, 'I was a king born.' We may justly say of our king, *Dignissimus regno, si non natus ad regnum*. When the poets called some men the sons and offspring of the gods, they meant that they were men of a more noble and uncommon nature, and that those graces were *ex divino afflatu*. It was as familiar with Homer to make a king fight with a god at his elbow as a common soldier with his sword in his hand. To whom the Lord gives most honour, he gives most assistance. 'The heart of the king is in his hand, as rivers of waters;' the heart of a private man as a little brook. In the former is more need of his omnipotence. Howsoever, the grace of adoption, in the apostles' time, was 'not given to many mighty or noble,' 1 Cor. 1:26; yet the graces of administration are.

Anarchy is the mother of division, the stepmother of peace. While the state of Italy wants a king, all runs into civil broils. It is the happiness of this city that there is no distraction. Not a king at Judah, and another at Dan; not one in Hebron, another in Gibeon; not the red rose here, and the white there. We are not shuffled into a popular government, nor cut into cantons by a headless, headstrong aristocracy; but *Henricus Rosas, Regna Jacobus*,—in Henry was the union of the roses, in James of the kingdoms. Every king is not a peacemaker: ours, like a second Augustus, hath shut the rusty door of Janus's temple; so making peace, as if he were made of peace. That blessed queen, of sweet and sacred memory before him, was *Filia Pacis*; who, as by her sexual graces she deserved to be the queen of women, so by her masculine virtues to be the queen of men. Certainly, it would have troubled any king but him, to have succeeded such a queen; yet no man complains the want of peace. This he promised, and *Verbum regis, rex regi*, this he hath performed to every good soul's content. When he was first proclaimed, what heard we but peace? What heard the nobles? a king that would honour them. What the senators? a king that would counsel them. What the schools? a king that would grace them. What the divines? a king that would encourage them. What the rich? a king that would defend them. What the poor? a king that would relieve them.

When a tyrant comes abroad, all seek to hide themselves: 'When the wicked rise, men hide themselves,' Prov. 28:28. But when a clement prince progresses, all flock to him; the streets and ways are filled with people, the air with acclamations. We call our peace, 'the king's peace;' and say to brawlers, Keep the king's peace. Peace, plenty, traffic, learning, administration of justice, flourishing of arts, preaching of the gospel, Rex Jupiter omnibus idem. Like David, he leads the dance to heaven; and like Augustus, makes a sweet spring wheresoever he goes. 'Israel had rest forty years,' Judg. 5:31; we have had a jubilee of fifty years, and begun again. The peacemaker doth both bless and is blessed; therefore let us bless him, and bless God for him, and hold ourselves blessed in him.

Away then with those discontented spirits that grudge these outward rights, whether tributes of money, or attributes of supremacy. Solvatur subsidium, ne contingat excidium. 'For this cause pay we tribute also,' &c., Rom. 13:6. It is the mediate due to God, as prayers and praises are his immediate rents. Some have observed, that Christ did not miracle about honour or money, except that one of giving tribute to Cæsar.* Much more intolerable are those our cousins of Samaria, that fly off in a rage: 'What portion have we in David?' Matt. 17:27. For this cause certainly, if David were now alive, he would never admit a Jesuit to his chaplain. But perish his enemies, and upon his own head let his crown flourish! May not the sceptre depart from Jacob, nor a seed from his loins, till Shiloh come again! May his posterity have a crown on earth, when himself hath a crown in heaven! Amen.

V. The law of this city is the law of Christ: a law indeed, but a law of peace. It made peace betwixt God and man; and it must make peace between man and man. If it cannot reconcile us one to another, it shall reconcile none of us to the Lord. It is a law, not to be observed for state, but for conscience. Indeed those Catuli Catilinarii, statising Jesuits turn all their religion into statism, yea, into atheism. And there be many church-recusants, a monstrous, menstruous brood, the moon-calves of that lunatic religion. Come they do, but more for

fear of the law than for love of the gospel. And all the children that even hang on the breasts of peace cannot be excused; for some through nescience or negligence, scarce cast an eye on the statutes of peace.

'I will hear what the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people,' Ps. 85:8. One takes snuff at his poor neighbour: perhaps it is Mordecai's cap that hath put Haman out of his princely wits; and now he resolves to trounce him. Proud beggar! he will teach him to know his betters. Oh, but tarry, and hear the statute of peace: 'Rob not the poor, because he is poor,' Prov. 22:22; 'for the Lord will plead his cause, and spoil the soul of them that spoil him.' Lust makes this a spur to oppression, quia pauper, because he is poor; the law makes this a bridle from it, quia pauper, because he is poor. Another is crop-sick of ceremonies; he hath a toy in his head, that the church's garment should not be embroidered, nor have more lace and fringe than his own coat: there is in him so little of man, that he talks of nothing but the beast. Rather than his children shall be crossed in baptism, he will out of the ark into some fantastical wherry. Let him tarry, and hear what the law speaks, in his law of peace: 'In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature,' Gal. 6:15; that is, neither ceremony, nor no ceremony, but the substantial—a new creature.

Another flatters himself, 'I need not stand on strict performance of tithes; the gospel requires nothing but benevolence: experienced men justify it, I have the warrant of good lawyers for it.' Oh, but such a lawyer is the barrister of Barathrum, a sworn enemy to the law of peace. The voice of Christ is not in it; hear that: 'Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things,' Gal. 6:6.

This city of peace hath one immutable rule, and it is sufficient to direct all actions: 'And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God,' Gal. 6:16. A man is proud of his victorious mischiefs, fleshed with his fortunate

wickedness, thinks he hath carried himself bravely in out-bribing his adversary, fooling judge and jury by false testimony, and triumphs in his unblest gain: but is this according to the rule of peace? Vincat Veritas,—Let truth overcome. The loser may sit down with content, but the winner shall lie down in torment. A rich man carries himself proudly; above others in scorn, above himself in folly: he thinks all his titles beneath him, and even those that worship him still to undervalue him; others he looks upon as if they were made to serve him, yea, and be proud to be commanded by him. Cross him, and he rages, swells, foams like the sea in a storm; but is this after the rule of peace? 'Learn of me, who am meek and lowly in heart,' Matt. 11:29. Alas! what is the difference in dust? 'The beggar dies, so does the rich man,' Luke 16:22. Before, the rich could not endure the beggar near him; here one verse contains them both. In life the rich hath the pre-eminence of ease, and wealth, and honour: in death, the poor man goes first to peace.

In driving a trade, it is Mammon's prime policy to take advantage of others' necessity or simplicity. 'Sold you it for so much?' saith Peter, Acts 5:8. 'Yea, for so much,' answers Ananias. 'Did it cost so much?' says the buyer. 'Yes,' saith the seller. Let him tremble at the judgment, which was a sudden death. This is the rule of an unjust city, not of the city of peace: *Pereat mundi lucrum, ne fiat animæ damnum*,—Perish that gain which comes with the soul's loss.

Many think charity to the poor to be a work of mere supererogation; that they are not bound liberally to give part of that to lazy beggars which they have laboriously gotten by their endeavours. But hear the rule of peace: 'Break thy bread unto the hungry.' 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor,' Matt. 19:21. But as when Christ dissuaded from covetise, by the difficulty of entrance that wealth finds to heaven, they amazedly replied, 'Who then can be saved?' who can walk after this rule? when we preach this doctrine, the world cries, *Durus sermo*,—This is a hard saying, a harsh sermon. Yet is this the law of peace, and thus minded are the citizens of peace. When the poor at your gates ask you *panem quotidianum*, their daily bread, they after

a sort make you gods; therefore shew yourselves at least to be men. Charity is the food of peace on earth, and the seed of peace in heaven.

VI. The palace of peace is the temple: the peace of man can never be preserved without the worship of God. It is not enough for the city to have laws, but these must be divulged, made known to the inhabitants, the observation of them continually urged; for by nature men are apt enough to fly out. Howsoever the Romans built their *Templum Pacis* without the gates, yet here it is the chief honour and ornament of the city. Here Peace keeps her court, and sits like a royal queen in her chair of estate; which is not like Solomon's throne, guarded with lions, but with milk-white doves, and covered over with olive branches.

But, alas, how doth her palace now fall to ruin for want of reparation! Few there be that repair it, but to impair it thousands are ready. The question was once, 'What shall we bring to the man of God?' 1 Sam. 9:7. Now it is a motion suffered in all courts, What shall we take away from the man of God? The noble Shunammite built him a chamber, with a bed and a candlestick: we have those that pull down his rooms, disturb his rest, and put out his light. Nehemiah reduced the tithes to the primitive institution and order; but if any Nehemiah should now undertake it, and restore our portion to our own hands, there are ten thousand harpies ready to catch it ere it come to our mouths. We may sing, or rather sigh one to another, as little children chant in the streets:—

'When shall we eat white bread?

When the puttock is dead:'

when there is not a sacrilegious lawyer left. If the walls of Jerusalem should begin to rise, there is a Tobiah or Sanballat to flout us, that 'a fox is able to break them down,' Neh. 4:3. Corrupt advocates are those foxes, and by their wills the vine of peace should bear no

grapes that escape their fingers. Some have written wittily in the praise of folly, some have commended baldness, others in a quaint paradox extolled deformity; but in former times it was never heard that any wrote encomiums of sacrilege.

That 'the kings of the earth should conspire against Christ,' Ps. 2:2, it was no wonder; for 'they knew him not,' 1 Cor. 2:8. That the Edomites and Ishmaelites should oppose him, Ps. 83:6, no wonder; for they stood on terms of hostility. That the Jews should confederate against him, Acts 4:27, no wonder; for they hated him. But that men baptized in his faith, bearing his name as their honourable title, and wearing his profession as their chief ornament, should consent to rob him, and justify it by their law; this is such a thing as the very barbarians would blush at. Suppose the ministers of this city, the pensioners of peace, by some humble complaint request their own, or, at most, but some small part of their own; is the spoiler at a nonplus? Cannot he find an advocate to plead for him, and make his cause, though not be, yet appear, good? What! not one for his fees that can cry down the temple, the gospel, Christ himself? Is there no bill to be framed, no false plea to be found? Is Satan turned fool? Hath none of his scholars any brains left? Yes, we might think the devil were dead, if there could not be found an advocate to plead for sacrilege. The Lord, in his justice for sin, 'hath broken down her hedges,' Ps. 80:12; and now every hand hath a snatch at her grapes.

In many places, Ahab-like, they have engrossed the whole vineyard; but if the poor, exposed, and unsupported vine be left, it shall bear the owner but a few grapes. This may hold in *jure fori*; it never shall hold in *jure poli*. God promised that the faith of the church should remove mountains: such were Domitian, Dioclesian, and those imperial persecutors. The church prays, *Dorsum eorum incurva*, —'Bow down their backs;' and so the Lord did. Valerian was so bowed down that he became a footstool for the king of Persia to mount up to his horse. Oh that the church of peace had still this miraculous faith to remove these mountains: malicious and truth-

hating pleaders, the pioneers of the temple, and the maintainers of those that pillage it!

They tell us, 'The law is open, and there be deputies,' Acts 19:38; but who be the deputies in this city? Is there any other than a judge of their own? And is it not then a proverbial answer of any man questioned in this sacrilege: 'Ask my father if I be a thief?' When David decided the matter to Mephibosheth, 'Thou and Ziba divide the land,' 2 Sam. 19:30, he answered: 'Yea, let him take all.' For the misery of the law, I never by experience found it, because I never tried it; but when they have leave to divide the inheritance of Christ with their ministers, (and it were something tolerable if they did but divide it,) I say, let them take all, seeing all they will have, rather than we go to recover it by such a judgment. But certainly God cannot long abide to see that people prosper who cannot abide to see his church prosper. They that spoil the palace of peace on earth shall never be entertained into her glorious court of heaven.

VII. The river that serves this city of peace is prosperity. It is one principal happiness of a city to be situated by a river's side: that as it hath fortified itself by land, so it may have command of the sea. Prosperity is the river to this city, that like a loving Meander, winds itself about, throwing his silver arms upon her sides; ebbing slowly, but flowing merrily, as if he longed to embrace his love. Peace is the mother of prosperity, but prosperity is too often the murderer of peace. For peace breeds wealth, wealth breeds pride, pride breeds contention, and contention kills peace. Thus she is often destroyed by her own issue, as Sennacherib was by his own bowels.

Take this city we live, in for an instance. Peace hath brought God's plenty: the inhabitants neither plough, nor sow, nor reap; yet are fed like the fowls of heaven. They fare well with less trouble than if corn grew at their doors, and cattle grazed in their streets. But as Nilus may rise too high, and water Egypt too much, so the inundation of opulency may do them hurt. Thus may the influence of heaven, and the plenty of earth, be a snare unto us, and our abundance an

occasion of our falling. Prosperity is hearty meat, but not digestible by a weak stomach; strong wine, but naught for a weak brain. 'The prosperity of fools destroyeth them,' Prov. 1:32. It is not simply prosperity, but the prosperity of fools, that destroyeth them. The swelling river by the surfeit of a tide doth not sooner bring in our increase, but our increase doth breed in our minds another swelling, in our bodies another surfeiting: we swell in pride, and surfeit in wantonness. The Israelites never fared so well as when they lived at God's immediate finding, and at night expected their morrow's breakfast from the clouds; when they did daily ask, and daily receive, their daily bread.

There be (as I heard a worthy divine observe) three main rivers in the land, whereof this is held the best; and this city is placed in the best seat of the river, upon the gentle rising of a hill, in the best air, and richest soil. When a courtier gave it out, that Queen Mary, being displeased with the city, threatened to divert both term and parliament to Oxford, an alderman asked whether she meant to turn the channel of the Thames thither or no: If not, saith he, by God's grace, we shall do well enough. 'The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage,' Ps. 16:6. Both the elements are our friends: the earth sends us in her fruits, the sea her merchandise. We are near enough the benefits, and far enough from the dangers, of the ocean. Nothing is wanting to the consummation of our happiness, to keep us in our own country, in our own city, in our own houses, but that which keeps men in their wits—temperance and thankfulness.

But do we not requite this river of prosperity with ungrateful impiety, and use the ocean of God's bounty as we do the Thames? It brings us in all manner of provision: clothes to cover us, fuel to warm us, food to nourish us, wine to cheer us, gold to enrich us; and we, in recompense, soil it with our rubbish, filth, common sewers, and such excretions. It yields us all manner of good things, and we requite it with all plenty of bad things. It comes flowing in with our commodities, and we send it laden back with our injuries.

Such toward God is the impious ingratitude of this famous city, which else had no parallel under the sun. She may not unfitly be compared to certain pictures, that represent to divers beholders, at divers stations, divers forms. Looking one way, you see a beautiful virgin; another way, some deformed monster. Cast an eye upon her profession, she is a well-graced creature; turn it upon her conversation, she is a misshapen stigmatic. View her peace, she is 'fairer than the daughters of men;' view her pride, the children of the Hittites and Amorites are beauteous to her. Think of her good works; then, 'Blessed art thou of the Lord number her sins; then, 'How is that faithful city become an harlot!' Isa. 1:21. To tell of her charity, and how many hundreds she feeds in a year, you will say with Paul, 'In this I praise her.' To tell of her oppressions, and how many thousands she undoes in a year, you will say with him again, 'In this I praise her not.' Behold her like a nurse, drawing her breasts and giving milk to orphans; you wish her cup to run over with fulness. Behold her like a horse-leech, sucking the blood of the church, to feed her own sacrilegious avarice; you will say, her cup is too full. When we think of her prosperity, we wonder at her impiety: when we think of her impiety, we wonder at her prosperity. Oh that her citizens would learn to manage their liberal fortunes, and to entertain the river of peace 'that makes glad the city of God,' with humility and sobriety; that when death shall disfranchise them here, they may be made free above, in that triumphant city whose glory hath neither measure nor end!

VIII. The life of the citizens is love: for without the love of men there can be no peace of God; and there is no love of God in them that desire not peace with men. He that loves not the members was never a friend to the Head. To say we love Christ, and hate a Christian, is as if a man, while he was saluting or protesting love to his friend, should tread on his toes. I know indeed that every creature is to be loved, but in ordine ad Deum. Religion doth not forbid, but rectify our affections. Our parents, spouses, children, allies, countrymen, neighbours, friends, have all their due places in our love; and it were a brutish doctrine to dispossess us of these human relations. Only

they must know their orders and stations, and by no means usurp upon God: they must not be mistresses, but handmaids to the love of Christ.

But let us love them because they love God: as reflections of our sight, which glance from the Lord upon his image. If God have their hearts, let them have our hearts. It is poor to love a man for that is about him: he must be loved for that is within him. If we should account of men as we do of bags, prize them that weigh heaviest; and measure out our love by the subsidy-book, honouring a man because he is well clothed; I see then no reason but we should do greater reverence to the bason and ewer on the stall, than to the goldsmith in the shop; and most humbly salute satin and velvet in whole pieces, because their virgin-glory was never yet ravished and abused into fashion.

No, but especially let us love others, because they fear God, and serve Jesus Christ. For as the brain is to the sinews, the liver to the veins, and the heart to the arteries; so is God's love to human societies: as the very soul by which they live, and the form that gives them being. Otherwise our companies are conspiracies, when we fall in one with another, to fall out with God. Let us begin our loves above, deriving this holy fire from the altar of heaven; let our faith enkindle it at the heart of Christ, and then like the cherubims, we shall look graciously one upon another, while all look up to the mercy-seat of God.

IX. The general state of this city. This is the corollary of all; every particular being cast up, here is the sum: her universal felicity. For the illustration whereof, it will not be unuseful to borrow an instance; and we need not travel far to seek out such an image or resemblance.

Look we upon our own nation, the happy model of this city of peace. It was said, that in Rome a man might see all countries; and the Romans used to solace themselves: 'It is good looking on a map of the world, *ubi nihil in orbe videmus alienum*,—when we find nothing

in the world which is not our own.' What doth the whole earth produce which is not yielded to our enjoying? What was once said of Ormus is true of this city, 'Turn the world into a ring, and this is the diamond of it.' Like to Gideon's fleece, it hath been wet with the dew of heaven, when drought was on the whole earth besides. Or like Nilus, which keeps within its banks, when other rivers overflow their continents. Some nations have peace, but without the truth; other have the truth, but without peace: we have both truth and peace. Our neighbours have been exercised with troubles, whirled about with hostile tumults; their ears affrighted with the thunder of those murdering pieces; their eyes aghast with their temples and tabernacles flaming about their heads; infants bleeding upon the stones, and their amazed mothers ravished ere they can be permitted to die. The shrieks of the dying, and slavery of the living, under the merciless hands of a killing or insulting adversary, these have been their distracting objects: none of them come near us. There is no rifling of houses, no flying to refuges, no rotting in dungeons, no ruining of monuments, no swelling the channels with blood, no firing of cities, no rapes of virgins, no dashing of babes against the stones, nor casting them, as they drop from their mothers' wombs, into their mothers' flames. But instead of these, the truth of the gospel is preached, piety professed, the practice of it encouraged; grace promising, and peace performing, blessed rewards.

That is verified in us which is recorded of the days of Solomon, 'That he had peace on all sides round about him: and Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree, from Dan to Beersheba,' 1 Kings 4:25. Or as Sylvius said of Rhodes, *Semper in sole sita est*. The sunshine of mercy embraceth us, and hath made us a day of peace, not shorter than sixty years: the favours of God overshadowing us, as the cherubims did the mercy-seat. I know that Rome frets at this, and let the harlot rage her heart out: she thunders out curses, but (praised be God!) we never more prospered than when the Pope most cursed us. Yea, O Lord, though they curse, do thou bless: their thunder doth more fear than hurt, thy favour doth more good than they can blast! Convert or confound

them that have evil will at Zion; and still let us inherit thy peace, that thou mayest inherit our praise!

This is the reward of peace, and of all those that in sincerity of heart love her: 'The God of peace shall be with them,' 2 Cor. 13:11. There be six kinds of peace, but the peace of God contains all the rest. 'The peace of God passeth all understanding:' therefore whosoever loseth this peace, hath a loss past all understanding. But Christ foretold us, that 'in the world we shall have no peace,' John 16:3. Indeed no peace, quoad oppositionem seculi; yet much peace, quoad dispositionem Domini. The most savage disturbers, si non reformatur ne pereant, tamen reprimuntur ne perimant,—if they be not reformed to save themselves, they shall be restrained from harming us. If they will not do us the good they should, yet they shall not do us the evil they would. Vel inimicus tuus non manebit, vel non manebit inimicus,—Either our enemies shall not live, or they shall not live our enemies. Either 'the righteous shall rejoice when they see the vengeance, and wash their feet in the blood of the wicked,' Ps. 58:10; or 'the Lord will give them favour in the sight of their enemies, and those that hated them shall cleave unto them,' Exod. 11:3.

From hence ariseth peace with ourselves: a conformity of affection to reason, of reason to grace; that the conflicts which a distressed conscience finds with legal terrors shall be turned to mild embracements. Faith leading the understanding, the understanding guiding the will, the will ruling the operative powers, and Christ Jesus governing all. For indeed he is the fountain of peace, and we 'through him, being justified by faith, have peace with God,' Rom. 5:1. Through the corruption of our nature, and justice of God's nature, we are enemies: and there is no reconciliation but through the blood of the everlasting covenant. He reconciles us to God, as Joab did Absalom to David by the woman of Tekoah, 2 Sam. 14:7, when the whole family rose up, and said, 'Deliver him that smote his brother, that we may take his life for the life of the slain;' and so the father and mother shall 'have no name nor remainder upon earth.' God hath two sorts of sons—angels and men: the angels that fell are

lost for ever; men fell—if they were lost too, where should God have sons? I know that he needs not man: he hath still the elect angels, and is able to raise sons of stones: he can want nothing while he possesseth himself. Well, yet in mercy Christ reconciles us. David asks, 'Is not the hand of Joab in all this?' ver. 19; so we may admire, 'Is not the hand of Jesus in all this?' Yes, he hath made our peace. The minister always ends his public devotions with 'the peace of God,' and the blessing of this peace rest upon us!

Thus we have a real abridgment of this mystical city of peace; happy every way. Vigilancy is her officer of peace, that hath an eye in the darkest angles, and discovers the first conceptions of strife. Discipline is her clerk of the peace, that keeps the records, and indicts offenders. Authority is her justice of peace, that if any will not be ruled, binds them over to the peace. Equity is her burse, where men exchange kindness for kindness; on whose stairs injury and imposture durst never set their foul feet. Truth is her standard, which with the trumpet of fame shall resound her happiness to all nations. Plenty is her treasurer, liberality her almoner, conscience her chancellor, wisdom her counsellor, prayer her clerk of the closet, faith her crown, justice her sceptre, masculine virtues her peers, graces her attendants, and nobility her maid of honour. All her garments are green and orient; all her paths be milk, her words oracles, and her works miracles: making the blind to see, and the lame to go, by a merciful supply to their defects. Her breath is sweeter than the new-blown rose, millions of souls lie sucking their life from it; and the smell of her garments is like the smell of Lebanon. Her smiles are more reviving than the vertumnal sunshine; and her favours, like seasonable dews, spring up flowers and fruits wheresoever she walks. Holiness is the canopy of state over her head, and tranquillity the arras where she sets her foot. All her servants wait in order, and can with contentful knowledge distinguish and accept their own places. Her court is an image of paradise; all her channels flow with milk, and her conduits run wine. Envy and murmuring, as privy to their own guilt, fly from her presence. Her

guard consists not of men, but angels; and they pitch their tents about her palace.

X. Lastly, having preserved and blessed all her children on earth, she goes with them to heaven, is welcomed into the arms of her Father, invested queen with a diadem of glory, and possessed of those joys unto which time shall never put an end.

**THE BAD LEAVEN;
OR,
THE CONTAGION OF SIN**

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.—GAL. 5:9.

THIS epistle was written with St Paul's own hand: chap. 6:11, 'Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with my own hand.' It is for quality excellent, for quantity large. He wrote not so long an epistle to any other church with his own hand. Indeed he wrote a letter to Philemon with his own hand, ver. 19, 'I Paul have written it with mine own hand;' but it was short. He wrote longer epistles to the Romans and Corinthians, but not with his own hand, but by scribes. We have cause therefore to regard it more; as his pains were greater in writing, so let our diligence be greater in observing.

The main purpose of it is to discover, First, That ill conjunction of Moses and Christ, the ceremonies of the law with the sanctimony of the gospel. Secondly, The free grace and justification by the blood of Christ without the works of the law. In this the Galatians had

received a beginning, but now had admitted a recidivation. For this cause the Apostle chides, ver. 7, 'Ye did run well: who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?' where there is a concession and an exhortation, a step and a stop. The concession or step, 'Ye did run well.' The exhortation or stop, 'Who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?'

In the former, he compares Christianity to a race: all men must first be viatores in this valley of tears, before they can be assessores, and sit with Christ in his kingdom of glory. Only as it agrees with a race in many things,—as labour, it is no idle thing to be a Christian; shortness, it is a race, the perplexity is recompensed with the brevity; continuance, the runner must hold out the last step, if he will obtain the prize,—so there are some differences. First, In other races many run, only one wins the goal; but in this all that run faithfully shall reign triumphantly. Though they cannot run so fast as others, nor so far as others; yet even they that came at the eleventh hour into the vineyard, received the penny, so well as they that came at the third. For the Lord regards not quantum, but ex quanto,—not how much, but how well. Whatever hour they are called, let them spend the after-time in a zealous diligence. Secondly, In other races one hinders another, but in this journey one helps another. The more the merrier; no envy or grudging, either in the way or the goal. *Dispar gloria singulorum, sed communis lætitia omnium.* There may be different glory of some, yet there is a common joy of all. Every good man is a spur to his brother. Peter and John ran to Christ's sepulchre; John outran Peter unto the grave, Peter outwent John into the grave. But we run together unto Christ's throne; some come before, some after, all meet in the communion of saints. Thirdly, In other races the runner obtains a prize that shall perish; all the runners here get an incorruptible crown. They run for a little prize, a little praise; we for eternal glory. Run we then cheerfully; behold, a kingdom lies at the stake. God give us all eyes of faith to see it, and hearts of obedience to run to it, through the power of Jesus Christ!

In the latter, the Apostle may seem to put a superfluous question: 'Who did hinder you?' for there are many adversaries. As, first, Satan, the general of that damned crew that hinder our passage to heaven. Paul excuseth himself to the Thessalonians: 'We would have come to you once and again, but Satan hindered us,' 1 Thess. 2:18. 'Joshua the high priest stood before the angel of the Lord, and Satan stood at his right hand to resist him,' Zech. 3:1. Where God hath his church, Satan hath his chapel. So also wicked men; such as have taken the devil's oath of allegiance. What the devil cannot do immediately by himself, he does mediately by his instruments. To err, humanum, is the wickedness of a man; but to seduce, diabolicum, is the part of a devil. It is ill to play the woman, worse to play the beast, worst of all to play the devil. But what special hinderers the Apostle means, we shall have precise occasion in some future passages to demonstrate.

Only I must not omit that the Apostle gives a direct resolution by way of negation: ver. 8, 'This persuasion cometh not of him that calleth you.' God is noways the author of error and sin. He that wills the death of no sinner, will not lead him into the ways of destruction. Indeed he suffers Satan to tempt all, but to a diverse purpose: the good, to try them; the reprobate, to destroy them. The temptations of the godly are for their instruction; of the wicked, for their destruction. James tells us that 'every good gift comes down from the, Father of lights,' chap. 1:17. Is it evil? It cometh not from God. The Apostle telling the Ephesians of lusts, blindness, wantonness, obstinacy, concludes peremptorily, *Non sic didicistis Christum*,—'Ye have not so learned Jesus Christ,' Eph. 4:20. Art thou perverted? Thou never learnedst this of Christ. 'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God tempteth no man,' James 1:13. In him we live, move, and have our being: a Gentile poet sung it, a Christian apostle sanctified it, Acts 17:28, all the creatures in heaven and earth cry Amen unto it. Life is his, whether we live well or ill; motion is his, whether we lift up our hands to prayer or murder; but the pravity and corruption of these is none of his. Is any

part of body or power of soul depraved? 'This cometh not from him that calleth us.' What is then the cause of sin?

I answer, properly nothing: it hath indeed a deficient cause, but no efficient cause. It is a defect, privation, or orbity of that God made; the thing itself he never made. Will you ask what is the cause of sickness? I answer, the destitution of health. If what is the cause of darkness, the absence of the sun; if of blindness, the deficiency of seeing. What is the cause of silence? No cause. There are causes of speech—organs, air, &c.; take away these, what follows but silence? You see the light; who ever saw darkness? You hear speech; who ever heard silence? Man forsook grace; sin came in at the back-door. It is a bastard brought into God's house by stealth. Woe to them that shall root their filthiness in the Deity! If they be seduced, to cry, 'Lord, thou hast deceived us,' Jer. 4:10. No; destruction is of thyself, O Israel; 'in me is thy help.' We have all gotten this sin from Adam: *Mulier quam tu, &c.*,—'The woman which thou gavest me;' as if God had given him a woman to tempt him. *Hæc est ruina maxima, Deum putare causam ruinæ*,—This is the greatest destruction that can be, to charge God with the cause of our destruction. No, O Father of heaven, be thou justified, and the faces of all men ashamed! Let us look home to our own flesh; from thence it cometh that destroyeth. *Me, me, adsum qui feci.* The Lord put not only this confession in our mouths, but this feeling in our hearts, that all our evil cometh from ourselves, all our good from Jesus Christ!

'Of him that called you.' He hath called you to liberty, will you entangle yourselves in new bondage? Who pities him that, being redeemed from prison, wilfully recasts himself into it? or that, saved from the fire, will run into it again? Art thou *titio ereptus*, and yet hast a mind to be burned? He hath called you not to the ceremonies, but to their antitype; not to those legal lambs, but to that evangelical Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Will you be directed by lamps when the sun is risen? No; he hath called you to the truth and comforts of the gospel; obey that call. And then he that

hath persuaded you to virtue, by calling you to grace, shall crown you with eternal glory.

Now one argument whereby the Apostle deters them from blending Judaism with Christianity is derived from the danger of corrupting the doctrine of the gospel: 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' One ceremony of the legal rites observed with an opinion of necessity soureth all that sweetness of redemption that cometh by Christ. This divine aphorism may thus logically be resolved—into a predicate, subject, and copula: the predicate, leaven; the subject, lump; the copula, leaveneth. Or thus: there is a thing active, 'leaven;' a thing factive, 'soureth;' a thing passive, 'the lump.'

But because the whole speech is allegorical, let us first open the metaphor with the key of proper analogy, and then take out the treasure—such observations as may be naturally deduced from it. Most properly our Apostle by leaven understands false doctrine, and by lump the truth of the gospel; so the sense is this, one heresy infects a mass of truth. Or if we restrain it to persons, by leaven he meaneth false teachers, and by lump the church of Galatia; and so a teacher of the bondage to the law sours the liberty of the gospel. 'Behold, I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing,' ver. 2. Or if yet we will look upon it with more general view, we may by leaven understand sin, by lump man, by leavening infection. Here are three correspondences, and all worthily considerable:—

1. First, taking leaven for false doctrine, so we find in the New Testament four sorts of leavens: Matt. 16:6, 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees;' there be two of them, the Pharisaical and the Sadducean leavens. Mark 8:15, 'Beware of the leaven of Herod;' there is the third. The fourth is my text, the leaven of mingling Mosaical ordinances with Christ's institutions. It will not be amiss to take a transient view of these leavens; for though former times had the originals, we have the counterparts, we have parallel leavens.

(1.) To begin with the Pharisees; to these I may well liken our Seminaries: one egg is not liker another. Even a Jesuit wrote in good earnest, *Non male comparari Pharisæos Catholicis*,—Papists are fitly compared to the Pharisees. Whether he spake it ignorantly, or unwittingly, or purposely, I am sure Caiaphas never spoke truer when he meant it not. Shall we take a little pains to confer them? The Pharisees had corrupted, yea, in a manner annulled, the law of God by their traditions, and for this Christ complains against them, *Matt. 15:6*. Now for the Papists, this was one of their Tridentine decrees, 'With the same reverence and devotion do we receive and respect traditions that we do the books of the Old and New Testament.' Shut thine eyes and hear both speak, and then for a wager which is the Pharisee, which the Seminary? Indeed to some traditions we give *locum*, but *locum suum*,—a place, but their own place. They must never dare to take the wall of the Scripture.

Again, the Pharisees corrupted the good text with their lewd glosses. The law was, that no leper might come into the temple; their traditional gloss was, that if he were let down through the roof this was no offence. As that drunkard that having forsworn going to a certain tavern, yet being carried thither every day on men's shoulders, thought he had not broken his oath. Their Sabbath-day's journey was a thousand cubits; their gloss understood this without the walls, and walking all day through the city no sin. The Papists are not behind them in their foul interpretations, not shaming to call that sacred writ a nose of wax, formable to any construction. Paul subscribes his two epistles to the Thessalonians thus, *Missa fuit ex Athenis*; a Papist cries out straight, 'Here is a plain text for the mass.' *Ps. 8:6*, *Omnia subjecisti pedibus ejus*,—"Thou hast put all things under his feet." This is spoken of the beasts' subjection to man; their gloss construes it of men's subjection to the Pope! So *Isa. 49:23*, 'They shall bow down to thee with their face toward the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet.' Here, saith their gloss, is a plain proof for kissing the Pope's feet. Our Saviour says, *Matt. 18:3*, 'Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Hereupon St Francis commands one *Massæns* to tumble

round on the earth like a little child, that he might enter. 'If thy foot offend thee,' saith Christ, 'cut it off.' Hereupon when the penitent confessed to St Anthony that he had kicked his mother, he urged him with that text; the man went and cut off his foot, but St Anthony, honestly to make him amends, set it on again. Were these not goodly constructions? So the new-elected Pope, in his solemn Lateran procession, must take copper money out his chamberlain's lap, and scatter it among the people, saying, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you,' Acts 3:6. And is not this a probable truth, a praisable bounty? Seven years' penance is enjoined to a deadly sin, because Miriam was separated seven days for her leprosy; and God saith to Ezekiel, chap. 4:6, 'I have given thee a day for a year.' O genuine and most neighbourly concurring of Scriptures! When God's word subjects priests to kings, their gloss subjects kings to priests, at least to popes. But as when they determined to kill the Emperor Henry the Seventh, that they might be sure to poison him, they stuck not to poison their own God in the sacrament; so, purposing to tear the honour and deface the majesty of kings, they first offer violence to the sacred word of God. In these damnable glosses it is hard to decide whether Pharisee is beyond Papist, or Papist beyond Pharisee. But dum hæc male construunt, seipsos male destruunt,—their evil construction of the Scriptures brings a worse destruction to themselves. They make that serve the turn of their policy which God meant to serve the turn of his glory.

The Pharisees cleaved to the letter, but despised the spirit; so do Papists. Hoc est corpus must be materially there: for this they wrangle, fight, burn the contradictors; yet few of them care to find it spiritually there. Dabo claves, I will give thee the keys; therefore none can enter heaven except the Pope open the doors. Whereas Peter's two keys, one of knowledge, the other of power, are fitted to two locks—ignorance and induration. But we know who keeps the keys, and lets in many thousands to heaven without the Pope's leave: 'These things saith he that is holy and true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; that shutteth, and no man openeth,' Rev. 3:7. Some of the Rabbins affirmed that God

requires two things concerning his law—custody and work; custody in heart, work in execution. The Pharisees thought it enough to have it in their frontlets, not in their hearts. So the Romist hath his opus operatum; prayers numbered on beads, fastings, pilgrimages, &c., and then cries like Saul: 'Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord,' 1 Sam. 15:13.

The Pharisees justified themselves by their works, and would not stick to say of the law, 'All this have I kept from my youth.' Do not the Papists so? Do they not climb to salvation by their own works, and justify themselves? Those thought it not only easy to fulfil the law, but possible to do more than they were bound to. They thought it not worth thanks to perform what they were bidden. God's law was too little for their holiness. They plied God with unbidden oblations, gave more than they needed, than was commanded. 'I pay tithes of all,' said that Pharisee. Of all? It was more than he needed. If God would have a Sabbath kept, they over-keep it; let a house be on fire that day, they would not quench it. And what other is the boasting opinion of the Romanists? It is nothing with them to content God; they can earn him, supererogate of him. Yea, these Jewish Papists have done more than enough for themselves, many good works to spare for others: this they call the church's treasure, and they sell them for ready money. But Christ taught us all to say, 'We are unprofitable servants;' intimating, that do what we can, yet God is a loser by the best of us.

To omit the miserable penances of the Pharisees, pricking themselves with thorns, and wounding their flesh with whips, wherein it is not possible for a Papist to go beyond them. If the misusing, macerating, lacerating their own bodies be a means to come into heaven, surely the Pharisees should enter far sooner than the Papists. Yet were those kept out, and shall these enter? 'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:20. The people were so besotted on them, that they thought if but two men should go to heaven, the one must be a scribe, the other a Pharisee. But here was strange news: neither of them both shall

come there. So the Papists think that if but two men be saved, one must be a friar, the other a Jesuit. He that should say neither of them both was likely to speed so well, should have the whole multitude stare upon him for such a paradox.

The Pharisees bragged much of Moses's chair; just so do our Papists of Peter's chair. The Pharisees justified it that there was no error in theirs; the Papists affirm that there is no possibility of error in theirs. The Pharisees thundered against the poor people, 'This people who knoweth not the law are cursed,' John 7:49. So the Pope thunders his curses and excommunications against us; but (we bless God) his thunder cannot reach us. I would other places had no more cause to fear his thunder. Then would they answer him, as Gregory the Fourth was answered, when he purposed peremptorily to proceed against Louis le Debonair: the French bishops answered in flat terms, *Si excommunicatus veniret, excommunicatus discederet*,— If he came to excommunicate, he should be sent back excommunicated.

The Pharisees compassed sea and land to make proselytes; 'and when they had made one, they make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves,' Matt, 23:15. Do not our Seminaries so? Yes, they are compassers too, like their grand master, Job 2; much like those *Circulatores* and *Circumcelliones*, a limb of the Donatists. They creep into ladies' houses, I had almost said into their chambers; the pursuivant in modesty hath forborne the gentlewoman's bed, and missed him. Confession and penance are the principal wheels whereupon the engine of their policy runs. By the first, they find out men's secret inclinations; by the other, they heap riches to their tribe. They will not lead a novice into the main at first, to make him believe the Pope's infallibility of judgment, authority to decrown kings, to make scripture no scripture, and no scripture scripture, &c. This meat is too tough, it will not down: therefore they court his affections with pleasing delights, smooth semblances, and moderate constructions, as near to the religion from which they would pervert him as possibly may be afforded. So by degrees they gain him, God

and the truth loseth him. In their own countries, places of freedom, they vizer their hearts; in England, they vizer their faces too.

The Pharisees made difference of oaths: 'Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor. Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold?' Matt. 23:16. That was their doctrine, this was Christ's reproof. So the Papists have their distinctions betwixt a material and a formal oath; one to bind the conscience, the other not. Out of such an unlucky copulation of fraud and malice was that monstrous stigmatic equivocation engendered. A damned egg, not covered by any fair bird, but hatched, as the poets feign of ospreys, with a thunder-clap. A mere bastard; whosoever was the father, Jesuits keep the child, and bring it up as their only darling. But they have their bulls of dispensation for it; fit they should all speed as some did once with their bulls. Two Seminaries came into England with their two bulls, but being apprehended, those two bulls called in a third bull, which was Bull the hangman, to despatch them both.

Lastly, the Pharisees used to 'devour widows' houses, and for a pretence to make long prayers,' Matt, 23:14. It is evil to devour a man's house, worse to devour a widow's house; worst of all, when their lips seemed to pray, to be chewing that morsel. Jerusalem had never worse Pharisees than Rome; these were mere bunglers to the Jesuits. The new Pharisees have made very proselytes and novices of the ancient. A widow's cottage filled the paunch of an old Pharisee. Large patrimonies and fair revenues will not stop the throat of the Jesuit. They devour the land as Pharaoh's lean kine, and yet look hunger-starved still. You shall have them first fall in with the wife, as the devil did with Eve; but they cozen the husband of his inheritance, as the devil cozened Adam. Even other orders among them cry shame upon the Jesuits: they prowl away all with a face of sad piety and stern mortification. Forgive my unseasonable prolixity; you see one dangerous leaven.

(2.) The next is the leaven of the Sadducees: hear their doctrine, Matt, 22:23, 'They say there is no resurrection;' Acts 23:8, 'The Sadducees say there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit.' I would we had no matches for them, but we have too many: that either deny futurum aliquid post mortem,—that any further thing is to be done or suffered or enjoyed after death; or else affirm *fæliciter fore universis*,—that every man shall be happy. They have studied reasons against the resurrection. The flesh turns into rottenness, rottenness to dust, &c. But St Augustine cuts them off with reason: *Qui potuit formare novum, non poterit reparare mortuum?*—He that could make man of nothing surely can revive him of a small thing. *Facilius est restituere, quam constituere*,—It is far easier to repair than to prepare. They tell us, 'It is better to a living dog than a dead lion,' Eccles. 9:4; which is true among beasts like themselves, but among men a dead beast is better than a living atheist. Like dogs they bark at heaven, but they cannot bite it; it is out of their circumference. Though they build up reasons and treasons like Babel, yet they prove but confusion. They would pull God out of his throne, if it were possible; but he is safe enough out of the reach of their malice, else it had gone ill with him before this. Their song is, 'Let us eat and drink,' (they think of no reckoning to pay,) 'for to-morrow we die,' 1 Cor. 15:32. They promise to-morrow, yet kill themselves to-day. This is their song, but the Holy Ghost adds the burden: 'After death cometh the judgment,' Heb. 9:27. It is appointed unto men 'once to die;' to all men once, to atheists twice, for there is a 'second death.' Their first death makes way to their last judgment. They are in some respect worse than the devil: he knows and acknowledgeth a Deity; these say, 'There is no God.' 'The devils believe and tremble,' James 2:19; these have neither faith nor fear. The devil quakes at the day of judgment, these deride it. 'Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?' Matt. 8:29. There is their terror. 'Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.' There is their derision. The devils say, 'Jesus we know,' Acts 19:15; these are like that doubting spirit, *Si Filius Dei*,—'If thou be the Son of God,' Matt. 4:6, as if they made question whether he

was so or not. Strange! even the father of sins cometh short of his sons; and there be atheists upon earth whenas there are none in hell. But they profess some religion among us. It may be so; but they fit and square it to their own humours, as that giant dealt with his guests, for all whom he had but one bed: if they were too short for it, he racked them out longer; if too long, he cut them shorter.

But *insculptum est omnibus esse Deum*,—it is written in all hearts by the pen of nature that there is a God. It is not possible to get out these indelible characters. Say what they will, they would give much to be sure that the Scripture was not true. The discourse of reason confutes them: 'Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee: the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of God hath wrought this?' Job 12:7, 9. *Præsentemque referet quælibet herba Deum*,—The little pile of grass tells us there is a God that made it. Besides, they have a conscience within them, God's deputy in the soul, which will speak for the Maker and Master, and be heard too. *Qui negat esse Deum, mihi negat, et tibi, non sibi*,—He that denies there is a God, denies it to me, and to thee, but never to himself. You may sooner pull his heart out of his breast than this impression out of his heart. Thus is their leaven tossed back into their own teeth: they will not now acknowledge this; they shall one day feel this. *Oculos quos culpa clausit, pœna aperiet*,—The eyes which atheism hath shut, damnation shall open. This is a cursed leaven.

(3.) The next leaven is that of the Herodians. Here crafty and dissembling hypocrites might be thought their fittest and most suitable parallels, because Christ calls Herod a fox: 'Go and tell that fox,' Luke 13:32. But the Herodians were rather noted for profane fellows; and so we must seek out other matches. Such as carry in their gestures a tepidity of religion, a looseness of life; that 'turn the grace of God into wantonness,' and make that which brings salvation to all a means of confusion to themselves. This disease is *interius*, within; and quickly becomes *interitus*, a violent destruction. Professed atheists and open heretics are through the manifestation

of their malice prevented: these are bosom serpents, that sting in silence. Aristotle says, that extreme is less hurtful which is nearest to the medium, and doth communicate with it in something. Prodigality is less noxious than avarice, because it hath this common with liberality, to give; which the other hath not. Fiery zeal is dangerous: by this Paul persecuted Christ, Acts 22:4; by this the Jews crucified Christ, Rom. 10:2. But profane coldness is worse, because it is further from the mean, which is zeal in religion.

By these wretches' lewdness among us, the Romish adversaries take advantage to slander our religion. They say our profession is a doctrine of liberty; that we preach for faith, and against works: but 'Wisdom is justified of her children. Thus we preach, 'Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doth evil; but glory and peace to every man that worketh good,' Rom. 2:9; and, 'Every man that hath hope in Christ purifieth himself,' 1 John 3:3; and this is 'pure religion and undefiled before God: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world,' James 1:27. Our faith is not an οὐσία, imagined in the brain; but an ὑπόστασις, seen in our life. We teach that justification and sanctification are inseparable friends. If men will not be reformed, we conceal not from them God's renunciation: 'If any man will be filthy, let him be filthy still,' Rev. 22:11. Our dissolute conversation cannot annihilate the truth of our doctrine. Howsoever the Samaritan, not the Jew, relieved the wounded man, yet the Jew's religion was true, and not the Samaritan's. How polluted soever we are, yet their hands are not clean enough to take up stones against us. If they rejoice and triumph in men's wickedness, they profess imitation of the devil in a cursed mirth. Good Christians have learned to mourn for abominations, Ezek. 9, not to laugh at them. To return to those dissolute wretches: they sing not with the church a Tenebo te Domine,—'I held him, and I would not let him go,' Cant. 3:4; all their delight is in a Nunc dimittis; they are glad to be gone. It were not amiss if we were well rid of them, being thus incorrigible: 'Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump,' 1 Cor. 5:7. What leaven the Apostle there means, he declares, ver. 13,

'Put away from among yourselves that wicked person.' When Jonah was cast out of the ship, the sea ceased from her raging; when Zimri was slain, the plague stayed; when Baal was destroyed, Israel had peace. If these cursed leavens of superstition, atheism, and profaneness were purged, how sweet a lump would the church of England be! We cannot hope it, yet let us pray for it: Miserere Deus! Cleanse us from these leavens, for the merits of thy Son, our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ!

(4.) There is a fourth leaven, to which St Paul hath principal respect in this place; and that is the mixing of law with gospel: I mean ceremonial and legal rites with the truth of Jesus Christ. This leaven might well die in forgetfulness, and have moulded away, if there had not been a late generation of Thraskites to devour it as bread. They must abstain from swine's flesh, and from blood, and that upon conscience to the ceremonial law. But he that thus abstains from blood and flesh, the flesh and blood of Christ shall do him no good. What is this but to lick up the Galatians' vomit? to swallow that hard and indigestible leaven which St Paul took so much pains about to get out of their stomachs? But let it sleep with them in the dust: it is dead and buried, let us not disquiet the grave to revive it.

2. Now to the second way of considering these words, taking leaven personally for leaveners, false teachers, indeed heretics. I will only note two things, one of doctrine, another of discipline. For doctrine, out of my text, that they sour the whole lump; for discipline, that therefore the church should restrain and correct them.

The leaven of heresy spreads far: 'Their word will eat as doth a canker,' 2 Tim. 2:17, or a gangrene. Αἵρεσις is an option, or election, of αἵρουμαι, to make choice. A laudable word at first among philosophers, taken for a right form of learning. In divinity it is a word of disgrace, and intends a stubborn deviation from the received truth. It is more than error: Errare possum, hæreticus esse non possum,*—I may err, I cannot be a heretic. Qui sua pestifera dogmata defendere persistunt, hæretici sunt,—They that wilfully go

on to maintain their pestilent opinions are heretics. It hath the right property of a gangrene—it frets as it goes: vires acquirit eundo. Heresies in the soul are like ulcera depascentia in the body—they eat up the parts about them.

Of this God is the deficient cause, who suffers it: First, In respect of the wicked, that their just condemnation might not be hindered: 'For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie,' 2 Thess. 2:11. Secondly, In regard of the faithful, that their tentation might assure them to be God's: 'There must be heresies,' or schisms, 'that they which are approved may be made manifest among you,' 1 Cor. 11:19. With this premonition God prepared Israel, that when a false prophet or dreamer should come unto them, 'God doth prove you, to know whether you will love the Lord with all your heart,' Deut. 10:3. For this cause are heresies: ut fides, habendo tentationem, haberet etiam probationem,[†]—that faith admitting a trial, might receive an approval.

Of this Satan is the efficient cause: the father of lies never loved the Father of truth. Wicked and perverse men are the instrumental causes; they are so overwise, that the curdle of their wit procures a breaking out into faction. Cum discipuli veritatis non erunt, magistri erroris sunt,—Refusing to be the scholars of truth, they become the schoolmasters of error. So the precedent cause in such is self-love; the cause that grows out of the other, and nearer to the main effect, (or rather defect,) is discontent. If the church forget them in dealing her legacies of preferment, they will tear her bowels for it. If their mother pleaseth not their humours with an expected indulgence, they will be so bold as kick her sides. Pride steps in for a third cause, —unless I forget her place, for she disdains an inferior room,—and yet of all sins, as none presumes higher, so none is thrust lower; even to the bottomless pit, Isa. 14:15. St John doth witness thus much of Diotrophes: 'I wrote unto the church, but Diotrophes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not,' 3 Epist., ver. 9. He is called by Beda, Hæresiarcha superbus. Hypocrisy must needs be admitted for a fourth motive to heresy. Applause must be

had, if not by being good, yet by seeming so. *Omnes hæretici sunt hypocritæ*, saith Jerome,—Every heretic is a hypocrite. Like vipers, they never come to light, but with some rupture to the womb of their mother.

Thus heresy creeps in at a little hole, but infects, infests the whole house; like a plague that comes in at the windows, and then propagates itself beyond all measure. *Erroris non est finis*,*—There is no termination of error. Therefore the only way to refute heresies is to fetch them back to their original. *Hæreses ad sua principia referre, est refellere*. If you can reduce them to their first, you see their last. As if a man would dry up a stream, he cannot do it in the main, but goes first to the spring-head, stops up that: the river will fail of itself.

As in the bodily gangrene, the part affected grows tumid and cadaverous, the colour fades and becomes blackish; so in the spiritual, the mind grows tumid and swelling: 'Vainly puffed up with a fleshly mind,' Col. 2:18; the fair colour of profession gone: 'walking as enemies to the cross of Christ,' Phil. 3:18. We know how the heresy of Arius did spread, when *totus orbis ingemuit, factum se videns Arianum*,—the whole world groaned, feeling itself made not Christian, but Arian. There was a long disputation about two words, little differing in sound, much in sense, *ὁμοούσιος* and *ὁμοιοούσιος*; the Arians holding Christ like God in substance, the orthodox Christians holding him one with God in substance. Oh the world of ink and blood that was spent about this! The Pope rose by degrees: first above bishops, then above patriarchs, then above councils, then above kings, then above Scriptures, now last of all above God himself. So the Apostle speaks of Antichrist: 'He exalteth himself above all that is called God,' 2 Thess. 2:4. From so poor a beginning he hath risen prettily for his time. Thus Popery crept up in the dark, like a thief putting out the lights, that it might more securely rob the house. Whiles it broached opinions, that like to sweet wines pleased the palate, it led many liquorish affections to hell; not unlike the butcher, who claws the ox till he cuts his throat. Thus the leaven of heresy spreads.

But the church must take care lest it spread too far. Let them alone in quiet, (yet what quiet can they have that disturb themselves?) and then 'evil men and seducers will wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived,' 2 Tim. 3:13. Augustine says of Arius's schism in Alexandria, *una scintilla fuit*,—that it was at first but a little spark; but because not *statim suppressa*, *totum orbem ejus flamma populata est*,—the flame of it singed the whole world, not being extinguished in time. The kindling fire is easily quenched: when it possesseth the town, it rageth and rangeth like a tyranny, scorning the offers of suppression. Now, therefore, 'I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine that ye have learned, and avoid them,' Rom. 16:17. The malice of a heretic, *vel dolenda tanquam hominis, vel cavenda tanquam hostis, vel irridenda tanquam imprudentis*,[†]—is either to be lamented, as a man's, or avoided, as a foe's, or derided, as a fool's. When proud Marcion said to Polycarpus, *Non me agnoscis?*—Dost thou not know me? Yes, replied that good saint; *agnosco te primogenitum Satanæ*,—I acknowledge thee the devil's eldest son. If it prove an incurable gangrene, *ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur*,—cut it off to save the rest. *Pereat unus potius quam unitas*,—Better lose one of the whole, than the whole for one. It is Hippocrates's maxim, *Quæ ferro non curantur, ignis curet*,—Where the knife can do no good, fire must. However heretics escape fire temporal, let them beware fire eternal. For ourselves, bless we God, that hath cleared the way of truth among us, and thrust this leaven out of our coasts. Whiles the plague rode circuit in our streets, we prayed; when it ceased, we praised God. No plague so dangerous as heresy: whiles that ranged in our church, as Sylvius said of ruined Constantinople, *O miseram urbis faciem!* so we of our church, *O miseram ecclesiæ faciem!* This leprosy gone, she is now fair in the eyes of her Beloved. Christ now kisseth her lips, and for this let us kiss the feet of Jesus Christ.

3. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' Now let us resolve this allegory another way, and conceive by leaven, sin; by lump, man; by leavening, infection. In effect, a little sin makes the whole man, in

body and soul, unsavoury to the Lord. For method in proceeding: first, we will view the metaphor, the similitude of sin to leaven; then examine how a little of this can sour the whole lump. The similitude holds in many respects; albeit one be here principally intended, the souring quality, yet may the rest be justly considered.

(1.) Leaven is not bread, but the corruption of that which maketh bread. Sin is not a created quality, but the corruption of a created quality. God made not sin. Who, then? The devil begot it on man's lust: 'This I have found, that God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions,' Eccles. 7:29. Tricks enow to make themselves miserable. That which rottenness is in the apple, sourness in the wine, corruption in the flesh, such is sin in the soul: *fetida quædam qualitas*, a thing never good since it took being, only usurps the place of good, and occupies the seat where a happy and perfect quality stood. It is like a Jehoiakim, that sits in the throne of a Josiah: as that bad son of so good a father 'gave the silver and the gold of the temple to Pharaoh-Necho,' 2 Kings 23:35; so this gives the endowments of nature, of reason, of affection to the black prince of darkness. Or as the Pope pretends that he sits in the chair of Peter; yet what that blessed saint attributed to Christ,—'Why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as if we by our own power or holiness had made this man to walk?' Acts 3:12: 'Be it known to you, that by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, this man now stands whole before you,' Acts 4:10,—this the Pope attributes to relics and blocks. There is no disease but he hath appointed some puppet to cure it. *Proh pudor? quis, cui?* Such is the practice of sin: the bounty of God 'gives corn, and wine, and oil, multiplies silver and gold,' Hos. 2:8; and even these, sin gives to Baal. It is *depravatio boni* and *deprivatio boni*,—one is active, the other passive, the latter a necessary consequent of the former. It depraves our power of obedience to God actually; it deprives us of God's good grace and blessing passively. The one is inseparable to the other; for he that forfeits *bonum unde*, shall lose *bonum inde*. They that spoil that grace whence they might do good, shall lose that glory whence they

expect good. The first breach of one law took away all power to keep any, and by it we are disabled to all.

(2.) The very same substance of meal that would make bread, by addition of salt becomes leaven. The very same work that might be good and acceptable to God, by addition of our pravity becomes evil. Thus the best actions of an unjustified person are so leavened with his own corruption that God abhors them. 'Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them. When ye make many prayers, I will not hear you,' Isa. 1:14. What is the reason? 'Your hands are full of blood.' Even sacrifices and supplications (good services in their own nature) are made displeasing by the leaven of sin: 'He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck,' Isa. 66:3. Sacrifices God commanded, and often commended; yet *victimæ impiorum*, the oblations of the wicked, are abominated. *Non speciosa laus in ore peccatorum*,—Praise becometh not the mouth of a sinner.

Every unregenerate man *claudicat in rectis*,—halts in the straightest path. *Omnia naturalia bona polluta, omnia supernaturalia amissa*,—His portion of natural good is defiled, but of supernatural good all share is vanished. *Peccavi*, was David's voice after his sinful arithmetic;* the same was Judas's voice after his damned treason. *Similis sonus, non sinus*,—There was the same sound, but not the same heart. Esau wept as much after the loss of the blessing, as Peter after the denial of his Master. *Similes lacrymæ, non animæ*,—Like tears, but unlike souls. The Pharisee went to church so well as the publican; but the publican came home 'rather justified' than the Pharisee. The Pharisee threw bounteously into the treasury; the poor widow two mites: yet Christ commends the poorer gift for the richer charity. That work which seems the same in *identitate operis*, yet differs much *ratione agentis*, in respect of the workers. Many heathen excelled us in moral virtues, yet the ignorance of Christ did shut heaven against them. *Væ tibi, Aristoteles: laudaris ubi non es, et damnaris ubi es*,[†]—Woe to thee, O Aristotle, who art commended

where thou art not, and condemned where thou art. Yea, even in a justified man's works, though pure from the Spirit, yet passing through his hands, there is some tang of this leaven, enough to keep them from being meritorious. Look then well both to the justification of thy person and the sanctification of thy works. Thou indeed confessest sin to be damnable, but it would grieve thee to go to hell for thy good deeds. Though a man should give all his goods to the poor, yet wanting faith and love, he may for his charity go to the devil. Pray then that thy defects may be supplied by Christ, 'who gave himself a sacrifice for us to God of a sweet-smelling savour,' Eph. 5:2, perfuming us with the pleasant odour of his merits.

(3.) By leaven soured we make relishable bread for the use of man; so by the ungodly's most cursed sins God will advance his glory. Will Pharaoh harden his heart? 'I will get me honour upon him,' saith God. That leaven of malice which soured the souls of those brethren against poor Joseph, the Lord made use of to his glory. From that ungracious practice he raised a pedigree of blessings. Otherwise there had been no provision in Egypt, no bread to spare for Israel, no wonders wrought by Moses, no manna from heaven, no law from Sinai, no possession of Canaan. So from the unnaturalest murder that ever the sun beheld, yea, which the sun durst not look upon, God glorified himself in saving us. The oppressor impoverisheth the righteous; God sees and suffers, and from his villany effectuates their good, by taking away those snares to save their souls. The Lord will glorify himself in the vessels of destruction; and the groans in hell shall honour his justice, so well as the songs in heaven honour his mercy. How much better is it to glorify God in faithfulness, that will preserve thee, than in wickedness, which will destroy thee!

(4.) A man cannot 'live by bread only,' Matt. 4:4, much worse by leaven. No man can live for ever by his righteousness and good works, much less by his sins. Sin is no nourishment to the soul; unless as some, Mithridates-like, have so inured their bodies to poison that venenum nutrit, even venom doth batten them: so others their souls to sin, that they cannot keep life without it. And indeed we

say of some things, that they nourish sickness and feed death. Omne simile nutrit simile: inward corruption is fed and maintained by outward action. Covetise in Judas is nourished by filching his Master's money. Murder in Joab is heartened and hardened with blood. Theft is fattened with booties; pride with gay rags; usury battens by extortion; sacrilege by church-robbing. Pascitur libido conviviis, nutritur deliciis, vino accenditur, ebrietate flammatur,*—Banqueting is the diet of lust, wantonness her nurse, wine kindles a heat in her blood, and drunkenness is the powder that sets her on fire. Thus sin feeds upon this leaven; but with the same success that Israel upon quails: they fattened their carcasses, but made them lean souls.

Though this leaven pass the swallow, yet it sticks in the stomach; sin may be devoured, but lies heavy on the conscience: 'Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but his mouth shall be filled with gravel,' Prov. 20:17. It may be 'sweet in his mouth, but it is gall of asps in his bowels,' Job 10:15. Putrid meat is apt to breed and feed worms, so this leaven the worm of conscience; when they once come to feel it work, then ready to cry, 'This is my death!' unless God give them a good vomit of repentance, to put it off their souls, and the sober diet of sanctification, to amend and rectify their lives.

(5.) Lastly, sin and leaven are fitly compared for their sourness. There is a leaven sharp and sour, but sanative. 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven,' Matt. 13:33. But this leaven is far sourer, yet hath nothing but death in it. It is sour to God, sour to angels, sour to saints, sour to the sinner. Sin is sourer than any leaven.

[1.] Sour to God, who hates nothing but sin. He made man, and man made sin. He loves his own creature, but he hates man's creature. Sin is sourer to him than the devil; for non odit peccatum diaboli causa, sed diabolum peccati causa,—he hates not sin for the devil's sake, but the devil for sin's sake. It is so sour to him, that for one sin he plagued a world of men; how will he plague one man for a world of sin! So sour that he could relish no man for it, till he had killed it in the sides of Jesus Christ. We are all so sour that, but for this

sweetening and perfume, we could never have been endured. The Scripture, for our understanding, ascribes senses to God; and we find every sense displeased with sin:—

First, It is offensive to his smelling: He tells the Jews that their sins did stink in his nostrils. So did the world offend him, that he washed and soused it in a deluge; and then, after Noah's sacrifice, is said to 'smell a savour of rest,' Gen. 8:21. For this cause they had their altar of incense; and God commanded a perfume to be made to him: 'The Lord said to Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum, with pure frankincense; and thou shalt make it a perfume, pure and holy,' Exod. 30:34. Both signified that we all stunk by nature, and are only perfumed by the incense of Christ's prayers and righteousness.

Secondly, It is offensive to his tasting: 'I looked,' after all my pains and kindness, 'for good grapes, and the vine brought forth wild grapes,' Isa. 5:2. When he comes to taste the vintage of our lives they are sour grapes: 'Ye turn judgment into wormwood,' Amos 5:7. Justice is pleasant unto the Lord, but injury bitter as wormwood. So the Jews served Christ; instead of wine, they gave him vinegar to drink. He turned their water into wine; they turn his wine into vinegar. Good works of faith and obedience are that 'best wine' which we should give 'our Beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak,' Cant. 7:9. But evil deeds are sour to his palate.

Thirdly, It is offensive to his feeling: so sharp that the spear, thorns, whips, and nails were blunt to it. Our iniquities were so heavy to his sense, that he complains himself to be burdened under them, 'as a cart is pressed with sheaves,' Amos 2:13. The Lord of heaven lay grovelling on the earth, and as if he were cast into a furnace of his Father's wrath, sweating drops of blood. They are so harsh still to his feeling, that he challengeth Saul for wounding himself: 'Why strikest thou me?' Acts 9:5. Saul strikes at Damascus, Jesus Christ suffers in heaven.

Fourthly, It is offensive to his hearing: 'The cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, because their sin is very grievous,' Gen. 18:20. Our dissensions and quarrels are as jarring in God's ears, as if divers distracted musicians should play upon divers bad instruments so many several tunes at one time. The confusion of sins brought the confusion of languages. God's ear could not endure the distraction of their hearts; therefore their own ears shall not distinguish the dissonance of their voices. The cry of blood and oppression makes so grievous a noise to heaven, that vengeance must only quiet it. Our murmurings, our oaths, blasphemies, slanders, are like the croaking of frogs, howling of dogs, and hissing of serpents in God's hearing.

Fifthly, It is offensive to his seeing: 'Though thou wash thee with nitre, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord,' Jer. 2:22. Our oppressions are like running ulcers, our adulteries as most sordid and filthy things. The prophet, Isa. 64:6, compares it to the most feculent defilement and loathsome turpitude that can be uttered. 'Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity,' Hab. 1:13. Oh, let us abhor that filthiness which will turn the face of God from us! Neither are they displeasing only to his senses, but grievous to his mind: 'Is it a small thing for you to grieve men, but you will grieve God also?' Isa. 7:13. It is dangerous to anger him that can anger all the veins of our hearts. It was the prophet Isaiah's complaint of Israel, 'They rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit,' chap. 63:10. Yea, they are offensive to his very soul: 'Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth,' chap. 1:14. Thus he protesteth against recidivation, Heb. 10:38: 'If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.' This is an emphatical speech, and an argument of God's hearty detestation. 'The wicked, and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth,' Ps. 11:5. Therefore he is said to bend his soul to revenge: 'Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?' Jer. 5:9.

[2.] Sour to the angels: for if they 'rejoice at our conversion,' Luke 15, then they grieve at our perversion. How sour is that sin which brings grief unto the thresholds of joy! They blush at our falls, rejoice at our

integrity. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth for them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' Heb. 1:14. Let us, then, feast them with integrity, not with the leaven of iniquity.

[3.] Sour to the saints: the church is our mother, and she laments to see any child of her womb averse from goodness. Therefore as a loving mother, whose husband was slain for the safety of herself and children, if she sees any child transgress the rules, and break her husband's testament, she tells them of their father's kindness; she describes his deadly wounds and ghastly looks; and, to make their facts more odious, she sheweth some garment of his embrued with blood. So the church often offers to our considerations how Christ, her dear love and Lord, was betrayed, condemned, crucified; tells us our sins have done this; that they were the Judas betraying, the Herod mocking, the Pilate condemning, the Longinus wounding, the hand of Jews recrucifying Christ. Now as Dido adjured departing Æneas, *Perego te has lacrymas, &c.; per si quid unquam dulce fuit nobis, horum miserere laborum*: so our mother entreats us, (yet entreating is too low a phrase for a mother,) *per talem cruorem, per tantum amorem*,—by so precious blood, and by so gracious love, to sin no more; at least to abhor such precipices of sin, and forbear (as it were) to choke him with such cursed leavens.

[4.] Sour to the sinner himself: for it ever leaves behind it a sting of conscience. It may taste pleasing and palatable at first, but leaven is not sourer at last. Perhaps our judgments may be out of taste, as men in fevers; or Satan (that crafty apothecary) hath mingled the potion cunningly: yet though *saporem amisit, venenum retinet*,—poison is poison, though it come in a golden cup. Esau's pottage went down merrily, but the loss of his birthright was a bitter farewell. Whatsoever service sin doth us, it shews us but an ill-favoured trick at the last. It brings us to the door of terror, and then bids us shift for ourselves. It is like Lysimachus's draught of cold water, that refreshes him for a moment, and captives him for ever. By Solomon's rule, vexation is entailed to vanity, Eccles. 1. A hedgehog must dwell in Babylon; a pricking conscience in a profane breast: 'Thy way and

thy doings have procured these things unto thee: this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart,' Jer. 4:18. 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,' &c.; 'but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,' Eccles. 11:9. The verse begins with pleasure, but ends with terror. Sin will be sour at the last.

The allegory thus opened, the special treasure or instruction remains yet to be drawn out. We perceive what the leaven signifies, and what the lump. Now we must consider the relation betwixt modicum and totum; a little leaven, and the whole lump. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.'

A little sin infecteth a great deal of righteousness. 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and offend in one point, he is guilty of all,' James 2:10. He hath broken totam legem, though not totum legis. I speak not here of the absolutely (dissolutely) wicked, whose life is like Eldred's reign, prava in principio, pejor in medio, pessima in ultimo, —bad in the beginning, worse in the midst, worst of all in the end,—but of those that have some good measure of grace, and stand in the state of adoption, yet may admit of Paul's prayer, 'to be sanctified throughout,' 1 Thess. 5:23. And upon good reason; for there is a universal corruption, therefore should be a universal sanctification. In that young man that professed himself to have kept the commandments, and Christ began to love him, yet there was a little leaven spoiled all—covetousness. Unum restat, one thing was wanting: 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor,' Matt. 19:22. No, he was costive, and could not abide such a purge. In Herod, though he heard many sermons of John's preached gladly, (and it is some good thing to hear sermons with joy,) yet the leaven of Herodias marred all. 'Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth him in all his goods,' Gal. 6:6. This was the Apostle's canon, an ordinance that will kill where it is resisted; yet a world of arguments hath been invented to stop it up. We will give of charity; but any thing of duty? Yes, of duty. Well, we will give somewhat of duty; but part of all? Yes, part of all. Put out this év

παῖσιν, and we will compound with you; though we take away a talent of your duties, we will return a mite of benevolence.

I will tell you a story: A seignior came with his servant to one of Our Lady's images, (no matter which, for they do not scant her of number.) He threw in an angel of gold; the humble picture in gratitude made a courtesy to him. The servant observing, and wondering at her ladyship's plausible carriage, purposed with himself to give somewhat too, that he might have a courtesy. So he puts into the basin sixpence, and withal takes out his master's angel; the image makes courtesy, and seems to thank him still. It is common with this city to take away the clergy's angel, and to lay down sixpence in its stead; yet look they for courtesy too, but I think no honest man will give them thanks.

This little leaven undoes all goodness. 'You shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God commands you,' Deut. 5:33. All? Put out in omnibus, 'in all,' and we will say something to it. But as Dens remittit omnia peccata, aut nulla,—God forgives all sins, or none; so we must faithfully resolve against all sins, or we repent of none. As is God's remission, such must be our contrition. Every man is an Adam, a good conscience his paradise, lust the forbidden fruit: one lust is able to turn him out of all his comforts. Hast thou kept thy hands from injury? Yet if thy tongue have offended, thou shalt be judged of thy 'idle words.' Suppose thou hast preserved castitatem linguæ, sobriety of speech, (yet 'if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man,' James 3:2,) but thy thoughts have welcomed a pleasing lust, those thoughts have leavened thy soul. 'For God will' not only 'bring every work into judgment,' but 'every secret thought, whether it be good or evil,' Eccles. 12:14. Men have brought that opinion into a proverb, 'Thought is free;' no, thy thought is God's bond-slave. As thou canst not think a good thought but by his suggestion, so not an evil thought but by his permission. If but thy thought harbour this leaven, the whole lump is soured. Actions men see, thy thoughts only God and thyself. Ille liber inter accusatores, quem propria non accusat conscientia,—That man needs fear no accusers, that is freed

from the condemnation of his own conscience. There are six motives that infer and enforce a caution of little sins. Little sins are dangerous, because they are, 1. Mortalia, they are deadly. 2. Plurima, they are numerous. 3. Insensibilia, not easily felt. 4. Materialia maximorum, they are the materials or seeds of gross sins. 5. Maximas inficiunt virtutes, they leaven the best virtues. 6. Facilius perdunt, they more cunningly destroy the soul.

1. Minima mortalia; even the least offence is mortal in its own nature, culpable of transgression, and liable to malediction. 'The wages of sin is death,' Rom. 6:23. It was a strange gloss of Haymo upon that text: Hoc non de omnibus peccatis intelligendum est, sed de criminalibus,—This is not meant of all sins, but only of such as are criminal; such, saith he, as St John speaks of: 'There is a sin unto death, I say not that thou shouldst pray for it,' 1 John 5:16. So St Paul's indefinite speech of all sins he restrains to St John's particular sense of one sin: that sin, which shall never be forgiven, against the Holy Ghost. For otherwise, if St John should intend it of all criminal sins, then it would follow that we should not pray for heretics, adulterers, homicides; which were directly cross to the rule of charity. Certainly Paul in that general rule admitted of no exception; it is an aphorism wherein no sober judgment can find distinction. The Apostle thought of no venial when he called all mortal. 'The wages of sin'—not of this or that sin, as sacrilege, robbery, blasphemy, &c., but of sin, any sin, every sin; though men deem it trivial, they shall find it mortal—'is death.'

I know there is a just distinction of sins, of greater and less. Parity or equality of all transgressions is an idle dream. It was a worse murder to kill Zachariah at the altar than Uriah in the field. To steal sacra de sacro, holy things out of a holy place, is worse theft than to steal profana de profano, common things out of a profane place. The difference of the punishments manifests a difference of the sins. As in heaven 'one star excels another star in glory;' so in hell one firebrand exceeds another in burning, though all feel the fire hot enough. Christ tells the Pharisees that they make their proselyte

'twofold more the child of hell than themselves,' Matt. 23:15. *Tolerabilius erit Sodomæ*,—'It shall be more tolerable for Sodom in the day of judgment than for Capernaum,' Matt. 11:24; and yet the Sodomites were then in hell. They that devoured widows' houses under the colour of long prayers 'shall receive greater damnation,' Luke 20:4. As they have been more wicked, they shall be more wretched. This distinction of sins we take up and justify, yea, we dare go further, and say there are some sins mortal, and some venial, but not in their own nature. The difference is not *ratione peccatorum*, sed *peccantium*,—not in respect of the sins, but of the sinners. To the faithful and penitent all sins are venial; to the unbelievers and impenitent, all sins are mortal. It is *misericordia remittentis*, not *natura transgressionis*,—the mercy of the forgiver, not the quality of the sin,—that maketh it venial. All transgressions are mortal in themselves, and by repentance all venial in Christ. The least sin, legally considered, is mortal; the greatest sin, evangelically considered, is pardonable.

This difference we approve; yea, we say that small sins are more easily pardoned, and great sins, when they are remitted, are more hardly remitted. For certainly offenders are more or less punished, according to the quality of the offence. An eye with an eye, but blood with blood, and life with life. Yet still say we not, that a sin is in its own nature venial. For even the least is ἀνομία, 'the transgression of the law,' 1 John 3:4. It is for the doctrine of Rome to lessen sin, and to extenuate punishment; and that for two reasons: first, that they might please the people with some liberty; and next, that hereby they might build up their purgatory. For they assign mortal sins to hell, and venial to that purging fire. They offer herein a double wrong—both to their own modesty, and to God's mercy. To their own modesty, for they extenuate their faults in sinning; to God's mercy, for they disparage his goodness in forgiving. They affirm that sins of omission, weakness, forgetfulness, and ignorance, be *præter legem Dei*, but not *contra legem Dei*,—that they be besides the law of God, not against the law of God. This doctrine, like the 'lips of that strange woman, drop as a honeycomb, and are smooth as oil,' Prov. 5:3; but

their 'end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword,' ver. 4. This is a dangerous delusion; for hence they come so to neglect those less sins, that peccata minima be at last thought nulla. As they have certain orders among them, friars Minorites, friars Minims, and then Nullani, Nullans; so sin bates and dwindles from a minorite, or less sin, to a minim, or least sin, and from a minim to a nullan, to be no sin at all. Thus incipit esse licitum, quod solet esse publicum. The commonness takes away the heinousness; from being generally practised, it comes to be universally allowed.

Every sin is committed against God: 'Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,' Ps. 51:4. Look upon the infinite majesty offended, and by that judge the quality of thy offence. There be sins of weakness, sins of ignorance, and sins of malice. Those of weakness are said to be committed against God the Father, whose special attribute is power. Those of ignorance, against God the Son, whose special attribute is wisdom. Those of malice, against God the Holy Ghost, whose special attribute is love. Whether then they be of weakness, of ignorance, or of malice, they offend either the power of God, or the wisdom of God, or the love of God; therefore acknowledge secundum magnitudinem Dei, magnitudinem peccati,—confess the least sin great and bad that hath offended a majesty so great and good.

2. Minima plurima, sins less heinous, are the most numerous. Many littles make a mickle. Small drops of rain commonly cause the greatest floods. Quo minus violentum, eo magis perpetuum,—The less violence, the longer continuance. The drizzling sleet, that falls as it were in a mist, fills the channels, they swell the rivers, the overcharged rivers send forth their superfluous waters over the containing banks; now the meadows are polluted, the corn-fields spoiled, the cattle drowned; yea, even houses, and towns, and inhabitants are endangered, and firm continents buried under a deluge of waters. Many little sands, gathered to a heap, fail not to swallow a great vessel. De parvis grandis acervus erit. You have eagles, hawks, kites, and such great fowls of rapine, flying always alone; but the sparrows and pigeons, that devour the grain, by

innumerable troops. There were not more grievous plagues to the Egyptians than came by the contemptiblest creatures,—as frogs, lice, flies, locusts,—by reason of the monstrous swarms, 'covering the face of the earth, and darkening the land, and devouring the fruit of the whole country,' Exod. 10:15; yea, even killing the people, that 'there was no remedy found for their life,' Wisd. 16:9. Thus great destruction ariseth from little causes; therefore, *non contemnenda quia parva, sed metuenda quia multa*,—let us not despise our sins because they are little, but fear them because they are many, saith Augustine. The small drops of sin, continually falling, have drowned many souls. As they have been our arms to fight against God, so God will make them his armies to confound us. *Timenda ruina multitudinis, etsi non magnitudinis*,—Let us fear them for their number, though we slight them for their nature.

A pace is but a little space of ground; yet a thousand paces make a mile, and many miles bring to hell. *Si negligis quia non pessima, caveas quia plurima*,—If they be not the worst, they are the most; and is it not all to one purpose whether one Goliath or a thousand Philistines overcome thee? The bird brings so many little straws as make up her nest: the reprobate so many little sticks as make up his own burning pile. Augustine saith there is in sin both weight and number. *Esti non timeas quando expendis, time quando numeras*. Judge them by tale, and not by weight. Put a wanton speech, a loose gesture into the balance, though Christ found it heavy, and every soul shall for whom he did not bear it, yet it is censured *vix culpa*, a little faulting, a little failing: so little, that were it less, it were nothing. But now leave thy geometry, and come to arithmetic: begin to number thy wanton works, and unchristian gestures, and carnal thoughts; now, lo, they come in by troops and herds, thicker than the frogs into Egypt, *miraris numerum*. Thou standest amazed at their number, and now criest, *Miserere mei Deus*,—Lord, have mercy on me a most wretched sinner. Yet when thy recognition hath done its best, and thy memory represented those swarms of sins to thy conscience, thy view is as far short as will be thine answer; neither can extend *ad millesimam, vel minimam partem*: thou hast not seen one of a

thousand. 'Who can understand his errors? O Lord, cleanse thou me from my secret faults,' Ps. 19:12.

Thus it is not trutina, but scrutinium, that will teach thee the danger of these little sins. Thou didst never steal thy neighbour's goods by breaking into his house, therefore pleadest not guilty to that law, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Examine, thou shalt find passed from thee so many covetous wishes as make up a robbery. Thou art no swearer; yet through the door of thy lips have scaped out so many idle words, as being put together will make up a blasphemy. Thou never madest the member of Christ a member of a harlot by uncleanness; yet thou hast given indulgence to as many lustful thoughts and desires as being summed will make up a great adultery. I fear that many who have forborne the forbidden bed have yet by their lusts, scatteringly and forgetfully admitted, framed up an adultery as great as David's. Some that have made a conscience of grand oaths and impudent blasphemies, yet have ejaculated so many loud, lewd, and false attestations, as have conflated a blasphemy no less impious than Rabshakeh's. A tradesman disdains to lie, abhors to oppress; yet hath uttered so many commodities by dissimulations, concealments, false warrantings, cunning frauds, as make up an oppression equal to Jeconiah's. A Protestant abominates sacrilege, and downright robbing the church; yet hath so long been bold to make use of his impropriation; or if in a meaner condition, with his compositions, customs, detinies, legal alienations, leases, and fines, as make up a sacrilege not inferior to Achan's. Put my money to interest; no, saith another, I defy all usurious contracts; yet by his pawns, mortgages, forfeits, cozenages, and such tricks known best to God his Judge, the devil his enginer, his scrivener, and himself, he puts down unconverted Zaccheus for usury. Oh the incredible souls lost in the labyrinth of these unsuspected, and in their imagination justifiable, sins!

3. *Minima insensibilia*; these little sins are not so easily felt, therefore most pernicious. If a man hath dyed his hand in blood, *irrequieta conscientia*, a peaceless conscience haunts him with

incessant vexation: let him hate his brother, this little murder he feels not. The devil, like a roaring lion, is soon heard: forming himself to a fox, his insinuation is not perceived. He roars in monstrous iniquities, in treason, murder, sacrilege, oppression: these be thundering sins, that will waken the soul if it be not lethargised. But creeping like a silent fox, he devours the grapes without disturbance: 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes; for they spoil the vines,' Cant. 2:15. If Satan hew at the timber, and knock at the foundation of the house, we hear the noise and preserve the building. They are those small teredines, little sins, that insensibly eat it to dust, and it is ruined ere we are aware. So long as sin comes not in thunder, it never wakens men: if it do not enter into theomachy, and denounce open war against God, they make but a Tush of it. To abuse the good creature is nothing, so long as they are not drunk; to give nothing to the poor is no sin, so long as they take not from the poor; to sleep out the sermon is but a little drowsiness, all is well so long as they break not the Sabbath in absence from church. These and such like are the common thoughts; and so trivial an estimate they bear of these sins, that they think God should do them wrong to call them to any reckoning for them.

Thus they sow sins, as that enemy did tares, 'here a little, and there a little;' but grown up, the whole field was overgrown with them. A sin that cannot be committed, sine grandi corruptione sui, gravi læsione proximi, magno contemptu Dei,—without his own notorious depravation, his brother's grievous oppression, God's manifest contempt and provocation; this quickly amazeth a man, and he starts back from the devil's first offer. If Satan at first had come to Judas, Here is a hundred pieces, betray thy Master: none, he was not yet hardened enough in villany. Let Satan first work him to hypocrisy, then to covetousness, and lastly he shall prevail with him for treason too. He might refuse a hundred pieces before, now he will take thirty.

When that good prophet wept upon Hazael, 2 Kings 8:11–13, he asked, 'Why weepeth my lord?' He answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do to the children of Israel: their strongholds wilt thou

set on fire, slay their young men with the sword, dash their children against the stones, and rip up their women with child;' he replied, 'What, is thy servant a dog, that I should do this great thing?' He thought it impossible that the devil should ever work him to so horrid a mischief. But he did it: ambition brought him to a kingdom, a kingdom brought him to tyranny, tyranny to insolence, insolence not only to oppression of his own, but to invasion of other countries, among which Israel felt the smart, in the burning of her cities, and massacring her inhabitants. Thus by degrees he was wrought to this self-credited mischief; as impossible as at first he judged it, at last he performed it. Doubtless there be some that would shudder at the temptation to perjury; yet pedetentim, by insensible steps they arrive at it: by lying they come to swearing, by swearing to forswearing. If the usurer had an oppressed man's widow and orphans lying and crying at his doors, perhaps shame, if not remorse, would seize upon him; but let him exact, enhance, oppress, excoriate the commonwealth, and not hear of it in a public clamour, he never winceth for the matter. A fact that looks at the first blush horrid and intolerable is presently either avoided, or within some modest limits restrained; but another dum parvum creditur, securius in usu retinetur,—the opinion of parvity abates the opinion of pravity: that which is weakly censured is strongly retained. Our officious lies, soothing adulations, amorous wishes, wanton songs, scoffing at ministers, censoring of sermons, being reprov'd, we laugh them out. But these laughing sins will be one day found crying sins. And if we cry not to God for mercy by repentance, they shall cry to God against us for vengeance.

4. *Minima materialia maximorum*,—Little sins are the materials of great sins. The seeds of all sins are naturally in us: not so much as treason, homicide, perjury, but are in us *quoad potentiam*, yea, *quoad naturam et propensionem*,—there is in our nature a proclivity to them. Now the heart is so apt ground to produce and mature these *innata mala*, inbred seeds to actuals, that without the preventing grace of God we cannot avoid them. Thou art a Christian, and fearest not that ever thou shouldst apostate into the denial of thy Saviour;

yet let me say thou hast the materials of this sin within thee—timorousness and self-love. Thou sayest, 'Sure I shall never be a drunkard, that belline folly shall never apprehend me;' yet thou hast the materials of this within thee, and that naturally and hereditarily from thy first grandmother Eve: a sweet tooth in thy head, a liquorish appetite to delicate meats and intoxicating wines.

Thou canst not be a traitor, nor admit of conspiracy against thy sovereign, yet the material of this wickedness is within thee. That which we call gunpowder is made of the salt and fatter earth: in the ground are the materials, which when art hath concocted, chimed, prepared, charged, and discharged, it overturns towers and towns, ports and cities. We were once too near proving (by a woful experience) the violence of it; but the goodness of our Lord Jesus averted it. So in thy earth, thy heart, there is this salt and spumy matter, the mineral of treason; unless the reason of a man, and religion of a Christian, keep it from eruption. Thou art resolved never to think highly of thine own worth, yet thou hast the seed of pride within thee: thou art naturally (as Luther said) born with a Pope in thy belly. There is the material—to be too well affected to thy own doings. It is impossible, thou thinkest, for thee to be made a usurer, now thou hast no money; yet thou hast the seed of usury within thee, and—

'Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.'

All the sons of Adam love earth too well. Who shall ever persuade thee to bow down before an idol? Yet a dainty feast persuades thee to worship thine own belly; this is no idolatry. It was but a little cloud that Elijah's servant saw, 'rising out of the sea like a man's hand,' 1 Kings 18:44; yet it portended a great shower. Sin seems at first like a little cloud, but it prognosticates a deluge of ensuing wickedness. The careless gallant, by many trifles often fetched, runs so far in the mercer's books unawares, that he cannot endure to hear of a reckoning. These little arrearages, taken up on trust, run our souls so deep into God's debt, that if the blood of Christ do not pay it, though

we sold wife and children, and all we possess, non habemus unde, we can never discharge it, Matt. 18:25.

5. *Minima peccata maximas inficiunt virtutes*,—A little sin infects a great deal of righteousness. The leprosy infected the garments, and the very walls of the house; but sin hath infected wood, and wool, and walls, earth, air, beasts, plants, and planets; and stuck a scar on the crystal brow of nature itself: 'For we know the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now,' Rom. 8:22. If the great world groan for man's sin, shall not the little world, man, groan for his own sin? Send a little temptation in at the ear or eye, it will not rest working till it runs like poison to the heart. David let in a little leaven at his eye, it quickly wrought to his heart, gangrened to adultery, to blood; hardly cured.

A little *coloquintida* spoils all the broth: a spot in the face blemisheth all the beauty. Naaman the Syrian is plentifully commended: 'He was captain of the host, a great man with his master, and honourable, because the Lord by him had given deliverance to Syria: he was also a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper,' 2 Kings 5:1. The same but mars all; but he was a leper. So in the soul, one vice disgraceth a great deal of virtue. When he was cured and converted by Elisha, first he is charitable, offers gold and garments, but he excepts 'bowing in the house of Rimmon;' he is devout, and begs earth for sacrifice, but excepts Rimmon; he is religious, and promiseth to offer to none but the Lord, but he excepts Rimmon. This little leaven, this 'but Rimmon,' soured all. 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour,' Eccles. 10:1. The apothecaries' unction is a thing praised in the Scriptures, compounded of many excellent simples, made not so much for medicine as for odour; yet the flies of death putrefy it: 'so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.'

When one commended Alexander for his noble acts and famous achievements, another objected against him that he killed Callisthenes. He was valiant and successful in the wars; true, but he

killed Callisthenes. He overcame the great Darius; so, but he killed Callisthenes. He made himself master of the world; grant it, but still he killed Callisthenes. His meaning was, that this one unjust fact poisoned all his valorous deeds. Beware of sin, which may thus leaven the whole lump of our soul. Indeed we must all sin, and every sin sours; but to the faithful and repentant Christian it shall not be damnable: 'There is no damnation to them that are in Jesus Christ,' Rom. 8:1. There is in all corruption, to most affliction, to none damnation, that are in Christ. Our leaven hath soured us, but we are made sweet again by the all-perfuming blood of our blessed Saviour.

6. *Minima peccata facilius destruunt*,—The least sins are the most fatal to men's destruction. *Anima est tota in toto*; so that if the toe aches, the head feels, the eye lets fall a tear, the very heart mourns. So let but the eye lust, the soul is in danger to be lost. *Mors per fenestras*, saith the prophet. 'Death comes in at the windows, then enters into the palaces, to cut off the children without, and the young men in the streets,' Jer. 9:21. Is it but an unclean thought? *Mors in illa*; as the children of the prophets cried, *Mors in olla*,—There is death in it and for it. A dram of poison diffuseth itself to all parts, till it strangle the vital spirits, and turn out the soul from the tenement. 'How great a matter a little fire kindleth!' James 3:5. It is all one whether a man be killed with the prick of a little thorn, or with the hewing of a broad-sword, so he be killed. We have seen a whole arm imposthumated with a little prick in the finger: if Satan can but wound our heel, (as the poets feign of Achilles,) he will make shift to kill us there; even from the heel to send death to the heart. Therefore Christ calls hatred murder, a wanton eye adultery; besides the possibility of act, they are the same in the intention of heart. The hornet is a little fly, yet it stings deadly.

I know that heavier sins shall have a heavier weight of punishment; yet is the least heavy enough to sink the soul to the bottomless pit. Greater fury of iniquity shall have the hotter fire; but, oh, let us never feel the heat of one! A little leak sinks a great vessel. Pope Marcelline being accused for idolatry, answered for himself, 'I did but cast a few

grains of incense into the fire; that was little or nothing.' Yet it was manifest offering to idols; is that nothing? Christ would not obey Satan in his minimis: he would not answer his desire in the smallest suit he could request, of turning 'stones into bread,' Matt. 4:3, even while he was so hungry as forty days' fasting could make him; teaching us to deny Satan in his least motions, lest custom of having them granted make him so impudent as to take no repulse in his greatest temptations.

This is the devil's method of working; as it is in the first psalm: 'Blessed is the man that hath not walked,' &c. First, he gets a man to walk a turn or two with him in sin, as it were to confer and debate the matter. After some walking, lest he should be weary, he prevails with him to 'stand in the way of sinners;' after admission of the thought, to commission of the act. Lastly, he persuades him for his ease to 'sit down in the seat of the scornful;' falling to despise God and deride all goodness. Thus he brings him from walking to standing, from standing to sitting still; and this is limen inferni, the very threshold of hell. We judge of sin as of the sun; little because far off, yet indeed it is bigger than the earth. The nearer we come to the sense of iniquity, the greater it appears. Was it such a sin for Adam to eat a forbidden apple? Yes; the greatness is remonstrable in the event: it brought destruction upon himself and his posterity. Is it such a heinous offence for David to know the number of his people? Do not princes make good their muster-books by such a quære and numeration? The plague witnessed the greatness of it, and himself cries, Peccavi, 'I have done wickedly,' 2 Sam. 24:17. Look on the least sin in Satan's false glass, and it seems contemptible; behold it in the true glass of God's law, and it appears abominable. The devil stands betwixt wicked men and their sins all their life; but placeth their sin betwixt heaven and themselves in death; writes them in text letters on the curtains, that their amazed souls cannot choose but read them. Thus he that led them living by sin to presumption, now drives them dying by sin to desperation.

Satan seems modest, and will be contented with a little when he can get no more; he will play at small game before he sit out. Wilt thou not cut throats? yet quarrel and appoint fields. Not so? yet hate thine enemies. Not professed hatred? yet watch occasions to hinder his good. If thou wilt not injure his estate, yet at least scandalise his good name. He will take little rather than nothing. The Israelites in the desert had no rich and costly sacrifices to offer to Baal-peor, Num. 25:2. They had not such store of beasts but the oblations to God took them up. I cannot see what they should have fit for this sacrifice to Baal, except manna and water; too good for the devil, but he is content with this. Yet it is evident that they committed idolatry: 'Neither be ye idolaters, as were some of them: as it is written, The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play,' 1 Cor. 10:7. Rather than want their custom, Satan shall take such as they had. Will Naaman worship God? yet let him worship Rimmon too. No, he will not do so; yet let him bow to Rimmon? No, nor so much; yet let him. 'bow before Rimmon,' 2 Kings 5:18. The devil is glad of this, where he can get no more. Thus Pharaoh minceth and limits with Moses concerning the dismissal of Israel, Exod. 8, 10. God's charge was: 'Let my people go three days' journey in the wilderness,' to celebrate a feast to the Lord. Now mark how Pharaoh would compound it. First, 'Sacrifice to God in this land.' No, saith Moses; we must go into the wilderness. Then saith Pharaoh, If there be no remedy, go, and go to the wilderness, and sacrifice to your God; but 'go not far.' Nay; we must go three days' journey. Then Pharaoh, 'Go ye, the men, but leave your children behind you.' Nay; we must go old and young, sons and daughters. Then Pharaoh, 'Go ye, men, women, and children, so far as your feet can measure in three days; but your flocks and your herds shall be stayed.' Nay; 'we will not leave a hoof behind us.' So when the devil perceives no remedy, he falls to indenting with niggardly grants and allowances.

Somewhat hath some savour; give him at least a thought, a word, a look, as Lot's wife, and that something pleaseth him. Among the heathen they used to join together epula and sacrificia; with solemn sacrifices to their gods, solemn banquets among themselves. So the

Apostle delivers the custom of the Moabites, 1 Cor. 10:7: in the midst of their idolatry 'they sat down to eat and drink.' So the Psalmist writes of that cursed commixtion of Israel with Moab, that they had idolatrous feasts: 'They joined themselves to Baal-peor, and did eat the sacrifices of the dead,' Ps. 106:28. One nation had a custom in these superstitious feasts to sacrifice to their idol capita, some noblemen's heads, according as it fell to their lots, together with their hearts and their livers. It came to the turn of the king's special favourite thus to lose his life: the king resolving both to keep the custom, yet to save his friend, objected that God was no murderer, nor delighted in the blood of men. That if he were a God, he was certainly good, and goodness stood not in the desire of his own creatures' destruction. Therefore instead of the man's head, he offered the head of an onion; and for blood, heart, and livers of men, all these of birds or beasts. The devil must be pleased with this: he saw that this little homage was some acknowledgment of his sovereignty.

Satan can hold a man's soul in by a little, as a bird that hangs in the net by a claw. Perhaps shame and fear keep some from eruption into scandalous things: the appearance is vizarded, the affection is not mortified. Like a eunuch, he doth not beget palpable and gross turpitudes, yet hath a lust, itch, and concupiscence. This little serves the devil's turn. Satan would keep away the light of the truth from a man; well he is so seated that he will have it; by knowledge he seems to cast out Satan. Yet if he can but insinuate into his affection, this little cord will pull him in again with ease. Must he lose the scone of thy understanding? Let him hold the citadel of thy desires; this little gate will let him in at his pleasure.

I draw to conclusion; let this teach us all to make a scrutiny in our souls, and seriously to repent of this little leaven. Little in quantity, great in quality; little in estimation, powerful in operation. Little in the sight of men, judging by outward appearance; great in the sight of God, judging in truth. Lot said of the city of Zoar, 'Is it not a little one? and my soul shall live,' Gen. 19:20; thou sayest of thy sin, Is it

not a little one? and why should my soul die? A little postern opened may betray the greatest city. Jonathan tasted but 'a little honey on the top of his wand,' 1 Sam. 14:43, and hardly he escaped death for it. A little leaven makes the head heavy, and the heart sick. Eschew this little, if thou wouldst be great in heaven; for 'whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:19. *Minimus*, that is indeed *nullus*; the least there, because he shall not be there at all. Let no tang of corruption come to thy least part, if thou desirest to preserve body and soul 'blameless to the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ,' 1 Thess. 5:23.

Repentance must be to all dead works; sanctification takes liberty in no sin. *Nullum peccatum retinendum spe remissionis*,—No evil must be reserved under the hope of forgiveness. God gave a law, but no dispensation for any breach of it; his general rules have no exceptions, unless it please the divine oracle to dispense with it. Thou shalt not worship an idol. No, not to save my life? Not to save life, as those three servants of God professed to Nebuchadnezzar: 'If the God we serve will not deliver us, yet we will not serve thy gods, nor worship thy golden image,' Dan. 3:18. Thou sayest, *Minimum est*, It is little; but in *minimis fidelem esse*, *magnum est*,—to be faithful in a little is no little virtue. 'Well done, good servant: thou hast been faithful in a little, therefore I will make thee ruler over much.' He that is not careful in a little is not to be trusted for more. If any man will corrupt his conscience for a pound, what would he do for a thousand? If Judas will sell his Master for thirty pence, about some two-and-twenty shillings of our money, what would he have sold for the treasury? God never gave a *Non obstante* for sin. The Pope indeed gives bulls and indulgences, and pardons for cursed works before their perpetration; but God never allows leave to do ill. The Pope says, 'Kill an heretical king;' God says, 'Touch him not.' Woe to that soul who takes the Pope's word before the Lord's word! God chargeth a prophet that 'he should eat no bread nor drink water in Bethel,' 1 Kings 13:9. Another prophet came, saying, 'An angel spake to me' (blessed angels speak truth; nay, more, he spake) 'by the

word of the Lord, Bring him back, that he may eat bread and drink water,' ver. 18. He did so; but mark the event: returning home, 'a lion slew him by the way,' ver. 24. Believe not a man, believe not a Pope, believe not a prophet, believe not an angel, against the word of the Lord.

Let us refuse iniquity, in what extenuation of quantity or colour of quality soever it be offered us. For sin is like a bemired dog: if it fawns on us, it fouls us. And the least sin is like a little leak in a ship, which if it be not stopped, will sink the whole vessel. The Frenchmen have a military proverb: 'The loss of a nail, the loss of an army.' The want of a nail loseth the shoe, the loss of a shoe troubles the horse, the horse endangereth the rider, the rider breaking his rank molests the company so far as to hazard the whole army. From slender and regardless beginnings grow out these fatal and destructive effects. The doors are shut, the thief cannot enter; a little boy is put in at the window, and he opens the door for the great thief: so the house is robbed. A charm is cast in at the window, eye or ear; that quickly unlocks the door of the heart, till all the rooms be ransacked, not a piece of virtue or one gem of grace left.

Pompey marching to the wars, requested to lodge his army in a certain city, by whose borders he must needs pass; the governor answered that he would not trouble his city with so numerous and dangerous a guest. Pompey then desired but entertainment and relief for his sick soldiers, who were perishing for want of succour; the governor thought sick men could do them no mischief: this was granted, they admitted. Being there a while, they recovered their health, opened the gates to the rest; so became strong enough to take the city. If Satan cannot get leave for his whole army of lusts, yet he begs hard for his weak ones, as sins of infirmity; but those sickly soldiers soon get strength to surprise the soul.

The trees of the forest held a solemn parliament, wherein they consulted of the innumerable wrongs which the axe had done them; therefore made an act that no tree should hereafter lend the axe a

helve, on pain of being cut down. The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, oak, ash, elm, even to the poplar; not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes; alleging that those shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to afford him so much; when he had gotten his helve, he cut down themselves too. These be the subtle reaches of sin; give it but a little advantage, on its fair promises to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore obsta principiis,—trust it not in the least. Consider a sin (as indeed it is) a crucifying of Christ; wilt thou say, I may crucify Christ a little? I may scourge his flesh, wound his side, pierce his heart a little? What man loves the Lord Jesus, who would either say it or do it? Consider thy falling into sin a hurling of thyself down from some high pinnacle; wilt thou say, I may break my neck a little? Consider it a casting thyself into unquenchable fire; wilt thou say, I may burn my soul and body a little? As suffering, we think the least misery too great; so sinning, let us think the least iniquity too great. So avoiding also little sins, we shall find great favour with Jesus Christ. Amen.

MAN'S SEED-TIME AND HARVEST;

OR, LEX TALIONIS

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—GAL. 6:7.

THESE words have so near alliance to the former, that before we speak personally of them, we must first find out their pedigree. To fetch it no higher than from the beginning of the chapter, the line of their genealogy runs thus:—First, 'Supportation of the weak,' ver. 1, 2; Secondly, 'Probation of ourselves,' ver. 4; Thirdly, 'Communication of duties to our teachers,' ver. 6. The first is an action of charity; the second of integrity; the third of equity.

This last is the father of my text; and it is fit that we, being to speak of the child, should first look a little into his parentage. Patrique simillima proles. It is this: 'Let him that is taught in the word communicate to him that teacheth in all good things.'

This, one would think, should stand like the sun, all men blessing it; yet Mammon hath suborned some dogs to bark against it. Will they say, Let him is only permissive? They shall find it was imperative: 'Let there be light and there was light,' Gen. 1:3; though their sensible hearts want the obedience of these insensible creatures. Or will they except against taught, as if they that will not be taught were not bound? Indeed many are better fed than taught; otherwise they would not deny food to his body that does not deny food to their souls. Or perhaps they will plead indignitatem docentis,—the unworthiness of the teacher. And what Paul shall be worthy if every barbarian may censure him? But non tollatur divinum debitum, propter humanam debilitatem,—let not God lose his right for man's weakness. 'You have robbed me,' saith God, Mal. 3:8; not my ministers.

Will not all this quarrelling serve? Yet still Paul's proposition must have some opposition. Though we must give something to our teachers, yet this charge doth not fetch in tithes. This, this is the point; prove this, and you shall find many a great man's soul, as his impropriations cannot be, in a damnable lapse. I would say something of it; but methinks I hear my friends telling me what Sadolet said to Erasmus. Erasmus would prove that worshipping of images might well be abolished. I grant, quoth Sadolet, thy opinion is good; but this point should not be handled, because it will not be granted.

I am sure God's law gives tithes to his church; but say they, that law is abolished, repealed by a new Act of Parliament. Paul in his epistle frees us from the old law. Indeed, Paul, speaking of our sanctification and salvation, notes our deliverance from the lusts of the flesh and from the lists of the law. From the ceremonial law wholly, from the moral only so far as it shall not condemn those in Christ. But who, save an advocate of Mammon, will limit tenths to ceremony? God requires a portion of our time, of our goods,—the seventh of our time, the tenth of our goods,—and we have those that turn both into ceremony. Such make the Sabbath itself a mere ceremony. But 'be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

This same *πᾶσιν ἀγαθοῖς*, 'in all good things,' is of some latitude. Many will allow some of their goods, but they snarl at Paul's in omnibus. The minister shall have the Easter-book, perhaps some other trifles; it may be, against their wills, wool and lambs; but shall the black coat carry away the tithe-shock? The gummed taffeta gentleman would fret out at this. They plead to their vicar, 'We give what the law allows.' What their law, not what the gospel. And yet they hope not to be saved by the law, but by the gospel.

The Apostle saith, 'part of all;' why then not the tenth part, which God at the first commanded, and custom in all ages commended? That part once assigned of God should prevent all arbitrary disposing of men. What landlord leaves it to his tenant to pay him what rent he

list? If Mammon must set out God's portion, he is sure to have but a little. It was never well with the church since it was at the world's finding. No man fears to surfeit whiles he is at his enemy's feeding.

I think the purest and precisest reformers—deformers, I should say—of religion can hardly order this matter better than God hath done. Every plummet is not for this sound; nor every line for this level; nor out of many such blocks can a man carve Mercury. The canon law says, that *si princeps causam inter partes audierit, et sententiam dixerit; lex est in omnibus similibus*,—if the prince hear a cause betwixt parties, and give a definitive sentence, that is a law to decide all controversies of the same nature. But we have the Prince of heaven's sentence for paying of tithes; before the law to Abraham, under the law to the Jews; therefore small reason that it should not hold under the gospel among Christians. 'Be not deceived; God,' &c.

They were the church's; why are they not? Plead what you will, God hath a grievous *Quare impedit* against you. You say they were taken away from idle drones and fat-bellied monks. So *rapiuntur ab indignis, detinentur à dignis*,—from the unworthy they were taken, and from the worthy they are detained. But to whom are they given? *Possidebant Papistæ, possident Rapistæ*,—Those kept some good hospitality with them, these keep none. So that, as *Comminæus** observes upon the battle of Montchlery, some lost their livings for running away, and they were given to them that ran ten miles further. Idleness lost, and oppression hath gained. But let me say with the Psalmist, Ps. 11:3, 'The foundations are cast down; but what hath the righteous done?' The foundations of the church, which should hold up the gospel, tenths and maintenance, are cast down because of superstitious abusers; but 'what hath the righteous done' that these things should be taken from them? A bishop coming to a town, because the bells rang not, suspended the organs* A strange kind of revenge, because the bells rang not in the steeple, to suspend the organs in the choir. So because those bells, not of Aaron, but of Antichrist, did not ring to God's glory, you have suspended the organs and means of living from them that take pains, and in your

own consciences preach to you the sincere gospel of Christ. But 'be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Or perhaps you say, you must have these church-livings for hospitality's sake, that you may keep the better houses. So you make the clergy poor, that you may make the poor rich.

I have read that the Sophy of Persia, being to send a great sum of money for an offering to Mohammed in Arabia, would send none of his own coin, for that, he said, was gotten by ill means; but exchanged it with English merchants, because theirs was gotten honestly, and with a good conscience. So it may be you think that your own unjust moneys, and extorted comings in by the ruin of your tenants, is no good offering to God. But the churchman's living comes honestly, and with a good conscience, and therefore you will take that to offer your sacrifice of alms to God. But herein you come short of the Persian; you do not give your own lordships and lands in exchange. Yet methinks, if spiritual livings must be given to the poor, you might suffer the church to give her own. I could never find either in *Albo Prætorum* or in *Rubrica Martyrum* how the laity was deputed to this stewardship. Sure they intrude themselves into this office, and will be God's almoners whether he will or no. If they will give to the poor, let them give that is theirs. *Dona quærit, non spolia Deus*,[†]— God expects and respects gifts of thine own, not spoils of others. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

But where is your hospitality after all this? You can tell me; nay, I can tell you. Bestowed among silk-men, mercers, yea, upon tailors, players, harlots, and other insatiable beggars of the same rank. In the reign of Alexander Severus, the tipplers and alehouse-keepers complained against the Christians, that they had turned a place of ground to some religious use which belonged to them. But the very heathen emperor could answer (upon hearing the cause) that it was honest and fit God to be served before alehouses. Who would not judge that tithes are fitter to be given to God, than to hounds,

harlots, sycophants, inventors of fashions, and such bawds of pride and notorious iniquity?

This I will speak boldly, and justify, that hospitality was at the same time impropriated from the land, that spiritual livings were impropriated from the church. You have not robbed Peter to pay Paul, but to pay Judas. And hence misery sets her black foot into so many fair doors: all comes to beggary at last. They that swallow churches, like dogs that eat knot-grass, never thrive after it. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.' I have rubbed this sore enough, and conclude with that saying of Chrysostom, *Moneo ut reddatis Deo sua, ut Deus restituat vobis vestra*, †—Restore to God his own, that God may restore to you your own.

Thus as he that had pulled one of Solomon's curtains, the rest would follow, though in the first there were work enough for his admiration; so in this coherence, pardon me if I have been somewhat plentiful. It was the induction to my text; and the door thus opened, let us enter in to survey the building. 'Be not deceived,' &c. The whole may be distinguished into, I. A caution; and, II. A reason. The caution, 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked:' the reason, 'For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

I. The caution is partly dissuasive, 'Be not deceived;' 2. Persuasive, 'God is not mocked.' You may deceive yourselves, you cannot deceive God. These two circumstances make against two defects: 1. Error, 'Be not deceived;' 2. Hypocrisy, 'God is not mocked.'

1. The dissuasion: 'Be not deceived.' This is the voice of a friend, studying aut *prævenire errori*, aut *revocare errantem*,—either to prevent a man before he errs or to recall him erring. A phrase often used by our Apostle, Eph. 5:6, 'Let no man deceive you with vain words.' *Nihil facilius est, quam errare*,—There is nothing easier than to err. There is no man but errs; sometimes in *via pedum*, often in *via morum*. This provision, then, is necessary, *Μὴ πλανᾶσθε*. Deceits lie

as thick upon the earth as the grasshoppers did in Egypt; a man can scarce set his foot besides them.

But to prevent the deceivings of sin is our Apostle's intention: Heb. 3:13, 'Lest any of us be hardened, through the deceitfulness of sin.' Sin is crafty and full of delusion: there is no sin but hath its cozenage. Usury walks in Alderman Thrifty's gown. Pride gets the name of my Lady Decency. Idolatry, as if it dwelt by ill neighbours, praiseth itself, and that for the purest devotion. Homicide marcheth like a man of valour; and Lust professeth itself nature's scholar. Covetousness is goodman Nabal's husbandry; and Enclosing, Master Oppressor's policy. We were wont to say, that black could never be coloured into white; yet the devil hath some painters that undertake it. Evils are near neighbours to good. *Errore sub illo, pro vitio virtus crimina sæpe tulit,*—By that means virtue hath borne the blame of vice's faults; yea, and more than that, vice hath had the credit of virtue's goodness. But 'be not deceived.'

When men's wits, and the devil's to help, have found out the fairest pretexts for sin, God's justice strikes off all, and leaves sin naked and punishable. Many pretences have been found out for many sins; besides distinctions, mitigations, qualifications, extenuations, colours, questions, necessities, inconveniences, tolerations, ignorances. But when man hath done, God begins. One argument of God's now is stronger than all ours: 'Thou shalt not do this.' Go study to persuade thyself that thou mayest; yet at last God takes away all thy distinctions, when he pours his wrath on thy naked conscience. Then where is thy paint? If it prevail not against the sun, what will it do against the fire?

God chargeth our first parents that they should not eat of the forbidden fruit: 'If you do, you shall die,' Gen. 3:4. The devil comes first with a flat negative: *Non moriemini,*—'Ye shall not die.' Then with subtle promises, 'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' But what is the event? They eat, and they die; are instantly made mortal; and should have died for ever, but for a Saviour. God bids

Saul slay all in Amalek, 1 Sam. 15:3, 'Smite Amalek; utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not.' Yet Saul spares Agag and the fat cattle. Why is this a fault? 'I spared the best of the cattle for sacrifice to the Lord.' Will not this serve? No; God rejects Saul from being king over Israel, who had rejected God from being King over Saul. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Consider we here the examples of Uzzah and Uzziah. For Uzzah; 1 Chron. 13:10, God had charged that none but the consecrated priests should touch the ark. Uzzah seeing the oxen 'shake the ark, put forth his hand to stay it up.' Was this a sin, to stay the ark of God from falling? Yes; God proves it: he lays him dead by the ark's side. For Uzziah; God had charged, Num. 18:7, that none should invade the priest's office: 'The stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death.' Uzziah will come to the altar with a censer in his hand to offer incense, 2 Chron. 26:18. Why, is this an offence to offer to the Lord? Yes; God makes it manifest: Uzziah is a leper to his dying day. God had commanded the prophet sent to Bethel, 'Thou shalt eat no bread, and drink no water there,' 1 Kings 13:17. Well, he is going homewards, and an old prophet overtakes him, and persuades him to refresh himself. No, says the other, I must not; 'for so was it charged me in the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread,' &c. But says the old prophet, 'An angel spake to me, saying, Bring him back, that he may eat bread.' Well, he goes; is not a prophet's word, an angel's word, authority enough? No; the Lord proves it: he gives a lion leave to slay him. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

The Jews knew that they ought not to despise their Messiah. He is come; lo, now, they study arguments against him: 'We know this man whence he is; but when Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is,' John 7:27; and, 'Search and look; for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet,' ver. 52. Be these their cavils against God's express charge? He answers all, when he 'leaves their house unto them desolate.' I hope I may take a little, says Gehazi; but enough took him for it, a continual leprosy. The evil servant hath his plea, Matt. 25:25, 'I knew that thou wert a hard man,' &c., 'therefore I hid thy talent in the

earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.' But what follows? Ver. 30, 'Cast ye that unprofitable servant into utter darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

To come from example to application. It is God's command concerning princes, 'Touch not mine anointed.' The Papists will touch them with the hand of death. Why? They have warrant from the Pope. God's word says not so, either in precept or precedent. If any king in God's book had been deposed by a priest, all the schools and pulpits would have rung of it; we should have had no rule with the church of Rome. But it falls out happily, *ut quod præcepto non jubetur, etiam exemplo careat*,—that as it is not commanded by charge, so nor commended by examples. But will they still argue for the shedding of the blood-royal? The gallows confutes them here; but their worst confutation will be confusion hereafter.

God says, 'Thou shalt not put thy money to usury.' Thou hast found out many distinctions to satisfy thy conscience, or rather thy covetousness. God's word and thy will are at odds. He says, 'Thou shalt not;' thou sayest, 'Thou mayest,' on these and these terms. Hell-fire shall decide the question. 'Relieve the poor,' saith the Lord: thou suckest their bloods rather; but howsoever wilt give nothing. Why, may we not do with our own what we list? Well, this same *Itē maledicti*, 'Go, ye cursed,' is a fearful and unanswerable argument. Thus flesh and blood speeds, when it will deal with God on terms of disputation. If God's one reason, 'Thou shalt not do this,' be not stronger than all ours now, it shall be one day. 'Let no man deceive you with vain words: for, for these things the wrath of God shall come upon the children of disobedience,' Eph. 5:6. 'Be not deceived.'

As every particular sin hath its particular colour, so there are general pretexts for general sins, whereby many souls are deceived. I find this doctrine, though plain, so necessary, that I must be bold to pursue it. You may easily forgive all good faults. There are seven general pleas for sin:—

First, Predestination is pleaded. If I be written to life, I may do this; for many are saved that have done worse. If not, were my life never so strict, hell appointed is not to be avoided. These men look to the top of the ladder, but not to the foot. God ordains not men to jump to heaven, but to climb thither by prescribed degrees. *Non per saltum, sed scansum. Qui ordinavit finem, ordinavit media ad finem,*—He that decreed the end, decreed also the means that conduce to it. If thou take liberty to sin, this is none of the way. Peter describes the rounds of this ladder: 'Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, charity,' 2 Pet. 1:6. Thou runnest a contrary course, in the wild paths of unbelief, profaneness, ignorance, riot, impatience, impiety, malice; this is none of the way. These are the rounds of a ladder that goes downward to hell. God's predestination *est multis causa standi, nemini labendi,**—helps many to stand, pusheth none down. Look thou to the way, let God alone with the end. Believe, repent, amend, and thou hast God's promise to be saved. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Secondly, It is God's will I should do this wickedness he saw it, and might have prevented it. It is unjust to damn a man for that he wills him to do.

Ans.—This is a blasphemous and most sacrilegious cavil. Where did God ever will thee to lie, to swear, to oppress, to adulterise? His will is his word; and where findest thou his word commanding sin? And shall God's prescience make him guilty of thy evil? Then must thy memory make thee guilty of other men's evil. 'As thou by thy memory dost not cause those things to have been done that are past; so God by his foreknowledge doth not cause those things to be done which are to come.'[†]

Thirdly, Ignorance is pleaded: I knew not the deed to be evil; or if evil, not so dangerous. Indeed ignorance may make a sin minus, not nullum; a less sin, but not no sin. 'I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief,' saith our Apostle, 1 Tim. 1:13. And, *peccata scientium peccatis ignorantium præponuntur, ‡*—The sins of them

that know are more heinous than the sins of them that know not. But if thou hadst no other sin, thy ignorance is enough to condemn thee; for thou art bound to know. *Qui ea quæ sunt Domini nesciunt, à Domino nesciuntur,*§—They that will not know the Lord, the Lord will not know them. But I speak to you that may know; your ignorance is affected. 'Some of you have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame,' 1 Cor. 15:34. *Multi ut liberius peccarent, libenter ignorant,* ||—Many, that they may sin the more securely, are ignorant wilfully. Thus you may go blindfold to hell. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Fourthly, A fourth saith, I have many good deeds to weigh with my evils. Indeed I am a usurer, an adulterer, a swearer; but I keep a good house, I give alms; and I will do more when I am dead. Indeed these are good works; *bona accipientibus, non facientibus,*—good to the receivers, not to the givers. So a man may be born for the good of many, not for his own. They write that the pyramids of Egypt were built for that great Pharaoh's tomb; but the Red Sea disappointed him. Many think by good works to build up a heaven for themselves; but leading unsanctified lives, hell prevents their purpose. And such a man as robs many hundreds to relieve some, may at last for his charity go to the devil. The Papists indeed stand extremely for building of abbeys, colleges for Jesuits, and augmenting the revenues of monasteries, that masses and dirges may be sung for their souls; they give full absolution to such a man, and seal him a general acquittance of all his sins. They make the besotted laity, especially some rich burgher, believe, that without any more ado, it is impossible for a man to be damned that lives in such a profession; and, which is strange, here they equivocate truly, so long as a man lives in it; but if he dies in it, there is the danger. But we know the person must be justified, or else the work is not sanctified. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Fifthly, But say some, God is merciful. Comfortable truth: else woe, woe to miserable man! But shall God shew mercy to those that abuse his mercy? He will not be so merciful to thee, as to be unjust to

himself. God will be just; go thou on and perish. God sheweth mercy to the relenting, not to the railing, thief. Wouldst thou have him merciful to thee, that art unmerciful to him, to thyself? *Misericordia amplectenti, non tergiversanti datur.* They that will lead a wicked life, *sub spe misericordiæ*, in hope of mercy, shall meet with a fearful death, *sub terrore justitiæ*, in the horror of justice. Kiss the mercy of God, abuse it not. Where is *præsumptio veniæ*, will follow *consumptio personæ*,—a presuming of favour shall be punished with a consuming wrath. 'Be not deceived,' &c.

Sixthly, Others allege, Christ died for our sins, and his satisfaction is of infinite price. This is the door of hope, from which the profanest wretch is angry to be driven. The most presumptuous sinner flatters his soul with this comfort; as if the gates of heaven were now set open, and he might enter with all his iniquities on his back. Indeed there is no want in Christ; but is there none in thee? In him is 'plenteous redemption;' but how if in thee there be scarce faith? Whatsoever Christ is, what art thou? 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son,' John 3:16. He did not let, or lend, or sell, but give; not an angel, nor a servant, but a Son; not another's, but his own; not his adoptive, but natural, his begotten Son; not one of many, but his only-begotten Son. Many degrees of love; but what of all this? 'That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' But thou hast no faith, therefore no privilege by this gift. 'I am the good shepherd,' saith Christ, John 10:11. Why? 'I give my life.' But for whom? 'For my sheep.' Not for lustful goats, or covetous hogs, or oppressing tigers. If thou be such, here is no more mercy for thee than if there were no Saviour. If there be no careful observation of the law, there is no conservation by the gospel. No good life, no good faith; no good faith, no Christ. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

Seventhly, Well, yet repentance makes all even wheresoever it comes; or God is not so good as his word. Yes, God will be so good as his promise; but here is the doubt, whether thou wilt be so good as thy purpose. Thou canst charge God no further than to forgive thee

repenting; not to give thee repentance sinning. Promisit Deus pœnitenti veniam, non peccanti pœnitentiam,—He hath made a promise to repentance, not of repentance. This is God's treasure: what is the reason the malefactor went from the cross to heaven? Dedit pœnitentiam, qui dedit et paradisum,—God gave him repentance, that also gave him paradise. Art thou sure God will put this alms into thy polluted hand? It is dangerous venturing the soul on such an uncertainty. He that sins that he may repent, is like one that surfeits that he may take physic. And whether this physic will work on a dead heart is a perilous fear. Alas! what tears are in flint? what remorse in a benumbed conscience? Tutum est pœnitenda non committere, certum non est commissa deflere,—It is safe not to do what thou mayest repent; it is not certain to repent what thou hast done. It is the fashion of many to send repentance afore to threescore: but if they live to those years, they do not then overtake it, but drive it before them still. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

You see now what trust is in colours: how easily you may deceive yourselves, how unpossibly mock God. Leave then excuses to the wicked, that will be guilty, and God shall not know of it. Bernard reckons up their mitigations: Non feci, &c.,*—'I have not done it; or if I have done, yet not done evil: or if evil, yet not very evil; or if very evil, yet not with an evil mind; or if with an evil mind, yet by others' evil persuasion.' 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.' If we cry with that servant, 'Have patience, and I will pay thee all;' the Lord may forbear in mercy. But if we wrangle, 'I owe nothing; and God is too hasty to call me from my pleasures;' he will require the uttermost farthing.

2. I have held you long in this dissuasive part of the caution. The persuasive was also much included in it, and therefore I will but touch it.

'God is not mocked.' God is often in the Scripture called the 'searcher of the heart.' Jer. 17:9, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?' Who? Ego Dominus,—'I the

Lord know the heart.' So Solomon in his prayer: 2 Chron. 6:30, 'Thou only knowest the hearts of all the children of men.' So the apostles about the election of one in Judas's room: 'Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men,' Acts 1:24. Now, he that knows the heart cannot be mocked. It is hard to beguile the eye of man looking on us; how much more to deceive the eye of God looking in us! Therefore, quod non audes facere aspiciente conservo, hoc ne cogites inspiciente Deo.

How vain a thing then is it to be a hypocrite, as if God had not a window in the heart to discern it! Hypocrites, saith Augustine, have Christianum nomen ad iudicium, non ad remedium, †—the name of Christians to their condemnation, not comfort. Their words are like an echo; they answer God's call, but never come at him. Good company they will admit, to better their credit, not their conscience. Like crafty apothecaries, they have one thing written in their papers and marks, and another thing in their boxes. But because every man is as hasty to condemn a hypocrite as David was to condemn the oppressor in the parable, 2 Sam. 12:5, when the Tu es homo lies in his own bosom, I will touch two or three particulars.

If we look into Popery, we shall find it universally a professed study to mock God. They make show, by their abundant prayers, of an abundant zeal; when (as if God saw not the heart) they think the work done is sufficient. Those

'Qui filo insertis numerant sua murmura baecis,'

keep number and tale; no matter with what mind: no, nor yet to whom, whether to this angel or that saint; to our Lord, or to our Lady. Yea, it is recorded that the Papists in Scotland (about Henry the Eighth's time of England) used to say the Lord's prayer to saints; ‡ insomuch that when a little knowledge came into some men's hearts of this absurdity, there arose great schism. And one Friar Toitis was gotten to make a sermon, that the Paternoster might be said to saints. So were the people divided, that it was a common

question: 'To whom say you your Paternoster?' Call you these zealous prayers? 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.'

As much might be said for their unclean celibate. Their single life makes show of great pureness, as if their adulteries, sodomitry, unnatural brothelry, unmatched uncleannesses, were not known. They ostent their chastity, when *urbs est jam tota lupanar*. What would they but mock God?

No less for their fastings. How deadly a sin is it to eat flesh on a Friday! yet it is no sin with them to be drunk on a Friday. A poor labourer ploughs all day, at night refresheth himself with a morsel of bacon: he is a heretic. A gallant gentleman hawks all day, at night sits down to his variety of fishes, curious wines, possets, junkets: oh, he is a good Catholic. A hypocrite he is rather. *Famam quærunt abstinentiæ in deliciis*,—They seek the credit of temperance among full tables, full pots. *Famam quærunt*, but *famem fugiunt*,—They desire praise, but they refuse hunger. But 'God is not mocked.'

For ourselves. If there be any here (because my text depends on that occasion) that robs his minister of temporal food, and yet makes show to hunger after his spiritual food; though he may cozen man unseen, either by his greatness or craftiness, let him know that 'God is not mocked.'

If there be any fraudulent debtor, that deceives his brother of his goods, then flatters his conscience that the merits of Christ shall acquit him; so packs all upon Christ, let him pay it; let him know that 'God is not mocked.' The blood of Christ was not shed to pay men's debts, but God's debts. It hath virtue enough; but no such direction. Thou injurest Christ to lay such reckonings on him. No; *Vende, solve, vive de reliquo*,—'Sell that thou hast, pay that thou owest, live of that thou reservest,' 2 Kings 4:7.

If there be any usurer, that deals altogether in letting out; that lets out his money to men, his time to Mammon, his body to pining, his

mind to repining, his soul to Satan; though he comes to the church, and sits out a sermon, let him know that his mind is then bound to his obligations; and he creeps into the temple for the same end the serpent crept into paradise. Wretched men that are bound to his mercy! for, like a common hackney jade, he will not bear them one hour past his day. But let him know, 'God is not mocked.'

If there be any oppressor, that comes to church in the shape of knight or gentleman, and thinks to cover all his exactions of his poor tenants, all his wringings of his neighbours, with going three or four miles to a sermon; let him know that 'God is not mocked.' He prefers mercy before sacrifice, and would not have thy profession countenance thy evil deeds, but thy good deeds commend thy profession.

Baldwin, an archbishop of Canterbury, boasted often that he never ate flesh in his life.* To whom a poor lean widow replied that he said false; for he had eaten up her flesh. He demands how. She replies, by taking away her cow. Never pretend your earnest zeal, fasting or praying, or travelling to sermons, when you devour widows' houses, enclose commons, and so eat up the very flesh of the poor.

If there be any that allows sometimes the church his body, when the Pope always hath his heart; who, though he be in domo Dei, in God's house, is pro domo Antichristi, is for Antichrist's kitchen; or that keeps a lady at home that will not come two furlongs to church, whereas our Lady travelled as far as Jerusalem, Luke 2:41; who must needs be a Papist because her grandam was so, and grows sick if you but talk of the communion; and all this to save his lands on earth, though he lose his land in paradise: let him know, 'God is not mocked.'

If there be any here that hath given no religion yet a full persuaded place in his heart, but because he sees divers shadows, resolves on no substance; and is like the bat, that hath both wings and teeth, and so is neither a bird nor a beast: his mind being like a puff of wind,

between two religions, as that between two doors, ever whistling. Protestants, he says, believe well, Puritans say well, and Papists do well; but till they all agree in one, he will be none of them all. To quit him in his own fantasy, let him then take from the one good faith, from the other good words, and from the last good works, and he may be made a very good Christian. But why then comes he to church? By the mere command of the positive law; as he comes to the assizes when he is warned of a jury. But let him not be deceived; 'God is not mocked.'

If there be any luxurious, that serves God in the temple, his flesh in the chamber; any covetous, that, as if his soul was divisible, strives to serve two masters, though he doth it diversely—God with his art, the world with his heart; if any blasphemers, that here sings psalms, and abroad howls oaths and curses—'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is in vain,' James 1:26; if any seem κυρίῳ δουλεύοντες, when they are καίρῳ δουλεύοντες, servers of the Lord, when they are observers of the time: let them know to their horror, non deludatur Deus, 'God is not mocked.'

Gold cannot hide a rotten post from God's eye. If men will be humiles sine despectu, and pauperes sine defectu,* he sees it. Hypocrisy is like a burning fever, which drinks fervent heat out of cold drink. The hypocrite is nothing else but a player on this world's stage; the villain's part is his, and all his care is to play it handsomely and cleanly. He maliceth any man that would take his part from him: not unlike to him that being requested to lend his clothes to represent a part in a comedy, answered, No; he would have nobody play the fool in his clothes but himself. He thinks to cozen all the world with the opinion of his purity; but there is one above sees him. 'God is not mocked.'

II. I have ended the caution; let us come to the reason: 'For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;' wherein observe—
1. The manner; 2. The matter.

1. In the manner there is a twofold generality, of the thing and the person. There is a 'whatsoever' and a 'whosoever;' for the whole speech is indefinite.

(1.) The person is indefinite: 'a man,' any man, every man. This is the first generality. For country, be he Jew or Gentile, Turk or Christian; for degree, high or low, prince or subject, the greatest lord or the basest groom; for estate, be they rich or poor, the wealthiest burgher or the wretchedest beggar; for sex, be they male or female; for condition, be they bond or free. 'What a man,' any man, 'sows,' &c.

(2.) The thing is indefinite: 'whatsoever.' This is the other generality. Be it good or evil, blessing or cursing, charity or injury, equity or iniquity, truth or hypocrisy, deceit or honesty. 'Whatsoever a man soweth,' &c. Evil is of the flesh: and, ver. 8, 'He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;' and, chap. 5:19, 'The works of the flesh are manifest: adultery,' &c.; they which sow such seed 'shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' Good is of the Spirit: 'And he which soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting;' chap. 5:22, 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,' &c.; and 'to those that walk after this Spirit there is no condemnation,' Rom. 8:1. 'Whatsoever.' There are no more sorts of men but good and evil; nor more sorts of ends than *pœna et præmium*, reward and punishment. Therefore whatsoever whosoever soweth, the same shall he also reap.

2. You see the manner. In the matter we must also consider two things—a seeding and a harvest. 'Whatsoever a man soweth' in his seed-time, 'that shall he also reap' in his harvest. They that sow grace shall reap glory; they that sow corruption must reap confusion.

To begin with the wicked: he that sows evil shall reap evil; he that soweth *malum culpæ*, the evil of sin, shall reap *malum pœnæ*, the evil of punishment. So Eliphaz told Job that he had seen, Job 4:8, 'they that plough iniquity, and sow wickedness, reap the same.'

And that either in kind or quality, proportion or quantity. In kind, the very same that he did to others shall be done to him; or in proportion, a measure answerable to it. So he shall reap what he hath sown, in quality or in quantity; either in portion the same, or in proportion the like.

(1.) In kind. The prophet cursing Edom and Babel, saith thus, Ps. 137:8, 'O daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.' The original is, 'that recompenseth to thee thy deed which thou didst to us.' So Zion rejoiceth over Edom: Obad., ver. 15, 'As thou hast done, it shall be done to thee; thy reward shall return upon thine own head.' So the Lord to Mount Seir: Ezek. 35:15, 'As thou didst rejoice at the inheritance of the house of Israel when it was desolate, so will I do unto thee: thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir.' Yea, ver. 14, 'When the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate.' Prov. 1, Wisdom crieth, fools laugh; therefore saith she, 'I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.' This is, ver. 31, 'to be filled with their own devices, to eat the fruit of their own way,' to reap of their own sowing.

Thus was God's law: 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth;' *lex talionis*; 'blood for blood.' So Abel's blood spilt on the earth cries for the blood of Cain, that runs in his murderous veins. Nature is offended and must be pacified; and no pacification can wash the land from blood, but their blood that shed it. Justice must cause them that have sowed blood to reap blood. The example of Adoni-bezek is most observable, Judges 1. Judah and Simeon, warring against the Canaanites, surprised Adoni-bezek, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes. And Adoni-bezek said, 'Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table: as I have done, so God hath required me.'

Thus is wickedness recompensed *suo genere*, in its own kind. So often the transgressor is against the transgressor, the thief robs the thief, *proditoris proditor*; as in Rome many unchristened emperors, and many christened popes, by blood and treason got the

sovereignty, and by blood and treason lost it. Evil men drink of their own brewing, are scourged with their own rod, drowned in the pit which they digged for others; as Haman was hanged on his own gallows, Perillus tormented in his own engine. *Nec enim lex justior ulla est; quam necis artifices arte perire sua.* Thus they reap in kind. Now—

(2.) In proportion. The punishment is apted to the quality of the sin. Adam at first did eat in wantonness; Adam shall therefore eat in pain. He excuseth his offence with a bold forehead; therefore in the sweat of his forehead he shall eat his bread. The woman's eye lusted; therefore in her eye tears. She longed then against grace; she shall long now against nature. She overruled her husband before; he shall overrule her now. Man hath the pre-eminence, and 'her desire shall be subject to him,'—should be, though in all it is not; but lightly, when Eve overrules Adam, the devil is in the business.

To trace along the passages of Holy Scriptures in this point—about proportion. The ambition of Babel-builders was punished with ridiculousness. Ham offending against natural reverence was damned to servitude. As it was but an easy judgment upon Henricus the Fifth, emperor of Germany, that had deposed his natural father, to have no natural son. Sodom was burned with fire unnatural, that had burned with lusts unnatural. Lot's wife abusing her sense, lost her sense; became a senseless pillar. She would look back, therefore she shall not look forward; she turned before, therefore now shall not stir; *ubi respexit, ibi remansit.*

Thus Absalom's folly was the recompense of David's adultery. He had slain Uriah with the sword, and the sword shall not depart from his house. Solomon divides God's kingdom; his own kingdom shall be divided. Because Pharaoh drowned the male children of the Hebrews in a river, *Exod. 1:22*, himself and the Egyptian host shall be drowned in a Red Sea, *chap, 14*. Dives would not give Lazarus a crumb; Lazarus shall not bring Dives a drop. *Desideravit guttam, qui non dedit micam.** There is fit proportion betwixt a crumb of bread

and a drop of water. The tongue of that rich man, that had consumed so much belly-cheer, and turned down so many tuns of wine, shall not now procure one pot of water, not a handful, not a drop. In his tongue he sinned; in his tongue he is tormented. Judas was the instrument of his Master's death; Judas shall be the instrument of his own death. Insolent Bajazet vowed to imprison conquered Tamerlane in a cage of iron, and to carry him up and down the world in triumph; but Tamerlane conquering that Turk, triumphed over him just in the same fashion. Those two monsters of the age, Pope Alexander the Sixth and his darling Borgias, that had bathed their hands in so much blood, were at last, by the error of a cup-bearer, poisoned themselves out of those very bottles wherewith they would have poisoned the cardinals. Behold the proportion: punishments respondent to the sins.

Here is sufficient cause to make the wicked tremble: God hath proportioned out a judgment for their sins. Man by his wickedness cuts out a garment of confusion for his own back. I know that this kind of punishing is not always executed in this world. God's temporal judgments are (like our quarter-sessions) kept here and there. Some, much, yea, most, is reserved for another world. If all sin were punished here, we should look no further. But 'Tophet is ordained of old: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it,' Isa. 30:33. If no sin were punished here, man would not believe God's power. But some is: 'So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth,' Ps. 58:11.

Think of that lower future place, ye wicked, and the heavy proportion that must there be measured you. Here you have sown in your seed-time; there you must reap your harvest. Let the idolater think of this: he hath thrust God out of his throne; God will thrust him out of his kingdom. The drunkard that abuseth so much wine must there want a little water. The usurer shall be there bound faster with the bonds of torment than he hath formerly bound poor men with his obligations. The covetous, that had no pity, shall not be pitied: 'He

shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy,' James 2:13. The lustful shall burn with a new fire; the malicious shall find no further cause of envy. Væ ridentibus; they that laughed shall now weep; and that as Rachel, for their joys, never to be comforted. 'He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity,' Prov. 22:8.

I list not to enter discourse of those infernal horrors. I may say with the poet, If I had a hundred tongues, and a voice of iron,

'Non

Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina possim,'—

I could not run through the names of those endless torments. It is a fearful place: God send us all never to know more of it than by hearsay! Where spirits are the tormentors, damnation the fire, the breath of an offended God the bellows, shrieking and gnashing of teeth the music, the effect of impatient fury; and all these terrors perfected by their eternity. We commonly say in misery, If it were not for hope, the heart would burst; here is no hope, and yet the heart must hold. The wretchedness is, it cannot burst. Pœnæ gehennales torquent, non extorquent: puniunt, non finiunt corpora.* It is called by Augustine, Mors sine morte, finis sine fine, defectus sine defectu.†

But some will say, Your text speaks of proportion: how can eternal vengeance be proportionable to a momentary offence? Yes; first, an infinite God is offended, and a finite man is the offender. Because he cannot be capable of an infinite wrath at once, he must have it in eternity; the short dimensions of his essence cannot answer so infinite justice but in the long extension of his punishment; what wants in place must be supplied in time. Christ indeed suffered enough in a short time, because he was infinite; man cannot do so, and therefore must be for ever in suffering. Secondly, he that delights in sin desires it may always continue: and velle peccatum, est peccatum,—so that an infinite desire must needs have an infinite

punishment. Qui moritur sine pœnitentia, si semper viveret, semper peccaret,—He that dies without repentance, if he should ever live, would ever sin. So Gregory: It is God's just judgment, ut nunquam mortuus careat supplicio, qui nunquam vivus voluit carere peccato,‡ —that the dead should have eternal punishment, who living would have been eternally wicked; ut nullus detur iniquo terminus ultionis; qui quamdiu valuit, habere noluit terminum criminis,—that no end should be allowed to his vengeance, that would have allowed himself no end of wickedness. As the good man, if he should ever live, would ever do well. If thou wilt therefore offend in æterno tuo, God must punish in æterno suo. Thy injustice would put no date to thy sins; God's justice shall set no date to thy sufferings. 'Thus ye have ploughed wickedness, and ye have reaped iniquity,' Hos. 10:13.

You see the wicked's seeding and harvest: God keep us from sowing such seed, that we may never reap such a crop! The godly have also their seeding and their harvest. All their sowing may be distinguished into piety towards God, and charity towards men.

(1.) For piety. They sow in faith; and God will bless that seed: it shall grow up to heaven, for it is sown in the side of Jesus Christ who is in heaven. 'He that believeth on God;' there is the seed: 'shall have everlasting life,' John 5:24; there is the harvest. Qui credit quod non videt, videbit quod credit,—He that believes what he doth not see; there is the seed: shall one day see what he hath believed; there is the harvest.

They sow in obedience: this is also a blessed seed, that will not fail to prosper wheresoever it is cast. 'If ye keep my commandments;' there is the seed: 'ye shall abide in my love,' John 15:10; there is the harvest. Rom. 6:22, 'Ye are the servants to God, and have your fruit unto holiness;' there is the sowing: 'and the end everlasting life;' there is the reaping. Obedientia in terris, regnabit in cœlis.—He that serves God on earth, and sows the seed of obedience, shall in heaven reap the harvest of a kingdom.

They sow in repentance: and this seed must needs grow up to blessedness. Ps. 126:5, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed;' there is the sowing: 'shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' there is the harvest. Many saints have now reaped this crop in heaven, that sowed their seed in tears. David, Mary Magdalene, Peter; as if they had made good the proverb, 'No coming to heaven with dry eyes.' Thus nature and God differ in their proceedings. To have a good crop on earth, we desire a fair seed-time; but here a wet time of sowing shall bring the best harvest in the barn of heaven. 'Blessed are they that mourn;' there is the seeding: 'for they shall be comforted,' Matt. 5:4; there is the harvest.

Lastly, they sow in renouncing of the world, and adherence to Christ: and they reap a great harvest. 'Behold,' saith Peter to Christ, 'we have forsaken all and followed thee,' Matt. 19:27; there is the seeding. 'What shall we have therefore?' What? 'You shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,' ver. 28, 29; all that you have lost shall be centupled to you: and you 'shall inherit everlasting life;' there is the harvest. 'Sow to yourselves in righteousness, and reap in mercy,' Hos. 10:12.

(2.) For charity. He that sows this seed shall be sure of a plentiful crop. 'Whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only'—a little refreshing—'in the name of a disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward,' Matt. 10:42. But if he that giveth a little shall be thus recompensed, then 'he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully,' 2 Cor. 9:6. Therefore spare abroad with a full hand, like a seedsman in a broad field, without fear. Doth any think he shall lose by his charity? No worldling, when he sows his seed, thinks he shall lose his seed; he hopes for increase at harvest. Darest thou trust the ground, and not God? Sure God is a better paymaster than the earth: grace doth give a larger recompense than nature. Below, thou mayest receive forty grains for one; but in heaven, (by the promise of Christ,) a hundred-fold: a 'measure heaped, and shaken, and thrust together, and yet

running over. 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor;' there is the seeding: 'the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble,' Ps. 41:1; there is the harvest. Is this all? No; Matt. 25:35, 'Ye fed me when I was hungry, and gave me drink thirsty,' comforted me in misery; there is the sowing. Venite beati, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you;' there is the harvest. I shut up this point with the Apostle's blessing: 'Now he that ministereth seed to the sower, both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness,' 2 Cor. 9:10. God send you a good harvest!

I conclude. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Oh that this text might be true upon all us at this time! The Lord hath sown the seed of his gospel; oh that he might reap your souls to his glory! But shall we hope for that which the prophets found not? 'I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought,' saith Isaiah, chap. 49:4. Nor the apostles? 'I have fished all night, and caught nothing,' saith Peter. No, nor Christ himself, 'who spake as never man spake?' Yet himself telleth us, Matt. 13, that of four sorts of ground wherein the seed was sown, three were barren, and returned no fruit. Alas, how much seed is sown among thorns, rocks, and highway grounds! You come to receive this seed, but it fructifies not. You bring forth hedge-fruit, like the heathen; scarce so good. We hear often, and as often forget.

Yet still, beloved, this text shall be true. God hath sown, and he will reap: sown his word, and will reap his glory. His glory, either in your instruction or destruction, conversion or conviction, life or death. Oh, why should that be to your horror that is meant to your comforts! Turn not that to your desolation which God sends to your consolation. Pray you then with me, every one to the Lord, that this seed now sown may bring forth fruit in us all,—in some thirty, in some sixty, in some a hundred-fold,—to the glory of his holy name, and the eternal salvation of our souls through Jesus Christ. Amen.

SPIRITUAL EYE-SALVE;
OR,
THE BENEFIT OF ILLUMINATION

The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that you may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints.—EPH. 1:18.

THE special grace that here Paul prays for his Ephesians is illumination. Wherein is described to us—I. An eye; II. An object. The eye is spiritual, the object celestial; the instrument is gracious, the spectacle glorious. 'The eye enlightened,' there is the organ; 'the hope of God's calling, and the rich inheritance of the glorified saints,' there is the object.

The eye is described by its situation and its qualification. The site is 'the understanding;' the qualification is 'enlightened.'

I. The eye is the most excellent organ of sense. St Augustine applies seeing to all the senses: hear and see, touch and see; and the Psalmist hath, 'Taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' Other senses discern only things near them; this, remote and distant objects. Some say the roundness of the eye resembles the unity of the Deity, which is one and perfect; and the triangular sight, the trinity of persons. This is too curious. Happy is that intellectual eye, whose object is the blessed Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; whose delight is good, yea, God!

In a clear eye, the looker sees his own image; so God, in a sanctified understanding, sees a limited resemblance of his infinite self. And as

some physicians say, that if looking in a sick man's eyes they see their image, there is hope of life; but the want of this resultance is held an argument of instant death: whereby they give themselves a prognostic sign whether the patient will die of that sickness or recover it, by the reflection of his eyes. But it is certain, if God's image be not in the understanding, *instat mors animæ*, the soul is in danger; if it shine there, there is comfort of life, yea, life of comfort. Hence it is that the 'god of this world' doth so strive to 'blind the minds of them that believe not,' *ne imago Dei*, &c., 'that the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should not shine into them,' 2 Cor. 4:4.

God hath set two lids to defend the corporal eye from annoyances. So he hath given the understanding *duas palpebras*, faith and hope, to shelter it. For the eye is not more tender to the body than the understanding is to the soul. And therefore Satan seeks by all means to hurt it, either by offering it violent blows, which the 'shield of faith' bears off, or by throwing dust into it,—'gifts blind the eyes,'—which the other lid of hope for better riches keeps out.

1. The situation of this spiritual eye is in the soul. God, framing man's soul, planted in it two faculties: the superior, that is the understanding, which perceiveth and judgeth; the inferior, that is the will, which being informed of the other, accordingly follows or flies, chooseth or refuseth. The Scripture, favouring the simplest capacity, compares these two powers of the soul to two known parts of the body: the understanding to the eye, the affections to the foot—the eye directing, the foot walking. Every man is naturally born blind and lame: as Zedekiah, captivated to the king of Babylon; first they 'put out his eyes,' 2 Kings 25:7, and then they lamed his feet with fetters of brass. So is every man by nature, and therefore easily made a slave to the king of infernal Babylon, if the mercy of Christ should not redeem him. This consideration reacheth forth to us two uses; the one of instruction, the other of reprehension:—

Use 1.—This teacheth us to desire in the first place the enlightening of our eyes; and then after, the strengthening of our feet. So that sweet prophet ordereth his prayers, Ps. 25:4, 5: first, 'Shew me thy ways, O Lord: teach me thy paths;' then, 'Lead me in thy truth.' First clear my eyes, then enable my feet. Ps. 119:27, 32, 'Make me to understand the way of thy precepts,' and then 'I will run the way of thy commandments.' He that would sail safely must get a good pilot, before good rowers. Swift horses, without a skilful waggoner, endangers more. He that labours for feet before he hath eyes, takes a preposterous course; for, of the two, the lame is more likely to come to his journey's end than the blind. Could he run as swift as Hazael,* and overstrip the young hart on the mountains; yet being blind, he would hardly hit the way to heaven. There is but one way thither, bypaths innumerable; it is a thousand to one against him that he misseth the right. If he be set into it, yet there are so many blocks, rubs, obstacles put before him by the devil and the world, that he can no more go in the true way than he could discern it from the false. But if a man hath eyes, there is hope he will creep to heaven, though on lame feet. He sees where Jerusalem stands, and hath direction for the way; (as travellers in scrolls: from such a village to such a city, &c.;) so the word of God prescribes his journey from 'faith to virtue, from virtue to knowledge, from knowledge to temperance, from temperance to patience,' &c., 2 Pet. 1:5, till he comes to 'enter into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ,' ver. 11. Hence we see there is somewhat more hope of a vicious person that hath a good understanding, than of an utterly dark and blind soul, though he walks upon zealous feet. Let them know that they will come to heaven without eyes, when the wicked come out of hell without feet.

Which lets us see the kind love of the Popish clergy to their people, and how unfeignedly they desire their going to heaven, when they pluck out their eyes, and send them thither. So they may grope for it, as the Sodomites did for the door of Lot's house. That which they call the 'mother of devotion,' ignorance, Augustine calls *pessimam matrem*, the worst mother: *Pessimæ matris ignorantia, pessimæ itidem duæ filiaë sunt: scilicet falsitas, et dubietas; illa miserior, ista*

miserabilior; illa perniciosior, ista molestior,—There are two evil daughters of the most evil mother ignorance: falsehood and doubting; the former is more miserable, the latter more pitiable; that more pernicious, this more troublesome. Let them that plead so impetuously their religion authentical from the fathers, (nos cum patribus rejicimur,) read the opinion of a great father concerning a main point of their doctrine—ignorance. Chrysostom says, Præcedit scientia virtutis cultum,—Knowledge of virtue must ever go before devotion: for no man can earnestly affect the good he knows not; and the evil whereof he is ignorant, he fears not.* So that true love to good, and hatred to evil, cannot occur to a heart nescient of them both. For scientia conscientiam dirigit, conscientia scientiam perficit,—knowledge rectifies conscience, so well as conscience perfects knowledge. Con must ever be in composition; and so kindly uniting knowledge to devotion, there ariseth conscience.

If they allow not then their people eyes, they may as well lame their feet, and so send them like the Syrian band, instead of Dothan to Samaria. They say, 'This is not the way' to heaven, 'nor is this the city' of life: 'follow me, and I will bring you to the man,' Jesus Christ, 'whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria,' 2 Kings 6:19.

Use 2.—This reprehends a common fashion of many auditors. When the preacher begins to analyse his text, and to open the points of doctrine, to inform the understanding, they lend him very cold attention. That part of the sermon is spent in slumber, as if it concerned us not. But when he comes to apply his conclusions, and to drive home the use of his inferences by application, then they begin to rouse up themselves, and lend an ear of diligence: as if they had only need to have their hearts warmed, and not to have their minds warned and enlightened with knowledge. But, alas! no eyes, no salvation. Your affections are stirred in vain without a precedent illumination of your souls. You must know to do before you can do what you know. And indeed he that attends only to exhortation, and not to instruction, seems to build more upon man's zeal than God's word. Both do well together: attend to the 'doctrine,' and suffer also

'the word of exhortation,' that you may have both clear eyes and sound feet; those which God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

2. I come from the situation to the qualification of this spiritual eye: 'enlightened.' For this blessing the Apostle prays to the 'Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift,' James 1:17: from him, and from him only, comes this grace of illumination. Man's mind is not only dark, but darkness, Eph. 5:8, till the Spirit of knowledge light on him, and lighten him. Though Zedekiah was in Nebuchadnezzar's court, that great monarch, newly delivered of his monstrous ambition, to whom all the glories and pleasures of the world came a-gossiping, yet he saw none of this pomp and magnificence; his eyes were wanting, 2 Kings 25. So blind Samson among the merry Philistines, Judges 16, saw none of their rich apparel, costly cheer, and glorious triumphs. When the natural man comes into the temple, among the congregation of God's saints, his soul is not delighted with their prayers, praises, psalms, and service; he sees no comfort, no pleasure, no content in their actions. True, he doth not, he cannot; for his understanding is not enlightened to see 'the hope of their calling, and the glorious riches' which the Spirit of grace and consolation sheds into them. He sees no whit into the awful majesty of God, filling all with his glorious presence, and ruling all events with his providence; even disposing evil to his glory. Nothing of the beauty, mercy, pity of his Saviour, sitting at the right hand of his Father; not his highness being in heaven, nor yet his nighness to his brethren on earth. Nothing of 'Mount Sion, the city of the living God, the celestial Jerusalem; nor of the company of innumerable angels; nor of the general assembly and company of the first-born, which are written in heaven; not of God the Judge of all; nor of the spirits of just men made perfect; nor of Jesus the Mediator of the new testament; nor the blood of sprinkling, that speaks better things than that of Abel,' Heb. 12:22.

What more than a world of happiness doth this man's eye not see! Hereupon we call a mere fool a natural. The worldlings have

esteemed and misnamed Christians God's fools; but we know them the fools of the world. The greatest philosopher is but a sot to the weakest Christian; therefore philosophy, unbaptized with grace, is said to be monocular, to have but one eye, and that is of natural reason; a left eye of the soul. But the Christian hath two eyes: the left eye of reason, whereby he may see into the secrets of nature as far as the philosopher; and the right eye of faith, which the other wanting, cannot conceive the 'mystery of godliness,' 1 Tim. 3:16. This mystery to him is but like a high candle to a blind man. God only then must give Solomon wisdom; and to his father, a knowledge above his teachers. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God,' James 1:5. The first character our forefathers taught us was Christ's cross; our first spelling lesson, 'In the name of the Father,' &c.; to teach us that even all human knowledge, much more divine, is derived from God's fountain. There are two reasons why we must all beg of God for ourselves, as Paul did for his Ephesians, this grace of illumination:—

Reason 1.—Our spiritual blindness came upon us by God's just curse for our sins. As the Philistines put out Samson's eyes for his many mischiefs done them; so God on far greater cause blinded Adam, and his perpetual issue. He had pure and good knowledge; but because his ambition was *appetere prohibitum*, to desire that was forbidden, his punishment was *perdere concessum*, to lose that he had. Now, the same hand that laid on this penalty must take it off. The blind men in the gospel recovered not their sight till Christ came. They were as types to us, to teach us that only the Spirit of Christ can restore our spiritual eyes. Therefore of this Spirit are we counselled to 'buy eye-salve, to anoint our eyes, that we may see,' Rev. 3:18.

Reason 2.—This original defect is increased by actual transgressions. We were born ignorant, we have made ourselves blind, putting out even that remaining spark of nature. We 'mind earthly things,' Phil. 3:19; setting not only our 'affections,' Col. 3:2, but even fixing our whole knowledge on this world. And it is impossible that a man's eye should look on earth and heaven also at one instant. It is a rule in philosophy: Nothing receives anything but that is empty of all other

things of a contrary nature. The ear must be empty of all sounds, the taste of all savours, the eye of all colours, before there can be entertainment given to a new object. The smell possessed with rue cannot scent the rose; the taste infected with gall imagines all morsels bitter; and a green glass held before the eyes presents all things looked on green. So if the soul's eye be taken up with the gaudy vanities of this pied world, it cannot discern the things that concern everlasting peace. The understanding then must be withdrawn from earth that it may contemplate heaven. This confutes their practices that have vowed a monkish life, addicted to speculation and eying of heaven, yet are perpetually raking in the mud of the earth to get money, with an impossibility of reconciling these two opposite objects to their eyes at once. In vain they lift up ceremonial eyes of a forced devotion, for the eye of their heart is fixed downwards; unless they have squint-eyed souls, that can look two ways at once. But I rather think that, like watermen, they look one way and row another; for he must needs be strangely squint-eyed that can at the same instant fasten one of his lights on the light of glory, and the other on the darkness of iniquity. The riches above and below are remote things; *quorum dum aliud contemplatim aspiciamus, aliud contemptim despiciamus*,—whereof whiles we admire the one, we vilipend the other. This blindness then being both hereditary to our natures, (and hereditary diseases are not easily cured,) and augmented by our wilful disorders, can be taken away by no hand but God's. 'Since the world began was it never heard that any man'—not man, but God—'opened the eyes of one that was born blind,' (John 9:32,) and had increased this cæcity by his own accessive and excessive wickedness.

He that would desire inspection into others' blindness, had need of clear eyes himself. 'Cast out the beam in thine own eye, that thou mayest pull out the mote in thy brother's,' saith our Saviour. Let us take with us, then, the eyes of grace that we have, that we may the better look into that blindness of nature we had. There is in this blind eye diseases and defects. The diseases are double; so are the defects.

First, The diseases:—

First, The cataract, which is a thickness drawn over the eye, and bred of many causes: this especially, either from the rheum of vain-glory, or the inflammation of malice. From this eye there is no reflection, or returning its own beams, whereby a man may contemplate himself. But even the optic nerves and the visory spirits are corrupted: the memory cannot revolve, nor the mind present itself, what it is; nec in se descendere tentat. This dark mind is the vault where Satan keeps his seminary, and sits hatching a black brood of lusts.

The means to expel this disease is to take God's law into thy hand and heart, and through that glass to look into thyself. 'Consider your own ways in your hearts,' saith the prophet Haggai, chap. 1.

'Teipsum.

Concute: tecum habita: te consule, die tibi quis sis.'

Plumb deep into thy own breast: *Animi tui abyssum intra.** A man offends less by searching sin with too deep than with too short an instrument. Though this be, saith Anselm, † *gravis angustia*, a hard exigent. *Si me inspicio, meipsum non tolero; si non inspicio, nescio. Si video, horror; si non videro, mors est,—*If I look into myself, I cannot endure myself; if I look not, I cannot know myself. If I see myself, there is horror; if I see not, there is death. This inspection is difficult. *Difficile est se nosse, sed beatum,—*It is a hard, but a happy thing, to know one's self. Private sins are not easily spied out. *Difficilius est invenire, quam interficere,* as Cæsar said of the Scythians,—It is harder to find them out than to root them out. Innumerable sins are in a man; if not in actual and ripe practice, yet in growing seeds. *Qui indulget uni vitio, amicus est omnibus,—*He that is partially indulgent to one sin is a friend to all. It is a pains well taken to study thyself. How sweet a rest doth that night bring whose sleep is prevented with a recognition of ourselves!

Bernard teacheth man a threefold consideration of himself: *Quid, quis, qualis sit*,*—What by nature, who in person, what kind of man in conversation. Which particulars, when he casteth up, he shall find in sum, himself a miserable sinner. *Si cupis bonus fieri, primum crede quod malus sis*,—If thou wouldest be good, first know that thou art evil. Chrysostom amplifies this self-knowledge by teaching a man to consider what he is in himself, dust and ashes; what is within him, much wickedness; what above him, an offended justice; what below him, a burning lake; what against him, Satan and sin; what before him, vain pleasure; what behind him, infallible death.†

But, alas! what is all this that hath been said of the eye, if God enlighten not that mental eye to see it? He must open our eyes to behold the 'wonderful things of his law.' Otherwise man's sight to these objects is but as *oculus noctuæ ad lumen solis*. Spiritual joys he cannot perceive; and what he conceives of death and hell, he thinks of them senselessly like a beast, or desperately like a devil. If his conscience begins to wake, he sings her asleep again. And as in some, the fuliginous vapours arising from the lower parts of the body blind the eyes; so in him the fumous evaporations of the flesh's lusts have caused absolute blindness. The Spirit of God, with the saving instrument of grace, can only take away this cataract.

Secondly, There is another disease called the pearl in the eye: a dangerous disease, and hereof are all worldlings sick; for earthly riches is such a pearl in the eye, that they cannot see the pearl of the gospel, which the wise merchant sold all he had to purchase. By the distrusting and distracting cares of the world, this intellectual eye is not only depraved, but deprived of light. *Affectio mundi, infectio animi*,—Our souls are affected, infected with this contagion. We are easily inclined and declined from our supernal bliss, by the dotting love of these transient delights. And *ubi amor, ibi oculus*,—the eye follows the heart with more diligence than a servant his master. Now, it is no wonder if that eye be blind which the devil hath daubed up with the dirt of this world! Covetousness is an engrosser, wheresoever it dwells; and as it would engross the whole universe to

its unsatiate self, so it takes up the whole soul with all the affections and desires of it. It gives every member and faculty press-money, and binds all their contention to get riches. It leaves not so much as an eye for ourselves, not a thought for God. *Quicquid de se intrinsecus agatur, oblitus est animus, dum extrinsecus occupatur,*‡—Whiles the mind is externally busied, it forgets what is done in itself, what shall become of itself. This pearl then must be cut out of the worldling's eye with the sharp knife of repentance, otherwise he is likely never to see heaven. For it may be well said to them, as the philosopher answered to some that asked him curious questions of the world,—whether it had a soul, whether it were round, &c.,—*Vos de mundo solliciti estis, et vestram immunditiem non curatis:* You are busy examiners concerning the world, but idle neglecters of your unclean selves.

Secondly, These are the diseases; there is also a double defect in this natural eye:—

First, It perceives only natural and external things, *quæ ante pedes sunt*,—which lie at their feet; for 'it cannot see afar off,' 2 Pet. 1:9. It beholds only the bark or rind, but not the inward virtue. It can perceive what thy riches are, thy house adorned, thy lands tilled, thy grounds stocked; but not those spiritual blessings and celestial privileges that belong to thee as thou art a Christian. It judgeth the cabinet by the leather and cover, not by the costly jewels in it. It may see Job's outward affliction, not his inward consolation. If God swells their garners with plenteous fruits, and fills their bones with marrow, this they see; but the 'hope of God's calling,' the comforts of the gospel, the saving health of Jesus Christ, and the promises of eternal life, they not see. The world is their circumference; other things *nec capiunt, nec cupiunt; neque tenent manibus, nec cernunt oculis*,—they neither comprehend nor covet, neither hold nor behold them.

A beast hath one kind of eye, a natural man two, a Christian three. The beast hath an eye of sense; the natural man, of sense and reason; the Christian, of sense, of reason, and of faith. Each of these hath its

several objects, several intentions. The eye of sense regards only sensual things; the eye of reason, only sensible and natural things; the eye of faith, spiritual, supernal, and supernatural things.

The eye of sense doth not extend to intelligible things and matters of discourse. Tell a brute beast of philosophy and the conclusions of nature, he understands you not. The belly of sense hath no ears for such instructions. Let it be fed, nourished, have the appetite delighted; of further felicity it hath neither notion nor motion. *Nec noscit, nec poscit.*

The eye of reason sees further than that of sense; and hath, more than common sense, a rational and discursive apprehension of intelligible objects. For the bodies of creatures, the brutes see them as well as man, and perhaps some better; but in these bodies he perceives hidden virtues, objectual to the scope of understanding, which the beast cannot see. I confess that many a man is defective in the gradual ascents of reason. Tell a rustic or mechanic that the sun is greater than the whole earth, or that a little star is larger than his cart-wheel, and he derides thy boldness, and thinks thou wouldst be admired for telling a lie; though this by the eye of mature reason is discerned perfect truth.

The eye of faith sees further than both the former; for it looks into the 'hope of our calling, and the glorious inheritance of the saints.' The Christian hath not only an eye of sense common with beasts, nor an eye of reason common with men, but also an eye of faith proper to his profession; wherein he goes beyond the natural man, further than the natural man goes beyond the beast. The unregenerate lives all his days in a mist: he cannot look up to heaven, in comparison whereof that world he sees is but a base molehill, and himself is like a blind mole digging in it. Yea, in this very world, his own proper element, how little doth he truly perceive! There is no herb or flower he treads on that he truly knows. Yea, he is a stranger at home, and is ignorant of what is in his own bosom. But for things that concern a better world he hath no insight. 'The natural man perceiveth not the things

of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' 1 Cor. 2:14. Those things are incredible, impossible to him, which we build our faiths on. Happy then are their 'eyes that see these things!' In matters of the world our simplicity moves pity or makes sport; let it content us, that these losses are requited by our spiritual knowledge, seeing further into better matters. That wherein we are ignorant, is transient and contemptible; that which we know, is glorious and eternal. The ignorance of the former shall not hinder our blessedness; the knowledge of the other shall accomplish it.

Secondly, The second defect in the eye is an insolid levity: it is roving, like Dinah's, and ravished abroad; but wants self-inspection. Two things exceedingly move men—similitude and example.* When men judge others very evil, they begin to think themselves good. Nothing doth sooner blind us than comparisons. He that would mount to a high opinion of his own worth, by comparing it to the base wickedness of another, *perinde est, ac si quis ad claudos respiciens, suam miretur velocitatem,* †—is like one that observing a cripple's lameness, wonders at himself that he is so swift. The curious man goes abroad, *et exterius omnia considerat; qui sic interna despicit,* ‡—and is so intentive upon foreign business that he forgets his own. They are common questions, *Quid ille fecit,*—What hath he done? and, *Quid ille faciet,*—'What shall he do?' John 21:21. But not, 'What have I done?' 'What shall I do that I might be saved?' Acts 16:30. They are like tailors, that have taken measure of many men, never of themselves. Such a man doth not smite his own bosom with the publican, but breaks his neighbour's head with the Pharisee. It is good for a man to keep his eyes at home, and set them about the domestical business of his own heart; lest at last *omnibus notus, ignotus moritur sibi,*—he that lived known to all, dies in ignorance of himself.

I cannot leave this excellent organ, the eye, till I have shewed you two things:—First, The danger of spiritual blindness; Secondly, The means to cure it.

Spiritual blindness shall appear the more perilous, if we compare it with natural. The body's eye may be better spared than the soul's; as to want the eyes of angels is far worse than to want the eyes of beasts. The want of corporal sight is often good, not evil: evil in the sense, and good in the consequence. He may the better intend heavenly things, that sees no earthly to draw him away. Many a man's eye hath done him hurt. 'The sons of God saw the daughters of men,' Gen. 6:4. David, from the roof of his palace, saw Bathsheba. *Per oculorum beneficium, intrat cordis veneficium,*—The lightning of lust hath scorched the heart through those windows. *Malus oculus, malus animus,*—An evil eye makes an evil mind. The Apostle speaks of 'eyes full of adultery:' it is a fearful thing to have an eye great with whoredom. And there be eyes full of covetousness, lusting after the grounds and goods of other men: as Ahab's eye was full of Naboth's vineyard. *But non tutum est conspicere, quod non licitum est concupiscere,*—let not thine eye be enamoured of that which thy heart must not covet. You see, therefore, that sometimes the loss of corporal sight doth the soul good; and the eye of faith sees the better because the eye of flesh sees not at all.

Besides, the bodily blind feels and acknowledgeth his want of sight; but the spiritually blind thinks that none have clearer eyes than himself. He that wants corporal eyes blesseth them that see; this man derides and despiseth them. Their blindness is therefore more dangerous, *qui suam ignorant ignorantiam,* that 'know not they are blind,' as Laodicea, Rev. 3:17. This conviction Christ gave to the Jews: 'If ye were blind, ye should not have sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth,' John 9:41. The blind in body is commonly led either by his servant, or his wife, or his dog: there may be yet some respect in these guides. But the blind in soul is led by the world, which should be his servant, is his traitor; or by the flesh, which should be as a wife, is his harlot; or by the devil, which is a dog indeed, a crafty cur, not leading, but misleading him. He that is blind himself, and led by such blind, or rather blinding guides, how should he escape the rubs of transgression or the pit of destruction!

Now the means to clear this eye is to get it a knowledge of God, of ourselves. That the eye may be cured, this knowledge must be procured.

Now God must be known by his works, his word, and his Spirit.

1. By his works. The book of nature teacheth the most unlearned that there is a Deity. This may be called natural theology. For 'his invisible things may be understood by his visible works,' Rom. 1:20. *Præsentemque refert quælibet herba Deum,*—Not a pile of grass we tread on but tells us there is a God. 'Ask the beasts, and they will tell thee; the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the earth will declare unto thee, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this,' Job 12:7, &c. When a hermit was found fault with that he wanted books, he answered, that there could be no want of books, when heaven and earth stood before his eyes. 'The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard,' Ps. 19:1–3. All these creatures speak God; in whom is the act of all powers, and from whom the power of all acts. Whether thou have a carnal affection, filled with vanity; or a curious head, filled with variety; or a Christian heart, filled with verity; despise not the pædagogy and manuduction of the world, leading thee to know God.

2. But this book reads only to us (that ask, *An sit*) *Deus est*, that there is a God. If we ask further, *Quis sit*, Who this God is, or how to be worshipped, it cannot expound it. It brings us only, like that Athenian altar, Acts 17:23, *ad ignotum Deum*,—to the unknown God. We must turn over a new leaf, search another book, to take out this lesson. 'Search the Scriptures,' for they give this testimony. So Zechariah, 'Ten men out of all languages of the nations shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you,' chap, 8:23. In the former, the book is the world, the school nature's light, the scholar man, *quatenus homo*, as he is man. But here the book is the Scripture, the

school the light of grace, and the scholar Christian man, as he is a Christian. There was the eye of reason exercised; here of faith. There was taught God in his creatures; here God in his Christ.

3. But this scriptural knowledge (common to the wicked) is not sufficient; there must be a spiritual knowledge: whereby, though he sees not more than is in the word, yet he sees more than they that see only the letter of the word. 'The anointing which you have received teacheth you all things,' 1 John 2:27. Call we then earnestly upon the Spirit of illumination for this knowledge. For it is not obtained per rationem, sed per orationem,—not by reason, but by prayers. 'For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., 'that you may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,' Eph. 3:18.

Now we must learn to see ourselves; and this self-contemplation must be made—1. By a natural; 2. By a moral; and, 3. By a spiritual glass.

1. Naturally: by looking into the constitution and composition of our own persons; as Paul distinguisheth us into 'body, soul, spirit,' 1 Thess. 5:23. For thy body; it was not only 'fashioned beneath on the earth,' Ps. 139:15, but of the earth. Our first parents were made of the earth: of the earth was their meat; of their meat their blood; of their blood their seed; of their seed our bodies. *Corrupta et corrumpentia corpora*,—bodies corrupt of themselves, and corrupting the souls. For thy soul; it is a real, spiritual, invisible and indivisible substance, diffused by God into thy body; who by placing this soul in thy flesh, hath set thee in the midway, betwixt the bodiless spirits above and the mindless bodies below. This soul is preserved by neither element nor aliment, but by him only that made her, and to whom she resteth not till she returns. For thy spirit; it is called *vinculum* and *vehiculum*,—a bond and a chariot. It is a bond to unite a divine and heavenly soul to an earthly elementary body; both these extremes meet friendly by this tertium, a firmamental spirit. It is called a

chariot, because it carrieth the soul's faculties to all organs and parts of the body, and that with wonderful speed.

2. Morally: by considering how frequently we have transgressed those virtues to which the very heathen gave a strict obedience. Where is our justice, temperance, patience? We have idle designs, and idler desires; and give way to all evil that may be either thought or wrought; and what we dare not act, we dare like. We loathe (like fond sheep) the good pastures of fit benefits, and bleat after the browse of vanities. Like erring planets, we keep not the ecliptic line of virtuous mediocrity. As God hath all good in himself, all evil only in knowledge; so we on the contrary, have much good in knowledge, all evil in ourselves.

3. Spiritual knowledge goes yet further; even in medullas, et penetralia cordis,—it searcheth the heart; and if in that most inward chamber, or in any cabinet thereof, it can find an idol, it brings it forth. It sees when the torrent of time beats thee down the stream of custom; what faintness is in thy faith, what coldness in thy zeal, when the awe of man gives the fear of God a checkmate. It sounds the lowest depth of the conscience, and spieth blemishes in the face of whitest innocence. So it brings the best soul down on her knees, teacheth her the necessity of humbleness, and puts this prayer in her mouth, 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner!'

II. We have now done with the organ of seeing, the understanding, or soul's eye: let us come to the object to be seen, 'the hope of his calling, and the riches of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints.'

The object is clear and transparent to a sanctified eye. The philosophers propound six necessary occurrences to our perfect seeing; and you shall see them all here met:—

1. Firmness or good disposition of the organ that seeth. A rolling eye beholds nothing perfectly. A Dinah's eye is the prologue to a ravished soul. This must be a composed eye, steadfastly settled on the divine

object; saying with David, 'My heart is fixed, O Lord, my heart is fixed.' The proposed glory is so infinite, that it may well take up the whole eye, for it shall one day take up the whole man. 'Enter thou, good servant, into thy Master's joy:' it is too great to enter into thee. This object is so immense, that we cannot well look besides it.

2. The spectacle must be objected to the sight: the eye cannot pierce into *penetralia terræ*, or *sublimia cœli*; nor can the understanding see into these supernatural joys, unless the Lord object them to it. Hence it is that many neglectfully pass by (*sine lumine lumen*) the light, for want of eyes to regard it. But God here produceth the wardrobe of his glory to the sanctified eyes; as if he said, *Venite et videte*, Ps. 46:8, 'Come, and see.' So Moses: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God,' Exod. 14:13. So Christ to his apostles: 'It is given to your eyes to see these things; to others but by parables.'

3. That there be a proportional distance betwixt the organ and the object: neither too near, nor too far off. A bright thing held too near the sight confounds it: be it never so bright, if too far off, it cannot discern it. God hath sweetly ordered and compounded this difference. Those everlasting joys are not close by our eyes, lest the glory should swallow us up; for mortal eyes cannot behold immortal things, nor our corruptible sight see steadfastly that eternal splendour. 'Who can see God, and live?' And though you say it is the soul that sees, yet even this soul, whiles it is prisoned in this muddy vale, or rather jail, the flesh, hath by reason of the other's impotency and passibleness, a thick cloud between itself and glory. 'For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; then shall I know even as also I am known,' 1 Cor. 13:12. The best eye upon earth looks but through a glass, a lattice, an obscuring impediment. Now on the other side, lest this object should be too far off, that the intellectual eye could not reach it, behold, God hath given it the first-fruits: 'Righteousness, peace of conscience, and joy of the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17; a prelibation of glory. It sees the earnest of the Spirit, 'sealing us up to the day of redemption;' a

pledge of those joys which otherwise no eye hath seen, no ear heard, nor heart on earth conceived.

4. It is required that the objected matter be substantial; not altogether diaphanous and transparent, but massy, and of a solid being. Otherwise the sight cannot perceive, nor the mind well conceive, the nature which is so subtle and sublimed; but intends itself still further, till it can acquiescere in materiam visibilem,—rest itself on some visible object. But this object here proposed is no empty chimera, or imaginary, translucent, airy shadow, but substantial: 'the hope of God's calling, and a glorious inheritance;' which though nature's dull eye cannot reach, faith's eye sees perfectly. For hæc est fides, credere quod non vides.

And the subject of this spectacle is by demonstration proved solid and substantial; because nothing but that can give this intellectual eye firm content, and complacency. How go the affections of man in a rolling and ranging pace from one creature to another! Now thy heart is set upon wealth; thou wilt have it, though thou dig for it in visceribus both matris et filiorum,—in the bowels of the earth, and of the sons of the earth. Say wealth is come, thou art then for honour; thy riches are a ladder, whereby thou wouldest climb to dignity. Dedecet divitem esse ignobilem. Nobility gotten hath not settled thee; thou art traversing new desires. Thy lust presents thee a beauteous paramour; unclean desires now fill up thy scene; and thou playest, like that German, many parts thyself—a golden ass, a proud lion, a luxurious goat. Wealth and greatness command thy pleasure; thy lust is answered. Then thou art for music, and so actest a fourth part; thou art thine own fiddler. Now thy blood is to be heated with delicates; thou must be indulgent to thy throat with lust-provoking meats: and so playest yet another part, a caterer to uncleanness. When all is done—

'Non contenta quies; non est sedata libido.'

When thou hast thus wandered, and begged of every poor creature a scrap of comfort, yet thou art but clawed and cloyed with variety, with vanity; not contented. It is all but one little crumb to one half-dead of hunger. Couldst thou pass over the vast universe, from the convex superficies of heaven to the centre of hell, yet the immense capacity, rapacity of thy desires will not be satisfied.

Well, then, did Augustine confess: *Fecisti nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te*,—O Lord, thou didst make us for thee, and our heart cannot be quiet till it rest in thee. Nothing but the Trinity of persons in that one Deity can fill the triangular concave of man's own heart. The fire flieth to his own sphere, the stone falleth to his centre, the rivers run to the sea, as to their end and rest, and are but violently detained in any other place. The needle, touched with the loadstone, stands ever trembling and quivering, till it enjoy the full aspect of the northern pole. Thus the Lord is only our centre, the very life of satisfaction, full of perfect and infallible comfort; and he alone can content the boundless apprehension of this intellectual eye. All other are but shadows and vanities; but this matter objected in my text satisfies. The world cannot, but this can: 'the hope of God's calling, and his glorious inheritance,' &c.

5. Clearness of space betwixt the organ and the object; for the interposition of some thick and gross body prevents the faculty of the eye. The quickest eye cannot see through hills; and a crass cloud is able to hide the sun from us at noonday. On necessity, that we may behold with our understanding's eyes this celestial object, 'the hope of our calling,' there must be a removing of all thick and impenetrable obstacles:—

(1.) Some have whole mountains betwixt their eyes and heaven; the mountains of vain-glory hinder their sight. They are ravished with the bravery of earth; they think there is no heaven but at court, no further scope of ambition than to be great in this world. If you tell them of the glory of God's inheritance given to his saints, alas! they

believe not your prattle; they cannot see it. They cannot indeed; for who can see through mountains?

(2.) Others, to make surer prevention against their sight of heaven, have rolled the whole earth betwixt that and their eyes. These are the covetous, who are rooting down to the centre. If you tell them of this 'hope,' &c., they answer, *Non videmus nisi terram*,—We see nothing but earth. Well may they say so; for what eyes can see through the vast and condensed body of the earth?

(3.) Others yet have interjected such obscure and pitchy clouds between their sight and this sun of glory, that they cannot see. Whether of errors, that darken the light of truth; or of affected ignorance, that blinds their own eyes; or of blasphemous atheism; they will see nothing but what they do see. 'Where is the promise of his coming? Since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation,' 2 Pet. 3:4. *Nil novi video*,—I see no new thing: it was so, and it is so. *Non aliud videre patres, aliudve nepotes aspicient*. Or of rude and crude impieties, which both blear their own eyes, and shadow heaven's graces from them. Thus the devil deals with them, as the Pharisees' servants dealt with Christ: first they blind him, and then buffet him, and bid him prophesy 'who smote him,' Mark 14:65. First he puts out their eyes with their own iniquities, and then leads them about to make himself sport. They cannot see the way to bliss, they have blinded themselves; interposed such clouds betwixt them and heaven, that this 'glorious light' cannot shine unto them. There must be then a clear space; and this God grants to faith: 'Stephen, full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God,' &c. 'Behold, I see the heavens open, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God,' Acts 7:55, 56. Though this be taken for more than a spiritual sight, yet hence we have this comfort, that our eyes of faith shall see God now in grace, and our eyes of flesh hereafter in glory.

6. Lastly, The object must be stable and firm, for if it move too swiftly, it dazzleth the eye, and cannot be truly (according to the perfect form of it) beholden. An oar in the river often seems to the passengers as if it were broken, by reason of the swift and violent motion of the water. An arrow cuts the air with such quickness that we can scarce discern it, which lying at the mark is easily seen. God hath therefore answered our desires, and fitted our understanding with a stable object; which Paul calls 'an exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' 2 Cor. 4:17. 'A weight;' substantial and permanent: not a light transient matter, nor a swift voluble nature; but weighty. Therefore let us 'not look on the things which are seen, but on the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal,' ver. 18. It is here called an inheritance, which none can take from us; that subtle lawyer, Satan, shall never be able to pick cavils against it.

You must not expect that I should enter into a particular resolution of our objected comforts; I must reserve that to a more liberal time. Only now let us set them in our meditation, and settle ourselves to attain them. Contemn we, condemn we the foolish choice of worldlings, in regard of our portion and 'better part, never to be taken from us.' Why should I mislike my gold, because he prefers his copper? The least dram of these joys shall outweigh all the pleasures of earth. And as one torment in hell shall make the reprobate forget all earthly vanities; so the least drop of this pleasure shall take from us the remembrance of our former miseries. We shall not think on our poverty in this world, when we possess those riches; but forget our contemptible baseness, when God shall give us that 'glory of saints.' 'He shall not much remember the days of his life, because God answereth him in the joy of his heart,' Eccles. 5:20. God give us to see these things now in grace, that we hereafter may see them in glory! Amen.

THE SAINTS' MEETING;
OR,
PROGRESS TO GLORY

Till we all meet in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—EPH. 4:13.

THE first word of the text is a gate to let in our considerations, to contemplate this goodly city: which indeed is like Jerusalem, 'a city of peace and unity;' harmoniously 'compact together. Thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord,' Ps. 122:4. And when we are in, let us number and ponder the towers and powers of it: for every pin and pinnacle shall afford us comfort. But we must first pass by this portal, until; and this very entrance will give us two observations:—

Obs. 1. Teacheth us, that God hath ordained the ministry of the gospel to last to the end of the world. 'Christ hath given apostles, prophets, evangelists, teachers, to perfect the saints, and to edify his body;' to continue 'till we all meet in the unity of faith,' &c. So was his promise after his charge, Matt. 28:19, 20: his charge, 'Go teach all nations;' his promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, unto the end of the world.' God will send shepherds, till every lost sheep be brought to the folds of peace. The minister's voice shall sound till it be overtaken by the archangel's trump. The ministration of the law had an end; but there is none to the ministration of the gospel, before the end of the world. Here may be given a double excellency to the gospel, and prelation above the law: it is more gracious and more glorious.

(1.) The gospel is more gracious. 'God hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,' 2 Cor. 3:6. The proper office of the law was to threaten, terrify, condemn: *Lex non damnans est ficta et picta lex*, saith Luther,—That law that doth not condemn, is a feigned and a painted law. But the power of the gospel is to convert and save: 'The Lord hath anointed me,' saith the prophet in the person of Christ, 'to preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the acceptable year of the Lord, to comfort all that mourn,' Isa. 61:1. The law was called the 'ministration of death;' but the gospel, like John Baptist, points us to Christ a Saviour: 'Behold the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world,' John 1:29. The law menaceth death; but the gospel assures us, 'There is no damnation to them which are in Christ,' Rom. 8:1. When the law, like a stern sergeant, arresteth thee, 'Pay that thou owest;' the gospel produceth an acquittance, sealed in the blood of Jesus, and says to thy faith, All is paid. *Quod lex operum minando imperat, lex fidei credendo impetrat,**—What the law of works commanded threatening, the new law of faith obtaineth by believing.

(2.) The gospel is also more glorious: and that both in regard of the countenance and continuance. For beauty more glorious: because it is more honourable to be the messenger of mercy and life, than to be the minister of terror and death. A deathsman is accounted base, but 'their feet are beautiful that bring tidings of peace' and pardon. 'If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory,' 2 Cor. 3:9. For continuance: Moses's glory is done away, but the glory of Moses's Lord remains for ever. 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Christ Jesus,' John 1:17. The type is vanished, banished; but the substance abideth ever. 'When that which is perfect comes, that which is in part is done away,' 1 Cor. 13:10. There was a second testament to succeed the first; but after the second shall succeed none. So that if any man shall wilfully and finally evacuate to himself the virtue of this new covenant, 'there remaineth

no more sacrifice for his sins,' Heb. 10:26. Therefore the apostle concludes, 'If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious,' 2 Cor. 3:11. The blood of Christ doth mystically run fresh to the end of the world; therefore the gospel must be preached, that this blood may be applied. The gospel is that star that must bring us to Christ: therefore shall shine till our souls come to him in glory. The very subject of the gospel is everlasting life: therefore it shall not leave us, till it hath brought us thither.

Obs. 2.—This until gives matter of exhortation: instructing us to wait with patience for this blessed time; to be content to stay for God's until. It is a sweet mixture of joy in trouble, the certain hope of future ease. Thou art captived, thou shalt be freed; thou art persecuted, shalt triumph; thou art fought against, shalt reign; thou art derided, but thou shalt shine in glory. Only quietly expect this until. 'Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry,' Heb. 10:37. But 'until this recompense of reward comes, ye have need of patience.' Labour not a violent extrication of thyself; abide and wait, 'till we all meet in the unity of faith,' &c.

We are got through the gate, let us now enter the city; wherein we shall find five principal passages or streets:—

1. What? There shall be a meeting.
2. Who? We, yea, we all: all the saints.
3. Wherein? In unity; that unity, εἰς τὴν ἐνότητα.
4. Whereof? Of the faith and knowledge of God's Son.
5. Whereunto? To a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

1. What? 'Meet.' The meeting of friends is ever comfortable: 'When the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage,' Acts

28:15. They have sullen and tetical spirits whom the sight of good friends cannot cheer. *Fraternum vere dulce sodalium. Ecce quam bonum, &c.*—'Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' Ps. 133:1. Some things are good, but not pleasant: as afflictions; they are not sweet, yet profitable: 'It was good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes,' Ps. 119:71. Other things are pleasant, but not good: 'The wicked take delight in sin, which slayeth the soul.' But this is both *bonum* and *jucundum*,—good and pleasant also.

There is a threefold meeting of the godly:—

(1.) In this life, with their souls in their bodies.

(2.) After death, of their souls without bodies.

(3.) At the last day, of both together in glory.

(1.) In this life; and here the *communus terminus* of their meeting is God's house; where always Christ himself is one of the number: 'Wheresoever two or three of you be gathered together in my name, I will be in the midst of you,' Matt, 18:20. But to have his blessed society, we must not only bring our bodies, but our minds with them. *Quomodo erit Christus in medio nostrum, si nobiscum non erimus?*—How should Christ be with us, if we be not with ourselves? *Plus valet consonantia voluntatum quam vocum.* The harmony of our voices is not so pleasing to God as of our hearts. This is the happiest meeting in this world. The denial of this comfort made the soul of David sick, 'cast down, and disquieted within him,' Ps. 42:2, 10. And his revival was, that he might 'go unto the altar of God, unto God his exceeding joy,' Ps. 43:4. Indeed the ungodly think not thus: they are more delighted with the tabernacles of Meshech, and the taverns of Kedar. In Luke, when Joseph and Mary had lost Jesus, coming from Jerusalem, 'they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance,' chap. 2:44. But they found him not until they came to Jerusalem; and there he was 'in the temple.' The children of God, when they seek

Christ, find him not in the world, among their kindred and friends in the flesh; but in domo Dei,—in the house of God. It is dangerous to be absent from these holy meetings, lest we miss of our Saviour's company. God did not promise to meet thee here,—thou usurer at the bank, thou drunkard at the alehouse, thou sluggard on thy unseasonable couch,—but at the church. Christ comes to appear to us, and we are gone, some about our farms of covetousness, others about carnal pleasures. In vain we seek God, if not in his right ubi, where he hath promised to be found. *Fugienti bonum consortium, obvenit corruptum et corrumpens sodalium.* He that eschews Christian meetings, shall be met withal, either by the devil when he is lazy, or by the devil's friends when he is busy.

(2.) When death shall manumit and set free our souls from the prison of the body, there shall be a second meeting. 'Many have come from the east and from the west,' far remote in place, and have 'met with Abraham and Isaac,' and the holy patriarchs, which lived long before them in this world, 'in the kingdom of heaven.' So already in Mount Zion are the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' Heb. 12:23. The purer part is then glorified, and meets with the triumphant church in bliss. This meeting exceeds the former in comfort—[1.] In respect that our miseries are past, our conflict is ended, and 'tears are wiped from our eyes.' The very release from calamity is not a little felicity. So Augustine meditates of this place negatively: *Non est ibi mors, non luctus,* &c.*—There is no death nor dearth, no pining nor repining, no sorrow nor sadness, neither tears nor fears, defect nor loathing. No glory is had on earth without grudging and emulation; in this place there is no envy. *Non erit aliqua invidia disparis claritatis, quum regnabit in omnibus unitas charitatis, †*—None shall malice another's glorious clearness, when in all shall be one gracious dearness. God shall then give rest to our desires. In our first meeting we have *desiderium quietis*; in this second, *quietem desiderii*,—here we have a desire of rest; there we shall have rest of desire. [2.] In regard that we shall see God; behold him whose glory filleth all in all. This is great happiness; for 'in his presence is the fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for ever,' Ps. 16:11.

We shall not only meet with 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' Heb. 12:24, but also with him that made them just and perfect: 'Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant;' even God himself.

(3.) Our last meeting, which is called the 'general assembly and church of the first-born written in heaven,' is the great meeting at the end of the world; when our reunited bodies and souls shall possess perfect glory, and reign with our Saviour for ever; when as no mountain or rock shall shelter the wicked from doom and terror, so no corruption detain one bone or dust of us from glory. 'We shall be caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord,' 1 Thess. 4:17.

2. Who? 'We.' There is a time when the elect shall meet in one universality. Though now we are scattered all over the broad face of the earth, dispersed and distressed, yet we shall meet. There is now a communion of saints: First, as of all the members with the head; all have interest in Christ. For he is not a garden flower, private to few; but the 'rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley,' Cant. 2:1, common to the reach of all faithful hands: so Jude calls this our 'common salvation,' ver. 3. Secondly, so one member with another; even of the church triumphant with this militant. They sing hosannahs for us, and we hallelujahs for them: they pray to God for us, we praise God for them; for the excellent graces they had on earth, and for their present glory in heaven. We meet now in our affections, to solace one another, and serve our God; there is a mutual sympathy between the parts. 'If one member suffer, all suffer with it,' 1 Cor. 12:26. But this meeting shall be void of passion, and therefore needless of compassion; though love shall remain for ever.

This instruction is full of comfort. We part here with our parents, children, kindred, friends: death breaks off our society; yet there shall be a day of meeting. 'Comfort one another with these words,' 1 Thess. 4:18. Hast thou lost a wife, brother, child? You shall one day meet, though not with a carnal distinction of sex, or corrupt relation which earth afforded. No man carries earth to heaven with him: the

same body, but transfigured, purified, glorified. There shall be love hereafter, not the offals of it. A wife shall be known, not as a wife; there is no marriage but the Lamb's. Thou shalt rejoice in thy glorified brother, not as thy brother according to the flesh, but as glorified. It is enough that this meeting shall afford more joy than we have knowledge to express.

This gives thee consolation dying; with grief thou leavest those thou dearly lovest. Yet, first, thou art going to one whose love is greater than Jonathan's, that gave his life to redeem thee; and well pondering the matter, thou art content to forsake all, to desire a dissolution, that thou mayest be with Christ. Yet this is not all; thou shalt again meet those whom thou now departest from, and that with greater joy than thou hast left in present sorrow.

This comforts us all: if it be a pleasure for friends to meet on earth, where Satan is still scattering his troubles of dissension, what is it to meet in heaven, where our peace is free from distraction, from destruction! where if there be any memory of past things, *meminisse juvabit*, it shall rather delight us to think of the miseries gone, and without fear of returning! It is some delight to the merchant to sit by a quiet fire, and discourse the escaped perils of wrecks and storms. Remove then your eyes from this earth,—whether you be rich, for whom it is more hard; or poor, for whom it is easier,—and know it is better living in heaven together than on earth together. So then run your race, that in the end you may meet with this blessed society—the congregation of saints in glory.

'We;' yea, 'all we.' In this world we must never look to see a universal church; but at that general day we shall all meet. In heaven there are none but good; in hell, none but bad; on earth, both good and bad mingled together. I confess that the church militant is the suburbs of heaven; yea, called the kingdom of heaven, because the King of heaven governs it by his celestial laws; but still it is but heaven upon earth. In God's floor there is chaff mixed with the wheat; in his field, cockle with corn; in his net, rubbish with fish; in his house, vessels of

wrath with those of honour. The church is like the moon, sometimes increasing, sometimes decreasing; but when it is at the full, not without some spots. Now this mixture of the ungodly is suffered for two causes: either that themselves may be converted, or that others by them may be exercised. *Omnis malus aut ideo vivit, ut corrigatur: aut ideo ut per illum bonus exerceatur.**

First, For their own emendation, that they may be converted to embrace that good which they have hated. So Saul a persecutor becomes Paul a professor. Mary Magdalene, *turpissima meretrix fit sanctissima mulier*,—a putrefied sinner, a purified saint. Zaccheus, that had made many rich men poor, will now make many poor men rich, when he had paid every man his own, (and that now he judged their own which he had fraudulently got from them): 'Behold, half my goods I give to the poor,' Luke 19:8. The thief, after a long, lewd life, hath a short, happy death; and goes from the cross to paradise. If these had been rooted up at the first, God's garner had wanted much good wheat. He that is now cockle, may prove good corn.

Secondly, For the exercise of the godly. For the reprobate do not only 'fill up the measure of their sins,' that so, 'not believing the truth, they might be damned for their unrighteousness,' 2 Thess. 2:11, making their condemnation both just and great; but they serve also for instruments to exercise the faith and patience of the saints. Babylon is a flail to bruise the nations; at last itself shall be thrashed. They are but the rubbish wherewith the vessels of honour are scoured; the vessel made bright, the scouring stuff is thrown to the dunghill. They are apothecaries to make us bitter potions for the recovery of our spiritual health, but so that they cannot put in one dram more than their allowance; and when they come to be paid for their bills, they find the sum total their own vengeance. They are like shepherds' dogs, that serve to hunt the lambs of Christ to the sheepfolds of peace; but their teeth are beaten out, that they cannot worry us. *Fremet lupus, tremet agnus*,—the wolf rageth, and the lamb quaketh; but 'fear not, little flock,' Luke 12:32, he is greater that is with you than all they that are against you. *Illorum malitia, est vestra*

militia,—their malice is your warfare; but 'in all you shall conquer,' Rom. 8:37. They shall make you better, not worse. Hence let us learn

(1.) Not to fly from the church because there are some wicked men in it. *Non propter malos boni sunt deserendi, sed propter bonos mali sunt tolerandi,**—Forsake not the good because of the evil, but suffer the evil because of the good. When we can brook no imperfection in the church, know then *diabolum nos tumefacere superbia,*—that the devil doth blow us up with pride, saith Calvin. † I hold the church, saith Augustine, full of both wheat and chaff: 'I better whom I can; whom I cannot, I suffer.' *Fugio paleam, ne hoc sim; non aream, ne nihil sim,*—I avoid the chaff, lest I become chaff; I keep the floor, lest I become nothing. 'We sin all in many things,' James 3:2, and many in all things: let us fly from all sins, not from all sinners; for 'then we must go out of the world,' 1 Cor. 5:10, out of ourselves. But, 'I believe the holy catholic church;' I believe it, though through the shadow of infirmities I cannot see it. *Intelligit fides, quæ non vides,*—If it was perspicuous to sense, there was no place to faith, no use or exercise of believing. But here 'we walk by faith, not by sight,' 2 Cor. 5:7. All the glory of the King's daughter is intus, within: Ps. 45:14, 'She is glorious within.' Wretched are they that forsake her, and when they speak of her, bless themselves that they are fled out of Babel. Blind fools, that will not know Jerusalem from Babel! Their fault is the more heinous, for two causes: First, they seemed our most zealous professors; and a lewd servant is easilier brooked than an undutiful son. Secondly, they know so much, that, their own conscience tells them, ignorance cannot excuse their separation. An ignorant injury is in more hope both of amends and mercy. All their hot urging was a purging, not from our vices, but our good order; which when they could not effect, they purged themselves out of our company. And their very malice did us good; for I am sure we have been ever since the cleaner.

They send us word of many unreformed, uncensured evils among us, for which they separate. It cannot be denied, it cannot be avoided,

but that among so many millions of men there will be some lepers; but what! must their uncleanness needs infect all? *Certe nullius crimen inficit nescientem.*‡ Let me not participate of their sin, not shun the church because they are in it. Yea, I am commanded to come, though they be there. If a man will come unworthy, the sin is his; but if I come not because he comes, the sin is mine. God says to the wicked guest, 'How camest thou in hither?' not to the prepared, 'How came you in with such a guest?' His fault cannot dispense with my duty; nor shall my duty be charged with his fault. But our evils are innumerable; I would to God they were less: yet I am sure the gospel is fair, though our lives be foul; our profession is good, though many men's conversation be full of evil. And yet the number of our evils is somewhat abated by their absence; we cannot complain of all evils, whiles we want them. To the unclean, they say, all things are evil; yet they are content to take some evil from us. They will eat our victuals, yea, and eat them up; as if for anger, rather than hunger. They will purse up our moneys; take advantages of their forfeited bonds, and plead a providence in it,—their own providence they mean,—and so, though not pray with us, yet prey upon us. If all our things be evil, I perceive they love some of our evil. Let them go; they from us, not us from ourselves. But rather—

(2.) Seeing there are wolves among the lambs, let us be wise to save our selves, and patient to suffer others. The good are for thy comfort, the wicked for thy exercise; let thy life be good, to the consolation of the one, and conviction of the other. *Non valde laudabile est, bonum esse cum bonis, sed bonum esse cum malis,**—For as it is a wretched fault not to be good among the good: so it is a worthy praise to be good among the evil. 'Let your light so shine, that others may glorify God' for your good, Matt. 5:16; and be 'ashamed' of their own evil, 1 Pet. 3:16. 'You are the light of the world;' if there be any dimness in your shining, the whole country is full of snuffers. In the temple were 'golden snuffers,' 1 Kings 7:50: we have not many of those, to make us burn brighter; but base stinking ones, that would rather put us out.

(3.) Let us abhor wicked societies, knowing that they should be converted again in hell. There may be some acquaintance with them, must be no familiarity. A mere commerce with them is not utterly in itself unlawful, but dangerous. *Factum licitum prohibetur, propter vicinitatem illiciti.* Thou hadst better lose a good bargain at a worldling's hand, than purchase some of his wickedness. The second chariot of Egypt taught Joseph to swear by the life of Pharaoh. Let them see thy good life, hear thy gracious words; thy true detestation, and wise reprehension of their wickedness. God's servants would have all serve their Master, that they might have the more company with them to heaven. But let thy 'delight be with the saints on earth, and with those that excel in virtue,' Ps. 16:3. Let us meet now in sincerity, that hereafter we may meet in glory. 'I am a companion of all them that fear thee and keep thy precepts,' Ps. 119:63. Death may break off for a while this gracious meeting, but our glorious second meeting shall triumph over death; it shall be general, it shall be eternal.

3. Wherein? 'In the unity.' A perfect unity is not to be expected in this life; it is enough to enjoy it in heaven. Indeed the church is ever but one: 'There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number: my dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother,' Cant. 6:8. Though a kingdom have in it many shires, more cities, and innumerable towns, yet is itself but one; because one king governs it, by one law: so the church, though universally dispersed, is one kingdom; because it is ruled by one Christ, and professeth one faith. 'There is one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one faith,' Eph. 4:4, 5. So much unity now.

But that unity which is on earth may be offended, in regard of the parts subjectual to it. What family hath not complained of distraction? What fraternity not of dissension? What man hath ever been at one with himself? 'There must be divisions,' saith Paul, 1 Cor. 11:19; are and must be by a kind of necessity. But there is a twofold necessity. One absolute and simple: God must be just; a necessity of infallibility. The other *ex hypothesi*, or of consequence: as this,'

There must be heresies.' Satan will be an adversary, man will be proud; a necessity upon presupposition of Satan's malice, and man's wickedness. 'But woe unto them by whom offences come;' we know not the hurt we bring by our divisions. 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Love the truth, and peace,' Zech. 8:19. Some love peace well, but they care not for truth. These are secure worldlings: let them alone in their sins, and you would not wish quieter men. *Pacem quærunt, pietatem fugiunt*; they seek peace, but they fly righteousness, as if they would disunite those things which God hath joined together, righteousness and peace. 'Righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.' Others love truth well, but not peace. Let them fabric a church out of their own brains, or rather a discipline to manage it, and they will keep within the verges of the main truth. They cannot be content to have good milk, but they must choose their spoon to eat it with. They are wanton children, and worthy the rod of correction; let them be whipped, only discipline may mend them.

I would our eyes could see what hurt the breach of unity doth us. Scilurus's arrows, taken singly out of the sheaf, are broken with the least finger; the whole unsevered bundle fears no stress. We have made ourselves weaker by dispersing our forces. Even the encouraged atheist walks to church in the lane of our divisions; and is still no less an atheist than the devil was a devil when he 'stood among the sons of God,' Job 1:6. It is the nature of our controversies to fight peremptorily at both ends, whiles truth and piety is left in the middle, and neglected. Whiles men have contended about the body of religion, some have thought it quite dead; as no doubt Moses's body was, when the 'archangel disputed with the devil about it,' Jude, ver. 9. As one said of the Donatists, *Betwixt our Licet and your Non licet*, many souls stagger,* and excuse their irresolution by our want of peace. Indeed this is eventually one good effect of many controverted points: the way is cleansed for others, though not for themselves. Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods. Two flints beaten together, sparkles out fire; and by the wrestling of two poisons, the health is preserved. So are some united to the truth by these divisions of peace. But others are more unsettled; they

condemn all for the dissension of some. Our comfort is, God doth not so. The divisions of a few, and that about the husk of religion, ceremony, cannot redound to the condemnation of a whole church. In God's judgment it shall not; we must care little, if in theirs. Do we not know, that Satan by his good-will would allow us neither truth nor peace? but if we must have one, will he not labour to detain the other? If he can keep us from truth, he cares not much to allow us peace. The wicked have security, the devil lets them alone. What fowler sets his gin for tame birds, that will come gently to his hand? But if we embrace the truth, then have at our peace. Shall the prince of darkness be quiet, when his captives break loose from him? The good are soonest tempted. *Invidia fertur in magnos*. It was the king of Syria's command to his two and thirty captains: 'Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king of Israel,' 1 Kings 22:31. It is the devil's charge to his soldiers: Fight against none but the godly, that fight against me. David was safe among his sheep, and Moses leading a private life. No man lays snares for his own birds, nor the devil for such as 'are taken captive by him at his will,' 2 Tim. 2:26. But *pax conscientiae* is *bellum Satanæ*; and this just war is better than an unjust peace.

Let all this give condemnation to peace-haters, and commendation to peace-lovers. There are some quite gone, not diverse, but adverse to us; with these war, and no peace, for they have no peace with Christ. Sinews cut in sunder can never be knit, nor can there be *integralis unitas in solutione continui*. They will be gone; let them go. I would we were as well rid of all those whose souls hate unity. The Christians of the first age were neither Albinians nor Nigrians; the report of faction was scarce heard. Athanasius, on whose shoulder our mother the church leaned, in her sharpest persecution, to take her rest, rejoiced that though the adversary hate was violent, the love of brethren was sound. Peter was commanded to put up his sword, even when Christ was at his elbow to heal the greatest wound he could make: why do we smite and hurt, that have no such means of cure? King Richard, the holy warrior, having taken a bishop in coat-armour in the field, was requested by the Pope (calling him his son) to

release him. The king sent not him, but his coat, to the Pope; and asked him, *An hæc esset filii sui tunica?*—Whether this was his son's coat? alluding to the coat of Joseph, which his brethren brought to their father. The ashamed Pope answered, *Nec hanc esse filii sui tunicam,*—This was none of his son's coat. These are wretched spirits; boldness undertakes, wit contrives, assistance furthers, conscience prepares, scrupulosity consents, strength prevails, and peace suffers. And now, lo, they plot, not *tollere unum*, but *unitatem*,—not to single out one to wreak their malice on, but to dissolve and undo the united strength of all. Either the sceptre must stoop to the mitre, or no peace.

Between the roots of Judah and Levi, by Moses's law, the separations and distances were so wide, that neither need to cross another's walk, nor to eclipse another's dignity. The rod of Moses was once turned into a serpent, to give terror; but the rod of Aaron was preserved, not in *campo martio*, in a field of war and sedition; but *testimonii tabernaculo*, sprouting forth green leaves of truth, and sweet blossoms of peace. Well, let our enemies cry—

'*Non pacem petimus, superi, date gentibus iram.*'

Our voice be for peace:—

'*Nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes.*'

Peace was that last and rich jewel, which Christ, departing to his Father, left his spouse for a legacy: 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,' John 14:27. This peace be with us for ever!

4. Whereof? This unity hath a double reference: first, to faith; secondly, to knowledge. And the object to both these is 'the Son of God.'

(1.) 'Of the faith.' Faith is taken two ways: either passively or actively. *Vel pro eo quo creditur; vel pro eo quod creditur,*—Either for that whereby a man believes, or for that which a man believes. So it is

used both for the instrument that apprehends, and for the object that is apprehended.

[1.] If we take it for the former, we may say there is also a unity of faith, but by distinction. Faith is one *ratione objecti*, non *ratione subjecti*,—one in respect of the object on which it rests, not one in respect of the subject in which it resides. Every man hath his own faith; every faith resteth on Christ: 'The just shall live by his own faith.' *Nulla fides pro te, nisi quæ in te*. Every man must see with his own eyes, reach with his own hand, have oil ready in his own lamp, Matt. 25:9, that he may enter in with the Bridegroom. He must labour in the vineyard himself, that would have the penny; he shall not have another's pay. It is a happy perfection of faith when we shall all believe in one Christ, after one manner. Not one with a Grecian faith, another with a Roman, a third with an Arian, a fourth with an Anabaptistical; but 'all meet in the unity' of one holy catholic faith.

[2.] But if we rather take it *pro objecto quod creditur*,—for Christ in whom we have believed,—we shall all meet in the unity of those joys and comforts which we have faithfully expected. Some believed before the law, some under the law, others under the gospel; all shall 'meet in the unity of faith;' 'receiving the end of their faith, the salvation of their souls,' 1 Pet. 1:9. Whether some believed in Christ to come, or others in Christ already come, or we in Christ come, and gone to glory; *venturus et venit, diversa sunt verba, eadem fides*,—to come, or come, are diverse words, but there is but one faith. 'One Lord, one faith,' Eph. 4:5.

Now, since faith must bring us to our beloved, and by that we shall come to the Son of God, how precious should it be unto us! Let the great worldlings possess their preposterous wishes—Epicurus his pleasure, Alexander his honour, Midas his gold: be our delight, desire, prayer, 'O Lord, increase our faith. I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.' Therefore is nothing more honourable, more rich, more pleasant, than to be a true believer; for against this no evil on earth, no devil in hell, shall be able to prevail.

(2.) 'Of the knowledge.' That knowledge which we now have is shallow in all of us, and dissonant in some of us. There is but one way to know God, that is by Jesus Christ; and but one way to know Christ, and that is by the gospel. Yet there are many that go about to know him by other ways; they will know him by traditions, images, revelations, miracles, deceivable fables. But the saints shall 'meet in the unity of the knowledge of the Son of God;' there shall be union and perfection in their knowledge at that day.

But it is objected that Paul saith, 'knowledge shall vanish away,' 1 Cor. 13:8. The manner, not the matter, of our present knowledge shall vanish: we shall not know by schools, tutors, or arts in heaven; so the manner of knowing ceaseth. But the matter remains; for 'this is eternal life, to know God,' John 13:7. Now we know Christ in some manner and measure here; but through a window or lattice: 'My beloved looketh forth at the window, shewing himself through the lattice,' Cant. 2:9. Thus the Apostle, 'Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face,' 1 Cor. 13:12. When a man sees a map of Jerusalem, wherein is presented the towers and bulwarks, he presently conceives what manner of city it is; but imperfectly, as a man that only reads the description of foreign countries: but when he comes thither, beholds all the streets, palaces, beauty, and glory, he esteems his former knowledge poor, in respect of his present satisfaction. We are now pilgrims, and know no more of the celestial country than we can see through the spectacles of faith, in the glass of the Scriptures. In this map we read Jerusalem above described to us: a city of gold, whose walls are jasper, and her foundation crystal, Rev. 21:18. We read that this 'corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality,' 1 Cor. 15:54; that there is blessedness in the fountain—joys in show beautiful, in sense wonderful, in weight excessive, in dignity without comparison, and in continuance without end; and that in Christ we are chosen before all worlds, to be burgesses of this incorporation.

But when we shall have 'white garments' put on our backs, and 'palms in our hands,' and shall 'sit with him in his throne,' Rev. 3:21,

feasting at his table of glory; we shall then say, as that noble queen to Solomon, 1 Kings 10:7, 'It was a true report' of thy glory, O king, 'that I heard before; but now lo I see, one half was not told me.' As worldlings about a purchase inquire what seat, what delight, what commodities are appertinent to it,—except, like that fool in the gospel, they will buy first, and see afterwards,—so we may sweetly consult of our future happiness, without curiosity, without presumption: like those that never yet were at home, now after much hearsay travelling thitherwards, we ask in the way, what peace, what delight, what content will be found there, and how much the benefit of our standing house transcends our progress.

There are three things busied about Christ—faith, hope, and sight. By the two former we now live without the latter; by the latter we shall then live without the former. 'Now we live by faith, not by sight,' 2 Cor. 5:7; then we shall live by sight, not by faith. But for our faith, the world would tread us down; for 'this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith,' 1 John 5:4. But for our hope, 'we were of all men most miserable,' 1 Cor. 15:19; the worldlings were far happier. When these two have done their offices, sight comes in: 'We are now the sons of God, it doth not appear yet what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is,' 1 John 3:2.

Here is the benefit of sight. These three are like three members of the body—the hand, foot, eye. Faith, like the hand, lays unremoved hold on Christ. Hope, like the foot, walks towards him in a holy expectation, patiently enduring all wrongs, in hope of sweet issue. Sight, which belongs to the eye, shall fully apprehend him, when it is glorified. In this bright 'knowledge we shall all meet.'

Our present knowledge shall be excelled by our future in five differences:—

First, In quality. This is an abstracted knowledge of Christ absent; that a plenary knowledge of Christ present. Ex

abstractiva fit intuitiva notitia.* The light of a lamp vanisheth when the glorious sun appeareth. If our knowledge were mundus eruditionis, a world of learning, yet it is but eruditio mundi, the learning of the world; of narrow bounds in regard of the knowledge in heaven.

Secondly, In quantity. Even that we know now shall be known then in a greater measure. The orbs, elements, planets, plants, the herbs of the field, parts of our own bodies, we know now; but, alas, weakly, in regard of that perfection which this future life shall give us. Indeed the Christian, for his own saving health, knows so much as is able to make him everlastingly blessed; for he knows Christ his Saviour, 'and that is eternal life.' But then he shall know him in a higher measure, and perfectly see those things now unconceivable. Paul 'heard unspeakable words' in his rapture above, which below he confesseth 'not possible for man to utter,' 2 Cor. 12:4.

Thirdly, In perfection or maturity. Our knowledge here grows from degree to degree; there it shall be one and the same, receiving or requiring no augmentation. 'They go from strength to strength.' How long? 'Till they appear before God in Zion,' Ps. 84:7.

Fourthly, In continuance. Earthly knowledge is momentary; all skill in tongues and arts is, like the authors, mortal, and shall come to an end. The most famous artists have often either met with a derogate name, or been buried in oblivion. The study of Christ is only eternal, and shall not be abrogated, but perfected: 'we shall know then, as we are known.'

Fifthly, In unity. Various, dissonant, and not seldom repugnant, is human knowledge; indeed not worthy the name of knowledge, for it is opinion. Man is contrary to man; yea, man to himself: this same unum sentire, 'to be of one mind,' 1 Pet. 3:8, is difficult, if not impossible to be found. Though we aim our

knowledge at one mark, yet some shoot on the right hand, some on the left; some short, and others shoot over, having a 'knowledge that puffeth up,' 1 Cor. 8:1, whose learning hath in it some poison, if it be let go without the true corrective of it. But at this expected day, we shall all meet in a 'unity of knowledge.'

'Of the Son of God.' That eternal Son of God, who in the fulness of time became for us the Son of man, shall then be more clearly known to us. We now believe his truth of perfection; we shall then see his perfection of truth. We shall brightly apprehend the unconceivable mystery of him, who is *Filius Dei sine matre, filius hominis sine patre*,—the Son of God without mother, the son of man without father.

If any ask, whether our knowledge shall extend no further than to Christ our Saviour; there is no doubt, but as we know our elder Brother set in his throne above all the powers of heaven, so we shall also know the rest of our fraternity. Love is a grace that never fades, and therefore shall have knowledge to make way before it. We shall love the saints; I may infer we shall know them. Peter knew Moses and Elias on the mount, Matt. 17:4, whom yet before he never saw: why then should we not know them in heaven? And if them, why not other of our glorified friends? If nothing but that which is earthly, and savours of corruption, shall cease, and fall off like Elijah's mantle; then knowledge must needs remain, being a divine grace, pure and everlasting as the soul. But seek we to know the Son of God here to be our Saviour, and without doubt hereafter we shall know him to be our glorifier.

5. Whereunto? 'To a perfect man.' Before, he speaks in the plural number of a multitude, 'We shall all meet;' now by a sweet kind of solecism he compacts it into the singular—all into one. 'We shall all meet to a perfect man.' Here lie three notes, not to be balked:—

First, This shews what the unity of the saints shall be: one man. Here they are sometimes said to 'have one heart, one soul,' Acts 4:32;

there they shall be 'one man.' That not a carnal, corruptible, sinful man, for he may dissent from himself, but a 'perfect man.' Not materially, for there shall be distinct bodies and souls still, as here; but metaphorically, in regard of the never-jarring harmony. O sweet music, where the symphony shall exceedingly delight us, without division, without frets!

Secondly, The whole church is compared to a man; we have often read it compared to a body, here to a man. As in other places to a body, 1 Cor. 12:27, Eph. 4:16, *cujus caput est Christus*, whose head is Christ; so our Apostle here, ver. 16, speaketh of our growing to the 'Head, which is Christ.' So in this place to a man, *cujus anima est Christus*, whose soul is Christ. Now the soul in the body increaseth not augmentatively, but *secundum vigorem*; transfusing into the body her virtual powers and operations more strongly. Christ is ever the same: Heb. 13:8, 'Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day, and the same for ever.' In this soul there is no mutation; but the 'body increaseth with the increase of God,' Col. 2:19. For as Christ increaseth the strength of his grace in us, so we grow to perfection.

Thirdly, Full perfection is only reserved for heaven, and not granted till we meet in glory; then shall the church be one 'perfect man.' We may be now *mundi*, saith Augustine, yet still *mundandi*, to be cleansed.* Not so perfect, but still glad of mercy. Our purity is not in fact, but in fieri; inchoate, not finished though begun. All our righteousness consists in the not imputation of our sins: 'Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.' *Summa perfectio imperfectionis confessio*,—Our greatest cleanness is the free acknowledging our vileness. The other immunity shall be when there are no passions in men, no lusts capable of sin: now it is well if we live without scandal; without eruption, though not without corruption. *Non sine culpa, sed sine querela*. And so the commendation of Zacharias must be understood, Luke 1:6, which calleth him 'righteous, walking in all the commandments of the Lord blameless.' He lived blameless in the world's eye, not in the Lord's. 'If thou shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?' Ps. 130:3;

especially when his eye of justice only shall look upon it. *Væ etiam laudabili vitæ hominum, si remota misericordia discutiatur!**—Woe to the most commendable life of man, if mercy be removed when it is examined! It is enough to prove Zacharias a sinner, in that he was a priest; for it was imposed on the priest first 'to offer for his own sins,' Heb. 7:27, and then the sins of the people; which had been needless if the priest had not been guilty of sin, and liable to condemnation.

The justification of David seems to rise higher: Ps. 17:3, 'Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing.' What! hath God tried him, the Searcher of the hearts, that sees into all the inward cabins and hidden concaves of the soul? and shall he find nothing—not great impieties, not less infirmities, nothing! This phrase seems general, yet is not totally exclusive: nothing against Saul; no treachery or injustice against the Lord's anointed. So it is by Euthymius, and must be restrictively considered. Otherwise David had many sins: original, 'I was conceived in sin,' Ps. 51:5; actual and public, in slaying not a Philistine, but an Israelite, an Israelite his subject, his honest and worthy subject, and that by the sword of the uncircumcised; and yet more, by a wile, sending for him home, and making him drunk. And to ripen this blister, he adulteriseth with his wife: he that hath many wives, robs his poor neighbour of his singular comfort, only wife. These were apparent, unjustifiable impieties; which makes him fall to a psalm of mercy: 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, have mercy upon me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.'

These were known to the world: no doubt, divers others were known to his own heart; and yet more, which neither the world nor his own heart knew. 'Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults,' Ps. 19:12. Yet, in the matter of Saul, thou canst find nothing. As Bishop Latimer once said, in his sermon before King Edward the Sixth, 'For sedition, methinks, for aught I know, if I may so speak, I should not need Christ.' David was no traitor, but David was an adulterer. He was in many personal faults an offender; but as a subject he was a good subject, as a king an excellent prince.

No less is the praise of Job: 'A perfect and upright man; none like him in the earth,' chap. 2:3; which yet is not to be taken for a positive, but comparative commendation. There was none like him in that part of the earth; and he was perfect in regard of those vicious times. Hear himself speak: 'How shall a man be just with God?' chap. 9:2; and, ver. 28, 'I know that thou wilt not hold me innocent.'

Let, then, the Pelagians drink never so deep in this justifying cup of their own righteousness, and let the Papist as deeply pledge him; yet perfection is reserved for another world, when we shall meet to a perfect man. Here we may have it partially, there gradually. Here, so much as belongs *ad viam*, to our way: Phil. 3:15, 'Let us, as many as are perfect, be thus minded.' There only, that is proper *ad patriam*, to our country: ver. 12, 'Not as though we were already perfect; but following after,' &c. Let us, (1.) be humble in acknowledging our own wants and sins, who cannot, to God contending with us, 'answer one of a thousand,' Job 9:3. *Nec millesimæ, nec minimæ parti*, saith Bernard.† (2.) Labour to perfection, 'in forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,' Phil. 3:13. (3.) Comfort our endeavouring hearts with this sweet encouragement: we shall one day meet to a perfect man.

'To the measure of the stature.' The word ἡλικίας, before translated 'age,' is now better by our new, and according to Beza, 'stature.' If any will here ground, that in heaven we shall live in that measure of Christ's age and stature wherein he died, I subscribe not, but am silent. It is not safe wading without a bottom. Only thus much, there shall be nothing wanting to make our glory perfect; and whether you conceive the three-and-thirtieth year of a man's age to be its beauty and complete perfection, I dispute not. This implies a spiritual stature whereunto every saint must grow. Whence infer—

First, That we must grow up so fast as we can in this life, 'joining to faith virtue, to virtue knowledge,' &c., 2 Pet. 1:5. We must increase our talents, enlarge our graces, shoot up in tallness, grow up to this stature. For God's family admits no dwarfs: stunted profession was

never sound. If the sap of grace be in a plant, it will shoot out in boughs of good words and fruit of good works; always expected* the winter of an afflicted conscience. If a tabe and consumption take our graces, they had never good lungs, the true breath of God's Spirit in them.

Secondly, God will so ripen our Christian endeavours, that though we come short on earth, we shall have a full measure in heaven. We have a great measure of comfort here, but withal a large proportion of distress: there we shall have a full measure, 'heaven and shaken, and thrust together, and yet running over,' without the least bitterness to distaste it. This is a high and a happy measure.

Regard not what measure of outward things thou hast, so thou get this measure. 'Trouble not thyself with many things:' this one is sufficient, the 'better part,' the greater measure, never to be lost or lessened. Open both thine eyes of reason and faith, and see first the little help that lies in great worldly riches. 'As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool,' Jer. 17:11. A bird that steals young ones from other birds, and tenderly nourisheth them, is mocked for her motherly kindness when they are fledged. Even now she had many running after; by and by they give her the slip, and are all gone: pleasures, delights, riches, are hatched and brooded by the wicked as their own. But when God, at whose command they are, calls them away, they take them to their heels; like fugitives they are gone, and no officer can bring them back. The rich man may shut up his wealth for a season; but as a bird in a cage if it spy a hole open, it is gone, and flies far enough beyond recovery, towering like an eagle, even up 'toward heaven,' Prov. 23:5. Were thy measure never so ample, as full as his barns, Luke 12, yet but a night, a piece of a night, and all is gone. 'The first-born of death shall devour his strength,' saith Bildad; and it 'shall bring him to the king of terrors,' Job 18:13, 14. What help is in weakness? Never talk of helping thee with fine flour, and the best grapes, and the richest excrements of worms, silken garments: thou wilt one day say, This is

no succour. No; that is succour which will help thee in anguish of thy soul and distress of thy conscience, calm the troubles of thy spirit, and heal the wounds of thy broken heart, when the horror of death and terrors of sin, sharpened with a keen edge of God's justice, shall besiege thee: now let the thing be praised that can help thee. No measure of earthly things can give thee ease, but this measure of grace, that shall bring thee to the full measure of glory. Grow thou as high in this world as Jonah's gourd, a worm shall smite thee, and thou shalt wither. Grow up to this stature of Christ, so fast as thou mayest and so far as thou canst, and what is here wanting to thy holy endeavours God shall make up with his happy mercies.

'Of the fulness of Christ.' *Adulti Christi*. It is not meant the full growth of Christ in the flesh, which was as other children. Luke 2:40, 'The child grew, and waxed stronger.' We read him a babe, sucking; at twelve years old, disputing; at thirty, preaching; and about thirty-three, dying. His increasing was not habitualiter, sed effectualiter. But here we must consider Christ as Head of his body the church; and so said to have *mensuram staturæ adultæ*, the measure of full stature, when his body is perfected. Now some predestinated members of this body are yet unborn, which must concur to the perfection and making up of this 'stature of the fulness of Christ.' Whence we have a sweet and comfortable observation offered us:—

Till the church be fully gathered together, there is in some sort a want to the perfection of Christ. But we must consider Christ two ways—personally and mystically. Personally, or abstractively in himself, he is not only perfect, but perfection itself. Col. 1:19, 'For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.' And, chap. 2:9, 'In him dwelleth,' not passeth by, 'the fulness,' not a good reasonable measure; and this not only a sufficient fulness, but 'all the fulness,' not of any created nature, but 'of the Godhead,' and that not fantastically, but 'bodily.' Mystically, or in relation to his body the church: 'Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular,' 1 Cor. 12:27. And Christ's will is, that 'where he is,' his members may be 'there also,' John 17:24. So that till the whole body be gathered to

the head, the head is in some sort not perfect. And in this sense may that, Cant. 3:11, be understood, 'Behold King Solomon, with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals:' where the church is said to set a crown on Christ's head; as if his full and perfect coronation were not come till the day of his espousals and marriage in heaven, when his whole church shall be crowned together with him. Time was, that 'the other disciple outran Peter' to the sepulchre, and Peter outwent that other disciple into the sepulchre, John 20:6; but at this day, 'they that are alive shall not prevent them that sleep,' 1 Thess. 4:15. For 'God hath provided better for us, that they without us should not be made perfect,' Heb. 11:40. We shall all go together to glory.

What a treasure of joy and comfort is here opened us! Our Saviour so loves us, that he thinks not himself perfect without us. 'What is man, O Lord, or the son of man, that thou so reckonest of him?' Ps. 144:3. Thou hast saints, the spirits of the just, blessed and obedient angels, thy own infinite self to delight thee; quid opus vermiculo?—what need hast thou of a worm? What am I, Saviour, that thou shouldest not think thyself perfect without me? Well may this sweeten all our poverty, misery, disgrace, and ignominy that the world casts upon us. A great gallant blusheth to see thee take acquaintance of him, looks upon thee betwixt scorn and anger, thinks himself disparaged by thy company: be content, the God of heaven and earth thinks himself not perfect without thee. He that can break thy contemners to pieces, respecteth thee. Thou art unworthy of the favour of Jesus Christ, if thou canst not content thyself with it, without the world.

What a terror shall this be to the wicked, to see those men crowned kings with Christ, to whom they disdained to give notice in the world! Dives looks with pitiful eyes on glorified Lazarus, who once lay at his gates without the relief of crumbs. It shall be no small aggravation to the ungodly's torments to say of the saint, 'This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end without honour.

Now he is numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints,' Wisd. 5:3–5.

I conclude. Every saint shall enjoy this full measure of glory: there shall be no scanting, no limitation. None shall complain of lack: there is the fountain, drink thy fill; there is the heap, take as much as thou wilt. There shall be in all an equality, though not of quantity, yet of proportion: which ariseth not from the object, wherein is plenitude; but from the subject, which is not alike capable. A vessel thrown into the sea can be but full; another is but full, though it contain a greater measure. Every one shall possess this fulness; and being full, there is no want, therefore no envy. But let us take no thought who shall sit highest in this kingdom, with the sons of Zebedee: it is enough that we shall be crowned kings. Trouble not thyself for order, only strive for admission. We cannot desire to be more than blessed. Let us go into the city of glory, and let God appoint us a room.

Here we see the great difference betwixt this life and the next. In this life we grow up to our full stature; and then we decrease till we decease, we decline and die. In the other, we come at first to 'perfect stature,' and so continue for ever. We are here subject to sorrows and sins; the first grievous to us as we are men, the other as we are good men: lo, we shall one day be freed, be perfect. It is a sweet meditation that fell from a reverend divine: that many vegetable and brute creatures do exceed men in length of days, and in happiness in their kind, as not wanting the thing they desire. The oak, the raven, the stork, the stag fill up many years; in regard of whom man dies in the minority of childhood. This made the philosophers call nature a stepdame to man, to the rest a true mother. For she gives him least time that could make best use of his time, and least pleasure that could best apprehend it, and take comfort in it. But here divinity teacheth and reacheth a large recompense from our God. Other creatures live long, and then perish to nothing; man dies soon here, that hereafter he may live for ever. This shortness is recompensed with eternity. Dost thou blame nature, O philosopher, for cutting thee so short thou canst not get knowledge? Open thine eyes: perfect

knowledge is not to be had here, though thy days were double to Methusalem's. Above it is. Bless God then rather for thy life's shortness: for the sooner thou diest, the sooner thou shalt come to thy desired knowledge. The best here is short of the least there. Let no man blame God for making him too soon happy. Say rather with the Psalmist, 'My soul is athirst for the living God: O when shall I come to appear in the glorious presence of the Lord!' Who would not forsake a prison for a palace, a tabernacle for a city, a sea of dangers for a firm land of bliss, the life of men for the life of angels? In the bed of this joy let me repose your souls for this time: meditating of that eternal glory whereof you shall have a 'perfect and full measure;' thinking that the full coronation of your Saviour tarries for you; and lifting up your eyes of sorrow from the valley of tears to the mount of Zion of blessedness, whereon the Lamb of God standeth to gather his saints about him to 'a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of his own fulness.' To which place himself, for his own merits' and mercies' sake, in due time bring us! Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK;

OR,

THE KING'S HIGHWAY OF CHARITY

Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.—EPH. 5:2.

OUR blessed Saviour is set forth in the gospel, not only a sacrifice for sin, but also a direction to virtue. He calleth himself the truth and the way: the truth, in regard of his good learning; the way, in respect of his good life. His actions are our instructions, so well as his passion our salvation. He taught us both *faciendo* and *patiendo*,—both in doing and in dying.

Both sweetly propounded and compounded in this verse. Actively, he loved us; passively, he gave himself for us; and so is both an ensample for virtue, and an offering for sin. He gave himself, that his passion might save us; he loved us, that his actions might direct us. 'Walk in love, as Christ,' &c.

We may distinguish the whole verse into a sacred canon, and a sacred crucifix.

The canon teacheth us, What; the crucifix, How.

In the canon we shall find a precept; it is partly exhortatory: and a precedent; it is partly exemplary.

The precept, 'Walk in love;' the precedent or pattern, 'as Christ loved us.' The precept holy, the pattern heavenly. Christ bids us do nothing but what himself hath done before; we cannot find fault with our example.

The crucifix hath one main stock, 'He gave himself for us;' and two branches, not unlike that cross-piece whereunto his two hands were

nailed: 1. An 'offering' or sacrifice; 2. 'Of a sweet-smelling savour to God.'

To begin with the canon: the method leads us first to the precept, which shall take up my discourse for this time: 'Walk in love.' Here is, 1. The way prescribed; 2. Our course incited. The way is love; our course, walking.

1. Love is the way; and that an excellent way to heaven. Our Apostle ends his 12th chapter of First Corinthians in the description of many spiritual gifts: 'Apostleship, prophesying, teaching, working of miracles, healing, speaking with tongues,' chap. 12:28,—all excellent gifts,—and yet concludes, ver. 31, 'But covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.' Now that excellent, more excellent way, was charity; and he takes a whole succeeding chapter to demonstrate it, chap, 13, which he spends wholly in the praise and prelation of love.

I hope no man, when I call love a way to God, will understand it for a justifying way. Faith alone, leaning on the merits of Christ, doth bring us into that high chamber of presence. Love is not a cause to justify, but a way for the justified. There is difference betwixt a cause and a way. Faith is *causa justificandi*; love is *via justificati*. They that are justified by faith, must walk in charity; for 'faith worketh,' and walketh, 'by love,' Gal. 5:6. Faith and love are the brain and the heart of the soul, so knit together in a mutual harmony and correspondence, that without their perfect union the whole Christian man cannot move with power, nor feel with tenderness, nor breathe with true life. Love, then, is a path for holy feet to walk in. It is, (1.) a clear, (2.) a near, (3.) a sociable way.

(1.) Clear.—There be no rubs in love. *Nec retia tendit, nec lœdere intendit*. It neither does nor desires another's harm; it commits no evil, nay, 'it thinks no evil,' saith our Apostle, 1 Cor. 13:5. For passive rubs, 'it passeth over an offence,' Prov. 19:11. It may be moved with violence, cannot be removed from patience. 'Charity covers a

multitude of sins,' saith Peter, 1 Epist. 4:8,—'all sins,' saith Solomon, Prov. 10:12,—covers them partly from the eyes of God, in praying for the offenders; partly from the eyes of the world, in throwing a cloak over our brother's nakedness; especially from its own eyes, by winking at many wrongs offered it. 'Charity suffereth long,' 1 Cor. 13:4. The back of love will bear a load of injuries.

There be two graces in a Christian, that have a different property. The one is most stout and stern; the other most mild and tender. Love is soft and gentle; and, therefore, compared to the 'bowels,' Col. 3:12: *viscera misericordiæ*. Faith is austere and courageous, carrying Luther's motto on its shield, *Cedo nulli*,—I yield to no enemy of my faith. So said our precious Jewel: 'I deny my living, I deny my estimation, I deny my name, I deny myself; but the faith of Christ, and the truth of God, I cannot deny.' But love is mild, long-suffering, merciful, compassionate, and so hath a clear way to peace.

(2.) Near.—Love is also a very near way to blessedness, and, as I may say, a short cut to heaven. All God's law was at first reduced to ten precepts. The laws of nations, though they make up large volumes, yet are still unperfect; some statutes are added as necessary, others repealed as hurtful. But the law of God, though contained in a few lines, yet contains all perfection of duty to God and man. There is no good thing that is not here commanded, no evil thing that is not here forbidden. And all this is in so short bounds that those ten precepts are called but ten words. Yet when Christ came, he abridged this law shorter, and reduced the ten into two: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.' St Paul yet comes after, and rounds up all into one. God reduceth all into ten; Christ those ten into two; Paul those two into one: 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' Rom. 13:10. Which is *compendium, non dispendium legis*, saith Tertullian,*—an abridging, not enervating of the law of God. So Augustine, 'God in all his law, *nihil præcipit nisi charitatem, nihil culpat nisi cupiditatem*,†—commands nothing but love, condemns nothing but lust.' Yea, it is not only the complement of the law, but also the supplement of the gospel. *Novum mandatum*,

—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another,' John 13:34. All which makes it manifest that love is a near way to heaven.

(3.) Sociable it is also; for it is never out of company, never out of the best company. The delight thereof is 'with the saints that are in earth, and with the excellent,' Ps. 16:3. The two main objects of envy are highness and nighness: the envious man cannot endure another above him, another near him; the envious man loves no neighbour. But contrarily, love doth the more heartily honour those that are higher, and embrace those that are nigher, and cannot want society, so long as there is a communion of saints.

2. Love is the way, you hear: our course is walking. As clear, near, and sociable a way as love is, yet few can hit it; for of all ways you shall find this least travelled. The way of charity, as once did the ways of Zion, mourns for want of passengers. This path is so uncouth and unbeaten, that many cannot tell whether there be such a way or not. It is, in their opinion, but *via serpentis*,—the way of a serpent on the earth, or of a bird in the air, which cutteth the air with her wings, and leaves no print or track behind her; or some chimera or mathematical imaginary point—an *ens rationale*, without true being. *Viam dilectionis ignorant*, as the apostle saith, *viam pacis*,—'The way of peace they have not known,' Rom. 3:17.

Others know there is such a way, but they will not set their foot into it. Their old way of malice and covetousness is delightful; but this is *ardua et prærupta via*,—a hard and a harsh way. Indeed, *artis tristissima janua nostræ*, the entrance to this way is somewhat sharp and unpleasant to flesh; for it begins at repentance for former uncharitableness. But once entered into this king's highway, it is full of all content and blessedness: *Ad lætos ducens per gramina fluctus*.

Walk in love.—He doth not say, talk of it, but walk in it. This precept is for course, not discourse. Love sits at the door of many men's lips, but hath no dwelling in the heart. We may say truly of that charity, it

is not at home. A great man had curiously engraven at the gate of his palace the image of Bounty, or hospitality; the needy travellers with joy spying it, approach thither in hopeful expectation of succour; but still silence, or an empty echo, answers all their cries and knocks: for hospitality may stand at the gate, but there is none in the house. One among the rest (his hungry trust thus often abused) resolves to pluck down the image, with these words, 'If there be neither meat nor drink in the house, what needs there a sign?' Great portals in the country, and coloured posts in the city, promise the poor beggar liberal relief, but they are often but images; *muta et mutila signa*,—dumb and lame signs; for charity is not at home, only the shadow without *spe illectat inani*, gives fair and fruitless hopes.

We are too much wearied with these shadows of charity. Ambrose makes two parts of liberality—benevolence and beneficence.* Many will share the former, but spare the latter; they will wish something, but do nothing: they have open mouths, but shut hearts; soft words, but hard bowels. To these St John gives advice, 'Let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth,' 1 John 3:18; opposing works to words, verity to vanity. Verbal compliments are not real implements; and, with a little inversion of the philosopher's sense, 'The belly hath no ears,' the starved soul delights not to hear charity, but to feel it. *Oculatæ mihi sunt manus*,—The poor's hands have eyes; what they receive they believe. The gouty usurer hath a nimble tongue, and though he will not walk in love, he can talk of love; for, of all members, the tongue *postrema senescit*, waxeth old last. Let a distressed passenger come to some of their gates, and he shall have divinity enough, but no humanity; wholesome counsel, but no wholesome food. They can afford them exhortation, but not compassion; charging their ears, but in no wise overcharging their bellies: they have Scripture against begging, but no bread against famishing. The bread of the sanctuary is common with them, not the bread of the buttery. If the poor can be nourished with the philosophical supper of good moral sentences, they shall be prodigiously feasted; but if the bread of life will not content them, they may be packing. But, saith St James, 'If you say to the poor,

Depart in peace, be warmed, be filled; yet give them nothing needful to the body, your devotion profits not,' neither them nor yourselves, James 2:16. There is difference betwixt breath and bread, between wording and working, between mere language and very sustenance.

The apostle chargeth us to walk, not to talk of love; one step of our feet is worth ten words of our tongues. The actions of pity do gracefully become the profession of piety. It is wittily observed, that the over-precise are so thwartingly cross to the superstitious in all things, that they will scarce do a good work, because a heretic doth it; that whereas a Papist will rather lose a penny than a Paternoster, these will rather give a Paternoster than a penny. They are devout and free in anything that toucheth not their purses. Thus, with a show of spiritual counsel, they neglect corporal comfort; and overthrow that by their cold deeds, which they would seem to build up by their hot words: that the poor might well reply, More of your cost, and less of your counsel, would do far better.

Walk in love.—Do not step over it, nor cross it, nor walk besides it, nor near it, but walk in it. The doctrine in full strength directs us to a constant embracing of charity. The whole course of our living must be loving; our beginning, continuance, end, must be in charity. Two sorts of men are here specially reprobable: some that seem to begin in charity, but end not so; others that seem to end in charity, that never walked so.

First, Some have had apparent beginnings of love, whose conclusion hath halted off into worldliness: while they had little, they communicated some of that little; but the multiplying their riches hath been the abatement of their mercies. Too many have verified this incongruent and preposterous observation, that the filling their purses with money hath proved the emptying their hearts of charity. As one observes of Rome, that the declination of piety came at one instant with the multiplication of metals. Even that clergy, that being poor, cared only to feed the flock, once grown rich, studied only to fill the pail. Ammianus Marcellinus saith of them, that matronarum

oblationibus ditabantur,—they were enriched by ladies' gifts. And hereupon, together with that unlucky separation of the Greek head from the Latin body, the empire began to dwindle, the popedom to flourish. Now plenty is the daughter of prosperity, ambition of plenty, corruption of ambition. So *divitiæ veniunt, religioque fugit*,—religion brings in wealth, wealth thrusts out religion.

To this purpose, and to prevent this ready evil, was God's charge by the pen of David: 'If riches increase, set not your heart upon them,' Ps. 62:10. For till they increase, there is less danger. But saith one, *Societas quædam est, etiam omnis, vitiis et divitiis*,—Wealth and wickedness are near of kin. *Nimia bonorum copia, ingens malorum occasio*,—Plenty of goods lightly occasions plenty of evils. Goodness commonly lasts till goods come; but dition of state alters condition of persons. How many had been good had they not been great! And as it was said of Tiberius, he would have made a good subject, but was a very ill king; so many have died good servants, that would have lived bad masters. God, that can best fit a man's estate here, that it may further his salvation hereafter, knows that many a man is gone poor up to heaven, who rich would have tumbled down to hell. We may observe this in Peter, who being gotten into the high priest's hall, sits him down by the warm fire, and forgets his Master, Mark 14:54. Before, Peter followed Christ hard at the heels, through cold and heat, hunger and thirst, trouble and weariness, and promiseth an infallible adherence; but now he sits beeking himself by a warm fire, his poor Master is forgotten. Thus his body grows warm; his zeal, his soul, cold. When he was abroad in the cold, he was the hotter Christian; now he is by the fireside, he grows the colder. Oh the warmth of this world, how it makes a man forget Christ! He that wants bread, pities them that be hungry; and they that want fire have compassion of the poor, cold, and naked; but the warmth and plenty of the world starve those thoughts. When the princes are at ease in Zion, they never 'grieve for the affliction of Joseph,' Amos 6:6.

Whilst usury can sit in furs, ambition look down from his lofty turrets, lust imagine heaven in her soft embracings, epicurism study

dishes and eat them, pride study fashions and wear them; the down-trodden poor, exposed to the bleak air, afflicted, famished, are not thought on. So easily are many that begin in love put by riches out of the way, and made to forbear walking in charity, even by that which should enable their steps. Thus avarice breeds with wealth, as they speak of toads that have been found in the midst of great stones. Though the man of mean estate, whose own want instructs his heart to commiserate others, say thus with himself, 'If I had more goods, I would do more good;' yet experience justifies this point, that many have changed their minds with their means, and the state of their purse hath forespoken the state of their conscience. So they have 'begun in' the charity of 'the Spirit,' and 'ended in' the cares of 'the flesh,' Gal. 3:3.

Every man hath a better opinion of himself than to think thus. As Hazael answered Elisha, when the good prophet told him with tears that he should burn the cities of Israel with fire, slay the inhabitants, rip up the women with child, and dash the infants against the stones: 'Am I a dog, that I should do this horrid thing?' 2 Kings 8:13; so you will not think, that being now mean, you relieve the distressed; if you were rich, that you would rob, spoil, defraud, oppress, impoverish them. Oh, you know not the incantations of the world! It is a pipe that (beyond the siren's singing) makes many sober men run mad upon it. I have read of an exquisite musician, of whom it was reported that he could put men into strange fits and passions, which he would as soon alter again with varying his notes, inclining and compelling the disposition of the hearer to his strains. There was one that would make trial how he could affect him, daring his best skill to work upon his boasted composedness and resolution. The musician begins to play, and gave such a lacrymæ, so sad and deep a lesson, that the man fell into a dumpish melancholy, standing as one forlorn, with his arms wreathed, his hat pulled over his eyes, venting many mournful sighs. Presently the musician changeth his stroke into mirthful and lusty tunes, and so by degrees into jigs, crotchets, and wanton airs; then the man also changeth his melancholy into sprightly humours, leaping and dancing as if he had been

transformed into air. This passion lasting but with the note that moved it, the musician riseth into wild raptures, masks, and antiques; whereupon he also riseth to shouting, halloing, and such frantic passages, that he grew at last stark-mad. Such a charming power, said a worthy divine, hath the music of money and wealth, and such fits it works in a man's heart. First it takes him from peaceful settledness, and from great content in his little, and puts him into dumps; a miserable, carking thoughtfulness how to scrape together much dirt. Next when he hath it, and begins with delight to suck on the dugs of the world, his purse, his barns, and all his, but his heart, full, he falls to dancing and singing requiems: 'Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry,' Luke 12:19. Then shall his table stand full of the best dishes, his cup of the purest wine, his back with the richest robes; and he conceits a kind of immortality in his coffers; he denies himself no satiety, no surquedry. But at last the world's bedlam music puts him into frenzy: he grows rampant; runs into oppressions, extortions, depopulations, rapes, whoredoms, murders, massacres; spares not blood or friendship, authority nor vassalage, widow nor orphan, prince nor subject; nec haræ, nee aræ,—neither poor man's cottage nor church's altar; yea, if the commonwealth had but one throat, as Nero wished of Rome, he would cut it. Oh the unpacifiable madness that this world's music puts those into who will dance after its pipe! For this cause, saith our Apostle, continue in the charity thou hast begun: 'Walk in love.' 'Ye did run well, who did hinder you?' Gal. 5:7. Doth wealth keep you from charity? 'This persuasion cometh not of him that calleth you,' ver. 8. God never meant, when he gave you riches, that you should then begin to be covetous. He did not for this purpose shew new mercy to you, that you should take away your old mercies from his.

Secondly, There are other that seem to end in love, who never all their days walked in this heavenly path. They have a will lying by them, wherein they have bequeathed a certain legacy to the poor—something to such a church, or such an hospital. But this will is not of force till the testator be dead, so that a man may say, though the will be ready, yet 'to will is not ready' with them; for God shall not

have it so long as they can keep it. These can wish, with Balaam, to die Christians, but they must live pagans. Having raised thousands out of their sacrilegious and inhospitable impropriations, they can bestow the dead hope of a little mite on the church; in memorial whereof the heir must procure an annual recitation, besides the monumental sculpture on the tomb. Be his life never so black, and more tenebrous than the vaults of lust, yet, said a reverend divine, he shall find a black prophet, for a black cloak, that with a black mouth shall commend him for whiter than snow and lilies. Though his unrepented oppressions, unreturned extortions, and blood-drawing usuries, have sent his soul to the infernal dungeon of Satan, whose parishioner he was all his life; yet money may get him canonised a saint at Rome, and robe him with spotless integrity and innocence. So divers among them, that lived more latronum, yet in death affected cultum martyrum. Hence epitaphs and funeral orations shall commend a man's charity, who never all his days walked two steps in love.

But it is in vain to write a man's charity in a repaired window, when his tyrannous life is written in the bloody and indelible characters of many poor men's ruin and overthrow. Nor can the narrow plaster of a little poor benevolence hide and cover the multitude of gaping wounds made by extortion and unmercifulness. No, God hates the sacrifice of robbery: 'their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer,' said David, Ps. 16:4. The oblation that is made up of the earnings of the poor is an abomination, offending God's eye, and provoking his hand. First restore the lands and goods of others, injuriously or usuriously gotten; let not an unjust penny lie rotting on thy heap and heart; and then build hospitals, repair ruined holy places, produce the fruits of mercy, walk in love. Otherwise, it is not smooth marble and engraven brass, with a commending epitaph, that can any more preserve the name from rotten putrefaction than the carcase. But for all that, the memory shall stink above ground, as the body doth under it. It is a desperate hazard, that a wicked man by a charitable will shall make amends for all; whereas, commonly a usurer's

testament is but a testimony of his lewd life. There is small hope that they end in charity who would never walk in love.

There be others that cannot walk in love, through a double defect, either of eyes or of feet. Some have feet, but want eyes; others have eyes, but want feet.

First, Some have the feet of affections, but they lack eyes, and so cannot descry the true and perfect way of love. Indeed, no man can find it without God. 'Shew me thy ways, O Lord: teach me thy paths,' Ps. 25:4. For it is he that directs 'sinners and wanderers to the way,' ver. 8. These want him that should 'lead them by the way that they should go,' Isa. 48:17. They think that by building up a ladder of good works their souls shall, on meritorious rounds, climb up to heaven. They cannot distinguish between *viam regni* and *causam regnandi*. They suppose if they relieve Seminaries, fast Lents, keep their numbered orisons, prodigally sacrifice their bloods in treasons for that Roman harlot, this is *via dilectionis*, the way of love. So the silly servant, bidden to open the gates, set his shoulders to them, but with all his might could not stir them; whereas another comes with the key, and easily unlocks them. These men, so confident in their good works, do but set their shoulders to heaven-gates, alas! without comfort; for it is the key of faith that only opens them. These have nimble feet, forward affections, hearts workable to charity, and would walk in love if they had eyes. Therefore let us pray for them: 'Cause them to know the way, O Lord, wherein they should walk,' Ps. 143:8.

Secondly, Others have eyes, but they want feet; they understand the way of love, but they have no affection to walk in it. They know that false measures, forsworn valuations, adulterate wares, smooth-cheeked circumventions, painted cozenages, malicious repinings, denied succours, are all against love. *Noscunt et poscunt*,—they know them, but they will use them. They know that humbleness, kindness, meekness, patience, remission, compassion, giving and forgiving, actual comforts, are the fruits of love. *Norunt et nolunt*,—they know

it, but they will none of it. These know, but walk not in love. It is fabled that a great king gave to one of his subjects, out of his own mere favour, a goodly city, happily replenished with all treasures and pleasures. He does not only freely give it, but directs him the way, which keeping, he should not miss it. The rejoiced subject soon enters on his journey, and rests not till he comes within the sight of the city. Thus near it, he spies a great company of men digging in the ground, to whom approaching, he found them casting up white and red earth in abundance. Wherewith his amazed eyes growing soon enamoured, he desires a participation of their riches. They refuse to join him in their gains, unless he will join himself in their pains. Hereupon he falls to toiling, digging, and delving, till some of the earth falls so heavy upon him that it lames him, and he is able to go no further. There he dies in the sight of that city, to which he could not go for want of feet, and loseth a certain substantial gift for an uncertain shadow of vain hope.

You can easily apply it. God, of his gracious favour, not for our deserts, gives man, his creature, a glorious city, even that whose 'foundations are of jasper, sapphire, and emerald,' &c., Rev. 21:19. He doth more, directs him in the way to it: Go on this way; 'walk in love.' He begins to travel, and comes within the sight of heaven; but by the way he spies worldlings toiling in the earth, and scraping together white and red clay—silver and gold, the riches of this world. Hereof desirous, he is not suffered to partake, except he also partake of their covetousness and corrupt fashions. Now, Mammon sets him on work to dig out his own damnation;* where, after a while, this gay earth comes tumbling so fast upon him, that his feet be maimed, his affections to heaven lost, and he dies short of that glorious city, which the King of heaven purchased with his own blood, and gave him. Think of this, ye worldlings, and seeing you know what it is to be charitable, put your feet in this way: 'Walk in love.'

There be yet others whose whole course is every step out of the way to God, who is love; and they must walk in love that come unto him.

First, There is a path of lust; they err damnably that call this the way of love. They turn a spiritual grace into a carnal vice; and whereas charity and chastity are of a nearer alliance than sound, these debauched tongues call uncleanness love. Adultery is a cursed way, though a much coursed way; for a whore is the highway to the devil.

Secondly, There is a path of malice; and they that travel in it are bound for the enemy. Their evil eye is vexed at God's goodness, and their hands of desolation would undo his mercies. Other men's health is their sickness; others' weal their woe. The Jesuits and their bloody proselytes are pilgrims in this way. We know by experience the scope of their walks. Their malice was so strong as *sævire in saxa*; but they would turn Jerusalem in *acervum lapidum*, into a heap of stones. Yea, such was their rage, that *nil reliqui fecerunt, ut non ipsis elementis fieret injuria*,—they spared not to let the elements know the madness of their violence. They could not draw fire from heaven; (their betters could not do it in the days of Christ on earth;) therefore they seek it, they dig it from hell:—

'*Flectere cum nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.*'

Here was malicious walking.

Thirdly, There is a counterfeit path; and the travellers make as if they walked in love, but their love is dissimulation. It is not *dilectio vera*, true love, which St John speaks of, 1 Epist. 3:18; nor *dilectio mera*, as Luther,—not a plain-hearted love. They will cozen you unseen, and then, like the whore in the Proverbs, wipe their mouths; and it was not they. Their art is *alios pellere aut tollere*,—to give others a wipe or a wound; and, Judas-like, they salute those with a kiss, against whom they intend most treason.

Fourthly, There is a way directly cross to love, which neither obeys God, for love keeps the commandments; nor comforts man, for love hath compassion on the distressed. These have feet swift enough, but 'swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways,' Rom.

3:15, 16. They are in Zedekiah's case, 2 Kings 25:7: both their eyes are put out, and their feet lamed with the captive-chains of Satan; so easily carried down to his infernal Babylon.

These are they that 'devour a man and his heritage,' Mic. 2:2. Therefore Christ calls their riches, not τὰ ὄντα, but τὰ ἐνόντα, things within them, as if they had swallowed them down into their bowels. The phrase is used by Job, 'He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again: God shall cast them out of his belly,' chap. 20:15. When this vomit is given them, you shall see strange stuff come from them. Here the raw and undigested gobbets of usury; there the mangled morsels of bloody oppressions: here five or six inappropriate churches; there thousand acres of decayed tillage: here a whole casket of bribes; there whole houses and patrimonies of undone orphans: here an enclosure of commons; there a vastation of proper and sanctified things. Rip up their consciences, and this is the stuffing of their hearts.

These walk cross to the cross of Christ; as Paul saith, they are enemies, cursed 'walkers,' Phil. 3:18. Whereupon we may conclude with Bernard, *Periculosa tempora jam non instant, sed extant*,*—The dangerous times are not coming, but come upon us. The cold frost of indevotion is so general, that many have benumbed joints; they cannot walk in love. Others so stiff and obdurate, that they will meet all that walk in this way, and with their turbulent malice, strive to jostle them out of it. Therefore David prays, 'Preserve me from the violent men, that have purposed to overthrow my goings,' Ps. 140:4. Let us then, upon this great cause, use that deprecation in our Litany, 'From pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us!'

I am loath to give you a bitter farewell, or to conclude with a menace. I see I cannot, by the time's leave, drink to you any deeper in this cup of charity. I will touch it once again, and let every present soul that loves heaven pledge me: 'Walk in love.'

The way to life everlasting is love; and he that keeps the way is sure to come to the end. 'We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren,' 1 John 3:14. For this are the works of mercy, charity, piety, and pity, so much commended in the Scriptures, and by the fathers, with so high titles, because they are the appointed way wherein we must walk, and whereby we must 'work up our own salvation.' Therefore the apostle claps in the neck of good works: 'laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold of eternal life,' 1 Tim. 6:19. Thereby we lay the ground of salvation in our consciences, and take assured hold of eternal life. He that goes on in love shall come home to life.

This comforts us; not in a presumption of merit, but in confident knowledge that this is the way to glory: wherein, when we find ourselves walking, we are sure we are going to heaven, 'and sing in the ways of the Lord, Great is the glory of the Lord,' Ps. 138:5. Now, therefore, 'put on (as the elect of God, holy and beloved) bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind,' &c., Col. 3:12. As you claim any portion in those gracious blessings, election, sanctification, and the love of God; as you would have the sweet testimony of the Spirit that you are sealed up to the day of redemption, 'put on mercy, kindness, meekness, long-suffering'—let them be as robes to cover you all over; yea, 'bowels of mercies'—let them be as tender and inward to you as your most vital parts. Lay forbearance and forgiveness as dear friends in your bosoms. Depart from iniquity; for 'the highway of the upright is to depart from evil; and he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul,' Prov. 16:17. And, 'above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness,' Col. 3:14. 'Walk in love.' 'And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God!' Gal. 6:16. Amen.

LOVE'S COPY;
OR,
THE BEST PRECEDENT OF CHARITY

As Christ loved us.—EPH. 5:2.

WE distinguished the whole verse into a canon and a crucifix. The canon consisted of a precept and a precedent. Love is the subject, and it is both commanded and commended: commanded in the charge, which you have heard; commended in the example, which you shall hear. I determined my speech with the precept: 'Walk in love.' The precedent or pattern remains to be propounded and expounded: 'as Christ loved us.' Every word is emphatical; and there be four, signifying four several natures.

Here, 1. As is a word of quality; 2. Christ is a word of majesty; 3. Loved is a word of mercy; 4. Us is a word of misery.

Two of these words be vincula or media, that join and unite other things; sicut and dilexit, as and loved. As directs our love to God and man, by the exemplified rule of Christ loving us. 'Walk in love' to others, 'as Christ loved us.' Loved is that blessed reconciling nature whereby God's good greatness descends to our bad baseness, and the Just gives to the unjust salvation. For what other nature but mercy could reconcile so high majesty and so low misery!

1. As, according to Zanchius's observation on this place, is a note of quality, not equality; of similitude, not of comparison. We must love others as Christ loved us. As, for the manner, not for the measure. 'His love was strong as death,' Cant. 8:6; for to the death he loved us. It was a bright and clear fire; 'many waters could not quench it;' yea, water and blood could not put it out. 'God so loved the world,' John 3:16, so freely, so fatherly, so fully, as no tongue can tell, no heart

think. 'The love of Christ passeth knowledge,' Eph. 3:19. To think of equalling this love would be an impossible presumption. Our love is inconstant, weak; a mingled, and often a mangled love, mingled with self-love, and mangled with the wounding affections of the world. Our love is faint, his strong; ours fickle, his constant; ours limited, his infinite. Yet we must follow him so fast as we can, and so far as we may: 'Walking in love, as he loved us.'

His walking in love was strange and admirable; he took large steps—from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. As Bernard, on that speech of the church concerning her Beloved, 'Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,' Cant. 2:8. He leaps from heaven to the virgin's womb, from the womb to a manger, from the manger to Egypt, from Egypt to Judah, from thence to the temple, from the temple up to the cross, from the cross down to the grave, from the grave up to the earth, and from the earth up to the highest glory. And he shall yet have another leap, from the right hand of his Father to judge quick and dead.

These were great jumps, and large paces of love: when he made but one stride from the clouds to the cradle, and another from the cradle to the cross, and a third from the cross to the crown. To come from the bosom of his immortal Father to the womb of his mortal mother was a great step. From the lowest hell, or depth of his humiliation, to the highest heaven, or top of his exaltation, was a large pace.

We cannot take such large steps, nor make such strides. These leaps are beyond our agility, our ability. Yet we must follow him in love; stepping so far as we can, and walking so fast as we may. Follow we carefully and cheerfully; though non passibus æquis. The father, that takes his young son into the field with bows and shafts, and bids him shoot after him, doth not expect that the child should shoot so far as he, but so far as he can. Though we cannot reach Christ's mark, yet 'if there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, not according to that he hath not,' 2 Cor. 8:12. Now, this particle as is not barely similitudinary, but hath a greater latitude; and serves, (1.)

To confine the measure; (2.) To define the matter; and, (3.) To refine the manner of our imitation.

(1.) This sicut confines our imitation, and limits it to that circumference which the present rule or compass gives it. We may not follow Christ in all things, but in this thing: love, as he loved us. Our imitation hath a limitation, that it may not exorbitantly start out of the circle. There are special works which God reserves to himself, and wherein he did never command or commend man's following; but rather strikes it down as presumption. His power, his majesty, his wisdom, his miracles, cannot without a contumacious ambition be aimed at. When Lucifer aspired to be like God in majesty, he was thrown out of heaven. When Adam contended to be like God in knowledge, he was cast out of paradise. When Nebuchadnezzar arrogated to be like God in power, he was expelled his kingdom. When Simon Magus mounted to be like God in working miracles, and to fly in the air, he was hurled down, and broke his neck. God must not be imitated in his finger, in his arm, in his brain, in his face, but in his bowels. Not in the finger of his miracles, nor in the arm of his power, nor in the brain of his wisdom, nor in the face of his majesty, but in the bowels of his mercy. 'Be ye merciful, as your heavenly Father is merciful,' Luke 6:36. And saith Paul, 'put on the bowels of mercy,' Col. 3:12, as Christ put them on: forbear, forgive, walk in love, as he loved us. Neither angel nor man did ever, or shall ever, offend in coveting to be like God, in love, grace, mercy, goodness. So that this sicut excludes his miracles, and directs us to his morals. 'Walk in love, as,' &c.

(2.) This sicut defines what our love should be: as Christ's was to us. Now, his love to us had an infinite extension, and is past the skill of men or angels to describe. Yet because this is the perfect copy of our imitation, and the infallible rule whereby we must square our charity, I must, according to my shallow power, wade a little into this infinite and boundless sea. I will only note four sweet streams of life in his love. It was, [1.] Holy, sine merito; [2.] Hearty, sine modo; [3.] Kind, sine despectu; [4.] Constant, sine defectu.

[1.] Holy. The love of Jesus to us was *sancta et sanctificans dilectio*: a love holy formaliter, in itself; and holy effectivè, in making those holy on whom it was set. He gave himself to us, and for us, and gave us a faith to receive and embrace him; *sine quo nec dilecti, nec diligentes fuisset*,—without whom we neither could have received love, nor returned love. Now his love did not only extend to our bodies' health, but to our souls' bliss. So he loved us, that he saved us.

Our love should likewise be holy and whole, desiring not only our brother's external welfare, but much more his internal, his eternal blessedness. He that pities not a famished body, deserves justly the name of an unmerciful man; but he that compassionates not an afflicted conscience, hath much more a hard heart. It is a usual speech of compassion to a distressed man, *Alas, poor soul!* but this same '*Alas, poor soul!*' is for the most part mistaken. Neither the pitier nor the pitied imagines the soul pitiable. Very humanity teacheth a man to behold an execution of thieves and traitors with grief; that men, to satisfy their malicious or covetous affections, should cut off their own lives with so infamous a death. But who commiserates the endangered soul, that must then enter into an eternal life or death?

The story of Hagar with her son Ishmael is set down by so heavenly a pen, that a man cannot read it without tears. She is cast out of Abraham's house with her child, that might call her master father, Gen. 21:14. Bread and water is put on her shoulder, and she wanders into the wilderness; a poor relief for so long a journey, to which there was set no date of returning. Soon was the water spent in the bottle; the child cries for drink, to her that had it not, and lifts up pitiful eyes, every glance whereof was enough to wound her soul; vents the sighs of a dry and panting heart; but there is no water to be had, except the tears that ran down from a sorrowful mother's eyes could quench its thirst. Down she lays the child under a shrub, and went, as heavy as ever mother parted from her only son, and sat her down upon the earth, as if she desired it for a present receptacle of her grief, of herself; '*a good way off,*' saith the text, '*as it were a bow-*

shot,' that the shrieks, yellings, and dying groans of the child might not reach her ears; crying out, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' Die she knew he must, but as if the beholding it would rend her heart, and wound her soul, she denies those windows so sad a spectacle: 'Let me not see the death of the child. So she lift up her voice and wept.' Never was Hagar so pitiful to her son Ishmael; as the church is to every Christian. If any son of her womb will wander out of Abraham's family, the house of faith, into the wilderness of this world, and prodigally part with his 'own mercy,' Jonah 2:3, for the gaudy, transient vanities thereof, she follows, with entreaties to him, and to heaven for him. If he will not return, she is loath to see his death; she turns her back upon him, and weeps. He that can with dry eyes and unrelenting heart behold a man's soul ready to perish, hath not so much passion and compassion as that Egyptian bondwoman.

[2.] Hearty. The love of Christ to us was hearty; not consisting of shows and signs, and courtly compliments, but of actual, real, royal bounties. He did not dissemble love to us when he died for us. *Exhibitio operis, probatio amoris*. He pleaded by the truest and most undeniable argument, demonstration. 'I love you.' Wherein? 'I give my life for you.' *Tot ova, quot vulnera: tot verba, quot verbera*. So many wounds, so many words to speak actually his love; every stripe he bore gave sufficient testimony of his affection. His exceeding rich gift shews his exceeding rich love. This heartiness must be in our love, both to our Creator and to his image.

First, To God; so he challengeth thy love to be conditioned: with thy heart, with all thy heart. And this, saith Christ, is *primum et maximum mandatum*,—'the first and the greatest commandment,' Matt. 22:38. The first, *quasi virtualiter continens reliqua*,*—as mainly comprehending all the rest. For he that loves God with all his heart, will neither idolatrise, nor blaspheme, nor profane his Sabbaths; no, nor wrong his creatures. The greatest, as requiring the greatest perfection of our love.† This then must be a hearty love,—not slow, not idle; but must shew itself, *et properando et operando*,—in

ready diligence, in fruitful and working obedience. There are many content to love God a little, because he blesseth them much. So Saul loved him for his kingdom. These love God pro seipsis, not præ seipsis,—for themselves, not before themselves. They will give him homage, but not fealty; the calves of their lips, but not the calves of their stalls. If they feast him with venison, part of their emparked riches, which is dear to them, yet it shall be but rascal deer, the trash of their substance; they will not feast him with the heart, that is the best deer in their park.‡

Secondly, To man, whom thou art bound to love as thyself; where, say some, as is but a tam, not a tantum: as thyself, not as much as thyself; as for the manner, not for the measure. But this is certain, true love begins at home, and he cannot love another soundly, that primarily loves not himself. And he that loves himself with a good heart, with the same heart will love his brother. In quo seipsum, et propter quod seipsum,§—in that manner, and for that cause, that he loves himself. This, then, commands the same love, if not the same degree of love, to thy brother, that thou bearest to thyself.

This hearty love is hardly found. More is protested now than in former times, but less done. It is wittily observed, that the old manner of saluting was to take and shake one another by the hand. Now we lock arms, and join breasts, but not hearts. That old handful was better than this new armful. Our cringes and complimentary bowings promise great humility, but the smothered vermin of pride lies within. We have low looks and lofty thoughts. There are enough of those 'which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts,' Ps. 28:3; whose smooth habits do so palliate and ornamentally cover their poison, as if they did preserve mud in crystal. The Romans usually painted Friendship with her hand on her heart, as if she promised to send no messenger out of the gate of her lips, but him that goes on the heart's errand. Now we have studied both textures of words, and pretextures of manners, to shroud dishonesty. But one ounce of real charity is worth a whole talent of verbal. He loves us best that does for us most. Many

politicians (and the whole world now runs on the wheels of policy) use their lovers as ladders, their friends as scaffolds. When a house is to be erected, they first set up scaffolds, by which they build it up; the house finished, down pull they the scaffolds, and throw them into the fire. When the covetous or ambitious man hath his turn served by others, either for his advancing or advantaging, for gain or glory, he puts them off with neglect and contempt. The house is built, what care they for the scaffold? The feat is wrought, let the wise and honest helpers be prisoned or poisoned, sink or swim, stand or perish. Nay, it is well if they help not those down that helped them up.

[3.] Kind. The Apostle makes kindness one essential part of our love, Col. 3:12; deriving it from Christ's example, who was kind to us, both in giving us much good and forgiving us much evil. And God commendeth, yea, commandeth, the inseparable neighbourhood of godliness and brotherly kindness. 'Add to your godliness brotherly kindness,' 2 Pet. 1:7. For there is no piety towards God, where there is no kindness to our brother. Now, Christ's kindness to us consisted in two excellent effects, *corrigeno et porrigeno*.

First, In correcting our errors, directing and amending our lives. *Non minima pars dilectionis est, reprehendere dilectum,*—It is no small part of kindness, to reprove him thou lovest. Therefore God saith, 'Thou shalt reprove thy brother, and not hate him in thy heart.' A loving man will chide his erring friend; and he that does not, hates him in his heart. *Sic vigilet tolerantia, ut non dormiat disciplina,**—So let patience watch, that discipline sleep not. This was David's desire, 'Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head,' Ps. 141:5. Our Saviour took this course, but he was pitiful in it; not 'breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax,' Matt. 12:20. He was not transported with passion, but moved with tender compassion and merciful affection: 'He was moved with compassion toward the people, seeing them as sheep without a shepherd,' Mark 6:34. 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord

pitieth them that fear him,' Ps. 103:13. And children are viscera parentum, saith Jerome,[†]—the very bowels of the parents. Therefore his bowels yearned within him when he saw the weakly blind led by the wilfully blind, and he instructed them. It is no small mercy in a father to correct his erring child.

This is one office of love almost quite forgotten in the world. Our eyes and ears are conscious of many horrid sins, whereof we make also our souls guilty by our silence. Like chameleons, we turn to the colour of our company. Oppressions, that draw blood of the commonwealth, move us not. Oaths, that totter the battlements of heaven, wake us not. Oh, where is our kindness! Whilst we do not reprove, we approve these iniquities. He is conscious of secret guiltiness that forbeareth to resist open iniquity.[‡] Thou sayest it is for love's sake thou sparest reprehension. Why, if thou love thy friend, thou wilt gently rebuke his faults. If thou love thy friend never so dearly, yet thou oughtest to love truth more dearly. Let not, then, the truth of love prejudice the love of truth.

Secondly, In porrigendo, reaching forth to us his ample mercies: 'Giving us richly all things to enjoy,' 1 Tim. 6:17. Where the Apostle describes God's bounty,—that he gives freely, fully, universally, effectually.

First, Freely. Ho gives without exchange; he receives nothing for that he gives. Ungodly men have honour, wealth, health, peace, plenty; their bellies are filled with his treasure, and they do not so much as return him thanks. His sun shines, his rain falls on the unjust and ungrateful man's ground. Man when he gives, et respicit et recipit gratitudinem, both expects and accepts thanks and a return of love. God hath not so much as thanks. For the good, they are indeed grateful; but this gratia grati is gratia gratificantis. God gives them this grace to be thankful, and they may bless him, that he stirs them up to bless him.

Secondly, Fully and richly, as becomes the greatest king. A duke, at the wedding-feast of his daughter, caused to be brought in thirty courses, and at every course gave so many gifts to each guest at the table as were dishes in the course. And I have read of a queen that feasted her guests with wines brewed with dissolved precious stones, that every draught was valued at a hundred crowns. Here was royal entertainment; but this was but one feast. Such bounty continued would quickly consume the finite means of any earthly prince. Only God is 'rich in mercy,' Eph. 2:4. His treasury fills all the world, without emptying, yea, impairing or abating itself.

Thirdly, Universally; all things. The king hath his crown, the great man his honour, the mighty his strength, the rich his wealth, the learned his knowledge, the mean man his peace; all at his gift. He opens his hand wide, he sparseth abroad his blessings, and fills all things living with his plenteousness.

Fourthly, Effectually; he settles these gifts upon us. As he gave them without others, so others without him shall never be able to take them away. As he created, so he conserveth the virtues,—strength in bread, and warmth in clothes,—and gives wine and oil their effective cheerfulness.

Be thou so land as this holy and heavenly pattern, not aiming at the measure, which is inimitable, but levelling at the manner, which is charitable. Like Job, who used not to 'eat his morsels alone,' chap. 31:17; neither to deny his 'bread to the hungry,' nor the 'fleece of his flock' to the cold and naked. Let thy stock of kindness be liberal, though thy stock of wealth be stinted. Give omni petenti, though not omnia petenti; as that father excellently.

[4.] Constant. For with Christ is no variableness, 'no shadow of change,' James 1:17; but 'whom he once loves, he loves for ever,' John 13:1. Fickleness is for a Laban, whose 'countenance will turn away from Jacob,' Gen. 31:2, and his affection fall off with his profit. I have read of two entire friends, well deserving for their virtues, that

when the one was promoted to great wealth and dignity, the other neglected in obscurity; the preferred, though he could not divide his honour, yet shared his wealth to his old companion. Things so altered, that this honoured friend was falsely accused of treachery, and by the blow of suspicion, thrown down to misery; and the other, for his now observed goodness, raised up to a high place; where now he requites his dejected friend with the same courtesy, as if their minds had consented and contended to make that equal which their states made different. Oh for one dram of this immutable love in the world! Honours change manners; and we will not know those in the court who often fed us in the country; or if we vouchsafe to acknowledge them as friends, we will not as suitors. Hereon was the verse made:—

'Quisquis in hoc mundo cunctis vult gratus haberi:

Det, capiat, quærat, plurima, pauca, nihil;'

'He that would be of worldly men well thought,

Must always give, take, beg, much, little, nought.'

Men cannot brook poor friends. This inconstant charity is hateful, as our English phrase premonisheth: 'Love me little, and love me long.'

(3.) This sicut refines our love. 'Walk in love, as Christ loved us;' where as is not only similitudinary, but causal: 'Love, because Christ loved us,' 1 John 4:19; for this cause, as after this manner. Which serves to purify our love, to purge it from corruption, and to make it perfect. *Dilectio Dei nos facit et diligibiles et diligentes*,—Both such as God can love, and such as can love God. For it is the love of Christ to us that works a love to Christ in us. A man will ever love that medicine that hath freed him from some desperate disease. Christ's love hath healed us of all our sores and sins; let us honour and love this medicine, compounded of so precious simples, water and blood. And let us not only affectionately embrace it ourselves, but let us

invite others to it: 'Come and hearken, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,' Ps. 66:16.

2. Christ.—I have been so punctual in this word of quality, that I can but mention the rest. The word of majesty is Christ, who being Almighty God, coequal and coeternal with the Father and the Spirit, took on him our nature, and was factus homo, ut pro homine pacaret Deum,—God was made man, that for man he might appease God. Thus did so great a majesty stoop low for our love; non exuendo quod habuit, sed induendo quod non habuit,—not by losing what he had, but by accepting what he had not, our miserable nature. Ipse, dilexit nos, et tantus et tantum, et gratis tantillos et tales,*—He that was so great, loved, so greatly, us that were so poor and unworthy, freely.

3. Loved is that word of mercy that reconciles so glorious a God to so ungracious sinners. The cause which moved Christ to undertake for us was no merit in us, but mere mercy in him. He loved us, because he loved us: in our creation, when we could not love him; in our redemption, when we would not love him. Loved us, not but that he loveth us still. But the Apostle speaks in this time, to distinguish the love wherewith he now loveth thus, from that whereby he once loved us. 'For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by his death; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life,' Rom. 5:10. Though it be also true, that 'from everlasting he loved us,' Jer. 31:3.

4. Us is the word of misery; us he loved that were so wretched. The word is indefinite: us, all us. Us, be we never so unworthy; all us, be we never so many.

(1.) Us that were unworthy of his love, from whom he expected no correspondence. That he loved the blessed angels was no wonder, because they with winged obedience execute his hests, 'and do his word,' Ps. 103:20. Yea, that he loved his very reasonless and insensible creatures is not strange; for 'fire and hail, snow and

vapour, stormy wind and tempest, fulfil his word,' Ps. 148:8. But to love us, that were 'weak, ungodly, sinners, enemies,' Rom. 5: weak, no strength to deserve; ungodly, no piety to procure; sinners, no righteousness to satisfy; enemies, no peace to atone, for we hated him, and all his;—'Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake,' Matt. 10:22;—to love such us, was an unexpectable, a most merciful love. He that wanted nothing, loved us that had nothing; immortal eternity loved mortal dust and ashes. Oh, if a man had *ora mille fluentia melle*, yea, the tongues of angels, he could not sufficiently express this love. 'So God loved the world,' John 3:16; *mundum immundum*, the unclean world, that not only not 'received him,' John 1:11, but even crucified and killed him.

(2.) All of us, without exception of persons. This is the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,' John 1:29. The gospel proclaims a universal *Si quis*: 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.' *Qui seipsum excipit, seipsum decipit*,—He that excepts himself, beguiles his own soul. Hence I find three inferences observable, which I will commend to your consciences, and your consciences to God:—First, *Dilecti diligamus*; Secondly, *Dilectos diligamus*; Thirdly, *Diligentes diligamus*.

First, We are loved ourselves; therefore let us love. He that bids us love, loved us first. 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another.' Why? 'As I loved you,' John 15:12. *Non aliud jussit, quam gessit*,—He chargeth us with nothing in precept which he performed not in practice. Therefore, *si tardi sumus ad amandum, non tardi simus ad redamandum*,—though we have not been forward to love first, let us not be backward to return love. *Dilecti diligite*. 'If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another,' 1 John 5:11. *Magnus amoris amor*; and the sole requital which God requires for his rich love is our poor love: that only may love him, but have nothing to give him that is not his.

Secondly, They are beloved whom thou art charged to love. He that bids us love others, loves them himself. It is fit we should love those

whom Christ loves. If thou love Christ, thou art bound to love others, because he loves them; yea, with that very same love wherewith he loves thee. Therefore dilectos diligamus.

Thirdly, They also love God, whom God commands thee to love. The love of Christ is so shed abroad into all Christians' hearts, that they unfeignedly affect Jesus their Saviour. They love him whom thou lovest, therefore love them. It is fit we should love them highly that love God heartily. Therefore diligentes diligamus.

Thus you have heard Love's walk, or race; now, then, saith Paul, 'So run that you may obtain.' I will end with an apologue, an epilogue, a parable. Charity, and certain other rivals, or indeed enemies, would run a race together. The prize they all ran for was felicity; which was held up at the goal's end by a bountiful lady, called Eternity. The runners were Pride, Prodigality, Envy, Covetousness, Lust, Hypocrisy, and Love. All the rest were either diverse or adverse, neighbours or enemies to Charity. I will, herald-like, shew you their several equipage, how they begin the race and end it.

Pride, you know, must be foremost; and that comes out like a Spaniard, with daring look, and a tongue thundering out braves, mounted on a spiritly jennet, named Insolence. His plumes and perfumes amaze the beholders' eyes and nostrils. He runs as if he would overthrow giants and dragons,—yea, even the great Red Dragon, if he encountered him,—and with his lance burst open heaven-gates. But his jennet stumbles, and down comes Pride. You know how wise a king hath read his destiny: 'Pride will have a fall.'

The next is Prodigality; and because he takes himself for the true Charity, he must be second at least. This is a young gallant, and the horse he rides on is Luxury. He goes a thundering pace, that you would not think it possible to overtake him; but before he is got a quarter of the way, he is spent, all spent, ready to beg of those that begged of him.

Envy will be next, a lean meagre thing, full of malicious mettle, but hath almost no flesh. The horse he rides on is Malecontent. He would in his journey first cut some thousand throats, or powder a whole kingdom, blow up a state, and then set on to heaven. But the hangman sets up a gallows in his way, whereat he runs full butt, and breaks his neck.

Then comes sneaking out Covetousness, a hunger-starved usurer, that sells wheat, and eats beans: many men are in his debt, and he is most in his own debt; for he never paid his belly and back a quarter of their dues. He rides on a thin hobbling jade called Unconscionableness, which, for want of a worse stable, he lodgeth in his own heart. He promiseth his soul to bring her to heaven; but tarrying to enlarge his barns, he lost opportunity and the prize of salvation, and so fell two bows short—faith and repentance.

Lust hath gotten on Love's cloak, and will venture to run. A leprous wretch, and riding on a trotting beast, a he-goat, was almost shaken to pieces. Diseases do so cramp him, that he is fain to sit down with Væ misero! and without the help of a good doctor or a surgeon, he is like never to see a comfortable end of his journey.

Hypocrisy is glad that he is next to Charity; and persuades that they two are brother and sister. He is horsed on a halting hackney—for he does but borrow him—called Dissimulation. As he goes, he is offering every man his hand, but it is still empty. He leans on Charity's shoulder, and protests great love to her; but when she tries him to borrow a little money of him for some merciful purpose, he pleads he hath not enough to serve him to his journey's end. He goes forward like an angel, but his trusted horse throws him, and discovers him a devil.

The last named, but first and only that comes to the prize at the goal's end, is Charity. She is a humble virtue, not mounted as other racers, but goes on foot. She spares from her own belly, to relieve those poor pilgrims that travel with her to heaven. She hath two

virgins that bear her company—Innocence and Patience. She does no hurt to others, she suffers much of others; yet was she never heard to curse. Her language is blessing, and she shall for ever inherit it. Three celestial graces, Glory, Immortality, and Eternity, hold out a crown to her. And when Faith and Hope have lifted her up to heaven, they take their leave of her; and the bosom of everlasting Mercy receives her.

A CRUCIFIX;

OR,

A SERMON UPON THE PASSION

He hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.—EPH. 5:2.

THIS latter part of the verse is a fair and lively crucifix, cut by the hand of a most exquisite carver,—not to amaze our corporal lights with a piece of wood, brass, or stone, curiously engraven, to the increase of a carnal devotion; but to present to the eye of the conscience the grievous passion and gracious compassion of our Saviour Jesus Christ, 'who gave himself for us,' &c. This crucifix presents to our eye seven considerable circumstances:—1. Who? Christ. 2. What? Gave. 3. Whom? Himself. 4. To whom? To God. 5. For whom? For us. 6. After what manner? An offering and sacrifice. 7. Of what effect? Of a sweet savour.

The points, you see, lie as ready for our discourse as the way did from Bethany to Jerusalem; only fail not my speech, nor your attention, till we come to the journey's end.

1. WHO?—The person that gives is Christ; the quality of his person doth highly commend his exceeding love to us. We will ascend to this consideration by four stairs or degrees, and descend by four other. Both in going up and coming down we shall perceive the admirable love of the giver. Ascendantly:—

(1.) We will consider him *hominem*, a man. 'Behold the man,' saith Pilate, John 19:5. We may tarry and wonder at his lowest degree, that a man should give himself for man. 'For scarcely for a righteous man will one die,' Rom. 5:7. But this man gave himself for unrighteous men, to die, not an ordinary, but a grievous death, exposing himself to the wrath of God, to the tyranny of men and devils. It would pity our hearts to see a poor dumb beast so terrified; how much more *hominem*, a man, the image of God!

(2.) The second degree gives him *hominem innocentem*, an innocent man. Pilate could say, 'I have found no fault in this man; no, nor yet Herod,' Luke 23:14. No, nor the devil, who would have been right glad of such an advantage. So Pilate's wife sent her husband word, 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man,' Matt, 27:19. So the person is not only a man, but a just man, that gave himself to endure such horrors for us. If we pity the death of malefactors, how should our compassion be to one innocent!

(3.) In the third degree, he is not only *homo*, a man, and *justus homo*, a good man, but also *magnus homo*, a great man, royally descended from the ancient patriarchs and kings of Judah. Pilate had so written his title, and he would answer, not alter it, *Quod scripsi, scripsi*. And what was that? 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews,' John 19:19. Now as is the person, so is the passion; the more noble the giver, the more excellent the gift. That so high a king would suffer such contempt and obloquy to be cast upon him, when the least part

of his disgrace had been too much for a man of mean condition! That a man, a good man, a great man, bore such calumny, such calamity, for our sakes: here was an unmatchable, an unspeakable love.

(4.) This is enough, but this is not all. There is yet a higher degree in this ascent; we are not come to our full quantus. It is this: he was plus quam homo, more than man; not only maximus hominum, but major hominibus, the greatest of men; yea, greater than all men. Not mere filius hominis, but vere filius Dei,—he was more than the son of man, even the Son of God. As the centurion acknowledged, 'Truly this man was the Son of God,' Mark 15:39. Here be all the four stairs upwards: a man, a harmless man, a princely man, and yet more than man, even God himself. Solomon was a great king, but here is a greater than Solomon. Solomon was Christus Domini, but here is Christus Dominus. He was the anointed of the Lord, but this is the Lord himself anointed. And here all tongues grow dumb, and admiration seaeth up every lip. This is a depth beyond sounding. You may perhaps drowsily hear this, and coldly be affected with it; but let me say, principalities and powers, angels and seraphims, stood amazed at it.

We see the ascent. Shall we bring down again this consideration by as many stairs?

(1.) Consider him, Almighty God, taking upon him man's nature. This is the first step downwards. 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' John 1:14; and, 'God sent forth his Son, made of a woman,' Gal. 4:4. And this was done, naturam suscipiendo nostram, non mutando suam,*—by putting on our nature, not by putting off his own. Homo Deo accessit, non Deus à se recessit. He is both God and man, yet but one Christ; one, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. Now in that this eternal God became man, he suffered more than man can suffer, either living or dead. That man should be turned into a beast, into a worm, into dust, into nothing, is not so great a disparagement as that the glorious God should become man: 'He that thought it not robbery to be equal with God, was made

in the likeness of man,' Phil. 2:6. He that is 'more excellent than the angels,' became lower than the angels. Even the brightness of God's glory takes on him the baseness of our nature; and he that laid the foundations of the earth, and made the world, is now in the world made himself. This is the first descending degree.

(2.) The second stair brings him yet lower. He is made man; but what man? Let him be universal monarch of the world, and have fealty and homage acknowledged to him from all kings and emperors as his viceroys; let him walk upon crowns and sceptres, and let princes attend on his court; and here was some majesty, that might a little become the Son of God. No such matter. *Induit formam servi*,—'He took upon him the form of a servant,' Phil. 2:7. He instructs us to humility by his own example. 'The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' Matt. 20:28. 'O Israel, thou hast made me to serve with thy sins,' Isa. 43:24. He gave himself for a minister, not for a master; *ad servitutum, non ad dominationem*. He that is God's Son is made man's servant. Proudly blind, and blindly poor man, that thou shouldest have such a servant as the Son of thy Maker! This is the second step downwards.

(3.) This is not low enough yet: 'I am a worm, and no man,' saith the Psalmist in his person; yea, 'the shame of men and contempt of the people.' He is called, Ps. 24:7, 'the King of glory.' 'Be ye open, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in;' but, Isa. 53:3, 'He is despised and rejected of men: we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.' Oh the pity of God, that these two should come so near together, 'the King of glory,' and 'the shame of men!' *Quo celsior majestas, eo mirabilior humilitas*. Thus saith the Apostle, 'He made himself of no reputation,' Phil. 2:7. He that requires all honour as properly due to him, makes himself, not of little, but of no reputation. Here was dejection; yea, here was rejection. Let him be laid in his poor cradle, the Bethlehemites reject him; the manger must serve; no room for him in the inn. Yea, 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not,' John 1:11. All Israel is too hot for him; he is glad to flee into Egypt for protection.

Comes he to Jerusalem, which he had honoured with his presence, instructed with his sermons, amazed with his miracles, wet and bedewed with his tears? They reject him: 'I would, and ye would not.' Comes he to his kindred? They deride and traduce him, as if they were ashamed of his alliance? Comes he to his disciples? 'They go back, and will walk no more with him,' John 6:66. Will yet his apostles tarry with him? So they say, ver. 68, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.' Yet at last one betrays him, another forswears him, all forsake him; and Jesus is left alone in the midst of his enemies. Can malice yet add some further aggravation to his contempt? Yes, they crucify him with malefactors. The quality of his company is made to increase his dishonour. *In medio latronum, tanquam latronum immanissimus*. In the midst of thieves, as it were the prince of thieves, saith Luther. He that 'thought it no robbery to be equal to the most holy God,' is made equal to thieves and murderers; yea, *tanquam dux*, as it were, a captain amongst them. This is the third step.

(4.) But we must go yet lower. Behold now the deepest stair and the greatest rejection. *Affligit me Deus*,—'The Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger,' Lam. 1:12. 'It pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief,' Isa. 53:10. No burden seems heavy, when the comforts of God help to bear it. When God will give solace, vexation makes but idle offers and assaults. But now, to* the rejection of all the former, the Lord turns his back upon him as a stranger; the Lord wounds him as an enemy. He cries out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' How could the sun and stars, heaven and earth, stand, while their Maker thus complained! The former degree was deep; he was crucified with evildoers, 'reckoned amongst the wicked.' Yet thieves fared better in death than he. We find no irrision, no insultation, no taunts, no invectives against them. They had nothing upon them but pain; he both contempt and torment. If scorn and derision can vex his good soul, he shall have it in peals of ordnance shot against him. Even the basest enemies shall give it; Jews, soldiers, persecutors, yea, suffering malefactors, spare not to flout him. His blood cannot appease them without his

reproach. But yet the disciples are but weak men, the Jews but cruel persecutors, the devils but malicious enemies; all these do but their kind: but the lowest degree is, God forgets him, and in his feeling he is forsaken of the Highest. Weigh all these circumstances, and you shall truly behold the Person that gave himself for us.

2. WHAT?—We come to the action, Dedit. Giving is the argument of a free disposition. 'I lay down my life; no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again,' John 10:17, 18. He that gives life to us, gave up his own life for us. He did not sell, set, let, or lend, but give. Oblatus est, quia, ipse voluit,—He was offered, because he would be offered. No hand could cut that stone from the quarry of heaven; no violence pull him from the bosom of his Father, but sua misericordia, his own mercy: 'he gave.' 'He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,' Cant. 2:8. He comes with willingness and celerity, no human resistance could hinder him; not the hillocks of our lesser infirmities, not the mountains of our grosser iniquities, could stay his merciful pace towards us.

He gave his life; who could bereave him of it? To all the high priest's armed forces he gave but a verbal encounter, 'I am he;' and they retire and 'fall backward;' his very breath dispersed them all. He could as easily have commanded fire from heaven to consume them, or vapours from the earth to choke them; he that controls devils, could easily have quailed men. More than twelve legions of angels were at his beck, and every angel able to conquer a legion of men. He gives them leave to take him, yea, power to kill him; from himself is that power which apprehends himself. Even whiles he stands before Pilate scorned, yet he tells him, 'Thou couldest have no power against me,' nisi datam desuper, 'unless it were given thee from above.' His own strength leads him, not his adversaries; he could have been freed, but he would not; constraint had abated his merit; he will deserve though he die.

The loss of his life was necessary, yet was it also voluntary: *Quod amittitur necessarium est, quod emittitur voluntarium*;* therefore 'he gave up the ghost.' In spite of all the world he might have kept his soul within his body; he would not. The world should have been burnt to cinders, and all creatures on earth resolved to their original dust, before he could have been enforced. Man could not take away his spirit; therefore he gave it. Otherwise, if his passion had been only *operis* and not *voluntatis*, material and not formal, it could not have been meritorious, or afforded satisfaction for us. For that is only done well that is done of our will.

But it is objected, out of Heb. 5:7, that 'he offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death.' Hence some blasphemers say that Christ was a coward in fearing the natural death of the body. If he had so feared it, he needed not to have tasted it. Christ indeed did naturally fear death, otherwise he had not been so affected as an ordinary man. Yet he willingly suffered death, otherwise he had not been so well affected as an ordinary martyr. But he prays thrice, 'Let this cup pass.' Divines usually distinguish here. The Sententiaries, thus: That there was in Christ a double human or created will, the one *voluntas ut natura*, a natural will; the other *voluntas ut ratio*, a reasonable will. Christ, according to his natural will, trembled at the pangs of death, and this without sin; for nature abhorreth all destructive things. But in regard of his rational will, he willingly submits himself to drink that cup. 'Not as I will, O Father, but as thou wilt.' A man, saith Aquinas, will not naturally endure the lancing of any member, yet by his reasonable will he consents to it, for the good of the whole body; reason masters sense, and cutting or cauterising is endured. So Christ, by the strength of his natural will, feared death; but by his reason, perceiving that the cutting, wounding, crucifying of the Head, would bring health to the whole body of his church, and either he must bleed on the cross, or we must all burn in hell; behold, now he willingly and cheerfully 'gives himself an offering and sacrifice to God for us.'

But was it a mere temporal death that our Saviour feared? No; he saw the fierce wrath of his Father, and therefore feared. Many resolute men have not shrunk at a little; divers martyrs have endured strange torments with magnanimity. But now when he that gave them strength quakes at death, shall we say he was a coward? Alas! that which would have overwhelmed man, would not have made him shrink; that which he feared, no mortal man but himself ever felt. Yet he feared. The despair of many thousand men was not so much as for him to fear. He saw that which none saw, the anger of an infinite God; he perfectly apprehended the cause of fear, our sin and torment; he saw the bottom of the cup, how bitter and dreggish every drop of that vial was; he truly understood the burden which we make light of. Men fear not hell, because they know it not. If they could see, through the opened gates, the insufferable horrors of that pit, trembling and quaking would run like an ague through their bones. This insupportable load he saw, that the sponge of vengeance must be wrung out to him, and he must suck it up to the last and least drop. Every talent of our iniquities must be laid upon him, till, as 'a cart, he be laden with sheaves,' Amos 2:13. And with all this pressure he must mount his chariot of death, the cross, and there bear it, till the appeased God give way to a consummatum est,—'It is finished!'

The philosopher could say, that sapiens miser, magis est miser, quam stultus miser,—a wise man miserable is more miserable than a fool miserable, because he understands his misery. So that our Saviour's pangs were aggravated by the fulness of his knowledge. No marvel then if he might justly take David's words out of his mouth, 'Thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.' This thought drew from him those tears of blood. His eyes had formerly wept for our misdoings; his whole body now weeps: not a faint dew, but he sweat out solid drops of blood. The thorns, scourges, nails, fetched blood from him, but not with such pain as this sweat. Outward violence drew on those; these the extremity of his troubled thought. Here, then, was his cause of fear. He saw our everlasting destruction if he suffered not; he saw the horrors which he must suffer to ransom us. Hinc illæ lachrymæ,—Hence those groans, tears, cries, and sweat; yet

his love conquered all. By nature he could willingly have avoided this cup; for love's sake to us he took it in a willing hand; so he had purposed, so he hath performed. And now to testify his love, saith my text, he freely 'gave.'

3. WHOM?—Himself. This is the third circumstance: the gift, himself.

Not an angel; for an angel cannot sufficiently mediate between an immortal nature offended, and a mortal nature corrupted. The glorious angels are blessed, but finite and limited, and therefore unable for this expiation. They cannot be so sensibly 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' Heb. 4:15, as he that was in our own nature, 'in all points tempted like as we are, sin only excepted.'

Not saints; for they have no more oil than will serve their own lamps: they have enough for themselves, not of themselves; all of Christ, but none to spare. Fools cry, 'Give us of your oil;' they answer, 'Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves,' Matt. 25:9. They could not propitiate for sin, that were themselves guilty of sin, and by nature liable to condemnation. Wretched idolaters, that thrust this honour on them against their wills; how would they abhor such sacrilegious glory!

Not the riches of this world; 'We were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold,' 1 Pet. 1:18. Were the riches of the old world brought together to the riches of the new world; were all the mineral veins of the earth emptied of their purest metals; this pay would not be current with God. It will cost more to redeem souls. 'They that trust in their wealth, and boast in the multitude of their riches, yet cannot by any means redeem their brother, nor give to God a ransom for him,' Ps. 49:6, 7. The servant cannot redeem the Lord. God made a man master of these things; he is then more precious than his slaves.

Not the blood of bulls or goats, Heb. 9. Alas! those legal sacrifices were but dumb shows of this tragedy, the mere figures of this oblation, mystically presenting to their faith that 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' This Lamb was prefigured in the sacrifices of the law, and now presented in the sacraments of the gospel, slain indeed, 'from the beginning of the world;' who had power, *prodesse*, to profit us, before he had *esse*, a human being himself. None of these would serve.

Whom gave he then? *Seipsum*, himself; who was both God and man: that so participating of both natures, our mortality, and God's immortality, he might be a perfect mediator. *Apparuit igitur inter mortales peccatores et immortalem justum, mortalis cum hominibus, justus cum Deo,**—He came between mortal men and immortal God, mortal with men, and just with God. As man he suffered, as God he satisfied; as God and man he saved. He gave himself, *se totum, se solum*,—himself wholly, himself only.

(1.) All himself, his whole person, soul and body, Godhead and manhood. Though the Deity could not suffer, yet in regard of the personal union of these two natures in one Christ, his very passion is attributed in some sort to the Godhead. So, Acts 20:28, it is called the 'blood of God;' and, 1 Cor. 2:8, 'The Lord of glory' is said to 'be crucified.' The school's distinction here makes all plain. He gave *totum Christum*, though not *totum Christi*,—all Christ, though not all of Christ; *homo non valuit, Deus non voluit*,—as God alone he would not, as man alone he could not, make this satisfaction for us. The Deity is impassible; yet was it impossible, without this Deity, for the great work of our salvation to be wrought. If any ask, how the manhood could suffer without violence to the Godhead, being united in one person, let him understand it by a familiar comparison. The sunbeams shine on a tree, the axe cuts down this tree, yet can it not hurt the beams of the sun. So the Godhead still remains unharmed, though the axe of death did for a while fell down the manhood. *Corpus passum est dolore et gladio, anima dolore non gladio, divinitas nec dolore nec gladio*,—His body suffered both sorrow and

the sword; his soul sorrow, not the sword; his Deity neither sorrow nor the sword. Deitas in dolente, non in dolore,—The Godhead was in the person pained, yet not in the pain.

(2.) Himself only, and that without a partner, and without a comforter.

[1.] Without a partner, that might share either his glory or our thanks, of both which he is justly jealous. *Christi passio adjutore non eguit,**—The sufferings of our Saviour need no help. Upon good cause, therefore, we abhor that doctrine of the Papists, that our offences are expiated by the passions of the saints. No, not the blessed virgin hath performed any part of our justification, paid any farthing of our debts. But thus sings the choir of Rome—

'Sancta virgo Dorothea,

Tua nos virtute bea,

Cor in nobis novum crea.'

Wherein there is pretty rhyme, petty reason, but great blasphemy; as if the virgin Dorothy were able to create a new heart within us. No, 'but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin,' 1 John 1:7. His blood, and his only. O blessed Saviour! every drop of thy blood is able to redeem a believing world. What then need we the help of men? How is Christ a perfect Saviour, if any act of our redemption be left to the performance of saint or angel? No, our souls must die, if the blood of Jesus cannot save them. And whatsoever witty error may dispute for the merits of saints, the distressed conscience cries, 'Christ, and none but Christ.' They may sit at tables and discourse, enter the schools and argue, get up into the pulpits and preach, that the works of good men are the church's treasure, given by indulgence, and can give indulgence, and that they will do the soul good. But lie we upon our deathbeds, panting for breath, driven to the push, tossed with tumultuous waves of afflictions, anguished with sorrow of spirit, then we sing another song—'Christ, and Christ

alone; Jesus, and only Jesus; mercy, mercy, pardon, comfort, for our Saviour's sake!' 'Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,' Acts 4:12.

[2.] Without a comforter. He was so far from having a sharer in his passion, that he had none in compassion, that (at least) might anyways ease his sorrows. It is but a poor comfort of calamity, pity; yet even that was wanting. 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' Lam. 1:12. Is it so sore a sorrow to Christ, and is it nothing to you? a matter not worth your regard, your pity? Man naturally desires and expects, if he cannot be delivered, eased, yet to be pitied. 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me,' Job 19:21. Christ might make that request of Job, but in vain; there was none to comfort him, none to pity him. It is yet a little mixture of refreshing, if others be touched with a sense of our misery; that in their hearts they wish us well, and would give us ease if they could; but Christ hath in his sorest pangs not so much as a comforter. The martyrs have fought valiantly under the banner of Christ, because he was with them to comfort them. But when himself suffers, no relief is permitted. The most grievous torments find some mitigation in the supply of friends and comforters. Christ, after his monomachy, or single combat with the devil in the desert, had angels to attend him. In his agony in the garden, an angel was sent to comfort him. But when he came to the main act of our redemption, not an angel must be seen. None of those glorious spirits may look through the windows of heaven, to give him any ease. And if they would have relieved him, they could not. Who can lift up where the Lord will cast down? What chirurgeon can heal the bones which the Lord hath broken? But his mother, and other friends, stand by, seeing, sighing, weeping. Alas! what do those tears, but increase his sorrow? Might he not justly say with Paul, 'What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?' Acts 21:13. Of whom then shall he expect comfort? Of his apostles? Alas! they betake them to their heels. Fear of their own danger drowns their compassion of his misery. He might say with Job, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.' Of whom, then?

The Jews are his enemies, and vie unmercifulness with devils. There is no other refuge but his Father. No, even his Father is angry; and he who once said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' Matt. 3:17, is now incensed. He hides his face from him, but lays his hand heavy upon him, and buffets him with anguish. Thus solus patitur, he gave himself, and only himself, for our redemption.

4. TO WHOM?—To God; and that is the fourth circumstance. To whom should he offer this sacrifice of expiation, but to Him that was offended? and that is God. 'Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight,' Ps. 51:4. 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,' Luke 15:21. All sins are committed against him: his justice is displeased, and must be satisfied. To God; for God is angry. With what, and whom? With sin and us, and us for sin. In his just anger he must smite; but whom? In Christ was no sin. Now shall God do like Annas or Ananias? 'If I have spoken evil,' saith Christ, 'bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me!' John 18:23. So Paul to Ananias, 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?' Acts 23:3. So Abraham pleads to God, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Gen. 18:25. Especially right to his Son, and to that Son which glorified him on earth, and whom he hath now glorified in heaven? We must fetch the answer from Daniel's prophecy, 'The Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself,' Dan. 9:26. Not for himself? For whom, then? For solution hereof we must step to the fifth point, and there we shall find—

5. FOR WHOM?—For us. He took upon him our person, he became surety for us; and, lo, now the course of justice may proceed against him! He that will become a surety, and take on him the debt, must be content to pay it. Hence that innocent Lamb must be made a sacrifice; 'and he that knew no sin' in himself, 'must be made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,' 2 Cor. 5:21. Seven times in three verses doth the prophet Isaiah inculcate this: We, Ours, Us, chap. 53:4–6. We were all sick, grievously sick;

every sin was a mortal disease. Quot vitia, tot febres. 'He healeth our infirmities,' saith the prophet; he was our physician, a great physician. Magnus venit medicus, quia magnus jacebat ægrotus,—The whole world was sick to death, and therefore needed a powerful physician. So was he; and took a strange course for our cure: which was not by giving us physic, but by taking our physic for us. Other patients drink the prescribed potion; but our Physician drank the potion himself, and so recovered us.

'For us.' Pro me doluit, qui pro se nihil habuit quod doleret,*—He suffered for me, that had no cause to suffer for himself. O Domine Jesu, doles non tua, sed vulnera mea. So monstrous were our sins, that the hand of the everlasting justice was ready to strike us with a fatal and final blow; Christ in his own person steps between the stroke and us, and bore that a while that would have sunk us for ever. Nos immortalitate male usi sumus, ut moreremur; Christus mortalitate bene usus est, ut viveremus, † —We abused the immortality we had, to our death; Christ used the mortality he had, to our life. Dilexit nos, he loved us; and such us, that were his utter enemies. Here then was love without limitation, beyond imitation. Unspeakable mercy, says Bernard, that the King of eternal glory should yield himself to be crucified, pro tam despiciatissimo vernaculo, immo vermiculo,*—for so poor a wretch, yea, a worm; and that not a loving worm, not a living worm; for we both hated him and his, and were 'dead in sins and trespasses.'

Yea, for all us, indefinitely; none excepted, that will apprehend it faithfully. The mixture of Moses's perfume is thus sweetly allegorised: God commands him to put in so much frankincense as galbanum, and so much galbanum as frankincense, Exod. 30:34. Christ's sacrifice was so sweetly tempered: as much blood was shed for the peasant in the field as for the prince in the court. The offer of salvation is general: 'Whosoever among you feareth God, and worketh righteousness, to him is the word of this salvation sent.' As there is no exemption of the greatest from misery, so no exception of the least from mercy. He that will not believe and amend shall be

condemned, be he never so rich; he that doth, be he never so poor, shall be saved.

This one point of the crucifix, 'for us,' requires more punctual meditation. Whatsoever we leave unsaid, we must not huddle up this; for indeed this brings the text home to us, even into our consciences, and speaks effectually to us all: to me that speak, and to you that hear, with that prophet's application, 'Thou art the man.' We are they for whose cause our blessed Saviour was crucified. For us he endured those grievous pangs; for us, that we might never taste them. Therefore say we with that father, *Toto nobis figatur in corde, qui totus pro nobis fixus in cruce,*[†]—Let him be fixed wholly in our hearts, who was wholly for us fastened to the cross.

We shall consider the uses we are to make of this by the ends for which Christ performed this. It serves to save, to move, and to mortify us.

Use 1.—To save us. This was his purpose and performance: all he did, all he suffered, was to redeem us. 'By his stripes we are healed,' Isa. 53:5. By his sweat we refreshed; by his sorrows we rejoiced; by his death we saved. For even that day, which was to him *dies luctus*, the heaviest day that ever man bore, was to us *dies salutis*, 'the accepted time, the day of salvation,' 2 Cor. 6:2. The day was evil in respect of our sins and his sufferings; but eventually, in regard of what he paid and what he purchased, a good day, the best day, a day of joy and jubilation.

But if this salvation be wrought for us, it must be applied to us, yea, to every one of us. For that some receive more profit by his passion than others is not his fault that did undergo it, but theirs that do not undertake it; to apply it to their own consciences. We must not only believe this text in gross, but let every one take a handful of this sheaf, and put it into his own bosom. So turning this for us into for me. As Paul, 'I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me,' Gal. 2:20. Blessed faith, that into the plural, us,

puts in the singular soul, me! *Se dedit pro me*. Every one is a rebel, guilty and convicted by the supreme law; death waits to arrest us, and damnation to receive us. What should we do but pray, beseech, cry, weep, till we can get our pardon sealed in the blood of Jesus Christ, and every one find a sure testimony in his own soul, that Christ 'gave himself for me.'

Use 2.—This should move us. Was all this done for us, and shall we not be stirred? Have ye no regard? 'Is it nothing to you that I suffer such sorrow as was never suffered?' Lam. 1:12. All his agony, his cries, and tears, and groans, and pangs, were for us; shall he thus grieve for us, and shall we not grieve for ourselves? For ourselves, I say; not so much for him. Let his passion move us to compassion, not of his sufferings,—alas! our pity can do him no good,—but of our sins which caused them. 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children,' Luke 23:28. For ourselves; not for his pains that are past, but for our own that should have been, and, except our faith sets him in our stead, shall be. Shall he weep to us, for us, and shall we not mourn? Shall he drink so deeply to us in this cup of sorrow, and shall we not pledge him? Doth the wrath of God make the Son of God shriek out, and shall not the servants for whom he suffered tremble? *Omnis creatura compatitur Christo morienti,**—Every creature seems to suffer with Christ c sun, earth, rocks, sepulchres. *Solus miser homo non compatitur, pro quo solo Christus patitur,*—Only man suffers nothing, for whom Christ suffered all. Doth his passion tear the vail, rend the stones, cleave the rocks, shake the earth, open the graves; and are our hearts more hard than those insensible creatures, that they cannot be penetrated? Doth heaven and earth, sun and elements, suffer with him, and is it nothing to us? We, wretched men that we are, that were the principals in this murder of Christ; whereas Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate, soldiers, Jews, were all but accessaries and instrumental causes. We may seek to shift it from ourselves, and derive this heinous fact upon the Jews; but the executioner doth not properly kill the man. *Solum peccatum homicida est,*—Sin, our sins, were the murderers. Of us he

suffered, and for us he suffered: unite these in your thoughts, and tell me if his passion hath not cause to move us.

And yet, so obdurate are our hearts, that we cannot endure one hour's discourse of this great business. Christ was many hours in dying for us; we cannot sit one hour to hear of it. Oh that we should find fault with heat or cold in hearkening to these heavenly mysteries, when he endured for us such a heat, such a sweat, such agony, that through his flesh and skin he sweat drops of blood. Doth he weep tears of gore-blood for us, and cannot we weep tears of water for ourselves? Alas! how would we die for him, as he died for us, when we are weary of hearing what he did for us?

Use 3.—This should mortify us. Christ delivered himself to death for our sins, that he might deliver us from death and our sins. He came not only to destroy the devil, but to 'destroy the works of the devil,' 1 John 3:8. Neither doth he take only from sin, damnandi vim, Rom. 8:1, the power to condemn us; but also, dominandi vim, Rom. 6:6, 12, the power to rule and reign in us. So that Christ's death, as it answers the justice of God for our misdeeds, so it must kill in us the will of misdoing. Christ in all parts suffered, that we in all parts might be mortified. His sufferings were so abundant, that men cannot know their number, nor angels their nature, neither men nor angels their measure. His passion found an end, our thoughts cannot. He suffered at all times; in all places; in all senses; in all members; in body and soul also: all for us.

First, At all times. In his childhood, by poverty and Herod; in the strength of his days, by the powers of earth, by the powers of hell, yea, even by the powers of heaven. In the day he lacks meat, in the night a pillow. Even that holy time of the great passover is destined for his dying. When they should kill the paschal lamb in thankfulness, they slay the Lamb of God in wickedness. They admire the shadow, yet condemn the substance. All for us; that all times might yield us comfort. So the Apostle sweetly, 'He died for us, that,

whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him,' 1 Thess. 5:10.

Secondly, In all places. In the cradle by that fox; in the streets by revilers; in the mountain by those that would have thrown him down headlong; in the temple by them that 'took up stones to cast at him,' John 8:59. In the high priest's hall by buffeters, in the garden by betrayers; by the way, laden with his cross. Lastly, in Calvary, a vile and stinking place, among the bones of malefactors, crucified. Still all for us, that in all places the mercy of God might protect us.

Thirdly, In all senses. For his taste, lo, it is afflicted with gall and vinegar—a bitter draught for a dying man! His touch felt more: the nails driven into his hands and feet; places most sensible of pain, being the most sinewy parts of the body. His ears are full of the blasphemous contumelies which the savage multitude belched out against him. Not him, but Barabbas, they cry to Pilate; preferring a murderer before a Saviour. Will you read the speeches objectual to his hearing? (See Matt, 27:29, 39, 42, 44, 49.) In all, consider their blasphemy, his patience. For his eyes, whither can he turn them without spectacles of sorrow? The despite of his enemies on the one side, shewing their extremest malice; the weeping and lamenting of his mother on the other side, whose tears might wound his heart. If any sense were less afflicted, it was his smelling; and yet the putrefied bones of Calvary could be no pleasing savour.

Thus suffered all his senses. That taste that should be delighted with the wine of the vineyard, that 'goeth down sweetly,' Cant. 7:9, is fed with vinegar. He looks for good grapes, behold 'sour grapes,' Isa. 5:4; he expects wine, he receives vinegar. That smell that should be refreshed with the odoriferous scent of the 'beds of spices,' Cant. 6:2, the piety of his saints, is filled with the stench of iniquities. Those hands that sway the sceptre of the heavens, are fain to carry the reed of reproach, and endure the nails of death. Those eyes that were as a 'flame of fire,' Rev. 1:14, in respect of which the very sun was darkness, must behold the afflicting objects of shame and tyranny.

Those ears, which to delight the high choristers of heaven sing their sweetest notes, must be wearied with the taunts and scoffs of blasphemy.

And all this for us; not only to satisfy those sins which our senses have committed, but to mortify those senses, and preserve them from those sins. That our eyes may be no more full of adulteries, nor throw covetous looks on the goods of our brethren. That our ears may no more give so wide admission and welcome entrance to lewd reports, the incantations of Satan. That sin in all our senses might be done to death; the poison exhausted, the sense purified.

Fourthly, In all members. Look on that blessed body, conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a pure virgin; it is all over scourged, martyred, tortured, mangled. What place can you find free? *Caput angelicis spiritibus tremebundum, densitate spinarum pungitur. Facies pulchra præ filiis hominum, Judæorum sputis deturpatur. Oculi lucidiores sole, in morte caligantur, &c.;**—To begin at his head; that head, which the angels reverence, is crowned with thorns. That face, which is 'fairer than the sons of men,' Ps. 45:2, must be odiously spit on by the filthy Jews. His hands, that made the heavens, are extended and fastened to a cross. The feet, which tread upon the necks of his and our enemies, feel the like smart. And the mouth must be buffeted, which 'spake as never man spake,' John 7:46.

Still all this for us. His head bled for the wicked imaginations of our heads. His face was besmeared with spittle, because we had spit impudent blasphemies against heaven. His lips were afflicted, that our lips might henceforth yield savoury speeches. His feet did bleed, that our feet might not be swift to shed blood. All his members suffered for the sins of all our members, and that our members might be no more servants to sin, but 'servants to righteousness unto holiness,' Rom. 6:19. *Conspui voluit, ut nos lavaret; velari voluit, ut velamen ignorantiae à mentibus nostris auferret; in capite percuti, ut corpori sanitatem restitueret;**—He would be polluted with their

spittle, that he might wash us; he would be blindfolded, that he might take the vail of ignorance from our eyes; he suffered the head to be wounded, that he might renew health to all the body.

Six times we read that Christ shed his blood: First, when he was circumcised; at eight days old his blood was spilt. Then in his agony in the garden, where he sweat drops of blood. Then in his scourging, when the merciless tormentors fetched blood from his holy sides. Next when he was crowned with thorns; those sharp prickles raked and harrowed his blessed head, and drew forth blood. Then in his crucifying; when his hands and feet were pierced, blood gushed out. Lastly, after his death, 'one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water,' John 19:34. All his members bled, to shew that he bled for all his members. Not one drop of this blood was shed for himself, all for us; for his enemies, persecutors, crucifiers, ourselves. But what shall become of us, if all this cannot mortify us? 'How shall we live with Christ, if with Christ we be not dead?' Rom. 6:8. Dead indeed unto sin, but living unto righteousness. As Elisha revived the Shunammite's child, 'He lay upon it; put his mouth upon the child's mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm,' 2 Kings 4:34: so the Lord Jesus, to recover us that were dead in our sins and trespasses, spreads and applies his whole passion to us; lays his mouth of blessing upon our mouth of blasphemy; his eyes of holiness upon our eyes of lust; his hands of mercy upon our hands of cruelty; and stretcheth his gracious self upon our wretched selves, till we begin to wax warm, to get life, and the (holy) spirit returns into us.

Fifthly, In his soul. All this was but the outside of his passion: 'Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour,' John 12:27. The pain of the body is but the body of pain; the very soul of sorrow is the sorrow of the soul. All the outward afflictions were but gentle prickings, in regard of that his soul suffered. 'The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?' Prov.

18:14. He had a heart within, that suffered unseen, unknown anguish. This pain drew from him those strong cries, those bitter tears, Heb. 5:7. He had often sent forth the cries of compassion; of passion and complaint not till now. He had wept the tears of pity, the tears of love, but never before the tears of anguish. When the Son of God thus cries, thus weeps, here is more than the body distressed; the soul is agonised.

Still all this for us. His soul was in our souls' stead; what would they have felt if they had been in the stead of his? All for us; to satisfaction, to emendation. For thy drunkenness and pouring down strong drinks, he drank vinegar. For thy intemperate gluttony, he fasted. For thy sloth, he did exercise himself to continual pains. Thou sleepest secure, thy Saviour is then waking, watching, praying. Thy arms are inured to lustful embracings; he for this embraceth the rough cross. Thou deckest thyself with proud habiliments, he is humble and lowly for it. Thou ridest in pomp, he journeys on foot. Thou wallowest on thy down beds, thy Saviour hath not a pillow. Thou surfeitest, and he sweats it out, a bloody sweat. Thou fillest and swellest thyself with a pleurisy of wickedness. Behold incision is made in the Head for thee; thy Saviour bleeds to death. Now, judge whether this point (for us) hath not derived a near application of this text to our own consciences. Since, then, Christ did all this for thee and me, pray then with Augustine: *O Domine Jesu, da cordi meo te desiderare, desiderando quærere, quærendo invenire, inveniendo amare, amando mala mea redempta non iterare,**—Lord, give me a heart to desire thee; desiring, to seek thee; seeking, to find thee; finding, to love thee; loving, no more to offend thee!

There are two main parts of this crucifix yet to handle. I must only name them, being sorry that it is still my hap to trouble you with prolixity of speech:—

6. The next is the MANNER: 'an offering and sacrifice.' His whole life was an offering, his death a sacrifice. He gave himself often for us an eucharistical oblation, once an expiatory sacrifice. In the former, he

did for us all that we should do; in the latter, he suffered for us all that we should suffer. 'Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,' 1 Pet. 2:24. Some of the Hebrews have affirmed, that in the fire which consumed the legal sacrifices, there always appeared the face of a lion.† Which mystery they thus resolve, that the Lion of Judah should one day give himself for us, a perfect expiatory sacrifice. Thus, 'once in the end of the world hath he appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself,' Heb. 9:26.

7. The last point is the EFFECT: 'of a sweet-smelling savour.' Here is the fruit and efficacy of all. Never was the Lord pleased with sinful man till now. Were he never so angry, here is a pacification, a sweet savour. If the whole world were quintessenced into one perfume, it could not yield so fragrant a smell. We are all of ourselves putida et putrida cadavera,—dead and stinking carcasses. The pure nostrils of the Most Holy cannot endure us: behold the perfume that sweetens us, the redeeming blood of the Lord Jesus. This so fills him with a delightful scent, that he will not smell our noisome wickedness.

Let me leave you with this comfort in your bosoms. How unsavoury soever our own sins have made us, yet if our hand of faith lay hold on this Saviour's censer, God will scent none of our corruptions, but we shall smell sweetly in his nostrils. Bernard for all: O dear Jesus, mori debemus, et tu solvis; nos peccavimus, et tu luis. Opus sine exemplo, gratia sine merito, charitas sine modo,—We should die, and thou payest it; we have offended, and thou art punished. A mercy without example, a favour without merit, a love without measure. Therefore I conclude my sermon, as we all shut up our prayers, with this one clause, 'Through our Lord Jesus Christ.' O Father of mercy, accept our sacrifice of prayer and praise for his sacrifice of pain and merit; even for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake! To whom, with the Father and blessed Spirit, be all glory, for ever! Amen.

A DIVINE HERBAL;
OR,
GARDEN OF GRACES

For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned.—HEB. 6:7, 8.

I PRESUME here is no atheist to hear and deny, 'the gospel is the power of God to salvation,' Rom. 1:16. I hope here is no libertine; if there be, let him hear also: it is the power of God to confusion. It is a double-edged sword, Heb. 4:12, and gives either instruction or destruction. It is fire, that doth melt wax to repentance, and harden clay to vengeance. It is here a rain or dew falling on the ground of man's heart, causing one soil to be fertile in good works, another to abound with weeds of impiety: 'for it returneth not back to him that sent it, in vain.' That it conveys grace to us, and returns our fruitful gratitude to God, is a high and happy mercy. That it offers grace to the wicked, and by their corrupt natures occasions greater impiety, is a heavy but holy judgment.

Not to travel far for division, here lies earth before us. And as I have seen in some places of this land, one hedge parts a fruitful meadow and a barren heath, so of this earth, man; the same substance for nature's constitution, clay of the same heap in the creating hand of the potter; for matter, mass, and stuff, none made de meliore luto; though in respect of eternity's ordination, some vessels of honour, of dishonour others. Here be two kinds, a good and a bad soil; the one a garden, the other a desert: the former an enclosure of sweet herbs,

excellent graces; the latter a wild and savage forest of briers and thorns, scratching and wounding offences.

For the better ground we will consider—1. The operative means or working cause of the fertility, 'the rain that cometh often upon it;' 2. The thankful returning of expected fruit, 'it bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed;' 3. The reward of mercy, 'it receiveth blessing from God.'

All is an allegory. I. The earth is man; II. The rain, God's word; III. The herbs are graces; and, IV. The blessing is a sweet retribution of mercy.

I. The earth is the best ground that lies betwixt heaven and earth, man; the noblest part of this world; the worthiest creature, that hath earth for its pavement, and heaven for its ceiling; the Creator's image, and as some read, his shadow, which moves as the body doth whose it is. When the body puts forth an arm, the shadow shews an arm, &c.; so man in his actions and courses depends upon the disposition of God, as his all-powerful Maker and Mover. The blessed Deity (which hath in it a trinity of most equal and eternal Persons) is the first and best of all beings; the holy angels next; et à Jove tertius Ajax, man next them.

Ardens conceiteth upon Mark 16, in the apostles' commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' that by this 'every creature,' is meant man. For to lifeless, senseless, or reasonless things, God never enjoined to preach the gospel. But man is called 'every creature,' because he hath a participation of the best in all creatures. Stones have a being, not life; plants have a being and life, not sense; beasts have a being, life, and sense, but not understanding; angels have both being, life, sense, and understanding. Man participates with all these in their best. He hath a being with stones, life with plants, sense with beasts, understanding with angels: a sweet abstract or compendium of all creatures' perfections.

Let not all this make man proud. Even this word earth, though here used in a spiritual sense, puts him in mind that this excellent man is a mortal creature. Earth must to earth: hot earth to cold earth; that earth which hath now a life in it, to that earth which hath no life in it. Therefore I will say from the prophet, 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord,' Jer. 22:29. Bestow not too much pains in adorning this perishable earth, thy flesh: the earth thou must be careful of, and which God here waters from heaven with his holy dews, is thy heart, thy conscience.

I could willingly step out a little to chide those, that, neglecting God's earth, the soul, fall to trimming with a curious superstition the earth's earth, clay and loam: a body of corruption painted, till it shine like a lily, (like it in whiteness, not in humility, the candour of beauty, for the lily grows low: *lilium convallium*, Cant. 2:1, a flower of the valleys and bottoms;) a little slime done over with a pasteboard; rottenness hid under golden leaves; stench lapped up in a bundle of silks; and, by reason of poison sucked from sin and hell, worthy of no better attribute than glorious damnation. Is there no sickness, is there no disgrace, is there no old age, is there no death, that you make so much of this earth? Or do you desperately resolve to dote on it living, as if you never hoped to find it again being dead? Fear not, you shall meet with it again; perhaps when you would not. God hath struck as gallant as you can make or think yourselves, with sudden, sore, and sure judgments. Believe it, his hand is his own. His arm was never yet broken, luxate, or manacled.

Woe worth them that have put pride and covetousness fellow-commoners among us, for they outeat us all, and starve the whole house of our land! Covetise would be charitable, but there is that other sum to make up. Pride would give, or at least forbear to extort, but there is a ruff of the new fashion to be bought. Dignity, a carriage, or strange apparel is to be purchased; and who but the poor tenants must pay for it?—upon whom they (once so accoutred) afterward look betwixt scorn and anger, and go as if they were shut up in wainscot.

'Sed vitate viros cultum formasque professos;

Quique suas ponunt in statione comas.'

Such, a one will not give, lest his white hand should touch the poor beggar's, who perhaps hath a hand cleaner than his; I mean from aspersions of blood, rapine, injury, bribery, lust, and filthiness. He cannot intend to pray, for he is called to dinner just when his last lock is hung to his mind. Oh the monstrous curiosity of tricking up this earth of earth! Yet from the courtier to the carter, from the lady to the inkle-beggar, there is this excess, and going beyond their calling.

But I have strayed out of my way to cut off a lap of pride's garment. I conclude this earth with this caution: *Respice, aspice, prospice*,—Look back upon what thou wast; behold what thou art; consider what thou must be. *Recole primordia, attende media, prævideto novissima. Hæc pudorem adducunt, ilia dolorem ingerunt, ista timorem incutiunt*;^{*}—Call to mind former things, see the present, foresee the last. The first will breed in thee shame, the other grief, these fear. Remember thou wert taken out of the earth; behold thy strength of life subject to diseases, manifold, manifest, sensible ones: foresee that thou must die; this earth must to earth again.

But the earth here meant is a divine, spiritual, immortal nature,—called earth by a metaphor,—incapable of suffering terrene fragility. This is God's earth, and that in a high and mystical sense, though proper enough. Indeed, *Domini terra*, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,' saith the Psalmist. But he hath not such respect to the earth he made, as to this earth for whom he made it. This is *terra sigillata*, earth that he hath sealed and sanctified for himself, by setting his stamp and impression upon it. Now, the good man's heart is compared to earth for divers reasons:—

1. For humility. *Humus, quasi humilis*. The earth is the lowest of all elements, and the centre of the world. The godly heart is not so low

in situation, but so lowly in its own estimation. God is said to hang the earth upon nothing: Job 26:7, 'He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing,' that it might wholly depend on himself. So a true Christian heart, in regard of itself, is founded upon nothing, (hath a humble vilipending and disprizing of its own worth,) that it may wholly and safely rely on God. O man of earth, why exaltest thou thyself? This is the way to prevent and frustrate the exaltation of God. Keep thyself lowly as the earth, reject all opinion of thy own worth, and thou shalt one day overtop the clouds. The earth is thy mother, that brought thee forth when thou wert not; a stage that carries thee whiles thou art; a tomb that receives thee when thou art not. It gives thee original, harbour, sepulchre. Like a kind mother, she bears her offspring on her back; and her brood is her perpetual burden, till she receive them again into the same womb from whence she delivered them. She shall be yet more kind to thee, if her baseness can teach thee humility, and keep thee from being more proud of other things, than thou canst, with any reason, be of thy parentage. Few are proud of their souls, and none but fools can be proud of their bodies; seeing here is all the difference betwixt him that walks, and his floor he walks on: living earth treads upon dead earth, and shall at last be as dead as his pavement. Many are the favours that the earth doth us; yet amongst them all there is none greater than the schooling us to humility, and working in us a true acknowledgment of our own vileness, and so directing us to heaven, to find that above which she cannot give us below.

2. For patience. The earth is called terra, quia teritur; and this is the natural earth. For they distinguish it into three sorts: terra quam terimus; terra quam gerimus; terra quam quærimus, which is the glorious land of promise. That earth is cut and wounded with culters and shares, yet is patient to suffer it, and returns fruits to those that ploughed it. The good heart is thus rent with vexations and broken with sorrows; yet offers 'the other cheek to the smiter,' endureth all with a magnanimous patience, assured of that victory which comes by suffering: Vincit qui patitur. Neither is this all: it returns mercy

for injury, prayers for persecutions, and blesseth them that cursed it. 'The ploughers ploughed upon my back: they made long their furrows,' Ps. 129:3. 'They rewarded me evil for good to the spoiling of my soul. Yet when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth: I humbled my soul with fasting; I was heavy, as one that mourned for his friend or brother; and my prayer returned into mine own bosom,' Ps. 35:12, 13. When the heart of our Saviour was thus ploughed up with a spear, it ran streams of mercy, real mercy; which his vocal tongue interpreted, 'Father, forgive them: they know not what they do.' His blood had a voice, a merciful voice, and 'spake better things than the blood of Abel,' Heb. 12:24. That cried from the caverns of the earth for revenge; this from the cross, in the sweet tune of compassion, for forgiveness. It is a strong argument of a heart rich in grace, to wrap and embrace his injurer in the arms of love; as the earth quietly receives those dead to burial, who living tore up her bowels.

3. For faithful constancy. The earth is called *solum*, because it stands alone, depending on nothing but the Maker's hand: 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever,' Eccles. 1:4. She often changeth her burden, without any sensible mutation of herself: 'Thy faithfulness is to all generations; thou hast established the earth, and it standeth,' Ps. 119:90. The Hebrew is, 'to generation and generation;' inferring, that times, and men, and the sons of men, posterity after posterity, pass away; but the earth, whereon and whereout they pass, abideth. The parts thereof have been altered; and violent earthquakes, begot in its own bowels, have tottered it. But God hath laid 'the foundations of the earth,' (the original is, 'founded it upon her bases,') 'that it should not be removed for ever,' Ps. 104:5; the body of it is immovable. Such a constant solidity is in the faithful heart, that should it thunder bulls from Rome, and bolts from heaven, *impavidum ferient ruinæ*. Indeed, God hath sometimes bent an angry brow against his own dear ones; and then no marvel if they shudder, if the 'bones of David tremble,' and the 'teeth of Hezekiah chatter.' But God will not be long angry with his; and the balances, at first putting in of the evenest

weights, may be a little swayed, not without some show of inequality, which yet, after a little motion, settle themselves in a just poise. So the first terror hath moved the godly, not removed them; they return to themselves, and rest in a resolved peace. Lord, do what thou wilt: 'if thou kill me, I will trust in thee.' Let us hear it from him that had it from the Lord: Ps. 112:6, 'Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. His heart is established,' &c. O sweet description of a constant soul!

They give diverse causes of earthquakes. Aristotle, among the rest, admits the eclipse of the sun for one; the interposition of the moon's body hindering some places from his heat. I know not how certain this is in philosophy: in divinity it is most true, that only the eclipse of our sun, Jesus Christ, raiseth earthquakes in our hearts; when that inconstant and ever-changing body of (the moon) the world steps betwixt our sun and us, and keeps us from the kindly vital heat of his favour; then, oh then, the earth of our heart quakes; and we feel a terror in our bones and bowels, as if the busy hand of death were searching them. But no eclipse lasts long; especially not this: our sun will shine on us again; we shall stand sure, even as 'Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.' Ps. 129:1.

4. For charity. The earth brings forth food for all creatures that live on it. Green herb for the cattle; oil and wine for man: 'The valleys stand thick with corn; the mower filleth his scythe, and the binder up of sheaves his bosom.' A good man is so full of charity, he relieves all, without improvidence to himself. He gives plentifully, that all may have some; not indiscreetly, that some have all. On the earth stand many glorious cities, and goodly buildings; fair monuments of her beauty and adoration. The sanctified soul, in a happy correspondency, hath manifold works of charity, manifest deeds of piety; that sweetly become the faith which he professeth.

5. For riches. The earth is but poor without: the surface of it, especially when squalid winter hath bemired it, seems poor and

barren; but within it is full of rich mines, ores of gold, and quarries of precious minerals. For medals and metals, it is abundantly wealthy. The sanctified heart may seem poor to the world's eye, which only beholds and judgeth the rind and husk, and thinks there is no treasure in the cabinet, because it is covered with leather. But within he is full of golden mines and rich ores, the invisible graces of faith, fear, love, hope, patience, holiness; sweeter than the spices of the East Indies, and richer than the gold of the West. *Omnis decor filiae Sion ab intus*,—'The King's daughter is all glorious within,' Ps. 45:13. It is not the superficial skin, but the internal beauty, that moves the King of heaven to be enamoured of us, and to say, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee,' Cant. 4:7.

6. Lastly, for fertility. The earth is fruitful: when the stars have given influence, the clouds showered down seasonable dews, and the sun bestowed his kindly heat; lo, the thankful earth returns fruits, and that in abundance. The Christian soul, having received such holy operations, inspirations, and sanctifying motions from above, is never found without a grateful fertility. Yea, as the earth to man, so man to God, returns a blessed usury: ten for one; nay, sometimes thirty, sometimes sixty, sometimes a hundred-fold.

But the succeeding doctrine will challenge this demonstration. I have been somewhat copious in the first word; the brevity of the rest shall recompense it. The operative cause that worketh the good earth to this fruitfulness is a heavenly 'rain that falls often upon it;' and the earth doth 'drink it up.' Wherein is observable, that the rain doth come, that it is welcome; God sends it plenteously, and man entertains it lovingly. It comes oft, and he drinks it up. God's love to man is declared in the coming; in the welcoming, man's love to God. In the former we will consider—1. The matter; 2. The manner. The matter that cometh is rain. The manner consists in three respects:—1. There is mercy; 'it cometh.' It is not constrained, deserved, pulled down from heaven; 'it cometh.' 2. Frequency; 'it cometh often.' There is no scanting of this mercy; it flows abundantly, as if the windows of

heaven were opened: 'often.' 3. Direction of it right; 'upon' this earth. It falls not near it, nor beside it, but upon it.

II. To begin with the rain:—

1. God's word is often compared to rain or dew. Moses begins his song with, 'My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass,' Deut. 32:2. Therefore in the first verse, he calls to the earth to hear his voice. Man is the earth, and his 'doctrine the rain.' 'Prophesy ye not,' Micah 2:6; the original word is, 'Drop ye not,' &c. 'Thou sayest, Prophesy not against Israel, drop not thy word against the house of Isaac,' Amos 7:16. 'Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem, and drop thy word toward the holy places,' Ezek. 21:2. The metaphor is usual; wherein stands the comparison? In six similitudes:—

(1.) It is the property of rain to cool heat. Experience tells us that a sweltering fervour of the air, which almost fries us, is allayed by a moderate shower sent from the clouds. The burning heat of sin in us, and of God's anger for sin against us, is quenched by the gospel. It cools our intemperate heat of malice, anger, ambition, avarice, lust; which are burning sins.

(2.) Another effect of rain is thirst quenched. The dry earth parched with heat, opens itself in refts and crannies, as if it would devour the clouds for moisture. The Christian soul 'thirsts after righteousness,' is dry at heart till he can have the gospel: a shower of this mercy from heaven quencheth his thirst; he is satisfied. 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life,' John 4:14.

(3.) Rain doth allay the winds. When the air is in an uproar, and the stoutest cedars crouch to the ground before a violent blast, even towers and cities tremble; a shower of rain sent from the clouds mitigates this fury. When the potentates of the world, tyrants, little

better than devils,—Gog and Magog, Moab and Ammon, Turkey, Rome, hell,—storm against us, God quiets all our fears, secures us from all their terrors by a gracious rain, drops of mercy in the never-failing promises of the gospel.

(4.) Rain hath a powerful efficacy to cleanse the air. When infectious fogs and contagious vapours have filled it full of corruption, the distilling showers wash away the noisome putrefaction. We know that too often filthy fumes of errors and heresies surge up in a land, that the soul of faith is almost stifled, and the uncleanness of corrupt doctrine gets a predominant place: the Lord then drops his word from heaven; the pure rain of his holy gospel cleanseth away this putrefaction, and gives new life to the almost-smothered truth. Woe to them, then, that would deprive men's souls of the gospel, and 'withhold the truth in unrighteousness!' When they 'lock up the gates of grace,' as Christ reprov'd the lawyers, and labour to make the 'heavens brass,' they must needs also make the 'earth iron.' How should the earth of man's heart bring forth fruits, when the rain is withheld from it? No marvel if their air be poisoned.

(5.) Rain hath yet another working: to mollify a hard matter. The parched and heat-hardened earth is made soft by the dews of heaven. Oh, how hard and obdurate is the heart of man till this rain falls on it! Is the heart covetous? No tears from distressed eyes can melt a penny out of it. Is it malicious? No supplications can beg forbearance of the least wrong. Is it given to drunkenness? You may melt his body into a dropsy, before his heart into sobriety. Is it ambitious? You may as well treat with Lucifer about humiliation. Is it factious? A choir of angels cannot sing him into peace. No means on earth can soften the heart; whether you anoint it with the supple balms of entreaties, or thunder against it the bolts of menaces, or beat it with the hammer of mortal blows. Behold! God showers this rain of the gospel from heaven, and it is suddenly softened. One sermon may 'prick him at the heart;' one drop of a Saviour's blood distilled on it by the Spirit, in the preaching of the word, melts him like wax. The drunkard is

made sober, the adulterer chaste, Zaccheus merciful, and raging Paul as tame as a lamb.

They that have erst served the devil with an eager appetite, and were hurried by him with a voluntary precipitation, have all their chains eaten off by this aqua fortis: one drop of this rain hath broken their fetters; and now all the powers of hell cannot prevail against them. There is a legend—I had as good say a tale—of a hermit that heard, as he imagined, all the devils of hell on the other side of the wall lifting, and blowing, and groaning, as if they were a-removing the world. The hermit desires to see them. Admitted, behold they were all lifting at a feather, and could not stir it. The application may serve, yield the fable idle. Satan and his armies,—spirits, lusts, vanities, sins,—that erst could toss and blow a man up and down like a feather, and did not sooner present a wickedness to his sight but he was more ready for action than they for instigation; now they cannot stir him: they may sooner remove the world from its pillars than him from the grace and mercy of God. The dew of heaven hath watered him, and made him grow, and the power of hell shall not supplant him. The rain of mercy hath softened his heart, and the heat of sin shall never harden it.

(6.) Lastly, rain is one principal subordinate cause that all things fructify. This holy dew is the operative means, next to the grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ, that the souls of Christians should bring forth the fruits of faith and obedience. I know God can save without it: we dispute not of his power, but of his work of ordinary, not extraordinary operations. God usually worketh this in our hearts by his word.

2. Thus far the matter; the manner is—(1.) 'It cometh;' (2.) 'often;' (3.) 'upon it.'

(1.) 'It cometh.' It is not forced, nor fetched, but comes of his own mere mercy whose it is. So saith the Apostle, 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of

lights,' James 1:17. They that want it have no merit of congruity to draw it to them; they that have it have no merit of condignity to keep it with them. It is the mercy and gratuitous favour of God that this gospel cometh to us. For, if *ipsum minus be munus*, how highly is this great gift to be praised! What deserve we more than other nations? They have as pregnant wits, as proportionable bodies, as strong sinews, as we; and perhaps would bring forth better fruits. Yet they want it; with us it is. We need not travel from coast to coast, nor journey to it; it is come to us. *Venit ad limina virtus*: will you step over your thresholds and gather manna? When the gospel was far off from our fathers, yet in them *studium audiendi superabat tædium accedendi*,—the desire of hearing it beguiled the length of the way. But we will scarce put forth our hand to take this bread; and, as in some ignorant country towns, be more eager to catch the rain that falls from the outside of the church in their buckets, than this rain of grace preached in it, in their hearts. Oh, you wrong us; we are fond of it; we call for preaching. Yes, as your forefathers of the blind times would call apace for holy water; yet when the sexton cast it on them, they would turn away their faces, and let it fall on their backs. Let God sow as thick as he will, you will come up thin. You will admit frequency of preaching, but you have taken an order with yourselves of rare practising. You are content this rain should come, as the next circumstance gives it—

(2.) 'Often.' God hath respect to our infirmities, and sends us a plentiful rain. One shower will not make us fruitful; it must come 'oft upon us.'

'*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*,'

The rain dints the hard stone, not by violence, but by oft-falling drops. Line must be added to line; 'here a little, and there a little.' God could pour a whole flood on us at once; but man's understanding

'Is like a vial, narrow at the top;

Not capable of more than drop by drop,'

says the poet. If much were poured at once, a great deal would fall besides, and be spilt. Like children, we must be fed by spoonfuls, according to the capacity of our weak natures. It is not an abundant rain falling at once that makes the plants grow, but kindly and frequent showers. One sermon in a year contents some thoroughly; and God is highly beholden to them if they will sit out that waking. You desire your fields, your gardens, your plants to be often watered; your souls will grow well enough with one rain. How happy would man be if he were as wise for his soul as he is for his body! Some there are that would hear often, maybe too often, till edification turn to tedification; and get themselves a multitude of teachers; but they will do nothing. You shall have them run ten miles to a sermon, but not step to their own doors with a morsel of bread to a poor brother. They wish well to the cause of Christ, but they will do nothing for it, worth 'God-a-mercy.' The world is full of good wishes, but heaven only full of good works. Others would have this rain fall often, so it be such as they desire it. Such a cloud must give it, and it must be begotten in thunder—faction and innovation: till evangelium Christi fit evangelium hominis; aut quod pejus est, diaboli,*—till the gospel of Christ be made man's gospel, or, which is worse, the devil's. If the rain, as it falls, do not smell of novelty, it shall fall besides them. They regard not so much heaven, whence it comes, as who brings it. I have read of two, that, meeting at a tavern, fell a-tossing their religion about as merrily as their cups, and much drunken discourse was of their profession. One professed himself of Doctor Martin's religion; the other swore he was of Doctor Luther's religion; whereas Martin and Luther was one man. No rain shall water them, but such a man's; otherwise, be it never so wholesome, they spew it up again. As if their conscience were so nice and delicate as that ground at Cologne, where some of St Ursula's eleven thousand virgins were buried; which will cast up again in the night any that have been interred there in the day, except of that company, though it were a child newly baptized. For ourselves, limits of sobriety being kept, desire we to hear the gospel often; and let our due succeeding

obedience justify the goodness of our thirst. When Christ spake of the 'bread of life,' the transported disciples beseech him, 'Lord, evermore give us this bread,' John 6:34. So pray we: Lord, evermore shower down upon us this rain!

(3.) 'Upon it.' God so directs this dew of his word that it shall fall on our hearts, not besides. The rain of the gospel, like the rain of the clouds, hath sometimes gone by coasts: 'I have withholden the rain from you, and I have caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city: one piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not withered,' Amos 4:7. But I have wetted your fields, moistened your hearts with the dews of heaven, given you 'my statutes and ordinances,' saith the Lord: 'I have not dealt so with every people;' there be some that 'have not the knowledge of my laws,' Ps. 147:20. The sun shines on many nations where this spiritual rain falls not. This is not all; but as at the last day 'two in one bed' shall be divorced, so even now one seat in the church may hold two, upon one whereof this saving rain may fall, not on the other. The 'Spirit blows where it pleaseth;' and though the sound of the rain be to all open ears alike, yet the spiritual dew drops only into the open heart. Many come to Jacob's well, but bring no pitchers with them wherewith to draw the water. A good shower may come on the earth, yet if a man house himself, or be shrouded under a thick bush, or burrowed in the ground, he will be dry still. God sends down his rain: one houseth himself in the darkness of security—he is too drowsy to be tolled in with the bells; another sits dallying with the delights of lust under a green bush; a third is burrowed in the ground, mining and entrenching himself in the quest of riches. Alas, how should the dew of grace fall upon these! Thou wouldest not shelter the ground from the clouds, lest it grow barren: oh, then, keep not thy soul from the rain of heaven!

You have heard how the rain is come; now hear how it is made welcome. The good ground drinks it; nay, drinks it in: imbibit. The comparison stands thus: the thirsty land drinks up the rain greedily, which the clouds pour upon it. You would wonder what becomes of

it; you may find it in your fruits. When your vines hang full of clusters, your gardens stand thick with flowers, your meadows with grass, your fields with corn; you will say, the earth hath been beholden to the heaven. That hath rained moisture, this hath drunk it in; we see it in our fruits. 'The Lord saith, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel,' Hos. 2:21. The fruits of corn, wine, oil, witness that the earth hath heard them, that heaven hath heard the earth, and that the Lord hath heard the heaven. The heavens give influence to the ground, the ground sap to the plants, the plants nourishment to us, the Lord a blessing to all. The Lord 'watereth the hills from the chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: wine to make glad his heart, and oil to make his face shine, and bread to strengthen man's heart,' &c., Ps. 104:13–15. With such thirsty appetite, and no less happy success, doth the good soul swallow the dew of grace. If you perceive not when the faithful take it, you may see they have it; for their fruits testify it. It is a most evident demonstration that they have been beholden to the gospel, they have a sanctified life. 'Drinks it in.'

There be very many great drinkers in the world. The main drunkenness, that gives denomination to all the rest, is that throat-drunkenness, whereof the prophet, *Væ fortibus ad potandum!* These are they that will not drink this mystical wine in the church, so willingly as be drunk in the taphouse. Wine-worshippers, that are at it on their knees, protesting from the bottom of their hearts to the bottom of their cups; if the health be not pledged, *actum est de amicitia*, farewell friendship. I have read of a street in Rome, called *Vicus sobrius*, Sober Street. Find such a street in any city or populous town in England, and some good man will put it in the chronicle.

It hath been said, that the Germans are great drinkers; and therefore to carouse is held to be derived from them, the word being originally to garrowse, which is to drink off all: *gar* signifying *totum*. So the Germans are called by themselves *Gennanni*, *quasi toti homines*, as if

a German were All-man; according to another denomination of their country, Allemand. And so we are grown to think him that can tipple soundly, a tall man, nay, all-man from top to toe. But if England plies her liquor so fast as she begins, Germany is like to lose her charter. I have heard how the Jesuits outstripped the Franciscans. Indeed St Francis at the first meeting saw six thousand friars. Ignatius, because he could not begin his order with so many, made up the number in devils. The Germans had of us both priority and number for drunkards. Our English beggars first got the fashion; but because their number was short, and it was like that the nation would be disgraced, it was agreed to make it up in gallants.

No marvel if the Lord for this threaten us with the rod of famine, and to scourge us with that most smarting string of his whip. God hath laid himself fair in his bow already, and is ready to draw this arrow up to the head, and send it singing into our bosoms. Ferro sævior fames; it is one of God's sorest judgments. Beasts and sword kill quickly; and the plague is not long in despatching us; but dearth is a lingering death. 'They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field,' Lam. 4:9. We see how our seasons are changed, because we can find no season for repentance. Our springs have been graves rather than cradles; our summers have not shot up, but withered our grass; our autumns have taken away the flocks of our sheep; and for our latest harvest, we have had cause to invert the words of our Saviour, Luke 10:2. He saith, 'The harvest is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord to send forth more labourers into his harvest.' But we might have said, 'The labourers are many, and the harvest is small: pray ye therefore the Lord to send a greater harvest for the labourers.' God hath thus, as it were, pulled the cup from the drunkard's lips; and since he will know no measure, the Lord will stint him. If there will be no voluntary, there shall be an enforced fast. We have other great drinkers besides.

What say you to those that drink up whole towns, unpeople countries, depopulate villages, enclose fields? that, Pharisee-like,

swallow up poor men's houses, drink their goods, though mingled with tears of dam and young ones, mother and children? Are not these horrible drinkers? Sure God will one day hold the cup of vengeance to their lips, and bid them drink their fills.

The proud man is a great drinker. It is not his belly, but his back, that is the drunkard. He pincheth the poor, racks out the other fine, enhanceth the rent, spends his own means, and what he can finger besides, upon clothes. If his rent-day make even with his silk-man, mercer, tailor, he is well. And his white madam drinks deeper than he. The walls of the city are kept in reparation with easier cost than a lady's face, and the appurtenances to her head.

The ambitious is a deep drinker. Oh, he hath a dry thirst upon him. He loves the wine of promotion extremely. Put a whole monopoly into the cup, and he will carouse it off. There is a time when other drunkards give over for a sleeping-while: this drinker hath never enough.

Your grim usurer is a monstrous drinker. You shall seldom see him drunk at his own cost; yet he hath vowed not to be sober till his doomsday. His brains and his gown are lined with fox; he is ever a-foxing. It may be, some infernal spirit hath put love-powder in his drink, for he dotes upon the devil extremely. Let him take heed; he shall one day drink his own obligations, and they will choke him.

The rob-altar is a huge drinker. He loves, like Belshazzar, to drink only in the goblets of the temple. Woe unto him, he carouses the wine he never sweat for, and keeps the poor minister thirsty! The tenth sheaf is his diet; the tenth fleece (oh, it is a golden fleece, he thinks) is his drink; but the wool shall choke him. Some drink down whole churches and steeples; but the bells shall ring in their bellies.

Every covetous worldling is a great drinker; he swallows aurum potabile as his diet-drink. And like an absolute, dissolute drunkard, the more he drinks, the drier he is; for he hath never enough. It may

be said of him as it was of Bonosus, whom the emperor Aurelian set to drink with the German ambassador: Not a man, but a rundlet filled with wine.

And my fine precise artisan, that shuns a tavern as the devil doth a cross, is often as drunk as the rankest. His language doth not savour of the pot; he swears not, but 'indeed!' But trust him, and indeed he will cozen you to your face. The love of money hath made him drunk. And though the proverb be, In vino Veritas; yet as drunk as he is, you shall never have truth break out of his lips.

And the unconscionable lawyer, that takes fees on both hands, as if he could not drink but with two cups at once, is not he a great drinker? If what is wanting in the goodness of the cause be supplied in the greatness of the fees, oh these

'Fœcundi calices, quem non fecere disertum?'

Let all think these ebrieties must be accounted for. How fearful were it if a man's latter end should take him drunk! 'Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and so that day come upon you unawares,' Luke 21:34. In corporal ebriety the soul leaves a drunken body; in spiritual, the body leaves a drunken soul: both desperately fearful.

There is yet a last, and those a blessed sort of drinkers, which drink in this sweet rain of grace and mercy. They do not only taste it; so do the wicked: ver. 4, 'They have tasted of the heavenly gift; they have tasted of the good word of God, and of the powers of the world to come.' Nor drink it only to their throat, as if they did gargarise the word, as carnal politicians and formal professors do. They must attend, they must admit, but no further than their throats; they will but gargarise the gospel. It shall never come into their stomachs, never near their hearts. But these drink it in, digest it in their consciences, take liberal draughts of it, and do indeed drink healths

thereof. Common health-maintainers drink their sickness. Therefore says the modern poet honestly:—

'Una salus sanis nullam potare salutem.'

But this is a 'saving health:' such as our Saviour began to us, when he drank to us in his own blood, 'a saving health to all nations.' And we are bound to pledge him in our faith and thankfulness, as David: 'I will take the cup of salvation, and bless the name of the Lord.' This is a hearty draught of the waters of life; the deeper the sweeter. Blessed he is that drinks soundly of it, and with a thirsty appetite! There is, as divines say, *sancta ebrietas*;* such as fell on the blessed apostles on Whitsunday, Acts 2. They were drunk, not with new wine, but with the Holy Ghost. This holy plenitude doth, as it were, inebriate the souls of the saints: 'They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures,' Ps. 36:8. The spouse sings of her kindness: 'He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flagons, and comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love,' Cant. 2:4, 5. In the original it is called, 'house of wine.' Christ hath broached to his church the sweet wine of the gospel, and our hearts are cheered with it; our souls made merry with flagons of mercy. Come to this wine, *Bibite et inebriamini*,—'Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved,' Cant. 5:1: drink and be drunk with it. God will be pleased with this, and no other but this, drunkenness. The vessel of our heart being once thus filled with grace, shall hereafter be replenished with glory.

THE PRAISE OF FERTILITY

For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God.—HEB. 6:7.

THAT difference which the philosophers put between learning and metals we may truly find between human writings and God's Scriptures conferred. They that dig in the one find parvum in magno, a little gold in a great deal of ore; they that dig in this rich field—which the wise merchant sold all he had to purchase—find magnum in parvo, much treasure in a few words.

III. We have heard how the good earth is beholden to God for his holy rain; the next circumstance objects to our meditation this earth's thankful fertility: 'It bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed.' Every word transcends the other; and as it excludes some vicious defect, so demonstrates it also some gradual virtue.

1. 'It brings forth.' It is not barren, like a dead ground that yields neither herbs nor weeds. This is no idle heart, that doth neither good nor harm; that, like a mere spectator of the world, sits by with a silent contemplation; for whom was made that epitaph:—

'Here lies he, was born and cried,

Lived threescore years, fell sick, and died;'

doing neither profit nor prejudice to the country he lived in. Here is no such stupid neutrality, nor infructuous deadness: 'It brings forth.'

2. They are not weeds it produceth, but 'herbs.' A man had as good do nothing as do naughty things. It is less evil to sit still than to run swiftly in the pursuit of wickedness. They that forbear idleness and

fall to lewdness, mend the matter, as the devil, in the tale, mended his dame's leg: when he should have put it in joint, he broke it quite in pieces. It is not enough that this ground bring forth, but that it yield herbs. Of the two, the barren earth is not so evil as the wicked earth; that men pity, this they curse. 'It brings forth herbs.'

3. Neither is it a paucity of herbs this ground afforded, but an abundance: not one herb, but herbs; a plural and plentiful number. There is neither barrenness nor bareness in this ground; not no fruits, not few fruits, but many herbs.

4. Lastly, they are such herbs as are 'meet for the dresser:' such as God expects of the garden, who planted it; such as he will accept, not in strict justice for their own worth, but in great mercy for Jesus Christ. 'Meet for them by whom it is dressed.'

We have now opened the mine, let us dig for the treasure. Four demonstrations commend this good ground:—

1. It is fruitful.

2. It is fruitful in good.

3. It is fruitful in much good.

4. It is fruitful in such good as the dresser looks for.

1. Fertility: 'It brings forth.' Barrenness hath ever been held a curse, a shame, reproach. So the mother of John Baptist insinuated: 'Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein he looked on me, to take away my reproach among men,' Luke 1:25. When God will bring the gospel, and with it salvation to the Gentiles, he is said to take away their barrenness. So was it prophesied, Isa. 54:1; so was it accomplished, Gal. 4:27: 'Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry' with joy, 'thou that travailest not: for the desolate hath many more children than she that hath a husband.' The primordial praise of this good ground is, that it is not barren. This fertility in the

Christian heart doth—(1.) conclude thankfulness; (2.) exclude idleness.

(1.) For the former. God hath given him rain for this purpose, that he should bring forth fruit; if he should take the rain, and not answer the sender's hopes, he were unthankful. The good man considers the end why he received any blessing, and examines what God meant in conferring on him such a benefit. Hath God given him wisdom? Solomon hath taught him to 'let his fountains be dispersed abroad, and his rivers of waters in the streets,' Prov. 5:16. Whether thy knowledge be great in divine things, *tanquam luminare majus*, or in human, *tanquam luminare minus*, remember our Saviour's lesson, Matt, 5, 'Put not your light under a bushel, but upon a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house. Let your light shine before men,' &c. They that are God's lights, must waste themselves to give light to others. *Non licet habere privatum, ne privemur ea,**—To keep it private is the way to be deprived of it. So the old verse—

'*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter,*'—

As we must not be wise in ourselves, so nor only wise to ourselves. He that conceals his knowledge, cancels it, and shall at last turn fool. Do not enclose that for several which God hath meant common. The not employing will be the impairing of God's gifts.

This is the fruit which the good ground must send forth, for all the seeds of grace sown in it. Neither doth this instruction bound itself with our spiritual, but extends also to our temporal gifts. Hast thou riches? When God scattered those blessings upon thee, in the seed-time of his bounty, he intended thou shouldst return him a good crop at the harvest. Be thankful then, in doing that with them for which God gave them. *Custos es tuarum, non dominus, facultatum,*—Thou art a deputed steward, not an independent lord, of thy wealth. God meant them to promote and help forward thy journey to heaven; let them not retard thy course, or put thee quite out of the way. Thou art a thankful ground, if thou suffer thy riches to bring forth those fruits

which the hand of God looks to gather from them. Be merciful, be charitable, be helpful. *Stips pauperum, thesaurus divitum*,—The rich man's treasure is the poor man's stock. The distressed soul asks but his own. Christ may say to thee in the beggar's person, 'Pay,' not give, 'me a penny thou owest me.' *Da mihi ex eo quod tibi dedi: de meo quæro, non de tuo: da et redde,**—Give me of that which I gave thee: I demand some of my own, not of thine: it is more properly a restoring than a gift. *Petimusque damusque vicissim*. Thou askest the Lord, and he giveth thee; but on this condition, that thou give him some of it back again. Thou art more truly the beggar, and God but a demander of a just and easy retribution. This is not all.

God did also mean that thyself should take comfort in these things. It is a part of that blessedness which the Psalmist promiseth to him that feareth the Lord: 'Thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee,' *Ps. 128:2*. For God gave wine for this purpose, 'to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face shine, and bread to strengthen his heart,' *Ps. 104:15*. How doth man divert God's goodness, when he turns his blessing into a curse, and puts his good creatures from their intended uses! 'The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of thy field,' saith the wise man, *Prov. 27:25*. Thou must wear the wool, and drink the milk of thy own flock. Neither be so sparing as to starve thyself in the midst of thine own plenty; as the covetous wretch that dares not eat an egg lest he should lose a chicken. Nor so profuse to thy own lusts, that thou shouldst give all, *vel veneri, vel ventri*. Not that surfeits or wine should sluice out thy estate into thy belly. Not that with unnecessary quarrels of law, thou shouldst afflict and weary thy neighbours. O madness! that to put out both thy brother's eyes, thou shouldst put out one of thine own; nay, both thine own for one of his. Ungrateful men for God's great mercy: that what they get by peace with foreign, vainly spend it in civil wars; where the lawyers set them together, as men clap on unwilling mastiffs! Most commonly they fight at the long weapon; a tedious, wearying, weather-beaten suit. Sometimes they fight close: poniard and pistol, killing quarrels; laying trains for one another, till both be

blown up. Can the back of charity bear no load? Are the sinews of love grown so feeble? Alas, fools! you get both nothing but the blows; the lawyer goes away with the victory. He fills his purse, and you come home both well beaten.

Well, the good ground knows no such end for God's blessings. He sees with the eye of faith another intentional meaning for such bounty. He doth not say of his riches, as the atheists of their tongues, 'They are our own,' Ps. 12:4. What hath magistrate on the bench, or preacher in the pulpit, or friend in private, to do with it? I waste none of theirs; let me do with my own as I list. But saith the Apostle, 'Fool, what hast thou that thou hast not received?' And wherefore hast thou received them? To satiate thy own lusts? or to 'bring forth fruit meet for them by whom thou art dressed?' There is nothing that a man can properly and in district terms call his own but his sins. His impieties, weaknesses, ignorances, vices, lusts; these are his own. All good things are God's gifts, James 1:17. Be thankful then, and after the rain of mercy, bring forth the herbs of obedience. You see what this fertility concludes—thankfulness. Hear now what it excludes:—

(2.) Idleness. This good ground lies not dead and barren, nor returns all heaven's rain with a naked and neutral acceptance: it brings forth. You read, Luke 19, of a servant, to whom, when his lord had entrusted a talent, he hid it in the ground, as a hoarder his money, to keep it safe. And at his Lord's return, Domine ecce tuum; he answered his account with, 'Lord, behold thine own.' I knew that thou wert severus magister, 'a hard master;' therefore I thought it my securest course to make good thine own again. But the lord replied, Ex ore tuo,—'O evil servant, out of thy own mouth I condemn thee.' Thou shouldst then have answered my austerity with thy laborious care of my advantage. Therefore hear his doom: 'Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,' Matt. 25:30. He did not evil with his talent; no, it was enough to condemn him, he did nothing. There is abundance of this dead ground in the world, which brings forth nothing. Idle wretches, that sleep out time and admonition; but their 'damnation

sleepeth not,' 2 Pet. 2:3. It was never said, 'Samson hath lost his strength,' till he slept in the lap of Delilah. Idleness doth neither get nor save; there is nothing more empty of good fruits, nor more abundantly pregnant with evil. That man doth ill that doth nothing, and he loseth whiles he gains not. Many beholding, with cowardly and carnal eyes, what a long and troublesome journey it is to heaven, sit them down and fall fast asleep. O barren ground! will ye bring forth nothing? Is difficulty made your hindrance, that should be a spur to your more eager contention? Know you not that the violent shall get the kingdom of heaven? Some can follow their dogs all day in the field; others hunt Mammon dry-foot in their shops year after year, and never complain of weariness. Only an hour or two in the church puts an ache into our bones; as if nothing wearied us so soon as well-doing. Is it fear of too much labour that keeps you from God? Why doth not the same reason deter you from serving the devil? His laws are true burdens, and his service drudgery; but 'Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light,' Matt. 11:30.

I may boldly affirm it: your covetous man takes more pains to go to hell, than the godly ordinarily to get to heaven. He riseth early, and resteth late, and eats the coarse bread of sorrow; and after tedious and odious misery, goes to the devil for his labour. Shall we refuse easier pains for a far better recompense? It is but Satan's subtlety that makes men believe the passage to life so extremely difficult, that it is impossible. Herein the devil doth like the inhospitable savages of some countries, that make strange fires and a show of dismal terrors upon the shores, to keep passengers from landing. The sluggard, says Solomon, doth but feign bears and lions (as the superstitious doth bugs*) in the way, as apologies for idleness, that he may sit still and be at ease. The slothful person is the devil's shop, wherein he worketh engines of destruction. He is most busy in the lazy. 'But whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest,' Eccles. 9:10. If thy soul be watered with the dew of heaven, thou must needs bring forth. What?

2. 'Herbs.' There is fertility in goodness. The eldest daughter of idleness is to do nothing; the next-born, to do something to no purpose. But the good man is not only doing, but well-doing: 'Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing,' Matt. 24:46. This so consists in doing bonum and bene; as the former verse may seem to intimate. He 'gives them meat,' there he doth good; 'in due season,' there he doth it well. The forbearance of wickedness is not enough to acquit the soul, but the performance of righteousness. The rich glutton is tormented in hell, not because he did hurt, but because he did not help, Lazarus. *Non quod abstulerit aliena, sed quod non donarit sua*, saith St Chrysostom,—Not for taking away another man's, but for not giving his own. He would not give the poor the crumbs that fell from his board, and so *facere damna lucrum*, make a gain of his losses; for they were lost that fell from his libertine table, and yet would have refreshed the hungry and famished soul. But Dives would not give a crumb to get a crown. He wore fine linen, but it was his own; he was clothed in rich purple, but it was his own; he fared sumptuously every day, but he did eat his own meat: he took none of all this from Lazarus. Yet he went to hell. God condemned him because he did not give some of this to Lazarus. Thus it is not only the commission of lewdness that sinks men to hell, but even also the omission of goodness. Dost thou hear, O earth? unless thou bring forth herbs, thou shalt be condemned. The fig-tree had no bad fruit on it; yet was it cursed, because it had none at all. The axe that is laid to the root, Matt. 3:10, shall hew down even 'that tree which brings not forth good fruit,' though it bring forth no evil. Fire shall take the barren, as well as the weedy ground.

'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:20. Wherein, methinks, our Saviour implieth a threefold gradation to heaven:—First, there must be *justitia*, righteousness; a habitual practice of godliness; an uncorrupt life, which shall only be entertained to God's hill, Ps. 15:2. But the ground must be made good before it can produce good herbs; for the person must be accepted before the work. And this work must be good, both *quoad*

fontem and quoad finem; we must derive it from an honest heart, and drive it to a right end. In the next place, this righteousness must be a man's own. *Nisi justitia vestra*. Here that ground which 'brings forth herbs receiveth blessing;' not that borrows them of another. For so, as stony and barren a heart as Cheapside may be a far richer garden than some of those where those herbs, brought thither, naturally grew. The Pope hath a huge garden of these herbs, wherewith he can store as many as will pay for them. John Baptist fasted more than he was commanded; and Mary lived more strictly than God required. Now the church of Rome keeps an herbal of these superabundant works; and money may have store of them. But heaven and Rome stand a great way asunder. And as God never gave the Pope authority to make such bargains, so he never means to stand to them. It is not only spoken, but commanded to be written of the dying saints, that 'their works follow them,' Rev. 14:13: their own works, not the works of others. No righteousness of friend living, or of saint dead, shall do thee good; but the herbs of thy own garden shall be accepted of God. Lastly, this righteousness must excel, *nisi abundaverit*. If it come short of those that come short of heaven, what hope have you? It must exceed innocence, and come to real goodness.

We have not sufficiently discharged our duties in being painful unless we be profitable. Some will take no pains unless the devil set them on work. They must be their own carvers in their employment, or they will sit idle. But so a man may work and have no thanks for his labour. It is not then simply and only bringing forth commends a ground, but bringing forth herbs.

The fruit of Peter's repentance is not to deny his Master no more, but to stand to him to the death. We think, if we forbear our wonted notorious sins, we are on the sudden excellent Christians. As if God were beholden to us for not wounding his name with oaths, for not playing out Sabbaths, for not railing on his gospel, for not oppressing his poor members; when we neither relieve the poor, nor obey the gospel, nor hallow his Sabbaths, nor honour his name. Perhaps a

usurer, when he hath gotten enough, will cease that damned trade; now he is sure of heaven in a trice. Alas! how repents Zaccheus if he restores not? Shall I go a step higher? If he give not liberally, and shew compassion to the afflicted saints? Perhaps an old adulterer, when his sap is grown to cinders, breaks off his uncleanness. When the envious loseth his object, he may suspend his malice. But where are the returned fruits of penitence, manifest and visible obedience? Say the weeds are gone, where be the herbs? To root up the weeds is but the first step to heaven; and some are forty, threescore years taking this step. How long will it be ere their garden be set with good growing herbs? But 'curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord,'—and that it might fully appear that this curse came not on them for taking part with God's enemies and fighting against him, but only for denial of succour, the song doubles it,—'to the help of the Lord against the mighty,' Judges 5:23. The offended Lord delivered that servant to the tormentors, that did not extort from his fellow that he had no right to, nor wrest away another's goods, but did only say, 'Pay me that thou owest;' and in a harsh manner, or unmerciful measure, required his own due, Matt. 18:34. It is the form of the last doom, 'I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat,' Matt. 25:42; though you took not away mine, yet for not giving your own, 'Go, ye cursed.'

But if that ground be near unto cursing that brings not forth herbs, what shall we say to that which brings forth weeds? What hell, and how many torments are provided for oppressing Dives, when Dives that but denied his own shall be tormented in endless flames! If he were bound to an everlasting prison that rigorously prosecuted his own right, challenged his own debt, whither shall they be cast that unjustly vex their neighbours, quarrel for that which is none of theirs, and lay title to another man's property? If he that gives not his coat to the naked shall lie naked to the vengeance of God, then he that takes away the poor man's coat shall be clad with burning confusion. If he that gives not wring his hands, he that takes away shall rend his heart. The old world did but eat and drink, build and plant, marry and be merry, and were swept away with the besom of a

universal deluge; which things were in themselves lawful: what shall become of liars, swearers, adulterers, idolaters, malicious, monstrous, scandalous sinners, whose works are in themselves simply unlawful? There are three sorts of ground mentioned, Mark 4, and the very worst of them receives the seed, yet all damned: whither shall the tempest of God's wrath drive them that would never give the gospel a religious ear? O beloved, weigh it!

Our 'idle words' must come to judgment; what shall be our answer for unlawful deeds? If omission of good works be whipped with rods, commission of impieties shall be scourged with scorpions. If they that stand in a lukewarm neutrality shall be spewed up, sure the palpable and notorious offender shall be trodden under foot of provoked justice. Indifferency shall not scape; and shall extreme presumption be spared, that, like dogs, sup up the dregs they have vomited? I have read of a Popish saint, Henry the Dane, that in a mad and harebrained devotion, when worms crawled out of a corrupt ulcer in his knee, did put them in again. There are such frantic wretches, that when the word hath squeezed some poison out of their consciences, and driven forth lusts, like crawling worms, they in a voluntary madness put them in again. As the serpent casts out her poison when she goes to the water to drink; when she hath drunk, sups it up again. Adam lost himself, and all his posterity, by one transgression; and do we think, can we hope, that our infinite sins shall scape judgment? Or do we extenuate our iniquities with such self-flattering mitigation, that if they be not innumerable, they are pardonable; and that a few shall bring no man to judgment? And what call we this paucity? As the gloss deals with a piece of Gratian's Decretum: the text says, *Meretrix est, quæ multorum libidini patet*,—She is a whore who serves many men's turns. Now the gloss brings this indefinite number to a certain; and gives *multorum* a reasonable latitude, saying, The name of whore should not be given her till she hath lain with three-and-twenty thousand men! So till we have doubled, iterated, and multiplied our lies, oaths, oppressions, lusts, unto thousands and thousands, we do not think that we merit the names of liars, swearers, oppressors, or luxurious persons. Beloved,

these things must be reckoned for; and if nescience be beaten with stripes, wilful impiety shall be burned with fire. Blessed ground, then, that 'brings forth herbs;' and that not in scarcity, but in—

3. Plenty: many herbs. The good ground is plentiful in fruits. It bears fruit, good fruit, much good fruit. Multiplicity of grace is requisite, though not perfection. What garden is only planted with one singular kind of herb? The Christian hath need of many graces, because he is to meet with many defects, to answer many temptations, to fight with many enemies. Therefore, 2 Pet. 1:5, 'Join with your faith virtue, and with virtue knowledge, and with knowledge temperance,' &c. One jewel will not serve; Christ's spouse must have divers to adorn her, Cant. 4. One piece of armour will not secure us; we know not which way the blow will come, nor where it will light. Therefore, 'Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against all the wiles of the devil,' Eph. 6:11. The loins, the breast, the head, the feet; all parts must be armed. The 'fruit of the Spirit'—those happy fruits which the Spirit of God worketh in us and bringeth out of us—is manifold: 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness,' &c., Gal. 5:22. The Apostle chargeth us to be 'rich in good works,' 1 Tim. 6:18; and 'for this cause bows his knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, according to the riches of his glory, we might be filled with all the fulness of God,' Eph. 3:14, 16. The reason is given by Christ: 'To whom much is given, of them shall much be required.' And it was his commendation of Mary Magdalene, that because 'she had much forgiven her, therefore she loved much.'

Happy then is that ground which abounds with good herbs; the fruits of faith, patience, content, charity! Not our riches, but our 'works shall follow us.' Goodness shall only give pulchrum sepulchrum; and as we use to stick dead bodies with herbs, so these herbs, our fruitful good works, shall adorn and beautify our memorials, when 'the name of the wicked shall rot.' I know England, inveigh the Papists till their galls burst, is full of pious and charitable works. It is a garden full of good herbs. 'Not to us, but to God be the praise,' who hath moved

such instruments to works of his glory. Yet *quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*,—let every man quiet his own conscience with the good herbs his own garden produceth.

The rich man grows easily richer; so the good man easily better. It is the custom of most men to be pleased with a very little religion. For the world, we are enraged and transported with such a hunger that the grave is sooner satisfied; but a very little godliness contents us. But if we would not be 'barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,' we must, saith the Apostle, 'abound with these herbs,' 2 Pet. 1:8. And then, for a proportionate reward, 'an entrance shall be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Saviour Christ,' ver. 11. Blessed is he that brings forth herbs, many herbs; and, lastly, such as are—

4. 'Meet for them by whom he is dressed.' The word by whom may as well be translated for whom, *δι' οὗς γεωργεῖται*. Two instructions are here necessarily offered us:—(1.) By whom this goodness comes; (2.) For whom it must be intended.

(1.) By whom it is dressed. God is the husbandman that dresseth this ground, and causeth in it fertility. It was the Pelagian error, *A Deo habemus quod homines sumus, à nobis ipsis autem quod justi sumus*,*—We are beholden to God that we are men, to ourselves that we are good men. But the contrary is here evident. God doth not only make the ground, but he makes the ground fruitful: he rains upon it, he dresseth it, he blesseth it. Christ said not, *Sine me parum potestis facere, sed sine me nihil*. 'Without me can ye do nothing,' saith our Saviour, John 15:5, and to the best men, even the apostles; not a little, but nothing. If God had only made thee a man, and thou made thyself a good man, then is thy work greater than God's work. For, *melius est justum esse, quam hominem esse*,†—our mere being is not so happy as our better being. No; this text convinceth that lie. For, according to that distinction of grace, here is *gratia operans*, God begins the work; he makes the ground good, sanctifies the person. Here is *gratia co-operans*, God that begins, performs the work; he

raineth upon, he dresseth the heart, and so causeth it to produce herbs. Here is gratia salvans, whereby he crowneth our will and work in the day of our Lord Jesus. 'It receiveth blessing from God.' So—

'Qui viret in foliis, venit à radicibus humor.'

The sap of grace which appears green and flourishing in the branches and fruit, comes from the root. Now in all this Deus non necessitat, sed facilitat,—God induceth the good to good by alacrity, not enforceth against their wills. Quoniam probitate coacta, gloria nulla venit;‡ for God doth not work upon us as upon blocks and stones, in all and every respect passive; but converts our wills to will our own conversion. Qui fecit te sine te, non justificabit te sine te. Fecit nescientem, justificat volentem,§—He that made thee without thyself, will not justify thee without thyself; without thy merit indeed, not without thine act. He created thee when thou knewest it not, he doth justify thee with the consent of thy own will. Let this consideration lay us all prostrate before the footstool of God, kissing the feet of his mercy, who is the 'beginner and finisher of our faith,' Heb. 10:13; who hath made the ground good, and increased the number of herbs with his holy dews from heaven, dressed it with his graces, and promised to reward it with his blessings.

(2.) Thus by whom; now for whom.

Meet for them who dressed it. And is it possible that man should produce herbs meet for the acceptation of God? Hath he not pure eyes, which see uncleanness and imperfection in all our works? Is there any man so happy as to be justified in his sight? No; but it pleaseth him to look upon our works in the crystal glass, Christ; and because they are the effects of a true faith in him, to esteem them meet. St Peter saith, 'This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully,' 1 Pet. 2:19. Do even our sufferings then merit? Τοῦτο γὰρ χάρις, even this is grace. 'To you it is given, not only to believe in him, but even to suffer for his sake.' This was none of yours, but given you. And when you have

suffered, yet you must truly, with Paul, reckon that 'the afflictions of this present world are not worthy of that high inestimable weight of glory,' Rom. 8:18. There are no works acceptable, *quæ præcedunt justificandum*, sed *quæ sequuntur justificatum*,—which go before justification, but these that follow it. All of us, as Luther was wont to say, have naturally a Pope bred in our bellies; a mountebank opinion of our own worth. Narcissus-like, we dote upon our own forms, and think our works acceptable enough to God. If we have prayed, relieved, believed the history of the gospel, or attentively heard the word, these are works meet for God. The monk had but one hole in his cell, and though it was in the top, upward to heaven, yet the devil made a shift to creep in there. The serpent thrusts in his head often in some crack of our good works. Luther paradoxically: *Omnium injustitiarum fere sola causa justitia*,—Almost the only cause of all unrighteousness is a too well-conceited righteousness. We are easily induced to think ourselves, every one, as Simon Magus, 'some great man,' Acts 8:9. There must be a dejection of this thought, an annihilation of our own worth, that we can do nothing meet for God, or worthy his just acceptance. For *sordet in distinctione judicis, quod fulget in opinione operantis*,—That is often foul in the sentence of the judge which shines in the imagination of him that doth it.

But as physicians say, no man dies of an ague, or without it; so seldom any soul dies of pride, or without pride: not mere of pride, for though that sickness were enough to kill it, yet it is ever accompanied with some other disease and vicious wickedness; nor without it, for it is so inherent unto man's nature, that pride, if it doth not provoke, yet at least holds the door whiles any iniquity is doing. Hence flow so many errors, and factions, and singularities.

For as in the body, a raw stomach makes a rheumatic head, and a rheumatic head a raw stomach: so in the soul, an indigested conceit of some good thing in us makes the head run of some rheumatic opinion or mad factious singularity; and this petulant rheum in the brain keeps the conscience raw still, that the physic of repentance, or good diet of peaceable obedience, cannot help it. Let us correct these

exorbitant and superfluous conceits, which are like proud flesh upon us, and know we are able to do nothing of ourselves, but God is fain to put even good thoughts in us. And if we do good from him, how good soever it be as from him, yet running through us, it gets some pollution.

Neither let us run into the contrary error, as if in a stupid wilfulness, what good soever we did, we could not hope that God in Jesus Christ would accept it. There is a threshold of despair below to stumble at, as well as a post of high presumption to break our heads at. There is a base dejection, a sordid humility. Barcena the Jesuit told another of his order, that when the devil appeared to him one night, out of his profound humility he rose up to meet him, and prayed him to sit down in his chair, for he was more worthy to sit there than he. This did appear a strange kind of dejectedness. Surely, I think, a man should by God's word and warrant take comfort in his well-doing, and be cheered in the testimony which a good conscience, on good cause, beareth to him. So David heartened himself against all the malicious slanders of his enemies: 'O Lord, thou knowest my innocence.' Good works are the necessary and inseparable effects of a true faith. We are by nature all dead in sin, and by sin concluded under death. Our Saviour bore for us this death, and by his passion freed us from eternal damnation. It was not enough to scape hell, how shall we get to heaven? Lo, we are clothed with the garment of his righteousness, hung with the jewels of his merits. So not only hell is escaped by his sufferings, but heaven got by his doings. Why should we then work? What need our gardens stand so full of herbs? Good reason. Shall God do so much for us, and shall we do nothing for him, for ourselves? If the lord of a forest gives me a tree, it is fit I should be at the cost to cut it down and bring it home, if I will have it. I cannot say that I deserved the tree, it was another's gift; but my labours must lead me to enjoy that which was freely given me. Neither can the conscience have assurance of eternal life, so frankly bestowed in Christ, without a good conversation. Faith doth justify, and works do testify that we are justified. In a clock, the finger of the dial makes not the clock to go, but the clock it; yet the finger without

shews how the clock goes within. Our external obedience is caused by our inward faith; but that doth manifest how truly the clock of our faith goes. As a man's corporal actions of sleeping, eating, digesting, walking, declare his recovery from sickness, and present health; so his life witnesseth by infallible symptoms that the disease and death of sin is mortified in him, and that he hath taken certain hold of eternal life. It is meet, then, that we should do good works; but all our works are made meet and worthy in him that bought us. I will conclude, then, with that anthem, made by a sweet singer in our Israel: *Pendemus à te, credimus in te, tendimus ad te, non nisi per te, optime Christe. Amen.*

A CONTEMPLATION OF THE HERBS

For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God.—HEB. 6:7.

THAT the herbs of our graces may be meet for the dresser,—contentful to God, who hath planted, watered, husbanded the garden of our hearts,—we will require in them four virtues:—1. Odour; 2. Taste; 3. Ornament; 4. Medicinal virtue.

1. That they have a good odour. God is delighted with the smell of our graces: 'My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies,' Cant. 6:2. The virtues of Christ are thus principally pleasant; and all our herbs only smell sweetly in his garden: 'Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee,' Cant. 1:3. This savour is sweetly acceptable in the

nostrils of God: 'All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia,' Ps. 45:8. It is his righteousness that gives all our herbs a good odour; and in him it pleaseth God to judge our works sweet. When Noah had built an altar, and sacrificed burnt-offerings on it, 'the Lord smelled a sweet savour, and said, I will not again curse the ground for man's sake,' Gen. 8:21. Myrrh and frankincense were two of the oblations which the wise men offered to Christ being an infant, Matt. 2.

'Tres reges, regum Regi tria dona tulerunt;

Myrrham homini, uncto aurum, thura dedere Deo.

Tu tria fac itidem dones pia munera Christo,

Muneribus gratus si cupis esse tuis.

Pro myrrha lacrymas, pro auro cor porrige purum,

Pro thure, ex humili pectore funde preces;—

'Three kings to the great King three offerings bring,

Incense for God, myrrh for man, gold for king.

Thy incense be the hands a white soul rears;*

For gold give a pure heart, for myrrh drop tears.'

The way to make our herbs smell sweetly is first to purge our garden of weeds. For if sin be fostered in our hearts, all our works will be abominated. God heareth not the prayers of the wicked: 'If ye will walk contrary to me,' saith the Lord, 'I will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation, and I will not smell the savour of your sweet odours,' Lev. 26:31. But being adopted by grace in Christ, and sanctified to holiness, our good works smell sweetly: 'I have received of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a

sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God,' Phil. 4:18. It seems God highly esteems the herb charity in our gardens. He that serveth the Lord shall smell as Lebanon: 'He shall grow as the vine, and his scent shall be as the wine of Lebanon,' Hos. 14:6, 7.

Man is naturally delighted with pleasant savours, and abhors noisome and stinking smells. But our God hath purer nostrils, and cannot abide the polluted heaps of iniquities. The idle man is a standing pit, and hath an ill-savoured smell, an ill-favoured sight. The drunkard is like a bog, a fog, a fen of evil vapours; God cannot abide him. Your covetous wretch is like a dunghill; there is nothing but rottenness and infection in him. *Omnis malitia eructat fumum,*—All wickedness belcheth forth an evil savour. Wonder you, if God refuse to dwell with the usurer, swearer, idolater, adulterer? There is a poison of lust, a leprosy of putrefaction in them; no carrion is so odious to man as man's impieties are to God. Yea, the very oblations of defiled hands stink in his presence: 'He that sacrificeth a lamb is as if he cut off a dog's neck,' &c., Isa. 66:3. As if assafoetida was the only plant of their gardens. But good herbs give a double savour—one outward to man, another inward to God. The sweet smoke of a holy sacrifice, like a subtle air, riseth up to heaven; and is with God before man sees or smells it. It also cheers the hearts of Christians to behold Christian works. Reverence to the word, hallowing the Sabbaths, relieving the poor, deeds of mercy, pity, piety, give a delightful scent; solacing the souls of the saints, and pleasing him that made them both men and saints. Therefore, 'Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a rose growing by the brook of the field. Give ye a sweet savour, as frankincense, and flourish as a lily, send forth a smell, sing a song of praise, and bless the Lord in all his works,' Ecclus. 39:13.

2. That they taste well. Many a flower hath a sweet smell, but not so wholesome a taste. Your Pharisaical prayers and alms smelt sweetly in the vulgar nostrils; taste them, and they were but rue, or rather wormwood. When the Pharisee saw the publican in the lower part of the temple, standing, as it were, in the belfry, he could cry, Foh this

publican! But when they were both tasted by his palate that could judge, the publican hath an herb in his bosom, and the Pharisee but a gay, gorgeous, stinking weed. The herbs that the passover was eaten with were sour; yet they were enjoined with sweet bread. Sour they might be, but they were wholesome. Herbs have not only their savour, but their nutriment: 'He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring food out of the earth,' Ps. 104:14. Herbs then are food, and have an alimantal virtue. So we may both with the herbs of charity feed men's bodies, and with the herbs of piety feed their souls. A good life is a good salad; and in the second place to precepts are usefully necessary good examples. The blood of martyrs is said to have nourished the church. The patience of the saints, in the hottest extremity of their afflictions, even when the flames of death have clipped them in their arms, have been no less than a kindly nourishment to many men's faith. It is expounded by a universal consent of divines that one of those three feedings, which Christ imposed on Peter, is *Pasce exemplo*: Let thy life feed them. Blessed gardens, that yield herbs, like Jotham's vine, that 'cheer the heart both of God and man,' Judges 9:13. The poets feigned that nectar and ambrosia were the food of their gods:—

'Jupiter ambrosia satur est, est nectare plenus.'

But the true God's diet is the virtues of his saints, wherewith he promiseth to sup when he comes into their hearts, Rev. 3:20. Faith, love, patience, meekness, honesty, these dishes are his dainties.

If thou wouldest make Christ good cheer in the parlour of thy conscience, bring him the herbs of obedience. Do not say, I would have been as kind and liberal to my Saviour as the best, had I lived in those days when he blessed the world with his bodily presence; but now I may say with Mary Magdalene, 'They have taken away the Lord, and I know not where to find him.' Damn not thyself with excuses. Wheresoever his church is, there is he: exercise thy piety. Wheresoever his members are, there is he: exercise thy charity. Thou art very niggardly if thou wilt not afford him a salad, a dinner of

herbs. Yet, saith Solomon, 'A dinner of green herbs with love, is better than a fat ox with hatred.'

3. That they be fit to adorn. Herbs and flowers have not only their use in pleasing the nostrils and the palate, but the eye also. They give delight to all those three senses. Good works are the beauty of a house, and a better sight than fresh herbs strewed in the windows. The chamber where Christ would eat his passover was trimmed; and the palace of our princely Solomon 'is paved with love of the daughters of Jerusalem,' Cant. 3:10.

There is no ornature in the world like good deeds; no hanging of tapestry or arras comes near it. A stately building where an idolater dwells is but a gaudy coat to a Sodom-apple. When you see an oppressor raising a great house from the ruins of many less, depopulating a country to make up one family, building his parlours with extortion, and cementing his walls with the mortar of blood, you say, There is a foul Minotaur in a fair labyrinth. Be a man dead, it is a foolish hope to rear immortality with a few senseless stones. Perhaps the passenger will be hereby occasioned to comment upon his bad life, and to discourse to his company the long enumeration of such a man's vices. So a perpetual succession of infamy answers his gay sepulchre; and it had been better for him to have been utterly inglorious than inexcusably infamous. The best report that can be drawn from him is but this: Here lies a fair tomb, and a foul carcase in it.

These things do neither honest a man living, nor honour him dead. Good works are the best ornaments, the most lasting monuments. They become the house wherein thy soul dwelleth, whiles it dwells there; and bless thy memory, when those two are parted. A good life is man's best monument, and that epitaph shall last as if it were written with a pen of iron and claw of a diamond, which is made up of virtuous actions. Good herbs beautify more than dead stones. Wheresoever thou shalt be buried, obscurity shall not swallow thee. Every good heart that knew thee is thy tomb; and every tongue writes

happy epitaphs on thy memorial. Thus height up your souls with a treasure of good works. Let your herbs smell sweetly, let them taste cheerfully, let them adorn beautifully. So God's palate, his nostrils, his sight, shall be well pleased.

4. That they be medicinable, and serve not only as antidotes to prevent, but as medicaments to cure the soul's infirmities. The poor man's physic lies in his garden; the good soul can fetch an herb from his heart, of God's planting there, that can help him. Pliny writes of a certain herb, which he calls thelygonum; we in English, 'The grace of God.' A happy herb, and worthy to stand in the first place, as chief of the garden. For it is the principal, and, as it were, the genus of all the rest. We may say of it, as some write of the *carduus benedictus*, or holy thistle, that it is *herba omni morbo*,—an herb of such virtue that it can cure all diseases. This may heal a man who is otherwise *nullis medicabilis herbis*. Wretched men, that are without this herb, the grace of God, in their gardens!

Hyssop, and Humility.—Is a man tempted to pride,—and that is a saucy sin, ever busy among good works, like a Judas among the apostles,—let him look into his garden for hyssop, humility of spirit. Of which herb it is written:—

'*Est humilis, petræque suis radicibus hæret.*'

Let him be taught by this herb to annihilate his own worth, and to cleave to the Rock whereout he grows, and whereof he is upholden, Jesus Christ. Or let him produce the camomile, which smells the sweeter the more it is trodden on. Humility is a gracious herb, and allays the wrath of God; whereas pride provokes it. It is recorded of an English king, Edward the First, that being exceeding angry with a servant of his, in the sport of hawking, he threatened him sharply. The gentleman answered, It was well there was a river between them. Hereat the king, more incensed, spurred his horse into the depth of the river, not without extreme danger of his life, the water being deep, and the banks too steep and high for his ascending. Yet at last

recovering land, with his sword drawn, he pursues the servant, who rode as fast from him. But finding himself too ill-horsed to outride the angry king, he reined, lighted, and on his knees exposed his neck to the blow of the king's sword. The king no sooner saw this but he puts up his sword, and would not touch him. A dangerous water could not withhold him from violence; yet his servant's submission did soon pacify him. Whiles man flies stubbornly from God, he that 'rides upon the wings of the wind' posts after him with the sword of vengeance drawn. But when dust and ashes humbles himself, and stands to his mercy, the wrath of God is soon appeased.

This camomile or hyssop grows very low. Humbleness roots downward, yet no herb hath so high branches. We say, that proud men have high minds: they have not; for their minds only aspire to some earthly honours, which are but low shrubs indeed. The humble man aspires to heaven, and to be great in the eternal King's favour; and this is the true, but good height of mind. His desires have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of a humble heart. There are engines that raise water to fall, that it may rise the higher. A lowly heart, by abasing itself in the sight of God and men, doth mount all the other graces of the soul as high as heaven, and the eye of mercy accepts them. Pride is a stinking weed; and though it be gay and garish, is but like the horse-flower. In the field, it is of glorious show: crop it, and you cannot endure the savour. At the best, the proud man is but like the bird of paradise or the ostrich: his feathers are more worth than his body. Let not thy garden be without this herb humility. It may be least respected with men, and among other herbs overlooked, but most acceptable to God. *Respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ*, sings the virgin Mary,—'He had regard to the lowliness of his handmaiden.' It shall not want a good remembrance, a good recompense. For the last, the least, and the lowest, may come to be the first, the greatest, and the highest. This is a necessary herb.

Bulapathum; the herb Patience.—Is a man, through multitudes of troubles, almost wrought to impatience, and to repine at the providence of God, that disposeth no more ease? Let him fetch an

herb out of the garden to cure this malady: bulapathum, the herb patience. The adamant serves not for all seas; but patience is good for all estates. God's purpose cannot be eluded with impatience, and man under his hand is like a bird in a net: the more he struggles, the faster he is. Impatience regards not the highest, but secondary causes; and so bites the stone instead of the thrower. If our inferior strike us, we treble revenge. If an equal, we requite it. If a superior, we repine not; or if we mutter, yet not utter our discontent. Think whose hand strikes: it is God's, whether by a pleurisy, or a fever, or a sword, or whatever other instrument. The blow was his, whatsoever was the weapon. And this wound will not be cured, unless by applying the herb patience.

The good man hath such a hand over fortune, knowing who guides and disposeth all events, that no miseries, though they be sudden as well as sharp, can unheart him. If he must die, he goes breast to breast with virtue. If his life must tarry a further succession of miseries, he makes absent joys present; wants, plentitudes; and beguiles calamity, as good company does the way, by patience. 'A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness,' 1 Kings 22:34. The man shot at random, or, as the Hebrew hath it, 'in his simplicity;' but God directed the arrow to strike Ahab. So David spake of Shimei: 'Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and requite me good for his cursing this day,' 2 Sam. 16:11. Consider we not so much how unjust man is that giveth the wrong, as how just God is that guideth it. *Non venit sine merito, quia Deus est justus: nec erit sine commodo, quia Deus est bonus,*—It comes not without our desert, for God is just: nor shall be without our profit, for God is merciful. God hath an herb which he often puts into his children's salad, that is rue: and man's herb, wherewith he eats it, must be lapathum, patience.

This rue is affliction, which hath a profitable effect in those that quietly digest it. Of all the herbs in the garden, only rue is the herb of grace. How much virtue is wrought in the soul by this bitter plant! It

is held by some a sickness: it is rather physic, a sharp and short medicine, that bringeth with it much and long health. This, if they will needs have it a sickness, may be compared to the ague. The ague shakes a man worse than another disease that is mortal. At last it gives him a kind farewell, and says, 'I have purged thy choler, and made thee healthful, by consuming and spending out that humour which would have endangered thy life.' Affliction in the taste is often more bitter than a judgment that kills outright; but at last it tells the soul, 'I have purged away thy foulness, wrought out thy lusts, and left thee a sound man.' So the good physician procureth to his patient a gentle ague, that he may cure him of a more dangerous disease: Ut curet spasmodum, procurat febrim. Christ, our best Physician, deals a little roughly with us, that he may set us straight. And howsoever the fever of affliction disquiet us a while, we shall sing in the conclusion with the Psalmist, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes,' Ps. 119:71.

Sæpe facit Deus opus quod non est suum; ut faciat opus quod est suum,—God by a work, that is none of his, effecteth a work in us that is his. He molests us with vexations, as he did Job,—which is Satan's work immediately, not his,—that thereby he might bring us to patience and obedience, which is his work immediately and wholly, not Satan's. 'So we are chastened of the Lord, that we might not be condemned with the world,' 1 Cor. 11:32.

Bees are drowned in honey, but live in vinegar; and good men grow the better affected the more they are afflicted. The poor man for his ague goes to his garden, and plucks up thyme. The remedy for this spiritual fever is true, but sensible patience. Men should feel God's strokes, and so bear them. It is dispraisable either to be senseless or fenceless; not to know we are stricken, or not to take the blows on the target of patience.

Many can lament the effects, but not the cause, and sorrow that God grieves them, not that they grieve God. They are angry with heaven for being angry with them. They with heaven for justice, that is angry

with them for injustice. But *mœreamus, quod mereamur pœnam*,—let not the punishment, but the cause of it, make thy soul sorrowful. Know thou art whipped for thy faults, and apply to the prints the herb patience.

Heart's-ease, and Spiritual Joy.—Doth sorrow and anguish cast down a man's heart, and may he complain that his 'soul is disquieted within him?' Ps. 42. Let him fetch an herb out of this garden, called heart's-ease; an inward joy which the Holy Ghost worketh in him. Though all 'the days of the afflicted be evil, yet a merry heart is a continual feast,' Prov. 15:5. This is heaven upon earth: 'Peace of conscience, and joy of the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17. His conscience is assured of peace with God, of reconciliation in the blood of Jesus, and that his soul is wrapped up in the bundle of life.

This may be well called heart's-ease: it is a holy, a happy herb to comfort the spirits. When worldly joys, either, like Rachel's children, are not, or, like Eli's, are rebellious, there is heart's-ease in this garden, that shall cheer him against all sorrows—certainty of God's favour. Let the world frown, and all things in it run cross to the grain of our minds; yet 'with thee, O Lord, is mercy, and plentiful redemption.' And, if nobody else, yet 'God will be still good to Israel, even to those that are of a pure heart,' Ps. 73:1. Those which we call penal evils, are either past, present, or to come; and they cause in the soul, sorrow, pain, fear. Evils past, sorrow; present, pain; future, fear. Here is heart's-ease for all these. Miseries past are solaced, because God hath turned them to our good, and we are made the better by once being worse. Miseries present find mitigation; and the infinite comfort that is with us, within us, sweetens the bitterness that is without us. Miseries future are to us contingent; they are uncertain, but our strength is certain: God. *Novi in quem credidi*,—'I know whom I have trusted.' Here is abundant ease to the heart.

Balsamum, or Faith.—Hath the heart got a green wound by committing some offence against God? for actual iniquity makes a gash in the soul. The good man runs for balsamum, and stancheth

the blood: faith in the promises of Jesus Christ. He knows there is 'balm at Gilead, and there are physicians there; and therefore the health of his soul may easily be recovered,' Jer. 8:22. He is sure that if the blood of Christ be applied, it will soon stanch the blood of his conscience, and keep him from bleeding to death; and that the wounds of his Saviour will cure the wounds of his soul. And though this virtual healing herb be in God's own garden, yet he hath a key to open it—prayer; and a hand to take it out, and to lay it on his sores—faith. This is a sovereign herb; and indeed so sovereign that there is no herb good to us without it. It may be called panaces; which physicians say is an herb for all manner of diseases, and is indeed the principal herb of grace; for it adorns the soul with all the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ.

St John's-wort, or Charity.—Doth the world, through sweetness of gain, that comes a little too fast upon a man, begin to carry away his heart to covetousness? Let him look in this garden for the herb called St John's-wort, charity and brotherly love. It is called St John's herb not improperly; for he spent a whole epistle in commending to us this grace, and often inculcated, 'Little children, love one another.' And he further teacheth that this love must be actual: 'For he that hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' 1 John 3:17. He hath no such herb as St John's-wort in his garden. The good Christian considers that he hath the goods of this world to do good in this world; and that his riches are called bona, goods, non quod faciant bonum, sed unde faciat bonum,*—not that they make him a good man, but give him means to do good to others.

He learns a maxim of Christ from the world, which the world teacheth, but followeth not; that is, to make sure as much wealth as he can: as it were madness to leave those goods behind him, which he may carry with him. This policy we all confess good; but fail in the consecution. The world thinks that this assurance is got by purchasing great revenues, or by locking up gold in coffer. The

Christian likes well to save what he can; but he thinks this not the way to do it. He considers that the richest hoarder leaves all behind him, and carries nothing but a winding-sheet to his grave. But he finds out this policy in the Scriptures, as David was resolved of his doubt in the sanctuary, Ps. 73: that what he charitably gives alive, he shall carry with him dead; and so resolves to give much, that he may keep much. Therefore what he must lose by keeping, he will keep by losing; and so proves richer under ground than ere he was above it. The poor man's hand he sees to be Christ's treasury; there he hoards up, knowing it shall be surely kept, and safely returned him. His garden shall stand full with St John's-wort; and charity is his herb to cure all the sores of covetousness.

Penny-royal, and Content.—Doth poverty fasten her sharp teeth in a man's sides, and cannot all his good industry keep want from his family? Let him come to this garden for a little penny-royal, content. This will teach him to think that God who feeds the ravens, and clothes the lilies, will not suffer him to lack food and raiment. The birds of the air neither plough nor sow, yet he never sees them lie dead in his way for want of provision. They sleep, and sing, and fly, and play, and lack not. He gathers hence infallibly, that God will bless his honest endeavours; and whiles he is sure of God's benediction, he thinks his penny-royal, his poor estate, rich. No man is so happy as to have all things; and none so miserable as not to have some. He knows he hath some, and that of the best riches; therefore resolveth to enjoy them, and want the rest with content. He that hath this herb in his garden, penny-royal, contentation of heart, be he never so poor, is very rich.

Agnus castus, and Continnence.—Doth the rebellious flesh, upon a little indulgence, grow wanton; and would concupiscence enkindle the fire of lust? The good soul hath in this garden an herb called agnus castus, the chaste herb, and good store of lettuce, which physicians say cool this natural intemperate heat. His agnus castus and lettuce are prayer and fasting. He knows that if this kind of devil get possession of the heart, it 'goes not out but by prayer and fasting.'

It is fasting spittle that must kill that serpent. Mistress Venus dwells at the sign of the ivy-bush; and where the belly is made a barrel, stuffed with delicious meats and heating drinks, the concupiscence will be luxurious of turpitudes. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*,—Venerary will freeze, if wine and junkets do not make her a fire. Lust will starve, if flesh pampering shall not get her a stomach. Where there is thin diet and clean teeth, there will follow chastity.

Barley-water, or Cool-anger.—Doth the heat of anger boil in a man's heart, and enrageth him to some violent and precipitate courses? Let him extract from this garden the juice of many cooling herbs; and among the rest a drink of barley-water: a tysan of meekness to cool this fire. He that hath proceeded to anger is a man; he that hath not proceeded to sinful, harmful anger is a Christian. *Irasci hominis, injuriam non facere Christiani*.* The most loving man will chide his friend sweetly; and he that doth not, 'hates him in his heart.' *Sic vigilet tolerantia, ut non dormiat disciplina*. † But he will not be transported with anger, to the loss of his friends, of himself. He considers that God is 'provoked every day, yet is long-suffering, and of great goodness.' He hears that others speak ill of him; he judgeth not without certain knowledge. Knowing, he suffers not himself to be abused. It were silliness to believe all; sullenness to believe none. The wrong done to God and a good conscience must move him.

'*Non patitur ludum fama, fides, oculus*,'—

A man's name, his faith, and his eye, must not be jested withal. Yet when he is most angry he recollects himself, and claps upon his head a tysan of meekness.

Parsley, or Frugality.—Declines a man's estate in this world, as if his hand had scattered too lavishly, there is an herb in this garden; let him for a while feed on it—parsley, parsimony. Hereon he will abridge himself of some superfluities; and remember that moderate fare is better than a whole college of physicians. He will wear good clothes, and never better, knowing there is no degree beyond

decency. It was for Pompey to wear as rich a scarf about his leg as other princes wore on their heads. But the frugal man can clothe himself all over decently with half the cost that one of our gallant Pompeys caseth his leg. He that would not want long, let him practise to want somewhat before he extremely needs. I have read of an English martyr, that being put into a prison at Canterbury, tried (when she had liberty of better fare) to live on a spare diet, as preparing and pre-arming herself with ability to brook it when necessity should put her to it.‡ Frugality puts but three fingers into the purse at once: prodigality scatters it by heaps and handfuls. It is reported that Cæsar's host lived a long time at Dyrrhachium with coleworts, whereof arose the proverb, *Lapsana vivere*, to live sparingly. That stock lasts that is neither hoarded miserably nor dealt out indiscreetly. We sow the furrow, not by the sack, but by the handful. The wise man knows it is better looking through a poor lattice-window than through an iron gate; and though he will lend what he may, he will not borrow till he must needs.

Liver-wort, or Peaceable Love.—Is a man sick in his liver by accession of some distemperature? Doth his charity and love to some neighbours, for their malignancy against him, fail and faint in his heart? For they say, *Cogit amare jecur*. I stand not here on the distinction betwixt *amare* and *diligere*. Then let him step to this garden for some *jecuraria*; we call it liverwort. He asks of his heart for his old love, his wonted amity. If his reason answer that the persecutions of such and such calumnies have fled her into another country, he is not at quiet till affection fetch it home again. He thinks that night he sleeps without charity in his bosom, his pillow is harder than Jacob's was at Bethel, Gen. 28. If carnal respects can draw him to love his friend for his profit, or his kinsman for blood, he will much more love a Christian for his Father's sake, for his own sake.

There is a story (nothing worth but for the moral) of a great king, that married his daughter to a poor gentleman that loved her. But his grant had a condition annexed to it, that whensoever the gentleman's left side looked black, or he lost his wedding-ring, he should not only

lose his wife, but his life. One day, pursuing his sports, he fell into a quarrel, where at once he received a bruise on his left breast, and lost his ring in the scuffling. The tumult over, he perceived the danger whereinto his own heedlessness had brought him, and in bitterness of soul shed many tears. In his sorrow he spied a book, which opening, he found therein his ring again, and the first words he read were a medicine for a bruised side. It directed him three herbs, whereof a plaster applied should not fail to heal him. He did so: was cured, was secured.

The application is this: The great King of heaven marries to man, poor man, his own daughter, mercy and everlasting kindness; but threatens him that his side must not look black, his heart must not be polluted with spiritual adulteries, nor must he lose his wedding-ring, love to God and his saints, lest he forfeit both God's mercy and his own salvation. Man, in the pursuit of worldly affairs, quarrels with his neighbours, and scuffles with contention. So his heart takes a bruise, and looks black with hatred; and charity, his wedding-ring, is lost in these wilful turbulencies and vexations. What should he do but mourn? Lo, God in his goodness directs him to a book, the holy Gospel. There the Spirit helps him to his ring again, his former love; and to heal his bruise, prescribes him three herbs:

First, rue, or herb of grace, which is repentance: this teacheth him to sorrow for his strife and emulation, and purgeth away the bruised blood.

The second is the flower de luce, thankfulness: he considers how infinitely God hath loved him; therefore he must needs love God, and in him his. *Beatus qui amat te, et amicum in te, et inimicum propter te.* He knows it impossible to love him he hath not seen, and to hate his image which he hath seen.

The third, camomile, which will grow the faster for injuries. Many wrongs hereafter shall not put him out of charity. A good plaster of these herbs will draw his bosom white again; and when it is so, let

him use jecuraria, liver-wort, a continual application of love to his heart: that he, keeping his ring of faith sure from losing, and his breast from the self-procured blows of contention, he may hold also his wife for ever, that beautiful daughter of the King, God's eternal mercy.

Lily, or Purenness of Heart.—Doth a man perceive his heart a little begilded with ostentation, and desires he to seem better than he is? And how easily is man won to answer his commenders' speculation? Let him fetch the lily, pureness of heart, which is an herb of grace, growing in the humble valley of a meek spirit, yet is white and lovely. He knows God can unmask the vizarded face, and turn the inside outward. If a man be a Herod within and a John without, a wicked politician in a ruff of precisian set, God can distinguish him. There are too many of these, that stand up in the fabric like pyramids: it were better for us, for themselves, if they were but good honest pillars. Plain-dealing is a good plain-song, and makes better music than a forced squeaking treble, that troubles us all with novelties. Shallow honesty is more commendable than the profound quicksands of subtlety; and one leaf of the plane-tree is better than many handfuls of the pricking holly. 'They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep,' Ps. 64:6. But when God shall wound them with his arrow, 'they shall make their tongue fall upon themselves.' Such a man's own wit shall snare him, and he shall sing, or rather sigh, *Ingenio perii*. They are glad of Christ's cross; not to suffer for it, but to enjoy plenitude of riches by it; and so, like many in great funerals, rejoice to be mourners, that they may get some of the blacks. Put them to no charges, and they will make you believe they are strongly, strangely religious. But 'shall we offer burnt-sacrifices to the Lord our God of that which cost us nothing?' 2 Sam. 24:24. Christ compares this man to 'a painted sepulchre.' *Sepulchrum quasi semi-pulchrum*, saith one. *Extra nitidum, intus foetidum*. But let them be the men they seem, and not nettles in the midst of a rose-cake. The good great man, though he be able securely

to do much mischief, regards more the sin's indignity than his own indemnity.

Enula campana, or Obedience.—Perhaps evil example hath suddenly, and without provided consideration, led a man into evil. Let him run to this garden for enula campana. This herb is that Christ enjoined us. 'Search the Scriptures;' add hereto the word of the Lord. This shall give decision of all doubts, and teach thee what path to fly, what way to take. It is written of this herb, Enula campana reddit præcordia sana. It is true of our constant cleaving to the word, that it shall purge the heart of what corruption soever bad precedents have put into it. Of all the herbs in thy garden lose not this. Forego not the 'sword of the Spirit:' it is thy best weapon.

Heart-wort, or Affiance in God's Promises.—It may be sorrow of heart for sin hath cast a man down, and he is swallowed up of too much heaviness. There is an herb to comfort him called heart-wort, affiance in the merciful promises of God, passed to him by word, oath, seal, scriptures, sacraments; and therefore infallible. 'At what time soever, what sinner soever repents of what sin soever, God will put all his wickedness out of his remembrance.' He will not let that promise fall to the ground, but accomplisheth it with peace and joy: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' Matt. 5:4. He believes that his wet seed-time shall have a glad harvest: 'for they that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' Ps. 126:5. He persuades himself that the days of mourning will pass away, as the wind blows over the rain; and then 'God will wipe away all tears from his eyes,' Rev. 7:17, with the hand of mercy. This confidence in the midst of all sorrows is his heart-wort.

Hyacinth, or following Christ.—Say that the Christian hath met with some gilded pill of corruption, some poisonous doctrine, yet plausible to flesh and blood. Let him search his garden for hyacinth, or solsequium, turnsol; an herb that duly and obediently follows the sun. Do thou follow the Sun of righteousness, Mal. 4:2, and let his bright beams guide thy course, who hath promised to teach all those

that with a humble heart and earnest prayer seek it at his hands. Follow the Sun, and he will bring thee where he is, to heaven, at the right hand of his Father. Let no wandering planet err thee, but adhere to the Sun with a faithful imitation.

Care-away.—If worldly troubles come too fast upon a man, he hath an herb called care-away. Not that he queathes himself to a supine negligence, as if God would fill his house with provision, while he sits and sings care away; but as he is free from idleness, so also from distrust. He considers the ravens and lilies, and knows that the Lord is the 'preserver of men,' as well as of fowls; that he respects man above those, and his own above other men. Therefore he throws all his cares upon God, as if they were too heavy a load for himself. Solicitous thoughtfulness can give him no hurt, but this herb care-away shall easily cure it.

Holy Thistle, or Good Resolution.—Yield that he is pressed with injuries; as 'who will live godly in Christ, and shall not suffer persecution?' He is oppressed by force or fraud, might or subtlety, and cannot help himself. He hath a good herb in this garden, called *carduus benedictus*, holy thistle, a godly resolution, that through many miseries he must enter heaven. He rests himself on God, and rather wisheth his harmlessness should suffer than himself not to give passive and patient obedience to lawful authority. 'Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known to thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship thy golden image,' Dan. 3:17.

There are many other herbs in this garden: as if he be to deal with crafty adversaries, let him fetch some sage, honest policy, and such as may stand with an untrenched conscience. For Christ gave us this allowance, to be 'wise as serpents;' though withal a cohibition, that we be 'harmless as doves,' Matt. 10:16. If he be tempted to ebriety, he hath in this garden coleworts, moderate abstinence. Matthiolus, on the preface of Dioscorides, notes such a natural enmity betwixt this

herb and drunkenness, that if you plant colewort near to the roots of the vine, of itself it flieth from them. But I excuse myself.

'Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto.'

I would not leave nothing unsaid. Thus I have walked you through a sacred garden of many gracious herbs. I will stay you no longer than to hear your blessing.

IV. 'It receiveth blessing from God. The reward gives a happy conclusion to this good ground. So it pleaseth the Lord to accept our labours, that he will reward them; not after our own merit, for that is not an atom, but after his own mercy, which exceeds heaven and earth. Receive this blessing with a thankful heart; thou hast not earned it. It is objected that here it is said, their 'works are meet for God,' therefore deserve this blessing. And, Wisd. 3:5, 'God proved them, and found them meet for himself,' as if they could stand God's trial. And Paul exhorts us to 'walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called,' Eph. 4:1. I answer, *Deus coronat dona sua, non merita nostra*,*—God rewards his own works, not our worth. It is given, *non meritis operantis, sed miseratione donantis*,—not for the deserts of the doer, but for the mercy of the giver. *Datur operatoribus, non pro operibus*. Luke 12:32, 'It is my Father's will to give you a kingdom.'

Do we good? From whom is it? Doth not God work in us to will and to do? Thou hast done well; be comforted, be not proud. It was God's work, not thine. *Omnia merita Dei dona sunt: et ita homo propter ipsa magis Deo debitor est, quam Deus homini*,†—All our good works are God's gifts: and therefore man is more beholden to God for them, than God to man. If in this garden any good herb spring over the wall, and saucily challenge to itself a prerogative of merit, deal with it as the gardener with superfluous branches—prune it off. Or as Torquatus with his over-venturous son; cut it short with the sword of the Spirit for daring beyond its commission. Our adversaries oppose this truth very violently, both in the schools and in the pulpits; but come they to their deathbeds, to argue it between God and their own

souls, then grace and grace alone, mercy and only mercy, Jesus and none but Jesus.

And this even their great Bell-wether* is forced to acknowledge. *Propter incertitudinem propriæ justitiæ, et periculum inanis gloriæ, tutissimum est fiduciam totam in sola Dei misericordia et benignitate reponere.* I will translate his words truly: 'By reason of the uncertainty of our own righteousness, and the danger of vainglory, the safest course is to put our whole trust and confidence in the only favour and mercy of God.' But perhaps Bellarmine spoke this as a mere Jesuit; and now made palpable, he may be willing to recant and unsay it.

This blessing then comes not for the ground's merit, but for the dresser's mercy. It is said, Gen. 6, that God would destroy the world with a flood, 'because the imaginations of man's heart were only evil continually.' And, Gen. 8, it is said that God will no more curse and destroy the ground for man's sake, 'because the imaginations of his heart are only evil from his youth.' The same reason that is alleged why God will not spare the world is also alleged why God will spare the world.

It serves plentifully to demonstrate that not for man's merit, but for God's mercy, confusion is withholden. 'I am the Lord, I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.'

'It receiveth.' Such is the immense goodness of God that he will add grace to grace, and when he hath shewn mercy he will shew more mercy. As if he expected no other argument of future bounty but his former bounty. 'Whom he did predestinate, them also he called; and whom he called, them also he justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified,' Rom. 8:30. Man is to be considered in a fourfold estate—confectionis, infectionis, refectionis, perfectionis. First, God made him happy; without misery, without iniquity: 'God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions,' Eccles. 7:29. If a glorious heaven above him, a fruitful earth under him,

serviceable creatures about him, could give him solace and felicity, he was not scanted. Here is man's first draught of God's bounty—his original state. Then man fell from holiness, and so from happiness, and lost the favour of the Creator with the good of the creature, that a general curse fell on the earth for his sake. Lo, now he lies weltering in his gore, who shall heal him, who shall revive him? God promised him a Saviour, and kept his word. Look on his own only Son, hanging, bleeding, dying on an accursed cross. A Redeemer is come; what is man the better for it that hath no power to believe on him? Faith he hath none, but what God must put into him. Again, Lord, help; let us receive yet a third mercy: make us believers, or we are never the better. We had as good have no Saviour as not to have him our Saviour; and ours he cannot be unless the Lord make us his. Lastly, the Lord gives us faith: and so we shall receive a happiness by this believed Saviour, better than ever our first creation gave us—a kingdom, a kingdom of life, an eternal kingdom of life, that can never be taken from us. Thus we are still receivers, and God is the giver. 'We receive blessing from God.'

'Blessing.' This word is of a great latitude. What good is there which will not be brought within this compass? This blessing hath a double extent. There is *beatitudo viæ*, and *beatitudo patriæ*: 1. A blessing of the way; and, 2. A blessing of the country; one of grace, the other of glory.

1. The former is either outward or inward.

(1.) Outward. 'I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread,' Ps. 132:15: 'Blessed in the field, blessed in the city; the fruits of thy body, of thy ground, of thy cattle, shall be blessed; thy basket, thy store, thy going out and coming in, shall be blessed,' Deut. 28:4. Which things do often come to the godly even on earth, and that in abundance. For as all have not riches that exceedingly love them, so many have them that do not much care for them. Wealth is like a woman—the more courted, the further off.

(2.) Inward. The godly on earth is, as it were, in the suburbs of heaven, whose 'kingdom consists, not in meat and drink, but righteousness, peace of conscience, and joy of the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 14:17. Could his life be as full of sorrows as ever Lazarus was full of sores, yet he is blessed. The sunshine of mercy is still upon him, and the blessing of God makes him rich. Let the air thunder, and the earth quake, and hell roar, yet 'he that walketh uprightly, walketh surely,' Prov. 10:9. Qui vadit plane, vadit sane. I have read it storied of a young virgin, that at a great prince's hands had the choice of three vessels; one whereof should be freely given her, even that she should choose. The first was a vessel of gold, richly wrought, and set with precious stones, and on it written, 'Who chooseth me shall have what he deserveth.' The second was of silver, superscribed thus, 'Who chooseth me shall have what nature desireth.' The third was of lead, whose motto was this, 'Who chooseth me shall have what God hath disposed.' The former pleased her eye well, but not her understanding: it offered what she deserved. She knew that was just nothing; therefore refused it. The second considered, offered what nature desires. She thought that could be no solid good, for nature desires such things as please the carnal lust. This she also refused. The third had a coarse outside, but the sentence pleased her well—offering what God had disposed. So she faithfully put herself upon God's ordinance, and chose that. This virgin is man's soul. The golden vessel is the world's riches; contentful to an avarous eye. Too many choose this; but, being opened, it was full of dead men's bones and a fool's bauble: to testify them fools which cleave to the world, and at last all their hopes shall be rewarded with a bauble. Neither is this all: though 'their inward thought be, that their houses shall continue for ever; yet they shall be laid in the grave like sheep, and death shall feed on them,' Ps. 49:11, 14. The silver vessel is the lusts of the flesh, those fond and vain delights which concupiscence seeks. So saith the motto, 'It gives what nature desireth;' but corrupt nature affects nothing but what gives complacency to the flesh. This vessel, opened, was full of wild-fire and an iron whip. God shall scourge the lustful here with the whip of judgments—diseases of body, infamy of name, overthrow of estate, vexation of conscience. And Satan shall

hereafter burn them in wild-fire, such flames as can never be quenched. The leaden vessel is, as the sense and sentence declare it, the blessing of God. The chooser of it shall have what God hath disposed for him. Blessed soul that makes this election! for, opened, it was found full of gold and most precious jewels, every one more worth than a world—the immortal graces of God's Spirit.

The virgin chose this, and she was married to the king's son. Choose this vessel, O my soul, and Jesus Christ, the King of heaven, shall marry thee. No matter though it seems lead without, and glister not with earthly vanities, it is rich within; the wealth thereof cannot be valued, though all the arithmeticians of the world go about to sum it. 'There be many that say, Who will shew us any good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us,' Ps. 4:6.

2. This blessing hath yet a further extent, to the blessedness of our country: when we shall hear, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,' Matt. 25:34. For, *Si sic bonus es sequentibus te, qualis futurus es consequentibus,**—If thou, Lord, be so good to those that follow thee, what wilt thou be to those that find thee! If there be such blessing in this world, what shall that be in the life to come! If the first-fruits of our inheritance and the earnest of the Spirit be so graciously sweet here, surely when that infinite mass of glory shall be broken up and communicated to us, we shall be wonderfully ravished. 'When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away,' 1 Cor. 13:10. This is *beata vita in fonte*, saith Augustine,—a blessed life indeed. *Æterna sine successione, distributa sine diminutione, communis sine invidia, sufficiens sine indigentia, jucunda sine tristitia, beata sine omni miseria.* 'Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is the fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore,' Ps. 16:11.

No tongue can declare this blessing: happy heart that shall feel it! whose glorified eye shall one day behold all, and ten thousand times more than we have spoken; who shall say, as it is in the psalm, *Sicut*

audivimus, ita et vidimus,—'As we have heard, so we have seen in the city of our God.' As we have heard it preached on earth, we now find it true in heaven; though the city we enjoy doth far excel the map we saw.

Well, this is God's blessing, and he will give it to the good ground. Labour we then to be fruitful gardens, and to abound with gracious herbs, that God may in this world shower upon us the dews of his mercy, and after this life transplant us to his heavenly paradise. Let not the pleasures of sin, the lusts of the wanton flesh, the riches, snares, cares of the world; nor all those transient delights whose taste is only in the sense, the operation in the conscience, that tickle men for an hour, and wound them for ever; nor all those vain desires of carnal complacency which shall one day be laid upon God's cold earth, intercept us to the privation of this blessing.

Let us not be hunting after sports, as Esau for venison, and lose our blessing, lest we cry, howl, roar, when it is too late to recover it. Think, oh, think, there is a heaven, a God, a Jesus, a kingdom of glory, society of angels, communion of saints, joy, peace, happiness, and eternity of all these, which it will be a fearful thing to lose for the base pleasures and short delights of this world.

O great God of all, and sweet Father of thy chosen, pour upon us thy holy dews of grace; make our souls to stand thick with sanctified herbs, that we may receive thy blessing; that, honouring thee in the day of grace, we may be honoured by thee in the day of glory! Grant this for thy loved Son, and our loving Saviour, even Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

THE FOREST OF THORNS

But that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned.—HEB. 6:8.

THIS verse begins with a word of disjunction, *But*. The rain of grace falls upon the good ground: it returneth herbs, it receiveth blessing; 'but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing,' &c. It is undeniably true, that St Paul knew no purgatory: otherwise, he that 'shunned not to declare to men all the counsel of God,' Acts 20:27, would not in a voluntary silence have omitted this mystery. He delivers two sorts of grounds, the good and the bad; the one blessed, the other near unto cursing. He knew no mean, either betwixt good and evil men, or betwixt reward and punishment, blessing and cursing. It seems that Christ himself was ignorant of that point, which the Papists know so soundly and believe so roundly. For he says, In God's field, whatsoever grows is either corn or cockle, Matt. 13:24; for the one whereof a barn is provided, for the other unquenchable fire. A third sort, between herbs and weeds, had either the Master or the servant known, they would have acknowledged.

This first word of the text, *but*, is a strong engine set to the walls of purgatory, to overturn them, and overburn them with the fire of hell. For they are imaginary pales, that divide hell and purgatory; take away your conceit, and they are both one—all is hell. For surely hell was raked when purgatory was found; and it is nothing else but a larder to the Pope's kitchen. What fancy soever founded it, their wits are foundered that labour to maintain it. For they cannot tell us *vel quid sit, vel ubi*,—what it is, nor where it is. They cavil with us for want of unity and consent in judgment. Yet Bellarmine* recites eight several opinions amongst them about the place; and concludes at last, that it must remain among those secrets *quæ suo tempore aperientur nobis*,—which shall be unfolded to us in their times. Some think the torments of it to consist in fire, others in water; some that the afflictors are angels, other that they are devils. So they teach *omni modo*, that which is *nullo modo*; and because it is *ubique*, is therefore *nullibi*. Howsoever, it being the Pope's peculiar, and in his

power to command the angels to fetch out whom he list, methinks the Popes are strangely unmerciful, that in all this time none of them hath made a general gaol-delivery. But our purgatory is 'the blood of Jesus Christ,' which 'cleanseth us from sin,' 1 John 1:7. And they that have no portion in this blood shall be rejected, are nigh unto cursing, and their end is to be burned.

The barren, or rather evil-fruited ground, is the ground of my discourse: and according to the common distinction of evil, here is a double evil in the text: unum, quod malus facit, alterum, quod malus patitur,—an evil which the wicked man doth, and an evil which he suffers; an evil that is sin, and an evil that is punishment for sin. In the former, the wicked are agents; in the latter, patients. The one evil is done by them, the other upon them. They offend God's justice, and God in his justice offends them. 'They have loved cursing, and cursing shall be unto them: they desired not blessing, and it is far from them.' They produce thorns, and the end of thorns is to be burned. The first and worst evil (for the other, though evil to them, is good in God's good justice) is sin. Herein the wicked are compared to bad ground; their iniquities to thorns and briars; and the manner how so ill weeds arise from this ground is said to be bearing: 'The earth that beareth thorns,' &c. Here first observe—

1. The different word the Apostle useth. For the good earth, he says, it is *τίκτουσα βοτάνην*, bringing forth herbs. For the evil, it is *ἐκφέρουσα*, bearing, not bringing forth. As if good works were brought forth like children, not without pain and travail: evil works but cast out like froth or scum; as easily vented as invented. Therefore the earth is said *ebullire*, to bubble or boil out such things as mere excretions. Our proverb says, An evil weed grows apace. Herbs grow not without preparing the ground, planting, and watering them by seasonable dews and diligence. Weeds are common: it is hard to set the foot besides them. The basest things are ever most plentiful. *Plurima, pessima*. I have read of a kind of mouse that breeds six score young ones in one nest; whereas the offspring of the lioness or elephant is but single. You shall find your furrows full

of cockle and darnel, though you never sow them. The earth, saith the philosopher, is now an own mother to weeds, and naturally breeds and feeds them; but a stepmother to good herbs. Man, by a proclivity of his own natural inclination, is apt to produce thorns and briars; but ere he can bring forth herbs, graces, God must take pains with him. No husbandman so labours his ground as God doth our hearts. Happy earth, that yields him an expected harvest! But that which beareth thorns is near to be cursed and burned.

2. Observe that a wicked man is compared to bad earth, and that fitly, in five respects:—

(1.) For baseness. The earth is the heaviest of all elements, and doth naturally sink downwards; as if it had no rest but in the centre, which itself is. A wicked man is base-minded, and sinks with a dull and ponderous declination; not regarding the things above, but those below. He hath commune with men sursum os, but with beasts, deorsum cor. All his affections have a low object, not of humility, but base dejection. His hope, desire, love, joy, are set on these inferior things; and, like a mole, he digs still downward, till he come to his centre, 'his own place,' Acts 1:25—hell. *Telluris inutile pondus.*

(2.) For coldness. Experience teacheth that the earth is cold; and coldness is a natural quality pertaining to it, though accidentally there be bred in it fiery vapours. The wicked man hath a cold heart, frozen up in the dregs of iniquity; though there be an unnatural heat sometimes flaming in him, the fire of lust and malice tormenting his bowels: but this is no kindly heat to warm his conscience. That is derived from the fire of the temple, that never goes out, and only given by Jesus Christ, that 'baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.'

(3.) For foulness. The squalid earth (for we speak not here of any good ground) is called *lutulenta terra*, miry and noisome; yet is it neat and clean in comparison of a sin-contaminated soul. The body was taken from the earth, not the soul; the body shall resolve to the

earth, not the soul; yet the polluted soul is more sordid than either a leprous body or a muddy earth. In the eye of God, there is no beauty so acceptable, no foulness so detestable, as the soul's. The dove carried the praise of beauty from the peacock, by the eagle's judgment: because though the peacock living had the fairer plumes, yet dead he hath but a black liver. God's judgment of all men's fairness is by the liver, the 'cleanness of the heart in his eyesight.'

(4.) For obscurity and darkness. The earth is called a 'place of black darkness, the land of forgetfulness.' So Job and David term it. The wicked soul is full of darkness, thickness of sight, cæcity of understanding; not 'seeing the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' 'Our gospel is hid to those that are lost: whose minds the god of this world hath blinded,' 1 Cor. 4:4. There is in them *hebetudo mentis*, which is *acutæ rationis obtusio*, *carnalis intemperantia crassis sensibus inducta*.* They are so utterly ignorant of heaven that, as it is in the proverb, *ne pictum quidem viderunt*,—they have not seen it so much as in the map or picture; as to men shut up in the low caverns of the earth, not so much as the sun, and stars, and the lights of heaven's lower parts have appeared. *Tolerabilior est pœna, vivere non posse, quam nescire*. Ignorance is a heavier punishment than death, saith the philosopher.† Darkness is their desire, 'because their deeds are evil.' Perhaps at last, after a long dotage on their dark delight, earth, they come to hear of a better and richer country, and then take only with them the lantern of nature to find it. But so *erepto lumini candelabrum quærunt*,—having lost the light, they grope for the candlestick. A man that comes into his house at midnight sees nothing amiss; in the daylight he finds many things misplaced. Nature is but a dark lantern, when by it we endeavour to ransack the conscience. Only the light of grace can demonstrate all the sluttish and neglected misorders in our souls.

(5.) The main resemblance between an evil ground and worse man consists in the ill fruits that they both produce: briars and thorns, and such not only unhelpful, but hurtful vices. This is the principal analogy which our Apostle intends; the pith and marrow of this

comparison. But before we come to a particular survey of this wood, some observable doctrines fall profitable to our instruction. Observe therefore—

[1.] The word of God will work some way. It falls not upon any ground in vain; but will produce herbs or weeds. It is such physic as will either cure or kill. It mollifies one, makes another more hard. Some hearts it pricks, Acts 2; others it terrifies, though converts not, as it made Felix tremble. None ever heard it, but they are either better or worse by it. 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, unto the Gentiles foolishness; but unto them which are called, both of Jews and Greeks, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,' 1 Cor. 1:23. It is either a converting or convincing power; sealing receivers to redemption, contemners to rejection, Heb. 4:12. 'The word which I have preached shall judge you in the latter day,' John 12:48.

If this doctrine were considerately digested in hearers' hearts, what a zealous preparation would it work in their souls! It would bring us to these seats with other minds, if we remembered that we return not back to our own doors the very same we came out, but either somewhat better or much worse. Sergius Paulus was turned, Elymas obdured, at one sermon, Acts 13:7, 8. After our Saviour's heavenly sermon, John 6:66, 'some went back, and walked no more with him;' that Christ bespake his apostles, 'Will ye also go away?' Others stuck more close: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life,' ver. 68. The prophet Isaiah speaks fully to this purpose: 'As the rain cometh down, and returneth not back, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it,' Isa. 55:10.

The word that we have preached shall either save you or judge you. It shall be either a copy of your pardon or a bill of your indictment at

the last day. John Baptist calls the gospel a fan, that will distinguish between true and false children, between wheat and chaff, Matt. 3:12. It will make known the faithfulness of those that with honest hearts embrace it, and scatter hypocrites like chaff, by reason of their insolid levity. Simeon so prophesied to Mary the virgin of her Son, that 'he should be the fall and the rising,' Luke 2:34, the reparation and ruin, of many; and whiles 'he is set for a sign which shall be spoken against,' by this means 'the thoughts of many hearts shall be revealed.' The word is like fire, that hath a double operation upon the several subjects it works on—stubble or gold. It fires the one and fines the other. Some hearts it inflames with zeal to it; other it sets on fire to impugn, persecute it. It is to conversion, if believed; to confusion, if despised. Lo, Christ himself preaching, some faithfully entertain, others reject, as the Gergesenes, that had rather have their hogs saved than their souls, Matt. 8.

[2.] That thorns are produced, the fault is not in the good rain, but the ill ground. 'What could I,' saith God, 'have done more to my vineyard?' Isa. 5:4: I have done enough to make it bear good grapes; 'wherefore then,' or from what cause, 'brings it forth wild grapes?' The earth desires the influence of heaven and showers from the clouds to make it fruitful. It is granted: the sun shines, the dews fall. The garden hereupon brings forth herbs, the desert thorns. If these blessings of heaven were the proper cause of the weeds, why hath not then the good ground such cursed effects? The everlasting lamp of heaven sends forth his saving rays; and the sacred dews of the gospel fall on the pure and unclean heart. There it is requited with a fertile obedience; here with an impious ingratitude. Let not the mercy of God be blamed for this man's misery. *Perditio ex se*; God hath done enough to save him. St Augustine directly to this purpose: *Simul pluit Dominus super segetes, et super spinas. Sed segeti pluit ad horreum, spinis ad ignem et tamen una est pluvia.** God at once rains upon the herbs and the thorns: upon the herbs or good seed, to shoot it up for his barn, for himself; upon the thorns, to fit them for the fire: yet is it one and the same rain.

This shall cover the faces of libertines with everlasting confusion, who are evermore rubbing their own filthiness on God's purity, and charging him as the author of their sins. If the devils in hell should speak, what could they say more? We have fallen from our happiness, and God caused it. Reprobate thoughts! Men have spilt blood, defiled forbidden beds, struck at princes with treasons, ruined countries with depopulations, filled the earth with rapes, and shot at heaven with blasphemies; and lay their damnation on their Maker, deriving from his purpose excuses of their wickedness. The inevitable decree of God's counsel is charged; the thought of that hath made them careless: so with good food they poison themselves. Willing fools, rack not your belief with impossibilities. Behold, God is so far from authorising your sins and falls, that he rains on you the holy dews of his word to mollify your hearts; justifying himself by this proffered means of your salvation that he would not the death of a sinner. Oh, but his hidden will is to damn us! Madmen! that forsake that signed will, written in tables, published with trumpets, commanded with blessings, cursings, promises, menaces, to which every soul stands bound, and fall to prying into those unsearchable mysteries, covered with a curtain of holy secrecy, not to be drawn aside till the day comes wherein we shall know as we are known.

Cease, aspiring man, to root thy wickedness in heaven, and to draw in God as an accessory to thy profaneness. God would have thee saved, but thou wilt bear thorns and briers, though thou endangerest thyself to cursing. Is this the requital for his mercy? Are all his kindnesses to thee thus taken? That when he hath done so much to bring thee to heaven, thou wilt tax him for casting thee to hell? when he hath so laboured to make thee good, thou wilt lay to his charge thy own voluntary badness? No; justify God, and magnify his mercy. Accuse thine own corrupt heart, that turns so good and alimantal food into offensive crudities. Say, heaven is good, but thy ground is naught. Fatness and juice hath been bestowed on thee, but thou hast yielded pestilent and noisome fruits. Lay not the fault on heaven, but on the native corruption of thy own heart, that hath decocted the goodness of God into venom.

[3.] This observation shall make way and give place to another: That the ground is very unthankful which answers the kindness of heaven in raining on it, with briars and thorns. Wretched man, that receives so blessed dews from the fountain of mercy, and returns an ungrateful wickedness! Unthankful it is, as failing in both those essential parts of gratitude, acknowledging and requiting a benefit; and so guilty both of falsehood and injustice. Say the wicked did confess God's mercies, yet where is their obedience? True thankfulness is called *gratiarum actio, non dictio*. Whiles for holy dews they render unholy weeds, this disobedience is the greatest ingratitude. The silence of our tongues, the not opening our lips to let our 'mouth shew forth his praise,' is a grievous unthankfulness. He is of an evil disposition that conceals or dissembles a benefit. This is one branch of ingratitude. But our speech hitherto keeps but low water: let us rise up to view the mountainous billows of that ingratitude here taxed—a real, actual, sensual, senseless unthankfulness; if it be not a degree beyond it, and unthankfulness too poor a word to express it. Mere ingratitude returns nothing for good; but this sin returns evil for good. Silence in acknowledging is too short: we must think of a contumacious and contumelious retribution. God, after his merciful rain, looks for some herbs of grace, when he walks down into his 'garden, to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded,' Cant. 6:11. And, behold, weeds, stinking weeds, stinging weeds, thorns and briars! Here is ingratitude in full proportion, with all the dimensions of his ugly, stigmatic form. This is that wickedness which brings the ground here to rejection, malediction, combustion. Observe further that—

[4.] Wicked men prove commonly so much the worse as they might have been better, and divert the means of their conversion to their confusion. The more rain of the gospel they receive, the more abundantly they thrust forth the thorns of iniquities. The roots of these briars are earthed in their hearts, and do boil out at the warm dews of the word. It fares with them as with a man of a surfeited stomach: the more good meat he eats, the more he increaseth his corruption. The former crudities undigested, unegested, having the

greater force, turn the good nutriment into themselves. There is such an antipathy betwixt the good word of God and the heart of a reprobate, that the more it wrestles to bring him to heaven, the more he wrestles against it that he might be damned. Tully mentions a country wherein a great drought and heat maketh abundance of mire and dirt, but store of rain causeth dust. It is here experimentally true: the plentiful rain of God's blessed word is answered with the dusty and sandy barrenness of men's evil lives. So the sun, shining upon unclean dunghills, is said to cause a greater stench; yet no wise man blames the beams of the sun, but the filthiness of those putrefied heaps, for such offence. The Sun of righteousness hath sent down the glorious rays of his gospel among us; the wicked hereupon steam out the more noisome and stenchful fruits. Upon whom shall the accusation light? God's comfortable heat of mercy, or our putrid and rank iniquities? Sometimes the sun's heat working upon a muddy and baneful object breeds horrid serpents. No wonder, then, if this rain of the gospel engender in reprobate minds weeds and prickles. The Cicones have a river that doth harden the bowels, and make the entrails stony:* a strange operation in them that drink it! But if the water of life do harden the hearts of Pharaohs, and exasperate the mischiefs of a malicious Elymas, let the imputation of fault light where it is deserved. It was a strange protestation that God had against Israel, 'I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me,' Isa. 1:2;—I have brought them up in my house, and taught them my precepts, and yet (as if my instructions and favours had made them worse) they have rebelled against me. Thus when the sun is hottest, the springs are coldest; and the more fervent the love of God is to us, the more cold is our charity to him, and to others for him. As if the sweet dews of Hermon had made the hill of Zion more barren.

It is written of the Thracian flint, that it burns with water, and is quenched with oil; a fit emblem of those wicked souls that are the worse for God's endeavour to better them. But such contrary effects hath the gospel in contrary natures. As by the heat of the sun wax is softened, and yet clay is hardened: so by the preaching of the word

the hearts of such as shall be saved are mollified; but the hearts of the lost are further obdurate. God in his wise justice will be even with men: since they will not be the better for his favours, they shall be the worse. Seeing they will not bring forth herbs, they shall cast forth weeds; and he that might not in their salvation, will be glorified in their subversion. For application:—

This rain hath fallen upon us all: how have we entertained it? where be our herbs? It is objected against us that our forefathers, who wanted this rain, brought forth more herbs than we that have it. That they, in the days of ignorance, did more than they knew; that we, in the light of the gospel, know more than we do. Apollonius, among other wonders, writes one most wonderful: that there was a people which could see nothing in the day, but all in the night. What! hath the sun blinded us? Cannot we see to serve God so well in the light as they did in the dark?

It was once said, *Ignoti nulla cupido*; but now it may be inverted, *Noti nullus amor*; we little esteem the gospel, because it is frequent amongst us. The long enjoying it hath dulled our estimation. Full children are weary of their bread, and play with it; like the Indians, that have such store of gold and precious stones, that they truck them away for glasses and rattles. Perhaps the cold legs of custom will bring us to church, and we are content to hear the preacher taxing our frauds, usuries, oaths, oppressions. Maybe for some show of devotion, we will ask counsel at his lips; but say what he will, we will not part with our sins.

The princes of Israel came to Jeremiah, and entreat him to inquire of the Lord for them, Jer. 42, promising that whatsoever direction the Lord should send they would obey. The prophet accordingly presents their supplication to God. God answers, 'You shall not go unto Egypt, lest you be destroyed: but abide still in Judah, and you shall be safe,' Jer. 43. When they heard this oracle, because it was not to their humours, they replied, 'We will go into Egypt.' This was their purpose from the beginning, (though they dissembled a will to know

God's mind,) which if God's command crosseth they will cross his command: they will go into Egypt. So people will be content to hear what God saith to them by his ministers; but if he speak not what pleaseth them, they will follow their own affections. We are such nice and froward pieces, that the more God woos us we are the further off. As it is with some shallow professor of music, saith the poet—

'Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus, inter amicos,

Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati.'*

When they are most earnestly entreated, they make most dainty to sing or play. So the more the Lord calls for our praises, the more hoarse are our voices, the more harsh our notes; or perhaps we will not sing at all. But if God hath given us music, and we will not dance, as Christ reprov'd the Jews, we shall mourn in sadness for our obstinate refusal of proffered mirth. You have heard Herodotus's tale of the piper. He came to the water side, and piped to the fishes; they would not dance. He took his net, and caught some of them; and being thrown upon dry land, they began to leap and skip up. 'Nay,' quoth the piper, 'I offered you music before, and you would none; now you shall dance without a pipe.' Men commonly regard the songs of Zion as they do music heard late at night in the streets, whiles they are in bed. Perhaps they will step to the window, and listen to it a while, and presently to bed again. So men step from the couch of their lusts and sins to church, hear the sermon, and then to bed again, lulling themselves in their former security.

There are some that care for hearing it no more, but sit down with a conceit of their own sufficiency. They know as much as all the preachers can tell them; let the youth go to be catechised. So the sluggish and irreligious master sits at home, whiles he sends his servants to church. There is an old tale, idle in itself, the use may be good. A certain man that would never go to church, when he heard the saints'-bell would say to his wife, 'Go thou to church and pray for thee and me.' One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were

dead, and that they knocked together at heaven-gate for entrance. St Peter (by the legend) is porter, and suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out: answering him, *Illa intravit pro se et te*,—'She is gone in both for herself and thee.' As thy wife went to church for thee, so she must go to heaven for thee. The moral instructs every one to have a personality of faith, and a propriety of devotion; that himself serving God, himself may be blessed of God.

It now remains to examine more narrowly the nature of the sins these ungodly hearts produce. They are called thorns and briers. Pliny saith that the thorn is more soft than a tree, and more hard than an herb;* as if it were some unkindly thing, and but an unperfect excrement of the earth. For the philosopher saith, It is not the intent of kind that trees should be sharp with prickles and thorns, but he would have it caused by the insolidity and unfastness of the tree. By which means the cold humour is drawn out by the pores ere it be concocted: whereupon for scarcity of matter, it is hardened by the sun; and so shaped and sharpened into a thorn.

But it is unquestionable truth, that God created the thorns and briers on the earth. Some think, because it is said, Gen. 3, in man's punishment, *Maledicta esto terra propter te*,—'Cursed be the earth for thy sake: thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee,' chap. 3:18,—that therefore if mankind had not sinned, the ground should have produced no such thing. But the most received opinion, and consonant to truth, is, that these thorns and briers should have been though man had never fallen; but they should not have been noxious and hurtful to him. Now let us consider what resemblances may be found betwixt those natural and these allegorical thorns and briers:—

1. Where is abundance of thorns, there is most commonly a barren ground. For they hinder the happy influence of the heavens, the kindly heat of the sun, the dews of the clouds, and all those working causes of fertility. God pre-arms Ezekiel, that he should not wonder at the barrenness of Israel, 'for briers and thorns shall be with thee,' chap. 2:6. Let no man marvel at our unprofitable times; we have too

many briars and thorns among us, which do what they can to hinder the goodness of heaven to us, or our goodness to heaven. That which is sown nigh or among thorns, seldom prospers. Our Saviour saith, that the seed sown in some hearers brought forth no fruit; 'for the thorns choked it,' Matt. 13. The very company of the wicked is harmful, for they are as thorns to stifle any goodness. 'The companion of fools shall be afflicted,' saith Solomon. He dwells among thorns, that shall wound him. To lay no more affliction upon him than Solomon there meant,—as appears by the opposite member of the verse,—he shall endure a privation of what good soever he had, and a position of their lewdness. A good man with ill company is like a living man bound to a dead corpse, that will sooner suffocate him, than he can revive that. The soul that lives among thorns shall hardly thrive. Therefore saith the Lord of the vineyard concerning the barren tree, 'Cut it down, why troubles it the ground?' Luke 13:7.

2. Thorns and briars grow most commonly on heaps, and seldom are found single, or destitute of company of their own kind; and though they be troublesomely harmful to other trees, yet they fold and embrace one another without hurt. It is so usually seen, that wicked men hold together, and sins grow in united clusters. There is a combination of the ungodly, even so far as to the very participation of their estates: 'Cast in thy lot with us; we will have all one purse,' Prov. 1:14. They are entangled in mutual amity, like beds of eels; nothing but thunder can break their knots. Is it much, saith Christ, that you purpose diligere diligentes, 'to love them that love you?' Matt. 5:46. Why, briars and thorns do it; 'even publicans do the same.' Yea, I would to God their unity did not shame ours. We see here, that one of the Papists' chief marks of their church is not infallible,—their consent or unity,—when briars and thorns have it. The Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians conspire against Christ; may be, they with the rest. Sins grow in heaps, like thorns in bushes: where are some, are many. The Apostle brings them in by couples and companies: 'Gluttony and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness, strife and envying,' Rom. 13:13. Methinks gluttony and drunkenness come in like an Englishman and a Dutchman;

chambering and wantonness, like an Italian and a Venetian; strife and envy, like a Spaniard and a Frenchman. These sins being so national and natural to the countries: to over-drink in Germany; to overeat in England; to wantonise in Italy and Venice; to quarrel in France; and to be envious in Spain, envy being ever the bosom-companion of pride.

3. Thorns and briers, by reason of their thickness and sharpness, are refuges for serpents, snakes, adders, and such other venomous beasts. Where the ungodly have a strong part, oppression, rapine, robbery, murder, and all those fatal serpents, are fostered. God, when he told Ezekiel, chap, 2, that 'briers and thorns should be with him,' adds in the very next words, 'and thou shalt dwell among scorpions.' Therefore in Latin, rubetum is a place of briers and brambles, and rubeta is a toad, and that land-toad, the most venomous of the kind. It is dangerous sleeping near such places. He that lives among the wicked hath no need of security, but to have clear and circumspect eyes; lest either the thorns prick him, or the serpents under the thorns sting him. 'Woe is me,' saith the Psalmist, 'that I must remain in Meshech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!'

4. Neither do the wicked, only with their thorns and briers, hinder others' passage, but even their own. No marvel if it be so difficult for an ungodly man to get to heaven; for he hedgeth up his own way. Men multiply their transgressions to infinite, and cast up innumerable thorns; yet hope well to be saved. But in vain he purposeth to travel to Jerusalem, that hedgeth up his own passage. 'Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward,' Prov. 22:5; not of God's setting, but of their own planting. For (the next words testify) 'he that keepeth his soul shall be far from them.' There are hindrances enough to heaven, though the wicked make none themselves. The devil will look that the way shall not be easy. Neither hath God set salvation upon such terms, that we may play and get it: 'The kingdom of heaven is got by violence;' and they must strive, that will pass the narrow gate. Satan hath so many plots and tricks to deceive them, so many tentations and corruptions to oppose them,

that they have no cause to fence up the way themselves, with a hedge of their own thorns. Heaven-gates will not fall down before men, as the iron gates of the city to Peter, of their own accord, Acts 12:10. Nay, 'if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' 1 Pet. 4:18.

5. Sins are fitly compared to thorns and briars, for their wounding, pricking, and such harmful offences. Therefore they are called tribuli, à tribulando, from their vexing, oppression, and tribulation they give those that touch them. The wicked are such calthrops to the country, boring and bloodying her sides; either pricking the flesh, or tearing of the fleece: as briars and bushes that rob the sheep of their coats, which come to them for shelter. A great man wicked is like Abimelech, whom Jotham calls a bramble in his parable. The olive would not leave his fatness, nor the fig-tree his sweetness, nor the vine his goodness, to be promoted over the trees. But the aspiring bramble usurps it; and, as if he were some great cedar, he calls the trees to 'trust under his shadow.' But when poor men come to this bramble for refuge, here they lose a lock, and there a lock, till they are left naked; yea, the clothes are not only rent from their backs, but, like the sons of Sceva exorcising the evil spirits, they depart not away naked only, but wounded, Acts 19:16. Their garments satisfy not these briars, scarce their blood and lives.

These briars and thorns have such pricking and wounding effects in regard of three objects, whom they strike. For sins are like thorns—1. To men; 2. To Christ; 3. To the own consciences of the committers.

First, to men. Pliny* mentioneth three sort of briars:—

1. The moorish brier, that only grows in rank and fenny places, and is nourished with rotten mud, and such squalid putrefaction. There is a generation of men like these briars, given to drunkenness, whose affections are fed only with the moisture of the pot. They cannot live but in fenny and moorish places. Pliny saith, that adders and toads love and eat the fruits of these briars; and it is the food of serpents.

The effects of drunkenness (in like sort) are a condiment for the devil. Augustine somewhat near our purpose, when he compares drunken places to the fens; where are bred snakes and serpents, and such vile noxious things, which every year must be burned. It were a good turn, if these moorish brambles were stocked up by the roots. If you ask how you should rid them, I will not point you to the fen-men, who to make quick despatch of their annoyances, set fire on their fens; but I will give you another precedent. When a king asked how he might be rid of certain noisome fowls, which came abundantly flying into his land, one answered him, *nidos eorum ubique destruendos*,—that the only means was to destroy their nests in every place. So if you would be shut of these moorish briers, the course is to destroy their nests; their haunts and rendezvous, as they term them; the common quagmires of all filthiness. The alehouses are their nests and cages, where they exhaust and lavish out their goods, and lay plots and devices how to get more. Hence they fall either to robbing or cheating, open courses of violence or secret mischief, till at last the jail prepares them for the gibbet. For lightly they sing through a red lattice, before they cry through an iron grate. And when those briers are hampered, and put into prisons, it is said that those places teach them more villany than they knew before; that when a lewd fellow comes out of prison, he is furnished with such a pack of mischiefs, that he now sets up school, and teacheth others. It is wonderful, that places ordained for reformation should be instructions of worse lewdness. I speak not against mercy; but experience and truth witnesseth, that the mercy of some actions is cruelty. And the pity to a notorious malefactor argues us of a hard heart, and of unmercifulness to the commonwealth. The sparing of rapes, robberies, whoredoms, cheatings, frauds, unjust measures, false balances, occasioneth, yea, encourageth the like. If thou be a magistrate, deputed to judge it, and sparest a man that hath shed blood, the next blood he sheds thou art guilty of. Thou consentest to the second robbery of a thief, that hast remitted him the first.

A father brings in a notorious malefactor arraigning[†] at the bar before the judge: when the mother comes, *miseranda ululatione*,

with bitter weeping, desiring mercy for her son; the wife *lachrymabili voce*, with mournful speech, imploring mercy for her husband; the little children, *plorantibus ocellis*, with crying eyes, beseeching mercy for their father; the people wishing he may be spared for the goodliness of his person. Yet saith the judge, *Non misereor modo*,—I pity, but must not spare. *Pereat unus, potius quam unitas*,—Better one perish than all. Weed up the implacable thorns, for they will keep the ground barren. It hath been said, Bear one injury and provoke more; but here in case of justice, forgive one public injury,—I mean a fact of horrid nature, as I formerly taxed,—and you provoke and encourage many. The mariners would fain save Jonah; but when there is no remedy, they will rather lose one Jonah than all themselves.

2. Pliny's next sort of briers are *tribuli agrestes*, field-briers; which are, saith he, shrewd enemies to tillage, and the fruits of the earth. This island of ours, within these late days, hath bred a great number of these field-briers; which unnaturally turn their mother into barrenness. Oppressors, enclosers, depopulators, deportators, depravators; that run the land to ruin for a private benefit, and work out a particular gain from a public and general loss.

Gain, said I! Where is it? Did you ever know enclosers prosper? I will speak boldly: I never knew great man grow greater by his depopulations; and I hope no man will say he hath grown better by them. Cornfields are turned to sheep-walks, once-inhabited towns feed oxen, and churches are made shepherds' cottages; and yet the doers of all this never the richer. They keep less hospitality, for a few rooms in London serve their turns; they extort sorer rents, and yet they have never the more money. It cannot be denied but the main end of these courses was profit, and enhancing their estates; and lo, in this very end God crosseth them. Speak what you will of their pride, of turning the alms they should give to the poor into feasts for the rich, of their infrugal courses; I say confidently, *Hic digitus Dei*,—Here is the very hand of God striking them. Man, though he hath authority, will not look to these field-briers, but let them waste and

forage, and play the Abimelechs; but God will. But if ye do not look to it, let me say to you, as Jotham to the Shechemites, of that aspiring bramble, Judg. 9:20, 'If fire come not out of Shechem to devour Abimelech, fire will come from Abimelech to devour Shechem.' If you undo not the oppressions of the field-briers, their oppressions will undo us all.

3. There is the town-brier too, which groweth in our mounds and fences, and about the closing of towns. You in the city have no great plenty of these briers; yet you are troubled (in a metaphorical sense) with town-briers and city-brambles, which would not a little vex you, if you were not those yourselves.

(1.) What say you to the usurer? Is he not a thorn amongst you? If you were not usurers yourselves, you would confess it. But they say, the most horrible usury in the world is here practised, to forty in the hundred; nay, to doubling of the principal in one year. A landed gentleman wants money: he shall have it, but in commodities, which some compacted broker buys of him, for half the rate they cost him, in ready money. Are these Christians? Dare they shew their faces in the temple? But I know you have been often told of these things. In a word, even the gentlest usury is a most sharp thorn, and pricks the side of the country till the blood follows. A usurer with his money is like a man that hath no work of his own, yet keeps a servant to let out; and takes not only hire of others for his day's labour; but chargeth him to steal somewhat besides, and never to return home empty. You understand me; I need not further apply it.

These are vile winding and wounding briers, that fetch away clothes, and skin, and flesh too. Now the mercy of God rid us of these thorns; and let us know it is for our sins that God suffers usurers among us! It may be he permits them, as he did the Canaanites for a while in Israel, lest the wild beasts should break in upon them; lest pride, and haughtiness, and uncleanness should spill men's souls by a full estate of wealth. God suffers usurers, like horse-leeches, to suck and soak them; thereby, possibly, to humble them. Yet in the meantime, I may

say of them, as Joshua did of those Canaanites, that 'they are pricks in our sides, and thorns in our eyes,' Josh, 23:13.

(2.) What do you think of adultery? Is it not a thorn? Yes, a sharp thorn, wounding the purse, envenoming the body, condemning the soul. The ground that bears it is lust; the sap that feeds it is fulness of bread and idleness; the heat that makes it glow, grow, and shoot, is lewd and wanton speech, effeminate gestures; infamy is the bud, pollution the fruit, and the end hell-fire. And as Cajetan and Theophylact observe on 1 Thess. 4:4, that the Apostle having bid men 'possess their vessel in holiness,' he adds, 'and let no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter;' that this circumvention may be applied to adultery, when a man is deceived of his bosom-spouse, who is hired to the subornation of bastards. So that lightly, concupiscence and cozenage go together; as that wickedness, of all others, never goes but by couples. For adulterers non possunt ire soli ad diabolum,*—an adulterer cannot go alone to the devil.

(3.) Corrupt and conscienceless lawyers you will confess to be sharp and wounding brambles, and exceedingly hurtful. A poor client among them is as a blind sheep in a thicket of thorns; there is no hope of his fleece, it is well if he carry away his flesh whole on his back. A motion this term, an order next; instantly all crossed; scarcely the twentieth order sometime stands; execution is suspended, a writ of error puts all out of course. Oh the uncertain events of suits! I hope, says the poor blood-drawn wretch, I shall have an end of my suit next term. Nay, nor the next term, nor the next year. Fool! thou art gotten into a suit of durance, almost an immortal suit. And when the upshot comes, perhaps the misleading of a word shall forfeit all. It is a lamentable uncertainty, and one politic addition of fickleness to the goods of this world, that no man might set his heart upon them, that an estate bought, truly paid for, and inherited, should be gone upon a word, sometimes upon a syllable, upon a very bare letter, omitted or miswritten by the scrivener. These are scratching briars. If what is wanting in the goodness of the cause be supplied by the greatness of the fees, their

tongues shall excuse their tongues for their contraconscient pleadings. The Italians have a shrewd proverb against them: 'The devil makes his Christmas-pies of lawyers' tongues and clerks' fingers.' This proverb I leave with them, and come to their kinsmen:

(4.) Corrupted officers, who are also sharp and sharking brambles. Their office is a bush of thorns at their backs, and they all to rend the country with bribery and extortion. These men seek after authority and commanding places, not with any intent of good to the commonwealth, but to fill their own purses, to satisfy their own lusts; as some love to be poring in the fire, not that they care to mend it, but only to warm their own fingers.

(5.) We have Papists among us; look to them, they are rankling thorns and rending briars. False Gibeonites they are; and howsoever they pretend their 'old shoes,' the antiquity of their church, we have ever found them thorns, ready to put out our eyes, and, if they could, the eye of the gospel. They exclaim against us for persecution, and cry themselves (louder than oyster-women in the streets) for patient Catholics, saints, martyrs. But match the peace they enjoy under us with the tyranny they exercised over us; the burning our fathers at stakes, the butchering our princes, their conspiracy against our whole realm, their continual bending their weapons against sovereigns' and subjects' throats, and you will say they are thorns. I have read of a bird, that when men are devout at their sacrifice, takes fire from the altar and burns their houses. All their black treasons and bloody intendments they derive from the altar, and plead the warrant of religion to set our whole land in combustion. Oh that these brambles were stocked up; that Ishmael were cast out of doors, that Sarah and her son Isaac might live in quiet!

(6.) There are furious malecontents among us, a contemptible generation of thorns, that, because their hands are pinioned, prick only with their tongues. They are ever whining, and upon the least cause filling the world with importunate complaints. These are

savage and popular humours, that cannot suffer eminency to pass unapproached; but they must vellicate goodness and gird greatness, that neither the living can walk nor the dead sleep in quiet: affecters of innovation, that are ever finding fault with the present times; anything pleaseth them but what is. Even the best blessings of God scape not their censures, neither do they esteem by judgment or pronounce by reason; they find fault with things they know not wherefore, but because they do not like them. Beware these thorns; they are like the wheels of some cunningly wrought fireworks, that fly out on all sides, and offering to singe others, burn themselves. Laudant veteres, &c., as if no times were so miserable as ours. As if the civil wars of France, or the bloody Inquisition of Spain, or the Turkish cruelty in Natolia, where he breeds his soldiers; or at home, the time of the barons' war; or yet later, the persecution of a Bonner, were none of them so cruel as these days, when every man sits and sings under his own fig-tree. Sure if they had once tasted the bitterness of war, they would better esteem of their peace. These are pestilent thorns; nothing but fear keeps them from conspiracy. Nay, so they might set the whole land on fire, they would not grudge their own ashes.

(7.) There are briars, too, growing near the church; too near it. They have raised church livings to four and five years' purchase, and it is to be feared they will shortly rack up presentative livings to as high a rate as they did their impropriations, when they would sell them. For they say, few will give above sixteen years' purchase for an impropriate parsonage; and I have heard some rate the donation of a benefice they must give at ten years, what with the present money they must have, and with reservation of tithes, and such unconscionable tricks; as if there was no God in heaven to see or punish it. Perhaps some will not take so much, but most will take some; enough to impoverish the church, to enrich their own purses, to damn their souls.

One would think it was sacrilege enough to rob God of his main tithes; must they also nim away the shreds? Must they needs shrink

the whole cloth, enough to apparel the church, as the cheating tailor did, to a dozen of buttons? Having full gorged themselves with the parsonages, must they pick the bones of the vicarages too? Well saith St Augustine, *Multi in hac vita manducant, quod postea apud inferos digerunt*,—Many devour that in this life, which they shall digest in hell.

These are the church-briers, which, let alone, will at last bring as famous a church as any Christendom hath to beggary. Politic men begin apace already to withhold their children from schools and universities. Any profession else better likes them, as knowing they may live well in whatsoever calling, save in the ministry. The time was, that Christ threw the buyers and sellers out of the temple, but now the buyers and sellers have thrown him out of the temple. Yea, they will throw the church out of the church, if they be not stayed. But some may say to me, as one advised Luther, when he began to preach against the Pope's usurpation and tyranny, 'You had as good hold your peace. This wickedness is so powerful, that you will never prevail against it. Get you to your study and say, "Lord, have mercy on us!" and procure yourself no ill-will.' But be it good-will, or be it ill-will, we come hither to speak the truth in our consciences. And if these church thorns will continue their wickedness, be it unto them as they have deserved. If they will needs go to hell, let them go; we cannot help it, let them perish. I had purposed the discovery of more brambles, but the time forbids it. I would to God we were well freed from those I have taxed.

THE END OF THORNS

But that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned.—HEB. 6:8.

OUR sins are thorns to others; some wounding with their direct blows, others with their wipes, all with their examples. Man only hath not felt their blows; our Saviour also so found them, when he was fain for our sakes to set his naked breast, his naked heart, his naked soul, against them. They say the nightingale sleeps with her breast against a thorn to avoid the serpent. Christ was content to be wounded, even to death, with thorns, that he might deliver us from that devouring serpent, the great infernal dragon. His head was not only raked and harrowed with material thorns,—*caput angelicis spiritibus tremebundum, coronatur spinis*,* that head which the angelical spirits adore and tremble at, was crowned with thorns,—but these mystical thorns, our iniquities, with fiercer blows drew blood of his soul. They do in a sort still. Heb. 6:8, 'They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.' Not in himself, for they cannot; but con them no thanks, they would if they could: and to themselves they do it. Wretched men! will you not yet let Jesus Christ alone, and be at rest? Will you still offer violence to your blessed Saviour, and labour to pull him down from his throne to his cross, from his peaceful glory at the right hand of his Father to more sufferings? You condemn the merciless soldiers, that 'plaited a crown of thorns,' Matt. 27:29, and put it on his innocent head. Sinful wretch, condemn thyself! Thy sins were those thorns, and far sharper. Thy oppressions, wrongings, and wringings of his poor brethren offer him the violence of new wounds; thy oaths, thy frauds, thy pride scratch him like briars. Hear him complaining from heaven, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' These thorns grow on earth, yet they prick Jesus Christ in heaven. Oh, we little know the price of a sin, that thus play the executioners with the Lord of life! Think, think: Christ felt your sins as sharp thorns.

Lastly, you find them thorns yourselves, if Christ did not for you. When God shall enliven and make quick the sense of your numbed consciences, you shall confess your own sins cruel thorns to your souls: 2 Cor. 12:7, 'a thorn in your flesh,' that shall buffet you with terror. For a while men are insensible of their iniquities. Christ, Matt. 13:22, calls the riches of this world thorns, which choke the good seed of the gospel.

The common opinion of the world is, that they are goodly, fine, and smooth things: furs to keep them warm, oil to cheer their faces, and wine to their hearts; of a silken softness to their affections. But Christ saith, they are thorns, stinging and choking thorns. And the covetous conscience shall one day perceive in them triplicem puncturam, a threefold pricking:* laboris in acquisitione,—they are gotten with trouble; timoris in possessione,—they are kept with fear; doloris in amissione,—they are lost with grief.

Men commonly deal with their sins as hedgers do when they go to plash thorn bushes; they put on tining gloves, that the thorns may not prick them: so these harden their hearts, that their own thorns may give them no compunction. But all vanities are but like the fool's laughter, which Solomon compares to 'the crackling of thorns under a pot,' Eccles. 7:6; they make a noise, and suddenly go out. But sin never parts with the wicked without leaving a sting behind it.

Luther saith,[†] there are two fiends that torment men in this world; and they are sin and a bad conscience. The latter follows the former; or, if you will, the former wounds the latter: for sin is the thorn, and the conscience the subject it strikes. This thorn often pricks deep, to the very heart, Acts 2; to the very bones, Ps. 38:3, 'There is no rest in my bones, because of my sin.' *Vis nunquam esse tristis? bene vive. Nunquam securus est reus animus.* ‡ Wouldest thou never be sorrowful? Live well. A guilty mind cannot be securely quiet. An evil mind is haunted and vexed with the thorns of his own conscience. Sin to the affections, whilst it is doing, is *oleum ungens*, supple oil. Sin to the conscience, when it is done, is *tribulus pungens*, a pricking

thorn. What extreme contraries do often wicked conceits run into! In their time of security they cannot be brought to think sin to be sin. At last desperately they think it such a sin that it cannot be forgiven. At first they are delighted with the sense and smell of their iniquity as of a sweet rose: but the rose of their delight withers, and there is a thorn under it that pricks the heart. Hereupon Solomon couples pleasant vanity and troublesome vexation together. If that tickles the flesh, this shall wound the spirit. You shall hear a usurer, in the madness of presumption, expostulating, 'What! may I not make benefit of my money?' Observe him, and in the end you shall hear him, in the madness of despair, cry out of his own damnation for it. At first they make question whether it be a sin; at last they know it such a sin that they make question whether God will forgive it. So men will look to sin either too superficially or too superstitiously. There was no danger, saith the drunkard, when he is asked how he escaped such a passage: bring him back in the sober morning to see, and he falls down dead in astonishment.

I need not further amplify this point. Christ gives a *Væ ridentibus!* —'Woe to them that laugh, for they shall weep!' and every smile of sin shall be turned to a groan of sorrow. They that exhibit their lives as sacrifices *risui et lubentiæ*, shall one day feel pricks and goads and thorns scratching and piercing their hearts, when (like the stricken deer, with the arrow-head rankling in his side) they shall not be able to shift or change pains with places. Let this teach our souls two instructions:—

1. That we labour our hearts betimes to a sensibleness of these thorns. A thorn swallowed into the flesh, if it be not looked to, rankles. Sin without repentance will fester in the soul, and is so much more perilous as it is less felt. Oh the number of thorns that lie in many consciences, who complain no more than if they ailed nothing! The prick of a thorn is not so painful at first, while the blood is hot, as after a cold pause. Every man hath his complaints; and who liveth out of the reach of discontent? You shall hear tradesmen complaining of few or false customers; labourers of little work and

less wages. Beggars complain the want of charity, and rich men the want of money; merchants of rocks and pirates; lawyers of short fees, and clients of long suits. But no man complains of the thorns in his own bosom. He nourisheth briars there that wound him; and the heart is as dedolent* as if it were past feeling. But where there is no discovery of the disease, the recovery of the health is in vain looked for.

2. After sense of the smart, will follow a desire of remedy. The throbbing conscience would be at ease, and freed from the thorn that vexeth it. David 'roars out for the very disquietness of his heart.' The aching heart will make a crying tongue, and wet eyes. Lo the mercy of God! a remedy is not sooner desired than offered. The sacred gospel directs us to a medicine that shall supple the heart, and draw out these thorns, though they stuck as thick in it as ever the arrows did in Sebastian.

They speak of the herb dictamnus, called of some dittany, that it hath a secret virtue to draw out anything fastened in the body. Pliny saith[†] that this herb drunk, sagittas pellit. Experience telleth that it is sovereign to exhale a thorn out of the flesh. Our only dictamnus is the precious blood of our merciful Saviour Jesus Christ. A plaster of that is truly virtual to draw out all thorns from our consciences. Saucia anima, which is nullis medicabilis herbis, is thus cured. Our sins drew blood of him, that his blood might save us. He was crowned with thorns, that we might not be killed with thorns. He was wounded for us, that we might not perish ourselves.

Take we heed that we despise not this medicine. The law was so far from drawing out these thorns, that it would drive them in further, and cause them to rankle in the heart, without any hope of ease. It did but exasperate their stings, and give them a deeper continuance of pricking. The mollifying and healing gospel extracts their venom, and sucks out their poison. Let us not dare, then, to vilipend this cordial and sovereign medicine.

You perceive that our sins are thorns, and what is their only remedy. Know now, that if they be not drawn out in this world, they shall be found thorns hereafter, when the owners shall hear Christ's sentence: 'Go, ye cursed,' &c.; for 'the end of them is to be burned.' So I come to the punishment; but I will soon have done with that, which shall never have done with those that must undergo it.

There is a threefold gradation in the penalty: rejection, malediction, combustion—'is rejected,' 'is nigh unto cursing,' 'and the end thereof is to be burned.' And it seems to have a relation to a threefold distinction of time:—1. For the present, 'it is rejected;' 2. For instance, or appropinquation, 'it is nigh unto cursing;' 3. For future certainty, 'the end of it is to be burned.' As men commonly deal with thorns: first, they cut them up with bills and mattocks; then they lay them by to wither; and, lastly, burn them in the furnace.

1. Rejection. This which we here translate 'is rejected,' is in the original, ἀδόκιμος, which may signify reprobus, or reprobatus,—so Beza hath it,—is reprov'd, or disallowed of God. This ground shall have no ground in heaven, no part in God's inheritance. It is reprobate silver, not current with the Lord. No man desires to purchase land that will bring forth nothing but weeds; he will not cast away his silver upon it. And shall God buy so base ground, that will be no better, at so inestimable a price as the incorruptible blood of his own Son? It despiseth the Lord's goodness, and the Lord's goodness shall despise it. 'It is rejected.' If any man saith, This is durus sermo, let him consider of whom the Apostle speaketh, ver. 4, against whom he concludes ab impossibili,—'It is impossible,' &c. A hard saying to understand, but more, most, hard to undergo. If God be driven to lose all his pains and cost upon an ungrateful heart, he will at last renounce it, and give it over as a desperate nature. As he in the comedy, *Abeat, pereat, profundat, perdat*. 'If it will be filthy, let it be filthy still.' If nothing will bring it to goodness, it shall 'be rejected.'

2. The second degree of the punishment is cursing; and this may seem to exceed the former. God's curse is a fearful thing. If you would view (though but in part) the latitude and extension of it, I refer you to Deut. 28. But I purpose not to be curiously punctual in the demonstration of these particular degrees of the punishment. That which I will observe is this: That God is more propense and inclined to blessing than to cursing, more prone to shew mercy than to inflict judgment. It is said in the former verse, 'the good ground receives blessing of God'—receives it presently, receives it at once. But here of the evil ground, 'it is nigh unto cursing'—it is not presently cursed, but nigh unto it. There is some pause and delay, some *lucida intervalla misericordiæ*. The whole vial of wrath is not poured on at once; but first there is a despising or rejection, to let the wicked see how hateful their vices are in God's sight. If this serve not, they are not suddenly cursed; but there is a breathing time, and a merciful space between that and cursing, and between cursing and burning. So slowly doth God proceed to judgment, so little haste he makes to the execution of his vengeance. He is speedy to deliver, to save, to give his blessing; but he hath leaden feet when he comes to strike.

The use of this to ourselves is, that the patient forbearance of God may lead us to repentance, Rom. 2:4. The prophet Joel bids us 'rend our hearts,' and fall to weeping and mourning, 'because the Lord is merciful and slow to anger,' chap. 2:13. God's long-suffering is as a hand reached out that points us to repentance. Such is his goodness, that when all his terrors and menaces are set in their places, yet he makes room for repentance, whensoever it comes. And though they be as ready to strike as Abraham's hand was to Isaac's sacrifice, yet repentance, *tanquam vox angeli*, shall stay them. O blessed repentance, how sweet and amiable art thou! Yet how few love thee!

The great man, that thinks he may securely be wicked, because he is honourably great, and dares affront the pulpit, though the greatest bishop in the land were preaching in it, cares not for repentance. The wealthy gentleman that can bung up hospitality into a Diogenes's

tub, nestle himself warm in a city chamber, while owls and daws parlour themselves in his country-manors,—that (as it is storied of that Jew for the use of his money) takes his rent in blood, the heart-blood of his racked tenants,—cares not for repentance.

The country Nabal, that hoards his grain, and with it locks up his soul in a garner, that the sun of God's blessing may not come at it,—that starves the poor, his family, himself,—cares not for repentance. The avarous citizens, whom the tempter can never find without a false measure in one hand, and a cozening weight in the other,—that have tricks in their sconces to overreach the devil himself, but that (like a cunning fencer) he that taught them all their tricks kept one to himself, to cheat them of their souls,—care not for repentance. The muffled lawyer, that hath no sense left alive but his feeling, and weighs all causes by the poise of gold,—that talks against others' right and his own conscience, that leads jury into perjury with his fraudulent circumventions,—cares not for repentance.

The sharking officer, that (like Menelaus, an Armenian archer in the wars betwixt Constantius and Magnentius*) can shoot three arrows at once, at one loose, wherewith he wounds not one, but three at the least,—the prince whom he serves, the person whom he draws blood of, and the body of the commonwealth,—cares not for repentance.

I need not speak of the church-robber, the usurer, the drunkard, the proud, the unclean adulterer. No man can think that they care for repentance. Oh, but they all purpose to repent. Spare them a while; they are but new set into the oven, not yet fully baked in their hot vanities; let them soak a little in their pleasures, and at last they will return: 'They are as an oven heated by the baker,' Hos. 7:4. Repentance is an ascent of four steps; many get up three of them, but climb not to the fourth and best:—

(1.) Some there are that purpose to amend their lives. But purpose without performance is like a cloud without rain; not unlike Hercules's club in the tragedy—of a great bulk, but the stuffing is

moss and rubbish. If the tree be fairly blossomed, and naked of fruit, it may speed as the fig-tree in the gospel—be cursed; or at least, it is as the evil ground here, 'nigh unto cursing.' Many that purposed to repent are now in hell: as the five foolish virgins that intended to go in with the bridegroom, but before the time their lights dropped out.

One said, that hell is like to be full of good purposes, but heaven of good works. If a bare intention would serve, God's church on earth would be fuller of saints, and his court in heaven fuller of souls. Ignorance and sloth adulterating, bring forth this lank brood, this abortive embryo—purpose. Such a man is like an ill debtor, who will not pay God his due of devotion till he is old, and then he cannot pay, for want of time and money, space and grace to repent. We make, in these days, our purposes like our eves, and our performances like the holidays: servants work hard upon the eves, that they may have the more liberty to play upon the holidays; so we are earnest, and labour hard on our purposes, but are idle and play upon our performances. But resolution without action is a golden couch to a leaden jewel.

(2.) The second round of this ladder is preparation. Some there are that will prepare, and almost set themselves in a readiness for their journey to heaven, yet never set one step forward. Preparation is indeed as necessary as the door is to the house, but as idle, if there be no house to the door. It may, as John the Baptist did for Christ, 'prepare the way of the Lord' into our hearts; and it may be as vain as the apothecary's beast,[†] which he promised his patient would help him of all diseases, but before morning it had eaten up itself. Preparation is a necessary antecedent to all great works: 'Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel,' Amos 4:12. But a man may prepare meat, and not feed; prepare garments, and not wear them. Preparation does well, if reparation follows. A man may climb both these rounds, and yet fall short of the true height of repentance.

(3.) The third stair is a beginning to abstain from some horrid iniquities, and, as it were, an entering into a new path; but not going one step in it without a voluntary revolting. But beginning is nothing

to perfection. Some begin in the Spirit, and end in the flesh: that salute Christ in the market-place, take acquaintance of him in the street, but never bid him home to their houses. It is *vox prætereuntium derisoria*,—the speech of them that pass by: 'This man began to build.' A house but begun is not fit to dwell in; and shall we think that God's Spirit will dwell in an inchoate habitacle, and not likely to be finished? The Apostle saith, 'It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them,' 2 Pet. 2:21.

(4.) The fourth round only pleaseth God, and is good for our souls—repentance; without which the evil ground is near to cursing, as it were at next door by, and it shall come on him with a speedy visitation, *nisi interveniente pœnitentia*. This is the bulwark to defend us from the shot of God's thunder from heaven; this hedgeth us in from his judgments on earth. Woe to sinful man without this! for he is near to cursing, and 'his end is to be burned.' Blessed soul that hath it! Wheresoever it dwells, mercy dwells by it. If England hath it, it shall ease her of her thorns: 'There shall be no more a pricking brier unto the house of Israel, nor any grieving thorn of all that are round about them,' Ezek. 28:24.

3. The last and sorest degree of the punishment is burning. I will not discourse whether the fire of that everlastingly hot furnace be material or spiritual. Surely it is strangely terrible; and we are blessed if we neither understand it nor undergo it. The misery of the damned is usually distinguished into the pain of loss and the pain of sense; both implied in this verse, and expressed 2 Thess. 1:8, 9: Christ shall 'take vengeance on such as know not God, and obey not the gospel of Jesus Christ;' there is pain of sense. 'They shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;' there is pain of loss.

(1.) This *pœna damni*, or privation of blessedness, may seem to be implied in the first degree here mentioned—rejection. The reprobate

are cast away of God. Much like that form of the last sentence, Matt. 25:41, 'Depart from me, ye cursed;' a fearful sentence, a terrible separation. 'From me,' saith Christ, that made myself man for your sakes, that offered my blood for your redemption, and received these and these wounds for your remedy. 'From me,' that would have healed, would have helped, would have saved you. 'From me,' that invited you to mercy, and you would not accept it. 'From me,' that purchased a kingdom of glory for such as believed on me, and will honour their heads with crowns of eternal joy. 'Depart from me.' This is a fearful rejection. My friendship, my fellowship, my paradise, my presence, my heaven, 'where is fulness of joy, and pleasure for evermore,' Ps. 16:11, are none of yours. They might have been; they are lost. Neither shall they only lose Christ, but all the company with Christ: the choir of glorious angels, the society of his blessed mother, the prophets, apostles, martyrs, all the happy and holy saints, with the whole host of heaven. They shall fret, and vex, and be ready to eat their own galls, to see those triumphing in glory whom they on earth persecuted, martyred, tortured. They could here exercise their savage tyranny over them, not only denying their own bread, but taking away theirs; they could despise, beat, malign, undo, burn them at stakes. Now the estate of both is changed; as Abraham told Dives, 'They are comforted, and thou art tormented,' Luke 16:25.

(2.) This is not all. The privation of blessed joys is not enough: there must follow the position of cursed torments. For their punishment is proportioned to their sin: 'They have committed two evils; they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water,' Jer. 2:13. As they turned from their Maker, so their Maker turns from them: there is *pœna damni*. As they fastened their delights on the creatures, so the creatures shall be their tortures: there is *pœna sensus*. They rejected God, and he rejects them; they adhered to wickedness, and it shall adhere to their bones for ever, and bring them to burning.

Their torments, which are here expressed by fire, have two fearful conditions—universality and eternity.

(1.) They are universal, vexing every part of the body and power of the soul. It is terrible in this life to be pained in every part of the body at one time. To have ache in the teeth, gout in the feet, colic in the reins, &c., and to lie (as it were) upon a rack, for innumerable diseases, like so many executioners, to torture him, is intolerable. But the largest shadow of these torments to their substance is not so much as a little bonfire to the combustion of the whole world.

(2.) They are eternal. If it had but as many ages to burn as there be trees standing on the earth, there would be some, though a tedious hope of their end. But it is such a fire as shall never be quenched. This word never is fearful. Though they rain floods of tears upon it, they shall be but like oil to increase the flame; for 'the worm never dies, the fire never goes out.' You see the end of thorns. 'Wickedness burneth as the fire; it shall devour the briers and thorns, and shall kindle in the thickest of the forest, and they shall mount up like the lifting up of smoke,' Isa. 9:18.

I resolved against prolixity. The general and summary doctrine is this: That since the wicked ground, which 'beareth thorns and briers, is near unto cursing, and the end thereof is eternal fire,' it follows necessarily, that all they which lay the foundation of ungodliness must needs build upon condemnation: 'Let no man deceive you: he that committeth sin is of the devil,' 1 John 3:8. If the course of a man's life be wicked, covetous, unclean, malicious, idolatrous, adulterous, drunken, he lays the groundwork of his own destruction; and precipitates himself to the malediction of God. He that lays the foundation in firework, must look to be blown up. Perhaps this meditation, though it be of unquenchable fire, may yet work coldly in our hearts, and leave no impression behind it; yet you cannot deny this to be true. He that would deny it, must deny my text, must turn atheist, and reject the holy word of God. Nay, he must think there is no God, no revenge of wickedness, no devil, no hell. And he undertakes a very hard task, that goes about to settle this persuasion in his mind. No, no: 'Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of

disobedience,' Eph. 5:6. And in this passage I must value all men alike, of what stuff or of what fashion soever his coat be; if his life be full of briers and thorns, his end is to be burned. 'What shall we then do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men,' that we may escape it? What, but 'repent, and believe the gospel!' Mark 1:15.

Let the commination of hell instruct us to prevent it, as the message of Nineveh's overthrow effected their safety. 1. Let us flee by a true faith into the arms of our Redeemer, that God reject us not. 2. Let us pour forth floods of repentant tears, that we be not nigh unto cursing. 3. And let us bring forth no more briers and thorns, that our end may not be to be burned. Faith, repentance, obedience; this same golden rule of three will teach us to work up our own salvation. This done, we shall not be rejected, but known to be elected; we shall be so far from cursing, that we shall presently receive the blessing; and our end shall be, not fire, but glory and peace. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace,' Ps. 37:37.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHURCH

But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.—HEB. 12:22–24.

THEY that make comparisons, alteram deprimunt, ut res alterius emineant,—debase the one part, that they may advance the honour of the other. Our apostle abates the glory of the law, that he may give more glory (where it is more deserved) to the gospel. 'For if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory,' 2 Cor. 3:9. The sum of the comparison is spent in these three generals:—1. There were omnia terrena et externa, all things outward and savouring of earth: ver. 18, 'a mount that might still be touched,' &c. Here, all interna et coelestia, spiritual and heavenly. 2. There are all obscura et caliginosa, dark and difficult: 'blackness and darkness,' &c. Here, all clara et illustria, clear and conspicuous; therefore the prophet called Christ Solem justitiæ, 'The Sun of righteousness,' Mal. 4:2; and John Baptist stiled him 'That Light, which lightens every one coming into the world,' John 1:8. 3. There, all were terribilia, fearful and amazing: not only to the people, ver. 19, who 'entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more;' but even to Moses: ver. 21, 'So terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake.' Here, all amabilia et læta, lovely as Rachel, delightful as music: the gospel is called 'the message of peace.' Our apostle therefore preacheth a double quantity in the gospel: magnitudinem gloriæ, multitudinem gratiæ,—the greatness of glory, to work in us reverence; the multitude of grace, to work in us love and obedience. 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Christ

Jesus,' John 1:17. The excellency of Christ above Moses is exemplified in the third chapter of this epistle: 'Moses verily was faithful in all God's house as a servant; but Christ as a Son over his own house,' &c., Heb. 3:6.

To the words: the parts are generally two—the access, and the object. First, for the access, 'Ye are come.' What! on your own feet, without a guide? No: *Accessistis, hoc est, fide evangelica perducti estis,**—Ye are come, that is, ye are brought by the faith of the gospel. There is one that brings you—God: every person in the blessed Trinity. It is *opus Patris*, 'No man can come except the Father draw him,' John 6:44; *opus Filii*, 'Draw me, we will run after thee,' Cant. 1:4; *opus Spiritus Sancti*, 'Let thy good Spirit lead me into the land of righteousness,' Ps. 143:10. Man is by nature in Zedekiah's case, 'blind and lame,' 2 Kings 25:7. Blind: *Non invenisset viam, nisi via invenisset eum,*—Unless the way had found him, he could never have found the way. Lame: he may know that the temple of heaven hath a 'Beautiful gate,' grace; but cannot come thither till God brings him, loosen his stupified joints, and put into his hand the alms of mercy. This done, he may 'enter into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God,' Acts 3:2, &c.

Thus first he gives the soul eyes, understanding; then feet, gracious affections; and now expects that he should come. God hath not so done all for thee, that thou shouldst do nothing for thyself. *A Deo sine te factus, à te sine Deo infectus: à Christo sine te reffectus, non à te sine Christo, nec à Christo sine te perfectus,*—God did create thee without thyself, thou didst lose thyself without God: without thyself Christ did redeem thee; but neither thyself without Christ, nor Christ without thyself, shall perfect thee. *Potest Dominus inveniri, adveniri, non præveniri,†*—There may be a finding of God, a coming to God, but no preventing of God. Have faith: 'He that cometh to God must believe,' Heb. 11:6; and that of thine own, for there is no coming on another's foot. Thus that we might come to Christ, Christ came to us. *Non de cœlo merita nostra, sed peccata traxerunt,*—Not our merits, but our maladies, drew that great Physician from heaven to us.

'Ye are,' not coming, but 'come;' it is rather a time perfectly past, than expectantly future. Which plainly demonstrates that this is a description of the church in her militant estate, so well as triumphant. Indeed either hath a relation to other, a communion with other; and the inestimable privileges of them both are wrapped up together. The connexion of glory to grace is so infallible, that they often change names: heaven is called the kingdom of holiness, and holiness is called the kingdom of heaven. 'Ye are saved by hope,' Rom. 8:24; and, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life, and is passed from death to life,' John 5:24; so sure, as if they were already in heaven. So Paul, 'Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we look for our Saviour, Jesus Christ,' Phil. 3:20.

The object or place of our arrival is described by many excellent and honourable titles. First, it is called a 'mount:' but is there so much happiness in that? *Ferunt summos fulgura montes*,—The highest mountains are most endangered to the violences of heaven, ver. 18. There was a 'mount burning with fire.' This is no mountain of danger or terror, but Zion: safe, pleasant, delightful Zion; the 'joy of the whole earth,' the beloved of God: the John that leaned on the bosom of Christ. 'The Lord loves the gates of Zion better than all the dwellings of Jacob,' Ps. 87:2. But though a mount, though Mount Zion, yet it might be a solitary and unfrequented hill: like that whereunto the devil took Christ, and shewed him the kingdoms of the world, Matt. 4:8; where a man can only see glory, not enjoy it. Or like that mount Nebo, or top of Pisgah, whereon Moses might only stand, and behold the land of Canaan, Deut. 34:4.

Not so; but on this mount there stands a 'city,' a populous city, and full of buildings; like that wherein Christ says 'there are many mansions,' John 14:2. But now whose city is this? For it may be some poor decayed thing, that hath only some ruins of remaining monuments. No; it is 'the city of God.' They are superlative things that have attributed to them the name of God. Adam's(?) sleep was called *sopor Domini*,—a sleep of God. Rachel said, 'With great wrestlings have I wrestled,' Gen. 30:8: Hebr., 'the wrestlings of God.'

'Thy righteousness is like the great mountains,' Ps. 36:6: Hebr. 'the mountains of God.' Nineveh was an 'exceeding great city,' Jonah 3:3: Hebr. 'a city of God.' This Hebrew dialect our apostle follows to the Hebrews, and calls this excellent city the city of God. Not that it is only God's by way of ascription, but even by foundation and everlasting possession; but to vindicate it from any obscureness, it is the city of God. But there were many conceited gods; it may be this belonged to some idol, as Peor did to Baal, and Ekron to Baal-zebub. No, these were all dead gods; this is 'the living God.' The Psalmist calls them mortuos: 'They did eat the sacrifices of the dead,' Ps. 106:28; but this God is called vivens, 'the living,' Heb. 9:24; and Deus viventium, 'the God of the living,' Matt. 22:32. Well, yet what is the name of this city? Is it a city, a city on a mount, a city of God, and doth it want a name? Not a great man, but if he build a fair house, he will give it some name; perhaps 'call it after his own name,' Ps. 49:11. The name is 'Jerusalem,' famous, blessed Jerusalem; a city of peace. But there was a Jerusalem on earth, whereof we may only say, Fuit,— It was. That was fulfilled on it which Christ foretold against it, 'There shall not be left one stone upon another,' Matt. 24:2. But this city is built with no other stones than jaspers, sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts, Rev. 21:19. It is here distinguished from that terrene by the name of 'heavenly;' above the wheel of changeable mortality, it is not subject to mutation. 'The celestial Jerusalem.'

But yet, though it be a city on a mount, though Jerusalem, though heavenly, yet the imperfection* of all may be impaired through the want, either of inhabitants, or of good inhabitants. There be cities eminent for situation, glorious for building, commodious for traffic, yet have all these benefits poisoned by evil citizens. When Alcibiades would sell a house, among other conveniences for which he praised it, he especially commends it for this, that it hath a good neighbour. Who be the neighbours in this city? 'Angels;' glorious and excellent creatures, the great King's courtiers; here our guardians, there our companions. Yes, you will say, one or two angels: yea, a company; not like David's at Adullam, nor Absalom's in Hebron, but 'innumerable, myriads of angels.'

Are there none in this city but angels? What habitation is there then for men? Yes, yes, there is an assembly of men; not some particular synod, nor provincial convocation, nor national council, but a 'general assembly.' What do you call it? 'The church.' Of whom consists it? *Ex primogenitis*,—'Of the first-born.' But then it may seem that younger brothers are excluded. No, the first-born of the world may be a younger brother in Christ, and the first-born in Christ may be a younger brother in the world. Be they younger or elder, all that 'are written in heaven,' if their names be in the book of life, their souls are in the bundle of life; all they, and none but they. 'There shall enter into it no unclean thing, but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life,' Rev. 21:27.

But now is it a city so pleasant, and peopled with such inhabitants, and hath it no governors? Yes; 'God,' *judex universorum*, 'the judge of all.' But here is more matter of fear than comfort: we may quickly offend this judge, and so be quite cast out of this city. The very name of a judge implies terror. No, for it is the part of a just judge, *parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos*,—to punish obstinate rebels, and to protect peaceable and obedient subjects.

Somewhat was said of adopted citizens, such as were strangers born, and by grace naturalised. What manner of creatures are they that God hath admitted to dwell there? 'Spirits.' Why, devils are spirits. No, spirits 'of men.' But many men have wicked spirits, and shall such dwell there? No, 'the spirits of just men.' Why, Solon, Aristides, Phocion, Scipio, were just men. They were morally just, but not truly justified, not 'perfect.' These are 'just spirits made perfect.'

How came they to be thus perfect? By Jesus, 'who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification,' Rom. 4:25. What is this Jesus? 'A mediator.' Man was guilty, God was angry. How should they be reconciled? A mediator must do it. For this purpose, *apparuit inter mortales peccatores, et immortalem justum, mortalis cum hominibus, justus cum Deo*,—he appeared between mortal sinners and the immortal Judge; mortal with men, just with

God: so was a perfect mediator. Whereof? *Novi foederis*,—'Of the new covenant.' The old was forfeited; a new one comes by him that renews all. Not, 'Do this and live;' but, 'Believe on him that hath done it for thee, and live for ever,' John 3:16. How is this covenant confirmed? It is sealed with blood. How is this blood applied? *Aspergendo*, 'by sprinkling:' as the door-posts sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb caused the destroying angel to pass over the Israelites, so the aspersion of this immaculate Lamb's blood upon the conscience shall free us from the eternal vengeance. But what is the virtue of this blood? 'It speaketh better things than that of Abel.' That blood cried for vengeance; this cries for forgiveness. The voice of that was, 'Lord, see and judge;' the voice of this is, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'

Thus briefly have I paraphrased the text. Now, for method's sake, in the tractation we may consider generally these five points:—I. There is a city, Jerusalem; 'the city of the living God.' II. The situation whereon it is built; 'Mount Zion.' III. The citizens, who are angels and men; 'an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of just men.' IV. The King that governs it; 'God, the judge of all.' V. The purchaser that bought it, and gave it us; 'Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant.' But now the situation hath the first place in the words, therefore challengeth the same in my discourse. And indeed on good cause should the foundation go before the building: we first seek out a fit ground, and then proceed to edify on it.

I. Mount Zion. Not literally that Mount Zion whereon Solomon built the temple and David his palace. That local Zion became like Shiloh: first, exceedingly and superlatively 'loved,' Ps. 87:2; afterward 'abhorred and forsaken, like the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent that he pitched among men,' Ps. 78:60. This was threatened to that sacred place as a just punishment of their rebellious profaneness: 'Therefore will I do unto this house that is called by my name as I have done to Shiloh.' It lies in the power of sin to make the most blessed places accursed: 'God turns a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of the inhabitants that dwell therein,' Ps. 107:34. *Civitatis*

eversio morum non murorum casus,—The ruin of a city is not the breach of the walls, but the apostasy of manners. Were our fences stronger than the sevenfold walls of Babylon, the sins within would hurl down the bulwarks without. If there be pravilegium among us, there is no privilegium for us.

This Zion, then, stands not on earthly foundations; for at the general dissolution, 'the earth, with all the works in it,' cities, castles, towns, towers, 'shall be burnt up,' 2 Pet. 3:10. If it were built on a 'sandy foundation,' when 'the rain, the floods, and winds shall conspire against it, it would fall, and the fall of it would be great,' Matt. 7:27. But Zion is built on Christ: 'Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect and precious: he that believeth on him shall not be confounded,' 1 Pet. 2:6. This is conspicuous by the antithesis of Mount Zion with the gospel to Mount Sinai with the law. The apostle calls that montem ψηλαφωμενον, a mount that might be touched. If this had been upon earth, it had also been contrectabilis, touchable; but it is only spiritual. He alludes to God's prophecies and promises, evangelium proditurum de Monte Sion,—that the gospel should come out of Mount Zion. This is manifest to those that will consider and confer these places, Obad. ver. 21, Isa. 2:3, Mic. 4:2, 'Come, let us go up to the mount of the Lord, for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of God from Jerusalem;' Isa. 59:20, with Rom. 11:26, 'There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob.' Sinai gave thralldom by Moses; Zion gives freedom and salvation by Jesus.

These two words give us two comforts of grace. Fortitudinem quia mons; beatitudinem quia Mons Sion,—Security, because it is a mountain; felicity, because it is Mount Zion.

1. Here is considerable the validity and strength of grace that comes by Christ: we are not built in a valley, but on a mount. A mountain hath ever been held the place of safety: 'I said in my prosperity, I shall never be moved,' Ps. 30:6. What is his reason? 'Lord, thou of thy favour hast made my mountain so strong.' But, alas! what are all

the mountains of the earth to Mount Zion? 'Woe to them that trust in the mountains of Samaria!' Amos 6:1. The profane Edomite stands on his mountain, Isa. 21:11, and derides the judgment of God. The Syrians thought God only Deum montium, 'a God of the mountains,' 1 Kings 20:23. It was 'upon the high mountain that Israel played the harlot,' Jer. 3:6. Many sit on their mountains and give defiance to heaven. The covetous man's mountain is his riches; there he thinks himself safe: 'Soul, rest; thou hast goods laid up for many years,' Luke 12:19. The ambitious man's mountain is his honour, and who dares find fault with so promontorious a celsitude? Yes: 'Every mountain shall be brought low,' Isa. 40:4. Sensuality is the voluptuous man's mountain; there he refugeth himself against all reproofs. But when the judgments of God shall come upon the earth, they shall cry 'to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us,' Luke 23:30. As neither against the waters in the former deluge, so not against the fire in the latter dissolution, shall the mountains defend; only this Mount Zion shall save us.

The mountain of worldly confidence hath not more strength of defending against the assaults of men than danger of exposition to the violences of heaven. Here is the difference betwixt the worldling's building and the Christian's:—

(1.) They think themselves only to build high, aspiring to an equality with mountains; and us low builders, poor, dejected, and rejected creatures. But, indeed, they build low, for all sublunary things are low buildings. Only he that builds on this Mount Zion builds high and sure: when all oppositions and adversary forces have done their worst, he stands firm 'like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth fast for ever,' Ps. 125:1.

The wise man's mind is ever above the moon;* yea, above the sun. What turbulencies soever be in the world, all is peace there. 'In my Father's house there are many mansions,' John 14:2. In domo; it is a house, not a tabernacle. 'Of my Father;' for if he hath afforded such a house for his enemies, how glorious is that he hath reserved for

himself and his friends! *Patris mei*, saith Christ, 'My Father.' Your father is able to give you a cottage for your short life; My Father gives a house for ever. There are mansions, *à manendo*; not movable tents, but mansions. 'Many,' enow for all; none shall be troubled for want of elbow-room. Therefore let all mountains stoop to this. 'The mountain of the Lord shall be established in the top of mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it,' Isa. 2:2. This is God's mountain, who hath chosen of all nations, Israel; of all tribes, Judah; of all cities, Jerusalem; of all temples, that of Solomon; of all mountains, Mount Zion.

(2.) The worldlings think this mountain is but a dream, because they cannot see it nor touch it. But our Apostle says it is *intrectabilis*, it cannot be touched with earthly fingers; no profane feet must tread in those holy courts. Natural men's understandings are led by their senses; *plus oculo quam oraculo*,—they will believe no further than they see. Give me good cheer, says the epicure; this I can see and taste; and tell not me of your spiritual banquet in heaven. Give me good liquor, says the drunkard, the blood of the grape: this gives *colorem, saporem, odorem*,—colour to the eye, savour to the palate, odour to the scent: heaven hath no nectar like this. Give me honour, saith the ambitious, which may advance me: that from this mountain of preferment I may overlook the inferior world, and behold vassals prostrate to my celsitude; this I can feel and see: tell not me of your invisible kingdom, and 'such honour have all his saints,' Ps. 149:9. Give me gorgeous apparel, says the proud; this will make me admired, and give me admission among the great ones: tell not me of your 'robe of glory.' Give me gold, says the covetous; this I can see; it is my sun by day, and my moon by night. I can spend my time delightfully in telling, feeling, treasuring this: never tell me of your 'treasure in heaven.' Well, if there be no remedy, but sense must be your religion, and this world your God; take your choice, these gross and palpable things, trust you in these mountains: but, Lord, give us this Mount Zion, which our Lord Jesus Christ hath established for us!

Now, sith we are built upon a mountain, let us know that we are conspicuous; all the world takes notice of us. The faithful are not ordained to live in corners unobserved, but are set on a mountain as examples of goodness to all: 'A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid,' Matt. 5:14. God meant you notable; take heed you become not notorious. As Mount Zion is 'the joy of the whole earth,' Ps. 48:2; so it is the light of the whole earth. If that light become darkness, how great, and how greatly to be condemned, is that darkness! This was that great exception God took against Israel, that 'through them his name,' which should have been honoured, 'was blasphemed among the Gentiles,' Rom. 2:24. You are founded on a mountain; therefore 'have your conversation honest among men, that by your good works which they behold, they may glorify God in the day of visitation,' 1 Pet. 2:12.

2. The felicity that comes by Christ, insinuated by Zion, which was a place of blessedness. This is either *præmissa* or *promissa*,—already sent into our hearts, or certainly objected by promise to our faiths. It is either assumed or assured. In *re* or in *spe*,—either that we have, or that we shall have. The happiness we have already by this Mount Zion consists in three privileges—the favour of God, joy of the Holy Ghost, and peace of conscience.

(1.) In the favour of God; which is to Zion as the light was once to Goshen, Exod 10:23: shining there, and nowhere else. Or as to Gideon, the fleece on the mountain is wet with the dew of heaven, when all the earth is dry besides, Judges 6:37. This is *lux vultus tui*, 'the light of thy countenance,' Ps. 4:6, which 'puts more gladness into our hearts' than the abundance of earthly fruits rejoice the covetous. The wicked shall never see it, unless so much as may increase their anguish, when they must depart from it for ever.

(2.) In the joy of the Spirit; which is *hilaris cum pondere virtus*,—a gladness that can neither be suppressed nor expressed. *Sentire est cordis, dicere non est oris*,—The heart doth feel it, the tongue cannot tell it. It is that 'stone with the new name written in it, which no man

knoweth, saving he that receiveth it,' Rev. 2:17. There is much rejoicing in the world, but the matter of it is mutable. These lower delights are more sensitive, but more fluid. They sooner cloy us; magna foelicitas est à foelicitate non vinci,*—it is a great happiness not to be overcome of happiness. Corporal delights work in us a great hunger till they are attained. But spiritual, cum non habentur sunt in fastidio: cum habentur, in desiderio,†—whiles we have them not, we care not for them; but when we have them, we more eagerly desire them. There is no hunger of it till we taste it. In illis appetitus generat saturitatem, saturitas fastidum; in istis appetitus parit fruitionem, fruitio parit appetitum,—In carnal pleasures, appetite begets fulness, fulness loathing; in spiritual, desire prepares fruition, fruition begets desiring. Voluptuous pleasure is like a blister, it begins first with an itching, but at last it swells and breaks forth in anguish and putrid corruption. There are two observations able to keep us from over-affecting the joys of this world, and from vilipending the joys of Zion:

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Obs. 1.—First, resolve every carnal delight into the first matter and principle of it, and there will be more likelihood of despising than danger of much desiring. The covetous makes 'gold his hope,' and says to the wedge, 'Thou art my confidence,' Job 31:24; and what are those precious metals he so worshippeth, but veins of the earth better coloured? The ambitious builder, that erects a Babel for the honour of his own majesty, Dan. 4:30, thinks all eyes stand amazed at his magnificence. And what are those sumptuous monuments wherein he so glorieth, but monumental witnesses of his folly, a little hewn timber, some burnt and hardened earth? The adulterer admires the beauty of his harlot, kneels to a pledge of her memory, by wanton sonnets idolises her, turns his soul to an elephant, and worships this sun. Now, what is that stately building of a human lump but the same earth his foot treads upon, better tempered; because painted, worse; and when it wants the guest, the soul that quickens it, worst of all? The proud dotes on his costly robes, centres his eye upon himself, as if no second object was worth looking on; the tailor's hand hath made him a man, and his purse makes the

tailor a gentleman. And what are those curious rags but such as are given of worms, and consumed of moths? Consider the materials of your lower joys, and if you will persist in their dotage, you shall do it without our envy.

Obs. 2.—Observe their conclusion; look from their beginning to their end. *Delectatio vulnerat, et transit; infoelicem reddidit, et reliquit,**—Pleasure, like an Irishman, wounds with a dart, and is suddenly gone; it makes a man miserable, and so leaves him. *Mors in olla;* behold laughter concluded in tears. The protasis delights, the apodosis wounds. The conscience receives a long vexation for a transient delectation; for an unperfect content, perfect torment. This is a hard pennyworth; so little pleasure for so much repentance. He that for a little joy gives that Christ bought with so much pain, *stultum Christum reputat mercatorem, †*—thinks Christ a foolish buyer; but the event proves him a foolish seller. Esau bitterly repented this bargain.

This for the world: but now the joys of Mount Zion are, for matter, spiritual; for substance, real; for use, universal; for continuance, eternal.

(3.) In the peace of conscience. There is little outward peace in the world; we have either an Esau with his hand, or an Ishmael with his tongue, bent against us. 'As then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now,' Gal. 4:29. So it is, and so it will be to the end of the world. This is the difference betwixt Mount Zion militant, and Mount Zion triumphant. In heaven are all comforts without any crosses; in hell are all crosses without any comforts; on earth comforts and crosses, joy and grief, peace and trouble, misery and mercy, are blended together. We may say of a Christian, as Lorinus the Jesuit writes of an archbishop of Toledo, who weighing the much-disputed controversy, whether Solomon was saved or damned, and not being satisfied with the arguments of either side, caused Solomon to be painted on the walls of his chapel half in heaven and half in hell. So the Christian, in

respect of his outward calamities, seems to be half in hell; but in respect of his inward comforts, he is the better half in heaven. Howsoever, 'being justified by faith, we have peace with God,' Rom. 5:1. And wheresoever we are dispersed, or howsoever distressed, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' and surpasseth all commending, 'preserveth our hearts in Jesus Christ evermore.'

But all this in possessio, we have already; there is something more in promisso, which we shall have. 'We are now the sons of God, but it appears not yet what we shall be,' 1 John 3:2. Hast thou here much peace? There is more: here we have desiderium pacis, there pacem desiderii,—here a desire of peace, there the peace of our desires. Hast thou here some joy? There is more: now joy with sorrow, chequer-work, white and black; roses, but thorns with them: then joy with safety, safety with eternity; such joy as 'shall never be taken from us,' John 16:22. There rex veritas, lex charitas, pax foelicitas, vita aeternitas.‡ If one day in lower Zion be better than a thousand days in the tents of wickedness, Ps. 84:10, then one day in upper Zion is better than a thousand years in the valley of tears. If Peter was so ravished with Mount Tabor, where only Christ was transfigured, Matt. 17:2, what is he with this Mount Zion, where all are glorified! 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord!' Ps. 84:1. If God's tabernacles be so lovely, what is his mansion? If there be such joy in the remission of sin, what is there in the abolition of sin? If there be now such sweet peace in thy heart, such music in thy conscience, what mayest thou think there is in heaven? But because non capimus illa, illa capiant nos,—we cannot comprehend those pleasures, let those pleasures comprehend us. Good servant, the joy is too great to enter into thee, therefore 'enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' Matt. 25:23.

This Mount Zion did God give to Christ, and Christ to us. God to his Son: 'Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion,' Ps. 2:6. The Son to us: 'A Lamb stood on Mount Zion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand,' &c., Rev. 14:1. A lamb in figure, slain from the foundation of the world. A lamb in fact, led like a lamb to the

slaughter, Acts 8:32. 'Standeth;' sits not idle, nor lies asleep: 'He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps,' Ps. 121:4. Whereon? Not as the two beasts his opposites, that rise out of the earth and sea, but on a 'mount.' What mount? Not Sinai, but 'Zion.' Other mountains quake at his presence: 'The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord;' but 'Zion heard and was glad, and the daughter of Judah rejoiced,' Ps. 97:5, 8. Other mountains, in homage to this, have skipped and danced about it: 'The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs,' Ps. 114:4. He stands, therefore is willing to defend; on a mount, therefore able to defend; on Mount Zion, therefore ready to defend, because he is in the midst of his own, and sees his church round about him. So that though all the red dragons on earth, and black devils in hell, rage against us, yet the Lamb on Mount Zion will defend us. There now he stands, calling us by grace; there we shall one day behold him, calling us to glory: until he give this glory to us, yea, then and ever, let us give all glory to the Lamb, that stands on Mount Zion.

This is the place which the Lord chose and loves. He refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the tribe of Ephraim; 'but chose the tribe of Judah, the mount Zion which he loved,' Ps. 78:68. This praise did inherit and inhabit Zion: 'The Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it,' Ps. 132:13. Let the precedent of God's affection work in all our hearts a zeal to Zion. The Lord that chose Zion, choose us to Zion; he that desired it his habitation, make it the habitation of our desires! It is his rest; let it be ours, that we may rest with him. 'Here will I dwell,' saith he; let all pray to dwell there. Though it be a hill, a high hill; though there be pains and toil in getting up, yet let us ascend, for above there is eternal joy.

II. 'The city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem.' I come from the situation to the city; you hear where it is, hear now what it is. A city on a mountain. 'Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of

the north, the city of the great King. God is known in her palaces for a sure refuge,' Ps. 48:4, &c. Here be some circumstances. 1. Quæ sit, not a village, but a city. 2. Cujus, not man's, but God's; not a feigned, but the living God's. 3. Qualis, not earthly, but heavenly. 4. Quo nomine, not Sodom or Samaria, but the city of peace, Jerusalem.

1. The city. The church may be compared to a city for three resemblances: of safety, unity, paucity.

(1.) For safety. Cities have ever been held the securest places. So Lot said of little Zoar; 'Let me escape thither, and my soul shall live,' Gen. 19:20. Cain fearing the execution of his curse, built him a city for refuge, and called it Enoch, Gen. 4:17. The motive that caused those wicked to build a city was security, 'lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth,' Gen. 11:4. The Israelites had their 'cities of refuge,' and a law of their protection, Num. 35:27. But there is no city of sure refuge but this city of the living God. It is ordinary with men to put too much trust, like Israel, in their walled cities. 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain,' Ps. 127:1. 'Shalt thou reign because thou closest thyself in cedar?' Jer. 22:15. Thou thinkest thyself secure because an inhabitant of this famous London. No, thou livest in an island, therefore in danger of the sea; in a Christian island, therefore in danger of the Turk; in a Protestant island, therefore in danger of the Pope; in a chief city of this island, therefore in danger of the devil. The city is perilous for pride: the more spectators, the more acclamations; the larger the theatre, the louder the applause. The solemn assembly in Cæsarea puffed up ambitious Herod to his own destruction. The people shouted, *Vox Dei!* but the worms confuted their flattery and his folly. Simon Magus ventured that flight in a city, to which in an obscure village he had neither been tempted, nor would have attempted. And whether quick comings in of money make not this city unsafe to many souls, miserable experience hath evinced. *Præceps lucrum, princeps damnum,*—Sudden profit is capital loss. But suppose men care not so much for the safety of their souls, are their bodies secure? Thieves, homicides, fires deny it. But if they scape all these fires, yet

not the last fire. Your buckets may quench other fires, not this; no milk nor vinegar can extinguish that wild-fire: as in the days of Noah, a dove could not set down her foot for water, so nor at this day for fire. Let this meditation, like a fortunate storm, drive you to harbour; the weakness of all cities in the world, to the safety of the city of God.

(2.) For unity. Familiarity hath the name, quasi ejusdem familiæ, as it were of the same family. Concord and agreement is taught by the corporation of one city. 'Jerusalem is built as a city well compacted together,' Ps. 122:3. Here is no need of lawyers, all are at peace. Not a tell-tale, not an incendiary in it. Inferior cities have good orders for unity, but all will not embrace the unity of order. Sæpe inter cives turbaverit omnia dives. It must be as the rich will have it, or there is no rule. These citizens are not urbani, but turbani. It was David's care to 'cut off such wicked doers from the city of God,' Ps. 101:8. Here they 'persecute us from city to city, going over the cities of Israel,' Matt. 10:23: not leave us till we are driven to this city, then shall we rest in peace; every one loving another, and the Lord Jesus loving us all.

(3.) For paucity. Indeed a city is great compared with a village, but what is it in respect of the earth? 'Are there few that shall be saved?' Luke 13:23. No, there are many: 'Christ is the first-born among many brethren,' Rom. 8:29. 'Lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and languages, stood before the throne,' Rev. 7:9. Are there many that shall be saved? No, few: 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' Matt. 10:16. Christ's is a 'little flock,' Luke 12:32. The best courses have the fewest followers: Numerus paucior, numerus melior. God's servation is 'a very small remnant,' Isa. 1:9; a very tenth. 'In it shall be a tenth,' Isa. 6:13; many leaves, the sap is but a tithe. 'As the shaking of an olive tree, two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough; four or five in the outmost fruitful branches,' Isa. 17:6. They are compared to the 'gleaning of the grapes after the vintage,' Isa. 24:13. It was the church's complaint, 'Woe is me! for I am as the gleanings,' Micah 7:1. This was God's collection: 'I will take you one of a city, and two of a family,' Jer. 3:14. God is a

shepherd that saves some from the lion, 'taking out of his mouth two legs, or the piece of an ear,' Amos 3:12: rescue a few from that universal apostasy. Of the six hundred thousand that came out of Egypt, but two entered into Canaan, Caleb and Joshua. Even the best is but titio ereptus ab igne,—a brand snatched out of the fire. 'All flesh had corrupted their way,' Gen. 6:12; only Noah escaped. Not one righteous in Sodom but Lot. Four hundred and fifty prophets for Baal, but one for the Lord; four hundred flatterers for Ahab, one Michaiah for the truth. 'Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders in Israel,' Isa. 8:18; so few and rare, that they are gazed on for monsters. When they sat in counsel against Christ, none spake for him but Nicodemus, John 7:51. Paul answering before Nero, 'no man stood with him, but all men forsook him,' 2 Tim. 4:10. But to the idol all consent, Exod. 32. From young to old given to sodomy, Gen. 19. Pilate asking what shall be done with Jesus, 'all cry, Crucify him.' There was a general shout for Diana two hours together, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' Acts 19:34. 'All, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, received the mark of the beast in their foreheads,' Rev. 13:16. 'The children of Israel are like to little flocks of kids,' 1 Kings 20:27; but the wicked, like the Syrians, fill the country. But those few innocents speed best. 'Though the number of Israel be as the sand, a remnant shall be saved,' Rom. 9:27. Among us many rob the church, few add to the dition of it; there are many usurers, few restorers. Lord, 'thou hast but a few names in Sardis,' Rev. 3:1.

That of Esdras concerning Israel is true of this mystical city, 'Of all the trees, thou hast chosen thee only one vine: of all the lands of the whole world, thou hast chosen thee only one pit: of all the flowers, one lily: of all the depths of the sea, thou hast filled thee one river: of all the builded cities, thou hast hallowed Zion unto thyself. Of all the fowls created, thou hast named thee one dove: of all the cattle, thou hast provided thee one sheep: among all the multitudes of peoples, thou hast gotten thee one people,' 2 Esdr. 5:23. If we should divide the world into thirty parts, scarce five of them are Christian. Of those five, the Pope challengeth (at the least) half. He says, I have one

church in Italy, one in Germany, one in Spain, one in France, one in England. Now the Lord one day convince him, and grant us he may have none in England! Now it is a quarrel betwixt us and Antichrist, whether they or we belong to this city; we cannot agree about it. One day this quarrel will be taken up; the next will clear it. Now subdivide all these five parts of the world, whether theirs or ours, and scarce one is truly sincere. Hypocrisy hath one part, heresy another part, profaneness a third part, lukewarmness a fourth; God hath least, that owns all. Oh the small number sealed up by the Spirit of the living God! Let this teach every one to suspect himself: when Christ said, 'One of you shall betray me,' they presently all cry, 'Master, is it I?' When he was asked whether only few should be saved, he tells them of neither many nor few, but charged them to look to themselves, that they might be of the number: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' Luke 13:24. 'There is a city built in a broad field, full of all good things, but the entrance thereof is narrow, besides the dangerous passage between a violent fire and a deep water,' 2 Esdr. 7:6. Study, strive, pray that thou mayest pass through the narrow way, by the sweet guiding hand of Christ.

2. Of God. God is the proprietary of this city. *Est una civitas, et una civitas: unus populus, et unus populus, unus rex, et unus rex, una lex, et una lex,**—There are two cities, two peoples, two kings, and two laws. For the cities, there is 'Babylon the great,' Rev. 18:2, and 'Jerusalem the mother of us all,' Gal. 4:26. For the peoples, there is the 'seed of the woman' and 'of the serpent'—corn and tares, sheep and goats, vessels of honour, and vessels of dishonour, Jacob and Esau, Christ and Belial. *Nec est tertius, nec ad tertium,*—There is no third person, nor designment to a third place. For the kings, there is Christ: 'Yet have I set my King upon Zion the mountain of my holiness,' Ps. 2:6; and Satan, 'the prince of the power of the air,' Eph. 2:2. The prince indeed, *not mundi, sed tenebrarum mundi,*—not of the world, but of the darkness of the world. 2 Cor. 4:4, you have both these kings together: 'The god of this world hath blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of Christ might not shine unto them.' For the laws, God's law is, 'Let every one that nameth the name of

Christ, depart from iniquity,' 2 Tim. 2:19. Satan's law is, 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' 1 John 2:16. God's law is, 'Thou shalt not swear;' Satan's, Thou shalt forswear. God's law, 'Covet not;' Satan's, Covet all. *Nihil præcipit Deus nisi charitatem, nihil diabolus nisi cupiditatem,*—God commands nothing but love, the devil nothing but lust.

Now these two cities were begun in Cain and Abel: Cain a citizen of the world, Abel a citizen of God. Their names signify their natures: Cain signifies a possession, and he built a city; for 'the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' *Iniqui mentem in amore præsentis vitæ figunt,**—Wicked men set their whole delight in this present world. What moved Cain to this? Not to be defended against wild beasts, which Plato says first moved men to build cities; for then Abel would have builded so well as Cain: nor because man is *animal sociale*, a sociable creature, which Aristotle makes a special motive hereof; for then the righteous would also have builded. But because Cain was a fugitive, he builded for protection against God's curse; especially because he had no expectation of a better city. Unlike to Abraham, who 'looked for a city that hath a foundation, whose builder and maker is God,' Heb. 11:10. The Greeks say, that Cecropolis, built by Cecrops, the Egyptians that Thebes, the Argives that Argos, was the first city. But it is manifest, that this city built by Cain was the first. He called the name of this city Enoch, but Henoch in the righteous line is the seventh: 'Enoch the seventh from Adam,' Jude, ver. 14. So the wicked dedicate worldly possessions in the first place, the righteous in the last. Cain and Henoch had their possession and dedication here. But Abel signifies mourning, and he built no city. Our possession is in heaven, this city of God, invisible to the eye, incredible to the faith of the world, but infallible to all believers.

And for Cain, it is not properly translated, *ædificavit*, but *erat ædificator*, as Junius; *erat ædificans*, as the Septuagint: he began to build, but he finished not: he was still a runagate. So all worldlings are but *ædificantes*; like the Babel-erectors, they but began to rear

the tower, but never could come to roof it. 'This man began to build,' saith Christ, 'but could not make an end.' They are persuaded, yea, 'their inward thought is, that they build houses to all ensuing generations,' Ps. 49:13; but 'this their way is their folly.' *Ædificat mortalis, mors diruit ædificantem*,—Mortal man builds, and death pulls down both builder and edifice. You have heard it talked of castles built by day, and still (no man knows how) pulled down again by night. That fabulous report is mystically true of the worldling's hope: whatever he erecteth in the day of his prosperity, the night of his ruin shall overthrow.

Here are the two cities: *Omnis homo vel in cœlis regnaturus cum Christo, vel in infernis cruciandus cum diabolo*, †—Every one shall either reign with Christ in heaven, or be tormented with the devil in hell. But how then is it said that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself?' 2 Cor. 5:19; therefore the whole world is reconciled. But St John contracts it, *Mundus positus in maligno*,—'The whole world lieth in wickedness,' 1 John 5:19; therefore the world is not reconciled to this city. Here *qui bene distinguit, bene docet*,—a proper distinction doth clear this difficulty. The world is sometimes taken for good, then *denominatio sequitur meliorem partem*; often for evil, then *denominatio sequitur majorem partem*. In a word, saith Augustine, *Amor Dei constituit Jerusalem, amor mundi Babylonem*,—The love of God entitles us to Jerusalem, the love of the world to Babylon. Thus may we distinguish the citizens; for *bonos vel malos mores faciunt boni vel mali amores*,—our good or bad loves make our good or bad lives. There is no man which belongs not to one of these two cities. No? To which of them belongs the hypocrite? To Babylon? His face is toward Jerusalem. To Jerusalem? His heart is with Babylon. His misery is great: because he wears God's outside, the world will not be his mother; because he wears the world's inside, God will not be his father. He hath lost earth for heaven's sake, and heaven for earth's sake. We have some such rushers into authority uncalled, vicious correctors of vice, that undertake to cleanse the Augean stables, perhaps somewhat the sweeter till themselves came in: officious scavengers of iniquity. If

with this loam they daub over their own debauchedness, they are like dung, which is rotten and stinking of itself, yet compasseth the ground, and makes it fruitful. Or like the shepherd's dog, that hunts the straggling sheep to the fold, yet is a dog still, and hath his teeth beaten out, lest he should worry them. Will you hear to what city hypocrites belong? The wicked servant shall have 'his portion with hypocrites, where shall be weeping, and gnashing of teeth,' Matt. 24:51. So then the hypocrite's home is the city of weeping and gnashing of teeth.

But in this blessed city God is King, Christ his eldest Son, Heb. 1:6; the elect are his younger brethren, Rom. 8:29; his viceroys are kings, angels his nobles, just judges his magistrates, Rom. 13:4; good preachers his ministers, 2 Cor. 5:20; holiness his law, 1 Thess. 4:3; the godly his subjects, providence his government, Matt. 6:32; heaven his court, Matt. 5:34; and salvation his recompense, Rom. 6:23.

Further observe, that if this city be God's, then so are all things in it. Whence I infer that all sacred things in this city being God's, must not be violated. For the things in heaven, they are safe enough out of the encroacher's reach; but the holy things of this militant city are universally abused: sacrilegium quasi sacrilædium,—a profaning that is holy. Now holiness is ascribed to persons, places, or things. Sacrilege may be committed, saith Aquinas, (1.) Vel in personam,—against a person, when one ecclesiastical man is abused: 'He that despiseth you, despiseth me,' Luke 10:16. (2.) Vel in locum,—against a place, when the temple is profaned: 'My house is called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves,' Mark 11:17. (3.) Vel in rem,—when things dedicated to holy uses are perverted: 'You have robbed me in tithes and offerings,' Mal. 3:8. Simon Magus would have bought a 'power to give the Holy Ghost by imposition of hands,' Acts 8:19. He would have given money for it, no doubt to have gotten money by it. No spiritual things are to be bartered for money. Now spiritual things are of four sorts:—

(1.) Essentialiter: the gifts of God's Spirit—justification, sanctification, 'love, peace, patience, goodness, faith,' Gal. 5:22, *charismata salutis*; which make those that have them spiritual.

(2.) Causaliter: the word and sacraments, which are the conduit-pipes to convey unto our souls those graces, from the fountain of all grace, Jesus Christ. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,' John 6:63.

(3.) Effectualiter; as power to heal, to work miracles, to excommunicate, to absolve: gifts not imparted to secular hands, but committed with the keys to the church.

(4.) Per annectionem; such are spiritual livings and endowments: these are not to be profaned in buying and selling. Selling is like the sin of Gehazi; buying, like the sin of Simon Magus. *Anathema danti, anathema accipienti*,—There is a curse to the giver, and a curse to the receiver. Now sacrilege to these holy things of God is committed three ways:—

(1.) *Quando aufertur sacrum de sacro*,—When a holy thing is taken from a holy place: as the consecrated vessels out of the temple. Felix seeing the costly chalices Constantinus and Constantius had bestowed on the church, maliciously scoffed, What stately plate is there for the carpenter's son?* But he that had so base a conceit of Christ's blood, did himself nothing night and day but vomit blood, till his unhappy soul was fetched from his wretched carcase. We have too many of those, that, like Belshazzar, with the riches of the church have furnished their cupboards of plate.

(2.) *Quando non sacrum de sacro*,—When a common thing is stolen from a sacred place. As if a thief breaks open a church to steal some private treasure hid in it. So the churchwardens may defraud the poor of the money in the box. It is the poor's, not sacred to the church, yet it is sacrilege to embezzle it.

(3.) Quando sacrum de non sacro,—When a holy thing is taken out of a common place: as when the church is robbed of her possessions and endowments. Oh the mercy of God, what shall become of England for thus robbing God's city! Our patrons are like those Christ whipped out of the temple; yea, worse: for they bought and sold in the church, these buy and sell the church itself. 'It is a snare to the man that devoureth that which is holy,' Prov. 20:25. A snare hath three properties. It catcheth suddenly: Uzzah did but touch the ark, and presently fell down dead. It holds surely: Uzziah will offer incense, but the leprosy (which was his plague) held him to his dying day, 2 Chron. 26:19. It destroys certainly: the earth swallowed Korah and his confederates, when the rest escaped.

The prophet bestows a whole psalm against this sin, Ps. 83. The centre of it, upon whom all the lines and projections of his invectives meet, are those, ver. 12, that say, 'Let us take to ourselves the houses of God in possession.' He calls them God's enemies, tumultuous, proud, God-haters, ver. 2. Crafty enemies, with their plots, tricks, subtleties; much like our impropiators' legal justifying, ver. 3. Confederate enemies, combining themselves to annihilate a church: 'Come, let us cut them off from being a nation,' ver. 4; endeavouring to extinguish the very name of Israel: breaking down the pale, that the boar, the depopulator, and the wild beast, the corrupt patron, may waste and devour it, Ps. 80:13. They would plough up the universities, and sow them with the seed of barbarism. Now mark how he prays for them, ver. 9, 'Do unto them as unto the Midianites;' who were by the trumpets and lamps so terrified, that they drew their swords one upon another, Judg. 7:22: so that these by the trumpets of the law, and lamps of the gospel, might be awaked. 'As to Sisera and to Jabin at the brook of Kishon,' Judg. 4:9; that great captain, whom God delivered into the hands of a woman. Ver. 11, 'Make their nobles like Oreb, and like Zceb; yea, all their princes as Zebah and Zalmunna;' all princes, yet died violent and ignominious deaths, and 'became like dung for the earth.' Doth he stay here? No; ver. 13, 'O my God, make them like a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind:' infatuate all their plots, turn their brains, and disperse

their stratagems. Is he yet satisfied? No; ver. 14, 'As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth on fire the mountains; so persecute them with thy tempest.' He useth imprecations to open the flood-gates of God's wrath, that like fire it might consume them, either naturally, as fire burns the wood, or miraculously, as it inflameth the mountains. Ver. 16, 'Fill their faces with shame.' If this be to take God's houses in possession, who dares lay sacrilegious hands upon them? Yet for all this, those men did not what they desired. 'Let us take,' ver. 12; they said it, they did it not. Perhaps no thanks to them; they would if they could. We have done it, taken, inhabited, inherited; as Elias said to Ahab: 'We have killed, and also taken possession,' 1 Kings 21:19. His tithes, his offerings, all his holy rites, yea, his very churches: we have gotten them, and led them captive away, bound in chains of iron, conveyed by deeds, grants, seals, fines, as if we would be sure they should never return to the owner; God is robbed of them for ever.

'Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation?' Jer. 5:29. What family, that hath had but a finger in these sacrileges, hath not been ruined by them? They have been more unfortunate to the gentry of England than was the gold of Tholossa to the followers of Scipio. Remember the proverb: 'He that eats the king's goose shall have the feathers stick in his throat seven years after.' Justinian said, *Proximum sacrilegio crimen est quod majestatis dicitur*,—Treason is a petty sin in respect of sacrilege. Augustine seems to give the reason: *Tanto gravius est peccatum, quanto committi non potest nisi in Deum*,—It is so much the more heinous, because it cannot be committed but immediately against God himself. Well then, as the Philistines made haste to send home the ark, 1 Sam. 5:11, and the Egyptians to rid themselves of God's people, Exod. 12:31; so let us restore to God his dues with all speed. Otherwise, as he smote the Philistines with emerods secretly, and the Egyptians with plagues publicly; so only himself knows what he hath determined against us. With what face canst thou expect an inheritance from Christ in heaven, that detainest from Christ his

inheritance here on earth?* Let us not so Jewishly with the spoils of Christ purchase fields of blood.

It is much, if at all this any guilty soul tremble; but howsoever, like Pharaoh, when the thunder and lightning are done, they are where they were. Oh, this is a difficult devil to be cast out!

'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's,' Mark 12:17. *Reddite Deo sua, ut Deus restituat vobis vestra,* † —Return unto God that which is his, that God may allow you that which is yours. We pay to the king impost, subsidies, and fifteens; so give we all these in a resemblance to God. The Lord's impost for all his blessings is our gratitude. 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and bless the name of the Lord,' Ps. 116:12. If we forget to pay this impost, the commodity is forfeit; God will take it back. Our subsidies are according to our parts. The subsidies of our eyes are our tears: he that pays not this tribute of rain shall want the sunshine of mercy. The subsidies of our mouths are our praises. *Tibi omne os confitebitur.* 'Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise,' Ps. 51:15. The subsidies of our ears are attention to his word: 'Mary sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word,' Luke 10:39. The subsidies of our heads are meditations of his power, justice, mercy, truth: 'The blessed man doth meditate in the law of the Lord day and night,' Ps. 1:2. This reduceth Christianity to practice: a rare habit, and yet it is less possible to be good without it than to swallow and never chew the cud. A sermon without consequent meditation may come to be remembered again in hell. The subsidies of our knees are geniculations: 'I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' Eph. 3:14; Stephen 'kneeling down and prayed,' &c., Acts 7:60. If our knees be too stout to pay this tribute, heaven-gate will be too low for our entrance. The subsidies of our hands are alms to the poor; the due payment of this interest shall bless and increase the principal: 'Give, and it shall be given you,' Luke 6:38. To the king we pay fifteens, to God tenths: these he hath separated to himself. The honest Pharisee could say, Tithe and be rich; the dishonest

Christian says, Tithe and be poor. But what men get by this detiny, shall be their fatal destiny; they shall leave the gold behind them, but carry the guilt with them to everlasting fire. Rob not this city militant, lest God turn you from the city triumphant.

'Of the living God.' This hath been an ancient attribute to God, 'living;' and it is added here partly for distinction, partly for demonstration. First, it distinguisheth the owner of this city from other titular gods. For 'there be gods many, and lords many,' 1 Cor. 8:5. The name of gods hath been given to men, to idols, to lusts. *Homines dii mortales, idola dii mortui, libidines dii mortiferi,*—Men are gods dying, idols dead, lusts deadly. There are—

(1.) *Dii deputati*, reputed and deputed gods: such are magistrates and princes. 'I have said, Ye are gods,' Ps. 82:6; but these are mortal gods: 'Ye shall die like men.' You have your life from this living God: both the life of nature common with others, and the life of power superior to others. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' Rom. 13:1. Pilate received that power from God whereby he unjustly condemned the Son of God. 'Thou couldst have no power against me, except it were given thee from above,' John 19:11. We must give to those gods obedience, either active or passive: active when they command well, passive though they command ill. Otherwise we incur 'damnation' for obstinate disobeying, Rom. 13:2, as themselves have damnation for unjust commanding. These are momentary gods, as men are kings on the stage till the play is done.

(2.) *Dii fictitii*, feigned gods, as Mars the god of war, Neptune the god of the sea, &c. They were strange gods that went a-whoring after women, made way to their lusts, if not by flattery, by blood. Scarce ranker villany in the devils than was found in those gods. This the philosophers objected against Paul, that he was 'a setter forth of strange gods,' Acts 17:18. The superstitious Lystrians took Paul for such gods: *Dii descenderunt*, 'The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men,' Acts 14:11. But Paul, ver. 15, points them to 'the

living God that made heaven and earth.' Those feigned gods are confounded by this living God.

(3.) *Dii manufacti*, gods made with men's hands, idols; but these are dead gods, Ps. 106:28. Yea, not only dead, but nothing: 'An idol is nothing in the world,' 1 Cor. 8:4. It is true that they have matter and form: the gold, brass, wood, or stone whereof they are made, be substances; they have something in *esse naturæ*, nothing in *esse vitæ*; they have stuff, but no life in them. 'They have eyes, and see not, there is no breath in their mouths,' Ps. 135:17. St Paul commends in the Thessalonians this happy conversion, 'from dead idols to the living God,' 1 Thess. 1:9. Oh that it were as easy to confute idolaters as it is to confound idols! *Pes hominis conculcat talem deum*,—No idol is so great a god, but the foot of man can kick it down.

(4.) *Dii usurpantes*, usurping gods, devils. So Paul calls Satan 'the god of this world,' 2 Cor. 4:4. Of the whole world? What is then left for God? Not so; he is *deus improborum*, not *elementorum*. God of the wicked, not of the frame, of the world. 'The prince of this world is already judged,' 1 Cor. 6:13. A goodly god that is already judged! 'The God of peace shall tread Satan under your feet,' Rom. 16:20. Not you, but God shall tread him down (to your comfort) under your feet. Therefore, 'give no place to the devil,' Eph. 4:27; for there is no place for the devil, but where it is given him.

(5.) *Dii sensuales*, sensual gods. Some make their belly their god, and delicate cheer his sacrifices. 'Meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; but God shall destroy both it and them,' 1 Cor. 6:13. Others make gold and silver their gods. Worse than pagan idolatry; they had gods of corn and of wine; but 'these idols of silver and of gold, which they made for themselves to worship,' Isa. 2:20, they shall one day cast away with malediction. Some make their wife a goddess, dote upon her with extremest idolatry; a fair coloured piece of clay hath more worship than the Lord of heaven. To some their patron is a

god; they more quake at his frown than at all the curses in the Bible. These are not only dead, but deadly gods.

For demonstration, the owner of this city is the living God; both formaliter in himself, and effectivè to others. 'Who only hath immortality,' 1 Tim. 6:16. Only? Are not angels and men's souls immortal. But God gives to them this immortality; only he hath it in himself. Therefore he is called the living God, and the God of life. There be three degrees of life, all given by this living God. Universal; which consists of sense and motion: of this the beasts participate. 'Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, and they are created,' Ps. 104:3. Rational; a life proper to man, not to other earthly creatures. Supernatural; which belongs only to the faithful. Christ himself is this life in us. 'Now live not I, but Christ liveth in me,' Gal. 2:20. Hæc vita reponitur, deponitur nunquam,—This life is laid up, but never lost. The world sees it not, because 'it is hid with Christ in God,' Col. 3:3. We now feel it, live by it; 'but when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we appear with him in glory,' ver. 4.

Behold here with comfort the Master we serve, the living God. Riches is a flying master; it hastes away 'with the wings of an eagle,' Prov. 23:5. Honour is a dying master; it brings a man to the sepulchre, and then goes back with the heralds. Pleasure is a spilling master: 'Woe to them that laugh! for they shall weep,' Luke 6:25. Satan is a killing master, his wages is hell-fire. But all in grace is living and enlivening. Idols are dead, and never were alive; men are alive, but shall be dead; pleasures are neither alive nor dead; devils are both alive and dead, for they shall live a dying life, and die a living death. Only the living God gives everlasting life. Not only the life that he hath in himself, but the life that he gives to his creatures, challengeth a part in this title. As light is from the sun, so is life from God. He is the soul of the world, and more, for without him it could not be so much as a carcase. He is life itself, and spreads life into all the animate creatures. In whom then should we put our trust, but in the living God? There is no less than madness in that idolatry which shall dote upon a base creature; and bestow that life which we have from God

upon a heap of gold, a thing that hath no life in itself, and no price but from men. Oh, let us 'turn from these vanities unto the living God!' Acts 14:5.

'Jerusalem.' This is the appellation of the city. As Canaan was a figure of heaven, either of them called the 'land of promise;' so local Jerusalem is a type of this mystical city. There are many conceits concerning the denomination of Jerusalem. Jerome thinks that the former part of the word comes from the Greek ἅγιος, holy; because Jerusalem is called 'the holy city,' Matt. 27:53. But then there should be a mixture of two several languages, Greek and Hebrew, to the making up of the word. The Hebrews derive it better: they say Shem called it Salem, 'peace;' and Abraham Jireh. The place where he attempted the sacrifice of his son he called Jehovahjireh,—'The Lord will see,' Gen. 22:14. Thus put together it is Jerusalem, visio pacis. This is more probable than from the Greek ἅγιος, as Jerome, or from Jebus, as Pererius. This is evident from Ps. 76:2, 'In Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Zion.' So that Salem and Zion were both in one place. The Jews have a tradition, that in one and the same place Cain and Abel offered, in the same place Noah coming out of the ark sacrificed, in the same place Abraham offered Isaac, in the same place stood Araunah's threshing-floor which David bought, in the same place Melchizedek the priest dwelt, in the same place Solomon built the temple, and our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified.

But to let go ambiguities, Jerusalem is a 'city of peace.' This is plain 'Melchizedek was king of Salem, that is, king of peace,' Heb. 7:2. God's church is a church of peace. That of Plato over his door is worth our remembrance: *Nemo nisi veritatis et pacis studiosus intrabit*,—Let none enter but such as love peace and truth. St Paul is bold to his Galatians: 'I would to God they were even cut off that trouble you,' Gal. 5:12. *Contra rationem nemo sobrius, contra Scripturas nemo Christianus, contra ecclesiam nemo pacificus senserit*,—No sober man speaks against reason, no Christian against the Scriptures, no peaceable man against the church. He that is not a man of peace is not a man of God. Peace is the effect of patience: if

men would bear injuries, and offer none, all would be peace. It is the greatest honour for a man to suffer himself conquered in that wherein he should yield. 'Be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace be with you,' 2 Cor. 13:11. A just reward; if we have one mind, and live in love and peace, the God of love and peace shall be with us.

'Heavenly.' This city is on earth, but not of earth. This is not terrestrial Jerusalem; 'she is in bondage with her children,' Gal. 4:25. She was not only then under the Roman servitude literally; but, according to Paul's meaning allegorically, she could not attain the liberty of the Spirit, but abideth under the wrath of God and horror of conscience. But this Jerusalem is heavenly: 'I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband,' Rev. 21:2.

Now it is called heavenly in three respects—of birth, of conversation, of inheritance. *Ortus cœlestis quoad originem: progressus cœlestis quoad conversationem, finis cœlestis quoad translationem.* Here is all heavenly. 'Jerusalem that is above is free, the mother of us all,' Gal. 4:26. *In hoc quod dicitur sursum, originis altitudo: quod Jerusalem, pacis multitudo; quod libera, libertatis magnitudo: quod mater, fecunditatis amplitudo: quod nostrum omnium, charitatis latitudo.** The church in the Creed hath three properties—'holy, catholic, knit in a communion.' The word above intimates she is holy; the word mother, that she is knit in a communion; the word of all, that she is catholic.

Jerusalem is a type of the catholic church, in election, collection, dilection. For election; 'The Lord hath chosen Zion,' Ps. 132:13. That out of all cities, this out of all nations. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a peculiar people,' 1 Pet. 2:9; enclosed from the commons of this world, God's own appropriation. For collection; that was walled with stone, this hedged in with grace. 'God planted a vineyard in a very fruitful hill, and he fenced it,' Isa. 5:2. It is well mounded, and the citizens of it linked together with the 'bond of peace,' Eph. 4:3. For

dilection; 'beautiful for situation,' the palace of the great King; the sanctuary of his holy worship, his presence-chamber; 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' 1 Tim. 3:15. There was 'the seat of David,' Ps. 122:5: here the throne of the 'Son of David,' Rev. 3:7, that openeth and no man shutteth, that shutteth and no man openeth. A heavenly city:—

(1.) In respect of her birth and beginning heavenly. For the Lord of heaven hath 'begot her of immortal seed, by the word of truth,' James 1:18. Art thou a Christian? Behold thy honourable birth and beginning. Was it an honourable style, Trojanus origine Cæsar? Then much more, Cœlestis origine sanctus. Every saint is by his original heavenly. Bear thyself nobly, thou hast a celestial generation.

(2.) In respect of growth and continuance heavenly. 'Our conversation is in heaven,' Phil. 3:20. We live on earth, yet, saith the apostle, our conversation is expressly in heaven. Our affections are so set on it, that we scarce look upon this world: we so run to our treasure there, that we forget to be rich here; but, like the saints, cast our money at our feet, Acts 4. Corpore ambulantes in terris, corde habitantes in cœlis,—Our bodies walk on earth, our hearts dwell in heaven. To the hating and despising world we answer, Nil nobis cum mundo, nil vobis cum cœlo,—We have small share in this world, you have less in the world to come.

(3.) In respect of the end. Ideo dicitur cœlestis, quia cœlum sedes ejus,*—Our souls are never quiet till they come to their wished home. 'Thus hath God blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places,' Eph. 1:3. The church in her worst part is below, in her best above. Earth is patria loci, but heaven is patria juris; as Irishmen are dwellers in Ireland, but denizens of England, We 'dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust,' Job 4:19; but are ruled by the laws of that supernal city. 'Father, my will is that those thou hast given me, may be with me where I am,' John 17:24. Amator mortuus est in corpore proprio, vivus in alieno,†—A lover is dead in his own body, alive in another's. Animus velut pondere, amore fertur,

quocunque fertur, saith Augustine,—Love weighs and sways the soul, whithersoever it be carried. *Exi de terra tua*, said God to Abraham,—'Get thee out of thy country,' Gen. 12:1; yea, rather, *de terra non tua*, from a country that is none of thine, 'unto a land that I will shew thee,' thy own land, the kingdom of heaven. Though man be called 'earth earth, earth,' Jer. 22:29, thrice with one breath, (earth by procreation, earth by sustentation, earth by corruption, saith Bernard,) yet the Christian is not *habitor sed accola terræ*,—not a dweller, but a passenger on the earth. 'For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come,' Heb. 13:14. An Englishman that traffics in Turkey, and gets wealth in Turkey, yet plants not in Turkey, but transports for England. A Christian, whatever he gets on earth, treasures up in heaven. Socrates being asked what countryman he was, answered, *Sum civis mundi*,—I am a citizen of the world. But a Christian must answer, *Sum civis cœli*,—I am a citizen of heaven. Forsake we this home-stall with a ready mind, when God calls us. And the Lord grant us so to live in this city of grace, that we may all live for ever in the city of glory, through Jesus Christ!

III. 'To an innumerable company of angels.' Behold one special dignity the gospel brings us: *consociari angelis*,—to be made companions with the angels. The incorporal spirits are of two sorts, celestial and infernal. If we weigh the malignancy of the one with the benignity of the other, we shall truly meditate this benefit. Infernal spirits are tempters to evil, and tormentors for evil. *Homines seducunt, seductos damnant, damnatos torquent*,—They seduce mortals, seduced they damn them, damned they torment them. Because they lost being like God, they strive to make men like themselves. The devil enhanceth his own damnation, to procure others'. He knows himself irrecoverably lost, therefore is desperate. These are wretched companions. Lord, grant us to know no more of them than by hearsay! But the good angels strive by all means to uphold us in our integrity; to keep us in fear of that God they know and worship; to preserve us from dangers whilst we live, and being dead, to transport us to everlasting joy. Bless us, O Lord, with the society of these angels for ever!

Here we must consider two circumstances, *Quales* and *Quoti*: the persons, what they are, 'angels;' the number, how many they are, 'an innumerable company.'

1. What they are: 'angels.' An angel is an intellectual and incorporeal substance, free of will, a servant to God, and by his grace immortal in blessedness. *Cujus substantiæ speciem et terminum solus qui creavit novit,**—We cannot sufficiently know them whiles we are on earth; oh, may we one day see and know them in heaven! That we may receive comfort by this consorting with angels, and understand what good they do unto us, let us consider in them these six particulars: their nature, their knowledge, their power, their dignity, their distinction, their ministry.

(1.) Their nature: they are not qualities and motions, but spiritual substances, really subsisting. This their actions testify; running on God's commands, executing his hests, &c. They are not flesh and bone, yet sometimes have taken visible forms. Abraham, entertaining three angels, 'set meat before them, and they did eat,' Gen. 18:8. Theodoret says they did take the meat *simulatis manibus*, and did put it into *simulatum os*,—they seemed to eat, not in truth. But they had palpable and tractable bodies for the time, as appears plainly, ver. 4, by 'washing their feet.' Thomas thinks they assumed a true body, but *non fuit vera comestura*,—it was not a true eating. But this is a weak opinion; for there may be a true eating, though the meat be not converted into the substance of the body. So our Saviour did eat after his rising from death, yet no man thinks his meat was turned into his substance. It is safe to say with the text, 'they did eat,' and perform other offices of a body truly. Now this was by divine dispensation for a time, the better to accomplish their enjoined duties. Yet were these bodies no part of their natures, but only as garments are to us. But whence had they these bodies? They were either immediately created of God, or conflate of some pre-subsistent matter.† What became of these induments deposed? Either as they were made of nothing, so resolved into nothing, or else turned into the first matter whereof they were composed; and so was also the

meat they did eat. Thus they have been called men: 'Three men came to Abraham,' Gen. 18:2; the women that came to Christ's sepulchre found 'two men standing by them in shining garments,' Luke 24:4. This is their nature, which in itself, saith Isidore, is mutable; for some of them 'fell from that blessed estate, and left their own habitation,' Jude, ver. 6. But now for the rest, servavit eos incorruptos charitas æterna,—the eternal love of God hath made them unchangeable. For Christ 'hath reconciled all things to himself, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven,' Col. 1:20. This is their excellent nature: inferior to God, superior to man. In the prophet's vision, 'each of the seraphims had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly,' Isa. 6:2. They have two wings to cover their faces, as not able to behold the glory of God; and two to cover their feet, because we are not able to behold them in their excellency.

(2.) Their knowledge. Austin says, They are taught of God, in the eternal contemplation of whose truth they are most blessed. Quomodo quæ scienda sunt nesciant, qui scientem omnia sciunt?—How should they be ignorant of such things as are fit to be known, that know him that knows all? Their knowledge is threefold: natural, experimental, and revealed. First, natural; received of God in their creation, endued with an extraordinary light above man. Secondly, revealed; as God, according to process of time, hath manifested to them: God revealed things to the angels, they to the prophets. Thirdly, experimental; which they have acquired by observation: they mark God's doings. For it is certain the angels did not know all things from the beginning which they know now. They knew not perfectly the manner of man's redemption. That mystery from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, and is 'now made known to the principalities and powers in heavenly places,' Eph. 3:10; 'Great is the mystery of godliness: God is manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels,' 1 Tim. 3:16. Res mira angelis, quanto hominibus!—A matter worthy the wonder of angels, much more of men!

There be things which yet the angels do not know:—First, Not the day of judgment: 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven,' Matt. 24:36. Secondly, Not man's heart: 'Thou, Lord, only knowest the hearts of all men,' Acts 1:24. If angels knew men's hearts, they were gods. Thirdly, Neither do I think, with St Augustine, that they know *quanti numeri supplementum de genere humano integritas illius civitatis expectat*,—what definite number of mankind must concur to the perfection of that heavenly city. Man is circumscribed in place, knowledge, and mortality. Angels are circumscribed in place and knowledge, not in mortality. God is not circumscribed in either place, knowledge, or mortality. Man knoweth much, angels know more, only God knoweth all.

(3.) Their power. Christ, suffering himself to be apprehended, said he could command more than twelve legions of angels; whereupon one notes the mightiness of his rescue, for every angel is stronger than a legion of men. They are said to excel in strength: 'Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength,' Ps. 103:20. Mighty angels: 'The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels,' 2 Thess. 1:7. Mighty, but his; the original hath it, 'the angels of his mighty power.' Innumerable first-born of Egypt were slain by one angel; a hundred eighty-five thousand Assyrians smitten by one angel, 2 Kings 19:35; seventy thousand killed by one angel, 2 Sam. 24. Therefore they are called potestates, 'powers;' powerful in themselves, but how mighty when they are strengthened by the Almighty!

This is wonderful comfort to us, they are not weak that fight for us: 'Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, but prevailed not,' Rev. 12:7, 8. The devil hath a raging malice, but no prevailing power. One angel is too hard for many devils. But against the power of angels, it is objected that a man prevailed against an angel: 'Jacob had power over the angel, and prevailed,' Hos. 12:4. Some had a sottish opinion that this angel was the devil in Esau's likeness, and that by the power of a good angel Jacob overcame. Now, lest he should ascribe the victory to himself

and his own strength, the angel smote him on the thigh, so that he halted. But there is no mention made save of one angel: he that wrestled with him was the same that blessed him; he that blessed him was the same that touched him: a good angel, for an evil would never have blessed him. But, indeed, this angel was the Son of God:— First, Because he blessed him: God blesseth, not angels. Secondly, It is said, Gen. 32:28, that he 'prevailed with God;' and, ver. 30, that he 'saw God face to face:' therefore it was God, not an angel. Whether it were God or an angel, you may see the power of faith, that it can prevail with mighty angels, with Almighty God. He that wrestled with Jacob gave him power to overcome; seipso fortior est,—so God is stronger than himself. He could not prevail, because he would not; he disposeth his power according to his will, not his will according to his power: 'Haste thee to Zoar; for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither,' Gen. 19:22; 'Let me alone, that I may consume them,' Exod. 32:10;—as if Lot and Moses could hinder God. Faith and prayer are manacles to his hands, whereunto he gives victory against himself.

(4.) Their dignity consists in two things: in respect of their place, and of their grace. First, For their abode, it is in heaven. Evil angels dwell below: 'They are cast down into hell,' 2 Pet. 2:4; good above: 'The angels do behold the face of my Father in heaven,' Matt. 18:10. They are heavenly courtiers and heavenly choristers, eternally singing Jehovah's praise. Secondly, In respect of their grace; so that they are called the angels of God, and are far more excellent than man. It is true that the Son of God dignified man's nature more than theirs: 'For he took not on him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham,' Heb. 2:16. *Timet angelus adorari ab humana natura, quam videt in Deo sublimatam,**—The angels refuse to be worshipped of man's nature, which they see God himself hath accepted. But though he took not their nature, yet he dignified their office; for he is often called by the name of angel: 'The angel that redeemed me,' says aged Israel, Gen. 48:16. The only redeeming angel is Christ. The angel that went with the camp of Israel is called, Exod. 14:24, 'The Lord.' Paul says expressly it was Christ, 1 Cor. 10:4,

9. He is called *angelus fœderis*, the 'angel of the covenant,' Mal. 3:1. 'I saw an angel having the key of the bottomless pit; and he bound Satan,' Rev. 20:1. But only Christ can bind Satan, and 'hath the keys of death and hell,' Rev. 1:18. Thus Christ hath accepted the name of angels, yet he took not on him the nature of angels, but of man; no more than the angels took on them the nature of man, when they appeared in a human shape.

(5.) Their distinction. Gregory collects from the Scriptures *novem angelorum ordines*,—nine several orders of angels: angels, archangels, virtues, powers, principalities, dominations, thrones, cherubim, and seraphim. We grant indeed that there be certain distinctions and degrees in the choir of heaven; but whether distinguished by nature, gifts, or offices, none can determine. The Papists plead much for the princedom of Michael above all other angels. Their ground is Rev. 12:7, 'Michael and his angels fought,' &c. Bellarmine affirms, that ever since the fall of Lucifer, Michael is head of the glorious angels; and the Rhemists collect from that place the reason why Michael is ordinarily painted fighting with a dragon. But the foolish painter, so well as wise Bellarmine, can tell us how Michael came to be chosen in Lucifer's room. Jude saith, the wicked angels that left their habitation are 'reserved in chains of darkness;' but he tells us not that such as did not fall are preferred to higher places, but rather continue still in their 'first estate' and dignity. Indeed Jude calls Michael an archangel, and Daniel *unum de principibus*, one of the principal angels; but it can never be proved that he was, is, or shall be monarch or head of all angels. Themselves say, that the greatest angel is used in the greatest embassy; but Gabriel, not Michael, was sent for the contracting of that sacred match between the God of heaven and the blessed virgin, Luke 1. Therefore Gabriel, not Michael, should be supreme both in natural graces and supernatural prerogatives. Indeed Christ is the Michael there mentioned; for the blessed angels cannot be said to be any other Michael's angels than Christ. So Augustine, Bullinger, Marloratus. Perhaps, in the vision, Michael and a host of angels appeared to John, but they represented Christ and his members.

Christus est ecclesiæ suæ Promachus, angeli ejus Symmachi.* It is against the principles of holy belief to ascribe this victory to Michael or any other angel whatsoever. 'They overcame Satan by the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. 12:11, not by Michael or any angel.

(6.) Their ministry. From hence, some of the fathers say, the angels took their names. So Gregory: *Angeli vocabulum nomen est officii, non naturæ*,—Angel is a name of office, not of nature. The inhabitants of that celestial country are always spirits, but cannot always be called angels. *Tunc solum sunt angeli, quando per eos aliqua nuntiantur*,—They are then only angels, or (it is all one) messengers, when they are sent on some message. Therefore he concludes, *Hi qui minima nuntiant angeli, qui summa nuntiant archangeli vocantur*,—They that are sent on business of less moment are called angels; of greater importance, archangels. Augustine: *Ex eo quod est, spiritus est: ex eo quod agit, angelus est*,—They are spirits in regard of their being, angels in regard of their doing. Good angels, saith Isidore, are deputed for the ministry of man's salvation. God hath given man three helps; sense, to see danger near; reason, to suspect danger far off; angels, to prevent that he neither sees nor suspects. Now the ministry of angels is threefold: to God, to his church, to his enemies.

[1.] To God, which consists principally in two things:—First, In adoring and ascribing glory to him. So the seraphims cried, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts,' Isa. 6:3. An army sung, 'Glory to God on high,' Luke 2:14. The whole choir of heaven, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honour and power,' Rev. 4. Secondly, In standing in his presence, ready at his command, 'they do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word,' Ps. 103:20. For this promptness of obedience we pray, 'Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.' *Quod oramus, agamus*. Thus angels were messengers that Christ should be conceived, Luke 1:31; that he was conceived, Matt. 1:20; that he was born, Luke 2:11; that he was risen, Luke 24:4; that he was ascended, Acts 1:11. These were great mysteries, therefore were confirmed with the testimony of angels.

[2.] To the church. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' Heb. 1:14. And by this their ordination to service, the Apostle shews how infinitely far the preeminence of Christ transcends theirs. But did not Christ put 'upon him the form of a servant?' Phil. 2:7. Doth not himself profess, that he 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister?' Matt. 20:28. The answer is easy, *Non esse hoc naturæ, sed voluntariæ exinanitionis?*—This was not a natural or enforced, but a willing abasement of himself. *Humilitatem non habitam induit, celsitatem habitam non exuit,*—He put on a humiliation that he had not, he did not put off the glory that he had. But the angels were created to this end, that they should serve. *Totamque conditionem sub ministerio contineri. Istis naturale, illi adventitium.** To them it was necessary, to Christ voluntary. Now their ministry to the church is three ways considerable:—

First, In this life; and that to our bodies and to our souls.

First, To our bodies; for they necessarily tend to the preservation of our temporal estates, even from our cradles to our graves. This is true in doctrine and in example. In doctrine: 'There shall no evil befall thee, nor any plague come nigh thy dwelling,' Ps. 91:10. Why, how shall we be protected? Ver. 11, *Angelis mandabit,* 'For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.' In example: an angel comforts, directs, feeds Elias. Angels pluck Lot out of Sodom. An angel adviseth Joseph to flee into Egypt with Jesus. Abraham so encouraged his servant: 'The Lord will send his angel before thee,' Gen. 24:7. 'Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him,' chap, 32:1. Peter was in prison, and 'the angel of the Lord freed him,' Acts 12:7.

Secondly, To our souls, furthering the means of our salvation. The law was given by them, saith Stephen: 'Ye received the law by the disposition of angels,' Acts 7:53. God makes them instruments to convey knowledge to his church. It was God's charge: 'Gabriel, make

this man to understand the vision,' Dan. 8:16. It was the angel's performance: 'Daniel, I am come forth to give thee skill and understanding,' Dan. 9:22. St John acknowledgeth in his Revelations, that 'an angel shewed him those things,' chap. 22:8. They preserve us in the true worship of God, and cannot endure any attribution of his glory to a creature, no not to themselves. When 'John fell down at the angel's feet to worship him,' he prevented him: 'See thou do it not,' chap. 19:10. They rejoice in our conversion: 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,' Luke 15:10. They joy in this for two causes:—First, To behold the glorious fruit of their labours; for it delights a man to see the works of his hands prosper. God hath sent them to guide us to good, to guard us from evil; when we follow their guidance, they rejoice. Let us hate to sin, as we would not wish to bring grief to the thresholds of heaven. Secondly, That their number might be made up again. They lost a number of spirits; they are glad to have it made up with souls. The angels joined company with men, praising God on earth, Luke 2; so they delight to have men made their fellow-choristers in heaven.

Secondly, At the end of this life, to carry our souls to heaven. When the beggar died, 'he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom,' Luke 16:22. He that in life was scorned of men, and had no companions but the dogs, is so regarded of God that he is guarded by angels. He that could neither go, nor sit, nor stand, is now carried; not on the shoulders of men, as the Pope, the proudest on earth, but he rides on the wings of angels. He is carried to a glorious port by gracious porters.

Thirdly, At the last day, 'Christ shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other,' Matt. 24:31. These are those reapers, chap. 13:30, that in the time of harvest must gather the tares to the fire, and the wheat to God's barn.

This is their ministry to us. But it is the Lord 'that ordereth all our steps,' Ps. 37:23; he spreads the gracious wings of his providence over us; and the Lord Jesus Christ is all in all unto us. Now the rule is, *Non multiplicanda entia sine necessitate*; and, *Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora*. It seems, then, the help of angels is more than needs. For 'he that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps,' Ps. 121:4. I answer, that angelical custody doth not extenuate, but extol God's goodness and greatness towards us; for this is but the execution of his high and holy providence. It is the wisdom of the king that governs all the cities and castles in his dominions; yet he leaves not these unfurnished of men and munition to withstand the enemy's invasion. The devils range and rage against us in every corner, therefore God hath ordained for our guard a host of angels. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them,' Ps. 34:7. True it is that God is able to defend us himself by himself, through that immediate concourse that he hath in all things. But to shew that the Almighty God, being tied to no means, doth yet work by means to uphold the weakness of our natures. A prince sees his little children besieged, and sends his stronger sons, able soldiers, to relieve them. Their help to us is certain, though not visible: we cannot describe it nor prescribe it, but we feel it in the success; they preserve us. Against the Syrian band, 'the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire,' 2 Kings 6:17, to defend Elisha. Neither is this all, but to manifest his abundant goodness to mankind: 'What is man, O Lord, or the son of man, that thou so' guardest and 'regardest him?' Ps. 8:4. They are dust, and vanity, and rottenness, yet the Lord sends his glorious angels, his pages of honour, and princes of his court, for their messengers and ministers. As if a king should not only give his subject a charter and patent of safe conduct, but also send his own guard to attend him. So the Lord honours us with his own guard-royal through Jesus Christ.

[3.] To enemies; not for their safety, but for the execution of God's judgments on them. The huge army of Sennacherib was overthrown by an angel. Indeed they will not the destruction of any man, further than the justice of God ordains it. But sometimes they are sent out

for the protection of the very wicked: so Daniel speaks of the Grecians' angel and of the Persians' angel, Dan. 10. The Romists allot a particular tutelar angel to every college and corporation; yea, to the generation of flies, fleas, and ants; yea, to every infidel kingdom such an angel; yea, to antichrist; lastly, even to hell itself. Sure then they will not pinch themselves; they appoint to the Pope two principal seraphims, Michael and Gabriel, ever attending his person. For that Michael is the chiefest, Victorellus produceth two very equal witnesses, the Roman liturgy and Tasso's Jerusalem, as a worthy divine observed. To the conclave they assign one special assistant angel. But methinks, as they ideate their hierarchy, this angel should desire the room, and become a suitor to the Holy Ghost to name him Pope in the next conclave. For by this means he doth wonderfully enlarge his diocese, having all the lower world under him, all particular angels of special societies subject to him; yea, all the archangels and principalities, officed to several estates, must concur to his guard and assistance.

The truth is, God sometimes allows the help of angels to the very reprobates; but to this scope and purpose, *populi sui promovere salutem*,—to further the welfare of his own people. For all the achievements and victories, which come to the heathen by help of angels, are intended not for their good, but the good of the saints. It is for the Son of God's sake they minister to us; and to none do they perform these comfortable services but to the elect in Jesus Christ.

2. Thus you see what these angels are; now let us consider how many. 'An innumerable company.' The original is *myriades*. *Myrias* is ten thousand, innumerable; a finite number is put for an indefinite. 'Thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him,' Dan. 7:10. 'I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands,' Rev. 5:11. Gregory* thinks there are so many angels as there are elect: *Superna illa civitas ex angelis et hominibus constat: ad quam tantum credimus humanum genus ascendere, quantos illic contigit electos*

angelos remansisse. Ut scriptum est; statuit terminos gentium juxta numerum angelorum Dei. So many angels, saith he, as fell from heaven, so many souls shall go up to heaven.

It is a question much disputed, whether, besides the protection of angels in common, every particular man have one particular angel for his guardian. I find many of the fathers allotting every one a particular angel. Isidor.: *Singulæ gentes præpositos angelos habere creduntur; imo omnes homines angelos suos.* Origen, Basil, Jerome, Chrysostom, Theophylact, Gregory Nyssen, Primasius Justin Martyr, Augustine, most of the schoolmen, and some Protestant divines, all conclude that every man from his birth, or especially from his baptism, hath a particular angel. I will not dispute it, yet I must doubt it; because I see no clear ground in the Scriptures to prove it. The two chief places cited are these: Matt. 18:10, 'Despise not these little ones, for their angels behold the face of my Father in heaven.' This place Cajetan and others expound, not that every little one hath a peculiar guardant angel, but *omnes omnibus*, that all the angels take care of all God's little ones. As the Scripture construes itself: all the angels rejoice at the conversion of one sinner, Luke 15:10. The other place is Acts 12:15. Peter being unexpectedly delivered out of prison, came to Mark's house, where the saints were gathered together. Rhoda hearing his voice, ran in and told them how Peter stood at the gate. 'They said to her, Thou art mad: but when she constantly affirmed it, they said, It is his angel.' I answer that the disciples, amazed at the strange report, spake they knew not what. On the like reason, because Peter, transported in beholding Christ transfigured, said, 'Let us build here three tabernacles,' Matt. 17:4, some might infer that saints departed dwell in tabernacles. Because the two sons of Zebedee desired to sit one at Christ's right hand, the other on his left in his kingdom, Matt. 20:21, they might have concluded that Christ was to be a temporal king. Or because the disciples, seeing Jesus walking on the sea, in their troubled minds said, 'It was a spirit,' Matt. 14:26, others might prove that spirits walk. *Omne dictum sancti non est dictum sanctum*,—All are not Christian truths that true Christians have spoken. *Dicunt errores non*

Christiani, sed homines,—They err not as they are Christians, but as they are men.

But it is objected, that they spake after the common opinion of men in that age. We reply, that in that age it was a common opinion that dead men walked: so it appears by Herod hearing the fame of Jesus, 'This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead,' Matt. 14:2. Vox populi is not ever vox Dei,—Common errors are no rules of truth. And if the place were so manifest as they could wish it, why might it not rather be understood thus? 'It is his angel,' that is, some angel that God hath sent for his deliverance. Sometimes many men have but one angel; other times one man hath many angels. Exod. 14:10, there was but one angel for many people. 2 Kings 6:17, there were many angels for one man.

As great princes will have their servants attend on him whom they honour, so God commands his angels to wait on them whom he graciously respects. Neither are they properly angels longer than they are so employed. They are always spirits, but not always angels;* as we do not call those messengers that are sent on no message. St Jerome proves the dignity of the soul by this argument, that every one hath a several angel deputed for his guard from his nativity. Some have gone so far as to affirm that Christ himself, while he lived upon earth, had his tutelar angel; which they ground upon this, that in his agony in the garden 'there appeared an angel from heaven comforting him,' Luke 22:43. But others reject it for a paradox, that the God of all should want the guard of one single angel. Bellarmine hath fancied to us that in every kingdom there are two kings, a man and an angel; in every diocese two bishops, a man and an angel; yea, in the Catholic church, without a schism, two popes, the one a visible man, the other an invisible angel. The school is full of such dreams, that each of us hath a bad angel to oppose, as a good to assist;† that at the resurrection, every man's good angel shall gather together the bones of him he guarded.‡ But these be the fancies of those men that have made themselves a false key to the cabinet of God's secrets. Our knowledge hath two bounds: on the one side the Scripture, on the

other side our own modesty; and to us it sufficeth to teach you, that God doth protect us by his angels. Of their protection we are certain; of their number, whether one or more, we may be, with religion enough, uncertain.

Let us now make some uses concerning this discourse of angels. These may be twofold; some for imitation, others for application:—

First, for imitation: there are three things specially to be observed in angels, pureness of substance, readiness of obedience, fervour of charity. These are covertly implied from Psalm 104:4, 'He maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire:' spirits, there is the purity of their substance; ministers, there is the readiness of their obedience; flame of fire, there is the heat of their charity. Thus were the cherubims of the tabernacle made, figuring these three virtues in the angels. Exod. 25: First, they were made of pure gold, ver. 18. This shews the excellency of their substance, for gold is the purest and best of metals. To this God's own word is compared: 'We will make thee borders of gold, with studs of silver,' Cant. 1:11. Secondly, they had two wings stretched out, to witness promptitudinem obedientiæ: 'Gabriel did fly swiftly,' Dan. 9:21. Of all creatures the winged are the swiftest. 'Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest,' Ps. 55:6. The most suddenly transient thing, riches, is compared to a winged creature: 'Riches makes itself wings, like an eagle,' Prov. 23:5. Thirdly, they were made with their faces one towards another, to manifest the truth of their love; not like proud men, turning away their countenance from their brethren. Lastly, though one were toward another, yet both toward the mercy-seat: beholding him in sight to whom they were beholden in duty.

Thus we see, (1.) That their nature is pure; and this their mansion declares, which is heaven: for 'into it shall enter no unclean thing.' They are shining and singing stars: 'When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,' Job 38:7. Heaven, like fire, *similem sibi reddit ingredientem*, makes that it receives like itself. (2.) That their obedience is ready and swift, their very name

imports, angels. A quo dominatio, ab eo denominatio; for a name is given from some supereminent quality. 'He rode upon a cherub, and did fly,' Ps. 18:10. (3.) That their charity is great, appears by their busy protecting us, grieving at our falls, rejoicing at our perseverance in good, and helping us forward to salvation. Let us imitate them in four things:—

(1.) In purity. Nothing is more pleasing to God. It hath the blessing of this life, and of the life to come. Of this life: 'Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a pure heart,' Ps. 73:1. God is good to the whole world with his common benefits, better to Israel with extraordinary blessings, but best of all to the 'pure in heart' with his saving graces. Of the life to come: 'Who shall stand in God's holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart,' Ps. 24:4. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' Matt. 5:8. There is no joy like to this beatifical vision; to see God is the height of happiness. But so shall the wicked: 'they shall see him whom they have pierced,' Rev. 1:7. Divines usually distinguish of that sight: 'They shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud,' Luke 21:27; they shall see him as a man, not as God; as their just Judge, not merciful Saviour.

(2.) In piety and obedience; wherein the angels are ready and speedy, resolute and absolute. As they help us to command the creature, so let them teach us to obey the Creator. They fly when God sends them; true obedience hath no lead at its heels. Paul herein was like an angel: having his commission, he stood not to 'confer with flesh and blood,' Gal. 1:16. *Quantum moræ addis, tantum obedientiæ detrahis*,—So much as a man adds to delay, he takes away from obedience. The truly obedient man doth not procrastinate: *Sed statim parat aures auditui, linguam voci, pedem itineri, manum operi, cor præcipienti,**—He instantly prepareth his ear for the message: 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,' 1 Sam. 3:10. His tongue giveth a ready answer to the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me? Lord, thou knowest that I love thee,' John 21:16. His foot is shod for the journey: 'His feet be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace,' Eph. 6:15. His hand is fit for the work: 'Abraham stretched forth his hand

to slay his son,' Gen. 22:10. His heart is pliable to the Commander: Paratum cor,—'O Lord, my heart is ready.'

(3.) In charity. Angels look upon and love one another, and all love us. Let this teach us to love them and ourselves. Do they seek our peace, and shall we uncharitably war? It was the angel's song, Luke 2, Pax in terris,—'Peace upon earth:' war with none but with Antichrist and the devil. The angels have no need of our love; we of theirs. Love we that on earth, which shall dwell with us for ever in heaven—charity.

(4.) In humility. Those glorious spirits stoop to do us service; let us not think it bad or base to serve one another in love. No one man can so far exceed another, as the angels excel the best men. Do they abase themselves to our succour; and shall we in a foolish pride scorn our brethren? The haughty piece looks on the poor betwixt scorn and anger: 'Touch me not,' I am of purer mould; yet mors dominos servis, blended together in the forgotten grave, none makes the finer dust. We cannot say, Such a lady's rottenness smells sweeter than such a beggar's. Come down, thou proud spirit; deny not succour to thy distressed brother, lest God deny his high angels to succour thee.

Thus for imitation; now for application, learn we other uses:—

(1.) This is terror to the wicked, who contemn and condemn the righteous. 'Despise not these little ones, for their angels are with my Father in heaven,' Matt. 18:10. Beware you that scoff at poor innocents, their angels may plague you. They for their parts may be content to put up abuses, and to forgive injuries; but their angels may take vengeance. 'Herod vexed certain of the church, killed James with the sword; and seeing it pleased the Jews, he took Peter also,' Acts 12:1. They could not help this, but their angels did: for 'an angel of the Lord smote him that he died,' ver. 23. Thou mayest have evasion from the executioners of men, but no protection against the officers of God. When they are bidden to strike, they will lay on. sure

strokes: 'We will destroy this place, for the Lord hath sent us to destroy it,' Gen. 19:13.

(2.) They teach us devout reverence, so to behave ourselves as in the sight and presence of holy angels. The consideration of so blessed a company doth not only conferre fiduciam, and afferre devotionem, but inferre reverentiam, saith Bernard. When to Jacob, in his dream, was presented that ladder, and the 'angels ascending and descending on it,' wakening, he says, 'How fearful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,' Gen. 28:17. Seneca said, that the conceit of Cato and Plato, and such grave men in our company, would restrain us from evil; but what are these to the holy angels of heaven? 'We are a spectacle to the angels,' 1 Cor. 4:9: they are observers and witnesses of all our actions. 'For this cause the woman ought to have power on her head, because of the angels,' 1 Cor. 11:10. This is not to be understood of offence only given to the ministers of the church; but to signify that a woman throwing off the vail of modesty, and token of subjection to her husband, doth make even the angels of heaven witnesses of her dissolute contumacy. The angels are present with thee, when all men on earth are absent from thee. I ask thee, when thou pollutest the marriage-bed, attemptest a homicide, plottest a treason, forgest a writing, wouldest thou then have the angels present with thee, or absent from thee? If thou desirest them present, why dost thou offend them by thy turpitudes? If absent, thy protectors are gone, and the devils would easily confound thee. Non facias coram angelis Dei, yea, coram Deo angelorum,—Do not that thing before the angels of God, yea, before the God of angels, which thou wouldest shame to do in the sight and presence of an earthly man.

Yet let us mark here, by the way, that albeit the angels deserve our reverence, yet they desire not our adoration. Indeed, the evil angels request it: it was a special boon which the devil begged of Christ, 'to fall down and worship him,' Matt. 4:9. But the good refuse it: 'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant,' saith the angel to kneeling John, Rev. 19:10. As we usually come too short in our due reverence

to the angels, so the Papists go too far in undue adoration. They have a set prayer for it: *Angele Dei, custos mei: me tibi commissum lege superna, semper rege, custodi, gubernata.* This sacrilegious honour those holy spirits refuse: they take no charge of such superstitious souls. *Accipiunt commissum, non arripiunt inconcessum. Honorandi, non adorandi; sunt angeli;—*Let them be honoured, but not adored. Love and reverence the angels, only worship God and Jesus Christ.

(3.) This declares to us the excellent company that is in heaven. Were the place less noble and majestic, yet the company it affords is able to make the soul right blessed. We are loath to leave this earth for the society of some friends in whom we delight; yet we are all subject to mutual dislikes. Besides the meeting of those good friends again in heaven, there be also glorious angels. There be nothing in them but is amiable, admirable; nothing in possibility of changing our pleasures. There thou shalt see and converse with those ancient worthies, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, fathers of the primitive times, all of them outshining the stars; where our love shall be as eternal as is our glory. There we shall live familiarly in the sight of those angels whom now we receive good from, and see not. Yea, there is the fountain of all felicity—that Saviour of ours, whose grace only brings us to the blessed vision of the whole Trinity. Neither can there be a higher happiness than the eternal fruition of Jesus Christ. Let this teach us all to bless our God, that hath thus advanced us. Man is corporal dust; oh that this clay of ours should come to dwell with those incorporeal spirits! 'We shall be as the angels of God in heaven,' Matt. 22:30. *Sicut, non ipsi; like angels, though not angels in nature: communicatione spei, non speciei;* we have now a communion of hope with them, hereafter of glory. To this place, O thou Creator of men and angels, bring us through Jesus Christ!

'To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven.' Our Apostle hath spoken of the church's glory typically and topically; now he describes it materially. First, the essence of it, what it is; 'the church.' Secondly, the property of it,

what kind of church it is; 'general,' or catholic. Thirdly, what are the parts of it, and of whom it consists: 'of the first-born, written in heaven.'

'The church.' This word is taken in divers significations. For the material temple: 1 Cor. 11:18, 'When ye come together in the church, I hear there are divisions among you.' For the faithful domestics of one family: 1 Cor. 16:19, 'Aquila and Priscilla salute you, with the church that is in their house.' For the professors of one province: 'The church of Corinth, of Ephesus,' &c. For some famous company of believers gathered together in one place: 1 Cor. 14:4, 'He that prophesieth, edifies the church.' For an ecclesiastical senate or synod: Matt. 18:17, 'If he shall neglect to hear them,' *dic ecclesiæ*, 'tell it unto the church.' For the whole number of the elect: Matt. 16:18, 'Upon this rock I will build my church.' Acts 5:11, 'Great fear came upon all the church.' 1 Tim. 3:15, 'Which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth.' Here first let me premise three circumstances concerning the church:—

1. Though it be a 'general assembly,' yet it is but one. 'There be threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number: but my dove, my undefiled is but one: she is the only one of her mother,' Cant. 6:8. Indeed, there be two parts of this one church: triumphant in heaven, and militant on earth. The triumphant part is a company of justified spirits, triumphing over the flesh, world, and devil; spirits, I say, for bodies are not yet ascended.* They have two happy privileges:—(1.) To rejoice in the conquest over sin and death. The most righteous man living is in *prælio*, in a continual warfare; but so are the other, for St John saith, 'There was war in heaven,' Rev. 12:7. This must be understood of heaven on earth, where there is no truce with Satan: *Pax cum Deo, bellum cum diabolo*,—We have peace with God, but on this condition, that war with the devil. Therefore so run the promises: *Vincenti dabitur*,—'To him that overcometh' shall be given palms, Rev. 7:9, to shew that they had been warriors, are now conquerors. (2.) To praise God continually,

and to sing 'Amen: Blessing and glory, thanksgiving and honour, be unto God for ever and ever!'

The militant part is a company of men living under the cross, and desiring to be with Christ. They suffer, and this is their way to glory; 'through much tribulation entering into the kingdom of God,' Acts 14:22. They desire dissolution, being 'willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord,' 2 Cor. 5:8. Not simply and absolutely desiring death; but first that they might leave sinning, and so cease to displease God, and then to come nearer to their blessed Saviour, whose love hath ravished their hearts. Now this militant church may have many parts: as the ocean-sea is but one, yet distinguished according to the regions upon which it lies; so there is the Spanish Ocean, the English Ocean, the German Ocean. There is a church in England, a church in France, a church in Germany: yet there is but one militant church. *Multæ ecclesiæ, una ecclesia*, saith St Augustine. One sun, many beams; one kingdom, many shires; one tree, many branches.

2. We must note that Christ alone is head of his church, and can have no other partner to share with him in this dignity. 'Jesus Christ is the corner stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, grows unto a holy temple in the Lord,' Eph. 2:21. He doth not only by his authority govern it, but also by his grace quicken it; so that we live not, but Christ liveth in us. 'Let us hold the head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, increaseth with the increase of God,' Col. 2:19. He requires no deputy, he needs none; for 'wheresoever ye are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of you,' Matt. 18:20. Now every commission ceaseth in the presence of him that gives it.

It is therefore as great arrogancy in the Pope to call himself *caput ecclesiæ*, head of the church, as for a subject to keep himself in commission in the presence of the king. But they distinguish of heads: there is a principal, and a ministerial head. Christ is not so weak in himself, or so disrespectful of us, as to need any ministerial

head. Indeed there be heads materialiter, who are no other than principal members. So Saul was called 'head of the tribes;' 'Thou hast made me the head of the heathen,' Ps. 18:43; 'the Tachmonite, head of the captains,' 2 Sam. 23:8; 'Jozabad, head of the Levites,' Neh. 11:16. The eldest was called head of the family: 'These be the heads of their fathers' houses,' Exod. 6:14. But there is a head formaliter, to give sense, motion, virtue, governance: this none but only Christ.

3. We must know that there is no salvation out of this church; such as never become members of it must eternally perish: they that are true members shall be saved. 'If they had been of us, they would have continued with us: but they went out from us, that it might be manifest they were not of us,' 1 John 2:19. 'Without are dogs and scorners,' &c., Rev. 22:15. All out of the ark perished in the waters. 'The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved,' Acts 2:47. First, because there are no means of salvation out of it; no word to teach, no sacraments to confirm. And especially because out of the church there is no Christ, and out of Christ no salvation. Who have not the church their mother, cannot have God their father. This teacheth us to honour our mother, and like little children to hang at her breasts for our sustenance: 'Suck, and be satisfied with the breasts of her consolations; milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory,' Isa. 66:11. Run not to strange nurses for poison, when you may have pure milk of your own mother. 'Desire, like babes, that sincere milk of the gospel, that you may grow by it,' 1 Pet. 2:2. *Qualis nutritio, talis complexio*,—The complexion of your manners, the disposition of your lives, will witness whose children you are.

'The general assembly.' This is the property of the church; 'general.' It is catholic in three respects: of time, of persons, of place. Of time; because the church had a being in all ages, ever since the promise was given to our first parents in paradise. If there had been a time when no church had been on earth, the world should have then perished, for it stands for the elect's sake. Of persons; for it consists of all degrees and sorts of men, rich and poor, princes and subjects,

bond and free. There is no order nor state excluded, if they exclude not themselves. 'Christ is the propitiation for our sins,' 1 John 2:1. He may be so indeed for the sins of John and the disciples, but how appears it for mine? Yes; 'not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world,' ver. 2, every condition of believers. Of place; it is gathered from all parts of the earth, especially under the new testament: 'Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world,' Matt. 26:13. When Christ gave his apostles their commission, he gave also the whole world for their parish. 'Go teach all nations, and baptize,' &c., Matt. 28:19.

Thus we see the property of this church, catholic or general. It is one, but not tied to one time, nor one place, nor one person; it is catholic to all times, to all places, to all persons. Augustine says that the Donatists in his days would have tied the church to Cartenna in Africa; as the Papists in our days to Rome in Italy. How is it then a general assembly? Thus that antichristian rabble, which have almost nothing in their mouths but 'The church, the church,' yet do mostly infringe the liberties of the church, and hedge it in. All of them have made the catholic church to be nothing else but the Roman church; and some of them the Roman church to be nothing else but the Pope. So in effect, *Papa virtualiter est tota ecclesia*, say they. The Anabaptists imagined a church like the tick, all body and no head; the Papists have made a church like the toadstool, all head and no body. What a monster is their Pope, that will be all in all; eye and tongue, body and head, and tail too! As Caligula took off the head of Jupiter, and set on another of his own; so they have smitten off Christ's headship, and set on the Pope's. Let them take their imaginary head; say we only to Christ, 'Whom have we in heaven but thee? and on earth none besides thee.' Our dependence be for ever on our Head, the Lord Jesus.

Before I leave this point, I desire to express two things—one for distinction, the other for instruction. First, for distinction, betwixt this general assembly and particular churches; then for instruction, to shew who be true members of this catholic church.

1. The main difference between them consists in this: that the catholic church is always invisible, the members thereof only known to God; particular churches are sometimes invisible, and lying hid; other times manifest in the open profession of Christ's name. As the moon is eftsoons eclipsed or clouded, and often shineth in the full.

(1.) It lies hid through want of the word preached, and public administration of the sacraments. So it was in the days of Elias, when he wished to die: 'I only am left,' 1 Kings 19:14. Strange apostasy, when so notable a prophet could not discern the church! Yet, ver. 18, 'I have left seven thousand, that never bowed their knees to Baal.' So it was in the reign of Asa: 'For a long season Israel hath been without the true God, without a teaching priest, and without the law,' 2 Chron. 15:3. The Papists demand where our church was before the days of Luther. We answer, that a universal apostasy was over the face of the world, the true church was not then visible; but the grain of truth lay hid under a great heap of Popish chaff. But this invisibility doth not prove a nullity. They cannot impugn the antiquity of our church, unless they convince themselves. For the church of England holds no other doctrine than that the church of Rome primarily did hold, and that which St Paul delivered to them in sacred writing: 'Justification only by the blood of Christ.' If they be fallen from this, who can blame us for falling from them? It was high time to leave them, when they left the Lord Jesus. So long as we preserve the truth's antiquity, we must smile at their fond objection of novelty. The church of God is catholic, not Roman Catholic; that is just as foolish a phrase as the byword of 'Kent and Christendom.' Particular and universal are contradictories. If we have anything from them that they had from God, it is our blessing that we have kept it, their woe that they have lost it. Esau's blessing and birthright is lost to himself and given unto Jacob. They have not so much reason to boast, as we to rejoice.

Our church had a substantial being before, but hath gotten a better being by the repurgation of the gospel, which is maintained by our Christian princes, justly styled 'defenders of the ancient faith.' It was

God's floor before, though full of chaff; but now since 'he that hath his fan in his hand,' Matt. 3:12, hath purged it, it is clearer in show and substance. It was before a wedge of pure gold, but usurped by the hands of impostors, that by their mixtures and sophistications, for gain and sinister respects, augmented it into a huge body and mass. It had the tincture of gold still, but mingled with the dross of traditions, superstitions, will-worships. You ask where was the gold; shew us the place. We answer, it was in that mass; now for extracting and purifying it from the dross, God gave us the touchstone of his word, which made it sound, and manifests it to be sound. The Lord doth not then forsake his: the time was that the whole world seemed to groan *factum se videns Arianum*,—beholding itself made Arian; yet God had his number. Sardis is said to be dead: 'Thou hast a name that thou livest, but thou art dead,' Rev. 3:1; yet there be a 'few names in Sardis which have not defiled their garments,' ver. 4. When ordinary means fail, by extraordinary the Lord gathers his elect. The Israelites in the wilderness wanted both circumcision and passover, yet God made supply by manna and the pillar of the cloud.

(2.) A church is visible when it flourisheth: not that the faith and secret election of men is seen, but there are apparent signs, by frequenting the sanctuary, and submitting themselves to the ministry of the word. Now this visible church is a mixed company of men professing the faith. I call it mixed, for in it are both believers and hypocrites, corn and tares; it is a band of men where be some valiant soldiers and many cowards. It is called a church from the better, not from the greater part. The ungodly, though they are in the church, are not of the church; as the superfluous humours in the veins are not parts of the body, but rather the sickness of it. These profess *veram fidem, sed non vere*,—the true faith, but not truly. Hence it appears that there be two sorts of members in the church: members before God, such as beside the outward profession, keep a 'pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned;' members before men, such as have only the colour and husk of religion, in heart 'denying the power of godliness.' Yet these are by us to be esteemed members, according to the rule of charity judging the best.

2. Now for instruction; what I have to say consists in the examination of two points. First, whether the church of England be a part of this catholic church; then next, whether the church of Rome have the same prerogative.

For ourselves; the most infallible mark of the true church is the right ministration of the sacraments, and sincere preaching the true doctrine of the gospel. That is the true mother and spouse of Christ that brings forth children to him, 'of immortal seed, by the word of God which abideth for ever,' 1 Pet. 1:23; not of traditions, miracles, dreams, but of this 'incorruptible seed.' And when they are born anew, feeds them with sincere milk out of her two breasts, the two testaments. This you know in your consciences to be true in our mother: she doth not give us *pro lacte venenum*, but milk; even the same that Christ himself put into her breasts. When we grow strong she gives us meat, not bones; troubles us not with the subtleties of the schools, that have *plus argutiarum quam doctrinæ*, *plus doctrinæ quam usus*, but *quod accepit à Domino*, what she hath received of the Lord, neither more nor less, but just weight. She doth not say, *Hæc dicit Papa*; but, *Hæc dicit Dominus*,—not, Thus saith the Pope in his decretals; but, Thus saith the Lord in his Scriptures. She doth 'say the truth in Christ, and lieth not, her conscience bearing her witness in the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 9:1. She doth not sophisticate truth, not mingle wine with water, not daub the walls of God's house with untempered mortar, not build upon the foundation straw and stubble, not adulterate the word, like a lustful man, whose end is not to increase mankind, but to satisfy concupiscence. Oh, then, let us hang upon her lips that preserves this true knowledge, and say with Peter, 'Lord, to whom should we go? thou hast the words of eternal life!' John 6:68.

Thus we have proved the truth of our church by Scripture; but our adversaries oppose the sufficiency of this proof by disabling the Scriptures. They say we cannot know Scripture to be Scripture but by the testimony of the church. It is false, for the witness of man, subject to error, is nothing to the testimony of God, that cannot err.

Therefore the Scripture is called the 'testimony,' Isa. 8:20, because it bears witness to itself. Besides, the church hath her beginning from the word, for there can be no church without faith, no faith without the word, no word without the Scriptures. So the church depends on the Scripture, not the Scripture on the church. The lawyer, that hath only power to expound the law, is under the law. But they object, that 'faith comes by hearing,' Rom. 10:17, and hearing by the voice of the church. Paul intends there, not that general faith whereby we believe Scripture to be Scripture, but that justifying faith whereby we attain salvation. And this comes by the voice of the church, not of itself, but as it is the ministry of God's word. John is but vox clamantis; Christ is verbum clamans. Particular churches have erred; therefore the best security from error is in the Scriptures.

This is a Lesbian rule, able to decide all controversies; and it is vitio hominum, by the fault of bad interpreters, that it doth not. For whether aliorum incuria, that despise it, or aliorum injuria, that pervert it, it suffers martyrdom, and may not be heard declare itself. The Papist, in expounding Scripture after his own fancy, makes himself judge, not the Scripture. But all their drift is with God's loss to promote the Pope's gain. He must be judge; yea, he shall be an unerring judge. Yet, if the Pope have this infallibility, I wonder what need there is of councils. Here they fly to distinctions as to familiar spirits. The Pope may err argumentativè, not definitivè,—in his chamber, not in his chair; personaliter, non formaliter,—as man, not as Pope. How prove they such an exposition of the Scripture? Here they fly to the Pope; he so expounds it. How prove they the Pope cannot err? Here straight they fly back again to Scripture: 'Peter, I have prayed for thee that thy faith shall not fail.' These hang together like a sick man's dream. Insequeris? fugio. Fugis? insequor. Yet thus they conclude against their own wills; whilst they only prove the Pope by the Scripture, spite of their teeth they prefer the Scripture above the Pope.

If this be so, that the truth of the gospel being professed, believed, obeyed among us, manifest us against all adversaries to be true

members of this general assembly, then two subordinate questions offer themselves collaterally here to be handled. First, Whether corrupters of our truth, and disturbers of our peace, are to be tolerated? Secondly, Whether for some corruptions of doctrine, or vices in manners, it be lawful for any of us to make separation from us?

(1.) Seditious and pestilent seedsmen of heresies are to be restrained. If 'a little leaven sour the whole lump,' what will a little poison do? If Paul to his Galatians could not endure Christ and Moses together, Gal. 5:9; how would he to his Corinthians endure Christ and Belial together? 2 Cor. 6:14. He sticks not to ingeminate anathemas to them that preached another gospel. The Papists cry out against us for persecution; they that shame not to belie the Scriptures, will not blush to belie us. Their prosperity, their riches, their number among us, directly prove that a man may be a Papist in England, and live. But if their religion turn to treason, shall it scape unpunished? A Papist may live, a traitor may not live. To persuade that a Christian king at the Pope's will may, yea, must, be decrowned or murdered: is this the voice of religion, or treason? If this be conscience, there is no villany; if such an act merit heaven, let no man fear hell. I would ask a Papist, whether he be not bound by his religion to execute the Pope's doctrinal will; whether if he bid him kill his king, he may refrain from that sacred blood, and not sin. If he refuse treason, he is not constant to his religion; if he keep his religion, he must not stick at any act of treason. So that who knows whether this day a mere Papist may not, on the Pope's command, to-morrow be a traitor?

But say they, 'This is a supposition as likely as if heaven should fall: the Pope will never command it.' I answer, that popes have commanded it. 'But we hope his present holiness will not.' We were in a piteous case if our security was no better than your hope. God bless our gracious sovereign from ever standing at the Pope's mercy! Why should such seminaries of heresy, and incendiaries of conspiracy, be suffered? What atonement* of affection can there be in such disparity of religion, when some cry, God help us! others,

Baal hear us! They to angels and saints, we to the Lord that made heaven and earth. But the event hath often proved which of these could best hear prayers. As in that memorable fight on the Levant seas, of five English ships against eleven Spanish; they crying for victory to our Lady, we to our Lord: it seems the Son heard better than the mother, for the victory was ours. The commonwealth that stands upon legs partly of iron and partly of clay is never sure. One womb held Romulus and Remus in peace; one kingdom could not contain them.

But every man's mind is as free as the emperor's. Conscience is a castle, and there is nothing so voluntary as religion: faith comes by persuasion, not by compulsion. Yield all this; and say with Tertullian, *Nihil minus fidei est, quam fidem cogere*. And with Bernard, *Suspendite verbera, ostendite ubera*. Make a man in error rather blush than bleed. But if they break the foundation, *Non ferendi, sed feriendi*. First speak to the conscience by good counsel; but if that ear be stopped, shake the whole house about it. Speak to the ears of the inheritance, of the liberty, of the body; by mulct, by prison, by exile. Let the liberty say to the conscience, *For thy sake I am restrained*; let the inheritance say, *For thy sake I am impoverished*; let the body say, *For thy sake I am afflicted*. But because heresy dies not with the particular person, but kills also others, and *centum inficit, dum unum interficit*; and because it strikes at the life of a Christian, that is, his faith,—'for the just shall live by his faith;'—therefore *pereat unus, potius quam unitas. Hæretici corrigendi ne pereant, reprimendi ne perimant,**—Heretics are to be corrected, lest they damn themselves; to be restrained, lest they damn others. *Persecutio facit martyres, hæresis apostatas: plus nocuerunt horum togæ, quam illorum galeæ,†*—Persecution made martyrs, heresy makes apostates: the heretics' words have done more hurt than the tyrants' swords. *Aperte sævit persecutor ut Leo; hæreticus insidiatur ut Draco. Ille negare Christum cogit, iste docet. Adversus illum opus patientia, adversus istum opus vigilantia;—*The persecutor rageth like a lion, the heretic insinuates himself like a serpent. To deny Christ he

compels, this man instructs. Against the former we have need of patience, against the latter of vigilance.

Excommunication, bondage, exile have been thought fit punishments for heretics; fire and faggot is not God's law, but the Pope's canon-shot. † A heretic dying in his heresy cannot be saved; therefore Luther thinks, he that puts a heretic to death is a double murderer: destroying his body with death temporal, his soul with death eternal. But saith Augustine, Diligite homines, interficite errores,—Love the persons, kill the errors. Presume on the truth without pride, strive for it without rage. Severitas, quasi sæva veritas,—But verity and severity do not agree. Fire and sword may put to death heretics, but not heresies. See here the difference betwixt the Papists' proceedings against us, and ours against them. They die not among us for refusing our faith; but us they burned, not for denying any article of faith, but for not believing transubstantiation: so strange an article that Bellarmine himself doubts whether it may be proved from Scripture or no, but that the church hath declared it so to be. But though faith be above reason, yet it is not against reason. 'This is my body,' saith Christ. Hoc, 'This bread:' this pronoun demonstrative they will have to demonstrate nothing. Hoc aliquid nihil est. How then? this nothing is my body: not this bread, but this nothing. Others will have something demonstrated to the understanding, nothing to the senses. Some will have a demonstration to the senses, nothing to the understanding; some partly to both. Others expound it, 'This body;' then it is thus, 'This body is my body:' others say it is *individuum vagum*. But *quod multipliciter exponitur, communiter ignoratur*,—that which is so variously expounded is generally unknown. The most judicious among them cannot explicate it.

'Corpore de Christi lis est, de sanguine lis est:

Deque modo lis est, non habitura modum.'

What damnable cruelty then was it in them to burn silly women for not understanding this their inexplicable mystery! Those gunpowder divines condemned others to the fire for not knowing that which they never knew themselves. We teach such erring souls to be corrected, that they may be converted, not be confounded; excommunicated, 'for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus,' 1 Cor. 5:5.

(2.) Whether a separation may be justly made from our church for some errors or corruptions of life? I know that divers, who were once among us, never of us, have put out their own lights, indeed excommunicated themselves. What is their plea? That our assemblies are full of enormities. I answer, that the defects and corruptions of a church must be distinguished: they are either in doctrine or in manners. For doctrine; some errors are *citra fundamentum*, some *circa fundamentum*, others *contra fundamentum*. Errors beside the foundation trouble, errors about the foundation shake, errors against the foundation overturn all. So long then as no foundation is harmed, it is not lawful to depart: until the church separate from Christ, we must not separate from it. In two cases there is warrant of separation. First, when the substance of God's worship is quite corrupted: 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?' 2 Cor. 6:16; when this is, ver. 17, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord.' When Jeroboam had set up idols in Israel, 'the priests and the Levites left their suburbs and possession, and came to Judah and Jerusalem,' 2 Chron. 11:14. Secondly, when the substance of doctrine is quite corrupted: 'If any man consent not to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness,' &c., 1 Tim. 6:3; 'from such withdraw thyself,' ver. 5. Paul in the synagogue at Ephesus preached for the space of three months together; 'but when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of that way, he departed from them, and separated the disciples,' Acts 19:9. In these two cases lawful, not else.

For corruption in manners; they make not *nullam ecclesiam*, sed *malam ecclesiam*,—not no church, but a bad church. Wicked scribes sitting in Moses's chair, and teaching the things he wrote, must be heard: 'Whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not after their works,' Matt. 23:3. Separate from their private society, not from the public assembly. But they charge us, that we deny Christ. I answer, Denial of Christ is double, either in judgment or in fact. Denial of Christ in judgment makes a Christian no Christian; denial in fact, the judgment being sound, makes him not no Christian, but an evil Christian. When the Jews had crucified the Lord of life, they remained still a church, if there were any on the face of the earth; and Jerusalem was still called the 'holy city,' Matt. 27:53. To them belonged 'the promise, and to their children,' Acts 2:39. 'To them pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants,' Rom. 9:4. I would to God this bloody issue were stanch'd; but what age hath not complained it? This mischief is intestine. *Amara persecutio in cruore martyrum, amarior in pugna hæreticorum, amarissima in malis moribus domesticorum*,—The persecution of tyrants was bitter; the poison of heretics more bitter; but the evil lives of Christians most bitter of all. 'Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ,' Phil. 3:18. Whereupon saith Augustine, How comes that great champion to fall a-weeping? Could he endure 'stripes above measure, prisons frequent, shipwrecks, perils by sea and land, among enemies, among false brethren, hunger, thirst, cold, weariness, painfulness?' 2 Cor. 11:24. 'Did he fight with beasts after the manner of men?' 1 Cor. 15:32. Was he rapt up among the angels? Did he bear all these miseries? was he honoured with all these mercies? and now does he weep? Yes, sin and sensuality were crept into the church; and this made that undaunted spirit fall a-weeping. *Pax à paganis, pax ab hæreticis, nulla pax à falsis filiis*,—We have quiet from the pagans, quiet from heretics, but no quiet from wicked and exorbitant professors. Our greatest enemies are they of our own house. Lord Jesus, heal this plague!

Now we have proved and approved the truth of our own church at home, let us examine whether the church of Rome be also a true member of this catholic assembly. Errors that annihilate a church are of two sorts: some weakening, others destroying the foundation. Weakening error is the building of 'hay and stubble on the foundation,' 1 Cor. 3:12: the stubble burnt, their souls may be saved, ver. 15. A man breaks down the windows of his house, the house stands, though defaced; he pulls down the lead or tiles, the house stands, though uncovered; he beats down the walls, the house stands, though deformed; he plucks up the foundation, the house falls, and ceaseth to be a house. Those which destroy the foundation are the overthrowing errors; by them a church ceaseth to be a church. Yet if an error be against the foundation, we are to consider the persons, whether they err of malice or of weakness. If of malice, like 'Jannes and Jambres, that withstood Moses, resisting the truth,' 2 Tim. 3:8, it is no longer a church. But if of weakness, we must not so peremptorily conclude; for Paul writes to the Galatians as a church of God, though they were perverted to another doctrine, embracing a fundamental error of justification by works. The church of Rome doth wilfully and obstinately destroy the foundation, therefore may be concluded for no church. If they will be justified by the works of the law, they are fallen from grace.

Let us hear how they quit themselves. First, they would do it by retorting all this back upon us: they tell us flatly that we are no church, and thus they prove it. They say we have no bishops, so no ministers, so no sacraments, therefore no church. Here they clap their wings, and crow, Victory, victory! As 'Manasseh against Ephraim, and Ephraim against Manasseh, and both against Judah,' Isa. 9:21; so they have set our brothers against us, us against our brothers, Papists against us all. Behold the exigent we are in: the Papists say we have no ministers, because they are not made by bishops; the Puritans say we have no ministers, because they are made by bishops. Which of these speak true? Neither. First to answer the Puritan: Bishops may make ministers. Paul chargeth Timothy to 'lay hands suddenly on no man,' 1 Tim. 5:22; therefore he may lay

hands on some. To Titus: 'For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldest ordain elders in every city,' Titus 1:5. Now we have true bishops; therefore, in God's name, allow us to have true ministers. For the Romanists, that tell us we have none of these; how strangely do they belie us and themselves! *Oportet mendacem esse memorem.* Have they forgot their obrayding* us that we have all our episcopal rites from them? all our ministerial orders from them? If we have it from them, then we have it. They are Bristo's own words in his Motives: 'The Protestants are apes of the Papists, the communion-book is made altogether out of the mass-book.' Why, then, do they not communicate with us? It is not for conscience, but for malice. Let it be granted that we have this from them; but then they must grant withal that Jacob, by God's disposing, hath gotten Esau's birthright. So the Israelites were fain to go to the Philistines to sharpen their scythes. We abhor not episcopal ordinations, but papal. Our substance from them; their circumstances to themselves: *Papales ordinationes sunt fœdæ nundinationes.* We have their gold, they have left themselves nothing but tinkers' metal. Let them keep their own, give us ours.

But further, they object the continuance of their succession. We answer, the succession of person is nothing worth, without the succession of doctrine; which they want. If it were by us granted, what never shall be by them proved, that Peter is succeeded by the Pope; yet as Matthias succeeding Judas was never the worse, so the Pope succeeding Peter is never the better. *Periit dignitas cathedræ cum veritate doctrinæ.* But they say that in the Roman church, baptism is rightly, for the substance of it, administered; therefore it is a true church. Indeed they have the outward washing, but quite overthrown the inward; which stands in justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ. But the Samaritans had circumcision, yet were they not a true church. Baptism, severed from the preaching of the gospel, is of no more force than a seal when it is plucked off from the indenture. Indeed truly, though they have baptism, yet it belongs not to them, but to a hidden church among them. For doubtless God hath his chosen and sealed number in the midst of those apostates;

as the light in the lantern belongs not properly to the lantern, but to the passenger. That sacrament in the assembly of Rome is like a true man's purse in a thief's hand: it no more proves them a true church, than that purse proves the thief a true man. The Lord, of his goodness, that hath given them the sign of the grace, give them also the grace of the sign—true washing away of their sins in the blood of Christ!

Some have objected, and they seem to be kind friends to Rome, that Antichrist must sit in the temple—that is, the church; therefore this sitting of Antichrist in Rome proves them to be a true church. But I am sure, by this argument, what they get in the hundred they lose in the shire: they may put these gains in their eye. I hope they will not confess their Pope Antichrist, to have us grant them a true church. Therefore some of them have affirmed, *Hominem non Christianum posse esse Romanum pontificem*. And would not he be a strange head of Christ's church that is not a true member of Christ's body? But, howsoever, their argument holds not; for it is one thing to be in the church, another thing to be of the church. Antichrist sits in that place, not as a member of the church, but as a usurper. So the pirate sits in the merchant's ship, yet hath no right to it. All that can be proved hereby is, that among the Papists there is a hidden church, in the midst whereof Antichrist domineereth, but hath no part of salvation in it. What cause then have we to bless our God, that hath brought us from Babylon to Jerusalem, out of darkness into his marvellous light, from the Romish synagogue to the 'general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven!' And the Lord, of his mercy, preserve us in it for ever and ever!

To conclude; there be diverse censures of the Roman church. Some say it is no church, but *æquivoce*, as the picture of a man is called a man, or a painted fire, a fire. It is no more a church than the carcase of a dead man, that hath on a living man's garments, is a living man, look it never so like him. These look upon it *oculo vero, sed severo*,—with a true but a sharp eye. Others say, It is *non sanum membrum, sed membrum*,—It is not a sound member, but a member. It hath

scriptures, but corrupted with traditions; but indeed they have changed the native sense, and so are lanterns that shew light to others, none to themselves. They have the articles of the Creed, and make the same general confession of faith, yet overthrow all this another way. Herein they are like a fond father, that with much indulgence tenders the body of his child, would not suffer the cold wind to blow upon him, yet by secret conveyances inwardly infects the heart and destroys him. Thus they say it is still a member, still a church, as a brain-sick man is a man. The Roman assembly is vere ecclesia, sed non vera ecclesia,—truly a church, but not a true church. A leprous man is a man; adultera uxor, tamen uxor est,—an adulterous wife is still a wife. So Duræus: In Papatu est ecclesia, et Papatus non est ecclesia: ut ecclesia, Dei; ut Papalis, diaboli,—In Popery is a church, yet Popery is not the church: as it is a church, it is of God; as Popish, of the devil. It is incurata ecclesia,—an incurable church, that 'hates to be reformed,' therefore no church. 'We would have cured Babel, but she would not be cured.' She hath apostated into treason, clipped Regiam monetam, the great King's coin, the word of God: turned that pure gold into sophisticate alchymy; prayer to Christ into invocation of saints. These men conclude, that it is not a body diseased, and full of wounds, that hath the throat cut, yet with some life and breath remaining, but a rotten and dead carcase, void of spiritual life. It hath blended Judaism and Paganism together with Christianity, and so swelled up a superstitious worship of God; therefore no church.

For my part I judge not: God reserves to himself three things—the revenge of injuries, the glory of deeds, the judgment of secrets. I will not judge, but like a witness give in my testimony. And here qui bene distinguit, bene docet,*—the best construction is that which inclines to charity; that is, there is no probable salvation in the church of Rome. Infants dying before they come to these errors, I believe saved; for others, nescio quid dicere,—I know not what to say. They have damnable heresies, as that of free-will, of merits, &c., yet the persons that of weakness defend them may be saved. God pardons even wilful errors if they be truly repented. Therefore I believe that

many of our fathers went to heaven, though through blindness. Now indeed they are more inexcusable, because our sound is gone out among them. There are seducentes and seducti: the wilful blind lead the woeful blind, until both fall into the ditch. If they will not see, there is no help, no hope. If simple ignorance mislead, there is hope of return; but if affected, it is most wretched. Our office is to help them with our prayers; and let us pray for them as Paul did for his Ephesians, 'That the eyes of their understanding being enlightened, they may know what is the hope of God's calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance is in the saints,' Eph. 1:18. Many of them have ready hearts, but they want eyes; we have open eyes, God grant us ready hearts!

'The first-born which are written in heaven.' This is a description of the persons of whom the church consists. The church itself is a number of men, which God hath set apart by an eternal decree, and in time sanctified to become real members of it. They are 'written in heaven,' there is their eternal election; and they are 'the first-born,' that is new-born, there is their sanctification. For the two parts of the description, their primogeniture, and registering in God's book, are but borrowed speeches, whereby God would ratify the everlasting predestination and salvation of his church; that as the first-born is not to be defeated of his inheritance, and the enrolled names are never to be obliterated, so certainly shall they inherit eternal life.

'The first-born.' Some understand by the first-born not all the elect, but only the patriarchs and such ancient saints, the noble and primitive parts of the church.* Then this should have been referred only to the church triumphant in heaven; but the catholic church is here expressly meant, which comprehends also the saints upon earth: therefore they also are first-born. Besides, they are said to be 'written in heaven,' which had been a superfluous speech of those who are already in heaven. They that are there need no writing. Unusquisque electus est primogenitus.

But this seems to infringe the primogeniture of Christ, to whom the name is by special title and right given. Primogenitus inter multos fratres, saith Paul,—He is the 'first-begotten among many brethren,' Rom. 8:29; primogenitus universæ creaturæ, the 'first-born of every creature,' Col. 1:15; primogenitus mortuorum, the 'first-born from the dead,' ver. 18. He is the first-born, as he is the Son of God, and as he is man. As he is the Son of God: in respect of time, before all things, the beginning of all; in respect of dignity, because he is the foundation of all good to his church. 'Of his fulness have we all received, and grace for grace,' John 1:16. As he is man, he is the first-born; not in respect of time, but of excellency and virtue. In respect of his miraculous conception; the first that ever was conceived without sin, and 'by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost,' Luke 1:35. In respect of his birth, he was the first-born of Mary: 'She brought forth her first-born son, and called his name Jesus,' Matt. 1:25. In respect of his resurrection; when God raised him out of the grave, he is said to beget his Son: 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee,' Ps. 2:7. And lest the interpretation of birth only should be deduced from that place, St Paul expressly applies it to his resurrection: Acts 13:33, 'God raised up Jesus again, as it is written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.' Lastly, in respect of his pre-eminence: 'He is the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence,' Col. 1:18. So the privilege of primogeniture is singularly and individually his.

How, then, are the faithful here called the first-born? To answer this, we must know that God hath sons by nature and by grace. Christ by nature only; all the elect by grace. Christ is a son begotten, not made; we are sons made, not begotten in respect of nature. Christ as God is begotten, not born; as man he is born, not begotten. We see the privilege of Christ's primogeniture: from his let us look to ours, for from him we have it. The elect are called first-born in three respects:

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1. Because they are united to the First-born: 'For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause

he is not ashamed to call them brethren,' Heb. 2:11. He that is made unus cum primogenito may be well called primogenitus,—one with the First-born is a first-born.

2. Because they are culled and called out of the world. Many wicked are created before them, but they are elected in God's decree to life before the other; for the wicked are not chosen at all. Esau was Isaac's first-born, but Jacob was God's first-born. Many of the world's first-born have been rejected: 'Israel laid his right hand upon Ephraim, the younger, and his left upon Manasseh, the elder,' Gen. 48:17; 'Reuben, thou art my first-born; but thou shalt not be excellent,' chap. 49:4. Cain, Adam's first-born; Ishmael, Abraham's first-born, were cast off. 'Thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, even my first-born,' Exod. 4:22. The Lord had first chosen that nation to be his people, yet afterward rejected them, and accepted the Gentiles; so that 'the elder serve the younger.' But God's first-born are never refused: whom he hath predestinated to be sons, he hath also called to be heirs. So that this primogeniture is not in respect of generation, but of regeneration. Though they be not primo conditi, they are primo reconditi. 'Flesh and blood hath no work in this birth, nor the will of man, but the will of God,' John 1:13; 'Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures,' James 1:18. The Spirit begets of immortal seed, grace, in the womb of the church; the means of this birth being the word: 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,' John 3:3. Out of that universal apostasy, God sent his Son to beget some first-born to himself.

3. Because the privileges of the first-born are theirs. These were many, as we may find in allusion to the law:—

(1.) The excellency of strength: 'Reuben, my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power,' Gen. 49:3. Man decays, and the children of age are not so strong as the children of youth; therefore the first-born are called the 'beginning of power,' and the 'excellency of strength.' True it is, that there is no decay in God's Spirit that begets: yet because the faithful are first in God's intention of favour, and he gives them that strength of grace to resist sin and to serve him which the world hath not; therefore they are called his first-born, the excellency of his power. Though we be weak in ourselves, yet his strength is glorified in our weakness, his 'grace is sufficient for us,' 2 Cor. 12:9.

(2.) The name of the family was given to the first-born: 'Is not my family the least of all the families of the tribe of Benjamin?' saith Saul, 1 Sam. 9:21. Gilead made his whole family to be called Gileadites. For further exemplifying of this privilege, read Num. 26:23–52. Is this dignity lost under the gospel to the first-born in Christ? No, for even the wicked dwelling among the righteous, are for their sakes vouchsafed the name of Christians. The name of the first-born hath christened all the family.

(3.) Priesthood and the right to sacrifice: 'Moses sent twelve young men, according to the twelve tribes of Israel, to offer burnt-offerings, and sacrifice peace-offerings unto the Lord,' Exod. 24:5. Those young men are thought to be no other but twelve of the first-born of the chief of the tribes; to whom the right of sacrificing and priesthood did belong, till the Levites were separated for that end: 'Take the Levites instead of all the first-born among the children of Israel,' Num. 3:45. Neither is this privilege lost by the gospel: 'Christ hath made us kings and priests unto God his Father,' Rev. 1:6; to offer up spiritual sacrifice of thanksgiving to him. Priests, but 'priests to God;' lest the schismatic should take advantage thereby to trouble the civil

state. The propitiatory sacrifice is offered for us by our high priest Jesus: the sacrifices of our priesthood are only gratulatory.

(4.) Double portion. If a man have two wives, one beloved and another hated, and children by them both: 'if the first-born son be hers that is hated,' yet when he maketh his sons to inherit, though perhaps he would favour the son of the loved, yet 'he shall acknowledge the son of the hated, by giving him a double portion of all that he hath: for he is the beginning of his strength, the right of the first-born is his,' Deut. 21:17. So the elect have a double portion: not only a share in the things of this life, but much more in heaven: 'Godliness hath the promise both of the life that now is, and of that which is to come,' 1 Tim. 4:8. It is a false imagination that God makes none of his children happy in this life: Abraham was rich, David a king. But if he denies them opulency, he never denies them content. This is the chief riches; for we see others esurientes in popina, as the byword is, starving in a cook's shop—wretched in their highest fortunes. The godly have so much share of this world as may stand with their eternal blessedness in the world to come. And such may be content with a small portion here, that are sure of the inheritance hereafter. Jehoshaphat gave great gifts of silver and gold and precious things to all his children; 'but the kingdom he gave to Jehoram, because he was the first-born,' 2 Chron. 21:3. Our law gives the first-born son the inheritance; God will not deprive his of it. Thus hath Christ promised a double portion to the faithful: 'He shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life,' Mark 10:30. And indeed the birthright with the Jews was a type of everlasting life.

The consideration of this excellent privilege doth teach us three lessons:—

First, That we are dedicated to God: Exodus 13:2, Numbers 3:13, 'Sanctify to me all the first-born.' So Hannah dedicated her first-born Samuel to the Lord, 1 Sam. 1:28. Mary brought Christ to Jerusalem, 'to present him to the Lord; as it is written in the law, Every male

that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord,' Luke 2:22. To rob God of his tithes is sacrilege; but to take away from him our souls, this is the highest sacrilege. In this we have a sequestration from common use, we are no longer as we were. 'They are mine,' saith the Lord: not only by a common right, so all things are his — 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness of it;' nor only for a grateful acknowledgment, that the increase of all things comes from him: but as the Israelites were God's by special claim, because he preserved them in Egypt, when the first-born were slain, for whose redemption he accepted the first-born of their beasts; when he might have commanded all, lest this should seem grievous to them, he requireth but the first part. He only reserved what he preserved. So we were all by nature in as much danger of God's wrath, as were the Israelites of the destroying angel when the first-born of the Egyptians were smitten dead. But the Lord sprinkled the doors of our hearts with the blood of his holy Lamb Jesus. Hath the Lord spared us? then he challengeth us. To take from man his own is injurious, from God sacrilegious. 'Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit.' Why? 'For they are God's:' 'ye are not your own,' saith the Apostle, 1 Cor. 6:20. Thus he confessed himself not his own man: 'There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve,' Acts 27:23. We are God's possession, the first-born which he hath redeemed by his own first-born Christ. This we acknowledge when we present our children to God in baptism. Yet, O strange and forgetful inconstancy! when we have given them to God in baptism, by a foolish indulgence we take them away again in education. A prince abhors to have his eldest son marry with a harlot; this were to vilify and ignoble that royal blood. And shall God brook his first-born to be contracted with that ugly strumpet, sin? This were to forfeit and make void the right of primogeniture.

Secondly, Seeing we are God's first-born, let us offer our first and best things to him. The Lord hath deserved the priority of our service: 'First seek the kingdom of God, and the righteousness thereof,' Matt. 6:33. Our first studies, our first labours must be consecrated to God. The law required three properties in the

sacrifices offered to God:—First, They must be first-born: *ut illi reddamus prima, qui nobis dedit omnia*,—that we should willingly give him the first, that had bountifully given us all. So we must give the first hour of the day, the first work of our hands, the first words of our lips to the Lord. Secondly, They must be clean beasts, for God abhorreth the unclean, maimed, or deformed: 'Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar. If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now to the governor, will he be pleased with it?' Mal. 1:8. So we must hold up to God 'clean hands,' and send up 'pure hearts:' 'making straight paths for our feet, lest that which is halting be turned out of the way,' Heb. 12:13. Thirdly, The sacrifices must be males, because the best and most perfect things are to be given to God. *Multi homines, pauci viri*,—Let us offer up our masculine virtues, 'growing to a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' Eph. 4:13. We must aim at this perfect sacrifice.

Besides, in the law there were three other rules observable in the consecration of the first-born:—First, That they should be seven days with the dam, and the eighth day be given to God, Exod. 22:30. Wherein there was not only a responce to the rule of circumcision, limited to the eighth day, Gen. 17:12, but to prevent their fraud in offering to God things of no service, being too soon taken from the dam. Secondly, In voluntary oblations they were forbidden to dedicate to the Lord any of the first-born. 'The firstling of the beasts, which should be the Lord's firstling, no man shall sanctify it,' Lev. 27:26. The reason is, because that was the Lord's already. We have such names highly recorded on our hospital walls, painted on the windows of our churches, often engraven in marble, the memorable tenant of worthy acts, for excellent benefactors. Yet all their benevolence to God is not the tenth of that they have robbed God, and taken from his church. Fool! give of thine own, if thou wilt have reward in heaven: first restore justly what thou hast gathered unjustly. To give of that is not *liberaliter dare, sed partialiter retribuere*; thou bestowest on God a lamb of his own ewe. Dost thou look for thanks for such a gift? Alas! it was God's own before.

Thirdly, They were commanded neither to work nor shear the first-born: 'Thou shalt do no work with the firstling of thy bullock, nor shear the firstling of thy sheep,' Deut. 15:19. To curb their covetousness: though they would not deceive the Lord of his first-born, yet they would take so much profit of it as they could. But they are restrained from diminution; they must not present a worn bullock, nor a shorn sheep. Now if the Lord was so jealous of first-born beasts, how is he jealous of first-born souls! Let us not think our choicest and most excellent things too dear for God, that hath made us his first-born in Jesus Christ.

Lastly, Let us upon no condition part with our birthright. Hath God advanced us to this honour, 'I will make him my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth?' Ps. 89:27; then let us never sell it. 'Let there be no person profane as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright,' Heb. 12:16. Hath the elder brother primariam potestatem, 'Be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down unto thee?' Gen. 27:29; let no lust subject us servire minori, to serve the younger. The enemies rage against them; but saith God to Pharaoh, 'Let my son go that he may serve me; if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay thy son, even thy first-born,' Exod. 4:23. Thus saith the Psalmist, 'God reproves even kings for their sakes.' Now omne beneficium petit officium,—every benefit is obligatory, and binds to some thankful duty. Hath God dignified us with a privilege? he expects that our carefulness should never forfeit it. Naboth would not sell his vineyard; yet his vineyard was but a part of his inheritance, and his inheritance but a part of his birthright. Though Ahab proffered him 'a better vineyard,' or 'the worth of it in money;' yet saith Naboth, 'The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee,' 1 Kings 21:3. And shall we for trifles pass away our eternal birthright? It is a wretched bargain; yet the blasphemer swears away his birthright, the epicure feasts away his birthright, the wine-bibber drinks away his birthright, the lavish spends his birthright, the covetous sells his birthright for ready money.

There be some that sell their birthright: it is said of the lawyer that he hath *linguam venalem*, a saleable tongue; the covetous, *venalem animam*, a saleable soul; the harlot, *venalem carnem*, a saleable flesh. Esau sold his birthright, Ahab sold himself to work wickedness, Judas sold his soul for thirty pieces. 'There is not a more wicked thing than a covetous man; for such a one setteth his soul to sale, because while he liveth he casteth away his bowels,' *Ecclus. 10:9*. Others pawn their birthright; they are not so desperate as to sell it outright, but they will pawn it for a while. They seem to make conscience of their ways generally, and to be good husbands of their talents; but when an opportune temptation comes, with meat in the mouth,—a fit advantage of much wealth, of high honour, of secret pleasure,—they will embrace and fasten on it, though they pawn their souls for a season. And indeed he that knowingly ventures to sin, doth as it were mortgage his birthright, puts it to the hazard of redeeming by repentance. But it is dangerous to be a merchant venturer in this case: the birthright is precious; if that infernal broker get but a colour of title in it, he will use tricks to make thee break thy day, and then sue out a judgment against thee. Some lose their birthright; profane and negligent wretches, that leave their soul perpetually unguarded, unregarded. They may be careful about many things, but one thing is necessary, to keep their birthright. While they sleep, 'the enemy sows tares;' it is wretched slumber that sleeps and slips away the birthright. Others give away their birthright; and these are specially the envious and the desperate. Malice gives it away, and hath nothing for it. The ambitious bargains to have a little honour for his birthright, the covetous to have some gold for his birthright, the voluptuous to have some sensual pleasure for his birthright; but the malicious gives it away for nothing, except it be vexation, that doth anguish him, and languish him. The desperate destroyer of his own body gives away his birthright; he hath nought for it but horrors within, and terrors without. These men serve the devil's turn for nothing. Look, O miserable man, upon the purchaser of thy birthright, Christ, and consider the price that it cost him; if thou sell that for a little pleasure that he bought with so much pain, thou thinkest him an idle merchant. No, Lord, as thou hast given it to

us, so keep it for us; that having now the assurance of it in grace, we may have one day the full possession of it in glory!

'Written in heaven.' This phrase is often used in the Scripture, and is but a metaphor whereby God declares the certainty of some men's eternal predestination and infallible salvation. Tostatus makes three written books of God. The great book, wherein are written all persons, actions, and events, both good and bad. Out of this are taken two other books: the book of predestination, consisting only of the elect; the book of God's prescience, which he calls the Black Book, wherein are registered only the reprobate. But this latter book hath no warrant in the Scriptures. It is true that as there is a certain number to be saved, so the Lord knoweth them that are ordained to destruction; but the Scripture gives only a name of book to the first, not to the worst. *Non quod scribuntur in aliquo libro, sed quod non scribuntur in illo libro.* 'Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and let them not be written among the righteous,' Ps. 69:28; 'Whose names are not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world,' Rev. 17:8. Not that they are written in any other book, but that they are not written in that book. Indeed God may be said to have divers books:—

1. *Liber providentiæ*, the book of his providence, wherein God seeth and disposeth all things that are done by himself in the world. 'Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book were all my members written, when as yet there was none of them,' Ps. 139:16. Not a sparrow falls from the house, not a hair from our heads, without the record of this book.

2. *Liber memoriæ*, the book of God's memory, wherein all things done by men, whether good or evil, are registered. 'A book of remembrance was written before God, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name,' Mal. 3:16; 'The books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life,' Rev. 20:12. Hence it is plain that there are other books besides the book of life. This is that which manifesteth all secrets, whether mental, oral, or

actual; whereby 'God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, be it good or evil,' Eccles. 12:14. This book shall be opened in that day 'when God shall judge the secrets of all hearts by Jesus Christ,' Rom. 2:16.

3. Liber conscientiae, the book of every man's conscience: this is a book of record or testimony; not so much of judicature as of witness. 'If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things,' 1 John 3:20. There is conscientia perversa, that doth wholly condemn; there is conscientia dubia, that doth neither condemn nor acquit; there is conscientia bene ordinata: such a one had Paul, 'I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost,' Rom. 9:1. Every man's conscience beareth witness; but ubi cogitatio non habet quod accuset,—where the thought hath no matter of accusation against a man, that conscience doth bear witness in the Holy Ghost. Look well to thy life, for thou bearest about thee a book of testimony, that shall speak either with or against thee.

4. Liber monumentorum, a book of monuments; which contains the acts of the saints for the memory of times to come. Of this nature were the Chronicles, the Acts of the Apostles, that martyrology, or golden legend of the saints, in the chapter preceding my text. God threatens the false prophets, that 'they shall not be written in the writing of the house of Israel,' Ezek. 13:9.

5. Liber veritatis, the book of truth: this may also be called the book of life, because it contains those rules that lead and direct us to life eternal, as that is called a book of warfare wherein the precepts of the military art are written. 'Search the scriptures, for therein ye have eternal life,' John 5:39. 'All these things are the book of the covenant of the most high God,' Ecclus. 24:23.

6. Liber vitae, the book of life itself; wherein only are written the names of the elect, whom God hath ordained to salvation for ever. This is to be written in heaven. 'Into that holy city shall enter nothing

that defileth;' but only 'they which are written in the Lamb's book of life,' Rev. 21:27. Paul speaks of his fellow-labourers, 'whose names are written in the book of life,' Phil. 4:5. When the disciples returned, and said, 'Lord, even the devils are subject to us through thy name:' True, saith Christ, 'I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you: but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven,' Luke 10:20. This is a borrowed speech: sicut nos ea literis consignamus,—as we commit that to writing, the memory whereof we would have kept, so doth God; not that he needs any book of remembrance, but because all things are present with him, as if they were written in a book. They among men which are chosen to any special place or service, are written in a book: so the Roman senators were called *patres conscripti*; and it is called the muster-book wherein stand the names of the soldiers pressed to the wars. To conclude, this 'writing in heaven,' is the book of election, wherein all that shall be saved are registered.

Here unavoidably we come to the main question, that may seem to infringe this happy privilege of the church: Whether to be written in heaven be an infallible assurance of salvation; or whether any there registered may come to be blotted out? The truth is, that none written in heaven can ever be lost; yet they object against it Ps. 69:28, 'Let them be blotted out of the book of the living, and let them not be written among the righteous.' Hence they infer, that some names once there recorded are afterwards put out. But this opinion casteth a double aspersion upon God himself. Either it makes him ignorant of future things, as if he foresaw not the end of elect and reprobate, and so were deceived in decreeing some to be saved that shall not be saved; or that his decree is mutable, in excluding those upon their sins whom he hath formerly chosen. From both these weaknesses St Paul vindicates him, 2 Tim. 2:19, 'The foundation of God standeth sure, having the seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.' First, 'the Lord knows them that are his;' this were not true if God's prescience could be deluded. Then, his 'foundation stands sure;' but that were no sure foundation, if those he hath decreed to

be his should afterwards fall out not to be his. The very conclusion of truth is this, *impossibilis est deletio*; they which are 'written in heaven' can never come into hell. To clear this from the opposed doubt, among many I will cull out three proper distinctions:—

1. One may be said to be written in heaven *simpliciter*, and *secundum quid*. He that is simply written there, in *quantum prædestinatus ad vitam*, because elected to life, can never be blotted out. He that is but written after a sort may, for he is written *non secundum Dei præscientiam, sed secundum præsentem justitiam*,—not according to God's former decree, but according to his present righteousness. So they are said to be blotted out, not in respect of God's knowledge, for he knows they never were written there; but according to their present condition, apostatising from grace to sin.*

2. Some are blotted out *non secundum rei veritatem, sed hominum opinionem*,—not according to the truth of the thing, but according to men's opinion. It is useful[†] in the Scriptures to say a thing is done *quando innotescat fieri*, when it is declared to be done. Hypocrites have a simulation of outward sanctity, so that men in charity judge them to be written in heaven. But when those glistering stars appear to be only *ignes fatui*, foolish meteors, and fall from the firmament of the church, then we say they are blotted out. The written *ex existentia*, by a perfect being, are never lost; but *ex apparentia*, by a dissembled appearance, may. Some God so writes, *in se ut simpliciter habituri vitam*, that they have life simply in themselves, though not of themselves. Others he so writes, *ut habeant non in se, sed in sua causa*; from which falling they are said to be obliterated.‡

3. Augustine says, we must not so take it, that God first writes and then dasheth out. For if a Pilate could say, *Quod scripsi, scripsi*,—'What I have written, I have written,' and it shall stand; shall God say, *Quod scripsi expungam*,—What I have written I will wipe out, and it shall not stand? They are written then *secundum spem ipsorum, qui ibi se scriptos putabant*,—according to their own hope that presumed their names there; and are blotted out *quando ipsis*

constet illos non ibi fuisse,—when it is manifest to themselves that their names never had any such honour of inscription. This even that psalm strengthens whence they fetch their opposition: 'Let them be blotted out of the book of the living; and let them not be written among the righteous,' Ps. 69:28. So that to be blotted out of that book, it is indeed never to be written there. To be wiped out in the end, is but a declaration that such were not written in the beginning.

But how then shall we justify Moses's desire? 'If thou wilt forgive their sin,' fair and good: 'but if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written,' Exod. 32:32. Did Moses wish an impossibility? Some opinionate, that this was not the book of life that Moses meant; but they err. Some by this understand the book of the law, as if this were his meaning: If thou destroy the people to whom thou hast given the law, let not my name be mentioned as the lawgiver. But it is answered, that the book of the law was not yet written; and he could not desire blotting forth of a book that was not. This was in Moses's power when he wrote the law, to leave out his own name; he needed not to trouble God about it. He opposeth the greatest loss he could sustain, against the greatest benefit he could obtain; but this was no great loss, to be blotted out of that book. Moses speaks of a book that God had written; but the book of the law, saving only the decalogue, Moses wrote himself. Jerome understands this desire of Moses for death in this life: *Perire in præsentem, non in perpetuum*. But if he conceives no more than a temporal death, God's answer confutes it: 'Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out,' ver. 33. Only sinners are razed out of this book; but from the book of terrene life, both sinners and just come to be blotted: for good and bad are subject to temporal death. Cajetan understands it, *de libro principatus in hac vita*, to be the book of sovereignty; because it is decreed by God as in a book, *quod isti vel illi principentur*, that this or that man should have the dominion. But God answers, only sinners are razed out of the book; but in the book of government are bad kings so well as good. And for that book, Ezek. 13:9, as if he wished no more but not to be counted of Israel, or have his name among the patriarchs and prophets; if

Israel had perished, the book of his covenant with Israel had also perished. So for that book of Jasher, Josh. 10:13, it is thought to be lost, therefore no great matter to be put out of it. It must needs be then the book of life; and how could Moses wish a razing out of that book?

Some say, that by sin a man may come to be blotted out of that book, wherein he thought himself written. But if it could not be done without sin, this construction were to make Moses petere peccare mortaliter,—to beg power to sin mortally, that he might be blotted out. Neither doth God so much raze out any, as indeed they raze out themselves. Some take it to be a parabolical speech, to shew the intention of his desire. As Rachel said to Jacob, 'Give me children, or else I die,' Gen. 30:1; yet she had rather live and have no children, than have children and presently die. As if one should say, Do this, or else kill me; yet he had rather have the thing omitted than himself killed.* But this were to make Moses speak one thing and mean another; whereas he desired it from his heart. Others think Moses spake affirmatively, after this sense: that if God would not pardon the people's sin, it would follow that himself should be blotted out.† But this had been against the justice of God, that one should be damned for the sin of another. Again this had convinced Moses of wavering and doubtfulness of his salvation; but the faithful have confidence, that though thousands should perish, yet they are sure of eternal bliss.

Some say, Moses wished this after the disposition of the inferior part of his soul; and not in voluntate rationem superiorem sequente,—not in that will which is governed by reason. They exemplify it in Christ, who desired the 'cup to pass from him,' yet simpliciter vellet pati, simply he would suffer. But there is great difference in the example. Christ eschews death, Moses ensues death: the object of their desires was unlike. Christ by his office was to bear the sin and punishment of his people; Moses was never called to such a mediatorship. Christ prayeth there as a man; for as God he prayeth not, but is prayed to. There is duplex affectus, mentis et sensus: Christ in the affection of

his mind was willing to suffer, but in his affection of sense he desired the cup to pass. So that in Christ to escape death was a natural desire: in Moses to wish death, yea, an eternal death, was a contranatural desire; it proceeded not from the sensual part, but from his inward feeling and mediation.‡

Others think he prayed *quia turbatus erat*, being troubled: not considering at that instant whether that was possible that he begged. *Ex impetu passionis*, saith Lyranus; *vehementia fuisse abreptum, ut loquatur quasi ecstaticus*, saith Calvin. But this accuseth him of rashness; for it is fit he that prayeth should be of a calm and composed spirit. Others conclude, that Moses preferred the safety of the people before his own soul. Calvin: He thought of nothing but *ut salvus sit populus*, that the people might be saved. But this is against the rule of charity; for though another's soul be dearer to me than my own body, yet my own soul ought to be dearer unto me than all men's souls in the world. Yea, if all the souls of the saints; yea, of the virgin Mary herself, should perish, except my soul perished for them, (saith Tostatus,) *citius deberem eligere omnes illas perire, quam animam meam*,—I ought rather to choose to save my own soul than all theirs.

Lastly, the most and best rest upon this sense. Because the salvation of Israel was joined with the glory of God, both in respect of the promises made to the fathers, which was not for his honour to frustrate; and to prevent the blasphemies of the enemies insulting on their ruin,—'God hath forsaken his people,'—Moses *ante omnia gloriam Dei spectavit*, he respected the glory of God above all: in regard whereof he was careless of his own salvation. Precious to us is the salvation of others, more precious the salvation of ourselves, but most precious of all is the glory of God. Such a wish as this great prophet of the old testament, had that great apostle of the new: 'I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh,' Rom. 9:3. They say, to clear both these desires from sin, there is no other solution but this: that both of them, for God's glory in Israel's safety, desired a separation from glory for a time, not damnation of body and soul for ever.

Howsoever, there was some difference in their wishes. Moses wished *perire cum cæteris*; Paul *perire pro cæteris*. Moses *cum pereuntibus*; Paulus *ne percant*,§—Moses desired to perish with them that perished; Paul desired to perish that they might not perish. But the aim of both was the Lord's glory and the people's safety. Their zeal was ineffable, their example inimitable, their affection unmatchable; yet thus far desirable, that all ministers, like Moses and Paul, zealously seek their people's salvation. And I am persuaded that a parent doth not more earnestly desire the welfare of his child, than doth a good minister the saving of his flock. What we desire for you, do you labour for yourselves, and the Lord Jesus work for us all!

There be some that would have it granted, that Moses and Paul did sin in those wishes; and the concession thereof doth safely end all controversy. I see no prejudice in this answer, for the best saints living have had their weaknesses. But if you please after all these, to admit also the hearing of my opinion. Mine I call it, because I never read or heard any yet give it: I call it an opinion, because *unusquisque abundat sensu suo*, and may take which his own judgment best liketh. By this book I think he means God's favour; as we usually say, to be in a man's favour is to be in his books. We speak of one that hath dissemblingly cozened us, Such a man shall never come in my books. For you will not enter that man into your book, whom you do not both trust and favour. To be blotted out of God's book, is to be liable to his displeasure, subjectual to his judgments. Now I cannot be persuaded that Moses ever imagined God would eternally destroy Israel; therefore nor did he beg eternal destruction to himself. He wished no more to himself than he feared to them. But it is expressly set down, ver. 14, that God would not cast away Israel to everlasting perdition: 'The Lord repented of the evil, which he thought to do unto his people.' But thus: Lord, if they must needs undergo thy wrath and severe punishment for their sin, so punish me in the same measure, that have not sinned. If thou wilt not favour them, forget to favour me; let me feel thy hand with them. It was not then everlasting damnation that he either feared to them, or desired to himself; but only the desertion of God's present love and good

pleasure to him, together with subjection to his judgments; whereof they should taste so deeply, as if God had never booked them for his own. This seems to be the true sense by God's answer: 'Those that have sinned, I will blot out of my book.' The offenders shall smart, they that have sinned shall be punished. So David and other saints felt grievous impositions, though they never perished, but were ordained to eternal life.

To conclude, they that are written in heaven can never be lost. Woe then to that religion which teacheth even the best saint to doubt of his salvation while he liveth! Hath Christ said, 'Believe;' and shall man say, 'Doubt?' This is a rack and strappado to the conscience: for he that doubteth of his salvation, doubteth of God's love; and he that doubteth of God's love, cannot heartily love him again. If this love be wanting, it is not possible to have true peace. Oh the terrors of this troubled conscience! It is like an ague; it may have intermission, but the fit will come and shake him. An untoward beast is a trouble to a man, an untoward servant a great trouble, an untoward wife a greater trouble, but the greatest trouble of all is an untoward conscience. 'Blessed is the man whose sins are forgiven,' Ps. 32:1: where there is no remission of sins, there is no blessedness. Now there is no true blessedness but that is enjoyed, and none is enjoyed unless it be felt, and it cannot be felt unless it be possessed, and it is not possessed unless a man know it, and how does he know it that doubts whether he hath it or not?

All souls are passengers in this world, our way is in the middle of the sea; we have no sure footing: which way soever we cast our eyes, we see nothing but deep waters, the devil and our own flesh raising up against us infinite storms. God directs us to Christ, as to a sure anchor-hold; he bids us undo our cables, and fling up our anchors in the vail, fasten them upon Jesus: we do so, and are safe. But a sister of ours passing in the ship with us, that hath long taken upon her to rule the helm, deals unkindly with us; she cuts in pieces our cables, throws away our anchors, and tells us we may not presume to fasten them on the rock, our Mediator. She rows and roves us in the midst

of the sea, through the greatest fogs and fearfulest tempests: if we follow her course, we must look for inevitable shipwreck. The least flaw of wind will overturn us, and sink our souls to the lowest gulf. No; they that are written in the eternal leaves of heaven, shall never be wrapped in the cloudy sheets of darkness. A man may have his name written in the chronicles, yet lost; written in durable marble, yet perish; written on a monument equal to a Colossus, yet be ignominious; written on the hospital-gates, yet go to hell; written on his own house, yet another come to possess it. All these are but writings in the dust, or upon the waters, where the characters perish so soon as they are made. They no more prove a man happy, than the fool could prove Pontius Pilate a saint, because his name was written in the Creed. But they that be written in heaven are sure to inherit it.

Now to apply all this usefully to ourselves; some perhaps would be satisfied how we may know our names written in heaven. It is certain that no eye hath looked into God's book, yet himself hath allowed certain arguments and proofs, whereby we have more than a conjectural knowledge. The principal is the 'testimony of God's Spirit' concurring with 'our spirit,' Rom. 8:16. But of this I have liberally spoken in some later passages of this book; together with the most pregnant signs of our election. Here therefore I am straitened to insert only some (there omitted) effects. Which are these four: if our hearts be on God's book; if the poor be in our book; if we will order the book of our conscience; lastly, if we can write ourselves holy in earth, then be bold we are written happy in heaven.

First, If our heart be on God's book; and this we shall find *è converso*, if God's book be in our heart. Mary laid up Christ's words in her heart. It must not lie like loose corn on the floor, subject to the pecking up of every fowl; but it is ground by meditation, digested by faith: *manet alto corde repostum*. God says, 'My son, give thy heart to me:' do thou pray, 'My father, first give thyself to my heart.' I ask not whether this book lies in thy study, but whether the study of it lies in thy heart. The life of the Scriptures is not in *verborum foliis*, sed in *medulla cordis*,—not in the letters and leaves, but in the

inwards of the heart. It is not *lectio*, nor *relectio*, but *dilectio*,—not reading, but leading a life answerable, that assures us. If we sincerely love this book, we are certainly in God's book. Mary zealously loving Christ's word, is said to 'choose the better part, that shall never be taken from her.'

Secondly, If the poor be in thy book,—and this is reciprocal,—then thou art in their book; and the conclusion is infallible, thou art in the book of life. For the relieved poor do by their prayers 'entertain,' or make way for thy entertainment 'into everlasting habitations,' Luke 16:9. And Christ at the last day calls them to himself that have been charitable to his members: 'Come, ye blessed, receive the kingdom prepared for you.' Your works have not merited this kingdom, for it was 'prepared' for you; but as that was prepared for you, so your charity hath prepared you for it: 'Come' and take it. 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth.' Do thou write it in the dust, the poor will write it in their hearts; God finds it in their prayers, their prayers prevail for thy mercy, and mercy writes thy name in heaven. 'Thy prayers and thy alms are come up for a memorial before God,' Acts 10:4. Therefore 'cast thy bread upon the waters,' drown it in those watery eyes: it is not lost in that river; like Peter thou throwest in an angle, and bringest up silver; enough to make thee blessed. *Via cœli est pauper: si non vis errare, incipe erogare,**—The poor is the highway to heaven: if thou wouldst not wander in thy journey, shew mercy. *Non potes habere nisi quod acceperis: non potes non habere quod dederis,*—Thou canst have nothing unless thou receive it; thou canst keep nothing unless thou give it: him that the poor writes not charitable on earth, nor doth God write saveable in heaven.

Thirdly, If thy name be written Christian in the book of thy conscience, this is a special argument of thy registering in heaven: 'For if our heart condemn us not, we have boldness and confidence towards God,' 1 John 3:21. What if man's ignorance and unmerciful jealousy blot thee out of the book of his credit, *si de libro viventium nunquam propria delet conscientia,*—so long as thy own conscience

doth not blot thee forth the book of blessedness. If the good spoken of us be not found in our conscience, that glory is our shame. If the evil spoken of us be not found in our conscience, that shame is our glory. Therefore it is that Hugo calls the conscience, *librum signatum et clausum, in die iudicii aperiendum*,—a book shut and sealed, only at the resurrection to be opened. *Conscientiam, magis quam famam attende: falli sæpe poterit fama, conscientia nunquam,*[†]—Look to thy conscience more than to thy credit: fame may be often deceived, conscience never. The beams that play upon the water are shot from the sun in heaven; the peace and joy that danceth in the conscience comes from the 'Sun of righteousness,' the Lord Jesus. If a hearty laughter dimple the cheek, there is a smooth and quiet mind within. Upon the wall there is a writing: a man sitting with his back to the wall, how should he read it? But let a looking-glass be set before him, it will reflect it to his eyes, he shall read it by the resultance. The writing our names in heaven is hid, yet in the glass of a good conscience it is presented to our eye of faith, and the soul reads it. For it is impossible to have a good conscience on earth, except a man be written in heaven.

Fourthly, If the book of sanctification have our names written, then surely the book of glorification hath them, and they shall never be blotted out: For God 'hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love,' Eph. 1:4. Now as we may reason from the cause to the effect, so certainly from the effect to the cause. Election is the cause, holiness the effect. As, therefore, every one written in heaven shall be holy on earth, so every one holy on earth is written in heaven.

This sanctity is manifested in our obedience, which must be *ad totum*, 'I had respect to all thy commandments,' Ps. 119:6; *per totum*, 'I have inclined my heart to keep thy statutes alway, even to the end,' ver. 112; *de toto*, 'to keep thy precepts with my whole heart,' ver. 69. In Rome the *patres conscripti* were distinguished by their robes, and they of the Livery in London have a peculiar habit by themselves to differ from the rest of the Company. Is thy name enrolled in that

legend of saints? Thy livery will witness it: 'thy conversation is in heaven,' Phil. 3:20. A senator relating to his son the great honours decreed to a number of soldiers, whose names were written in a book, the son was importunate to see that book. The father shews him the outside; it seemed so glorious that he desired him to open it: no, it was sealed by the council. 'Then,' saith the son, 'tell me if my name be there?' The father replies, 'The names are secreted to the senate.' The son, studying how he might get some satisfaction, desired him to deliver the merits of those inscribed soldiers. The father relates to him their noble achievements and worthy actions of valour, wherewith they had eternised their names. 'Such are written, and none but such must be written, in this book.' The son, consulting with his own heart, that he had no such trophies to shew, but had spent his time in courting ladies rather than encountering knights,—that he was better for a dance than a march,—that he knew no drum but the tabret, no courage but to be drunk; hereupon he presently retired himself, repented, entered into a combat with his own affections, subdued them, became temperate, continent, valiant, virtuous. When the soldiers came to receive their wreaths, he steps in to challenge one for himself. Being asked upon what title, he answered, 'If honours be given to conquerors, I have gotten the most noble conquest of all.' 'Wherein?' 'These have subdued strange foes, but I have conquered myself;' and indeed this is judged the greatest victory. The application is familiar. Thou desirest to know whose names are written in blessedness. It shall not be told thee, this or that individual person; but generally thus, men so qualified, faithful in Christ and to Christ, obedient to the truth and for the truth, that have subjected their own affections, and resigned themselves to the guidance of the heavenly will; these men have made noble conquests, and shall have princely crowns: find in thyself this sanctimony, and thou hast a sure testimony; thou art written in heaven.

But all men challenge this: they believe and obey, and do good deeds; and therefore some, to be sure of putting in themselves, constantly affirm all men are written. But infinite numbers will be deceived at the last: for if there were universal inscription, there should follow

universal election; if universal election, then universal salvation. If the former were true, then were not election any such name. If the latter, to what purpose did God make hell? 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son.' What, that all should be saved? No, but that 'whosoever believes might have everlasting life.' Not all; for he that takes all cannot be said to choose. Let this stir us up to get security that our names are written there. Benefits common to all, as light of the sun, dews of heaven, are little regarded: but *quæ rarissima carissima*,—things hard to come by are much set by. Because God doth not give riches to all men; but *isti multum, illi parum, huic nihil*,—much to one, little to another, none at all to a third,—hereupon men debase themselves to moiling slaves, yea, to earth-rooting beasts, to get them. For the race of this world, where only the first obtains the goal, gets the money, all truss up their loins, run apace, none will be hindmost. For heaven, where all that run well shall speed well, and have for their prize a 'crown of righteousness,' men are so courteous, they will give another leave to go before them. But let thy grace in this life witness thy hope of glory in the life to come.

IV. 'To God the judge of all.' We have considered the citizens, let us now look upon the glorious majesty of the King that governs them. Where, first, let us observe in general that there shall be a day of judgment, otherwise to what purpose is there a judge? If there were no such scoffers as to say, 'Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation, 2 Pet. 3:4; this observation might well have been spared. The reason to prove it is derived from the justice and goodness of God. 'It is a just thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels,' 2 Thess. 1:6. This for the honour of the faithful, and for the horror of reprobates. Here the good man finds the sharpest misery, the evil man sweetest felicity; therefore it is just that there should be a time of changing turns and places. 'The wicked shall be a ransom for the righteous, and the transgressor for the

upright,' Prov. 21:18. The rich man's table stood full of delicacies, Lazarus lacks crumbs; therefore they must change states: 'He is comforted, and thou art tormented,' Luke 16:25. There is a time to get, and a time to lose: 'Woe to you that laugh, for you shall mourn!' Luke 6:25; 'Blessed are you that mourn, for you shall rejoice,' Matt. 5:4. God shall give the one *fletum pro risu*, the other *risum pro fletu*: wiping away all tears from their eyes. Rejoice, thou irrefragably dissolute, follow the lusts of thy own heart; 'but remember for all these things thou must come into judgment,' Eccles. 11:9. It is a dear pennyworth to buy the merry madness of one hour with ages of pangs, infinite and eternal. If there were no judgment, how should God be just? But the righteous shall see the vengeance: 'So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily there is a God that judgeth the earth,' Ps. 58:11. Otherwise where is our hope? 'For if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we of all men are most miserable,' 1 Cor. 15:19. But it is objected:—

Obj. 1.—That the whole world consists of believers or unbelievers. Now there is no last judgment for either of these: none for believers, for 'he that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment,' John 3:12; none for unbelievers, for 'he that believeth not is condemned already.' I answer, first, for the latter, the unbeliever is condemned already in effect three ways:—First, by the purpose of God, who did foresee and appoint his condemnation, as a punishment for his sin, and execution of his justice. Secondly, by the word of God, where his condemnation is set down. Thirdly, by his own conscience, which every hour doth judge and condemn him. Yet all this hinders not but that he may also pass the judgment of Christ at that general assizes, which is the manifestation and completion of that inchoate judgment. To the former I answer, it is not said, 'The believer shall not come into judgment,' but, he 'shall not come into condemnation;' for 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ,' 2 Cor. 5:10, even the very faithful, *absolvendi causa*, that Christ may publicly acquit them.

Obj. 2.—Conscience is a sufficient judge; what needs more? I answer, properly conscientia testis, non judex,—the conscience is a witness rather than a judge. Indeed, it hath a great office here, and so it shall have there. It is felt now, but then more sensibly. Now many are so borne away with the precipices and streams of their sensual pleasures, ut cogitationes accusatrices non audiant,*—that they hear not the accusation of their thoughts; but then it will be heard and felt. Now it may pluck a man by the sleeve, and crave audience, but it is drowned with the noise of good-fellowship. Besides hactenus est occultus testis,—it is hitherto a secret witness, only known to him that hath it; but then the book that is now sealed shall be opened, and all the world shall read it. As the seal leaves a print in the wax behind it, so the conscience an impression of past sins in the thoughts; indelible characters, which death itself shall not eat out. Conscience here doth witness, 'accuse or excuse;' but Christ shall there 'judge the secrets of all hearts,' Rom. 2:15, 16.

'God the Judge of all: let us now look into the particulars: Quis, Qualis, Quorum. Deus, Judex, universorum. The three words answer to three questions:—Who? God. What is he? A Judge. Of whom? Of all.

'God.' It is manifest that this honour belongs to Christ, therefore Christ is God. 'God hath appointed a day wherein he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained,' Acts 17:31. 'He hath given him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man,' John 5:27. To this consents that article of our faith in the Creed, that he who suffered under Pilate 'shall come to judge quick and dead.' But it is objected, that to judge is the action of the whole Trinity: true, it is common to all, but the execution of it pertains to one. God judgeth, but by the Son; so distinctly, Rom. 2:16, 'God shall judge the secrets of all hearts by Jesus Christ:' God by Christ.

But it is further objected that the saints shall judge: 'Ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,' Matt. 19:28.

'Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?' 1 Cor. 6:2. This truly is a great honour to the apostles and saints. To be judge of a circuit is an honourable office, what is it then to judge the world? But there is great difference: they have potestatem accessoriam, an accessory power; Christ imperatoriam, a principal and imperial power. 'All power is given to me in heaven and in earth,' Matt. 28:18. He hath honorem primarium, the prime honour; they subordinatum, derived from his. Christ gives sententiam judicatoriam, they only approbatoriam,—he the sentence of judgment, they of approbation. As the justices on the bench are in some manner judges, not in giving the sentence, but in approving the sentence given. The saints therefore may be said to judge vel exemplo, vel testimonio, vel suffragio. First, by their example; for their lives shall condemn the wicked, as Noah's handiwork did the old world. So the apostles shall judge Israel, because their faith shall take from Israel all excuse. Such a judgment Christ speaks of: 'The Ninevites shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it. The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment with it, and shall condemn it,' Matt. 12:41, 42. The goodness of the one shall judge and condemn the badness of the other. So Christ stops the blasphemous mouths of the Jews, accusing him to work by Beelzebub. 'If I do it by him, by whom do your children cast out devils? Therefore they shall be your judges,' Matt. 12:27. Secondly, by their testimony, who can witness that the means of salvation was offered them in the gospel, which they not accepting are justly condemned? 'He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day,' John 12:48. So shall Babylon be judged by 'those that would have cured her,' but she would not be cured. Thirdly, by their suffrage and approval of Christ's righteous sentence. Thus shall the elect judge the world, yea, even the angels. 'Know ye not that we shall judge the angels?' 1 Cor. 6:3. By world we must understand the wicked, and by the angels devils. And certainly the saints have some place in this judgment: 'They shall judge the nations,' Wisd. 3:8, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever. Christ shall set all his adversaries before his own face, and the face of his church: where

they shall behold those become their judges whom they once esteemed and used as their slaves. 'This is he whom we sometimes had in derision: now he is numbered among the children of God, and his portion is among the saints,' Wisd. 5:5. But why is the execution of this judgment committed to the second person in the Trinity—to Christ?

1. It is fit that he who came to be judged should also come to judge. *Tunc manifestus veniet inter justos judicaturus juste, qui occulte venerat judicandus ab injustis injuste,**—He that came in humility to be judged by the unjust unjustly, shall come in glory to judge all justly.

2. As it is for the honour of Christ, so is it for the horror of his enemies; when they 'shall see him whom they have pierced,' entreating the 'rocks and mountains to hide them from the presence of him that sits on the throne,' Rev. 6:16. *In majestate visuri sunt, quem in humilitate videre noluerunt. Ut tanto districtius virtutem sentiant, quanto contemptius infirmitatem deriserunt,†*—They shall behold him in majesty whom they would not deign to look upon in humility. The baser they esteemed his weakness, the heavier they shall find and feel his mightiness. Then Christ stood like a lamb before Pilate a lion: now Pilate, like a malefactor, shall stand before Christ his judge. 'Crucify him, crucify him,' was the sentence of the Jews; 'Bind them hand and foot, and throw them into utter darkness,' will be the sentence of Christ. 'We will not have this man reign over us,' was their sentence,' Luke 19:14; 'Bring those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, and slay them before me,' this is Christ's sentence, ver. 27. The ungodly conspire, 'Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us,' Ps. 2:3; therefore, ver. 9, 'He shall break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' Thus he that was once made a footstool of his enemies shall reign 'till he hath made all his enemies his footstool,' Ps. 110:1. As Joshua dealt with the five kings hid in the cave of Makkedah,—brought them out, caused his captains of war to set their feet on the necks of them, then slew them,

and hanged them on trees, Josh. 10:24,—so shall Christ triumph over his enemies; their necks subjected to the feet of the saints, and their substances cast into endless torments.

3. For the comfort of his chosen ones, he is their judge; that is, their Saviour. He that gave the blood of mercy to save them from the hand of justice will not now condemn them. O blessed mercy, that so triumphs against judgment! yea, justice and mercy are met together in this judge; justice upon them that despised him, mercy to them that feared him. Happy faith, that shall not be ashamed at that day! 'Abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming,' 1 John 2:28. The heavens shall be on fire, the elements melt with the flame, the earth be burnt, castles, cities, towns, and towers be turned to one pile; the devils shall make a hideous noise, the reprobates shriek and howl like dragons; all because this Judge's wrath is kindled. But the faithful shall rejoice: 'I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you,' John 16:22. The music of saints and angels shall be joined in one choir, and all sing, 'Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be unto him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever,' Rev. 5:13.

'The Judge;' that is, his authority. Now there are certain properties required in a just judge; some of them are found in some judges, many in few judges, all perfectly in no judge but this 'Judge of all,' Jesus Christ.

1. *Perspicacitas ingenii*, sharpness of apprehension, and soundness of understanding. Ignorance in a private person is a weakness, in a judge a wickedness. *Ignorantia judicis, calamitas innocentis*,*—A judge ignorant makes wretched the innocent. It was a curse: 'I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them,' Isa. 3:4; that is, governors of a childish discretion. It is a woe: 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!' Eccles. 10:16. Justice was anciently painted blind, to shew that no favour be given to persons; but it was not meant so blind as not to discern causes. It is woeful

when judges are so blind that they are fain to feel the right. No man would have his body come under the cure of a foolish physician, nor his estate under an ignorant judge. But this Judge of heaven and earth is so wise, that he knows the very secrets of men's hearts. 'All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do,' Heb. 4:13. The wicked can have no hope, that a bad cause flourished over should pass unconstrued, uncensured. 'His eyes are as a flame of fire,' Rev. 1:14, clear to search and find out all secrets. Accordingly, he hath now put in his interlocutory, then will give his definitive sentence.

2. *Audacitas animi*, boldness of courage. A timorous judge loseth a good cause. In the fable, when the hart is made judge between the wolf and the lamb, it must needs go on the wolf's side. The fear of displeasing greatness is a sore remora to the vessel of justice. Therefore the poor complain, 'If the foundations be cast down, what can the righteous do?' Ps. 11:3. *Quis metuet offendere, cum iudex metuat abscindere*,—Who will fear to do mischief when he knows the judge dares not punish him? Therefore when God made Joshua judge of Israel, observe how he doubles his charge: chap. 1:6–9, 'Be strong, and of a good courage.' And the people again, ver. 18, 'We will obey thee, 'only be thou strong, and of a good courage.' But this Judge will not be daunted with faces of men. 'The kings of the earth, the great men, the rich men, the chief captains, and the mighty men, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains,' Rev. 6:15. Those terrors of slaves, and mirrors of fools, that made the underlings tremble and 'hide themselves in caves,' Heb. 11:38, now for all their puissance, are glad to run into a hole, and cowardly shroud themselves. *Adducetur cum suis stultus Plato discipulis, Aristotelis argumenta non proderunt; Herodis majestas dejicietur; cum filius pauperulæ venerit iudicaturus terram; †*—Then foolish Plato shall appear with his scholars, Aristotle shall be confuted with all his arguments, Herod's pomp shall be turned to shame, when that Son of the virgin shall come to judge the world.

3. *Honestas conscientiaë*, honesty of conscience. The judge that will be corrupted, dares corrupt the truth. Woeful is that judgment which comes from him who hath *venalem animam*, a saleable soul. Felix was such a judge, who 'hoped that money should have been given him of Paul,' Acts 24:26. *Qui vendit justitiam pro pecunia, perdit pecuniam cum anima*,—He that sells justice for money shall lose mercy and his soul. 'You afflict the just, you take a bribe, and turn aside the poor in the gate from their right,' Amos 5:12. They have built them 'houses of hewn stone,' ver. 11. How? 'By bribes.' What shall become of them? 'They shall not dwell in them,' for 'fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery,' Job 15:34. If any justicers think so to raise themselves, it is but *ut lapsu graviore ruant*,—that they may have the sorer fall. There are certain rich stuffs forbidden by the statute; but to wear clothes cut out of bribes and laced with exactions is specially forbidden by the statute of heaven. When money can open the lock of Justice's door, the worst cause is first heard. The pocket key is fitted for all doors. One spake unhappily: 'I have a key in my pocket,' saith he, 'that will pass me in all countries.' He meant his purse. In Italy, it can open the door of life: do you hate a man? For money you may have him pistoled or poisoned. In France, it can open the door of love: lust you for such a woman? Money makes her your harlot. In Spain, it opens the door of justice: the case shall go on the rich man's side. In England, it can open the door of honour: money makes a gentleman, and reputation swells with the barns. In Rome, it can open the door of heaven, for they sell *claves*, *altaria*, *Christum*,—peace, and pardon, and heaven, and Christ himself. *Gravius lacerantur pauperes à pravis iudicibus, quam à cruentissimis hostibus*. *Nullus prædo tam cupidus in alienis, quam iudex iniquus in suis*,*—The robes of peace covering corruption are worse to the poor than hostile invasion. But this judge of heaven will take no bribes; other judges may procrastinate, put off, or pervert causes. *Sæpe non finiunt negotia, quousque exhauriant marsupia*,—They will often see an end of the clients' money, before the clients see an end of their cause. They often determine to hear, but seldom hear to determine. But Christ shall judge those judges; 'Be instructed, ye judges of the earth: kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish,' Ps.

2:12. At that day, plus valebunt pura corda, quam astuta verba, conscientia bona, quam marsupia plena,[†]—Pure hearts shall speed better than subtle words; a good conscience better than a full purse. Judex non fallatur verbis, nec flectetur donis,—That judge will neither be moved with our gifts nor deceived with our shifts. Happy soul, that, forsaking the love of money, hath gotten a pure heart to appear before Jesus Christ!

4. Impartialitas justitiæ, impartial justice. Tully tells us of a proverb: Exuit personam judicis, quisquis amici induit,—He hath put off the person of a judge, that puts on the person of a friend. The good judge neither hath his right hand filled with love, nor his left with hatred; the scale(?) of justice is not swayed. Indeed tamdiu judex, quamdiu justus,—he is so long a judge as he is just. Nomen quod ab æquitate sumitur, per prævaricationem admittitur. Seleucus was commended, that when (according to his law for adultery, which took from the offender both his eyes) his son was deprehended in that fact, put out one of his own eyes, and one of his son's. Duo lumina cæcantur juxta legem, duo supersunt juxta misericordiam,—Two eyes are lost according to justice, and two remain according to mercy. A marvellous temper, inter justum judicem, et misericordem patrem,—between a just judge and a kind father. But God is so just that, because sin would let him save none of us, he slew his Son to save all of us. 'God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us,' Rom. 5:8. God commends his love; indeed he might justly commend it, and to us by this token, that being rebels he bought us with the blood of his own Son. He will ever continue so just, in punishing traitors, in crowning his faithful subjects. Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur,[‡]—He that justifies the guilty, transfers the guilt to himself. But 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Gen. 18:25. Yes, we have all sinned, but 'thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel.'

5. Æquitas sententiæ, the equity of sentence; it shall be given upon good testimony. Ambrose says, It is not the part of a judge to condemn any man without an accuser. Christ did not cast away

Judas, though he knew him a thief, because he was not accused. When that adulteress was left alone before Christ, he said, 'Woman, where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. Then said Jesus, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more,' John 8:10. But here shall be no want of accusers: their own conscience, all the creatures, all the elements, angels, men, devils, shall accuse; then Christ shall judge. Heu miser! sic deprehensus quo fugias? Latere erit impossibile, apparere intolerabile,*—Whither wilt thou flee, O wretch thus accused? To lie hidden it will be impossible; to appear, insufferable. 'Every man shall receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or evil,' 2 Cor. 5:10; the same, neither more nor less, but just weight. The wicked wrought their pleasure while God did suffer; therefore God will work his pleasure while they suffer.

'Of all,' both good and evil, elect and reprobates, men and angels; but of these in a different manner. To shew how this shall be done, I must lead your attentions orderly through five passages: a citation, separation, probation, sentence, and retribution.

1. The citation. There is a summons sent out to make all appear before Christ's tribunal. This citing is done by the voice of Christ: 'All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth,' John 5:28. The power of this voice is unspeakable: to empty earth, sea, air, heaven, and hell; and presently to fill earth, air, heaven, and hell. To empty all upon his summons, and to fill all upon his sentence. Therefore it is compared to a trumpet, the loudest of all musical instruments. 'The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised,' 1 Cor. 15:52. Vere vox tubæ terribilis, cui omnia obediunt elementa. Petras scindit, Inferos aperit, portas æreas frangit, vincula mortis dirumpit, et de profundo abyssi animas liberatis corporibus assignat, † —A terrible voice, that shall shake the world, rend the rocks, break the mountains, dissolve the bonds of death, burst down the gates of hell, and unite all spirits to their own bodies. There shall be no concealing, no keeping back from this voice. Now Christ calls: 'Come unto me, all that labour,' Matt. 11:28; yet 'you will not come

unto me that you might have life,' John 5:40. Then he shall call, Come you that must labour in torments, and be laden for ever. Then they must come to receive the doom of death. Now 'awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light,' Eph. 5:14; but they will not rise. At that day, Awake, thou wicked that art dead, and Christ shall send thee to darkness; and then they must rise. This is that general day that shall congregate all; they shall come from the four winds and corners of the world, to make a universal appearance. But if this be the voice of Christ, how is it then said the archangel shall sound the trumpet of collection? 'He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather all together,' Matt. 24:31. 'The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God,' 1 Thess. 4:16. I answer, The voice is originally Christ's, ministerially the angels'. As now he speaks to us by men, 2 Cor. 5:20, so at that day by angels. Oh, what a glory of our Saviour shall then appear, when he is set on his throne, before so full a court as all the reasonable creatures God ever made! Videat nos jam in sanctimonia, ut tunc videamus eum in gaudio,— Let him now behold us in holiness, that then we may behold him in happiness.

2. The separation. We have thus brought all together; now we must separate one from another. The form hereof is given by Christ himself: 'Before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats,' Matt. 25:32. This full and final separation is reserved for Christ, and not performed till that day. For, Sinite crescere, 'Let them grow both together, corn and tares, until the harvest,' Matt. 13:30. This world is the floor; fan while you will, there will be some chaff; fish never so discreetly, you shall meet with some sturdy dog-fish that will rend the net. In heaven are none but saints, in hell none but reprobates, on earth they are both promiscuously blended together.

Do you wonder that the lambs cannot live in quiet? Consider the number of goats among them 'They eat up the good pasture, and

tread down the residue with their feet; they drink of the fountains, and foul the residue with their feet.' My flock are fain to eat that they have trodden, and to drink that they have fouled with their feet, Ezek. 34:18. But God shall judge and separate: ver. 20, 'Behold I, even I, will judge between the fat cattle and the lean cattle.' Because they have thrust with side and shoulder, and pushed all the diseased with their horns, 'therefore I will save my flock, and they shall no more be a prey, and I will judge between cattle and cattle.' The goats will annoy till they be quite separated. Too many among us have these goatish conditions: they climb up ambitiously to the mountains of preferment, like goats; they pill and bark the commonwealth, like goats; they lust after women as hot as goats; they trouble the waters of Israel, the peace of the church, like goats; they tread under feet God's blessings, like goats; they smell of impiety as rank as goats; and therefore they must be separated as goats.

We have all from Adam the nature of the goat; let us weep away, and keep away, such goatish qualities. And let us put on the properties of sheep; which Christ (John 10) gives to be three: Audire, obedire, sequi,—to hear Christ's word, to obey Christ's will, to follow Christ's steps. Search thy soul for these brands and marks of a sheep, or else thou wilt prove a goat. Hast thou *fidem agni*, the faith of a lamb reposed in the Lamb of God? Hast thou *innocentiam agni*, the innocence of a lamb, free from wrong? *vellus agni*, the fleece of a lamb, to warm the poor? *humilitatem agni*, the humbleness of a lamb, a stranger to pride? *patientiam agni*, the patience of a lamb, ready to lay down thy life for Christ? Then thou shalt have *gloriam agni*, the reward of a lamb, assured salvation in heaven.

Thus the goats and the sheep be like in external fashion,—they feed both in one pasture, lie both in one fold, all their lifetime,—but Christ will put them asunder at the last day. Like two travellers that go together to one town, take up one inn, feed together at one board, sleep together in one bed; but in the morning their ways part. The sheep and goats eat together, drink together, sleep together, rot together, but at this day there shall be a separation. The goats may

deceive man both in life and death, they may be taken for sheep, but Christ can discern between cattle and cattle. God judgeth by the liver, man by the livery. If the liver be rotten, look the flesh never so fair, the good market-man will not buy it. If Christ find not the heart sound, he will none of the carcase.

3. The probation. Every man must undergo his trial. From the prison of the grave, they are set before the Judge, and there suffer discussion or trial. There are certain 'books to be opened' for this probation, Rev. 20:12; some rolls or records filled up in the court of heaven. There is *liber præceptorum secundum quem, et liber conscientiae ex quo judicamur, quicquid præcipitur scriptum in illo, quicquid delinquitur in isto.* Here is divina scientia, et humana conscientia met together. We may forget our sins, but God keeps a true register. If the sufferings of the saints be recorded, then sure their violences by whom they suffer are not forgotten. Now the book of the law whereby men are judged contains three leaves: nature, the law written, and the gospel. Some must be tried by the first only, some by the first and second, others by all three.

First, That some shall be judged only by the law of nature, it is clear. 'As many as have sinned without the law shall perish without the law,' Rom. 2:12. Here two things are considerable: one, what this law of nature is; the other, whether the breach of it be sufficient to condemn.

First, It is a knowledge of certain principles tending to live well; and of conclusions thence necessarily inferred, agreeable with the internal rule of truth planted by God in man, and teaching him to worship his Maker. Thus Melancthon defines it. The matter of it is principles with conclusions directing to a good life. Parents are to be honoured, this is a principle engrafted; therefore I must honour my parents, this is a conclusion inferred. The form of it is an accordance with the rule of truth, God's moral law; for the law natural is the summary abridgment of the law moral. The author of it is God, who hath written it in man's heart. *Deus omnium Creator singulorum*

pectoribus infudit.* The end is, that it might be a testimony of that divine providence whereby God now ruleth, and of that justice whereby he will judge men. This agrees with the Apostle's definition, Rom. 2:15, 'Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience bearing witness, and their thoughts excusing or accusing.' 'The work,' there is the matter of it; 'of the law,' there is the form; 'written,' there is the author that imprints it; 'the conscience accusing or excusing,' there is the end. In this inward testimony arising from nature are these two principal things: συντέρεσις, a comprehension of practical principles, and natural discerning between just and unjust; and συνείδεισις, conscience chiding for choosing evil, and approving for doing good. The one makes the proposition, the other the assumption.

Secondly, The other point to be discussed is, whether the breach of this law doth condemn? Some object, that it is quite blotted out of man, therefore cannot bind him. No question it is much obscured, in respect both of intellectual and affectual faculties. For understanding; it gropeth 'if happily it might feel after God,' Acts 17:27. Adam had the knowledge of good by experience, of evil only by contemplation: but falling, he had also an experimental knowledge of evil. For affection; man's will is so perverse, that whenas naturally he desires to be happy, yet he willingly commits those things against his first intendment that make him most unhappy; as a thief steals to keep himself from famine, and so from misery: thus, Ne miser sit, malus fit: et ideo miserior, quia malus,—Lest he should be wretched, he becomes wicked; and is so much the more wretched by being wicked. Beatus vult esse homo, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse,—Man seeks for blessedness in all places but where it is. Yea, custom brings this will to contempt of sin. Peccata quamvis horrenda, cum in consuetudinem venerint, creduntur parva, aut nulla, †—Sins horrid and uncouth at first, become trivial and familiar by practice.

Thus is that natural light dimmed and overcast by the corruption of prosperous lusts; yet ne ipsa quidem delet iniquitas,—sin doth not quite raze it out. First, because there are certain principles reviving it

in the most dissolute; as the desire of happiness, and every one would attain that end, though they err in the means. Yea, they know that evil is to be avoided, which appears in that they would not have any wrong offered to themselves. These general rules all know, albeit in the particular applications they are blinded. Hence it came that some gross sins were not condemned of them, as robbery among the Germans, lust of males among the Grecians, Rom. 1:27. Indeed, God did punish malitiam per duritiem; yet still remain some sparks and cold cinders of that primary and original fire. Secondly, That the light of nature is not quite extinct appears by the force and working of the conscience; for this doth vex and sting the most obstinate soul. By this Cain was driven to confess the monstrousness of his sin. Thirdly, The practice of natural men evinceth it, who by force of nature performed some things agreeable to equity. 'The Gentiles having not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law,' Rom. 2:14. The very Gentiles had many excellent politic laws and positive constitutions. This seems to clear the meaning of Plato's two assertions: *Legem esse inventionem veritatis*,—That was the law of nature. *Legem esse imitationem veritatis*,—Such were the positive decrees grounded upon the other. But what precepts doth this law contain, and what remnants of it doth man retain?

The law of nature commands man to live religiously to God above him, justly to man with him, soberly to things under him. To deal justly with men, nature gives him two rules: one affirmative, 'What thou wouldst have others to do to thee, so do to them;' the other negative, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri non feceris*,—Do not that to others which thou wouldst not have them do to thee. Even nature instructs a man how to rule his affections. So Tully: *Animus imperat corpori, ut rex civibus: ratio libidini, ut servus dominus*,—The mind governs the body, as a king reigns over his subjects: the reason over lust, as a master over his servants. Whence had he this but from nature? There is *vis rationis, orationis, adorationis*. By the virtue of reason man loves man; by the power of discourse man regards himself; by the power of worship man respects God. If we should examine the particular commandments—First, They acknowledge

one God. Tully protested, that when he wrote seriously, he mentioned but one God; and he did but ludere, play the poet, when he spake of more. Moses called this God ὁ ὢν, and Plato τὸ ὄν. Secondly, Numa Pompilius judged it unlawful to ascribe any form to God invisible. Thirdly, They durst indeed play with their puppets, imaginary gods, Venus and Cupid, &c.; but for the Deity they cry out, Great is their Diana: this vindicates them from vilipending the name. If they had known a greater God, they would have given greater reverence to his name. Fourthly, Divers of the Gentiles had their Sabbaths; mingled with strange superstitions; but they were taught by nature to set apart some time for worship. Fifthly, They commanded and commended honour to parents: Solon ordaining no law for parricides, answered there were none so unnatural to attempt it. Sixthly, That murder was held abominable, appears by their punishing it, according to God's law, with death. Seventhly, That adultery was odious, it is manifest by Pharaoh: 'Why saidst thou, She is my sister? so I might have taken her to me to wife,' Gen. 12:19. By Abimelech to Abraham: 'What have I offended thee, that thou hast brought on me and my kingdom a great sin,' Gen. 20:9. By Abimelech to Isaac: 'What is this thou hast done unto us? one might have lien with thy wife, and thou shouldest have brought guiltiness upon us,' Gen. 26:10. Eighthly, Theft some punished with death, others with double restitution. Cato being asked, Quid fœnerari?—What it was to practise usury, answered, Quid hominem occidere?—the same that to kill a man. Ninthly, They so hated and avoided falsehood and lying, that they would not suffer a man to be witness against his enemy. Tenthly, They thought it unlawful to covet other men's goods. One of them said, Concupiscere alienum, sit à me alienatum.

But now their natural knowledge being so obscured, shall yet the law of nature condemn? Yes, for 'the invisible things of God might be understood by the things that are made; so that they are without excuse,' Rom. 1:20. God could not be apprehended by them any other way than by nature; yet sinning against him they are without excuse. 'Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not,' Jer.

10:25, 'and upon the kingdoms that have not called on thy name,' Ps. 79:6. 'He shall come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God,' 2 Thess. 1:8. By this shall many millions of men be condemned. *Inexcusabilis est omnis peccator, vel reatu originis,**—Original guilt makes us inexcusable, without voluntary additament. *Ignorantia ejus qui noluit intelligere, est peccantis culpa: ignorantia ejus qui non potuit intelligere, est peccati pœna.* In utrisque non est justa excusatio, sed est justa damnatio,—His ignorance that would not understand is the wickedness of sin; his ignorance that could not understand is the punishment of sin. Doth not this latter excuse? Yes, *à tanto*, but not *à toto*,—from so much guiltiness, but not from all guiltiness. Ignorance can be no plea, for all are bound to know. It serves not a malefactor's turn to plead *ignorantiam juris*, that he knew not the law of his prince which he hath broken. I know that simple nescience is *minoris culpæ*, but not *nullæ*,[†] a less fault, not no fault. The 'knowing servant' disobedient shall have 'many stripes.' The ignorant is not spared, though less punished, Luke 12:47. To the ignorant are two wants, knowledge and a good will; but he that sins wittingly hath but one want, only a good will. He that fails on knowledge hath *voluntatem facti et peccati*,—a will both to the deed and to the sin. He that fails in ignorance hath only *voluntatem facti, non peccati*,—a will of the deed, not of the sin, though the deed be a sin. *Ignorantia duplex; una quæ est causa culpæ, altera cujus causa culpa est,*[‡]—There is an ignorance that is the cause of sin, and there is a sin that is the cause of ignorance, No ignorant hath his sin mitigated; but is *solum qui non habuit unde discere*, saith Augustine, —he only that had no means of learning. For Christ is a just judge, and would not condemn without fault. We have all good means of knowledge; God keep us from the condemnation of ignorance!

Secondly, The next book is the law: that others shall be judged by this it is clear without question. 'As many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law,' Rom. 2:12. The Jews shall be thus judged rather than the Gentiles, who had not the law written. The law of Moses did only bind the Hebrews; the prophets were not commanded to publish it to the Gentiles. Paul calls the times before

Christ 'the times of ignorance,' Acts 17:30; and the gospel a 'mystery kept secret since the world began,' Rom. 16:25. Now to object, first, that the Jewish merchants taught many nations the law is vain; for they were generally more apt *discere religionem alienam, quam docere suam*,—to learn false religions than to teach the true. And many of them did not even by their own types and sacrifices perfectly understand the sacrifice of Christ. Then to say their books were manifest is false, for the Jews kept them. 'Unto them were committed the oracles of God,' Rom. 3:2. They were first *depositarii*, then *œconomi*, dispensers. 'For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem,' Isa. 2:3. 'He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes unto Israel, he hath not dealt so with any nation,' Ps. 147:19. So Christ to the Samaritan woman, 'Salvation is of the Jews,' John 4:22. Now as this crediting *facit ad honorem personæ cui confidimus*,*—makes to the honour of the person whom we credit, this was a great credit to the Jews; so it brings them to a strict account: *exigendum cum usuris*, as in the talents,—God looks for his own with usury. Some of them kept them in their hands, but not in their hearts; *aliis magis profutura quam ipsis*, † —for the benefit of others, more than of themselves.

Now this book is the touchstone or trial of our works; whatsoever we have either thought, said, or done, is either with or against the law of God. How we wrangle here to justify many things, which there will not abide the trial! How many arguments doth a contentious man produce, to countenance his brabbling lawsuits! *Defensio juris, intentio legis, retardatio injuriarum*,—The defending of his right, the purpose of the law, the keeping back of injuries; forbear one wrong, and provoke more; and *correctio injustorum*, the punishing of evil-doers. And be not these smooth colours? who can now say, *Peccasti in litigando*?—Thou hast done ill in going to law? But still we reckon without our host: thou thinkest thy penny good silver, as the fool thought his pebble a diamond; bring it to the test. 'There is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another,' 1 Cor. 6:7. Whether will God judge thee according to thine own humour, or according to this precept? Alas, he will then try thee *secundum legem*

suam, non secundum legem tuam,—after his law, not after thy lust. It is opus carnis, and will not abide tentationem ignis. 'Contention, strife, variance,' are works of the flesh, Gal. 5:20; and 'they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' Hell-fire will consume all such reasons.

So among others, an angry word calls on a challenge: they have plausible reasons for it. Their credit lies upon it; and better lose life than reputation. If being wronged they challenge not, or being challenged they answer not, the world condemns them for cowards. So they fight not so much against another's life, as against their own reproach. This were somewhat if it were tam bene, quam magne propositum,—if the project were as Christian as it is Roman. Now they must go to the field, pray, embrace, forgive; then fight and kill. But is this the law that God will judge by? No, that law is, 'Thou shalt not kill.' But perhaps they purpose not to kill; yet saith God, 'Return not evil for evil;' how doth this agree with thy colour[‡] and humour? Yet more peremptorily: 'Avenge not yourselves, but give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, Rom. 12:19. Will you steal this from him in a glorious theft? hazard your soul more than your body? thrusting one upon an enemy's sword, the other on God's sword? Will you meet together in so bloody a design, wherein uterque letaliter peccat, sæpe alter æternaliter perit,—both sin deadly, often one or both perish eternally! Thus your pretences may blanch it over with the name of honour; but the law you must be tried by will find it homicide.

For usury; how is it bedaubed with arguments, probabilities, patronages, examples! Books have been written to justify it; but none of these is that law whereby the usurer must be judged. They do not only reason thus: I must give to the poor, therefore I must take usury of the rich; an argument of Standgate-hole: I may rob some, that I may give to others. But they defend it by Scripture: 'If thou lend money to the poor, thou shalt not lay upon him usury,' Exod. 22:25. Not on the poor; therefore they infer, we may lay it on the rich. 'Rob not the poor, because he is poor,' saith Solomon, Prov. 22:22;

therefore we may rob the rich, because he is rich, and can spare it. Is not this a goodly strong argument? So because it is said, Exod. 22:22, 'Ye shall not afflict the widow or fatherless child,' it must needs follow that they may trouble a woman married, or a child that hath a father. There are infinite excuses; but the law of trial is, 'Thou shalt not lend upon usury:' study an answer to that question. As much may be said for impropriations; what shall become of all our legal pleas, our alienations, prohibitions, customs, fines? All fine excuses! when Christ shall set the sacrilegious before him, and read this law, 'Thou shalt not rob God of his tithes and offerings,' Mal. 3:8. Where now are all reasons and excuses? This spiritual court will admit of no corrupt customs, no devices: Me thou hast robbed, by me thou shalt be condemned. Lord, enter not into judgment with us: who shall be justified in thy sight? We cannot answer ex millibus unum, one of a thousand. Help us, O thou Judge and Saviour! let thy mercy as Jesus help us against thy justice as Judge! We must come under probation, defend us from reprobation, and let us find approbation, not for our works, but thy mercies, O blessed Redeemer! Amen.

Lastly, Others are to be judged by the gospel; and this certainly bindeth our conscience here, for it shall judge us hereafter. 'He that believeth not on Christ is condemned,' John 3:18. Now the gospel requires of us two things—faith and obedience. Faith: 'Repent and believe the gospel,' Mark 1:15. Obedience: 'Ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine,' Rom. 6:17. Which obedience must be prompt, 'ye have obeyed;' voluntaria, 'from the heart;' discreta, that true 'form of doctrine.'^{*} Indeed obedientia evangelica est ipsa fides. Many think they are not bound to believe the gospel; but by this they shall be judged.

True it is that all are not bound to it: they to whom Christ never spoke, was never spoken, have an excuse; not of every sin, but of this sin, that they have not believed on Christ. It is objected, The law bound all, therefore the gospel binds all. No; for the law was given to man's nature: so though its knowledge was lost by man's default, yet its bond remains on God's part. The gospel was never given to man's

nature, but after the fall, and is above nature. Adam was the root of mankind in respect of nature, not in respect of grace. When God gave the law to him, he bound him and all his posterity to keep it. When he gave the promise to him, and faith to believe it, he did not withhold it to all mankind. Neither, if Adam had afterward fallen from faith, should all mankind have fallen with him. The first Adam was not the root of the promise, but the second.

But now to ourselves: we must all stand before the tribunal of Christ; to the statutes of the former books who can answer? All our help is in this latter book—we fly to the gospel. We 'behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,' John 1:29, and comfort ourselves that 'if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins,' 1 John 2:2. Now, as Festus said to Paul, 'Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar? unto Cæsar shalt thou go,' Acts 25:22. So, hast thou appealed to the gospel? Thou shalt go to the gospel for thy trial. *Vel te totaliter absolvit, vel te capitaliter damnat,*—It shall either thoroughly justify thee, or extremely condemn thee. The Spirit shall convince the world 'of sin,' saith Christ, 'because they believe not on me,' John 16:9. Now, what is the Holy Ghost's judgment here, will be Christ's hereafter. But why are they condemned of sin for not believing? First, because other sins are condemned by nature and law,—as murder, adultery,—both among Jews and Gentiles; but not to believe is the proper sin of Christians; and it is a grand sin, because they have the doctrine of faith. Secondly, because infidelity is the root of all sins, as faith is of all good works; the want of faith leads from transgression to presumption, from presumption to despair. Thirdly, especially, because faith takes away the guilt of sins, and freeth from condemnation; but infidelity retains the guilt of itself and others. *Omnia peccata per infidelitatem retinentur, per fidem remittuntur.** Luther hath it, out of Augustine, *Nullum peccatum nisi infidelitas, nulla justitia nisi fides.*—There is no sin but infidelity, no righteousness but faith. Not that adultery, intemperance, malice, are no sins; but *infidelitate manente, manet omne peccatum: eadem decedente absolvuntur omnia quoad reatum,*—unfaithfulness

remaining, every sin remains; that departing, every sin is pardoned, and quite taken away in respect of the guiltiness. *Peccata sunt, tua peccata non sunt*,—After thou becomest a believer, the sins thou doest are sins; but not thy sins, because they are forgiven thee. This appears by the purpose of Christ's coming, which was to 'dissolve the works of the devil,' 1 John 3:8; believe on him, and thy sins are dissolved, absolved: thou art as if thou never hadst offended. *Non quod peccatum omnino non erit, sed quod non omnino imputatum erit*,—Not that sin altogether should not be, but that it shall not be imputed. How quick a riddance penitent faith makes with our sins! They are too heavy for our shoulders, faith presently turns them over to Christ. Whereas there would go with us to judgment a huge kennel of lusts, an army of vain words, a legion of evil deeds. Faith instantly dischargeth them all, kneeling down to Jesus Christ, beseeching him to answer for them.

Therefore make we much of faith: if our souls be ballasted with this, they shall never shipwreck. Ahasuerus had many virgins, none pleased him like Esther: none pleaseth God but faith, all the rest for her sake. She is that Judith that saveth the life of all thy good works by cutting off the usurping head of Satan. Thou canst not be unwelcome to God if thou come with confidence: nothing more offends God than the not taking his word. Sin offends his law, but unbelief offends his gospel. Though we do not what he bids us, yet let us be sure he will do what he tells us. It is good to obey the former, better to believe the latter; because he is more able and more good than we. Well, now, after this gospel we must be judged; so Paul writes to his Romans: 'God shall judge the secrets of all hearts by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel,' Rom. 2:16. Thou canst not satisfy the law, therefore study thy soul an answer to this book; otherwise, saith Christ, 'The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge thee in the last day,' John 12:46. The sermons thou hast heard shall rise up in judgment to condemn thee. Hence arise three conclusions:—

(1.) It is no presumption for a Christian to believe the pardon of his sins in Christ, for to do the will of God is not to presume. If we do not believe this, Christ shall judge us damnable by the gospel; therefore if we do conscionably believe this, he shall acquit us by the gospel. *Non est præsumptio credentis, ubi est autoritas jubentis*,—There is no presumption in man to believe it, when there is the authority of God to command it. Of all things in a Christian, God doth not love a nice, dainty, and maidenly faith. He loves to have a man's modesty bashful, his humility fearful, his penitence sorrowful, his patience joyful, his compassion pitiful; but he loves a faith that hath boldness in it, that is not afraid to trouble God with affiance or suppliance, but is confident, *ruat orcus et ortus*. Without faith it is dangerous pressing into the presence-chamber, as it was to the marriage without the wedding garment; but in faith *sequere et consequere; qui cupit, capit*,—speak and speed: 'Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you,' John 16:23. It is no sin to trust God with thy soul; Paul teacheth it by example: 'I know whom I have believed, that he will keep that I have committed to him against that day,' 2 Tim. 1:12. Peter, by counsel: 'Commit your soul to God in well-doing,' 1 Pet. 4:19. It is no sin to call God Father, 'for he hath sent the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, *Abba, Father*,' Gal. 4:6. It is no sin to trouble him with our suits: 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,' Heb. 10:22. Not to do this faithfully is against the gospel; therefore to be judged of that sin.

(2.) The infallible certainty of a true Christian's salvation is known to himself, and cannot be doubted without sin. For if it be sin to distrust this, it is then righteousness to believe it. The sum of the gospel is man's salvation by Christ; he that believes not this, believes not the gospel; and he that knows the gospel, and believes it not, shall by it be condemned. Now God in the gospel doth not require that absolute perfection which he did in the law, under the peril of damnation; but qualifies the rigour of the law by the satisfaction of a mediator. So that the gospel accepts the intent and endeavour for the act; as the will to repent for penitence, and the will to believe for faith. It is then

not only a weakness, but a wickedness, to distrust God's mercy in thy salvation; let not this fault judge thee before Jesus Christ.

(3.) The gospel requires probation of faith by a good life: *norma fidei, forma vitæ*,—as we believe, we must live. Do we believe Christ hath redeemed us? We must live like such as are redeemed: if freed, let us demean ourselves as children of freedom. It is nothing at this judgment to say, 'I have believed,' when the life shall witness the contrary: thy lips affirm, but thy works deny. As our Saviour said, *Opera testantur de me*,—'My works bear witness of me' that I am Christ; so thou must say, *Opera testantur de me*,—My works bear witness of me that I am a Christian. Thou shalt be saved for thy faith, not for thy works; but for such a faith as is without works thou shalt never be saved. Works are disjoined à *justificato*,*—from the act of justifying, not from the person justified. If this Judge for his own merits give us salvation, we must shew him the fair copy of our conversation. *Quicquid Christus operatur pro nobis, operatur in nobis*,—Whatsoever Christ works for us, he also works in us. If he hath freed us from the damnation of sin, he hath also freed us from the dominion of sin. Albeit in our justification *fiet nobis secundum fidem nostram*,—be it unto us according to our faith; yet in salvation *reddetur unicuique secundum opera sua*,—every man shall be rewarded according to his works. Let not that which is a word of comfort to us be a bill of indictment against us.

4. The sentence. As there be two sorts of men to be sentenced, so there is a double sentence: one of absolution, the other of damnation. With absolution our Saviour begins in action, with that let us begin in meditation. He begins with favour,—oh, he is ready to shew mercy!—and comes slowly to wrath and judgment. In the absolution are considerable four circumstances—a calling, a commending, a reply, and an answer.

(1.) The calling is set down Matt. 7:21, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of

the world.' In which gracious speech we may perceive six gradations:

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[1.] *Amabilis vocatio*: 'Come.' This was the voice of Christ generally to all in the day of grace, is particularly to the elect in the day of glory. Now he calls more than will come; then he will not call all that would come. Now he gives many *Venite*'s: 'Come to me, all that labour,' Matt. 11:28. 'If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink,' John 7:37. 'The Spirit and bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come,' Rev. 22:17. Send not others, but come yourselves. Come to no others, either saints or angels, but come to me. Let us take heed of that *Discedite, quia noluistis venire*, —'Depart from me,' Matt. 7:23; good reason, for 'you would not come unto me,' John 5:40. You declined my call when I was humbled: 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' Matt. 13:55. I will decline you now I am exalted: 'None of those men that were called shall taste of my supper,' Luke 14:24. But such as have obediently heard his *Come* in holiness, shall also graciously hear his second *Come* in happiness.

[2.] *Suavis benedictio*: 'Ye blessed.' Never man was, is, or shall be, but desires *secundum sensum suum*, after his own sense, to be blessed, saith Aristotle; though the most have sought it out of the right *ubi*, where it was not to be found. In Christ only it is found, who is indeed the 'Father of blessedness.' Matt. 5:3, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' The first word of the first lesson of Christ's first sermon is 'blessed'—a word able to make a man blessed.

[3.] *Patris dilectio*: 'Of my Father.' To be blessed of God is to be surely blessed. Parents do well in blessing their children; princes in blessing their people. Here is the difference: *benedicunt*, but not *beatificant*,—they may wish them blessed, but not make them blessed. But saith God to Abraham, 'In blessing I will bless thee,' Gen. 22:17; 'I have blessed him, and he shall be blessed,' Gen. 27:33. All blessedness springs from that fountain: the Lord hath blessed us, and requires us to bless him 'who is over all, God blessed for ever.

Amen,' Rom. 9:5. This the universal song that all creatures gives him: 'Blessing, honour,' &c., Rev. 5:13.

[4.] Felicitatis possessio: 'Inherit.' Inheritance is of birth, not industry; the younger brother is often of more desert than the elder, yet cannot this make him his father's heir. This is of inheritance, therefore not of merit. It differs from an earthly inheritance in three things:—First, in that the testator must be dead, and the successor living; in this God, the testator, is everliving, and his heirs, before they can fully possess it, must be dead.* A temporal inheritance divided is diminished; one is of so much land shortened as is to another shared. The heirs here are without number: 'of all nations, kindred, and languages,' Rev. 7; yet though the inheritance be imparted it is not impaired. *Tanta singulis, quanta omnibus,*†—Every one hath as much as any one. Thirdly, the partition of an earthly inheritance breeds among the co-heirs envy and grudging; but in this the joy of one is the joy of all. *Dispar gloria singulorum, tamen communis lætitia omnium,*‡—One star may excel another star in glory, but none shall envy another in glory. There shall be no repining at another's more glorious clearness, where remains in all one gracious dearness. 'Inherit.'

[5.] Hæreditatis perfectio: 'A kingdom.' The top of man's desire is a kingdom: *nil nisi regna placent.* Yet if they be earthly kingdoms they will not satisfy. Alexander is not content with his universal monarchy. But here is a kingdom will satisfy: you will say, there are many kings, and but one kingdom; therefore not room enough: yes, for the bounds of the least are not narrower than heaven itself.

[6.] Regni paratio: 'Prepared for you.' Not merited in your times, but prepared before all times. It had no beginning in respect of God's intention; it shall have no end in respect of your possession. God's decree to give it us had no beginning, but shall have an end; our fruition of it shall have a beginning, but no end: God's mercy in both hath neither beginning nor end, but is from everlasting to everlasting. Had the Lord such care to provide a kingdom for his

children before they were, then sure he will give it them at the appointed time. So certain are they of blessedness, that it is 'prepared for them from the foundation of the world.' 'For you,' not for all; there is no universal election, God decrees not all to be saved. Then Christ should have said thus: 'Inherit the kingdom' paratum omnibus, datum vobis, 'prepared for all,' and given to you; but he saith, 'Prepared for you,' therefore not purposed to all. Seeing there is so good cheer prepared for us, let us prepare ourselves for that; like some dainty guest, who, knowing there is such delicate fare behind, keeps his stomach for it. Let us disdain the coarse diet of this world, that dangers us to the dropsy of our covetise, or the surfeits of riot. We use to fast on the eves that we may feast on the holidays; let us here abstain from the table of sin, that we may hereafter banquet in the kingdom of heaven.

This is matter of comfort to us: here the world condemns the godly, therefore they shall have a time of absolving. When that general session comes, 'then look up, and lift up your head, for your redemption draweth nigh,' Luke 21:28. There is no mercy to be had in this world, for the wicked themselves are accusers, witnesses, judges; but at that day a poor man's case will be heard. There 'the poor committeth himself unto thee, for thou art the helper of the fatherless,' Ps. 10:14. Christ will take the cause into his own hand: 'The souls under the altar cry with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' Rev. 6:10. Yes; it is fit every one should have a day of hearing. This is theirs, that shall be ours: 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance,' Ps. 58:10. Rejoice? Yes; they have no charity to us on earth, we must have no charity to them in hell.

(2.) The commendation follows the calling: Matt. 25:35, 'For I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink,' &c. Christ witnesseth their faith from the effects: they brought forth fruits of mercy. Thus it is evident that not according to the internal habit of faith and charity, but according to the external acts

proceeding from them, is the reward bestowed. Christ before justified them by their faith, apprehending his merits; now he justifies them by testimony of that faith, arising from their works. The point Christ insists in is their works of mercy, which are six: *visito, potio, cibo, redimo, tecto, colligo fratres*,—giving them meat, drink, harbour, clothing, visitation in sickness, redemption from bondage.

Where observe, that the main point Christ will scan at the last is the point of mercy. Not how wise, nor how learned, nor how just, but how merciful.* Now, if a scholar, standing for preferment, knew directly that one question wherein he should be opposed, he would study a full and ready answer to it. We all know that one and main question wherein Christ will examine us, what works of mercy have we done. If we have gotten no demonstration of mercy, we are worthily condemned. Now their mercy is commended, partly in respect of the object, and partly in respect of the act. For the object, it is done to Christ: happy mercy that is done to the Lord Jesus; it shall never pass unrewarded! 'Joash forgot the kindness of Jehoiada,' 2 Chron. 24:22; but the King of heaven will remember all the good done unto him. Says that good malefactor, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,' Luke 23:42. I will not forget thee, answers Jesus: 'To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' 'I was an hungered, and ye fed me.' I and me, saith Christ.

In regard of the act, the thing they distribute and contribute is not bare words, but actual mercies—food, clothing, &c. This is the effect of a true faith, not a verbal, but a real working faith: a faith, not like that the Psalmist seems to mention, (though in another sense,) 'I believed,' *et ideo locutus sum*,—'and therefore I spake;' but such as the Apostle speaks of, 'I believed,' *et ideo operatus sum*,—and therefore I wrought; 'a faith working by love.' It is easy to mistake St Paul, Rom. 14:22, 'Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God,' unless we expound him by St James: chap. 2:18, 'Hast thou faith? shew thy faith by thy works.' If we will be the children of Abraham, 'who is the father of them that believe,' Rom. 4:11, we must be so by

Sarah, who is the mother of 'them that obey,' 1 Pet. 3:6. They that will be trees of righteousness in God's garden must not be like the fig-tree in the gospel, that had only leaves, no fruit; but like the 'tree that brings forth her fruit in due season,' Psalm 1:3; or, like Aaron's rod, that of a dead stick, having life and sap put into it, presently bare almonds,—fruit, no leaves spoken of.

Some give words enough, contrary to Moses, who was a man of few words. The Papists will rather lose a penny than a paternoster: these will give ten paternosters before one penny. They give the words of Naphtali, 'pleasant words,' but no meat; as if the poor were, like Ephraim, 'fed with the wind,' Hosea 12:1. Or, as if their word were *verbum Domini*, the 'word of God,' that men might live by it, Matt. 4:4. Solomon says, 'Wisdom is good with an inheritance;' so good counsel is good with an alms. If a famished man beg bread of thee, and thou only fallest to instruct his soul, but deniest food to his body, he may reply, as Hushai said to Absalom of Ahithophel's counsel, 'The counsel that Ahithophel hath given is good, but not at this time,' 2 Sam. 17:7. Martial demands of Caius a small piece of silver: *Quod vel donanti non grave*. Caius blamed him for his idle profession of poetry; counselled him to study the law, that would enrich him. To him Martial: *Quod peto da mihi tu, non peto consilium*,—Give me that I ask thee; I do not ask thee counsel. Many are like St Peter's fish; it had money in its mouth, but not a hand to give it. Or like Dives's dogs; they can lick a poor man with their tongues, else give him no relief. Diogenes, a witty beggar, would usually walk in a place where earthen statues were erected, in honour of some that died for their country. To them he would pray, to them reach out his hand, bow, and beg. Being asked the reason, he answered, *Nihil aliud quam repulsam meditor*,—I think of nothing but a repulse and denial. We have many such living statues, mere idols, that have mouths, and speak not; eyes, and pity not; hands, and give not. The poor are sure of nothing but a repulse.

(3.) The reply or question upon this commendation made by the saints, Matt. 25:37, 'Then shall the righteous answer him; Lord,

when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?' &c. This is no denial of that truth Christ hath avouched. But, first, to magnify Christ's mercy, who takes these works as done to himself, which are done for his sake. Let no covetous churl plead he wants subjects upon whom to exercise his mercy: pauper ubique jacet,—which way can he walk and not behold one hungry, another thirsty, &c. Secondly, To testify their humility, that albeit these things are true, yet they acknowledge no merit in them; they have not done so much of these as they ought. Besides, they might have an after consideration of their sins past, which, valued with their good works, they find one to outweigh a thousand. The Papists ostent their merits on earth, the saints dare not do so even ready for heaven; but 'cast down their crowns before the throne: saying, Thou, O Lord, art only worthy to receive glory and honour,' Rev. 4:10. They have nec boni inopiam, nec in bono superbiam,—They are not poor in good works, nor proud of good works. They wrote their charity in the dust, therefore and God write it in marble. They seem to forget the works of mercy they have done, therefore are they remembered by Jesus Christ.

(4.) The answer of Christ, Matt. 25:40, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' The miseries of my brethren are my own miseries. 'We have an high priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' Heb. 4:15. That invulnerable and glorified breast is still touched with the sense of our wounds. 'Saul, thou persecutest me.' He says not mine, but me: me in mine. 'He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye,' Zech. 2:8. Surely he will pity the misery of every one, that is afflicted with the sorrows of all: *Quis recusabit pro Christo pati, quando Christus compatitur patienti?*—Who would refuse to suffer for Christ, when he is sure that Christ suffers with him?

Here is excellent direction for our works of mercy: that no sinister end draw them from us, but sincere love to Christ. If any fish for the applause of men, his bait shall be his own hook to snare himself. *Da Christo,*—Look on the poor man, and in that member behold the

Head, Christ. 'He that shall give a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward,' Matt 10:42. A cup of water is but a small gift; yet done in that name, and for that cause, it is rewarded as an excellent work of mercy. It is the true note of a child of God to shew mercy to a Christian, because he is a Christian. Natural men have their private ends and advantageous respects in their beneficences. Such a one shall do me service, flatter my addiction, bring intelligences to mine ear. I will make him my property; my charity shall bind him to me. Moral men will sometimes give, even for pity's sake; but the true Christian doth it for Christ's sake, and looks no further. 'Doing good unto all, especially to them that are of the household of faith,' Gal. 6:10. Some think that the best work is to build temples and monasteries; but, indeed, the best work is to relieve, not the dead, but the living temples of Christ's mystical body. It was an ancient complaint: *Fulget ecclesia in parietibus, luget in pauperibus*,—The church flourisheth in her glorious buildings, but mourneth and pines away in her poor members. Deny not due cost to the dead walls, but first satisfy the living bowels; that Christ may say, 'Come, ye blessed!'

I come now to the sentence of condemnation. Matt. 25:41, 'Then shall he say to them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' In this form of damnatory judgment are four points considerable: a rejection of the wicked, a reason of that rejection, an objection against that reason, a confutation of that objection.

(1.) In the rejection are many particulars gradually enhancing their judgment. They are partly privative and partly positive. 'Depart from me, ye cursed,' there is *pœna damni*; 'into everlasting fire,' there is *pœna sensus*. As there be two kinds of sin, *delictum* and *peccatum*,—*delictum est desertio boni, peccatum perpetratio mali*,*—the one, a forsaking of that is good; the other, a committing of that is evil: so there is a like proportion of punishment, a depriving of joy, and a giving over to torment. Here is—

[1.] A grievous refusal: 'Depart.' This seems nothing to the wicked now, such is their dead service. 'Depart?' Why, they are content to be gone. 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore their heart is fully set in them to do evil,' Eccles. 8:11. But as a prince opening his long locked-up treasure graciously takes some in with him, and saying to all other ill-meriting followers, 'Depart,' it will be a disgraceful vexation; so when the glory of heaven, and those invaluable treasures shall be opened, and dealt about to the faithful, what horror will it be to the reprobates to be cast off with a 'Depart!' 'Blessed are the eyes that see the things which ye see:' Christ to his saints, Luke 10:23; 'for the kings have desired to see them, and were not suffered.' If it were such a blessedness to see Jesus in humility, what is it to see him in glory? But from this the wicked are bidden 'depart.'

[2.] The loss of salvation: 'from me;' your Saviour that was wounded for you; that offered my blood to you, which was offered for you. And if 'from me,' then from all that is mine; my mercy, my glory, my salvation. Consider here what an excellent thing it is to have familiarity with Christ on earth, that he may not cast us off as strangers from heaven. He that would have Christ know him there, must not be a stranger to Christ here. He must have some fellowship with God. How? 'If we walk in the light, we have fellowship with God, and with his Son Jesus Christ,' 1 John 1:7. To walk in the dark is to have fellowship with the prince of darkness; to walk in the light is to have fellowship with the Father of lights. Will a reprobate, that hath always turned his back upon Christ, here press into his company? Upon what acquaintance? Yes, 'We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets,' Luke 13:26; as if they should say, We have fed at thy communion-table, and heard thee preach in our pulpits. Still this proves no acquaintance; for in the one you did eat panem Domini, non panem Dominum,—the bread of Christ, but not Christ with the bread. In the other you have heard verbum Domini, not regarded Dominum verbi. Your ear hath been opened, but your conscience shut. Therefore, ver. 25, Non novi vos,—as familiar as you presume, yet you are such strangers to me that 'I

know you not.' They never willingly came near Christ but to persecute him; therefore he shall then cast them far enough off for ever.

[3.] The deserved malediction: 'ye cursed.' He is cursed, that being born in sin, lives in it, and dies in it, without seeking recovery. I call this curse merited, because they love it: 'As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him,' Ps. 109:17. Hath he loved it? Let him take his love: 'As he clothed himself with cursing as with a garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones,' ver. 18. It was his outside, let it be his linings: it was his outward stuff, let it be his inward stuffing. Every one that hath not first a pardon by Christ, must hear this curse pronounced against him from Christ. Oh, then, suffer not thine eyes to sleep till Christ hath sealed thee a quietus est! Give no peace to thyself till thou have peace with God. *Quamdiu impoenitentia manet, maledictio imminet,*—So long as unrepentance abides in us, cursedness hangs over us. He that wilfully goes on in known wickedness, hazards himself to inevitable cursedness. 'Go, ye cursed.'

[4.] The horror of the pains: 'into everlasting fire.' Fire; of all elements the most violent, therefore fittest to describe those pangs: 'The pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a river of brimstone, doth kindle it,' Isa. 30:33. 'Everlasting;' the torments thereof are ever frying, never dying: 'Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' Mark 9:44. *Vermis corrodet conscientiam, ignis comburet carnem; quia et corde et corpore deliquerunt.** The fire shall torture their flesh, the worm their spirit, because both in flesh and spirit they have sinned. The reprobates shall be packed and crowded together, like bricks in a fiery furnace, having not so much as a chink where any wind may enter in to cool them.

[5.] The pre-ordinance of their torments: 'prepared for the devil and his angels;' ordained beforehand. Origen held that the devil and his angels should one day be released from their tortures; and that these

words of Christ were spoken minaciter, potius quam veraciter,—rather by way of threatening than true meaning. But Augustine answers, that the Scripture hath confuted him plenissime ac planissime. For the fire prepared for Satan is not temporary, but everlasting; where, though floods of tears be continually raining upon it, yet can it not be put out.

'Prepared,' to the terror of wicked men, that 'covenant with hell:' alas! they are deceived, it was made for some purpose. That fire was prepared for some, and some have prepared themselves for it. Burning in lusts, in malice, in revenge, until themselves, their lusts, malice, and revenge, and all burn in hell. The devil was crafty, yet he could not scape hell: be as wily as you can, yet beware hell. It is not policy, but piety, that must escape this fire. Now as this brings to the wicked much terror, so it helps to preserve the godly against error. And this was one principal cause of the penning this sentence. The wise master of the family will chide his servants, yea, and upon desert correct them, in the presence of his child, that he may learn by it to stand in awe of his father. So deals God, *minatur quod faciet improbis, ne faciat quod minatur sanctis*. He threatens the wicked what he will do to their sins, that the godly may avoid what he threatens for sins. *Omnis minatio, amica monitio*,—every threatening is a fair warning. The Lord give us *mutare sententiam nostram, ut ipse mutet sententiam suam*,—to change our mind, that God may change his menace! Let us now come humbly to him in repentance, that we may never depart from him into vengeance. The other circumstances I will but touch.

(2.) The reason of this rejection, Matt. 25:42: 'For I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.' They are not judged *ex malis commissis, sed ex bonis omissis*,—not by the evil deeds they have done, but by the good things they have not done. Christ says not, Ye took away my meat when I was hungry; but, You gave me not your meat. You did not strip me of the clothes I had; but, You gave me no clothes when I had not. 'The axe cuts up the tree which brought not forth good fruit,' Matt. 3:10, though it be not

accused for bringing forth bad fruit. Innocency is good, but not enough: we see that not to have relieved is an unanswerable indictment at that day. How heavy will this sentence fall upon many among us! What heaps have many in this city; perhaps some got without a tentered conscience, yield it no worse: yet would to God it were so well; for it is hard *bonum cito evadere divitem*,—for an honest man to become rich on the sudden. They have it, and now may they not keep it? Is it not their own? But, oh, it is fearful when for this keeping they shall be condemned! It is not a great weekly or monthly to the poor, and a small pension to the much-robbed church, that can discharge you, but you must give proportionably. Plead what you can to the poor, Christ will not be so answered. Who can force me to give? None. But because thou wilt not give unforced, thou shalt justly be condemned.

(3.) The objection against this reason, Matt. 25:44: 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst,' &c., 'and did not minister unto thee?' They have a kind of impudence still adhering to their foreheads: they would seem to justify themselves, though they be deservedly punished. 'When did we see thee?' Often. When this poor widow hath departed without thy mercy, that orphan without thy help, that blind or lame without thy alms? When? When not? Every occasion shall be a bill of indictment against thee. Who will wonder to see a Romish Pharisee soothe and flatter himself on earth, when he is not ashamed to do it in judgment before the Lord Jesus Christ? *Sed nulla defensio absolvet reum, nulla infensio dissolvat judicium.* Plead they whether subtly or angrily, as if some wrong were done them, it is equity itself that doth sentence them.

(4.) The confutation of their objection: Matt. 25:45, 'Insomuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' This one distinction takes away all their arguments: here is a full answer to their quando; a declaration of their death-deserving wickedness, that would have no pity on the Lord Jesus. 'Judgment merciless shall be given to them that shew no mercy,' James 2:13; you know this. Dives was denied a drop, because he would not give a crumb; you know

this. 'He that stoppeth his ear at the cry of the poor, shall cry himself and not be heard,' Prov. 21:13; did not I tell you thus? The poor you had ever, this mercy you shewed never; therefore 'Go, ye cursed.'

5. Lastly, the retribution: this is set down in brief, but the matter it contains is long and everlasting: 'All shall come forth; they that have done good, to the resurrection of life; they that have done evil, to the resurrection of condemnation,' John 5:29. 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal,' Matt. 25:46. An estate soon versed; never to be reversed. The voice of Christ shall speak it, and the power of Christ shall effect it. No angel shall speak against it, no devil shall withstand it.

How should this teach us St Paul's use, who, considering that there shall be 'a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust,' resolved with himself 'to have always a good conscience, void of offence, toward God and toward man,' Acts 24:16. Let it instruct us all to watch for this day; a charge, than which nothing was more current in the mouth of Christ. Let me conclude with that sigh from his soul: 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?' It will not be long ere the glass be run, the hour out; Judas is at hand, judgment is not far off; then may you sleep and take your rest. This day is nearer you now than when you first entered the church. Twice have the blasted cars eat up the full corn; twice have the lean kine devoured the fat: Pharaoh's dream is doubled for the certainty and expedition. 'Yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry,' Heb. 10:37. If we shall have comfort in this day when it is come, we must long for it before it do come. What comfort shall the usurer have? He desires not this day, for then the 'angel swears there shall be no more time,' Rev. 10:6; and his profession is to sell time. He sells it dear, very costly to another's purse, but most costly to his own soul. Such as bribe for offices, farm monopolies, contract an usurious rent for life; do they desire it? 'Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord! to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light,' Amos 5:18. The soul groaning under sin desires it: 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Rom. 7:24. The suffering

soul may desire it: 'Come, Lord Jesus.' The faithful spouse wedded to Christ desires this coming of her husband; she is now espoused, that is the plenary consummation of the marriage: 'Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and the bride hath made herself ready. Blessed are they that be called to this marriage supper,' Rev. 19:7:—

To the ungodly it will be a fearful day.

'Ignis ubique ferox ruptis regnabit habenis.'

There shall follow an universal dissolution. Downwards go Satan, his angels, and reprobates; howling, and shrieking, and gnashing of their teeth,—the effect of a most impatient fury,—to be bound hand and foot with everlasting chains of darkness: where fire shall torture, yet give no light; worms gnaw the heart, yet never gnaw in sunder the strings: eternal pains punire, non finire corpora. Small sorrows grow great with continuance; but, oh, misery of miseries! to have torments universal, and withal eternal; not to be endured, yet not to be ended. Upwards goes Christ, the blessed angels and saints, singing with such melody as never mortal ear heard. The only song which that choir sing audible to man, was that which the shepherds heard, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men,' Luke 2:14. Yet Christ was then coming to suffer: what may we think are those hallelujahs everlastingly chanted in the courts of heaven! We know not; yet we may know one special note, which a universal choir 'of all nations, kindred, and tongues,' angels, elders, all shall sing: 'Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen,' Rev. 7:12.

'To the spirits of just men made perfect.' The citizens of heaven are of two sorts: by creation or adoption. Created and natural citizens are the angels; adopted are men. Of these be two kinds, some assumed, and others assigned. The assigned, such as are decreed in their times to be citizens; said before to be 'written in heaven.' The assumed,

such as are already possessed of it, here 'spirits of just men made perfect.' But how then is the Apostle's meaning cleared? How are the militant on earth said to 'be come unto these just spirits in heaven?' Yes, we have a communion with them, participating in spe, what they possess in re. Now we are no more strangers and foreigners, but 'fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,' Eph. 2:19. Only our apprenticeship of the flesh is not yet out; but they have their freedom. But as we have all a union with Christ, so a communion with Christians: the combatant on earth, with the triumphant in heaven.

'Spirits;' this word hath diverse acceptions. It is taken, (1.) Pro animo, for the mind: Luke 10:21, Jesus rejoiced 'in spirit;' 1 Chron. 5:26, God stirred up the 'spirit' of the king of Assyria. (2.) Pro sede rationis, et τῷ ἡγεμονικῷ: 1 Cor. 2:11, 'What man knows the things of man, save the spirit of man which is within him?' (3.) Pro affectu vel afflatu, for the motion of the mind, whether good or bad: Luke 9:55, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' So there is called 'the spirit of lust,' 'the spirit of pride,' &c. (4.) Pro donis Spiritus sancti, for the gifts of God's Spirit: Acts 8:15, Peter and John prayed for the disciples at Samaria, that they might receive 'the Holy Spirit,' meaning the graces of the Holy Spirit; Gal. 3:2, 'Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?' (5.) Pro efficacia evangelii, for the effectual working of the gospel; and so it is opposed to the letter: 2 Cor. 3:6, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' (6.) Pro spiritualibus exercitiis, for spiritual exercises: Gal. 6:8, 'He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap everlasting life;' John 4:23, 'True worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth.' (7.) Pro regenerata parte, for the regenerate part of a Christian; and so it is opposed to the flesh: Gal. 5:17, 'The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit lusteth against the flesh.' (8.) Lastly, Pro anima immortalis, for the immortal soul: Eccles. 12:7, 'Dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.' This spirit did Stephen commend into the hands of Christ, Acts 7:59; and Christ into the

hands of his Father, Matt. 27:50, yielding up the spirit. Thus it is taken here.

'Spirits;' he doth not say bodies: they lie in the dust under the hope of a better resurrection. 'Spirits:' we find here what becomes of good men's souls when they forsake their bodies; they are in 'the heavenly city.' There are many idle opinions what becomes of man's soul in death. Some have thought that the souls then, though they die not, yet are still kept within the body (as it were asleep) until the last day. But the Scripture speaks expressly the contrary; for Dives's soul was in hell, and Lazarus's soul in Abraham's bosom. 'I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God,' Rev. 6:9. Some have imagined a transmigration of souls, forsaken of their own bodies, into other bodies. Herod seems to be of this opinion: when news was brought him concerning the fame of Jesus, he said to his servants, 'This is John the Baptist, he is risen from the dead,' Matt. 14:2. He thought that the soul of John was put into the body of Jesus. It is alleged, that Nebuchadnezzar living and feeding with beasts, 'until seven times were passed over him,' had lost his own soul, and the soul of a beast was entered in its room. But this is a frivolous conceit. Indeed God had bereft him of common reason, yet he had still the soul of a man. Do not many among us, that have the souls of men, live like debauched beasts? The lustful like a goat, the covetous like a wolf, the drunkard like a hog, the politician like a fox, the railer like a barking cur. Others think that the soul neither dieth nor sleepeth, nor passeth out of one body into another, but wandereth up and down here on earth among men, and often appeareth to this man, often to that; whence came that fabulous opinion that dead men walk. For this purpose they allege the witch of Endor, who made Samuel appear to Saul, and answer him. But the truth is, that was not Samuel indeed, but an apparition, the mere counterfeit of him. For not all the witches in the world, nor all the devils in hell, can disquiet the souls of the faithful, for they are in God's keeping. Dying, their souls are immediately translated to blessedness: 'there are the spirits of just men made perfect;' and there to abide, until the general resurrection shall restore them to their own bodies. For the souls of

the reprobates, departing in their sins, they go directly to hell, and are kept there as in a sure prison.

Let this instruct all such as have a Christian hope to let their souls depart with comfort. *Emittuntur, non amittuntur*: death doth not lose them, but loosen them, and set them free from the bondage of corruption. Howl and lament, if thou think thy soul perisheth. There are some that fear not so much to die as to be dead: they know the pang is bitter, but it is short; it is the comfortless estate of the dead that is their dread. They could well resolve for the act of their passage if they were sure to live afterwards. *Animula vagula blandula*. Whither goest thou? said that heathen emperor on his death-bed, lamenting the doubtful condition of his soul after the parture. Very not being is abhorred of nature, if death had nothing else to make it fearful. It is woeful to lie rotting in the silent grave, neither seeing nor seen. Here the Christian lifts up his head of comfort: 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' I lose it not, because thou hast it; thou wilt keep it in peace, and give it me back again in eternal joy.

'Of just men.' Justice is ascribed to a Christian two ways. There is—

First, *Passiva justitia*, a passive justice; Christ's righteousness imputed to him, and hereby he stands perfectly just before God. This the Apostle calls 'the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all,' Rom. 3:22. 'Christ is made unto us righteousness,' 1 Cor. 1:30. This justice is attained by faith: 'Noah became heir of the righteousness which is by faith,' Heb. 11:7. 'Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness,' Rom. 4:3. Without this no spirit shall appear just before God in heaven. Our own righteousness is a covering too short to hide our nakedness; Christ's garment is a long robe that covers all.

Secondly, *Activa justitia*, active righteousness; an effect of the former, which is indeed a testimony that we are justified by Christ. 'Let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous,' 1 John 3:7. Therefore saith James, 'A man is justified by his works,'

chap. 2:24. If his meaning had been that our own works simply acquit us before God, it could never be reconciled to that of his Master: 'When we have done all we can, we must call ourselves unprofitable servants;' nor to that of his fellow: 'I see a law in my members warring against the law of my mind,' Rom. 7:23; nor to that of himself: 'In many things we sin all,' chap. 3:2. Now this justice effective from God, active in us, is taken two ways: *latè* and *strictè*.

In a larger sense it is taken for all piety, and so justice and holiness are all one. Properly taken, justification is imputed, sanctification inherent; but understanding our justness an effect of Christ's justice imputed to us, so *justus* and *sanctus* are convertible terms. They are 'just spirits,' that is, they are saints. Now if we desire to come ad *sanctos*, to the saints, we must live *sancte*, a holy life. God by telling us who are in heaven, teacheth us who shall come to heaven: none but saints. They are set before us as examples, *ut eorum sequamur gratiam, et consequamur gloriam*,—that steering their course, we might come to their haven. The Scripture teacheth us *quid agendum*, what is to be done; the saints *quo modo*, how it is to be done. *Vita sanctorum, interpretatio scripturarum*,—The lives of holy men is a kind of commentary or interpretation of the holy writ. Let us, as we do by good copies, not only lay them before us, and look on them, but write after them. For it is not sufficient *legere, sed degere vitam sanctorum*,—not to read, but to lead the lives of saints. Papists in this go too far, as evil men come too short. Good men imitate the saints, but do not worship them; Papists worship the saints, but do not imitate them; lewd men do neither. Perhaps they will imitate their infirmities: as if only for that they liked them, for which only God disliked them. The saints are to be held as patterns, not as patrons, of our life. But the Papists praise not God in his saints, nor the saints for God, but as God. Only let us reverently walk in their grace, that we may joyfully come to their place.

In a stricter sense it is taken for that moral virtue which gives to every man his own. This virtue hath been highly commended in the heathen; but one saith truly, *Justitia ethnicorum miranda potius,*

quam laudanda,—Their justice deserved more admiration than commendation; they wanted him that should make them just. They so affected this justice that they took surnames from it: Aristides was called Justus; Scipio, Justus; Fabius, Justus. Their justice was no virtue, but a shadow of virtue. They neither knew the Lord Deum virtutis, nec Christum virtutem Dei,—the God of virtue, nor Christ the virtue of God. Only Jesus is Justus: 'Christ suffered for sins, the just for the unjust,' 1 Pet. 3:18; 'Ye denied the Holy One and the Just,' Acts 3:14. There was another 'Jesus called Justus,' Col. 4:11, a helper of the apostles; but Christ is Dominus justitia nostra,—'The Lord our Righteousness,' Jer. 33:16. By him we are only made just: 'In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and glory,' Isa. 45:25.

Being thus justified, let us be just; not doing that to others which we would not have others to do to us, and doing that to others which we desire to be done to ourselves. Some are just in small matters; so the Pharisees pay 'tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin,' Matt. 23:23, but omit weightier things. This is Pharisaica justitia, a Puritan righteousness; not to endure an hour's recreation on the Sunday, yet to rob the church by usurpations, to exact interests and forfeits; these be nothing. So the money might not be put into the treasury that might hire Judas to betray his Master. The ten brethren were so just as to return the money in their sacks, yet stuck not to sell their brother Joseph.

Some are just in great things, not in small. As the others strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; so these are like the net, that takes the great fishes and lets go the little fry. Wantonness is no fault with them, if it extend not to adultery. They stick not to swear, so long as they swear not to a lie. Maliciously to hate, or peevishly to quarrel, is trivial, if they proceed not to blows and blood. So long as they are not drunk, swallow down wine, and spare not. De minimis non curat lex,—The law takes no notice of small faults. But indeed eadem ratio rotunditatis,—there is the same respect of roundness in a penny that is in a platter, though not of largeness. To steal the bridle, as to steal the horse, is tam, though not tantum,—such a sin, though not so

great a sin. Thou sayest, *Minimum est, minimum est*,—It is little, it is little. *Sed in minimo fidelem esse magnum est*,—To be faithful in a little is a great virtue. 'Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:19. *Erit minimus*, that is, *nullus*,—he shall be least in heaven, that is, he shall not be there at all. But well done, good servant: 'because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities,' Luke 19:17. *Bene utere parvo, fruerere magno*,—The just dispensation of a little shall bring thee to be entrusted with much. Whether great or small, we must be just, if we look ever to reign with these 'just spirits.' *Ad societatem justorum non admittuntur nisi justii*.

I wonder what place the defrauder expects, that wraps up his conscience in a bundle of stuffs, and swears it away. The buyer thinks he is just, and he is just cozened, no more. The usurer would storm and stare, as if he had seen a spirit, if he were taxed for unjust. Presently he consults (his scriptures) his bonds, and (his priest) his scrivener; and there the one swears, the other shews in black and white, that he takes but ten in the hundred. Is he then unjust? Yes: 'Thou hast taken usury and increase, and hast greedily gained of thy neighbours by extortion,' Ezek 22:16. He takes hire for that should be freely lent: is not this unjust? Besides, the people curse it, and they curse not but for injustice. 'I have neither lent on usury, nor men have lent me on usury, yet every one doth curse me,' Jer. 15:10; insinuating, that if a man lend on usury, it is no wonder if the people curse him. Where must the lay-parson sit, that fatts himself with the tithe-grain, and will not give the poor minister the straw? Is this just? He takes the tenth of his neighbour's profits, and never so much as reads him a homily for it: is this just? He lays sacrilegious hands on God's sanctified things, and never asks him leave: is this just? Where shall the engrosser appear, that hoards up commodities bought with ready money, and when he vends them, makes the poor pay treble usury for it: is this just? What shall become of that unspeakably rich transporter, who carries out men and money, to the impoverishing of the land, and brings home gauds and puppets, fit for nobody's use

but pride's? Surely, as heaven is for 'just spirits,' so there is some other place for the unjust. 'Know ye not that the unjust shall not inherit the kingdom of God?' 1 Cor. 6:9. If not God's kingdom, then the kingdom of darkness; downwards, hell. I do not say, that every unjust deed throws a soul thither: *Injustum esse damnat, non injuste semel agere,*—To be unjust is damnable, not one thing unjustly done: the habit, not the act. But for others, *Qui injuste dominantur, juste damnantur,*—They have unjustly lived, but they shall be justly condemned.

'Made perfect.' This is a passive quality; *non qui se perficiunt, sed qui perficiuntur,*—not such as have made themselves perfect, but are made perfect. The other property is actively expressed; just, it is not said justified,—not that they made themselves just, but that Christ's righteousness hath justified them; so both they are, and are reputed just. But here passively, perfected, which plainly shews that all is from God; for *omne majus includit minus*. If only Christ make them 'perfect,' then only Christ doth make them 'just.' For it is nothing so difficult for a just man to become perfect, as for an evil man to become just. As it is easier for a man healed and directed the way to come to the goal, than for him that lies lame in darkness. *Qui dedit ingressum must also dare progressum: conficere et perficere;* to make and to make up, to do and to perfect, are both the works of God. We could never be just, unless Christ justify us: never come to perfection, unless he perfect us. He that began this good work, must also finish it.

'Made perfect.' In heaven are none but the perfect. *Talis sedes expectat talem sessorem,*—Such a house requires such an inhabitant. On earth there is a kind of perfection; all the faithful are perfectly justified, but not perfectly sanctified. The reprobates are *perfecte imperfecti*. The godly *imperfecte perfecti*,—those perfectly imperfect, these imperfectly perfect. They are so perfect that they are acquitted in Christ, and there remains no judgment for them, but only a declaration of their pardon. Justification admits no latitude, in it *nec magis nec minus*, for none can be more than just. But the perfection

of sanctity is wrought by degrees: non plenam induimus perfectionem, donec totam exuimus infectionem,—all the stains of our infection must first be cleansed, and quite washed away, before this full perfection be given us. Christ's blood doth now wholly take from us the guiltiness of sin, not wholly the pollution of sin; that blessedness is reserved only for heaven.

Let us therefore be perficientes, going and growing up, that at last we may be perfecti, 'made perfect.' This is not wrought on a sudden; a child doth not presently become a man. Even the Lord Jesus had his time of growing, and can any member grow faster than the head? Indeed the malefactor on the cross shot up in an hour; but this was miraculous, and God seldom works by such miracles. God neither sends angels from heaven, nor the dead from hell, to give warning to men upon earth. 'I say, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead,' Luke 16:31. But repentance hath the promise of a quandocunque, —'whensoever a sinner repents,' &c. I will not limit God's infinite mercy, but only advise thy sick soul, who, after a desperate and inveterate wound, lookest for a sudden cure by repentance: it is better to make this thy diet than thy physic. Repent every day, that thou mayest have remission one day. Melior medicus qui excludit morbos, quam qui curat. He is a better physician that keeps diseases off us, than he that cures them being on us. Prevention is so much better than healing, because it saves the labour of being sick. Thou allowest not a surgeon unnecessarily to break thy head to try his skill and the virtue of his plaster. Springes were better taken away quæ non prosunt, because they do no good, than the setting of watchmen by them to warn travellers, ne noceant, that they be not hurt by them. Take away thy lusts quite; this is the way to be sure: for repentance may be like Baal, so fast asleep that all thy cries are not able to waken her.

To conclude, he that will wear a crown in heaven must be all his life on earth preparing the gold to make it. Not that thy own virtues crown thee, but that God without thy virtues will never crown thee.

The robe of glory that is worn there must be spun and woven here,— spun out of the side of Christ by faith, and embroidered with our good works. That eternal light ariseth from this eternal life. 'Lay up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold on eternal life,' 1 Tim. 6:19. The groundwork of salvation is made here: that high Power of glory that is built for thee in heaven hath the foundation of it laid upon earth.

How should a man be perfectus that was never factus, well begun? I wonder what perfection a wine-bibber looks for? sure to be a perfect drunkard. What perfection expects the luxurious prodigal? sure to be a perfect beggar. What perfection hopes the covetous churl for, that allows himself a race of fourscore years, and sets God at the latter end of it? and he hath that place too with this condition, that he trouble not his mind about it till the last day comes. Surely to live unblest and to die unpitied; but that some now bless God he is gone, and others say it is a pity he died no sooner. All his projections have aimed at this perfection, to make himself a perfect slave. What perfection dreams the Jesuit to himself but to become a perfect traitor? What perfection is likely to the incontinent adulterer but to be a perfect lazar? What the malicious, but a perfect villain? what the proud, but a perfect fool? what the blasphemmer, but a perfect devil?

They say, early holiness proves ripe corruption; but I am sure, habituated profaneness proves rank damnation. Alas! how should they make an end that never begun? 'This man began to build,' saith Christ, 'but could not make an end:' how should they finish that never began? You that spend your days in lazy forgetfulness of religion, examine your own consciences; do you ever think to be perfect? Are you content still to be abortive, and shall you be perfected in the womb of the grave? God hath given you time and means; he did not say, Sumite et consumite,—Take it, and spend it at your pleasure. Oh begin, that you may continue and end: hear to learn, learn to do, do to continue, continue to be perfect. Begin betimes, lest God's end come before your beginning. Enter into the way of piety, and follow it; striving with all your powers to grow up

'to a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' Eph. 4:13.

V. 'And to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' We have considered the glory of the city, the felicity of the citizens; we are lastly come to the Mediator, who brings both these together, and without whom they had been everlastingly asunder. We are all by nature belonging, not to Mount Zion, but to the valley of Hinnom; not to the celestial Jerusalem, but to the infernal Babylon; not to the society of glorious angels, but of afflicting devils; not to the church of the first-born, but to the assembly of abortive reprobates; we had no reference to God as a kind father, but as a severe judge; not to just spirits made perfect from sin, but to lost spirits made perfect in sin. Thus were we by nature, but Jesus hath brought us to Mount Zion, &c. How blessed a thing will it be to come unto this Jesus! It was St Augustine's special wish to have seen Christ in the flesh. If there were such comfort in seeing Christ humbled, if such admiration in seeing him transfigured, what joy is it to behold him in heaven glorified! How glorious a matter do some think it to stand in the court of an earthly prince, to receive a gracious look, to hear a royal word, or to be commanded some honourable service! What is it then to stand in the court of heaven, to have the King of kings speak peaceably to us, to behold our Lord Jesus crowned with that immortal diadem, to sing his praises, as free from flattery as from inconstancy, and to live in that paradise for ever! *Ubi cunque fueris Domine Jesu,—* Wheresoever thou art, O blessed Saviour, give us no more happiness than to be with thee. If thou be in the earth, we will travel day and night to come to thee; if on the sea, with Peter we will swim to thee; if on the cross, we will stand weeping by thee; if riding in triumph, we will sing Hosanna to thee; if transfigured on Tabor, we will be ravished with thee; but if sitting on thy heavenly throne, how blessed even to look upon thee! It is his 'will that we should be with him where he is, and behold his glory,' John 17:24. We are now come to him by a conjunction mystical; we then shall have vicinity local and eternal.

'The Mediator;' not a Mediator, but the, that Mediator, that only one. 'For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus,' 1 Tim. 2:5. God was angry, man was guilty, Christ is the mediator betwixt them; who being God, could satisfy God, and being man, could suffer for man. We are lost, and desire something to recover us: what shall that be? Mercy? No, God is just; he that hath offended must be punished. Shall it be justice? No, we have need of mercy, that he who hath offended might be spared. Here, to be so merciful as not to wrong his justice, to be so just as not to forget his mercy, there must be a mediator. This must not be the world, that was God's own before, he made it; not angels, for they are engaged for their own creation; and being finite, cannot satisfy an infinite majesty by infinite punishment for infinite sins.

God's Son must do it. Now if he come to satisfy for pride, he must put on humility; if for rebellion, he must put on obedience; if for stubbornness, he must put on patience; he must serve if he will deserve: this God alone cannot do; if to die, he must be mortal, this only God cannot be. Therefore this mediator is made man, to be himself bound; as he is God, to free others that are bound. Man to become weak, God to vanquish. Man to die, God to triumph over death. This is that sacred ladder, whose top in heaven, reaching to the bosom of God, expresseth his divinity; and his foot on the earth, close to Jacob's loins, witnesseth his humanity. We are bankrupt debtors, God is a sure creditor, Christ sets all on his score. We are ignorant clients, God is a skilful judge, Christ is our advocate to plead our cause for us. God is a just master, we are unfaithful, unfruitful, unprofitable servants, this mediator takes up the matter between us.

'Of the new covenant.' For Moses may seem to be a mediator of the old covenant. 'I stood between the Lord and you at that time, to shew you the word of the Lord,' Deut. 5:5. This mediatorship of the new covenant is a high office, compatible to none but the Lord Jesus. Who should appear between a just God and sinful men, but he that is mortal with men and just with God? It is a covenant, for there is something agreed on both sides; we covenant to believe and God to

forgive. A new covenant; there was cold comfort for us in the old. A man reading, *Fac hoc et vives*,—'Do this and thou shalt live,' thinks of it as if he were bidden to catch a star from the firmament, and take it for his labour. But in the new, *Crede et vive*,—Believe and live for ever. The condition on man's part is believing, the covenant on God's part is saving. Now, though it be true that it is as easy for man of himself to fulfil the law as it is to believe the gospel, yet the new covenant, *dat credere*, gives a man power to believe; for faith is the fair gift of God. *Præcipit non adjuvat lex, offert et affert evangelium*. The law gives commandment, but not amendment; the gospel brings salvation to our hearts, and our hearts to salvation. As it chargeth us, so it aideth us. As this mediator gives *fidem quam credimus*, the faith which we believe, mercy and remission; so also *fidem qua credimus*, the faith whereby we believe, grace to apprehend this mercy. 'Christ hath obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises,' Heb. 8:6.

Briefly here consider the excellency of this new and evangelical covenant, above the old and legal. In the beginning God made man righteous; for he created him 'in his own image,' Gen. 1:27, which the apostle says 'consisted in righteousness and the holiness of truth,' Eph. 4:24. But man soon defaced this goodly and godly picture. 'This I have found, that God made man righteous, but he sought out many inventions;' ways to make himself wicked and wretched. Hence it followed that our restitution was a greater work than our constitution. The house was with more ease built up new, than repaired, being old and ruinous. That was done *per verbum enuntiatum*, this *per verbum annuntiatum*. There he spake the word, and all things were created; here the 'Word was made flesh,' John 1:14. *Fecit mira, tulit dira: passus dura verba, duriora verbera*. There it was done by saying, *Dic verbum tantum*; here by doing, yea, by dying: suffering grievous words, more grievous wounds. *Faotus in terris, fractus in terris*. There all begun in Adam, who was *terræ filius*, a son of the earth; here all in Christ, who is *cœli Dominus*, the Lord of heaven. Spiritual life is better than natural, firmer, surer.

There man had only a power to stand, but with it a power to fall, according to his own pleasure; here he hath a certainty of inseparable conjunction to Christ. He so stands as never to fall, so lives as never to die, so is loved as never to be hated. There Adam and Eve were married to propagate filios carnis, children of the flesh; here Christ is married to his church, to beget filios spirituales, children in the spirit; and that with a bond never to be divorced. Thus at first God commanded that to exist which was not before; now he makes one contrary to be changed into another: flesh into spirit, darkness into light, corruption into holiness: greater miracles than changing stones into bread; Dignus vindice nodus,—a knot worthy the finger of God to untie. Here is the wonderful work of the new covenant: we were made ex spiritu oris, redeemed ex sanguine cordis,—created by the breath of God's mouth, but saved by the blood of his heart. Therefore not six cherubims, as in the vision of Isaiah, nor four-and-twenty elders, as in the Revelation of John, but a royal army of heavenly soldiers, were heard praising God at the birth of Jesus Christ.

In sum, there is but 'one mediator of the new covenant:' neither saint nor angel hath any part in this dignity. Idem est multos Deos fingere, ac sanctos mortuos invocare,*—To worship old saints is to make new gods. He that shall pray to dead men, dishonours the living Mediator. St Paul saith expressly, 'There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus,' 1 Tim. 2:5. Whence it is manifest that it is the same blasphemous presumption to make more mediators than one, that to make more gods than one. Here the Romanists distinguish: Christ is the sole mediator of redemption, not of intercession. Opus mediatore ad mediatorem Christum. We must have a mediator of intercession to this mediator of redemption. A blind answer: for Paul directly there speaks of prayers and intercession, ver. 1, &c. But say they, Our prayers are to be made to God alone, tanquam per eum implendæ, because our desires are fulfilled only by him; but unto the saints, tanquam per eos impetrandæ, because they are obtained by them. As if Christ were so busy that he could not tend to hear us; or so stately, that he

would not bend to hear us; or so unjust, as to deny his own Venite, and not to perform his promise, 'Come unto me, all that labour,' Matt. 11:28.

We oppose against them that comfortable saying of St John: 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous,' 1 John 2:1. They answer, Indeed Christ is our chief advocate; saints and angels, secondary or subordinate advocates. But the word advocate is borrowed of the lawyers, and signifies him only that doth plead the justice of his client's cause. A stranger in the court may become a petitioner to the judge, and entreat favour for the person guilty; but advocates are patrons and proctors of their clients. Angels in heaven, and saints on earth, are suitors in our behalf to God; but Christ alone is our advocate. And upon good cause, for who but he can so well plead his own righteousness whereby he hath justified us? Therefore the Apostle calls him there our 'propitiation:' he that will be our advocate must also be our propitiation; no saints or angels can be a propitiation for us; therefore no saints or angels can be our advocates. Augustine says, that if St John had offered himself to this office, he had not been apostolus, sed Antichristus.

We object further Christ's promise: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you,' John 16:23. Not in Mary's or Peter's, but 'in my name.' Bellarmine answers, that there may be a mediator between disagreeing parties three ways:—1. By declaring who hath the wrong; and so there is no controversy, for all agree that God is the party grieved. 2. By paying the creditor for the debtor; so Christ is alone mediator. 3. By desiring the creditor to forgive the debtor; and in this sense he says angels and saints are mediators. But this distinction is no other than Bellarmine's mincing; who indeed seems to be ashamed of the blasphemous phrases in their Missals: as *Maria, mater gratiæ: Sancte Petre, miserere mei, salva me, &c.* These, saith he, are our words, but not our meanings: that Mary or Peter should confer grace on us in this life, or glory in the life to come. Yet both their school and practice speaks more. for Aquinas

says, our prayers are effectual by the merits of saints; and that Christ's intercession is gotten by the patronage of apostles, by the intervention of martyrs, by the blood of Becket, and the merits of all saints. And the practice of the people is to hold angels and saints immediate mediators, able to satisfy and save. But as one hath well observed: If every saint in the Pope's calendar be received as a mediator, we shall worship unknown men, as the Athenians did unknown gods. For the best Papists doubt whether there were ever any St George or St Christopher.

But say they, The virgin is a known saint; she can and may, by the right of a mother, command her Son Christ.* Their whole church sings, *O foelix puerpera, nostra pians scelera, jure matris impera.* And *Maria consolatio infirmorum, redemptio captivorum, liberatio damnatorum, salus universorum.* They have given so much to the mother, that they have left nothing for the Son. Ozorius the Jesuit says, *Caput gratiæ Christus, Maria collum,*—Christ is the head of grace, but Mary is the neck: no grace can come from the head, but it must pass through the neck. They invoke her their advocate; but of Christ's mediation, the medium or better half is taken from him: as if he were still a child, in subjection to his mother. But as he is *Mariæ filius*, so he is *Mariæ Dominus*,—the Son and the Lord of his mother. Therefore the first words that we read Christ ever spake to his parents were rough, and by way of reproof. According to St Luke, these were his first: 'How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' Luke 2:49. According to St John, more sharply: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' John 2:4. *Quanquam locuta est jure matris, tamen duriter respondet.* Where was then their *Monstra te esse matrem*? Though at the command of his mother he spake, yet he spake roughly. Whereas God's kingdom consists of his justice and mercy, the Papists attribute the greatest part, which is his mercy, to Mary: making her, as one noted, the Lady-high-chancellor, and Christ as it were the Lord-chief-justice. As we appeal from the King's-Bench bar to the Chancery, so a Papist may appeal from the tribunal of God to the court of our lady. So they make her *Domina fac totum*. When one flatteringly wrote of Pope

Adrian, Trajectum plantavit, Lovanium rigavit, Cæsar autem incrementum dedit,—Trajectum planted, Lovain watered, but the Pope gave the increase; one wittily underwrites, Deus interim nihil fecit,—God did nothing the while. So if Mary be the comfort of the weak, the redeemer of captives, the deliverer of the damned, the salvation of all, the advocate of the poor, the patroness of the rich; then sure Christ hath nothing to do. No, beloved; 'Abraham is ignorant of us,' the blessed virgin knows us not; but the Lord Jesus is our Redeemer. Prayer is not a labour of the lips only, but an inward groaning of the spirit, a pouring out of the soul before God. Now saints and angels understand not the heart; it is 'the righteous God that trieth the heart and the reins,' Ps. 7:9. Christ is the master of all requests in the court of heaven; there needs no porter nor waiter. It is but praying, 'Lord Jesus, come unto me,' and he presently answers, 'I am with thee.' Hear me, O Christ, for it is easy to thy power, and usual to thy mercy, and agreeable to thy promise! O blessed Mediator of the new covenant, hear us!

'To the blood of sprinkling.' *Aspersio*, Hebraico more pro *asperso*. Two things are implied in the two words, *sacrificium* and *beneficium*: 'blood,' there is the sacrifice; 'of sprinkling,' there is the benefit.

'To the blood.' To speak properly, it is the death of Christ that satisfies the justice of God for our sins; and that is the true material cause of our redemption. Yet is this frequently ascribed to his blood: 'The blood of Christ purgeth the conscience from dead works,' Heb. 9:14. 'Out of his pierced side came forth blood and water,' John 19:34. As God wrote nothing in vain, so what he hath often repeated, he would have seriously considered. *Non leviter prætereat lectura nostra, quod tam frequenter insculpsit Scriptura sacra.* There are some reasons why our salvation is ascribed to Christ's blood:—

1. Because in the blood is the life. 'Flesh with the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, you shall not eat,' Gen. 9:4. The soul of a beast is in the blood, Lev. 17:14, and in the blood is the life of every

reasonable creature on earth. The effusion thereof doth exhaust the vital spirits, and death follows. In Christ's blood was his life; the shedding of that was his death; that death by the loss of that blood is our redemption.

2. Because this blood answers to the types of the legal sacrifices. This our apostle exemplifies in a large conference. 'The first testament was not dedicated without blood. Moses, sprinkling the book and all the people, said, This is the blood of the testament. Almost all things are by the law purged by blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission,' Heb. 9:18. No reconciliation, no remission without blood. All directed us to this Lamb of God, whose blood only vindicates us from eternal condemnation. Not that the blood of a mere man could thus merit; but of that man who is also God; therefore it is called the 'blood of God,' Acts 20:28.

3. Because blood is fitter for applyment to the heart of man; who is so weak in apprehension that God is fain to lead him as it were by the senses. Not that there is a necessary receiving of Christ's material blood by every one that shall be saved,—so it might sprinkle upon the soldiers that crucified him, who yet might go to hell,—but it is received mentaliter et sacramentaliter; there is a mental and a sacramental application. Thus we are said to drink his blood that receive it spiritually by faith. The Papists in their opinion are fed orally with the very material blood of Christ; but then surely none of them can go to hell, 'for he that eats the flesh, and drinks the blood of the Son of man, hath eternal life,' John 6:54. But now the priests, for fear belike lest too many of the people should be saved, and so purgatory, the Popedom's pillar, be quite overthrown, have taken away the cup from them; and turned Christ's *Bibite omnes* into *Bibite non omnes*,—'Drink ye all,' priests, not the rest. When they had given this blood so high an honour, they thought it too good for the common sort. First they said, it is really in the cup; there they gave it too much: then they took it from the people; there they gave them too little. First they strained it, and then they restrained it. But they answer, The people have this blood in the bread; for that is

flesh, and can there be flesh without blood? If so, why then do themselves take the cup? Either it is necessary for the people, or superfluous for the priests; unless they value a clergyman's soul at a higher rate than a layman's: as if Christ's blood were not shed for the one, so well as for the other.

But to let go their sacrilegious absurdities, let us content ourselves spiritually to receive this blood, shed for us, and communicated to us. This blood is ready for application, if our hearts be ready for apprehension. To us it is, though not elementally, yet alimentally profitable. There is a blood that nourisheth, as the pelican her young ones with her own blood; Christ so feeds our souls to salvation with this blood. There is a blood that mollifies, as the warm blood of a goat softens the adamant; we have obdurate hearts, if Christ's blood cannot melt them. There is a blood that purgeth, as the kid's; so the 'blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sins,' 1 John 3:17. There is a blood that colours, as the deer's; so doth Christ's blood give a pure colour to his church: 'Thou art all fair, my love.' 'These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. 7:14. This blood is *semen vitæ*, *substantia gratiæ*, *fundamentum justitiæ*, *ædificium meriti*, *magna charta cœli*. A flux of blood in the head is stanch'd by opening a vein in the foot; but here to save all the members from bleeding to death, blood must be drawn from the head. As Eve came out of Adam's side sleeping, so the church is taken out of Christ's side bleeding. Thus God disposed it in mercy; *ut effundatur sanguis Christi, ne confundatur anima Christiani*,—that Christ's blood should be spilt to save our souls from spilling.

'Of aspersion;' in relation to the typical manner: 'Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people,' Exod. 24:8. To this alludes Paul here; and Peter calling it 'the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,' 1 Pet. 1:2. In the passover the doors were sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb; and the destroying angel passed over them. All those whom the eternal judgment shall pass over, must have their hearts thus sprinkled. We have many spots, had need of

many drops. For a spot of avarice, a drop of this blood; for a spot of lust, a drop of blood; for a spot of drunkenness, a drop of blood; for a spot of oppression, a great drop of blood; for the wounds and gashes of oaths, execrations, blasphemies, many drops of blood to stanch them. Yea, we are not only sinners, but, saith Micah, 'sins;' therefore must be sowed and drenched in this blood, that we may be clean.

'That speaketh better things than that of Abel.' This is a metaphor, to shew the force of Christ's blood, so prevailing with God as if it had a tongue. The comparison is between Abel's blood and Christ's; now Abel's is said to cry: 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground,' Gen. 4:10. *Clamitat in cœlum vox sanguinis*. So Christ's blood is said to speak: *quot vulnera, tot voces*,—so many wounds, so many words.

There is great resemblance of Christ to Abel. Abel was slain by his brother, Christ by his brethren; the voice of the Jews was, 'Crucify him.' Abel was slain because he sacrificed; Christ was slain that he might be sacrificed. Cain envied Abel because he was accepted; the Jews hated Christ because he was good. Abel might say to his brother, 'For my sacrifice dost thou kill me?' Christ did say to the Jews, 'For which of my good works do ye stone me?' Abel was so slain, that his blood was abundantly shed, and that in many places; for it is said, *vox sanguinum*,—the 'voice of bloods.' So Christ's blood was let out with thorns, scourges, nails, spear. As Cain sustained a threefold punishment—he was cursed in his soul, a vagabond on earth, unprosperous in his labours; so are the Jews plagued—they have no place they can call their own; when they have heaped up riches, some other takes them away; they cannot see their own city but they must pay for it; they are cursed in their obstinate blindness: thus according to their own request, the blood of Christ is upon them and upon their children.

But now Christ's blood speaks better things: Abel's cried *vindictam*, Christ's speaks *miserordiam*. That, 'Lord, see and revenge;' this, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' God hath an ear

of mercy, so well as of justice. If he heard that blood speaking for confusion, then he will hear this speak for remission. If he heard the servant, he will much rather hear the Son; if he heard the servant for spilling, he will much more hear the Son for saving. Postula à me, saith God to his Son,—'Ask of me, and I will give thee,' Ps. 2:8: the Father will deny the Son nothing. Thus hath he saved us prece et pretio,—by his blood, and that a speaking blood: if that blood speak for our safety, nothing shall condemn us. Now the blood of this mediator, our Lord Jesus, speak for us to the Father of mercy, that the Holy Ghost may seal us up to eternal redemption! To whom, three persons, one blessed God, be praise for ever! Amen.

SEMPER IDEM;
OR,
THE IMMUTABLE MERCY OF JESUS
CHRIST

'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'—
HEB. 13:8.

BY the name of Jehovah was God known to Israel, from the time of the first mission of Moses to them, and their manumission out of Egypt, and not before. For, saith God to Moses, 'I appeared unto Abraham, and unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty; but by my name Jehovah was I not known to them,' Exod. 6:3. This I AM is an eternal word, comprehending three times: 'that was, that is, and is to come.'

Now, to testify the equality of the Son to the Father, the Scripture gives the same eternity to Jesus that it doth to Jehovah. He is called Alpha and Omega, *primus et novissimus*, 'the First and the Last: which is, which was, and which is to come,' Rev. 1; and here, 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Therefore he was not only *Christus Dei*, the anointed of God, but *Christus Deus*, God himself anointed; seeing that eternity, which hath neither beginning nor ending, is only peculiar and proper to God.

The words may be distinguished into a centre, a circumference, and a mediate line, referring the one to the other. The immovable centre is Jesus Christ. The circumference, that runs round about him here, is eternity: 'Yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' The mediate line referring them is, ὁ αὐτός, the same: 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

I. The centre is Jesus Christ. Jesus was his proper name, Christ his appellative. Jesus a name of his nature, Christ of his office and dignity; as divines speak.

Jesus, a name of all sweetness. Mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilus in corde.* A reconciler, a Redeemer, a Saviour. When the conscience wrestles with law, sin, death, there is nothing but horror and despair without Jesus. He is 'the way, the truth, and the life;' without him, error, mendacium, mors. Si scribas, non placet, nisi legam ibi, Jesum, saith Bernard: If thou writest to me, thy letter doth not please me, unless I read there Jesus. If thou conferrest, thy discourse is not sweet, without the name of Jesus. The blessed restorer of all, of more than all that Adam lost; for we have gotten more by his regenerating grace than we lost by Adam's degenerating sin.

Christ is the name of his office; being appointed and anointed of God a king, a priest, a prophet.

This Jesus Christ is our Saviour: of whose names I forbear further discourse, being unable, though I had the tongue of angels, to speak aught worthy tanto nomine, tanto numine. All that can be said is but a little; but I must say but a little in all. But of all names given to our Redeemer, still Jesus is the sweetest. Other, saith Bernard, are names of majesty; Jesus is a name of mercy. The Word of God, the Son of God, the Christ of God, are titles of glory; Jesus, a Saviour, is a title of grace, mercy, redemption.

This Jesus Christ is the centre of this text; and not only of this, but of the whole Scripture. The sum of divinity is the Scripture; the sum of the Scripture is the gospel; the sum of the gospel is Jesus Christ; in a word, nihil continet verbum Domini, nisi verbum Dominum. There is nothing contained in the word of God, but God the word.

Nor is he the centre only of his word, but of our rest and peace. 'I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified,' 1 Cor. 2:2. Thou hast made us for thee, O Christ; and

our heart is unquiet till it rest in thee. It is natural to everything appetere centrum, to desire the centre. But 'our life is hid with Christ in God,' Col. 3:3. We must needs amare, where we must animare. Our mind is where our pleasure is, our heart is where our treasure is, our love is where our life is; but all these, our pleasure, treasure, life, are reposed in Jesus Christ. 'Thou art my portion, O Lord,' saith David. Take the world that please, let our portion be in Christ. 'We have left all,' saith Peter, 'and followed thee,' Matt. 19:27; you have lost nothing by it, saith Christ, for you have gotten me. *Nimis avarus est, cui non sufficit Christus.* He is too covetous, whom Jesus Christ cannot satisfy. Let us seek this centre, saith Agustine: *Quæramus inveniendum, quæramus inventum. Ut inveniendus quæretur, paratus est: ut inventus quæretur, immensus est:** Let us seek him till we have found him; and still seek him when we have found him. That seeking, we may find him, he is ready; that finding, we may seek him, he is infinite. You see the centre.

II. The referring line, proper to this centre, is *Semper idem*, 'The same.' There is no mutability in Christ; 'no variableness, nor shadow of turning,' Jam. 1:17. All lower lights have their inconstancy; but in the 'Father of lights' there is no changeableness. The sun hath his shadow; the 'Sun of righteousness' is without shadow, Mal. 4:2; that turns upon the dial, but Christ hath no turning. 'Whom he loves, he loves to the end,' John 13:1. He loves us to the end; of his love there is no end. *Tempus erit consummandi, nullum consumendi misericordiam.* His mercy shall be perfected in us, never ended. 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer,' Isa. 54:8. His wrath is short, his goodness is everlasting. 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee,' ver. 10. The mountains are stable things, the hills stedfast; yet hills, mountains, yea the whole earth, shall totter on its foundations; yea the very 'heavens shall pass away with a noise, and the elements shall melt with heat,' 2 Pet. 3:10; but the covenant of God shall not be

broken. 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever,' saith God, Hos. 2:19. This marriage-bond shall never be cancelled; nor sin, nor death, nor hell, shall be able to divorce us, Six-and-twenty times in one psalm that sweet singer chaunts it; 'His mercy endureth for ever,' Ps. 136. 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'

As this meditation distils into our believing hearts much comfort, so let it give us some instructions. Two things it readily teacheth us: a dissuasive caution, and a persuasive lesson.

1. It dissuades our confidence in worldly things, because they are inconstant. How poor a space do they remain, Τὰ αὐτὰ, 'the same.' To prove this, you have in Jud. 1:7, a jury of threescore and ten kings to take their oaths upon it. Every one had his throne, yet there they lick up crumbs under another king's table; and shortly even this king, that made them all so miserable, is made himself most miserable. Solomon compares wealth to a wild fowl. 'Riches make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle toward heaven,' Prov. 23:5. Not some tame house-bird, or a hawk that may be fetched down with a lure, or found again by her bells; but an eagle, that violently cuts the air, and is gone past recalling.

Wealth is like a bird; it hops all day from man to man, as that doth from tree to tree; and none can say where it will roost or rest at night. It is like a vagrant fellow, which because he is big-boned, and able to work, a man takes in a-doors, and cherisheth; and perhaps for a while he takes pains; but when he spies opportunity, the fugitive servant is gone, and takes away more with him than all his service came to. The world may seem to stand thee in some stead for a season, but at last it irrevocably runs away, and carries with it thy joys; thy goods, as Rachel stole Laban's idols; thy peace and content of heart goes with it, and thou art left desperate.

You see how quickly riches cease to be 'the same:' and can any other earthly thing boast more stability? Honour must put off its robes when the play is done; make it never so glorious a show on this

world's stage, it hath but a short part to act. A great name of worldly glory is but like a peal rung on the bells; the common people are the clappers; the rope that moves them is popularity; if you once let go your hold and leave pulling, the clapper lies still, and farewell honour. Strength, though, like Jeroboam, it put forth the arm of oppression, shall soon fall down withered, 1 Kings 13:4. Beauty is like an almanack: if it last a year it is well. Pleasure like lightning: oritur, moritur; sweet, but short; a flash and away.

All vanities are but butterflies, which wanton children greedily catch for*; and sometimes they fly beside them, sometimes before them, sometimes behind them, sometimes close by them; yea, through their fingers, and yet they miss them; and when they have them, they are but butterflies; they have painted wings, but are crude and squalid worms. Such are the things of this world, vanities, butterflies. *Vel sequendo labimur, vel assequendo lædimur.* The world itself is not unlike an artichoke; nine parts of it are unprofitable leaves, scarce the tithe is good: about it there is a little picking meat, nothing so wholesome as dainty: in the midst of it there is a core, which is enough to choke them that devour it.

O then set not your hearts upon these things: *calcanda sunt*, as Jerome observes on Acts 4. "They that sold their possessions, brought the prices, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet," Acts 4:35. At their feet, not at their hearts; they are fitter to be trodden under feet, than to be waited on with hearts. I conclude this with Augustine. *Ecce turbat mundus, et amatur: quid si tranquillus esset? Formoso quomodo hæreris, qui sic amplecteris fædum? Flores ejus quam colligeres, qui sic a spinis non revocas manum? Quam confideres æterno, qui sic adhæres caduco?* Behold, the world is turbulent and full of vexation, yet it is loved; how would it be embraced if it were calm and quiet? If it were a beauteous damsel, how would they dote on it, that so kiss it being a deformed stigmatic? How greedily would they gather the flowers, who would not forbear the thorns? They that so admire it being transient and temporal, how would they be enamoured on it if it were eternal? But 'the world passeth,' 1 John

2:17, and God abideth. 'They shall perish, but thou remainest: they all shall wax old as doth a garment: and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail,' Heb. 1:11, 12. Therefore, 'trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God,' 1 Tim. 6:17. And then, 'they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,' Psa. 125:1. 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'

2. This persuades us to an imitation of Christ's constancy. Let the stableness of his mercy to us work a stableness of our love to him. And howsoever, like the lower orbs, we have a natural motion of our own from good to evil, yet let us suffer the higher power to move us supernaturally from evil to good. There is in us indeed a reluctant flesh, 'a law in our members warring against the law of our mind,' Rom. 7:23. So Augustine confesseth: *Nec planè nolebam, nec planè volebam. And, Ego eram qui volebam, ego qui nolebam.** I neither fully granted, nor plainly denied; and it was I myself that both would and would not. But our ripeness of Christianity must overgrow fluctuant thoughts.

Irresolution and unsteadiness is hateful, and unlike to our master Christ, who is ever the same. 'A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways,' James 1:8. The inconstant man is a stranger in his own house: all his purposes are but guests, his heart is the inn.' If they lodge there for a night, it is all; they are gone in the morning. Many motions come crowding together upon him; and like a great press at a narrow door, whiles all strive, none enter. The epigrammatist wittily,

Omnia cùm facias, miraris cur facias nil?

Posthume, rem solam qui facit, ille facit.†

He that will have an oar for every man's boat, shall have none left to row his own. They, saith Melancthon, that will know aliquid in

omnibus, shall indeed know nihil in toto. Their admiration or dotage of a thing is extreme for the time, but it is a wonder if it outlive the age of a wonder, which is allowed but nine days. They are angry with time, and say the times are dead, because they produce no more innovations. Their inquiry of all things is not quàm bonum, but quàm novum. They are almost weary of the sun for continual shining. Continuance is a sufficient quarrel against the best things; and the manna of heaven is loathed because it is common.

This is not to be always the same, but never the same; and whiles they would be every thing, they are nothing: but like the worm Pliny writes of, multipoda, that hath many feet, yet is of slow pace. Awhile you shall have him in England, loving the simple truth; anon in Rome, grovelling before an image. Soon after he leaps to Amsterdam; and yet must he still be turning, till there be nothing left but to turn Turk. To winter an opinion is too tedious; he hath been many things. What he will be, you shall scarce know till he is nothing.

But the God of constancy would have his to be constant. Stedfast in your faith to him. 'Continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel,' Col. 1:23. Stedfast in your faithfulness to man, promising and not disappointing, Psalm 15:4. Do not aliud stantes, aliud sedentes, lest your changing with God teach God to change with you. Nemo potest tibi Christum auferre, nisi te illi auferas.* No man can turn Christ from thee, unless thou turn thyself from Christ. For 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday,' &c.

III. We now come to the circumference, wherein is a distinction of three times; past, present, future. Tempora mutantur: the times change, the circumference wheels about, but the centre is 'the same for ever.'

We must resolve this triplicity into a triplicity. Christ is the same according to these three distinct terms, three distinct ways:—1.

Objectivè, in his word; 2, subjectivè, in his power; 3, effectivè, in his gracious operation.

1. Objectively.—Jesus Christ is the same in his word; and that (1) Yesterday in pre-ordination; (2) To-day in incarnation; (3) For ever in application.

(1.) Yesterday in pre-ordination.—So St Peter, in his sermon, tells the Jews, that 'he was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,' Acts 2:23. And in his epistle, that 'he was verily preordained before the foundation of the world,' 1 Pet. 1:20. He is called the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' Rev. 13:8. Prius profuit, quam fuit. His prophets did foretell him, the types did prefigure him, God himself did promise him. Ratus ordo Dei: the decree of God is constant.

Much comfort I must here leave to your meditation. If God preordained a Saviour for man, before he had either made man, or man marred himself,—as Paul to Timothy, 'He hath saved us according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began,' 2 Tim. 1:9;—then surely he meant that nothing should separate us from his eternal love in that Saviour, Rom. 8:39. Quos elegit increatos, redemit perditos, non deseret redemptos. Whom he chose before they were created, and when they were lost redeemed, he will not forsake being sanctified.

(2.) To-day in incarnation.—'When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman,' Gal. 4:4. 'The Word was made flesh,' John 1:14; which was, saith Emissenus,[†] Non deposita, sed seposita majestate. Thus he became younger than his mother, that is as eternal as his Father. He was yesterday God before all worlds, he is now made man in the world. Sanguinem, quem pro matre obtulit, antea de sanguine matris accepit.[‡] The blood that he shed for his mother, he had from his mother. The same Eusebius, on the ninth of Isaiah, acutely, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given,' Isa. 9:6. He was Datus ex Divinitate, natus ex virgine. Datus

est qui erat; natus est qui non erat. He was given of the Deity, born of the Virgin. He that was given, was before; he, as born, was not before. Donum dedit Deus æquale sibi: God gave a gift equal to himself.

So he is the same yesterday and to-day, objectively in his word. *Idem qui velatus in veteri, revelatus in novo. In illo prædictus, in isto prædicatus.* Yesterday prefigured in the law, to-day the same manifested in the gospel.

(3.) For ever in operation. §—He doth continually by his Spirit apply to our consciences the virtue of his death and passion. 'As many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name,' John 1:12. 'By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified,' Heb. 10:14. This is sure comfort to us; though he died almost 1629 years ago, his blood is not yet dry. His wounds are as fresh to do us good, as they were to those saints that beheld them bleeding on the cross. The virtue of his merits is not abated, though many hands of faith have taken large portions out of his treasury. The river of his grace, 'which makes glad the city of God,' runs over its banks, though infinite souls have drank hearty draughts, and satisfied their thirst. But because we cannot apprehend this for ourselves of ourselves, therefore he hath promised to send us the 'Spirit of truth, who will dwell with us,' John 14:17, and apply this to us for ever. Thus you have seen the first triplicity, how he is the same objectively in his word. Now he is

2. Subjectively, in his power the same; and that (1) Yesterday, for he made the world; (2) To-day, for he governs the world; (3) For ever, for he shall judge the world.

(1.) Yesterday in the creation. 'All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made,' John 1:3. 'By him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for

him,' Col. 1:16. All things, even the great and fair book of the world, of three so large leaves, *coelum, solum, salum*; heaven, earth, and sea. The prophet calls him 'the everlasting Father,' Isa. 9:6; Daniel, the 'Ancient of days,' Dan. 7:9. Solomon says, that 'the Lord possessed him in the beginning of his way, before his works of old,' Prov. 8:22. So himself told the unbelieving Jews, 'Before Abraham was, I am,' John 8:58.

We owe, then, ourselves to Christ for our creation; but how much more for our redemption? *Si totum me debeo pro me facto, quid addam jam pro me refecto? In primo opere me mihi dedit: in secundo se mihi dedit.** If I owe him my whole self for making me, what have I left to pay him for redeeming me? In the first work, he gave myself to me; in the second, he gave himself to me. By a double right, we owe him ourselves; we are worthy of a double punishment, if we give him not his own.

(2.) To-day in the governing. 'He upholdeth all things by the word of his power,' Heb. 1:3. He is *pater familias*, and disposeth all things in this universe with greater care and providence than any householder can manage the business of his private family. He leaves it not, as the carpenter having built the frame of an house, to others to perfect it, but looks to it himself. His creation and providence are like the mother and the nurse, the one produceth, the other preserveth. His creation was a short providence; his providence a perpetual creation. The one sets up the frame of the house, the other keeps it in reparation.

Neither is this a disparagement to the majesty of God, as the vain Epicures imagined, *curare minima*, to regard the least things, but rather an honour, *curare infinita*, to regard all things. Neither doth this extend only to natural things, chained together by a regular order of succession, but even to casual and contingent things. Oftentimes, *cùm aliud volumus, aliud agimus*, the event crosseth our purpose; which must content us, though it fall out otherwise than we purposed, because God purposed as it is fallen out. It is enough that

the thing attain its own end, though it miss ours; that God's will be done, though ours be crossed.

But let me say, Hath God care of fowls and flowers, and will he not care for you, his own image? Matt. 6:26–30. Yea, let me go further; hath God care of the wicked? Doth he pour down the happy influences of heaven on the 'unjust man's ground?' Matt. 5:45. And shall the faithful want his blessing? Doth he provide for the sons of Belial, and shall his own children lack? He may give meat and raiment to the rest, but his bounty to Benjamin shall exceed. If Moab, his wash-pot, taste of his benefits, then Judah, the signet on his finger, cannot be forgotten. The king governs all the subjects in his dominions, but his servants that wait in his court partake of his most princely favours. God heals the sores of the very wicked; but if it be told him, 'Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick,' (John 11:3), it is enough, he shall be healed. The wicked may have outward blessings without inward, and that is Esau's pottage without his birthright; but the elect have inward blessings, though they want outward, and that is Jacob's inheritance without his pottage.

(3.) For ever: because he shall judge the world. 'God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained,' Acts 17:31. 'In the day that God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ,' Rom. 2:16. Let the wicked flatter themselves that all is but talk of any coming to judgment; non aliud videre patres, aliudve nepotes aspicient; all is but terriculamenta nutricum, mere scare-babes. Scribarum pennæ mendaces; they have written lies, there is no such matter. But when they shall see that Lamb 'whom they have pierced' and scorned (Rev. 1:7), 'they shall cry to the mountains and rocks, Fall upon us, and cover us,' Rev. 6:16. Now they flatter themselves with his death; Mortuus est, he is dead and gone; and Mortuum Cæsarem quis metuit? Who fears even a Cæsar when he is dead? But 'He that was dead, liveth; behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen,' Rev. 1:18. 'Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Quæsitior scelerum veniet, vindexque reorum.

Here is matter of infallible comfort to us: 'Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh,' Luke 21:28. Here we are imprisoned, martyred, tortured; but when that great assize and general jail-delivery comes, mors non erit ultra, 'There shall be no more death nor sorrow, but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes,' Rev. 21:4. 'For it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you. And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels,' 2 Thess. 1:6, 7. We shall then find him the same;—the same Lamb that bought us shall give us a Venite beati, 'Come, ye blessed, receive your kingdom.' 'Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' Rev. 22:20.

3. Effectually in his grace and mercy. So he is the same, (1) Yesterday to our fathers; (2) To-day to ourselves; (3) For ever to our children.

(1.) Yesterday to our fathers.—All our fathers, whose souls are now in heaven, those 'spirits of just men made perfect,' Heb. 12:23, were, as the next words intimate, saved 'by Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and by the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Whether they lived under nature, or under the law, Christ was their expectation; and they were justified credendo in venturum Christum, by believing in the Messiah to come. So Luke 2:25, Simeon is said to 'wait for the consolation of Israel.'

(2.) To-day to ourselves.—His mercy is everlasting; his truth endureth from generation to generation. The same gracious Saviour that he was yesterday to our fathers, is he to-day to us, if we be to-day faithful to him. All catch at this comfort, but in vain without the hand of faith. There is no deficiency in him; but is there none in thee? Whatsoever Christ is, what art thou? He forgave Mary Magdalene many grievous sins; so he will forgive thee, if thou canst shed Mary Magdalene's tears. He took the malefactor from the cross to Paradise; thither he will receive thee if thou have the same faith. He was merciful to a denying apostle; challenge thou the like mercy, if thou have the like repentance. If we will be like these Christ,

assuredly, will be ever like himself. When any man shall prove to be such a sinner, he will not fail to be such a Saviour:

To-day he is thine, if to-day thou wilt be his: thine to-morrow, if yet to-morrow thou wilt be his. But how if dark death prevent the morrow's light? He was yesterday, so wert thou: he is to-day, so art thou: he is to-morrow, so perhaps mayest thou not be. Time may change thee, though it cannot change him. He is not (but thou art) subject to mutation. This I dare boldly say: he that repents but one day before he dies, shall find Christ the same in mercy and forgiveness. Wickedness itself is glad to hear this; but let the sinner be faithful on his part, as God is merciful on his part: let him be sure that he repent one day before he dies, whereof he cannot be sure, except he repent every day; for no man knows his last day. *Latet ultimus dies, ut observetur omnis dies.* Therefore (saith Augustine) we know not our last day, that we might observe every day. 'To-day, therefore, hear his voice,' *Psa. 95:7.*

Thou hast lost yesterday negligently, thou lovest to-day wilfully; and therefore mayest lose for ever inevitably. It is just with God to punish two days' neglect with the loss of the third. The hand of faith may be withered, the spring of repentance dried up, the eye of hope blind, the foot of charity lame. To-day, then, hear his voice, and make him thine. Yesterday is lost, to-day may be gotten; but that once gone, and thou with it, when thou art dead and judged, it will do thee small comfort that 'Jesus Christ is the same for ever.'

(3.) For ever to our children.—He that was yesterday the God of Abraham, is to-day ours, and will be for ever our children's. As well now 'the light of the Gentiles,' as before 'the glory of Israel,' *Luke 2:32.* I will be the God of thy seed, saith the Lord to Abraham. 'His mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation,' *Luke 1:50.*

Many persons are solicitously perplexed, how their children shall do when they are dead; yet they consider not how God provided for

them when they were children. Is the 'Lord's arm shortened?' Did he take thee from thy mother's breasts; and 'when thy parents forsook thee,' (as the Psalmist saith), became thy Father? And cannot this experienced mercy to thee, persuade thee that he will not forsake thine? Is not 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever?' 'I have been young,' saith David, 'and am now old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken'—that is granted, nay—'nor his seed begging bread,' Ps. 37:25.

Many distrustful fathers are so carking for their posterity, that while they live they starve their bodies, and hazard their souls, to leave them rich. To such a father it is said justly: *Dives es hæredi, pauper inopsque tibi.* Like an over-kind hen, he feeds his chickens, and famisheth himself. If usury, circumvention, oppression, extortion, can make them rich, they shall not be poor. Their folly is ridiculous; they fear lest their children should be miserable, yet take the only course to make them miserable; for they leave them not so much heirs to their goods as to their evils. They do as certainly inherit their father's sins as their lands: 'God layeth up his iniquity for his children; and his offspring shall want a morsel of bread,' Job 21:19.

On the contrary, 'the good man is merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed,' Ps. 37:26. That the worldling thinks shall make his posterity poor, God saith shall make the good man's rich. The precept gives a promise of mercy to obedience, not only confined to the obedient man's self, but extended to his seed, and that even to a thousand generations, Exod. 20:6. Trust, then, Christ with thy children; when thy friends shall fail, usury bear no date, oppression be condemned to hell, thyself rotten to the dust, the world itself turned and burned into cinders, still 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' Now then, as 'grace and peace are from him which is, and which was, and which is to come;' so glory and honour be to him, which is, and which was, and which is to come; even to 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,' Rev. 1:4.

THE TAMING OF THE TONGUE

But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'—JAMES 3:8.

HERE is a single position, guarded with a double reason. The position is, 'No man can tame the tongue.' The reasons; 1. It is 'unruly.' 2. 'Full of deadly poison.' Here is busy dealing with a wild member; a more difficult task, and intractable nature have met. Tongue is the subject (I mean in the discourse), and can you ever think of subjecting it to modest reason, or taming it to religion? Go lead a lion in a single hair, send up an eagle to the sky to peck out a star, coop up the thunder, and quench a flaming city with one widow's tears; if thou couldst do these, yet nescit modo lingua domari. As the proposition is backed with two reasons; so each reason hath a terrible second. The evil hath for its second unruliness; the poisonfulness hath deadly. It is evil, yea, unruly evil; it is poison, yea, deadly poison. The fort is so barricaded, that it is hard scaling it; the refractory rebel so guarded with evil and poison, so warded with unruly and deadly, as if it were with giants in an enchanted tower, as they fabulate, that no man can tame it. Yet let us examine the matter, and find a stratagem to subdue it.

I. In the Proposition we will observe, 1. The nature of the thing to be tamed. 2. The difficulty of accomplishing it.

1. The insubjectable subject is the tongue, which is (1), a member; and (2), an excellent, necessary, little, singular member.

(1.) It is a member.—He that made all made the tongue; he that craves all, must have the tongue. *Qui creavit necessariam, postulat creatam.* It is an instrument; let it give music to him that made it. All creatures in their kind bless God, Ps. 148. They that want tongues, as the heavens, sun, stars, meteors, orbs, elements, praise him with such obedient testimonies as their insensible natures can afford. They that have tongues, though they want reason, praise him with those natural organs. The birds of the air sing, the beasts of the earth make a noise; not so much as the hissing serpents, the very 'dragons in the deep,' but sound out his praise. Man, then, that hath a tongue, and a reason to guide it, and more, a religion to direct his reason, should much much more bless him. Therefore, says the Psalmographer, that for the well tuning of his tongue is called the 'Sweet Singer of Israel,' 'I will praise the Lord with the best instrument I have,' which was his tongue.

Not that praise can add to God's glory, nor blasphemies detract from it. The blessing tongue cannot make him better, nor the cursing, worse. *Nec melior si laudaveris, nec deterior si vituperaveris.** As the sun is neither bettered by birds singing, nor battered by dogs barking. He is so infinitely great, and constantly good, that his glory admits neither addition nor diminution.

Yet we that cannot make his name greater, can make it seem greater; and though we cannot enlarge his glory, we may enlarge the manifestation of his glory. This both in words praising and in works practising. We know it is impossible to make a new Christ, as the papists boast the almightiness of their priests; yet our holy lives and happy lips (if I may so speak) may make a little Christ a great Christ. They that before little regarded him, may thus be brought to esteem him greatly; giving him the honour due to his name, and glorifying him, after our example.

This is the tongue's office. Every member, without arrogating any merit, or boasting the beholdenness of the rest unto it, is to do that duty which is assigned to it. The eye is to see for all, the ear to hear

for all, the hand to work for all, the feet to walk for all, the knees to bow for all, the tongue to praise God for all. This is the tongue's office, not unlike the town-clerk's, which, if it perform not well, the corporation is better without it. The tongue is man's clapper, and is given him that he may sound out the praise of his Maker. Infinite causes draw deservedly from man's lips, a devout acknowledgment of God's praise; Quia Creator ad esse; Conservator in esse; Recreator in bene esse; Glorificator in optimo esse.

He gave us being that had none; preserved us in that being; restored us, voluntarily fallen, unto a better being; and will glorify us with the best at the day of the Lord Jesus. Then let the tongue know, Si non reddet Deo faciendo quæ debet, reddet ei patiando quæ debet.† If it will not pay God the debt it owes him in an active thankfulness, it shall pay him in a passive painfulness. Let the meditation hereof put our tongues into tune. 'A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' Prov. 25:11.

(2.) It is a member you hear; we must take it with all its properties; excellent, necessary, little, singular.

[1.] Excellent. Abstractively and simply understood, it is an exceeding excellent member, both quoad majestatem, et quoad jucunditatem.

First; For the majesty of it, it carries an imperious speech; wherein it hath the pre-eminence of all mortal creatures. It was man's tongue to which the Lord gave licence to call all the living creatures, and to give them names, Gen. 2:19. And it is a strong motive to induce and to beget in other terrene natures a reverence and admiration of man. Therefore it is observed, that God did punish the ingratitude of Balaam, when he gave away some of the dignity proper to man, which is use of speech, and imparted it to the ass. Man alone speaks. I know that spirits can frame an aerial voice, as the devil when he spake in the serpent that fatal temptation, as in a trunk; but man only hath the habitual faculty of speaking.

Secondly; For the pleasantness of the tongue, the general consent of all gives it the truest melos, and restrains all musical organs from the worth and praise of it. 'The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody; but a pleasant tongue is above them both,' Eccclus. 40:21. No instruments are so ravishing, or prevail over man's heart with so powerful complacency, as the tongue and voice of man.

If the tongue be so excellent, how then doth this text censure it for so evil? I take the philosopher's old and trite answer, *Lingua nihil est vel bona melius, vel mala pejus*: Than a good tongue, there is nothing better; than an evil, nothing worse. *Nihil habet medium, aut grande bonum est, aut grande malum*:* It hath no mean; it is either exceedingly good or excessively evil. It knows nothing but extremes; and is or good, best of all; or bad, worst of all. If it be good, it is a walking garden, that scatters in every place a sweet flower, an herb of grace to the hearers. If it be evil, it is a wild bedlam, full of goading and madding mischiefs. So the tongue is every man's best or worst moveable.

Hereupon that philosophical servant, when he was commanded to provide the best meat for his master's table, the worst for the family, bought and brought to either, neats' tongues. His moral was, that this was both the best and worst service, according to the goodness or badness of the tongue. A good tongue is a special dish for God's public service. *Pars optima hominis, digna quæ sit hostia*:† The best part of a man, and most worthy the honour of sacrifice. This only when it is well seasoned. Seasoned, I say, 'with salt,' as the apostle admonisheth; not with fire, Col. 4:6. Let it not be so salt as fire (as that proverb speaks), which no man living hath tasted. There is 'a city of salt,' mentioned Josh. 15:62. Let no man be an inhabitant of this salt city. Yet better a salt tongue than an oily. Rather 'let the righteous reprove me,' than the precious balms of flatterers break my head, whilst they most sensibly soothe and supple it. We allow the tongue salt, not pepper; let it be well seasoned, but not too hot. Thus a good tongue is God's dish, and he will accept it at his own table.

But an evil tongue is meat for the devil, according to the Italian proverb: The devil makes his Christmas pie of lewd tongues. It is his daintiest dish, and he makes much of it; whether on earth, to serve his turn as an instrument of mischief, or in hell, to answer his fury in torments. Thus saith Solomon of the good tongue: 'The tongue of the just is as choice silver, and the lips of the righteous feed many,' Prov. 10:20, 21. But Saint James of the bad one: 'It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'

[2.] It is necessary; so necessary, that without a tongue I could not declare the necessity of it. It converseth with man, conveying to others by this organ that experimental knowledge which must else live and die in himself. It imparts secrets, communicates joys, which would be less happy suppressed than they are expressed; mirth without a partner is *hilaris cum pondere felicitas*. But to disburden griefs, and pour forth sorrows in the bosom of a friend, O necessary tongue! How many hearts would have burst if thou hadst not given them vent! How many souls fallen grovelling under their load, if thou hadst not called for some supportance! How many a panting spirit hath said, I will speak yet ere I die; and by speaking received comfort! Lastly, it speaks our devotions to heaven, and hath the honour to confer with God. It is that instrument which the Holy Ghost useth in us to cry, 'Abba, Father.' It is our spokesman; and he that can hear the heart without a tongue, regardeth the devotions of the heart better, when they are sent up by a diligent messenger, a faithful tongue.

[3.] It is little. As man is a little world in the great, so is his tongue a great world in the little. It is a 'little member,' saith the apostle, ver. 5, yet it is a world; yea, *pravitatis universitas*, 'a world of iniquity,' ver. 6. It is *parvum*, but *pravum*; little in quantity, but great in iniquity. What it hath lost in the thickness, it hath gotten in the quickness; and the defect of magnitude is recompensed in the agility. An arm may be longer, but the tongue is stronger; and a leg hath more flesh than it hath, besides bones, which it hath not; yet the

tongue still runs quicker and faster: and if the wagger lie for holding out, without doubt the tongue shall win it.

If it be a talking tongue, it is mundus garrulitatis, a world of prating. If it be a wrangling tongue, it is mundus litigationis, a world of babbling. If it be a learned tongue, it is, as Erasmus said of Bishop Tostal, mundus eruditionis, a world of learning, If it be a petulant tongue, it is mundus scurrilitatis, a world of wantonness. If it be a poisonous tongue, it is mundus infectionis; saith our apostle, 'it defileth the whole body,' ver. 6. It is 'little.'

So little, that it will scarce give a kite her breakfast, yet it can discourse of the sun and stars, of orbs and elements, of angels and devils, of nature and arts; and hath no straiter limits than the whole world to walk through. Homuncio est, gigantea jactat: It is a 'little member,' yet 'boasteth great things,' ver. 5.

Though it be little, yet if good, it is of great use. A little bit guideth a great horse, ad equitis libitum, to the rider's pleasure. A little helm ruleth a great vessel; though the winds blow, and the floods oppose, yet the helm steers the ship. Though little, yet if evil, it is of great mischief. 'A little leaven sours the whole lump,' 1 Cor. 5:6. A little remora dangers a great vessel. A little sickness distempereth the whole body. A little fire setteth a whole city on combustion. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth,' ver. 5.

It is little in substance, yet great ad affectum, to provoke passion; ad effectum, to produce action. A Seminary's tongue is able to set instruments on work to blow up a parliament. So God hath disposed it among the members, that it governs or misgoverns all; and is either a good king, or a cruel tyrant. It either prevails to good, or perverts to evil; purifieth or putrefieth the whole carcase, the whole conscience. It betrayeth the heart, when the heart would betray God; and the Lord lets it double treason on itself, when it prevaricates with him.

It is a little leak that drowneth a ship, a little breach that loseth an army, a little spring that pours forth an ocean. Little; yet the lion is more troubled with the little wasp, than with the great elephant. And it is observable, that the Egyptian sorcerers failed in minimis, that appeared skilful and powerful in majoribus. Doth Moses turn the waters into blood? 'The magicians did so with their enchantments,' Exod. 7:22. Doth Aaron stretch out his hand over the waters, and cover the land with frogs? 'The magicians did so with their enchantments,' Exod. 8:7. But when Aaron smote the dust of the land, and turned it into lice (ver. 17), the magicians could not effect the like; nor in the ashes of the furnace turned into boils and blains, chap. 9:10. In frogs and waters they held a semblance, not in the dust and ashes turned into lice and sores. Many have dealt better with the greater members of the body than with this little one. Defecerunt in minimis:

Virtus non minima est, minimam compescere linguam.

[4.] It is a singular member. God hath given man two ears; one to hear instructions of human knowledge, the other to hearken to his divine precepts; the former to conserve his body, the latter to save his soul. Two eyes, that with the one he might see to his own way, with the other pity and commiserate his distressed brethren. Two hands, that with the one he might work for his own living, with the other give and relieve his brother's wants. Two feet, one to walk on common days to his ordinary labour. 'Man goes forth in the morning to his labour, and continues till the evening,' Ps. 104:23: the other, on sacred days to visit and frequent the temple and the congregation of saints. But among all, he hath given him but one tongue; which may instruct him to hear twice so much as he speaks; to work and walk twice so much as he speaks. 'I will praise thee, O Lord, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well,' Ps. 139:14. Stay, and wonder at the wonderful wisdom of God!

First, To create so little a piece of flesh, and to put such vigour into it: to give it neither bones nor nerves, yet to make it stronger than arms and legs, and those most able and serviceable parts of the body. So that as Paul saith, 'On those members of the body, which we think less honourable, we bestow more abundant honour: and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness,' 1 Cor. 12:23. So on this little weak member hath the Lord conferred the greatest strength; and as feeble as it is, we find it both more necessary and more honourable.

Secondly, Because it is so forcible, therefore hath the most wise God ordained that it shall be but little, that it shall be but one. That so the parvity and singularity may abate the vigour of it. If it were paired, as the arms, legs, hands, feet, it would be much more unruly. For he that cannot tame one tongue, how would he be troubled with twain! But so hath the Ordinator provided, that things of the fiercest and fieriest nature should be little, that the malice of them might be somewhat restrained.

Thirdly, Because it is so unruly, the Lord hath hedged it in, as a man will not trust a wild horse in an open pasture, but prison him in a close pound. A double fence hath the Creator given to confine it, the lips and the teeth; that through these mounds it might not break. And hence a threefold instruction for the use of the tongue is insinuated to us.

First; Let us not dare to pull up God's mounds; nor, like wild beasts, break through the circular limits wherein he hath cooped us. 'Look that thou hedge thy possession about with thorns, and bind up thy silver and gold,' Ecclus. 28:24. What, doth the wise man intend to give us some thrifty counsel, and spend his ink in the rule of good husbandry, which every worldling can teach himself? No. Yes; he exhorteth us to the best husbandry, how to guide and guard our tongues, and to thrive in the good use of speech. Therefore declares himself: 'Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth.' Let this be the possession thou so hedgest in, and thy

precious gold thou so bindest up. 'Beware thou slide not by it, lest thou fall before him that lieth in wait.' Commit not burglary, by breaking the doors, and pulling down the bars of thy mouth.

Much more, when the Lord hath hung a lock on it, do not pick it with a false key. Rather pray with David, 'O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise,' Ps. 51:15. It is absurd in building, to make the porch bigger than the house; it is as monstrous in nature, when a man's words are too many, too mighty. Every man mocks such a gaping boaster with *Quid feret hic dignum tanto promissor hiatu?* Saint Bernard gives us excellent counsel. *Sint tua verba rara, contra multiloquium; vera, contra falsiloquium; ponderosa, contra vaniloquium.* Let thy words be few, true, weighty, that thou mayest not speak much, not falsely, not vainly. Remember the bounds, and keep the non ultra.

Secondly; Since God hath made the tongue one, have not thou 'a tongue and a tongue.' Some are double-tongued, as they are double-hearted. But God hath given one tongue, one heart, that they might be one indeed, as they are in number. It is made simple; let it not be double. God hath made us men; we make ourselves monsters. He hath given us two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet. Of all these we will have, or at least use, but one. We have one eye to pry into others' faults, not another to see our own. We have one ear to hear the plaintiff, not the other for the defendant. We have a foot swift to enter forbidden paths, not another to lead us to God's holy place. We have one hand to extort, and scrape, and wound, and not another to relieve, give alms, heal the wounded. But now whereas God hath given us but one tongue and one heart, and bidden us be content with their singularity, we will have two tongues, two hearts. Thus cross are we to God, to nature, to grace; monstrous men; monoculi, monopodes: bicordes, bilingues: one-eyed, one-footed; double-tongued, double-hearted. The slanderer, the flatterer, the swearer, the tale-bearer, are monstrous (I dare scarce add) men: as misshapen stigmatics as if they had two tongues and but one eye; two heads and but one foot.

Thirdly; This convinceth them of preposterous folly, that put all their malice into their tongue, as the serpent all her poison in her tail; and, as it were by a chemical power, attract all vigour thither, to the weakening and enervation of the other parts. Their hands have chiram; they cannot stretch them forth to the poor, nor give relief to the needy. Their feet podagram; they cannot go to the church. Their eyes ophthalmiam; they cannot behold the miserable and pity-needing. Their ears surditatem; they cannot hear the gospel preached. Oh how defective and sick all these members are! But their tongues are in health; there is blitheness and volubility in them. If they see a distressed man, they can give him talkative comfort enough; 'Be warmed, be filled, be satisfied,' Jam. 2:16. They can fill him with Scripture sentences, but they send him away with a hungry stomach; whereas the good man's hand is as ready to give, as his tongue to speak. But the fool's lips babbleth foolishness; volat irrevocabile verbum. Words run like Asahel; but good works, like the cripple, come lagging after.

2. We see the nature of the thing to be tamed, the tongue; let us consider the difficulty of this enterprise. No man can do it. Which we shall best find, if we compare it (1.) with other members of the body; (2.) with other creatures of the world.

(1.) With other members of the body, which are various in their faculties and offices; none of them idle.

[1.] The eye sees far, and beholdeth the creatures in cælo, solo, salo: in the heavens, sun, and stars; on the earth, birds, beasts, plants, and minerals; in the sea, fishes and serpents. That it is an unruly member, let our grandmother speak, whose roving eye lost us all. Let Dinah speak; her wandering eye lost her virginity, caused the effusion of much blood. Let the Jews speak concerning the daughters of Midian; what a fearful apostasy the eye procured! Yea, let David acknowledge, whose petulant eye robbed Uriah of his wife and life, the land of a good soldier, his own heart of much peace. Yet this eye, as unruly as it is, hath been tamed. Did not Job 'make a covenant

with his eyes, that he would not look upon a maid?' Job 31:1. The eye hath been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.'

[2.] The ear yet hears more than ever the eye saw; and by reason of its patulous admission, derives that to the understanding whereof the sight never had a glance. It can listen to the whisperings of a Doeg, to the susurrations of a devil, to the noise of a Siren, to the voice of a Delilah. The parasite through this window creeps into the great man's favour; he tunes his warbling notes to an enlarged ear. It is a wild member, an instrument that Satan delights to play upon. As unruly as it is, yet it hath been tamed. Mary sat at the feet of Christ, and heard him preach with glad attention. The ear hath been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame,' &c.

[3.] The foot is an unhappy member, and carries a man to much wickedness. It is often swift to the shedding of blood; and runneth away from God, Jonah's pace; flying to Tarshish, when it is bound for Nineveh. There is 'a foot of pride,' Ps. 36:11, a saucy foot, that dares presumptuously enter upon God's freehold. There is a foot of rebellion, that with an apostate malice kicks at God. There is a dancing foot, that paceth the measures of circular wickedness. Yet, as unruly as this foot is, it hath been tamed. David got the victory over it. 'I considered my ways, and turned my foot unto thy testimonies,' Ps. 119:59. The foot hath been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame,' &c.

[4.] The hand rageth and rangeth with violence, to take the bread it never sweat for, to enclose fields, to depopulate towns, to lay waste whole countries. 'They covet fields, and houses, and vineyards, and take them, because their hand hath power,' Mic. 2:2. There is a hand of extortion, as Ahab's was to Naboth; the greedy landlord's to the poor tenant. There is a hand of fraud and of legerdemain, as the usurer's to the distressed borrower. There is a hand of bribery, as Judas, with his quantum dabit, what will you give me to betray the Lord of life? There is a hand of lust, as Amnon's to an incestuous

rape. There is a hand of murder, as Joab's to Abner, or Absalom's to Amnon. Oh, how unruly hath this member been! Yet it hath been tamed; not by washing it in Pilate's basin, but in David's holy water, innocence. 'I will wash my hands in innocency, and then, O Lord, will I compass thine altar.' Hereupon he is bold to say, 'Lord, look if there be any iniquity in my hands,' Ps. 7:3. God did repudiate all the Jews' sacrifices, because their hands were full of blood, Isa. 1:15. David's hands had been besmeared with the aspersion of lust and blood, but he had penitently bathed them in his own tears; and because that could not get out the stains, he faithfully rinseth and cleanseth them in his Son's and Saviour's fountain, the all-meritorious blood of Christ. This made them look white, whiter than lilies in God's sight. 'Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight,' Ps. 18:24.

Thus the eye, the ear, the foot, the hand, though wild and unruly enough, have been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil,' &c.

(2.) With other creatures of the world, whether we find them in the earth, air, or water.

[1.] On the earth there is the man-hating tiger, yet man hath subdued him; and (they write) a little boy hath led him in a string. There is the flock-devouring wolf, that stands at grinning defiance with the shepherd; mad to have his prey, or lose himself; yet he hath been tamed. The roaring lion, whose voice is a terror to man, by man hath been subdued. Yea serpents, that have to their strength two shrewd additions, subtlety and malice; that carry venom in their mouths, or a sting in their tails, or are all over poisonous; the very basilisk, that kills with his eyes (as they write) three furlongs off. Yea, all these savage, furious, malicious natures have been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil,' &c.

[2.] In the sea there be great wonders. 'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep,' Ps. 107:23, 24. Yet those natural wonders have been tamed by our artificial wonders, ships. Even the leviathan himself, 'out of whose mouth go burning lamps and sparks of fire. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a boiling caldron,' Job 41:19, 20. Squama squamæ conjungitur: 'the flakes of his flesh are joined together; they are firm in themselves, and cannot be moved.' Yet we know that this huge creature hath been tamed; 'but the tongue can no man tame,' &c.

[3.] In the air, the birds fly high above our reach, yet we have gins to fetch them down. A lure stops the highest-soaring hawk; nay, art makes one fowl catch another, for man's delight and benefit; incredible things, if they were not ordinary. Snares, lime-twigs, nets, tame them all; even the pelican in the desert, and the eagle amongst the cedars. Thus saith our apostle, verses 7, 8: 'Every kind' (not every one of every kind, but every kind of nature of all), 'of beasts, of birds, of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of the nature of man; 'but the tongue can no man tame,' &c.

Thus far, then, St James's proposition passeth without opposition. 'The tongue can no man tame;' the tongue is too wild for any man's taming. It would be a foolish exception (and yet there are such profane tongues to speak it), that woman stands without this compass and latitude; and to infer, that though no man can tame the tongue, yet a woman may. It is most unworthy of answer. Woman, for the most part, hath the glibbest tongue; and if ever this impossibility preclude men, it shall much more annihilate the power of the weaker sex. 'She is loud,' saith Solomon, Prov. 7:11; 'a foolish woman is ever clamorous,' 9:13. She calls her tongue her defensive weapon; she means offensive: a firebrand in a frantic hand doth less mischief. The proverb came not from nothing, when we say of a brawling man, He hath a woman's tongue in his head.

'The tongue can no man tame.' Let us listen to some weightier exceptions. The prophets spake the oracles of life, and the apostles the words of salvation; and many men's speech ministers grace to the hearers. Yield it; yet this general rule will have no exceptions: 'no man can tame it:' man hath no stern* for this ship, no bridle for this colt. How then? God tamed it. We by nature stammer as Moses, till God open a door of utterance. 'I am of unclean lips,' saith the prophet, 'and dwell with a people of unclean lips,' Isa. 6:5. God must lay a coal of his own altar upon our tongues, or they cannot be tamed.

And when they are tamed, yet they often have an unruly trick. Abraham lies; Moses murmurs; Elias, for fear of a queen and a quean, wisheth to die. Jonah frets for the gourd; David cries in his heart, † 'All men are liars;' which speech rebounded even on God himself, as if the Lord by Samuel had deceived him. Peter forswears his Master, his Saviour. If the tongues of the just have thus tripped, how should the profane go upright? 'The tongue can no man tame.'

The instruction hence riseth in full strength; that God only can tame man's tongue. Now the principal actions hereof are, first, to open the mouth, when it should not be shut; secondly, to shut it, when it should not be open.

First, To open our lips when they should speak is the sole work of God. 'O Lord, open thou my lips, and then my mouth shall be able to shew forth thy praise,' Ps. 51:15. God must open with his golden key of grace, or else our tongues will arrogate a licentious passage. We had better hold our peace, and let our tongues lie still, than set them a-running till God bids them go. God commands every sinner to confess his iniquities; this charge, David knew, concerned himself; yet was David silent, and then his 'bones waxed old' with anguish, Ps. 32:3. His adultery cried, his murder cried, his ingratitude cried for revenge; but still David was mute; and so long, 'day and night, the hand of the Lord was heavy upon him.' But at last God stopped the mouth of his clamorous adversaries, and gave him leave to speak. 'I

acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' It is Christ that must cast out this devil. The Lord is the best opener. He did open Lydia's heart, to conceive, Acts 16:14. He did open Elisha's servant's eyes to see, 2 Kings 6:17. He did open the prophet's ears to hear, Isa. 50:5. He did open Paul's mouth to speak, Col. 4:3.

Secondly, To shut our lips when they should not speak, is only the Lord's work also. It is Christ that casts out the talking devil; he shuts the wicket of our mouth against unsavoury speeches. We may think it a high office (and worthy even David's ambition) to be a 'door-keeper in God's house' Ps. 84:10, when God vouchsafes to be a door-keeper in our house.

Thus all is from God. Man is but a lock; God's Spirit the key 'that openeth, and no man shutteth; that shutteth, and no man openeth,' Rev. 3:7. He opens, and no man shuts. I must speak though I die, saith Jeremiah; 'his word is like fire in my bones,' Jer. 20:9; and will make me weary of forbearing. He shuts, and no man opens; so Zacharias goes dumb from the altar, and could not speak, Luke 1:22.

Away, then, with arrogation of works, if not of words. When a man hath a good thought, it is gratia infusa; when a good work, it is gratia diffusa. If then man cannot produce words to praise God, much less can he procure his works to please God. If he cannot tune his tongue, he can never turn his heart. Two useful benefits may be made hereof.

First, It is taught us, whither we have recourse to tame our tongues. He that gave man a tongue, can tame the tongue. He that gave man a tongue to speak, can give him a tongue to speak well. He that placed that unruly member in his mouth, can give him a mouth to rule it. He can give psalms for carols; the songs of Zion for the ballads of hell. Man hath no bridle, no cage of brass, nor bars of iron to tame it; God can. Let us move our tongues to entreat help for our tongues; and,

according to their office, let us set them on work to speak for themselves.

Secondly, We must not be idle ourselves; the difficulty must spur us to more earnest contention. As thou wouldst keep thy house from thieves, thy garments from moths, thy gold from rust, so carefully preserve thy tongue from unruliness. As 'the Lord doth set a watch before thy mouth, and keep the door of thy lips,' Ps. 141:3; so thou must also be vigilant thyself, and not turn over thy own heart to security. 'How can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' Matt. 12:34. Look how far the heart is good, so far the tongue. If the heart believe, the tongue will confess; if the heart be meek, the tongue will be gentle; if the heart be angry, the tongue will be bitter. The tongue is but the hand without, to shew how the clock goes within. A vain tongue discovers a vain heart. But some have words oft as butter, when their hearts are keen swords; be they never so well traded in the art of dissembling, some time or other the tongue, Judas-like, will betray its master; it will mistake the heart's errand, and, with stumbling forgetfulness, trip at the door of truth. 'The heart of fools is in their mouth: but the mouth of the wise is in their heart,' Eccles. 21:26. To avoid ill communication, hate ill cogitation: a polluted heart makes a foul mouth; therefore one day, *ex ore tuo*, 'out of thine own mouth, will God condemn thee.'

II. 1. It is 'an unruly evil.'—The difficulty of taming the tongue, one would think, were sufficiently expressed in the evil of it; but the apostle seconds it with another obstacle, signifying the wild nature of it, unruly. It is not only an evil, but an unruly evil. I will set the champion and his second together in this fight, and then shew the hardness of the combat.

Bernard saith, *Lingua facile volat, et ideo facile violat*: The tongue runs quickly, therefore wrongs quickly. Speedy is the pace it goes, and therefore speedy is the mischief it does. When all other members

are dull with age, the tongue alone is quick and nimble. It is an unruly evil to ourselves, to our neighbours, to the whole world.*

(1.) To ourselves; verse 6, 'it is so placed among the members, that it defileth all.' Though it were evil as the plague, and unruly as the possessed Gergesene (Matth. 8), yet if set off with distance, the evil rests within itself. A leper shut up in a pesthouse rankleth to himself, infects not others. A wild cannibal in a prison may only exercise his savage cruelty upon the stone walls or iron grates. But the tongue is so placed, that being evil and unruly, it hurts all the members.

(2.) To our neighbours. There are some sins that hurt not the doer only, but many sufferers. These are districtly the sins of the tongue and the hand. There are other sins, private and domestical, the sting and smart whereof dies in the own soul; and without farther extent, plagues only the own soul; and without farther extent, plagues only the person of the committer. So the lavish is called no man's foe but his own; the proud is guilty of his own vanity; the slothful bears his own reproach; and the malicious wasteth the marrow of his own bones, whiles his envied object shines in happiness. Though perhaps these sins insensibly wrong the commonwealth, yet the principal and immediate blow lights on themselves. But some iniquities are swords to the country, as oppression, rapine, circumvention; some incendiaries to the whole land, as evil and unruly tongues.

(3.) To the whole world. If the vastate ruins of ancient monuments, if the depopulation of countries, if the consuming fires of contention, if the land manured with blood, had a tongue to speak, they would all accuse the tongue for the original cause of their woe. Slaughter is a lamp, and blood the oil; and this is set on fire by the tongue.

You see the latitude and extension of this unruly evil, more unruly than the hand. Slaughters, massacres, oppressions, are done by the hand; the tongue doth more. *Parcit manus absenti, lingua nemini:* The hand spares to hurt the absent, the tongue hurts all. One may avoid the sword by running from it; not the tongue, though he run to

the Indies. The hand reacheth but a small compass; the tongue goes through the world, If a man wore coat of armour, or mail of brass, yet penetrabunt spicula linguæ: the darts of the tongue will pierce it.

It is evil, and doth much harm; it is unruly, and doth sudden harm. You will say, Many wicked men have often very silent tongues. True; they know their times and places, when and where to seem mute. But Jeremiah compounds the wisdom and folly of the Jews: that 'they were wise to do evil, but to do good they had no understanding,' Jer. 4:22. So I may say of these, they have tongue enough to speak evil, but are dumb when they should speak well.

Our Saviour, in the days of his flesh on earth, was often troubled with dumb devils (Luke 11:14); but now he is as much troubled with roaring devils. With the fawning sycophant, a prattling devil; with the malicious slanderer, a brawling devil; with the unquiet peace-hater, a scolding devil; with the avarous and ill-conscious lawyer, a wrangling devil; with the factious schismatic, a gaping devil; with the swaggering ruffian, a roaring devil. All whom Christ by his ministers doth conjure, as he once did that crying devil, 'Hold thy peace and come out.' These are silent enough to praise God, but loud as the cataracts of Nilus to applaud vanity. David said of himself, that 'when he held his peace, yet he roared all the day long,' Psa. 32:3. Strange! be silent, and yet roar too, at once! Gregory answers: He that daily commits new sins, and doth not penitently confess his old, roars much, yet holds his tongue. The father pricked the pleurisy-vein of our times. For we have many roarers, but dumb roarers. Though they can make a hellish noise in a tavern, and swear down the devil himself; yet to praise God, they are as mute as fishes.

Saint James here calls it fire. Now you know fire is an ill master; but this is unruly fire. Nay, he calls it 'the fire of hell,' blown with the bellows of malice, kindled with the breath of the devil. Nay, Stella hath a conceit, that it is worse than the fire of hell; for that torments only the wicked; this all, both good and bad. For it is flabellum invidi,

and flagellum justi. Swearers, railers, scolds, have hell-fire in their tongues.

This would seem incredible; but that God saith it is true. Such are hellish people, that spit abroad the flames of the devil. It is a cursed mouth that spits fire; how should we avoid those, as men of hell! Many are afraid of hell-fire, yet nourish it in their own tongues. By this kind of language, a man may know who is of hell. There are three sorts of languages observed: celestial, terrestrial, and infernal. The heavenly language is spoken by the saints. 'Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee,' Psa. 84:4. Their discourse is habituated, like their course or conversation, which Paul saith is heavenly, Phil. 3:20. The earthly tongue is spoken of worldlings: 'He that is of the earth is earthly; and speaketh of the earth,' John 3:31. Worldly talk is for worldly men. The infernal language is spoken by men of hell; such as have been taught by the devil: they speak like men of Belial. Now, as the countryman is known by his language, and as the damsel told Peter, 'Sure thou art of Galilee, for thy speech bewrayeth thee;' so by this rule you may know heavenly men by their gracious conference; earthly men by their worldly talk; and hellish, by the language of the low countries—swearing, cursing, blasphemy.

Well therefore did the apostle call this tongue a fire; and such a fire as sets the whole world in combustion. Let these unruly tongues take heed lest by their roarings they shake the battlements of heaven, and so waken an incensed God to judgment. There is a 'curse that goeth forth, and it shall enter into the house of the swearer,' and not only cut him off, but 'consume his house, with the timber and the stones of it,' Zech. 5:4. It was the prophet Jeremiah's complaint, that 'for oaths the land mourned,' Jer. 23:10. No marvel if God curse us for our cursings; and if the plague light upon our bodies, that have so hotly trolled it in our tongues; no wonder if we have blistered carcasses, that have so blistered consciences; and the stench of contagion punish us for our stinking breaths. Our tongues must walk, till the hand of God walk against us.

2. 'Full of deadly poison.'—Poison is homini inimicum; loathsomely contrary to man's nature; but there is a poison not mortal, the venom whereof may be expelled; that is 'deadly poison.' Yet if there was but a little of this resident in the wicked tongue, the danger were less; nay, it is full of it, 'full of deadly poison.'

Tell a blasphemer this, that he vomits hell fire, and carries deadly poison in his mouth; and he will laugh at thee. Beloved, we preach not this of our own heads; we have our infallible warrant. God speaks it. 'The poison of asps is under their lips,' saith the psalmist, Psa. 140:3. It is a loathsome thing to carry poison in one's mouth; we would fly that serpent, yet yield to converse with that man. A strangely hated thing in a beast, yet customable in many men's tongues. Whom poison they? First, Themselves; they have speckled souls. Secondly, They sputter their venom abroad, and bespurtle others; no beast can cast his poison so far. Thirdly, Yea they would (and no thanks to them that they cannot) poison God's most sacred and feared name. Let us judge of these things, not as flesh and blood imagineth, but as God pronounceth.

It is observable that which way soever a wicked man useth his tongue, he cannot use it well. Mordet detrahendo, lingit adulando: He bites by detraction, licks by flattery; and either of these touches rankle; he doth no less hurt by licking than by biting. All the parts of his mouth are instruments of wickedness. Logicians, in the difference betwixt vocem and sonum, say that a voice is made by the lips, teeth, throat, tongue.

The psalmographer on every one of these hath set a brand of wickedness. 1. The lips are labia dolosa; 'lying lips,' Psa. 120:2. 2. The teeth are frementes, frendentes; 'gnashing teeth.' 3. The tongue lingua mendax, lingua mordax: 'What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?' ver. 3. 4. The throat patens sepulchrum: 'Their throat is an open sepulchre,' Rom. 3:13. This is a monstrous and fearful mouth; where the porter, the porch, the entertainer, the receiver, are all vicious. The lips are the porter, and that is fraud; the porch, the

teeth, and there is malice; the entertainer, the tongue, and there is lying; the receiver, the throat, and there is devouring.

I cannot omit the moral of that old fable. Three children call one man father, who brought them up. Dying, he bequeaths all his estate only to one of them, as his true natural son; but which that one was, left uncertain. Hereupon every one claims it. The wise magistrate, for speedy decision of so great an ambiguity, causeth the dead father to be set up as a mark, promising the challengers, that which of them could shoot next his heart, should enjoy the patrimony. The elder shoots, so doth the second; both hit. But when it came to the younger's turn, he utterly refused to shoot; good nature would not let him wound that man dead, that bred and fed him living. Therefore the judge gave all to this son, reputed the former bastards. The scope of it is plain, but significant. God will never give them the legacy of glory, given by his Son's will to children, that like bastards shoot through, and wound his blessed name. Think of this, ye swearing and cursing tongues!

To conclude, God shall punish such tongues in their own kind; they were full of poison, and the poison of another stench shall swell them. They have been inflamed, and shall be tormented, with the fire of hell. Burning shall be added to burning; save that the first was active, this passive. The rich glutton, that when his belly was full could loose his tongue to blasphemy, wanted water to cool his tongue. His tongue sinned, his tongue smarted. Though his torment was universal, yet he complains of his tongue. That panted, that smoked, that reeked with sulphur and brimstone: that burns with the flame of hell dead, that burned with it living. For a former tune of sin, it hath a present tone of woe. It scalded, and is scalded; as it cast abroad the flames of hell in this world, so all the flames of hell shall be cast on it in the world to come. It hath fired, and shall be fired with such fire as is not to be quenched. But blessed is the sanctified tongue. God doth now choose it as an instrument of music to sing his praise; he doth water it with the saving dews of his mercy, and will at last advance it to glory.

THE SOUL'S REFUGE

'Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.'—1 PET. 4:19.

A TRUE Christian's life is one day of three meals, and every meal hath in it two courses. His first meal is, *Nasci et renasci*; to be born a sinner, and to be new born a saint. 'I was born in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;' there is one course. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;' there is the other course. His second meal is, *Benè agere, et malè pati*; to do well, and to suffer ill. 'Do good unto all, but especially unto those that are of the household of faith;' there is one course of doing. 'All that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution;' there is the other course of suffering. His third meal is, *Mori et vivere*; to die a temporal death, to live an eternal life.

The first is his breakfast, and herein he is naturally *natus et damnatus*, born in sin and condemned for sin; spiritually *renatus et justificatus*, born again in righteousness and justified from sin. The last is his supper, wherein there is one bitter dish, death. *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*, 'It is appointed to all men to die once;' *omnibus semel, plerisque bis*, to all once, to many twice; for there is a 'second death.' And that is truly a death, because it is *mors vitæ*, the death of life: the other rather a life, for it is *mors mortis*, the death of death; after which *mors non erit ultra*, 'there shall be no more death.' Therefore rise, that you may not fall; rise now by a righteous life, lest you fall into an everlasting death. If the soul will not now rise, the

body shall one day be raised, and go with the soul to judgment. The second course is incomparably sweet; vivere post mortem, to live after death. I say after death, for a man must die that he may live. So that a good supper brings a good sleep; he that lives well shall sleep well. He that now apprehends mercy, mercy shall hereafter comprehend him. Mercy is the ultimus terminus, no hope beyond it; and this is the time for it, the next is of justice. The middle meal between both these is our dinner; and that consists patiendo malum and faciendo bonum, in doing good and suffering evil. And on these two courses my text spends itself. First, 'they that suffer according to the will of God;' there is the passion. Secondly, they may 'trust God with their souls in well doing;' there is the action.

More particularly, in the words we may consider five gradual circumstances.

1. The sufferance of the saints, 'They that suffer.'
2. The integrity of this sufferance, 'According to the will of God.'
3. The comfort of this integrity, 'May commit their souls to God.'
4. The boldness of this comfort, 'As unto a faithful Creator.'
5. The caution of this boldness, 'In well doing.'

1. The sufferance of the saints, 'They that suffer.' All men suffer: 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,' Job 5:7. This life is well compared to a throng in a narrow passage: he that is first out finds ease, he that is in the midst is in the worst place and case, for he is hemmed in with troubles; the hindmost drives out both the former, and if he have not the greatest part in suffering evil, lightly he hath the greatest share in doing it. Outward things happen alike to good and bad. 'There is one event to the clean and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; to him that sweareth, and to him that feareth an oath,' Eccles. 9:2. They are both travellers in the thoroughfare of this world, both lodge in one inn,

both have the same provision; perhaps the wicked have the better cheer, but in the morning their ways part. There are common evils, as there are common goods. Poverty, sickness, death spares not the greatest; health, wealth, prosperity is not denied to the meanest. All have three mansions:—(1.) This earth; there (as in Noah's ark) are the clean and unclean, righteous and wicked, promiscuously confused. (2.) The grave; this is a common house, a very pesthouse, where all lie together under the surgery of death. It is a cheap and universal house; we pay no rent for it. (3.) But after all are come to this place, there is then a way of parting.

'Est locus hic partes ubi se via findit in ambas.'

Some go to hell, others to heaven. 'They shall come forth, they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation,' John 5:29; some to immortal honour, others to immortal horror.

God gives not all outward prosperity to the wicked, lest they should ascribe it to their own wits or worths, lest they should 'sacrifice to their net, and burn incense to their drag,' Hab. 1:16; nor all affliction to the good, lest they should fall to some sinister and unwarrantable courses: 'The rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth their hands to iniquity,' Ps. 125:3. There is a mixture of good and evil; prosperity and adversity have their vicissitudes. *Præsentis vitæ nec prosperitas innocentiam testatur, nec acerbitas miseram animam indicat.** Neither do the crosses of this world witness a man's guiltiness, nor the blessings of the world his innocence. But the good have a larger share in sufferings than the reprobates. *Impius non percutitur nisi à domino, nos ab impiis.* None strikes the wicked but God, but all the wicked strike and vex us. This world, like the earth, is a mere stepdame to good herbs, an own mother to weeds. No marvel if she starves us; all is too little for her own children. *Omnes patiuntur plurima, quidam ferè omnia.* All suffer many kinds of miseries; many suffer all kinds of miseries.

Christianum est pati; it is the part of a Christian to suffer. Wheresoever he is let him expect it. Adam was set upon in Paradise, Job in the dunghill: Job fortior in stercore, quàm Adam in Paradiso. Job was more strong to resist temptations in the miserable dust than was Adam in that glorious garden. The Jews were commanded to eat sour herbs with their sweet passover. Bitterness ever treads on the heels of pleasure. Jacob hath a son and loseth his wife; Benjamin is born, Rachel dies. Our Lady, coming from that great feast, lost her son Jesus three days, Luke 2:45. Seven days she had eaten 'sweet bread;' here followed three days' sour bread for it. Good things are to be taken with much thankfulness, evil with much patience.

Let this teach us two duties. First, to prepare for evils before they come; next, to make them welcome when they are come. So they shall neither meet us with fear, nor leave us with sorrow.

(1.) Preparation to suffer is specially necessary. Sudden crosses find weak souls secure, leave them miserable, make them desperate. Expectatum malum levius mordet. A looked-for evil smarts more gently. Repentina bona sunt suaviora; sed repentina mala sunt graviora. Unexpected joys are more gracious, but unexpected evils are more grievous. Mischiefs come most commonly without warning.

They do not allow, as Jonas did to Nineveh, forty days' respite; not so much as an hac nocte, 'this night,' which was allowed to the worldling: 'This night shall they fetch away thy soul from thee,' Luke 12:20. Happy man that gives himself warning: he that conceits what may be, arms himself against what must be. Thou art in health, eatest, digestest, sleepest—

'Quid si morbosio jaceant tua membra cubili?'

What if sickness shall cast thee down on thy weary couch? Though riches allow thee meat for thy stomach, what if sickness allow thee not stomach to thy meat? How if the very smell, if the very thought, of thy best dishes should offend thee? How if, after many tossed sides

and shifted places, *nullo poteris requiescere lecto?* thou couldst find no corner to give thee ease? How couldst thou take this distemper? Thou art rich; thy throat tastes it, thy belly feels it, thy back wears it: how if, from no fear of want, thou shouldst come to deep poverty, to care for to-morrow's provision, with extreme sweat of brows not to earn bread enough to keep life and soul together, nakedness exposing thy body to the violence of heaven, scorching heat of the sun, cold storms of the air? How couldst thou brook the difference between that abundant opulency and this destitute penury? Thou art at home in peace, singing in thine own vineyards; thou sittest in a shock secure, whilst thy reapers fell down the humble corn at thy foot and fill thy barns. What if for religion thou shouldst be sent to exile, where thou mayest weep with Israel to thy deriding enemies, demanding a song of Zion? 'How shall I sing the song of joy in a strange land?' Ps. 137:4. How canst thou digest the injuries and brook the contempt of strangers?

These be good thoughts to pre-arm our souls; nothing shall make them miserable that have this preparation. Agabus told Paul, having first bound his hands and feet with his girdle, 'Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle,' Acts 21:11. Hereupon the rest of the saints besought him with tears not to go up to Jerusalem. But observe that blessed apostle's resolved answer, *Paratus sum*, 'I am ready.' 'What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart? for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus,' ver. 13. The account is past, I am prepared. Men that want this fore-resolution are like a secure city, that spends all her wealth in furnishing her chambers and furbishing her streets, but lets her bulwarks fall to the ground. Here is provision for peace, none for war; something for content of friends, nothing for defence against enemies. It is usual for young men with wooden wasters to learn how to play at the sharp; they are taught with foils how to deal with points. He is desperate that ventures on a single combat in the field, and was never lessoned at the fence-school. We shall be unable to fight with evils themselves, if we cannot well encounter their shadows.

'Mischiefs are like the cockatrice's eye,

If they see first they kill, foreseen they die.'

What our foresight takes from their power it adds to our own; it enervates their strength and corroborates ours. For by this both they are made less able to hurt us, and we are more strong to resist them. Since, therefore, we must pass through this fiery trial, let us first prove our strength in a gentle meditation, as that martyr tried his finger in the candle before his body came to the fire.

(2.) They must be made welcome when they are come. *Non ut hostes, sed ut hospites admittendi.* They must not be entertained as enemies, but as guests. Their 'feet are beautiful that bring good tidings,' Rom. 10:15. But crosses bring good news. They assure us that we are no bastards. 'If you endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; but if you be without correction, then are ye bastards,' Heb. 12:8. *Non timeas flagellari, sed exhæredari,** Fear not to be scourged, but to be disinherited. There is so much comfort in sorrow as makes all affliction to the elect *carmen in nocte,†* 'a song in the night.' Adversity sends us to Christ, as the leprosy sent those ten, Luke 17. Prosperity makes us turn our backs upon Christ and leave him, as health did those nine. David's sweetest songs were his *lacrymæ*. In misery he spared Saul, his great adversary; in peace he killed Uriah, his dear friend. The wicked sing with grasshoppers in fair weather; but the faithful (in this like sirens) can sing in a storm.

It is a question whether the sun or the wind will first make a man throw off his cloak; but by all consent the sun will first uncloak him. Imagine by the sun the warm heat of prosperity; by the wind, the blustering cold of calamity; by the cloak, Christ's livery, a sincere profession. Now which of these will uncase thee of thy zeal? The boisterous wind makes a man gather his cloak closer about him; the hot, silent sun makes him weary of so heavy a burden; he soon does it off. Secure plenty is the warm sun, which causeth many to discloak themselves, and cast off their zeal, as it did Demas, who left Christ, to

'embrace this present world.' But the cold wind of affliction gathers it up closer to him, and teacheth him to be more zealous. When a man cannot find peace upon earth, he quickly runs to heaven to seek it.

Plutarch writes, that Antigonus had in his army a valiant soldier, but of a sickly body. Antigonus, observing his valour, procured his physicians to take him in hand; and he was healed. Now being sound, he began to fight in some fear, to keep himself a good distance from danger, no more venturing into the van or forlorn place of the battle. Antigonus, noting and wondering at this alteration, asked him the cause of this new cowardice. He answers, 'O Antigonus, thou art the cause! Before, I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse, and then I chose rather to die quickly than to live sickly; I invited death to do me a kindness. Now it is otherwise with me, for I have somewhat to lose.' A poor and afflicted life makes a man bold in his religion. It is nothing to part with hunger, thirst, cold, contempt; but when prosperous fortunes flow upon him, he dares not stick so constantly to Christ. Would you have the rich merchant find fault with idolatry, and stand to justify God's truth? No, he hath somewhat to take to; and although he ventures much, he would be loath to be a venturer in this. Yet this somewhat is nothing in regard to what he loseth, because he will not lose his riches. Affliction sometimes makes an evil man good, always a good man better. Crosses therefore do not only challenge our patience, but even our thanks. Thy soul is sick, these are thy physic. *Intelligat homo Deum esse medicum: sub medicamento positus ureris, secaris, clamas. Non audit medicus ad voluntatem, sed audit ad sanitatem.** Understand God thy physician, he ministers to thee a bitter but wholesome potion. Thy stomach abhors it. Thou liest bound under his hand, whiles he works upon thee. Thou criest to be delivered; he hears thee not according to thy will, but according to thy weal. 'We are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world,' 1 Cor 11:32. Thou payest the physician of thy body though he cannot heal thee; wilt thou not thank the Physician of thy soul that hath healed thee? The child cries for the knife, the parent knows it can but hurt him; though he weep for it, he shall not have it. Such

children are we, to think God doth not use us kindly unless he give us every vanity we affect. Instead of these toys that would make us wanton, God lays on us the rod of correction to make us sober. Our flesh is displeased, our soul is saved; we have no cause to complain. I come now from the sufferance of the saints, to

2. The integrity of that sufferance.—'According to the will of God.' We have suffered enough, except it be according to his will. The manner commends the matter. To go no further, this point is sufficiently directed by our apostle, ver. 14, 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are you; for the Spirit of glory resteth upon you. But let none of you suffer as an evil-doer.' For, chap. 2:19, 'This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.' This our Saviour taught us: 'Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousness' sake' (*non qui patiuntur, sed qui patiuntur propter justitiam*), 'for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' *Non mortes, sed mores faciunt martyres*. It is not the death, but the cause, that gives the honour of martyrdom.

Indeed, there is no man that suffers contrary to the will of God, but many suffer not *secundum*, not 'according to the will of God.' In his concealed will he allows the sufferings of the reprobates: this is his just judgment. They are smitten, but for their faults. *Mœrent et merentur*: they lament, and deserve to lament. When the adulterer is wounded for his lust, he cannot think himself a patient *secundum beneplacitum Dei*, according to the will of God. When the usurer is fetched over for his extortion, the depopulator for his inclosing, the slanderer for his libelling, all these suffer, but not for conscience toward God, not 'according to his will.' They only are said to suffer according to his will, that suffer first innocently, then patiently.

(1.) Innocently; for the wicked suffer, *Mali mala, sed merito*. Evil men bear evil things, but after their deserts. The pope hath made many saints from this kind of suffering. Straw-saints, such as Garnet was. If they be first drenched at Tiber, and after hanged at Tyburn, *martyres sunt*, they can be no less than martyrs. Not seldom their

names are put into the Rubric; but they stand there in those red letters for nothing else but to remember their red and bloody actions. They may pretend some show of religion, as if for cause thereof they suffered; but it is not a mere, but a mixed, cause; not for faith, but for faction; not for truth, but for treason. It is observed, that as the physicians say, none die of an ague, nor without an ague; so none of them suffer from the Romish religion, nor without the Romish religion. Therefore as Aristides, dying of the bite of a weasel, exceedingly lamented that it was not a lion; so these Seminaries may greatly lament that they die not for the Lion of Judah, but for the weasel of Rome. Not *secundum voluntatem Dei*, but *secundum voluptatem Antichristi*: not according to the will of Christ, but according to the lust of Antichrist. But he can make them amends with sainting them; men shall kneel to them, pray to them, climb to heaven by the ladder of their merits. Alas! poor saints! the pope sends them to heaven, but how if they were in hell before? May we not say of them, as Augustine did of Aristotle, Woe unto them, they are praised and prayed unto where they are not, and condemned where they are. Unless, as the vision was to Ormus, that among the apostles and martyrs there was a vacant place left in heaven, which, saith he, was reserved for a priest in England called Thomas Becket; and this revelation was full twelve years before Becket died.* So except the pope can make them saints before they die, I fear his authority can do little afterwards. Yet indeed the pope is a great saint-maker, and hath helped abundance of men to heaven. For he sent them thither through the fire, for the cause of Christ; he condemned, cursed, burnt them to ashes; and thus, spite of his teeth, he hath helped to make them martyrs and saints. For ourselves, if we suffer any wrong of men, let us be sure we have not deserved it. Our innocence commends our suffering; for this is 'according to the good will' and pleasure of God.

(2.) Patiently; a murmuring mind evacuates the virtue of thy sufferings. 'For what glory is it, if when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye

then take it patiently, this is acceptable to God,' 1 Pet. 2:20. Let me therefore help your patience by two considerations.

First, What Christ our Head suffered for us; bitter words, and more bitter wounds. Observe him; 'Look to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, and despised the shame,' Heb. 12:2. So let us run with patience the race that is set before us. If we cannot endure an angry word from our brother's mouth, how would we suffer boiling lead, and broiling coals, as the martyrs did? How to be crucified as our Lord Jesus was? What would we do then? Shew me now one dram of this patience. Among gallants a word and a blow; among civil men a word and a writ. The back of patience can bear no load. But 'ought not Christ first to suffer these things, and then to enter into his glory?' Luke 24:24. First he was crowned with thorns, and then crowned with honours. *Caput spinosum in terris, si sit gloriosum in cælis:* That head must first wear a wreath of sorrow on earth, that shall wear a wreath of joy in heaven. 'Hereunto are we called: because Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps,' 1 Pet. 2:21.

Secondly, That all this is 'according to the will of God.' Our blows come, at least mediately, from the hand of God. And this hand is guided with providence, and tempered with love. Distressed worldlings cry out, It was my own folly that ran me into this danger, or the malice of mine enemy undid me, or surfeit on such meat made me sick. So the cur bites the stone, which could never have hurt him but from the hand that threw it. Look up to the first mover, O madman, and discharge the means. The instrument may be unjust in thy wrongs, but the cause is just from him that inflicted it. What rod soever beats thee, consider it 'according to the will of God,' and be patient. His hand sets theirs on work: I hope thou wilt not dispute with thy Maker. The medicine of thy passion is composed by God himself; no evils nor devils shall put in one dram more than his allowance; no man or angel can abate one scruple. The impatient man wants either wisdom or obedience. Wisdom, if he be ignorant

from whom his crosses come; obedience, if he knows it, and is not patient. This is the integrity of the suffering; now follows

3. The comfort of this integrity.—'Let him commit the keeping of his soul to God.' Every man cannot with this confidence; but *qui patitur propter Deum, recurrit ad Deum*. He that suffers for Christ's testimony, is confident of God's mercy. 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need,' Heb. 4:16. Here let us observe three circumstances, *Quis, Quid, Cui*: who, what, to whom.

(1.) Who?—'They that suffer according to the will of God.' Felicity thinks it hath no need of God. But God is more dainty of spiritual comforts than to give them to such as are confident in worldly comforts. The balm of the Spirit shall not be sophisticated or mixed *veneno mundi*, with the poison of the world. 'Give strong drink to the heavy,' saith Solomon. God will not give his consolations to those that are drunk with prosperity, mad-merry with this world; but his wine to the heavy heart. He will 'comfort them that mourn,' Isa. 61:2. 'Let them that suffer commit,' &c.

(2.) What?—The soul, and the keeping thereof. The soul is a very precious thing; it had need of a good keeper. 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Matt. 16:26. We trust the lawyer to keep our inheritance, the physician to keep our body, the coffer to keep our money, shepherds to keep our flocks; but the soul hath need of a better keeper. Howsoever it goes with thy liberty, with thy love, with thy land, with thy life; be sure to look well to thy soul. That lost, all is lost.

The body is not safe where the soul is in hazard. *Non anima pro corpore, sed corpus pro anima factum est.** The soul is not made for the body, but the body for the soul. He that neglects the better, let him look never so well to the worse, shall lose both. He that looks well to the keeping of the better, though he somewhat neglect the worse, shall save both. The body is the instrument of the soul, it acts

what the other directs; so it is the external, actual, and instrumental offender: Satan will come with a Habeas corpus for it. But I am persuaded, if he take the body, he will not leave the soul behind him.

(3.) To whom?—To God; he is the best keeper. Adam had his salvation in his own hands, he could not keep it. Esau had his birthright in his own hands, he could not keep it. The prodigal had his patrimony in his own hands, he could not keep it. If our soul were left in our own hands, we could not keep it. The world is a false keeper; let the soul run to riot, he will go with it. The devil is a churlish keeper; he labours to keep the soul from salvation. The body is a brittle and inconstant keeper; every sickness opens the door, and lets it out. God only is the sure keeper. 'Your life is hid with Christ in God,' Col. 3:3. This was David's confidence: 'Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt keep me,' Ps. 32:7. The jewels given to thy little children, thou wilt not trust them with, but keep them thyself. O Lord, keep thou our only one; do thou 'rescue our soul from destructions, our darling from the lions,' Ps. 35:17. Trust us not with our own souls: we shall pass them away for an apple, as Adam did; for a morsel of meat, as Esau did; for the love of an harlot, as that prodigal did. Lord, do thou keep our souls!

Now, the Christian patient must commit the keeping of his soul to God, both in life and in death.

First, Living. The soul hath three places of being: in the body from the Lord; in the Lord from the body; in the body with the Lord. The two last are referred to our salvation in heaven: either in part, when the soul is glorified alone; or totally, when both are crowned together. Now, the soul must be even here in the Lord's keeping, or else it is lost. If God let go his hold, it sinks. It came from God; it returns to God; it cannot be well one moment without God. It is not in the right ubi, except the Lord be with it. It is sine sua domo, if sine suo Domino. Here be four sorts of men reprovably. They that trust not God with their souls, nor themselves, but rely it only upon other men. They that will not trust God with their souls, nor others, but

only keep it themselves. They that will trust neither God with their souls, nor others, nor keep it themselves. They that will neither trust others with their souls, nor themselves, but only God, yet without his warrant that he will keep it.

First, They that trust their souls simply to the care of others: they are either papists or profane protestants. The papist trusts Antichrist with his soul; he's like to have it well kept. If masses and asses can keep it (for so the Jesuits term their secular priests), it shall not be lost. The devil fights against the soul, the pope interposeth an armoury of Agnus Dei's, sprinklings, crossings, amulets, prayers to saints. But surely if this armour were of proof, St Paul forgot himself in both these places (Eph. 6:13; 1 Thess. 5:6), where he describes that panoply, or whole armour of God. He speaks of a plate of righteousness for the breast, shoes of patience for the feet, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. To the Thessalonians indeed he somewhat varies the pieces of armour; but in neither place doth he mention crosses, crucifixes, aspersions, unctions, &c. Or they will trust the saints in heaven with their souls—

'Sancta virgo Dorothea,

Tua nos virtute bea,

Cor in nobis novum crea.'

What that prophet (Ps. 51:10) desired of God, they—as if they were loath to trouble the Lord about it, and could have it nearer hand—beg of their St Dorothy: to 'create a new heart within them.' Such a rhyme have they to the Virgin Mary—

Virgo Mater, maris stella,

Fons hortorum; Verbi cella,

Ne nos pestis aut procella,

Pectatores obruat.'

But the saints are deaf, non audiunt. They would pray them to forbear such prayers; they abhor such superstitious worship. They that were so jealous of God's honour on earth, would be loath to rob him of it in heaven. So our carnal professors only trust the minister with their soul, as if God had imposed on him that charge, which the prophet gave to Ahab, 'Keep this man: if by any means he be missing, then shall thy life be for his life,' 1 Kings 20:39. But indeed if he do his duty in admonishing: 'If thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul,' Ezek. 33:9.

Secondly, They that will not trust others with their soul, but keep it themselves. They wrap it warm in the nest of their own presumptuous merits, as if good works should hatch it up to heaven. But the soul that is thus kept will be lost. He that will go to heaven by his own righteousness, and climbs by no other ladder than his own just works, shall never come there. The best saints, that have had the most good works, durst not trust their souls with them. 'I know nothing by myself, yet am I not hereby justified,' 1 Cor. 4:4. 'In many things we sin all,' Jam. 3:2. All in many things, many in all things; and the most learned papists, whatsoever they have said in their disputations, reserve this truth in their hearts, otherwise speaking in their deaths than they did in their lives. Now non merita mea, sed misericordia tua, not my merits, but thy mercies, O Lord. All our life is either unprofitable or damnable; therefore, O man, what remains? Nisi ut in tota vita tua deplores totam vitam tuam,* but that during all thy life thou shouldest lament all thy life? Works cannot keep us, but grace. Let them boast of perfection, we cry for pardon; they for merits, we for mercies; they for justifying works of their own, we only for our sweet Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Thirdly, They that will neither trust others with their soul nor keep it themselves, but either do sell it for ready money, as Esau sold his birthright, and Judas sold Jesus, or pawn it for a good bribe, some

large temptation of profit, or pleasure, or honour. They will not sell it outright, but mortgage it for a while, with a purpose (that seldom speeds) to redeem it; or lose it, walking negligently through the streets of this great city, the world, their soul is gone, and they are not aware of it; or give away their soul, as do the envious and desperate, and have nothing in lieu of it but terrors without and horrors within. They serve the devil's turn for nothing.

Fourthly, They that will trust God with their soul, but have no warrant that God will keep it. They lay all the burden upon the shoulders of Christ, and meddle no more with the matter; as if God would bring them to heaven even whilst they pursue the way to hell, or keep that soul from the body when the body had quite given away the soul. He never promised to save a man against his will. As he doth save us by his Son, so he commands us 'to work up our salvation with fear and trembling,' Phil. 2:12. He that lies still in the miry pit of his sin, and trusts to heaven for help out, without his own concurring endeavour, may hap to lie there still.

Secondly, Dying; there is no comfort but to trust the soul with God. So David, 'Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit,' Ps. 31:5. So Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' Acts 7:59. With these words our Lord Jesus himself gave up the ghost. It is justice to restore whence we receive. It is not presumption, but faith, to trust God with thy spirit. The soul of the king, the soul of the beggar, all one to him. David, a king; Lazarus, a beggar: God receives both their souls. From giving up the ghost the highest is not exempted; from giving it into the hands of God the poorest is not excepted. There is no comfort like this. When riches bring aut nequam, aut nequicquam, either no comfort or discomfort; when thy wardrobe, furniture, junkets, wine offend thee; when thy money cannot defend thee; when thy doctors feed themselves at thy cost, cannot feed thee; when wife, children, friends stand weeping about thee; where is thy help, thy hope? All the world hath not a dram of comfort for thee. This sweetens all, 'Lord, into thy hand I commend my soul; thou hast redeemed me, O thou God of truth.'

Our spirit is our dearest jewel. Howl and lament if thou think thy soul is lost. But let thy faith know that is never lost which is committed to God's keeping. Spiritum emittis, non amittis. Duriùs seponitur, sed meliùs reponitur. That soul must needs pass quietly through the gates of death which is in the keeping of God. Woe were us if the Lord did not keep it for us whiles we have it, much more when we restore it. While our soul dwells in our breast it is subject to manifold miseries, to manifest sins; temptations, passions, misdeeds distemper us. In heaven it is free from all these. Let the soul be once in the hands of God, it is neither disquieted with sorrow for sin, nor with sin which is beyond all sorrow. There may be trouble in the wilderness; in the land of promise there is all peace. Then may we sing, 'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped,' Ps. 124:7. Invadit Satanus, evadit Christianus. It is there above the reach of the devil. There is no evil admitted into the city of heaven to wrestle with the citizens thereof. Death is ready at hand about us, we carry deaths enow within us. We know we shall die, we know not how soon; it can never prevent us, or come too early, if our souls be in the keeping of God. Man was not so happy when God gave his soul to him as he is when he returns it to God. Give it cheerfully; and then, like a faithful Creator, that thou givest to him in short pain he will give thee back with endless joy. And so we come fitly from the comfort of our integrity, to

4. The boldness of this comfort.—'As unto a faithful Creator;' wherein our confidence is heartened by a double argument, the one drawn a majestate, the other a misericordia: from majesty, from mercy. His greatness, a 'Creator;' his goodness, a 'faithful Creator.'

(1.) Creator; not a stranger to thee, but he that made thee. It is natural to man to love the work of his own hands. Pygmalion dotes upon the stone which himself had carved. But much more natural to love his own images, his children, the walking pictures of himself, the divided pieces of his own body. God loves us as our Creator, because his own hands have fashioned us. But creavit et vermiculos, he also

created the worms. Yield it, and, therefore, non odit vermiculos, he hates not the very worms. Creavit et diabolum, he made the devil. No; God made him an angel, he made himself a devil. God loves him ut naturam, as he is a nature; hates him ut diabolum, as he is a corrupted nature, an evil, a devil. But we are not only his creatures, the workmanship of his hands, but his children. So Adam is called 'The son of God,' Luke 3:38, his own image. Fecit hominem in similitudinem suam, 'he made man after his likeness, in his image,' Gen. 1:26. We are more than opus Dei, the mere work of God; for imago Dei, the very image and similitude of God. We may, therefore, be bold to commend our souls to God, as 'a faithful Creator.'

Divers men have that for their God which never was their Creator. The proud man makes his honour his god, the covetous man makes his gold his god, the voluptuous makes his belly his god. Now, whereas God not only charged in the first precept, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' but added further in the next, 'Thou shalt not make to thee any image or similitude of any thing, whether in heaven above, or earth beneath, or water under the earth,' &c. These three sins seem to cross God in these three interdicted places; for the proud man hath his idol, as it were, in the air; the covetous man hath his idol in the earth; the drunken epicure hath his idol in the water.* Let them take their gods to themselves; let no Rachel that hath married Jacob steal away Laban's idols. Our Creator is in heaven; boldly give thy soul to him. Who should better have it than he that made it?

(2.) The other argument of our comfort is, that he is fidelis, a faithful Creator. He is faithful to thee, how unfaithful soever thou hast been to him. He made thee good, thou madest thyself naught; he doth not there yet leave thee, as man his friend in misery, but sent his Son to redeem thee. Here was great faithfulness. He sends his Holy Spirit into thy heart, to apply this redemption of Christ: here is great faithfulness. Thou often turnest thy back upon him, and following sin, leavest him; he leaves not thee. 'I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee,' Heb. 13:5: here is great faithfulness. He hath promised

pænitenti veniam, credenti vitam; to him that repenteth, pardon; to him that believeth, salvation: here is faithfulness. Now, hath he promised? he is faithful to perform it. What man or devil dares stand up to challenge God of unfaithfulness?

This infallibility Christ knew, when to his Father's faithful hands he gave up the ghost. You will say, Who might better do it? The Son might well be confident of the Father. Not he alone: the servants have been faithful also in this emission, and found God as faithful in acceptance. So David, Stephen, &c. God is faithful, there is no distrust in him; all the fear is in thyself. How canst thou trust thy jewel with a stranger? God is thy Creator, and a faithful Creator. But how if thou be an unfaithful creature? Thou wilt frequent the doors of thy patron, present gifts to thy landlord, visit thy friend; but how if to him that made thee, thou makest thyself a stranger? How often hath God passed by thee, without thy salutation! In the temple he hath called to thee, thy heart hath not echoed, and sent out thy voice to call upon him. There hath he charged thee, 'Seek my face;' thou hast not answered, 'Thy face, O Lord, I will seek.' By his Spirit he hath knocked at thy door, thou hast not opened to him. Now upon some exigent thou bequeatest thy soul to him; upon what acquaintance? Will this sudden familiarity be accepted?

It is our own ignorance, or strangeness, or unfaithfulness that hinders us. The reprobates think Christ a stranger to them; 'When did we see thee hungry?' &c., Matt. 25:44. But indeed they are strangers to Christ, and he may well say, When did I see you visit me? 'I was sick and in prison, and ye came not at me.' Would you have God cleave to them that leave him? Doth a man all his life run from God, and shall God on his deathbed run to him? No, you would not know me; and therefore now, non novi vos, I know not you. But the faithful creature knows God a faithful Creator: 'I know whom I have believed.' Thou mayest say with that good father, Egredere anima mea, quid times? Go forth, my soul, go forth with joy, what shouldst thou fear? Yea it will go without bidding, and fly cheerfully into the arms of God, whom it trusted as a faithful Creator. I have

served thee, believed on thee, now I come unto thee, saith Luther. 'I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, says Paul. These are not the voices of worldlings, but of saints. God will be a faithful Creator to receive and preserve their souls. I have served thee, saith man; I have preserved thee, saith God. In me credis, ad me venis: thou believest on me, thou comest to me. Here is now the boldness of our comfort; there is yet

5. A caution of this boldness.—'In well doing.' The wicked man may commit his soul to God's keeping, but how is he sure God will take the charge of it? What should God do with a foul and polluted soul? The soul must at last be committed to some; now he only is the receiver of it in death, that was the keeper of it in life. If Satan have always ruled it, God will not embrace it. As Jephtha said to the elders of Gilead, 'Did ye not hate me, and expel me out of my father's house? and why are ye come unto me now, when ye are in distress?' Jud. 11:7. Did you thrust God out of your hearts, out of your houses, out of your barns, out of your closets; and shall God open heaven to your souls? They that thus commit their souls to God, God will commit their souls to Satan. It must be delivered up in *patiendō malum*, but in *faciendō bonum*; in suffering that is evil, but in doing that is good. Otherwise if we thrust God from us, God will thrust us from him.

Thus is God even with man. They say now to the Holy One of Israel, 'Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job. 21:14. Hereafter God shall say to them, 'Depart from me, I know you not,' Matt. 7:23. Man's soul is but an inmate to the bosom, sent to lodge there for a time; but must not take it up for a dwelling; God is the Lord of the tenure, to him it must be surrendered. We have a soul within us, but it is not ours (and yet what is ours if our soul be not?); it must be committed to God, either in evil-doing, as to a judge, or in well-doing, as to a faithful Creator. Some live as if they had no souls; more belluino, like human beasts. The vicissitudes of drunkenness, whoredom, sleep, share all their time. Others live as if they should never part with their soul. Therefore reponunt in multos annos, they

lay up for many years; this was the cosmopolite's self-flattery. 'Soul be merry, thou hast much goods laid up for many years,' Luke 12. Yet others live as if their soul was not their own, but given them to spend at their pleasure, without ever being accountable for it.

But the good live as if their soul was God's; to him they commend it in a sweet conversation with him. Their bodies move on earth, their souls live in heaven. To him they may boldly commend their spirits; for they that fit their souls for God in health, shall never find the offer of their deathbed refused. If a man had no soul, if a mortal one, if his own, if never to be required, he might without wonder be induced to live sensually; he that knows the contrary will live well, that he may die well, and commit his soul to God 'in well-doing.' Here further observe:

A man may do good, yet come short of this comfort; it is given *bene facientibus*, to them that do well. It is not doing good, but doing well, that gets God to keep the soul. You have served me, says God to Israel, but after your own lusts. To serve God is doing good, but after their own lusts, is not doing well. To build a church is a good work; yet if the foundations of it be laid in the ruins of the poor, their children come not to pray for, but curse the builder. Great and good were the works of the Pharisees, yet all spoiled for want of a *benè*. 'Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:20. Therefore St Paul's counsel directs us, 'So (not only run, but so) run that you may obtain,' 1 Cor. 9:24. Schismatics run, but they run out of the church; they love the truth, but not in peace. Secure people run, but they run beside the church; they love peace, but not in truth. Others follow the truth in peace, but not for the truth; *dum quærunt eam, non quærunt ipsam*.^{*} They fail in their *sic*, they miss this same 'well.' *Prosunt aliis, sibi neutiquam*. They do good to others, but not well to themselves. But we have almost lost both *bonum* and *bene*, good and well. It is an ill disjunction, that our fathers had so good works, and wanted our faith; and we have the true faith, but want their works. This 'well' is the very form of a good work; and forma

dat esse rei, it cannot be good without it. Let me here take just cause to reprove two sorts of people.

(1.) Some there are that trust God with their souls, and destroy their own bodies. But God will take no charge of the soul, but in well-doing. Those virgins that would kill themselves to prevent ravishments, are reprovèd by just censure. *Satius incertum adulterium in futuro, quam certum homicidium in præsentì.* Better an uncertain adultery to be endured, than a certain self-murder to be acted. How can they hope for God's hand of mercy, that lay on themselves a hand of cruelty. Rhasis in the Maccabees, falling upon his own sword, and throwing himself down from the wall, yet committed himself to God's keeping, 'calling upon the Lord of life and spirit,' &c., 2 Mac. 14:46. The text says twice (with little credit to its own judgment) that it was done manfully. But it was *magnè, potiùs quàm benè factum*, done with desperate valour; with more venture than wisdom, temerity than honesty. This was that the devil left out, when he cited scripture to Christ, Matt. 4:6. 'In all thy ways;' he made that a parenthesis, which was essential to the text. This the original testified, Ps. 91:11. *Custodient in viis tuis*; but this was none of his ways down from the pinnacle, to shew the people a tumbling trick, and to break his neck. So the devil labours to secure men of God's providence generally, though they be quite out of the way. He bids men be confident that God will keep their souls, howsoever they walk; so under colour of God's protection, he brings them to destruction. He tells a man of predestination, that he is sure of an eternal election to life, therefore may live at his own pleasure; so from God's decree draws encouragement to a secure life. He tells him of justification, that he is acquitted by the blood of Christ; so emboldens him on the back of presumption to ride post to hell: Whereas predestination and justification are only made known to us by 'well-doing.'

(2.) It is impossible for a man of an ill life, to hope that God will keep his soul. He that lives ill, and hopes well, teacheth his ignorance to deceive his wickedness, and them both to deceive his soul. 'Your

iniquities have separated between you and your God,' Isa. 59:2. But 'Separate yourselves from the unclean thing, and I will receive you,' 2 Cor. 6:17. Take away the bar, your sins; break off the partition by repentance, then I will keep you, saith God. Commit your souls to the Lord's trust in well-doing, or not at all. If Christ had come down from the pinnacle headlong, and not by the stairs, he had neglected the way, and so been out of the compass of God's promise to keep him. It is an over-bold presumption, to charge God to keep thy soul, whilst thou dost wilfully lose it. Wilt thou clip the wings of thy soul, and then bid it fly to God? It is all one, as if thou shouldst cut off a man's leg, and then send him on an errand. Our presumption is able to tie up God's arms, that he cannot help us. He that walks in profaneness, and commits his soul to God, is like him that throws himself into a deep pit, to try whether God will help him out, and save him from drowning. Man is timorous where he should be bold, and bold where he should be timorous.

God bids us cast our care upon him for this life. 'Take no thought for your life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or wherewith you shall be clothed: your heavenly Father knows you have need of all these things,' Matt. 6:31. Yet we dare not trust God without a pawn; unless we have bread, we think we shall starve. Here we fear, where we ought not. God tells us, the bread of heaven must feed our spirits; more necessary to maintain life in the soul, than is bread to preserve life in the body: we never hunger after this, yet presume we have sound souls, and trust God to keep them. Here we do not fear where we ought. We are so sottish, that we dare trust God with the soul, the more precious part, without well-doing, the means to have it saved; yet dare not trust him with our bodies, unless we can see our barns full, or at least our cupboards.

But in vain thou committest thy soul to God, except thou obeyest God. There is still a commandment with the promise. If thou keep not the precept, thou hast no interest in the promise. If thou wilt not perform thy part, God is discharged of his part: if thou refuse to do well, he will not keep thy soul. The protection of God extends not to

us in lewd courses: we are then out of our way, and the devil may take us up as vagabonds. 'If thou do well, shalt thou not be accepted? if thou do evil, sin lieth at the door,' Gen. 4:7. If thou do evil, sin is thy keeper, not God. There was a temple, called the temple of trust: God will not be to them a temple of trust, that had no trust in their temples.

It is a good thing to have God keep the soul, but the wicked cannot have this hope. He that hath money, lays it up in his coffers; or if he sends it abroad, like a stern jailor, he suffers it not to go without a keeper, sound bonds. He that hath lands, makes strong conveyances to his desired heirs, that they may be kept. If children, he provides to have them safely kept. He keeps his goods from the thief, his chickens from the kite, his lambs from the wolf, his fawn from the hound, his dove from the vermin; yet he keeps not his soul from the devil. O wretched man, that must die, and knows not what shall become of his soul. The world would have it, but he knows it must not; himself would keep it, but he knows he cannot; Satan would have it, and he knows not whether he shall; he would have God take it, and he knows not whether he will. O miserable man, that must part with his soul he knows not whither.

We see what it is to lead an evil life, and to be a stranger to God. He 'knows his sheep,' John 10:14, but the goats are not written in his book. 'The foundation of God standeth sure, having the seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his,' 2 Tim. 2:19. It is a goodly thing to be famous and remarkable in the world. *Est pulchrum digito monstrari, et dicier, hic est.* It is a goodly thing to be said, 'This is the man whom the world honours,' Esth. 6:9; but perhaps this is not he whom God honours. He that suffers and does according to the will of God, the Lord will take that man into his bosom: 'Such honour have all his saints,' Ps. 149:9. It is no great matter for men to be known to kings and nobles, if the Lord know them not; nothing to ride in the second coach, as Joseph; to be next to the prince, if they be strangers to the court of heaven.

Therefore let us all lay hold on well-doing, that we may have comfort in well-dying. We desire to shut up our last scene of life, with in manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Behold, while we live, God says to us, in manus tuas, homo, commendo Spiritum meum; man, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. As we use God's Spirit in life, God will use our spirit at death. If we open the doors of our hearts to his Spirit, he will open the doors of heaven to our spirit. If we feast him with a 'supper' of grace, Rev. 3:20, he will feast us with a supper of glory. If we 'grieve his Spirit,' Eph. 4:30, he will grieve all the veins of our hearts. When such shall say, Lord, into thy hands we commend our souls; no, saith God, I will none of your spirit, for you would none of my Spirit. You shut him out, when he would have entered your hearts; he shall shut you out when you would enter heaven. Let us therefore here use God's Spirit kindly, that hereafter he may so use our spirits. Let us in life entertain him with faith, that in death he may embrace us with mercy. So, Lord, into thy hands we commend our souls; keep and receive them, O thou faithful Creator and God of truth, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE SPIRITUAL NAVIGATOR BOUND FOR THE HOLY LAND

Before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.—
REV. 4:6.

I HAVE chosen a member of the epistle appointed by our church to be read in the celebration of this feast to the most Sacred Trinity. There is One sitting on the throne, which is God the Father; on his right hand the Lamb which was slain, only worthy to unseal the book, which is God the Son; and seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, the seven-fold Spirit, which is God the Holy Ghost. Unus potentialiter, trinus personaliter. Which blessed Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, inspire me to speak, and you to hear! Amen. 'Before the throne,' &c.

The Revelation is a book of great depth, containing tot sacramenta, quot verba;* as many wonders as words, mysteries as sentences. There are other books of the gospel; but Bullinger calls this *Librum evangelicissimum*,† the most gospel-like book, a book of most happy consolation: delivering those eventual comforts, which shall successively and successfully accompany the church unto the end of the world. It presents, as in a perspective glass, the Lamb of God guarding and regarding his saints; and giving them triumphant victory over all his and their enemies. The writings of St John, as I have read it observed, are of three sorts. He teacheth in his Gospel especially faith; in his Epistles love; hope in his Revelation.

This last (as of great consolation, so) is of great difficulty. There is manna in the ark, but who shall open it to us? Within the *Sanctum Sanctorum* there is the mercy-seat; but who shall draw the curtain for us, pull away the veil? Our Saviour lies here (not dead, but living); but who shall roll away the stone for us? open a passage to our understanding? The impediment is not in *objecto percipiendo*,

but in organo percipiendi; not in the object to be seen, but in our organ or instrument of seeing it: not in the sun, but in the dim thickness of our sight. God must say unto us, as the man of God spake to Eli in the name of Jehovah, 1 Sam. 2. Revelando revelavi, &c. 'I have plainly appeared unto the house of thy father.'

For my own part, I purpose not to plunge to the depth with the elephant; but to wade with the lamb in the shallows: not to be over-venturous in the Apocalypse, as if I could reveal the Revelation: but briefly to report what expositions others have given of this branch; and then gather some fruit from it, for our own instruction and comfort. Being bold to say with St Augustine, whosoever hears me, ubi pariter certus est, pergat mecum; ubi pariter hæsitat, quærat mecum; ubi errorem suum cognoscit, redeat ad me: ubi meum, revocet me.* If he be certain with me, let him go on with me: if he doubt with me, let him seek with me: if he find out his own error, let him come unto me; if mine, let him recall me.

With purpose of avoiding prolixity, I have limited myself to this member of ver. 6, 'And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.' I find hereof seven several expositions. I will lightly touch them, and present them only to your view; then build upon the soundest.

1. Some expound this glassy and crystal-like sea, of contemplative men: so Emanuel Sa. But I find this foundation so weak, that I dare not set any frame of discourse on it.

2. Some conceive it to be an abundant understanding of the truth; a happy and excellent knowledge, given to the saints; and that in a wonderful plentitude: so Ambrose. Per mare historica, per vitrum moralis, per chrySTALLINUM spiritualis intelligentia. By sea is intended an historical knowledge; by glass a moral; a spiritual and supernatural by crystal.

3. Some understand by this glassy sea like crystal, the fulness of all those gifts and graces, which the church derives from Christ. In him dwells all fulness: yea so abundant is his oil of gladness, that it runs (as it were) over the verges of his human nature, unto the 'skirts of his clothing;' plentifully blessing his whole church. Thus it is conceived by Brightman. As if this mare vitreum were an antitype to that mare fusum: spoken of 1 Kings 7:23, this 'glassy sea,' to that 'molten sea.' Among other admirable works of that heaven-inspired king, ver. 23, 'He made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other: it was round all about, and its height was five cubits: and a line of thirty cubits did compass it round about,' &c.; ver. 26, 'It contained two thousand baths.' The end why it was made, and use for which it served, you shall find, 'The sea was for the priests to wash in,' 2 Chron. 4. Now this might well seem to prefigure some great plenitude. For otherwise, for Aaron and his sons to wash in, Exiguus aliquis urceolus vel guttulus suffecisset: some cruet, bason, or laver might sufficiently have served.

4. Some intend this glassy sea, like to crystal, to signify *cælum chrySTALLINUM*, the crystalline heaven: which they affirm to be next under that heaven of heavens, where the eternal God keeps his court, and sits in his throne. And somewhat to hearten the probability of this opinion, it is said here, this 'sea is before the throne.'

5. Some expositions give this sea for the gospel. And their opinion is probably deduced from the two attributes, glassy and crystalline.

(1.) The first expresseth *perlucidam materiem*, a bright and clear matter. Which sets a difference betwixt that legal, and this evangelical sea. That was *ex ære conflatum*, which is *densa et opaca materies*: of molten brass, which was a thick, duskish, and shadowy matter; not penetrable to the sight. This is *mare vitreum*, a sea of glass; more clear, perspicable, and transparent. That was a sea of brass, this of glass. In which disparity this latter far transcends the former. So that if David said, Ps. 84, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for

the courts of the Lord:' speaking but of that 'legal sanctuary,' Heb. 9:1, which was adorned with those Levitical ordinances, and typical sacrifices; how much more cause have we to rejoice with Peter and those two brethren, Matt. 17:1, to see Jesus Christ transfigured in the gospel, 'his face shining as the sun, and his raiment white as the light'? Being not come to the mount of terror, 'full of blackness, and darkness, and tempest,' Heb. 12:18; whereat even Moses himself did 'exceedingly fear and quake;' but 'unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels: to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven,' &c. For, saith Saint Paul sweetly, 'If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory,' 2 Cor. 3:9. They saw Christum velatum, we revelatum; Christ shadowed in the law, we see him manifested in the gospel. Great, without controversy, is the mystery of godliness: God manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, &c., 1 Tim. 3:16. They saw per fenestram, we sine medio: they darkly through the windows, we without interposition of any cloud. Great then is the difference between that figurative molten sea of brass, and this bright glassy sea of the gospel.

This glass lively represents to us ourselves, and our Saviour. Ourselves wicked and wretched, damnatos priusquam natos, condemned before we were born: sinful, sorrowful; cast down by our own fault, but never restorable by our own strength; without grace, 'without Christ, without hope, without God in the world,' Eph. 2:12. Our Saviour descending from heaven to suffer for us; ascending to heaven to provide for us: discharging us from hell by his sufferings, and intercessing us to heaven by his righteousness. Oh look in this blessed glass, and 'Behold the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world,' John 1:29. Look in it again, and behold all the spots and blemishes in your own consciences: as you would discover to your eye any blot on your face, by beholding it reflected in a material glass. See, contemplate, admire, meditate your own misery, and your Saviour's mercy, in this glass represented.

(2.) Crystalline is the other attribute: which is not idem significans, but plenioris, nec non planioris virtutis: not signifying the same thing, but of a fuller and plainer virtue, or demonstration. Chrystallum est quasi expers coloris, accedens proxime ad puritatem aëris. Crystal is described to be (as it were) void of colour, as coming next to the simple purity of the air. Now as the other attribute takes from the gospel all obscurity: so this takes from it all impurity. There is no human inventions, carnal traditions, or will-worship mixed with this sea: it is pure as crystal. Abundant plagues shall be added to him that shall 'add to this book:' and his part shall be 'taken away out of the book of life,' that shall sacrilegiously 'take out from it,' Rev. 22:18.

Let me say: God beholds us through this crystal, Jesus Christ; and sees nothing in us lean, lame, polluted, or ill-favoured. Whatever our own proper and personal inclinations and iniquations have been, this tralucent crystal, the merits and righteousness of our Saviour, presents us pure in the eyes of God. Through this crystal Christ himself beholds his church, and then saith, 'Thou art fair, my love, there is no spot in thee,' Cant. 4:7.

6. There is a sixth opinion. Some by this glassy and crystal sea, conceived to be meant baptism. Prefigured by that red sea, Exod. 14. To which red sea Paul alludes in the point of baptism, 1 Cor. 10, 'I would not have you ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud; and all passed through the sea. And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud, and in the sea.' Of this mind are Augustine (Tractat. 2 in John), Rupertus, Euthymius.

The accordance of the type and antitype stands thus. As none of the children of Israel entered the terrestrial Canaan, but by passing the red sea; so ordinarily, no Christian enters the celestial Canaan, but through this glassy sea. The 'laver of regeneration' is that sea, wherein we must all wash. 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee:' He said so, that could tell; and he doubles his asseveration, 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of

God,' John 3:5. Ordinarily, no man comes to heaven dry-shod; he must wade through this ford. The minister must irrigate. 1 Cor. 3. John Baptist must pour on water; and Christ must christen us 'with the Holy Ghost and with fire,' Matt. 3:11. There must be a washed body, a cleansed conscience. This is that the apostle calls 'pure water,' Heb. 10. 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.' So let us draw near: without this no daring to approach the throne of grace. Through this sea we must all sail, the Holy Ghost being our pilot, the word of God our compass; or how should we think to land at the haven of heaven!

7. Lastly, others affirm, that by this glass sea is meant the world. So Bullinger, &c. This being the most general and most probable opinion, on it I purpose to build my subsequent discourse. A special reason to induce me (as I think, the best light to understand the Scripture is taken from the Scripture; and as God best understands his own meaning, so he expounds it to us by conferring places difficult with semblable of more facility) I derive from Rev. 15:2: 'I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and they that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.' Where the saints having passed the dangers of the glassy sea, all the perils and terrors of this brittle and slippery world, and now setting their triumphant feet on the shores of happiness, they sing a victorious song: 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.' Praising God with harps and voices for their safe waftage over the sea of this world.

Now, for further confirmation of this opinion, in ver. 3, the exultation which they sing is called 'the song of Moses the servant of God.' So that it seems directly to answer, in a sweet allusion, to the delivery of Israel from the Egyptians, Exod. 14, at what time the divided waters of the Red Sea gave them way, standing up as a wall on their right hand, and a wall on their left; and that so long, till the

little ones, and the women with child, might pass over dry-shod; but at last, returning to their old course, swallowed up their pursuers. Immediately hereon, Exod. 15, Moses and all Israel, turning back to behold the Egyptians drowned in the sea, or floating on the waves, while themselves stood secure on dry land, they sung a song to the Lord. The children of Israel, having passed the Red Sea, sing a song to the Lord: the children of God, having passed the glassy sea, sing a song also; and this latter song is called by the name of that first, even the song of Moses.

So that the analogy stands thus. 1. The Red Sea was a type of this glassy sea, the world. 2. The old Israelites, of the new and true Israelites, the faithful. 3. The Egyptians, of all wicked persecutors and enemies of God's church. 4. Canaan, the land of promise, of heaven the land of purchase, which Christ bought for us at so great a price. Our adversaries like theirs, our dangers like theirs, our waftage like theirs; but the country we sail to far transcends that earthly Canaan. That did but flow with milk and honey for a time; this with infinite joy, and illimited glory for ever. Against this construction it is objected.

1. This sea is before the throne: how can the world be so said? Ans. Properly: to shew that all things in the world are not subject to fortune, but governed by 'him that sits on the throne.'

2. The world is rather thick and muddy: how can it be called crystal? Ans. Fitly: not in regard of its own nature, for so it is polluted; but respectu intuentis, in regard of God that beholds it; who sees all things done in it so clearly, as in crystal.

The allegory then gives the world—1. For a sea. 2. For the sea of glass. 3. Like to crystal. 4. Lastly, it is before the throne. Two of the circumstances concern the world in thesi, two in hypothesi. It is described taliter and totaliter: simply, and in reference. Simply, what it is in itself; in reference, what it is in respect of God. The world is—
I. In regard of itself, 1, a sea, for tempestuousness; 2, a sea of glass,

for brittleness. II. In regard of God, 1, like crystal, for God's eye to see all things in it; 2, before the throne, subject to God's governance.

I. A Sea.—The world is not a material, but a mystical sea. Time was that the whole world was a sea, Gen. 7: 'The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered.' As a poet, according with the Scripture,

Omnia Pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto.

All was a sea, and that sea had no shores. The deluge of sin is no less now, than was then the deluge of waters. The flood of wickedness brought that flood of vengeance. If their souls had not been first drowned, their bodies had not been overwhelmed. The same overflowing of iniquity shall at last drown the world in fire.

1. The world may be very fitly compared to the sea in many concurrences.

(1.) The sea is an unquiet element, a fuming and foaming beast, which none but the Maker's hand can bridle, Matt. 8. 'What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?' The world is in full measure as unruly. It is the 'Lord that stilleth the noise of the seas, the roaring of their waves, and the tumult of the people,' Psa. 65:7. Where the Psalmist matcheth roaring waves and roaring men; the raging sea with the madness of the world. And yet God is able to still them both. The prophet calls the sea a raging creature, and therein yokes it with the wicked. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,' Isa. 57:20.

Unà Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis

*Affricus, et vastos tollunt ad littora fluctus.**

Yet the Lord 'gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: and layeth up the depth in store houses,' Psa. 33:7. Hear God himself speak to this boisterous element, Job 38, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Let me say truly of God, what Pliny of nature, in this element, *Hic ipsa se Natura vincit numerosis modis*. God, who is marvellous in all his ways, wonderful in all his works, is in the sea most wonderfully wonderful. It is called *Æquor*, quasi *minimè æquum*: so (I think) the world *Mundus*, quasi *minimè mundus*. Sometime *fretum à fremitu*, of a boisterous and troublesome nature. The world is full of molesting vexations, no less than the sea.

[1.] Sometimes it swells with pride, as the sea with waves; which David saith, 'mount up to heaven,' Ps. 107. Behold that Babylonian Lucifer, saying, 'I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High,' Isa. 14:13, 14. Pride is haughty, and walks with a 'stretched-out neck,' Isa. 3:16, and with an elevated head; as if at every step it could knock out a star in heaven. Especially the proud man, like the sea, swells if the moon inclines, if his mistress grace him.

[2.] Vain glory is the wind, that raiseth up the billows of this sea. The offspring of the revived world are erecting a turret, whose battlements were meant to threaten heaven, Gen. 11. Did they it in an holy ambition of such neighbourhood? No; they loved not heaven so well. Did they it for security upon earth? Neither; for *Ferunt summos fulgura montes* the nearer to heaven, the more subject to thunder, lightning, and those higher inflammations of heaven. Whereas, *Procul à Jove, procul à fulmine*, was the old saying: Far from Jupiter, far from his thunder. Their purpose was only glory in this world. And as the Psalmist saith, that the wind raiseth the billows of the sea; 'He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof,' Ps. 107:25; so ambition was the wind that reared those waves and walls of pride.

[3.] The world, like the sea, is blue with envy, livid with malice. It is the nature of worldings to over-vex themselves at the successful fortunes of others. God must do nothing for another man, but the envious man's evil eye thinks himself wronged. He repines at that shower, which falls not on his own ground. The precious balms distilled from heaven on neighbours, break the malicious man's head. He hath in him no honesty, but especially wants an honest eye. He wounds himself to see others healed. Neither are the blows he gives his own soul transient flashes, or lashes that leave no impression behind them; but marks that he carries with him to his grave; a lean, macilent, affamished body; a soul self-beaten black and blue.

[4.] Sometimes it boils with wrath; and herein the world and the sea are very semblable. A mad and impatient element it is; how unfit to figure man! Yet such is his indignation; if in the rage and fury of the sea there be not more mercy.

There is a time when the 'sea ceaseth from her raging:' but the turbulent perturbations of this passion in the world continue without remission or interruption. The angry man is compared to a ship sent into the sea, *quæ Dæmonem habet gubernatorem*; which hath the devil for its pilot. *Ira mortalium debet esse mortalis*.^{*} The anger of mortal man should be mortal, like himself. But we say of many, as Valerius Maximus of Sylla, It is a question, whether they or their anger die first; or whether death prevents them both together. If you look into this troubled sea of anger, and desire to see the image of a man, behold, you find fiery eyes, a faltering tongue, gnashing teeth, a heart boiling in brine, and drying up the moisture of the flesh; till there be scarce any part left of his right composition. The tumultuous rage of the world so reeks with these passions, that the company of those men is as ominous and full of evil bodings, as the foaming sea.

[5.] The sea is not more deep than the world. A bottomless subtlety is in men's hearts, and an honest man wants a plummet to sound it. Policy and piety have parted company; and it is to be feared, they will

hardly ever meet again. He is counted a shallow fellow that is, as the Scripture commends Jacob, 'a plain man, dwelling in tents,' Gen. 25:27. New devices, tricks, plots, and stratagems are only in request. Do you not know the reason hereof? The world is a sea; and in this sea is plain-dealing drowned.

[6.] There is foaming luxury in this sea: a corrupt and stinking froth, which the world casts up. The stream of lust in this mare mortuum fumes perpetually; poisons the air we breathe; and like a thick fog, riseth up to heaven, as if it would exhale vengeance from above the clouds. This spumy foam is on the surface of the world, and runs like a white leprosy over the body of it. Commend the world, ye affecters affected of it: there is a foam that spoils its beauty. Praise it no further than Naaman was, 2 Kings 5. He was 'captain of the host of the king of Syria, a great man with his master, and honourable, because the Lord by him had given deliverance to Syria; he was also a mighty man in valour; but he was a leper.' There is a blur in the end of the encomium, a blank in the catastrophe, a prickle under the rose. 'But he was a leper;' this veruntamen mars all. The world, you say, is spaciosus, speciosus; beautiful, bountiful, rich, delightful: but it is leprous. There is a Sed to it, a filthy foam that defiles it.

[7.] The world, as the sea, is a swallowing gulf. It devours more than the sea* of Rome; yea, and will devour that too at last. It swallows those that swallow it, and will triumph one day with insultation over the hugest cormorants, whose gorges have been long ingurgitated with the world; In visceribus meis sunt, they are all in my bowels. The gentleman hath swallowed many a poor man, the merchant swallows the gentleman, and at last this sea swallows the merchant. There are four great devourers in the world, luxury, pride, gluttony, covetousness. The prophet Joel speaks of four horrible destroyers. 'That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten,' Joel 1:4. The palmer is luxury, the locust pride, the canker gluttony, and you all know that the caterpillar is covetousness. Luxury, like the palmer,

swallows much in the world; that which luxury leaves unspent, pride the locust devours; the scraps of pride, the canker gluttony eats; and the fragments of all the former, the caterpillar covetousness soon dispatcheth. These be the world's four wide-throated swallows.

These circumstances have demonstrated (the first instance of this comparison) the tumultuous turbulency of the world. There be many other resemblances of it to the sea.

(2.) Mare amarum. The sea is bitter, and therefore called the sea. A quo dominatio, denominatio. The waters thereof are also salt and brinish. All demonstrates the world to have an unsavory relish. So it hath truly; whether we respect the works or the pleasures of it.

The works of this sea are the 'waters of Marah,' Exod. 15:23. If we be true Israelites, 'we cannot drink of the waters of Marah; for they are bitter.' The works of the world have an unsavoury relish. Would you know what they are? Ask St John. 'All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but it is of the world,' 1 John 2:16. Hæc tria pro trino Numine mundus habet. Ask St Paul. 'Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings,' Gal. 5:19. These opera tenebrarum are bitter works; branches springing from that root, which beareth gall and wormwood, Deut. 29. Sour and wild grapes, which the soul of God abhorreth. As the good Simon told the bad Simon, Acts 8, 'Thou art in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.'

Nay, even the delights of the world are bitter, sour, and unsavoury. For if medio de fonte leporum, there hap not surgere amari aliquid, yet knowest thou not, it will be bitterness in the end? 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee,' &c.; 'But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,' Eccl. 11:9. It may be honey in the palate; it is gall in the bowels. 'Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under

his tongue: though he spare it, and forsake it not, but keep it still within his mouth; yet his meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him,' Job 20:12. He that swims in a full sea of riches, and is borne up with whole floods of delights, is but like a sumpter horse that hath carried the trunks all day, and at night his treasure is taken from him, and himself turned into a foul stable, perhaps with a galled back. The rich worldling is but a hired porter, that carries a great load of wealth on his weary back all his day, till he groan under it; at night, when the sun of his life sets, it is taken from him, and he is turned into a foul stable, a squalid grave, perchance with a galled shoulder, a raw and macerated conscience.

Say, the delights of this world were tolerably sweet; yet even this makes them bitter, that the sweetest joys of eternity are lost by over-loving them. There was a Roman, that in his will bequeathed a legacy of a hundred crowns to the greatest fool. The executors, inquiring in the city for such a one, were directed to a nobleman, that, having left his own fair revenues, manors, and manners, became a hogherd. All men consented that he was the greatest fool. If such a legacy were now given, the heirs need not trouble themselves in scrutiny; there be fools enough to be found everywhere, even so many as there be worldlings, that, refusing the honours of heaven, and the riches of glory, turn hog-keepers, nay, rather hogs, rooting in the earth, and eating husks.

But how bitter, saltish, and unsavoury soever the sea is, yet the fishes that swim in it exceedingly like it. The world is not so distasteful to the heavenly palate, as it is sweet to the wicked, who have learned, though with that woe and curse, Isa. 5, 'to call good evil, and evil good; bitter sweet, and sweet bitter.' They strip themselves to adorn it, as the Israelites did for the golden calf, and so adorned, adore it with devoted hearts. It is their Baal, their idol, their god. Alas! it is no god; more like, they will find it a devil. Mr Foxe in his 'Martyrology,' hath a story of the men of Cockeram, in Lancashire. By a threatening command from Bonner, they were charged to set up a rood in their church; accordingly, they compounded with a carver to make it.

Being made and erected, it seemed it was not so beautiful as they desired it; but with the harsh visage thereof scared their children. (And what should a rood serve for, but to please children and fools?) Hereupon they refused to pay the carver. The carver complains to the justice; the justice, well examining and understanding the matter, answers the townsmen: Go to, pay the workman, pay him; get you home, and mark your rood better. If it be not well-favoured enough to make a god, it is but clapping a pair of horns on it, and it will serve to make an excellent devil. So add but your superstitious dotage, covetous oppressions, and racking extortions to the world, whereby you gore poor men's sides, and let out their heart-bloods; and though it be no god to comfort, you shall find it devil enough to confound. The world then is extremely bitter in digestion, whatever it be at the first relish.

Well yet, as salt and bitter as this ocean the world is, there is some good wrought out of this ill. That supreme and infinite Goodness dissuades his children from affecting it, by their experienced tartness of it. So the nurse embitters the dug when she would wean the infant. How easily had Solomon been drowned in this sea, had he not perceived its distastefulness? When his understanding and sense concludes, 'All is vexation,' his affections must needs begin to abhor it. God lets his children look into the world, as some go to sea to be sea-sick, that, finding by experience what they would not credit by relation, they may loathe this troublesome world, and long to be in the land of promise. He that once thoroughly feels the turbulency of the sea will love the dry land the better whiles he lives. Our better spiritual health is not seldom wrought by being first sea-sick—disquieted with the world's vexations. Salt water hath sometimes done as much good as sweet, hard things as soft, as stones as well as cotton are good casting for a hawk. The crudities of sin in David's soul were vomited up by a draught of this bitter water. That profuse son (Luke 15) would have been a longer stranger to his father's house, if the world had not put him to a hog's diet. Peter no sooner sees the billow, but he ejaculates to Christ a short but substantial prayer, 'Lord, save me.'

For this cause is the world made to us so full of afflictions. Christ promiseth to give a reward, but not to take away persecutions, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. 5:10. He doth not subtract all suffering, but adds a recompence. God doth so mingle, and compound, and make them both of one indifferency and relish, that we can scarce distinguish which is the meat and which the sauce, both together nourishing our spiritual health. You see the alike distastefulness of the world and sea. This is the second resemblance.

(3.) The sea doth cast forth her dead fishes, as if it laboured to purge itself of that which annoys it, giving only contentful solace and nutriment to those that naturally live in it. So does the world, contending to spew out those that are dead to it. 1 Cor. 4:10, 'We are made as the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things unto this day.' No marvel if she pukes when we lie on her stomach. A body inured to poisons grows sick and queasy at the receipt of wholesome nourishment. John 15:19, 'If ye were of the world, the world would love his own. But because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hates you.' Not a piece of the world, but all the world. Matt. 10:20, 'You shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.'

The godly are indeed the very health of the world. The family thrives the better that Joseph but serves in. The city is forborne so long as Lot is in it. The whole world stands for the elect's sake. And if their number were accomplished, it should be delivered over to the fire. Yet, oh strange! Elias is said to trouble Israel, and the apostles are thrust out of cities for turbulent fellows. But saith Ambrose, *Turbatur illa navis, in qua Judas fuit*. The ship was troubled wherein Judas was. Christ was in a ship with the other apostles, without Judas: behold the winds are still, the sea is calm, the ship safe. Christ was in a ship with Judas amongst the rest, and *turbatur illa navis*: the wind blusters, the waves roar, and a tempest endangers the vessel to ruin.

Benefit multis ex societate boni. One good man doth much good to many. He is not only as manacles to the hands of God, to hold them from the defulmination of judgments, but is also a happy prevention of sin. He keeps God from being angry. He calms him when he is angry. A godly man is like David's harp, he chaseth away the evil from the company, and he doth (as it were) conjure the devil. For in his presence (as if he could work miracles) impudence grows ashamed, ribaldry appears chaste, drunkenness is sober, blasphemers have their lips sealed up, and the 'mouth of all wickedness is stopped.' This good comes by the good.

Yet because they are dead to the world, it casts them out. So the Gergesites did 'cast Christ out of their borders,' Matt. 8. So the pharisees did cast the convert that was born blind out of their synagogue, John 9:34. So the Antiochians did cast Paul and Barnabas out of their coasts, Acts 13:50. Like confectioners, that throw away the juice of the oranges, and preserve only the rinds, or as certain chemists, that cast all good extractions to the ground, and only make much of the poison. But if you will not be picked up of the world, you must adhere close to it, and with alimantal congruence please its stomach. Will you go to the court? You must be proud, or you shall be despised. Will you to the city? You must be subtle, or you shall be cheated. Will you to the country? You must partake of their ignorant and blind dotage, and join in their vicious customs, or you shall be rejected. If you live in the world, and not as the world, this sea will spew you up, as too holy for their company. But let them. For 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world,' Gal. 6:14.

(4.) The sea is no place to continue in. No man sails there to sail there; but as he propounds to his purpose a voyage, so to his hopes a return. You hold him a prisoner that is shut up in close walls, the door of egress barred against him. He is no less a prisoner (though his jail be as large as the sea) that must not set his foot on dry ground. The banks and shores be his prison walls; and though he

hath room enough for his body, he is narrowed up in his desires. He finds bondage in liberty. The one half of the earth is but his prison, and he would change his walk for some little island.

The world, in like sort, is no place to dwell in for ever. Self-flattering fools that so esteem it. Ps. 49:11, 'Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations.' Therefore 'they call their lands after their own names.' As if the sea were for mansion, not for transition. It was a glorious piece of the world, which ravished Peter desired to build tabernacles on, Matt. 17. Yet it was perishable earth, and it might not be granted. Heaven only hath mansions. (John 14:2, 'In my Father's house there are many mansions;' all the world else is but of tottering tabernacles.) And immobile regnum, Heb. 12:28, 'a kingdom that cannot be shaken,' when all the kingdoms and principalities of the earth shall be overturned. This world, then, only is for waftage.

There is one sea to all men common, but a different home. We are all in this world, either strangers or stragglers; the godly are strangers. 'Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as pilgrims and strangers, abstain from fleshly lusts, which fight against the soul,' 1 Pet. 2:21. So that aged patriarch acknowledged to the Egyptian king, 'Few and evil have the days of thy servant been in his pilgrimage.' In that true golden legend of the saints, it is said of them, 'They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth,' Heb. 11:13. The wicked are stragglers too; and howsoever contentur figure pedes, and to 'take their portion in this life,' Ps. 17:14, yet they must, with Judas, to 'their own home,' Acts 1:25. We grow upward, they go forward, to heaven or hell, every man to his own place. Let the rich man promise his soul a requiem here, Luke 12:20. Let the atheistical cardinal of Bourbon prefer his part in Paris to his part in Paradise; yet the sea is not to be dwelt on. It is but for waftage, not for perpetuity of habitation. This is the fourth resemblance.

(5.) The sea is full of dangers. To discuss the perils of the sea belongs rather to the capacity of a mariner than of a divine. I will only

apprehend so much as may serve to exemplify this dangerous world.

[1.] The sea is one of those fearful elements wherein there is no mercy. O that the world had but so much mercy as might exempt and discharge it of this comparison! But if we take the world for the wicked of the world, we read that 'the very mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

[2.] There be pirates in the sea. Alas! but a handful to that huge army of them in the world. Take a short view of them, borrowed of a divine traveller. Fury fights against us, like a mad Turk. Fornication, like a treacherous Joab, in kisses, it kills. Drunkenness is the master-gunner, that gives fire to all the rest. Gluttony may stand for a corporal; avarice for a pioneer; idleness for a gentleman of a company. Pride must be captain.

But the arch-pirate of all is the devil, that huge leviathan 'that takes his pleasure in this sea,' Psa. 104; and his pastime is to sink the freight of those merchants that are laden with holy traffic for heaven. 'Canst thou draw out this leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn?' Job 41:1, 2. Historians speak of a fish that is a special and oft-prevailing enemy to this whale, called by some vihvella, or the sword-fish. The most powerful thing to overcome this mystical leviathan is the sword of the Spirit, which, to be seconded with the temporal sword of the magistrate, is of singular purpose. Whiles neither of these swords are drawn against this pirate, and his malignant rabble: no marvel if they make such massacres on the sea of this world. Let the red dragon alone; and whilst himself comes tumbling down from heaven, he will draw down many stars with his tail.

[3.] There be rocks in the sea, which if a skilful pilot avoid not warily, he may soon have his vessel dashed in pieces. How many ships have been thus cast away! How many merchants' hopes thus split! They call their vessels by many prosperous names: as, the Success, the

Good-speed, the Triumph, the Safe-guard. How vain doth one rock prove all these titles! The rocks of our marine world are persecutions and offences, which he as thick as those fiery serpents in the wilderness, with their venomous and burning stings, Num. 21. Christ's cause and Christ's cross go most commonly together; and who shall be sooner offended than his little ones? 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution,' 2 Tim. 3:12; as if it were a fatal destiny to them, not to be evaded. 'Woe unto the world, because of offences,' saith he that is able to execute vengeance upon his adversaries, Matt. 18:7. 'It must needs be that offences come: but woe be to that man by whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that, with a mill-stone hung about his neck, he were drowned in the depths of the material sea,' as his soul hath been already drowned in this mystical sea of wickedness. Well, put the worst. If these rocks do shatter us, if these persecutions shall split the bark of our life, yet this be our comfort: our death is not mors, but immortalitas; not a death, but an entrance to life incapable of dying. Rocks in the sea undo many a merchant. These rocks eventually make us happy; and often we have just cause to take up that saying, Perieramus, nisi periissemus, we had been undone, had we not been undone.

[4.] Besides rocks in the sea, there be also gulfs. In the Sicilian sea there is Scylla, a great rock, and Charybdis, a place of dangerous swallows, whereout was drawn that proverb, Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim. Mystically, in this world there are not only rocks of persecutions, but gulfs and swallows of errors and heresies. Let us beware lest, avoiding the one, we be devoured of the other. There is a perilous gulf in the Roman sea, (too, too many of our nation have found it); dangerous swallows about Amsterdam. It is good to fly from the gulf of superstition, but withal to avoid the swallow of separation. It is ill turning either to the right hand or to the left; mediocrity is the safest way. When opinion goes before us, it is a great question whether truth will follow us. Straggling Dinahs seldom return, but ravished, home. Singularity in conceits concerning matters of religion, are as perilous as to follow a plurality

or multitude in evil customs. A man may perish as easily in the fair-coloured waters of heresy, as in the mud of iniquity. What matters it whether thou be drowned in fair water or foul, so thou be drowned? Beware of these gulfs and swallows.

[5.] There be straits in the sea of this world. Those of Magellan or Gibraltar are less dangerous. The hard exigents of hatred, obloquy, exile, penury, misery: difficult straits, which all sea-faring Christians must pass by to the haven of bliss. Pirates that care not which way they direct their course, but only watch to rob and spoil, are not bound to these passages. So worldlings, that never aim or intend for heaven, but to ballast themselves with the wealth of the world, from whomsoever, good or bad, or howsoever, by fair means or foul, they attain it, may keep the broad ocean, and have sea-room enough. For 'broad is the way of destruction, and many there be that keep it,' Matt. 7. But the godly are bound for the coast, that lies upon the cape of Bona Speranza, and they must of necessity pass through these straits. 'Straight and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' But if, like those Argonautæ, we will sail for the golden fleece of joy and happiness, we must be *militantes inter fluctus*, content with hard passages. It is our solid comfort (as it was fabled of that ship, that it was made a star in heaven), that we shall be one day *inter sidera triumphantes*, 'stars fixed in the right hand of God,' and shining for ever in glory. This is the fifth danger of our mystical sea—straits.

[6.] There be sirens in the sea of this world. Sirens; hirens, as they are now called. Those in the material sea are described to have their upper parts the proportion or beauty of women; downwards they are squalid and pernicious. *Virgo formosa superne, decidit in turpem piscem*. They enchant men with their voices, and with sweet songs labour *sopire nautas, sopitos demergere*, to lull the mariners asleep, and sleeping, to sink and drown them. What a number of these sirens, hirens, cockatrices, courtezans, in plain English, harlots, swim amongst us! Happy is it for him that hath only heard, and not been infected.

Their faces and their voices promise joy and jolity. Their effects are only to drown and shipwreck men's fortunes, their credits, their lives, their souls. A book called *Opus tripartitum* speaks of the storks, that if they catch one stork leaving his own mate, and coupling with another, they all fall upon him, and spoil him of his feathers and life too. But, as if this sin were grown a virtue by custom among us, there are not wanting, 'who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them,' Rom. 1:32. If, in authority committed to inferior magistrates (the persuasions of my heart excuseth the higher powers, and the impartial proceedings of the truly reverend and godly prelates of this land testify it), there were not some connivance (God forbid patronising!) of these enormities for some sinister respects, the sirens about our river of Thames should be, if not sent swimming to Gravesend, yet at least taken in at Bridewell stairs.

Perhaps a poor man incontinent may smart for it; but how often dares an apparitor knock at a great man's gate! If lust comes under the rank of honourable, or worshipful, who dares tax it? But let as many as would be one spirit with the Lord Jesus, hate to be one flesh with a siren, 1 Cor. 6. It is recorded of Ulysses, that he stopped his ears against the incantations of these sirens; and having put the rest under the hatches, bound himself to the mast, to prevent the power of their tempting witchcrafts. Ulysses was held a wise man; sure, then, they are no less than fools that prove and approve their charms. No man loves a gally-pot for the paint, when he knows there is poison in it. I end in the epigram of a moderm poet—

Si renum cupis incolumem servare salutem,

Sirenum cantus effuge; sanus eris.

[7.] Another peril in this mystical sea is the frequency of tempests. Some have 'tempestuous looks,' as Laban, Gen. 31. Some 'tempestuous hands,' as Sanballat, Neh. 4, to hinder the building of

Jerusalem. Innumerable have tempestuous tongues, as Ishmael, Shimei, Rabshakeh. Such tempests have been often raised from the vapour of a malicious breath, that whole kingdoms have been shaken with it. Master Foxe mentioneth, in his Book of Martyrs, that one in the street crying 'Fire, fire,' the whole assembly in St Mary's, in Oxford, at one Mallary's recantation, presumed it to be in the church. Insomuch that some laboured at the doors, where, through the crowd of many, not one could pass. Some stuck in the windows. All imagined the very church on fire, and that they felt the very molten lead drop on their heads. Whereas all was but a false fire. There was no such matter. In like sort scandalous slanders and invective contumelies begin at a little breach, one calumnious tongue, and get such strength, like mutineers, with marching forward, that the world soon riseth in an uproar. These are called by Ambrose, *Procellæ mundi*. And what world-faring Christian hath escaped these storms? But says Epictetus, *Si rectè facis, quid eos vereris, qui non rectè reprehendunt?* If thou do rightly, why shouldst thou fear them that blame wrongfully? Do well and be happy, though thou hear ill. This is another danger—tempests.

[8.] There is yet a last peril in the sea, which is the fish Remora. A fish, it is described, of no magnitude, about a cubit in length, yet for strength able to stay a ship. It is recorded that Caius Cæsar's galley was stayed by this fish.

There are many remoras in this world that hinder the good speed of Christian endeavours. Would Herod hear and obey John Baptist's preaching? He hath a remora that hinders him, Herodias. Would Nicodemus fain come to Christ? Fear of the Jews is his remora. Would Paul come to Thessalonica? The devil is his remora. 'We would have come to you once and again, but Satan hindered us,' 1 Thess. 2:18. Yea, doth Christ himself purpose, in his infinite mercy, to suffer for us, and pre-acquaint his apostles with it? Even Peter will be his remora. 'Master, favour thyself. This shall not be unto thee,' Matt. 16:22. Hath that forward young man any good mind to follow

Christ? The parting with his goods to the poor is his remora. Would you have him that is rich follow poverty?

Such are our remoras now, that hang upon our arms, like Lot's wife, dissuading our departure from Sodom. Are we invited to Christ's supper, the gospel? Some oxen, or farms, or a wife's idleness, the pleasures of the flesh, retard us. Some business of our own is a remora to God's business. Are we called to speak in the truth's cause boldly? The awful presence of some great man is our remora, we dare not. Doth our conscience prompt us to parley for the restoring of the church's right? Our own impropriations, and the easy gain of the tenth of our neighbour's goods, are a remora, we cannot. Are we exhorted, in the name of Jesus Christ, for God's mercy to us, to shew mercy to his, to feed the hungry, succour the weak, relieve the poor, and make us friends of our unrighteous mammon by charity? Alas! the world, covetous desire of gain, is our remora, we must not. Tell the covetous man that he is not God's treasurer, but his steward, and blame him for perverting the end of his factorship, there is a devil plucks him by the sleeve, thirst of gain. God he confesseth his master, but the world his mistress. If you ask him why he doth not in charitable deeds obey his Master, he answers his mistress will not let him.

Would the young man repent? His harlot steps forth, and, like a remora, stays his course. Let a sermon touch a man's heart, and begin remorse in him, that he purpose reformation, good fellowship, like a remora, stops him. Yea, let a man in an age (for rare are the birds that drop such feathers) erect hospitals, piety and devotion shall meet with some remoras that would overthrow them. You hear the dangers of the sea of the world, the fifth circumstance of this comparison.

(6.) In the sea there be *ἰχθύες ἰχθυοφάγοι*, fishes that eat up fishes. So in the world, *ἄνθρωποι ἄνθρωποφάγοι*, men that eat up men, Ps. 14:4. 'Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread.' The wicked man devoureth the righteous.

'Thou makest men as the fishes of the sea,' Hab. 1. The labours of the poor, even his whole heritage, is worn upon the proud man's back, or swallowed down into his belly. He racks rents, wrings out fines, extorteth, enhanceth, improveth, impoverisheth, oppresseth, till the poor tenant, his wife, and children cry out for bread, and behold, all buys him scarce a suit of clothes; he eats and drinks it at one feast.

Oh, the shrill cry of our land for this sin, and the loud noise it makes in the ears of the Lord of Hosts! The father is dead that kept good hospitality in the country, and the gallant, his son, must live in London, where, if he want the least superfluity that his proud heart desireth (and how can he but want, in the infinite pride of that city?) he commits all to a hard steward, who must wring the last drop of blood from the tenant's heart, before the landlord must want the least cup to his drunkenness, the least toy to his wardrobe.

If this be not to eat, swallow, devour men, blood and bones, then the fishes in the sea forbear it. Hear this, ye oppressors! Be merciful. You will one day be glad of mercy. The yellings of the poor in the country are as loud as your roarings in the city. The cups you drink are full of those tears that drop from affamished eyes, though you perceive it not. You laugh when they lament, you feast when they fast, you devour them that do you service. God will one day set these things in order before you.

(7.) The sea is full of monsters. Innumerable, and almost incredible are the relations of travellers in this punctual demonstration. As of estaurus, a fish chewing the cud like a beast; of the manate, headed like an ox; and of certain flying fishes, &c. And are there not in this world men-monsters? I do not say of God's making, but of their own marring.

You would think it prodigious to see a man with two faces. Alas! how many of these walk daily in our streets! They have one face for the gospel, another for the mass-book; a brow of allegiance for the king, and a brow of apostasy or treason for the pope, whensoever he shall

call for it. You would think it a strange defect in nature to see a man born without a head. Why, there are innumerable of these headless men among us, who, like brute beasts, have no understanding, but are led by the precipitation of their feet; follow their own mad affections. Others redundantly have two tongues, dissemblers, hypocrites; the one to bless God, the other to curse man made after his image. They have one to sing in a church, another to blaspheme and roar in a tavern.

Some have their faces in their feet, whereas God, *os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri jussit*, gave man an upright countenance, and framed him to look upwards. These look not to heaven, whence they did drop, but to hell, whither they will drop. Insatiable earth-scrapers, covetous wretches, that would dig to the centre to exhale riches. Others have swords in their lips, a strange kind of people, but common, railers and revilers. Every word they speak is a wounding gash to their neighbours. Weigh it seriously. Are not these monsters?

(8.) On the sea men do not walk, but are borne in vessels, unless, like our Saviour Christ, they could work miracles. In the world men do not so much travel of themselves, as they are carried by the stream of their own concupiscence. So saith St Chrysostom, '*Hic homines non ambulans, sed feruntur; quia diabolus cum delectatione compellit illos in mala.*'* Here men do not walk, but are carried; for the devil bears them upon his back, and whiles he labours them to hell, wind and tide are on his side. When he hath them in *profundis abyssi*, upon that bottomless depth, he strives to exonerate his shoulders, and doth what he can to let them fall and sink into the infernal lake. So Paul saith that temptations and snares, foolish and hurtful lusts do (no less than) drown men in perdition. You think yourselves on dry and firm ground, ye presumptuous wantons. Alas! you are on the sea, an inconstant sea.

Digitis à morte remoti

Quatuor, aut septem, si sit latissima tæda:

Soon overboard. The winds will rise, the surges will beat, you will be ready to sink; cry faithfully, and in time with the apostles, Lord, save us, or we perish.

(9.) Lastly, the sea is that great cistern, that sends water over all the earth, conveying it through the veins, the springs, till those dispersed waters become rivers, and then those rivers run back again into the sea. This vast world scattereth abroad her riches; drives and derives them by certain passages, as by conduit-pipes, unto many men. The rich man shall have many springs to feed him with wealth; the east and west winds shall blow him profit; industry, policy, fraud, luck shall contend to give his dition the addition of more wealth. At length when these springs have made a brook, and these brooks a river, this river runs again into the sea. When the rich man hath sucked the world long, at last absorbetur à mundo, he is sucked up of the world. Whatsoever it gave him at many times, it takes away at once. War, exile, prison, displeasure of greatness, suits of law, death, empty that river in one moment, that was so many years a filling.

Man's wealth is like his life; long a breeding, soon extinct. Man is born into the world with much pain, nursed with much tenderness, kept in childhood with much care, in youth with much cost. All this time is spent in expectation. At last, being now (upon the point) a man, the prick of a sword kills him. Even so is our wealth piled, so spoiled; the world, like some politic tyrant, suffering us to scrape together abundant riches, that it may surprise us and them at once.

Innumerable other relations would the world and the sea afford us. I desire not to say all, but enough; and enough I have said, if the affections of any soul present shall hereby distaste the world, and grow heavenly. Oh, what is in this sea worth our dotage! what not worth our detestation! The sins of the world offend our God; its vanities hurt ourselves; its only good blessings serve for our godly use, and to help us in our journey. But we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. Pray we, that this sea infect us not, especially drown us not. Though we lose, like the mariners in

the prophecy of Jonah, our wares, our goods, our vessel, our liberties, yea our lives, let us keep our faith. It is the most dangerous shipwreck, that this naufragous world can give, the shipwreck of faith. They write of the serpent, that he exposeth all his body to the blow of the smiter, that he may save his head. So lose we our riches, our houses, lands, liberties, lives; but keep we faith in our Head, Jesus Christ.

Though we live in the world, let us not love the world, saith St John. Not fashion ourselves to it, saith St Paul; hate the vices, the villanies, the vanities of it. Think it easier, for that to pervert thee, than for thee to convert that. Water will sooner quench fire, than fire can warm water. A little wormwood embitters a good deal of honey; but much honey cannot sweeten a little wormwood. Call we then on our God to preserve us, that the evil of the world infect us not. Aristotle saith, if a man take a vessel of earth new and raw, close up the mouth thereof, throw it into the salt sea, letting it lie there a day or two; when he takes it up, he shall find fresh water in it. Though we be soused in this ocean-world, yet if the Spirit of grace seal us up, the brinish waters of sin shall not enter us; but we shall be vessels of grace here, hereafter of glory.

If I have been somewhat long on the sea, you will excuse me. It is a great and vast element to travel over in so short a time. Some observations I have given you, that I might not cross the world without some fruit of my voyage. Only what I have spoken of the waters, let it not be drowned in the waters, as the proverb saith, not perish in your memories, without some fruit in your lives.

2. The next circumstance gives the world, not only for a sea, but mare vitreum, a sea of glass. You see, I must carry you further on this element, and yet at last leave many coasts unvisited, much smothered in silence. Let not all be via navis, as the wise man speaketh, the way of a ship on the sea, leaving no track or print in your remembrances.

This glassy attribute shall give us observable three properties in the world. (1.) Colour. (2.) Slipperiness. (3.) Brittleness. As certainly as you find these qualities in glass, expect them in the world.

(1.) Colour.—There is a glassy colour congruent to the sea. So Virgil insinuates, describing the Nereides, certain marine nymphs.

Milesia vellera nymphæ

Carpebant hyali saturo fucata colore.

And not far removed,

Vitreisque sedilibus omnes

Obstupuere;—

Which is spoken, not in respect of the matter, but of the colour, and perspicuity. So Ovid in an epistle.

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus amne,

Fons sacer.

All the beauty of glass consists in its colour; and what in the world, that is of the world, is commendable, *præter colorem*, besides the colour? A cottage would serve to sleep in, as well as a sumptuous palace, but for the colour. Russets be as warm as silks, but for the glittering colour. The Egyptian bond-women give as much content, as Queen Vashti, but for the colour. The beauty of the fairest women is but skin deep, which if nature denies, art helps them to lay on colours. And when they are most artificially complexioned, they are but walking and speaking pictures. It is the colour of gold that bewitcheth the avarous; the colour of jewels that make the ladies proud. If you say, these are precious and comfortable in themselves, then feed on them, and try if those metals can (without meat) keep your life and soul together.

The truth is, man's corporal eye sees nothing but colour. It is the sole indefinite object of our sight, whithersoever we direct it. We see but the lay part of things with these optic organs. It is the understanding, the soul's interior eye, that conceives and perceives the latent virtues. All that we outwardly behold, is but the fashion of the world; and St Paul saith, 'The fashion of the world perisheth,' 1 Cor. 7:31. The colour fades, and the splendour of things is decayed. That if the world, like aged and wrinkled Helen, should contemplate her own face in a glass; she would wonder, that for her beauty's sake Troy should be sacked and burned; man's soul endangered to eternal fire.

Oh how is the splendour and glory of the world bated and impaired since the original creation! The sky looks dusky; the sun puts forth a drowsy head; as if he were no longer, as David once described him, like a 'Bridegroom coming out of his chamber, or a strong man rejoicing to run his race.' The moon looks pale, as if she were sick with age; and the stars do but twinkle, as if they were dim, and looked upon the earth with spectacles. The colours of the rainbow are not so radiant, and the whole earth shews but like a garment often dyed, destitute of the native hue.

It is but colour that delights you, ye worldlings. Esau lusts for the pottage, because they look red; and the drunkard loves the wine, because it looks 'red, and sparkles in the cup,' Prov. 23:31. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.' What babes are we, to be taken by these colours that only please the eye, or the sensual part of man, and harm the soul! like children that play with glass, till they cut their fingers.

Avicen saith, that glass among stones is as a fool amongst men; for it takes all paint, and follows precious stones in colour, not in virtue. So does this world give colours to her riches, as if there were some worth and virtue in them, till we are cozened of heavenly and substantial treasures by over-prizing them. No matter, saith Isidore, is more apt to make mirrors, or to receive painting, than glass. So

men deck the world, as the Israelites did their calf, and then superstitiously dote upon it, as Pygmalion on his carved stone.

But can colour satisfy? Is man's imaginative power so dull and thick as to be thus pleased? Shall a man toil to dig a pit, and laboriously draw up the water; and then must he sit by and not drink, or drink and not have his thirst quenched? Yes: thus do we long after earthly things, which obtained, give us no full content; thus disregard spiritual and heavenly, whereof but once tasting, we go away highly satisfied. Say, then, with Bernard—

Oh bone Jesu, fons indeficiens,

Humana corda reficiens:

Ad te curro, te solum sitiens:

Tu mihi salus sufficiens.

Oh, Jesus, fountain ever flowing,

Thy graces on man's soul bestowing!

To thee I run with thirsty heart,

And none shall want, though I have part.

For others it shall be said, 'Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness,' Psa. 52:7. But the faithful 'shall be like a green olive-tree in the house of God,' ver. 8; and of as fresh a blee* as Daniel, whom the mercy of God, wherein he trusts, waters for ever and ever. The colour of this glassy sea vanisheth, like the beauty of a flower; and when it is withered, who shall revive it? Rub your eyes, and look on this world better: it hath but a surphulled cheek, a coloured beauty, which God shall one day scour off with a flood of fire. Trust not this glass for reflection, as if it could present

you truly to your own judgments. It is but a false glass, and will make you enamoured both of yourselves and it, till at last, the glass being broken, the sea swallows you. Thus for the colour.

(2.) Glass is a slippery metal. A man that walks on it had need be shod as the Germans, that slide upon ice. But go we never so steady on this glassy sea, even the just man falls seven times a day. How soon are we tripping in our most considerate pace! David said he would take heed to his ways; but how soon did his foot slide upon this glass! Psa. 94:18. 'When I said, my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.' Let us all pray with him: 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' And if we have stood, let us magnify him in the next psalm. 'Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip.' For the wicked, how surely soever they think themselves fixed in this world, yet, Psa. 73:18, they are set in slippery places. They talk of strong and subtle wrestlers; but the cunningest wrestler of all is the world: for whose heels hath it not tripped up? The wisest Solomon, the strongest Samson, have been fetched up by this wrestler, and measured their lengths on the ground. How dangerous, then, is it to run fast on this sea, where men are scarce able to stand! No marvel, if you see them fall in troops, and lie in heaps, till with their weight they crack the glass, and topple into the depth.

There you shall see a knot of gallants laid along this glass, that have run headlong at pride. There, a corporation of citizens, that have run at riches. Here, a rabble of drunkards, that ran apace to the tavern. There, a crew of cheaters, that posted as fast to Tyburn. Thus the devil laughs to see men so wildly running after vanity, and this glassy sea so easily hurling up their heels. It is reported of the Irish, that they dig deep trenches in the ground, and pave the surface over with green turfs, that their suspectless enemies may think it firm ground. This world is the devil's vaulty sea, full of trenches and swallows, which he paves over with glass. The way seems smooth, but it is slippery. His intention is mischievous, ut lapsu graviore ruamus, that we may have the surer and sorer fall. He that walks on this slippery

glass had need of three helps: circumspect eyes, sober feet, and a good staff in his hand.

First, He must keep his eyes in his head. Eph. 5:15, 'See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.' Pliny writes of the eagle, that when she would make the stag her prey, she lights down between his horns, whence he cannot shake her; and with dust ready laid up in her feathers, she so filleth his eyes, that he being blinded, breaks his own neck from some high cliff or mountain. If the devil can blind a man's eyes with the dust of vanities, he will easily fling him down on this slippery glass, and drown him in this dangerous sea. Neither must our eyes only be careful to descry our way, but of sound and faithful discretion, not to be deluded with the spectacles, which this glassy sea presents, so retarding our journey to heaven. Pliny reports, that when the hunter hath stolen away the tigress's whelps, he scatters in the way great mirrors of glass, wherein, when the savage creature looks, she, seeing herself presented, imagines these to be her young ones; and whilst she is much troubled to deliver them, the hunter escapes. If we stand gazing on the glassy mirrors of this world, fame, honour, beauty, wealth, wantonness, thinking we see therein presented those dear joys we should seek for, behold, Satan in the mean time doth insensibly rob us of them. Let us look well about us: we walk upon glass.

Secondly, He must have sober feet. He had not need be drunken, that walks upon glass. If he be drunken with the vanities of this world, he may mistake himself, as that drunkard did, who, seeing the resultant light of the stars shining in the water about him, thought he had been translated into heaven; and rapt in a great joy, fell a waving, as he imagined, in the air, till he fell into the water, not without peril of life. He that is spiritually drunk may, in like sort, imagine the stars to be fixed in this glassy sea, which are indeed in heaven; and that the world can afford those true joys, which are only to be found above. I have heard of some coming out of a tavern well lined with liquor, that, seeing the shadows of the chimneys in the street made by the moon, have took them for great blocks, and down on their knees to

climb and scramble over them. So worldlings that are drunk, but not with wine, enchanted with earthly vanities, think every shadow which is put in their way to heaven a great block, and they dare not venture. Sober feet are necessarily required to our travel on this glassy sea.

Thirdly, Lastly and mostly, He that would walk stedfastly on this glassy sea, had need of a good staff to stay him. The best and surest, and that which will not let him fall, or if he do fall, will soon raise him, is that David speaketh of, Psa. 23:4, God's staff. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me;' confortant—make me strong, bear and hold me up.

Egypt is but a 'broken reed.' He that leans on it shall find the splinters running into his hand; and cursed is he that makes flesh his arm: but who leans faithfully on this staff, shall never perish. Thus you have heard this glassy world's slipperiness.

(3.) This glass denotes brittleness. Proverb and experience justify this. As brittle as glass: a fit attribute to express the nature of worldly things; for glass is not more fragile. 'The word passeth away, and the lust thereof,' saith St John, 1 John 2:17. Man himself is but brittle stuff, and he is the noblest part of the world. 'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he flieth as a shadow, and continueth not.'

'Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.'

Let him have an ample portion in this life, and 'his belly be filled with God's hidden treasures,' Ps. 17:14. Let him be 'full of children, and leave the rest of his substance to his babes.' Let him be happy in his lands, in his children, in his success, and succession. 'Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; thou shalt diligently consider his place, and shalt not find it,' Ps. 36:10.

Glass, whiles it is melting hot and soft, is pliable to any form; but cold and hard, it is brittle. When God first made the world, it was malleable to his working hand, to his commanding word; for he spake the word, and things were created. The next time he toucheth it, it shall break to pieces like a potsherd. 'The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up,' 2 Pet. 3:10. Isidore mentions one that came to Tiberius the emperor with a vial of glass in his hand; and throwing it down to the ground it brake not, but only was bent, which he straightened again with his hammer. But, saith the same author, the emperor hanged him for his skill. How pleasing an invention should that false prophet make, that should come and tell the covetous worldling, or luxurious epicure, that this glassy world is not brittle, but shall abide ever! But serve him as the emperor did, hang him up for an atheistical liar that so speaks.

The decay of the parts argues the dotage of the whole. Ætna, Parnassus, Olympus are not so visible as they were. The sea now rageth where the ground was dry; and fishes swim where men walked. Hills are sunk, floods dried up, rocks broken, towns swallowed up of earthquakes; plants lose their force, and planets their virtue. The sun stoops like an aged man; as weary of his course, and willing to fall asleep. All things are subject to violence and contrariety, as if both the poles were ready to ruinate their climates. 'The end of all things is at hand,' 1 Pet. 4:7; when

'Compage soluta,

Sæcula tot mundi suprema coaggeret hora.'

God hath given us many signs of this. Portenta, quasi porro tendentia. Signa habent, si intelligantur, linguam suam. Signs have their language, if they could be rightly understood. Ultima tribulatio multis tribulationibus prævenitur. There are many calamities preceding the last and universal calamity of the world. No comet, but

threatens; no strange exhalations, alterations, seeming combustion in the heavens, but demonstrate the general deluge of fire that shall destroy all.

'Nunquam futilibus percanduit ignibus æther.'

As God's tokens in the plague pronounce the infallibility of instant death, so these signs of the world's sickness are avant-couriers of its destruction.

Men are desirous to buy the calendar, that in the beginning of the year they may know what will betide in the end; what dearth, or what death, will ensue. Behold, Christ and his apostles give us a prognostication in the Scriptures: foretelling by signs in the sun, moon, stars, in the universal decay of nature, and sickness of the world, what will happen in this old year, what in the new year, which in the world to come. The mathematicians and astronomers of the earth never dreamt of a universal eclipse of the sun, only Christ's almanac reports this, Matt. 24.

All beings are of one of these four sorts: Some are from everlasting, not to everlasting. Some to everlasting, not from everlasting. One only thing is both from, and to, everlasting. The rest are neither to, nor from, everlasting.

First, Some are from everlasting, not to everlasting: as God's eternal decrees, which have an end in their determined time, but had no beginning. So God, before all worlds, determined the sending of his Son to die for us, Acts 2:23; but he came 'in the fulness of time,' saith the apostle, Gal. 4:4. This decree had no beginning; it had an ending.

Secondly, Some are to everlasting, not from everlasting: as angels, and men's souls, which had a beginning in time, but shall never end; because they are created of an immortal nature.

Thirdly, One only thing, which is indeed ens entium, God himself, is both from everlasting and to everlasting. For he is an uncreated and

eternal subsistence: Alpha and Omega; that First and Last, that had neither beginning nor shall have ending. Whom Plato called τὸ ὄν; and he calls himself by Moses ὁ ὢν, 'that was, that is, and that is to come;' the same for ever.

Fourthly, Other things are neither from everlasting, nor to everlasting; for they had a beginning, and shall have an end. Of this sort are all worldly things. God will give them their end as he is Omega, that gave them their creation as he is Alpha. All these things do decay, and shall perish.

'Mors etiam saxis, nominibusque venit.'

Death shall extend its force even upon stones and names.

Who can then deny this world to be brittle? We see how slowly the tired earth returns us the fruits which we trusted her bowels with. Her usury grows weak, like a decayed debtor, unable to pay us the interest she was wont.

'Ni vis humana quotannis

Maxima quæque manu legeret.*

The world is lame, and every member, as it were, out of joint. It caught a fall in the cradle, as Mephibosheth by falling from his nurse; and the older it waxeth, the more maimedly it halteth. Sin entered presently after the world's birth, and gave it a mortal wound. It hath laboured ever since of an incurable consumption. The noblest part of it, man, first felt the smart; and in his curse both beasts and plants received theirs. It fell sick early in the morning; and hath now languished in a lingering lethargy, till the evening of dissolution is at hand.

Now, since the world is a sea, and so brittle a sea of glass, let us seek to pass over well, but especially to land well. A ship under sail is a good sight; but it is better to see her well moored in the haven. Be

desirous of good life, not of long life: the shortest cut to our haven is the happiest voyage. Who would be long on the sea? If a storm or wreck do come, let us save the best good. Whatsoever becomes of the vessel, thy body, make sure to save the passenger, thy soul, 'in the day of the Lord Jesus.' I have now done with the sea, and for this point here cast anchor.

II. Thus far we have surveyed this glassy sea, the world, in regard of itself. The other two attributes concern Almighty God's holding and beholding, guarding and regarding, his seeing and overseeing it. Et videt, et providet: he contemplates, he governs it. His inquisition, and his disposition, are here insinuated. Somewhat (and not much) of either.

1. That God may most clearly view all things being and done in this world, it is said to be in his sight as clear as crystal. As in crystal there is nothing so little but it may be seen; so there is nothing on earth said or done, so slight or small, that it may escape his all-seeing providence. *Omnia sunt nuda et patentia oculis ejus.* 'There is no creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him, with whom we have to do,' Heb. 4:13. In vain men hope to be hid from God. 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' Ps. 94:9. All the earth is full of his glory. 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?' Ps. 139:7. It is there amply proved, that neither heaven nor hell, nor uttermost part of the sea, nor day nor night, light nor darkness, can hide us from his face. 'For thou hast possessed my reins, thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.' Our sitting, walking, lying down, or rising up; the thoughts of our hearts, works of our hands, words of our lips, ways of our feet; our reins, bones, bosoms, and our mothers' wombs, wherein we lay in our first infirmity, are well known unto him.

Qualis, mihi dicite, Deus censendus est;

Qui cuncta cernit, ipse autem non cernitur!

said an old poet. 'The Lord hath seven eyes, which run to and fro through the whole earth,' Zech. 4:10. He is totus oculus. Let us not flatter ourselves with those, Ps. 10, that 'say in their heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it; 'and so endeavour to pluck out the eye of knowledge itself. But there is neither couch in chamber, nor vault in the ground, clouds of day, darkness of night, bottoms of mountains, nor holes of rocks, nor depth of seas, secret friend, nor more secret conscience, heaven nor hell, that can obscure or shadow us from the eye of the Lord. Wheresoever we are, let us say with Jacob, 'The Lord is in this place, though we be not aware of it,' Gen. 28:17.

Oh, the infinite things and actions that the eye of God sees at once in this crystal glass of the world! Some caring to come out of debt, others to get into debt. Some delving for gold in the bowels of the earth, others in the bowels of the poor. Some buying and bargaining, others cheating in the market. Some praying in their closets, others quaffing in taverns. Here some raising their houses, there others ruining them. *Alterum consummantem matrimonium, alterum consumentem patrimonium* One marrying and going to the world, another miscarrying, the world going from him. There run honour and pride *æquis cervicibus*. There walks fraud cheek by jowl with a tradesman. There stalks pride with the pace of a soldier, but habit of a courtier, striving to add to her own stature, feathered on the crown, corked at the heels, light all over, stretching her legs, and spreading her wings like the ostrich, with ostentation of great flight; but, *nil penna, sed usus*, not an inch higher or better. There slugs idleness; both hands are in its bosom, while one foot should be in the stirrup. Halloo in his ear, preach to him; if he will not waken, prick him with goads; let the corrective law disple* him; he cries not *Fodere nescio*, but *Fodere nolo*; not, I know not how to dig, but I will not dig,

Here halts opinion, lame, not with the shortness but length of his legs, one foot too long that mars the verse. There runs policy, and moves more with an engine than many men can do with their hands, leading life after this rule: *si occulte, bene*; if close enough, well

enough. There hurries the papist to the mass, and his wife, the catholic, equivocate before a competent judge, though Christ would not before a Caiaphas, climbing to salvation by an attorney, and likely to speed by a proxy.

There slides by the meagre ghost of malice, her blood drunk up, the marrow of her bones wasted, her whole body like a mere anatomy. There fly a crew of oaths like a flight of dismal ravens, croaking the 'plague to the house' where the swearer is, Zech. 5:3. Nay, ruin to the whole land, Jer. 23. 'For oaths the land mourneth.' Here reels drunkenness with swollen eyes, stammering feet, befriended of that poor remnant of all his wealth (the richly stocked grounds, richly furnished house, richly filled purse, are all wasted, and nothing is left rich but), the nose. There goes murder from Aceldama, the field of blood, to Golgotha, the place of dead souls, and from thence to Hinnom, the valley of fire and torments. There see atheism projecting to displant the paradise of God, and turn it to a wilderness of serpents. Heaven is held but a poet's fable, and the terrors of hell, like Hercules' club in the tragedy, of huge bulk, but rags and straw are the stuffing. Creatures that have a little time on earth, and then vanish. Tu qui dicis, transit Christianus, ipse transis sine Christianis. Thou that sayest the Christians perish, dost perish thyself and leave the Christians behind thee. Whither go these atheists? I believe not to heaven, for they believe there is no heaven. They shall never have those joys they would not believe. They are not in hell neither; there is no atheist. Where then? In hell they are indeed, but not as atheists. They no sooner put their heads within those gates but atheism drops off; they believe and feel now there is a God.

There you shall hear hypocrites, a pipient brood, cackling their own ripeness when they are scarce out of their shells; whose words and works differ, as it is seen in some tap-houses, when the painted walls have sober sentences on them as, 'Fear God, honour the king,' 'Watch and pray,' 'Be sober,' &c., and there is nothing but drunkenness and swearing in the house. There is ignorance, like a stricken Sodomite, groping for the way; nay, indeed, neither discerning nor desiring it.

He sees neither numen nor lumen, neither diem, the daylight of the gospel, nor Deum, the God of day and gospel.

There goes slovenly faction, like a malcontent, that, with incendiary scruples, labours to divide Judah from Israel. It was a strange doom that Valens the emperor gave against Procopius, causing him to be tied to two great trees bowed forcibly together, and so his body to be pulled asunder; that would have pulled asunder the body of the empire. The humourists thrust themselves into this throng, or else I would have spared them; but truth of love to some must not prejudice love of truth in any. If they had as imperative tongues and potential hands, as they have optative minds, they would keep an infinitive stir in the lacerated church. God sees the malicious Jesuit calling up a parliament of devils to plot treasons. He hears their damnable consultations, and observes them, whiles they apparel blood-red murder and black conspiracy in the white robes of religion. He saw Garnet plotting in his study, and Faux digging in the vault, and meant to make the pit, which they digged for others, swallow themselves.

He beholds, as in a clear mirror of crystal, all our impurities, impieties, our contempt of sermons, neglect of sacraments, dishallowing his Sabbaths. Well, as God sees all things so clearly, so I would to God we would behold somewhat. Let us open our eyes, and view in this crystal glass our own works. Consider we a little our own wicked courses, our perverse ways on this sea. Look upon this angle of the world, for so, we think, Anglia signifies; how many vipers doth she nurse and nourish in her indulgent bosom, that wound and sting her? The landlords' oppression, usurers' extortion, patrons' simony, commons' covetousness; our unmercifulness to the poor, over-mercifulness to the rich, malice, ebriety, pride, profanation—these, these are the works that God sees among us; and shall we not see them ourselves? Shall we be utter strangers to our own doings? 'Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God,' 1 Cor. 6:9. Let not us then be such. 'Let us not

be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another,' Gal. 5:26. Methinks here, vain-glory stalks in like a mountebank gallant, provocation like a swaggering roarer, and malice like a meagre and melancholy Jesuit. All these things we do, and God sees in the light; and in the light we must repent them, or God will punish them with everlasting darkness. You see how the world is clear to God's eye as crystal.

2. Lastly, this glassy sea is not only as crystal for its transparent brightness, that the Almighty's eye may see all things done in it. But it lies, for situation, before his throne, generally for the whole, and particularly for every member, subject to his judgment and governance.

His throne signifies that impartial government which he exerciseth over the world. 'The Lord shall endure for ever; he hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness,' Ps. 9:8, 9. Neither is it all for judgment; there is not only a terrible thunder and lightning flashing from his throne, but out of it proceed comfortable voices speaking the solaces of the gospel, and binding up the broken-hearted. Therefore it is said, ver. 3, there is a 'rainbow about the throne,' which is a sign of God's covenant, a seal of his eternal mercy towards us. This is round about the seat, that God can look no way but he must needs see it. So that to the faithful this throne is not terrible: 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need,' Heb. 4:16. If there be the fire of judgment, there is also the rain of mercy to quench it.

Neither is this a transitory throne, subject to changes and schemes, as all earthly thrones are; but (Heb. 1:8), 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.' 'He shall reign ever the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end,' Luke 1:33.

He that sits on the throne is not idle; to let all things in the world run at sixes and sevens; but *omnia non solum permissa a Deo, sed etiam immissa*. So disposing all things, that not only the good are ordained by him, but even the evil ordered. The sin is of man, the disposition of God. But let God alone with *oportet necessitatis*; let us look to *oportet officii*. Sennacherib cannot do what he lists, God can put a bridle in his lips, a hook in his nostrils: 'O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation,' Jer. 10:6. 'Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations; and with thee will I destroy kingdoms,' Jer. 51:20. *Ulterius ne tende odiis*; go no further upon God's wrath, thou desperate, wicked man. Gregory Nazianzen speaks of the emperor Valentine, infected with the Arian heresy, that being about to write with his own hand the proscription and banishment of Basil, the pen thrice refused to let fall any ink. But when he would needs write, such a trembling invaded his hand, that his heart being touched, he sent presently and recanted what he had written. But I press this point no further, having in other places liberally handled it.

The four beasts, in ver. 8, 'rest not day nor night, saying Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' The fathers, from these words, observe the mystery of trinity in unity, and of unity in trinity—that God is thrice called holy, signifies the trinity; that our Lord God Almighty, the unity. *Quid est, quod ter Sanctus dicitur, si non trina est in Divinitate persona? Cur semel Dominus Deus dicitur, si non est una in Divinitate substantia?** Let us then, with the four-and-twenty elders, fall down before him that sits on the throne, ascribing worship to him that liveth for ever; and casting our crowns to the ground, renouncing our own merits, sing to the eternal Unity, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' Amen.

PRESUMPTION RUNNING INTO DESPAIR

'They said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.—REV. 6:16.

THIS verse may be distinguished into error and terror; the error of the reprobate, the terror of the judge. Their error is manifested in their invocation, in which we may observe: to what? mountains and rocks; for what? to fall on them, to hide them.

Thus their amazed error and ignorance is expressed in their prayer. For the terror the Judge is described by his omniscience, 'from the face of him that sitteth on the throne;' his omnipotence, 'from the wrath of the Lamb.'

Every circumstance serves to aggravate their folly and desperate fear. 1. They fear God, but too late. 2. They open their lips to confess the invincible power of Christ; before they were either dumb in silence or blasphemous in contumelies. 3. They pray to the mountains and rocks, which hear them not. 4. To fall on them, which they dare not. 5. To hide them, which they cannot. 6. They beg to be concealed from him that is all eye, from the face of him that sits on the throne. 7. To be protected from him that is all power, 'from the wrath of the Lamb.'

Before we come to their error and matter of their invocation, let us examine two things: what they were, and what they did.

1. The persons thus amazed* with error and amazed with terror are described in the precedent verse: 'The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, the bond, and the free, hid themselves in the dens and rocks of the mountains.' The greatness of man, when it comes to encounter with God, is weakness and vanity. Is the reprobate a king? The crown on his head is not thunderproof; lift he his sceptre never so high, there is a sceptre of justice shall smite it down.

Is he great in his country, that (as they write of the sea about the castle of Mina) the current goes ever with the wind of his will? Be he never so high, there is one 'higher than he, and the Highest of all regardeth it,' Eccles. 8:5, and will subject it.

Is he rich? Were he the eldest son of Mammon, and sole heir to all the usurers in the world, can his gold save him? Is vengeance afraid to strike his vessel because his sails be of silk and it is ballasted with refined ore? Shall he buy out his damnation with coin? No, the Samuel of heaven will never take bribes.*

Is he a chief captain? Be his looks never so stern, his speech never so imperious, impetuous, he may command here and go without. Were he general of Xerxes' army, yet he shall find the words of the psalm truth, 'Man is not saved by the multitude of an host.'

Is he mighty? Were he, as Alexander thought himself, till he saw his own blood, the son of Jupiter Hammon, yet woe to man when he shall wrestle with his Maker. Proud worm, he may dare to lift up his head, but shall quickly be trodden into slime. When the Lord of hosts is angry, whose wrath shakes the earth and burns to the bottom of hell, who shall proudly without confusion look him in the face? Silly giant of men, that thou shouldest dare to grapple, to parley, yea, so much as to look at God! Lo, greatness!

Time was when, if a friend in the court shall say to thee, as Elisha to the Shunamite, 'What is to be done for thee? Wouldest thou be

spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?' 2 Kings 4:13, it would have seemed as high a gratifying and ratifying of his love to thee as thou couldst have desired or he expressed. What favour will it be at this day to be spoken for to all the kings of the earth, 'great men, rich men, mighty captains?' Alas! they have need to be spoken for themselves. The greatest potentate, if reprobate, hath now his honour laid in the dust, and from a public throne he creeps into a hole. As ambitious Herod received his pride and glory (with derogation to God, vox Dei) in a theatre, so now his shame and confusion is in the sight of the whole world, of good and bad angels, of good and bad men. Sennacherib, in his ruff, could once say, 'Where is the king of Hamath, and the king of Arphad, the king of the city of Sepharvaim, Zena, and Ivah?' Isa. 37:13. But now where is the king of Ashur? Thus 'God leadeth princes away spoiled, and overthroweth the mighty,' Job 12:19, 21. For their wickedness, 'he poureth contempt upon princes.' Then shall be manifest the irresistible power and unblameable justice of God, 'who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: stretching out the heavens as a curtain, and spreading them as a tent to dwell in. He bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity,' Isa. 40:22, 23.

What privilege, then, do these inferior authorities bring with them, that the bondman should thus strive to be free, the freeman to be mighty, the mighty to be a chief captain, the chief captain to be rich, the rich to be great, the great to be kings, till, in their opinion, nil restat quod præstat, nothing remains to be aspired to. Whereas to these men, omnia in præsentia parva, in fine nulla, post finem mala, all is for the present little; for ut luna, sic sublunaria, as the moon itself, so all things under it are subject to eclipses and changes. In the end they are nothing; death, when the game is done, shuffling king and pawn into one bag. After the end found evil things; for et perduntur et perdunt, they are both lost themselves, and lose their owners.

These so popular wonders, the terror of slaves and mirror of fools, on whom the eye of the world was fixed with admiration, are glad to hide themselves in holes. Where are you, ye great men, that were so ambitious of fame, and made human praise stand in competition with conscience, as if it were the better mistress and worthy of more servants? Alas! glad to be shrouded in holes; your greatness now wisheth itself so little that it might not be seen. You insatiate covetous, that never ceased joining house to house, land to land, and possessing whole countries, yet whined for lack of elbow-room; lo, you shall at this day be glad of a hole, a dark hollow cave in a rock, for your parlour, or more glad if you might be dissolved into nothing.

2. 'They said:' We have described the persons, what they were. Let us see what they did. They said: They open their lips to confess the invincible and inevitable power of Christ. Whence derive we two observations.

(1.) The sense of present misery takes away atheism. Before, their mouths were either shut by silence or opened by blasphemies; possessed either with a dumb or a roaring devil. 'God was not in all their thoughts,' Ps. 10:4; or if in their thoughts, not in their lips; or if in their lips, but to his dishonour; not named but in their oaths. Now, lo, they speak, and make a desperate acknowledgment of that power they erst derided. The day of judgment, when it comes, shall find no atheist. What those degenerate creatures would not believe they shall see; they would not acknowledge their Maker, they shall find their Judge, and cry to the mountains, Fall on us, &c.

Consider this 'ye that forget God, lest you be torn in pieces when there is none to deliver you,' Ps. 50:22. You may forget him during your short pleasure, you shall remember him for ever in torture. Proceed to 'speak of him wickedly, and like enemies to take his name in vain,' Ps. 139:20, you shall one day fall low before his footstool, not with a voluntary, but enforced, reverence. You that have denied God on earth, the first voice that shall come from your lips shall be a hopeless acknowledgment of his majesty.

(2.) The saying that comes from them is desperate; whence note that, in God's just punishment, desperation is the reward of presumption. They that erst feared too little, shall now fear too much. Before, they thought not of God's justice, now they shall not conceive his mercy. Consciences that are without remorse are not without horror. It is the kindness which presumptuous sin doeth the heart, to make it at last despair of forgiveness. 'They say.'

Behold, God accuseth not, they accuse themselves. God loves to have a sinner accuse himself, and therefore sets his deputy in the breast of man; which, though it be a neuter when the act is doing, is an adversary afterwards. The conscience is like the poise of a clock; the poise being down, all motion ceaseth, the wheels stir not; wound up, all is set on going. Whiles conscience is down there is no noise or moving in the heart, all is quiet; but when it is wound up by the justice of God, it sets all the wheels on working,—tongue to confess, eyes to weep, hands to wring, breast to be beaten, heart to ache, voice to cry; and that, where mercy steps not in, a fatal cry, to the hills, 'Fall on us, and hide us.'

Sin and judgment for sin make the most cruel men cowardly. Tyrants whose frowns have been death, oppressors that have made their poor tenants quake at their looks, now tremble themselves, and would change firmness with an aspen leaf. They that care not for the act of sin shall care for the punishment. *Tumidi faciendo, timidi patiendo.* Nero, that could not be tired in cutting throats, is soon weary of his own torment. They that have made others weep, shall desperately howl themselves. Cain, that durst kill the fourth part of the world at a blow, even his own brother, dares afterwards not look a man in the face, lest he should be slain, Gen. 4:14. Who durst be more impudently bold with God than Judas, when he betrayed his only Son to murderers? Yet, after the treason, who more cowardly than Judas? He becomes his own hangman. The curse that follows sin makes presumption itself to shudder. But what madness is it not to complain till too late. If our foresight were but half as sharp as our

sense, we should not dare to sin. The issue of wickedness would appear a thousand times more horrible than the act is pleasant.

Let this teach us now to think of the justice of God as well as his mercy, that hereafter we may think of his mercy as well as his justice. The mercy of God is abused to encourage lewdness, and wretched men by Christ's merits are emboldened to commit that for which he died; but so men may run with mercy in their mouths to hell. They that in life will give no obedience to the law, shall in death have no benefit by the gospel. When they gave themselves over to lying, swearing, coveting, &c., they were wont to cry, Mercy, mercy; now, lo, they feel what those sins are, and cry nothing but Justice, justice; they cannot think on mercy. They that have abused mercy, must be quitted with vengeance. The good now sing, 'With thee, O Lord, is mercy; therefore thou shalt be feared.' The reprobates sing at last, With thee, O Lord, is judgment; with thee is storm and tempest, indignation and wrath, confusion and vengeance, and therefore art thou feared.

These necessary occurrences thus considered, let us pass to their invocation, wherein is exemplified their error. Here we must observe, To what; For what they call.

1. To what.—They are mountains and rocks, unreasonable, yea, insensible creatures. Whence we may deduce two inferences, a negative and an affirmative.

(1.) Negatively, it is clear, that they have no acquaintance with God, therefore know not how to direct their prayers unto him. If their trust had been in God, they needed not to fly to the mountains. So David sweetly, Ps. 11, 'In the Lord put I my trust: how then say you to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?' It is God's charge; 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me,' Ps. 50:15. But, Rom. 10, 'How shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?' Or believe in him they have not known? And how should they know him but by his word? Alas, those

mutual passages and intercourse of means they have ever debarred themselves. They would neither suffer God to trouble them by his word, nor would they offer to trouble him by their prayers. 'They will not call upon him,' Ps. 14:4, nor will they hear him calling upon them.

Therefore as those that never were in the company of God, they know not how to address themselves to him, but rather to rocks and mountains. As extremity discerneth friends, *verè amat, qui miserum amat*, so it distinguisheth a man in himself. A sudden disturbance gives a great trial of a Christian's disposition. For, as in a natural man at such an affrightment, all the blood runs to the heart, to guard the part that is principal, so in a good man, at such an instance, all the powers and faculties run to the soul, to save that which is principal. The blood and spirits strive to save the life of the body; faith and hope to save the life of the soul. So that at the sudden assault of some danger a man shall best judge of his own heart. It may be at other times a dissembler, for 'man's heart is false, who can know it?' yet at such time it will manifest itself, and cannot deceive.

If God hath been our familiar friend and accustomed helper, danger doth not sooner assault us than we salute him by our prayers. The first thought of our hearts is Jesus Christ; the first voice of our lips is Peter's on the sea in such an extremity, 'Lord, save me,' Matt. 14:30; our faith is reposed on his wonted mercy and protection, 'We know whom we have believed.' Daniel calls on God ere he falls to the lions; this stops their mouths.

The wicked, in such misery, are either heavy and heartless, as Nabal, whose 'heart died within him, and he became as a stone,' 1 Sam. 25:37. Or desperate, as Julian, throwing his blood up into the air, with a blasphemous confession. Or sottish, as these here, running to the mountains, unprofitable, unpossible helps. When the blow of vengeance strikes the covetous, he runs to his counting-house; if his bags can give him no succour, he is distracted. If any broken reed be their confidence, in these overwhelming woes, they catch drowning

hold of that; so they and their hopes perish together. There are some whose tongues are so poisoned with blasphemy, that, in an unexpected accident, the very first breath of their lips is a curse or an oath. As if they would swear away destruction, which every ungodly speech draws on nearer. If these men had been acquainted with God in fair weather, they would not forget him in a storm. But they that will have no familiarity with God in peace, shall have him to seek in extremity.

When therefore some sudden peril hath threatened thee with terror, note seriously how thou art affected. Though the danger came unlooked for, let it not pass unthought of; but as thou blessest God for delivery, so examine the good or ill-disposedness of thine own heart. If thou find thyself courageous and heavenly-minded on thy confidence in God, take at once assurance of thy faith and God's mercy. He that now stood by thee, will never leave thee. If otherwise, lament thy sins which darken thy soul's way to the mercy-seat, and beseech Jesus Christ to store thy heart with better comforts. If thy treasure be in heaven, and thy soul hath been used to travel often thither, when danger comes, it knows the way so well that it cannot miss it.

(2.) Affirmatively, this presents a soul amazed with fear and folly. They call to the mountains, that can neither hear nor answer. When the world was destroyed with water, men climbed up to the tops of the mountains; when it shall be dissolved with fire, they will desire the holes of the rocks, to lie under the hills. The mountains are but swellings of the earth, and the rocks are surd things, that have no ears: can they hear? or if they hear, can they answer? or if they answer, can they save? When the graves must vomit up their dead, shall the rocks conceal the living? Those five kings could not be hid in the cave of Makedah from Joshua, Josh. 10:17, and shall any cave hide from Jesus?

Whiles guilt and fear consult of refuge, how vain shifts they imagine! Adam would hide his disobedience in the bushes; Saul his rebellion

in the crowd of the people. So the hood-winked fool seeing nobody, thinks nobody sees him. Helpless evasions! When Adonijah heard the trumpets sounding at Solomon's coronation, he quaked, and 'fled to the horns of the altar,' 1 Kings 1:50. When the ungodly shall hear the archangel's trump proclaiming the coronation of Christ, they have no sanctuary (they never loved it in all their lives), but fly to the rocks and mountains.

The grave is a dark and privative place: yet as a prisoner that comes out of a sordid and stinking dungeon, into the open air for his trial in a desperate cause, had rather keep the prison still; so these reprobates newly raised from the earth, cry to it to receive them again, glad to remain (though not on the face of it with pleasure) in the bowels of it with rottenness and solitude, rather than in the open light to come before the judgment-seat of Christ. The grave is a down-bed to hell. They suddenly start out of their sleep, and meet with ghastly amazedness at the mouth of their sepulchres: beholding on the one side sins accusing, on another side hellish fiends vexing, an anguished conscience burning within, heaven and earth without; above them the countenance of an angry Judge, below them a lake of unquenchable fire, round about howling and bitter lamentation: no marvel then if at the world's end they be at their wits end, and cry to the mountains, 'Fall on us.'

Let all this declare to men the vanity of their worldly hopes. God is the Preserver of men, not hills and rocks. The rich man is brought in upon a premunire, can his gold acquit him in this star chamber? The epicure thinks to drown sorrow in lusty wines; the oppressor mistrusts not the power of his own hand; the proud refugeth his troubled heart in his trunks, the lustful in his punks; what is this but running to rocks and mountains? Thus madly do men commit two errors. They 'forsake the Creator, which would never forsake them, and adhere to the creatures, which can never help them,' Jer. 2:13. 'O Lord, the hope of Israel, all that forsake thee shall be ashamed, and all that depart from thee shall be written in the earth,' Jer. 17:13. Now at this day, perhaps, they would seek to the Lord, but they are

answered, Go to the gods whom ye have served. Lo, then, of these gods they shall be weary, as in Isa. 2, where these very words of my text are delivered, ver. 19, 'They shall go into the holes of the rocks,' &c., it is immediately added, 'In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which he made for himself to worship, to the moles, and to the bats.' Even the spiritual idolater, the covetous, shall throw his images, golden or silver shrines for the Diana of his avarice, his damned coin to combustion, with a væ, Woe unto it, it hath lost my soul; as the sick stomach loathes the meat, whereof it surfeited.

Well, let us leave invocation to these rocks, worldly refuges, and remember that there is One to be called on, who is only able to defend us, a spiritual, holy, and happy rock, Jesus Christ. David often calls God his 'Rock and his Refuge,' Psa. 18:2, and 28:1. A rock that bears up the pillars of the world, 'Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges,' Deut. 32:31. He that builds his house of assurance on this Rock, shall stand immovable to wind or weather; he needs not the shelter of mountains, 'for he shall stand like Mount Sion, that abideth fast for ever,' Psal. 125:1. They that despise him, shall find him a Rock also, 'If they fall on it, they shall be broken: if it fall on them, it will grind them to powder,' Matt. 21:44. He is a stone, the stone, the 'headstone of the corner,' Ps. 118:22. cut out of the quarry of heaven, 'without hands,' Dan 2:45, of whom we are made 'living stones,' 1 Pet. 2:5. He is strong without all things; all things weak without him; trust in him, and you shall have no need to fly to rocks and mountains.

2. For what.—The benefit that they would have the rocks and the mountains do them, is to fall on them and hide them. Whence we derive three observations.

(1.) Despair is ever wishing for death, often impatiently snatching at it in this world; but when the last day comes, so greedily longing for it, that to be sure of it, they desire the mountains to dispatch them. Death by the wicked is now most feared, death at the last shall be the

thing most wished; 'they shall desire death, and shall not find it.' They that sit in the warm nest of riches, hatching up their brood of lusts, quake at the hearing of death. There are some fear to die, others not so much to die as to be dead. The former are cowardly, the other unbelieving souls. Some fear both, to whom nothing in life than life is more desirable. But when this last extremity comes, mori cupiunt, they desire to die. And that death, like a merciless executioner, might not have too many strokes at their lives, they beg help of the mountains, that they may be thoroughly dispatched at once, without need of a second blow. Cain, at his arraignment for his brother, would needs live; God grants it, as if it were too much favour for him to die. But he yields it for a curse, as if he heard his prayer in anger. He lives, but banished from God, carrying his hell in his bosom, and the brand of vengeance in his forehead. God rejects him, the earth repines at him, and men abhor him. Lo now Cain would die; himself now wisheth the death he feared, and no man dares pleasure him with a murder. As Nero in the like case, *Nec amicum, nec inimicum habeo*, I have neither friend nor enemy; or as Saul found in his armour-bearer not a will to kill him, though he had a will to be killed by him. Death these reprobates feared, and only death is now desired. 'They cry to the mountains, Fall on us.'

(2.) Observe that rocks and mountains are far lighter than sin. Zachariah compares it to a talent of lead, Zach. 5; Isaiah calls it a burden, Isa. 21. Such a weight bore our Saviour, that he groaned under it. 'I am pressed under you, as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves,' Amos 2:13. The wicked, that, like Babel-builders, think to aspire to heaven by multiplying of earth, would be glad if, *cumuli tumuli*, their bodies might be buried under their heaps of wealth, where their souls had been buried long before. But what is a load of earth, a mountain huger than Etna, under which Jupiter was said *subter fulminare gigantes*, what is the whole massy body of the earth, to the weight of sin?

Think of it, ye Theomachoi, that strive in your rebellions *imponere Pelion Ossæ*, ye rapacious covetous, that 'load yourselves with thick

clay,' Hab. 2. You lay heavy burdens on the poor, heavier on your consciences. Sin may seem light for a season, as a pack made up, but not assayed, with one of your fingers. When Satan shall lay it on you, it will break your backs. You bear it now like cork and feathers; at that day you shall judge it heavier than rocks and mountains.

Now, in contempt of law and gospel, honesty and conscience, earth and heaven, they call to pride, ambition, blasphemy, ebriety, luxury, oppression, 'Fall on us, and cover us,' wearing 'pride as a chain, and covering themselves with cruelty as with a garment,' Ps. 73:6. Sin lies at the door, and they easily take it up. The devil puts his shoulders under the weight, and, thus supported, they feel it not. But when God's justice shall 'reprove them, and set their sins in order before their eyes,' Ps. 50:21, yea, impose them on their weak and yielding consciences, how different will their cry be? 'Mountains, fall on us; rocks, cover us.' The swearer saying to these heavy creatures, You are lighter than my oaths; the covetous, You are not so ponderous as my oppressions; the adulterer, The whole earth is a gentle pressure to the burden of my lusts.

Custom in sin obstupefies a man's sense, and still, like that Roman Milo, his strength increasing with his burden. He that first carried sin a wanton calf, can at last bear it a goring ox. Men lock up their iniquities, as the usurer his money in a chest, where the light of reproof may not find them out. They pack all their iniquities upon Him that will bear them for none but His; or reserve them to an hour's repentance, setting them a day of cancelling, but they break it, as if their last breath could dispel and scatter them all into air. But, alas! sins then are found heaviest of all, and here, like malefactors pressing to death, they cry out for more weight, the accession of rocks and mountains, to dispatch them. Lo, they are to come before the Judge, therefore would be pressed to death by these ponderous and massy creatures.

The mountains have not been more barren than they of goodness, the rocks not so hard as their hearts. The cross of Christ hath been

held too heavy, repentance too troublesome a guest for their houses, faith and obedience have been cast off as poor friends, all godliness too weighty; now rocks and hills are light. Christ's yoke was not for their shoulders; Satan's must. His law might not be borne, it was so heavy; his wrath must be borne, and that is heavier. Oh, then, thrice-blessed they whose sins God bindeth up in a bundle, and sinks them in the whirlpool of forgetfulness, that they may never be imposed, for they are too heavy to be borne.

(3.) Observe that before these wicked were lords of nations and countries (for they are said to be princes, captains, conquerors, rich men); now they would be glad of one hole to hide them. Of all their dominions they beg but the barrenest parcel, a rock or mountain; and that to do them a poor office, to conceal them. How much doth man's avarice and ambition covet here, how little contents him hereafter! In death the wickedest potentate must be content with a grave. After death he would be content with a grave still; yea, glad if in the bottom of a mountain he might be hidden.

Hear this, ye covetous, that 'join house to house, and land to land,' by disjoining the societies of men, as if you would leave the whole earth to your babes. *Excudit natura redeuntem, sicut intrantem,** Nature shall as strictly examine your going out as it did your coming in. *Nonne telluris tres tantum cubiti te expectant?†* Do not only three cubits of ground allot themselves to receive you? Only a grave remains, and all you that boast of your great lands shall at that day say, *Hæc terra mea, et terra tua,* this is all my land, this is all thy land; even so much room as thy dusts will take up, and all the remainder of mighty Hercules will scarce fill a little pitcher. A little quantity of ground hath nature proportioned thee, didst thou possess as much as ever the tempter shewed Christ? When certain philosophers intently beheld the tomb of Alexander, saith one, *Heri fecit ex auro thesaurum; hodie aurum ex eo facit thesaurum,‡* 'Yesterday he treasured up gold, to-day gold treasures up him.' Another, 'Yesterday the world did not content him, to-day ten cubits contain him.' Socrates carried Alcibiades, bragging of his lands, to a

map of the world, and bade him demonstrate them. Alcibiades could not find them, for, alas! Athens itself was but a small and scarce discernible point. A wiser man spake otherwise of his lands, O Ager, quàm multorum fuisti et eris! nunc meus, et postea nescio cujus, 'O, land, how many men's hast thou been, and shalt be! now mine, and hereafter I know not whose.' So little ground contents us when we are dead.

But when the wicked shall rise again, would it not serve them still with all their hearts? Had they not rather lie in rottenness than combustion? Were not a cold grave more welcome than a hot furnace? Yes, rather had they be dead without sense than alive in torment. Now they beg not a city, though a little one as Zoar; not a house, though poor and bleak as Codrus's; not an open air, though sharp and irksome, scorched with the Indian sun, or frozen with the Russian cold. There is no hope of these favours. Give them but a mountain to fall on them, and a rock to hide them, and they are highly pleased. Here is a strange alteration for the wicked, when they shall go from a glorious mansion to a loathsome dungeon, from the table of surfeit to the table of vengeance, from fawning observants to afflicting spirits, from a bed of down to a bed of fire, from soft linen and silken coverings to wish a rock for their pillow and a mountain for their coverlet! Nay, and yet they that commanded so far on earth cannot command this piece of earth to do them such a kindness. They could in the days of their pride speak imperiously enough, 'This land is mine, this town is mine;' as Nabal said, 'Shall I take my meat and my drink?' &c.; but now they feel it was none of theirs, not one hole must shelter them, not one hillock do them service.

Nothing helps when God will smite; mountains and rocks are no defence when God pursues. 'Dost thou think to reign because thou clothest thyself in cedar?' Jer. 22:15. What is cedar against thunder? God hath a hand that can strike through forts, rocks, and bulwarks. The sevenfold walls of Babylon cannot defend the tyrant within them. The heavens 'melt at the presence of the Lord; if he touch the mountains, they smoke' for it. The offspring of the revived world

offer to build a tower whose top might reach to heaven. What security could be in it? Are not things nearer to heaven more subject to the violences of heaven, lightning, thunder, and those higher inflammations! *Ferunt summos fulgura montes. In se magna ruunt, summisque negatum est stare diu.* God soon made it a monument of their folly and his power. He gives confusion of their voices and their work at once. When God rained from heaven that greatest shower that ever the earth did or shall sustain, you know their shifts. They think to overclimb the judgment, and, being got up to the highest mountains, look down with some hope on the swimming valleys. When the water began to ascend up to their refuged hills, and the place of their hope became an island, lo, now they hitch up higher to the tops of the tallest trees, till at last the waters overtake them, half dead with hunger and horror. The mountains could not save them in that day of water, nor shall the mountains in this day of fire. It is not then the defence of forts and ports, the secrecy of caves or graves, the bottom-burrows of hills, or vaulty dens of rocks; not a league with all the elements of the world, beasts of the earth, stones of the street, that can secure them. Be hidden they cannot; what should they then wish but death? They that once trembled to die do now more quake to live; they would be glad of a riddance, and kiss the instrument of their annihilation. They would prize and embrace it as the best happiness that ever saluted them, if, like beasts, they might perish to nothing. Here they envy the stork, stag, raven, oak for long life, and chide nature for their own shortness; but at this day they would change with any flower, though the continuance thereof were not so much as Jonah's gourd's, and think not to be was to be happy. The pangs of the first death are pleasures in respect of the second.

But what hope is there of their security or refuge in mountains, when, ver. 14, 'the very heaven shall depart as a scroll that is rolled up together, and every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places?' So Isa. 34:4. Heaven is *expansum tanquam linteam, et diducta lamina*; but shall then be 'folded up like a garment,' whose beauty is not seen; or 'rolled together like a volume,' Heb. 1:12, whose large contents are, as it were, abridged. Not that the matter of

the world shall be quite abolished; for, as we say now of grace, *Adolet non abolet naturam gratia*, so we may say of justice, *Perficit non destruit mundum justitia*. Corruption shall be taken away, not all the matter that was corrupted. But if all things be thus narrowly searched, how shall the ungodly hope to lie hidden?

II. We have now considered the horror of the reprobates; let us look to the Judge, from whom they desire to be hidden. 'From the presence of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb;' in whom we find an omniscience, and an omnipotence, which circumstances the time allows me but to mention. First, for his all-knowing wisdom:—

1. 'From the face.'—It was ever the fashion of guiltiness, to fly from the presence of God. Adam had no sooner sinned, but he thrusts his head in a bush. Sin's inevitable effect is shame. Though impudence bear it out for a time, 'They were not ashamed when they had committed abomination,' Jer. 6:15; yet they shall one day 'bear the reproach of their sins, and be ashamed, yea even confounded,' 31:19. Shame must come, either first to repentance, 'What fruit had you then in those things, whereof you are now ashamed,' Rom. 6:21; or at last in vengeance, 'Let them be ashamed that transgress without a cause,' Ps. 25:3. Let this teach us how to judge rightly of sin, that drives us from the face of God.

But doth not the glory of the Lord fill all the earth? 'Whither then shall they go from his face: whither fly from his presence?' Ps. 139:7. We shall find the prophet concluding in that psalm, that there is neither heaven nor hell, nor uttermost part of the sea, nor day nor night, light nor darkness, that can hide us from his face. Our sitting, lying down, rising up, the words of our tongues, ways of our feet, thoughts of our heart, our reins, bones, and mothers' wombs, wherein we lay in our first infirmity, are well known to him. Let us not flatter ourselves, as if we would pluck out the eye of knowledge. 'God hideth his face, he will never see us,' Ps. 10:11. For there is neither couch in chamber, nor vault in the ground; neither bottoms

of mountains, nor holes of rocks; neither secret friend, nor more secret conscience; neither heaven nor hell, that can conceal us.

'Of him that sitteth.'—Christ now sits in glory. While he was on earth, how little rested he! He dearly earned that voice before he heard it, 'Sit thou at my right hand:' now behold he sits. Good rest is the reward of good labour. The week of our days spent, we shall have an eternal Sabbath: 'Enter into God's rest,' Heb. 3:11. 'Rest from our labours,' Rev. 14:13. Hast thou laboured? thou shalt have ease: hast thou travelled in the ways of grace? thou shalt sit on the seat of glory.

'On the throne.'—Christ at this day shall appear in his true majesty. On earth he would not be crowned. The reason of his refusal was, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Now he sits in his throne. He hath a kingdom here, but it is secret in the conscience: then it shall be conspicuous, 'sitting in his throne.' His majesty hath been despised; but now, 'Bring those mine enemies that would not have me reign over them, and slay them before me,' Luke 19:27.

Thus differs Christ's first coming and his second. Then in humility, now in glory; then with poor shepherds, now with mighty angels; then the contempt of nations, now the terror of the world; then crowned with thorns, now with majesty; then judged by one man, now judging all men; then in a cratch, now in a throne. You see his all-knowledge; now for his almightiness.

2. 'From the wrath.'—The wrath of Christ in his justice: *Attribuitur ira Deo per effectum*. As man offended seeks revenge, so when God executes judgment, it is called his wrath. But passion in us, perfection in him. He hath long been provoked; give him now leave to strike. You that made so light to trampo his blood under your sensual feet, shall now find what his wrath is. Let us now think of this wrath, that we may escape it. The commination of hell doth not less commend God's providence, than the promise of heaven. *Nisi intentata esset gehenna, omnes in gehennam caderemus.** Now or never is this wrath to be escaped: therefore, 'Kiss the son lest he be

angry, and so ye perish from the way; if his wrath be kindled, yea but a little, blessed are they that put their trust in him,' Ps. 2:12.

'Of the Lamb.'—Christ was called a Lamb in his passion; so here in his coming to judgment, not that he should suffer any more, but to shew that the same Lamb that was slain shall give sentence on his murderers. 'The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son. And hath given him authority to execute judgment, because he is the Son of man,' John 5:22–27, so Acts 17:31, and Rev. 1:7. It shall aggravate their vexation, that the Lamb, who offered his blood for their redemption, shall now censure them for despising it. He that would have been their mediator to pray for them, and their advocate to plead for them, must now be their judge to sentence them. The Lamb that saveth the sheep on the right hand, shall cast off the goats on the left. The Lamb they have contemned, by this Lamb they shall be condemned. Woful men, whom the wrath of the Lamb lights on; for he shall give them an *Ite, maledicti*. What shall then become of them, but to knock at the gates of heaven whiles those gates are standing, and cry for ever to God, but to no purpose?

I have no will to end with a terror; yet no time to sweeten your thoughts with those comforts which faith might suck from this last word, 'the Lamb.' I say no more. The godly shall find him a Lamb indeed, as willing now to save them, as before to suffer for them. He hath purchased, promised, and prepared a kingdom; and they shall 'reign with him that sits on the throne, and with the Lamb for evermore.' To whom be eternal glory! Amen.

HEAVEN-GATE;

OR,

THE PASSAGE TO PARADISE

'And may enter in through the gates into the city.'—REV. 22:14.

IF we supply these words with the first word of the verse, 'blessed,' we shall make a perfect sentence of perfect comfort. 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

In the whole there be premises, and promises.

The premises qualify us; we must be such as are blessed; and who are they? Qui præstant mandata, 'that do his commandments.' The promises crown us, and these are two: First, that we 'may have right to the tree of life,' even that which 'is in the midst of the paradise of God,' Rev. 2:7. From whence the angel, with a flaming sword, shall keep all the reprobate; secondly, Et per portas ingrediantur civitatem, 'and may enter in through the gates into the city;' when without shall be dogs and scorners, &c.; whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

To the last words of the verse I have bound and bounded my discourse; wherein I find three points readily offering themselves to be considered, viz., 1. Motus, motion, 'enter in;' 2. Modus, manner, 'through the gates;' 3. Terminus, place, 'into the city.'

So there is a threefold circumstance.

1. Quid, What? an entrance.
2. Quà, How? through the gates.
3. Quò, Whither? into the city.

1. The motion. 'Enter in.'—They are blessed that enter in; perseverance only makes happy. Our labours must not cease till we

can (with Stephen) see these gates open, and our Saviour offering to take us by the hand, and welcome our entrance. We know who hath taught us, that only 'continuers to the end shall be saved.' It is observable, that in the Holy Spirit's letters sent to those seven churches, in the second and third chapter of this book, all the promises run to perseverers; *vincenti dabitur*, to him that overcomes it shall be given. *Nec paranti ad prælium, nec pugnanti ad sanguinem, multo minus tergiversanti ad peccatum, sed vincenti ad victoriam*. Nor to him that prepares to fight, nor to him that resists to blood, much less to him that shews his back in cowardice, but to him that overcomes to conquest. Demas, seeing this war ran away; fell back to the security of the world. Saul made himself ready to this battle, but he durst not fight—glory and lusts carried him away. Judas stood a bout or two, but the high priest's money made him give over, and the devil took him captive. But Paul fought out this combat even to victory, though 'he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' Gal. 6:17. 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; therefore now there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me,' 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

This is a good life, saith Bernard. *Mala pati, et bona facere, et sic usque ad mortem perseverare*, to suffer evil, to do good, and so to continue to the end. Some came into the vineyard in the morning, some at noon, others later; none received the penny but they that stayed till night. Augustine affirms this to be almost all the contents of the Lord's prayer: *Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done.** Wherein we desire that his name may always be sanctified, his kingdom always propagated, his will always obeyed.

Indeed this grace perfects all graces. We believe in vain, if our faith hold not out to the end; we love in vain, if our charity grow cold at last; we pray in vain, if our zeal grows faint; we strive in vain at the strait gate, if not till we enter. *Venire ad religionem est vera devotio; sed non religiose vivere vera damnatio*; to come to the truth of religion is true devotion; not to live religiously is true damnation.

Man is naturally like a horse that loveth short journeys, and there are few that hold out. Whence it comes that the last are often first, and the first last. 'Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize?' 1 Cor. 9:24. He that hath a good horse can go faster up a hill than down a hill. He that hath a good faith doth as quickly ascend the Mount Zion, as the wicked descend to the valley of Hinnom. If men would as strongly erect themselves upwards, as they direct their courses downwards, they might go to heaven with less trouble than they do go to hell.

But he that at every step looks at every stop, and numbers his perils with his paces, either turns aside faintly, or turns back cowardly. They that go wandering and wondering on their journey, are at the gates of Samaria when they should enter the gates of Jerusalem. God saith, 'I will not leave you,' Heb. 13:5. Will you, then, leave God? One told Socrates that he would fain go to Olympus, but he distrusted his sufficiency for the length of the journey. Socrates told him—Thou walkest every day little or much; continue this walk forward thy way, and a few days shall bring thee to Olympus. Every day every man takes some pains. Let him bestow that measure of pains in travelling to heaven; and the further he goes the more heart he gets, till at last he enter through the gates into the city.

Bernard calls perseverance the only daughter of the highest King, the perfection of virtues, the store-house of good works; a virtue without which no man shall see God.[†] There is a last enemy to be destroyed—death. We must hold out to the conquest even of this last adversary, which, if it conquer us by the sting of our sin, shall send us to the doors of hell; if we conquer it by our faith, it shall send us to the gates of this city—heaven. *Lauda navigantem cum pervenerit ad portum.* All the voyage is lost through the perilous sea of this world, if we suffer shipwreck in the haven, and lose our reward there, where we should land to receive it. What get we, if we keep Satan short of ruling us with his force many hours, when at our last hour he shall snatch our bliss from us? The runner speeds all the way; but when he comes at the race's end to the goal, he stretcheth forth his hand to

catch the prize. Be sure of thy last step, to put forth the hand of faith then most strongly: *Ne perdatür præmium tantis laboribus quæsitum*; lest the reward be lost, which thou with much labour hast aimed at.

It is not enough, *Quærere cœlum, sed acquirere; non Christum sequi, sed consequi*: to seek heaven, but to find it; not to follow Christ, but to overtake him; not to be brought to the gates, but to enter in. 'Many will say to Christ in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?' Matt. 7:22. But the 'Master of the house is first risen, and hath shut to the door,' Luke 13:25. Either they come too soon, before they have gotten faith and a good conscience; or too late, as those foolish virgins, when the gate was shut. If, then, we have begun, let us continue to entrance.* *Cujusque casus tantò majoris est criminis, quantò priusquam caderet, majoris erat virtutis.*† Every man's fault hath so much the more discredit of scandal, as he, before he fell, had credit of virtue. Let us beware that we do not slide; if slide, that we do not fall; if fall, that we fall forward, not backward. 'The just man' often slips, and sometime 'falls,' Prov. 24:16. And this is dangerous; for if a man, while he stands on his legs, can hardly grapple with the devil, how shall he do when he is fallen down under his feet? But if they do fall, they fall forward, as Ezekiel, Ezek. 1:28; not backward, as Eli at the loss of the ark, 1 Sam. 4:18; or they that came to surprise Christ. 'They went backward and fell to the ground,' John 18:6.

Cease not, then, thy godly endeavours, until *Contingas portum, quo tibi cursus erat*. Say we not like the woman to Esdras, whether in a vision or otherwise, when he bade her go into the city—'That will I not do; I will not go into the city, but here I will die,' 2 Esd. 10:18. It is a wretched sin, saith Augustine, after tears for sin, not to preserve innocence. Such a man is washed, but is not clean. *Quia commissa flere desinit, et iterum flenda committit*. He leaves weeping for faults done, and renews faults worthy of weeping. Think not thyself safe, till thou art got within the gates of the city. Behold thy Saviour calling, thy Father blessing, the Spirit assisting, the angels comforting, the word directing, the glory inviting, good men

associating. Go cheerfully, till thou 'enter in through the gates into the city.'

2. The manner. 'Through the gates.'—Not singularly a gate, but gates. For the city is said to have 'twelve gates. On the east three gates, on the north three, on the south three, and on the west three,' Rev. 21:12; to declare that men shall come from all the corners of the world, 'from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God,' Luke 13:29. These gates are not literally to be understood, but mystically: *Pro modo intrandi*, for the manner of entrance. The gates are those passages, whereby we must enter this city.

Heaven is often said to have a gate. 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' saith Christ, Matt. 7:13. 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,' saith the Psalmist, Ps. 24:7. 'This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven,' saith Jacob, Gen. 28:17. There must be gates to a city: they that admit us hither are the gates of grace. So the analogy of the words infer; doing the commandments is the way to have right in the tree of life; obedience and sanctification is the gate to this city of salvation. In a word, the gate is grace; the city is glory.

The temple had a gate called Beautiful, Acts 3:2; but of poor beauty in regard of this gate. Of the gates of the sanctuary spake David, in divers psalms, with love and joy. 'Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise,' Ps. 100:4. This was God's delight. 'The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob,' Ps. 87:2. This was David's election, to be a porter or keeper of the gates of God's house, 'rather than dwell in the tents of wickedness,' Ps. 84:10. This his resolution: 'Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem,' Ps. 122:2. Solomon made two doors for the entering of the oracle. They were made of 'olive trees, and wrought upon with the carvings of cherubins,' 1 Kings 6:32. The olives promising fatness and plenty of blessings, the cherubins holiness and eternity. These are holy gates. Let every one pray with

that royal prophet, 'Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord. This is the gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter,' Ps. 118:19, 20.

In brief, we may distinguish the gates leading to this city into two: adoption and sanctification. Both these meet in Christ, who is the only gate or door whereby we enter heaven. 'I am the door,' saith our Saviour, *janua vitæ*, the gate of life; 'by me if any enter in, he shall be saved,' John 10:9.

(1.) Adoption is the first gate. 'We have received the spirit of adoption,' Rom. 8:15. Without this passage no getting into heaven. The inheritance of glory cannot be given to the children of disobedience; they must first be converted, and adopted heirs in Christ. The grace of God is twofold. There is *gratia gratis agens*, and *gratia gratum faciens*. This second grace, which is of adoption, is never in a reprobate; not by an absolute impossibility, but by an indisposition in him to receive it. A spark of fire falling upon water, ice, snow, goes out; on wood, flax, or such apt matter, kindles. Baptism is the sacrament of admission into the congregation—of insition* and initiation, whereby we are matriculated and received into the motherhood of the church. Therefore the sacred font is placed at the church door, to insinuate and signify our entrance. So adoption is the first door or gate whereby we pass to the city of glory.

This is our new creation, whereat the angels of heaven rejoice, Luke 15:10. At the creation of dukes or earls there is great joy among men; but at our new creation angels and seraphins rejoice in the presence of God. Our generation was *à non esse, ad esse*—from not being, to be. But our regeneration is *à malè esse, ad benè esse*—from a being evil, to be well, and that for ever. Through this gate we must pass to enter the city; without this, death shall send us to another place. No man ends this life well, except he be born again before he ends it.†

Now, if you would be sure that you are gone through this gate, call to mind what hath been your repentance. The first sign of regeneration

is throbs and throes. You cannot be adopted to Christ without sensible pain, and compunction of heart for your sins. The Christian hath two births, and they are two gates. He can pass through none of them but with anguish. Both our first and second birth begin with crying. Our first birth is a gate into this world; our second is a gate into the world to come. There is some pain in both. For this world, but little joy after the pain; for the other, after short sorrow, eternal glory.

(2.) Sanctification is the second gate. 'Make your calling and election sure,' saith Peter, by a holy life: 'For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,' 2 Pet. 1:11. But 'there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie,' Rev. 21:27. Therefore Paul prays the 'God of peace to sanctify us wholly,' 1 Thess. 5:23. Holiness is the way to happiness; grace the gate of glory. But some may object from that of Paul, that this sanctification must be total and perfect; but who can come so furnished to the gate? therefore, who can enter the city? I answer: There is required only *sanctificatio viæ, non patriæ*: such a sanctity as the gate can afford, though far short of that within the city. The school distinguisheth well. It must be *communiter in toto, et universaliter in singulis partibus*; but not *totaliter et perfectè*. This sanctification must be communicated to the whole man, and universally propagated to every part, though it have in no place of man a total perfection. Indeed, *nullum peccatum retinendum est spe remissionis*. No sin is to be cherished in hope of mercy. But we must strive for every grace we have not, and for the increase of every grace we have. *Quærendum quod deest bonum, indulgendum quod adest*. Let us make much of that we possess, and still seek for more, 'striving to the mark,' Phil. 3:14. And yet when all is done, *profectio hæc, non perfectio est*; we have made a good step forward, but are not come to our full home. But still, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner,' and 'enter not into judgment with us.'

Now, since this gate stands in our own heart, give me leave to describe it, and that briefly, by its properties and its parts. Its properties are two. It is low and little.

[1.] Low.—Heaven is well called a 'building not made with hands,' 2 Cor. 5:1; for it differs both in matter and form from earthly edifices. For matter, it is eternal, not momentary; for manner, fabricated without hands. Great manors on earth have large answerable porches. Heaven must needs be spacious, when a little star, fixed in a far lower orb, exceeds the earth in quantity; yet hath it a low gate, not a lofty coming in.

They must stoop, then, that will enter here. 'He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away,' Luke 1:53. The rich in their own conceits, and proud of their own worth, shall be sent empty from this gate. Zaccheus climbs up into a sycamore tree to behold Jesus; but when Jesus beheld him got up so high, he said, 'Come down, Zaccheus; make haste, and come down,' Luke 19:5. Whosoever will entertain Jesus, must come down. The haughty Nebuchadnezzar, that thinks with his head to knock out the stars in heaven, must stoop at this gate, or he cannot enter. Be you never so lofty, you must bend. God's honour must be preferred before your honour. It is no discredit to your worship to worship God.

[2.] Little.—Christ calls it a 'narrow gate,' Luke 13:24. They must be little that enter; little in their own eyes, slender in the opinion of themselves. 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein,' Mark 10:15. Samuel to Saul; 'When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel?' 1 Sam. 15:17. When Jesse had made all his sons pass before Samuel, he asked him if none remained yet. Jesse answers, Yes, a little one tending the flocks. 'Fetch that little one,' saith Samuel, 'for we will not sit down till he come,' 1 Sam. 16:11. That little one was he. Says the angel to Esdras, 'A city is built, and set upon a broad field, full of all good things, yet the entrance

thereof is narrow,' 2 Esd. 7:6. This is *spatiosa et speciosa civitas*; A city beautiful and roomy; yet it hath but a narrow wicket, a little gate.

Alas! how will the surfeited epicure do to enter, whose gluttonous body is so deformed, that it moves like a great tun upon two pots? What hope hath an impropiator, with four or five churches on his back, to pass this little gate? The bribing officer hath a swollen hand, it will not enter; and the gouty usurer cannot thrust in his foot. The factious schismatic hath too big a head; the swearer such forked blasphemies in his mouth, that here is no entrance. Pride hath no more hope to get into the gates of that city above, than there is hope to cast it out the gates of this city below. Much good do it with earthly courts, for it must not come into the courts of heaven.

Think, O sinner; you cannot go with these oppressions, with these oaths, frauds, bribes, usuries, with these wickednesses, into the gates of this city. You must shift them off, or they will shut you out.

You hear the properties; the parts are now to be considered, and these are four: The foundation, the two sides, and the roof, The foundation is Faith; one of the sides, Patience; the other, Innocence; the roof, Charity.

[1.] Faith is the foundation. 'Be ye grounded and settled in the faith,' Col. 1:23. *Credendo fundatur*, saith Augustine. It is grounded in faith. All other graces are (as it were) built on this foundation. *Credimus quod speramus: quod credimus et speramus, diligimus: quod credimus, speramus, et diligimus, operamur*. What we hope, we believe; what we believe and hope, we love; what we believe, hope, and love, we endeavour to attain. So all is built on faith.

Hope on faith. *Nulla spes increditi*: it is impossible to hope for that we believe not to be. Charity on faith: why should a man give all to the poor, unless he believed an abundant recompence? Repentance on faith: why else suffer we contrition for sin, if we believed not remission of sin? Temperance on faith: why forbear we the pleasing

vanities of the world, but that we believe the transcendent joys of eternity, whereof these harlots would rob us? Patience on faith: why would we endure such calamities with willing quietness and subjection, if we believed not an everlasting peace and rest to come? All obedience on faith, that God would accept it in Jesus Christ. If all be built on faith, I may call it the basis and foundation of this gate. 'Without faith it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him,' Heb. 11:6. Faith is the passage-way to God; not one of that holy ensuing legend entered the city of life without this. He that hath faith shall enter: yea, he is entered. 'He hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death to life,' John 5:24.

[2.] Patience is one of the pillars. 'Ye have need of patience; that, when you have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise,' Heb. 10:36. That when you have suffered before the gates, ye may enter the city. There be three enemies that assault the soul before she enter the gates—a lion, a leopard, and a fox. The lion is the devil, who roareth with hideous cries and bloody jaws, 1 Pet. 5:8. The leopard is the world, which hath a gay spotted hide; but if it take us within its clutches, it devours us. The fox is our concupiscence, bred in us, which craftily spoils our grapes, our young vines, our tender graces, Cant. 2:15. Patience hath therefore an armed soldier with her, called Christian fortitude, to give repulse to all these encounters. And what he cannot feriendo, by smiting, she conquers ferendo, by suffering. Vincit etiam dum patitur. She overcomes, even while she suffers. Patience meekly bears wrongs done to our own person; fortitude encounters courageously wrongs done to the person of Christ. She will not yield to sin, though she die. She hath the spirit of Esther, to withstand things that dishonour God. 'If I perish, I perish,' Esth. 4:6.

[3.] Innocence is the other pillar. As patience teacheth us to bear wrongs, so innocence to do none. Patience gives us a shield, but innocence denies us a sword. Ourselves we may defend, others we must not offend. Innocence is such a virtue, Quæ cùm aliis non

nocet, nec sibi nocet.* Which as it wrongs not others, so nor itself. He that hurts himself, is not innocent. The prodigal is no man's foe but his own, saith the proverb; but because he is his own foe, he is not innocent. Triumphus innocentiae est non peccare ubi potest.† It is the triumph of innocence not to offend where it may.

No testimony is more sweet to the conscience than this: 'Remember, O Lord, how I have walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart,' Isa. 38:3. So Job, 'My heart shall not condemn me for my days.'‡ Blessed soul thus comforted. It smiles at the frowns of earth, and dares stand the thunder. Though there be no innocency but rejoiceth to stand in the sight of mercy; yet thus in the midst of injuries it cheers itself, 'O Lord, thou knowest my innocence.' The wicked 'cover themselves with violence as with a garment,' Ps. 73:6; therefore confusion shall cover them as a cloak. But 'blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' Matt. 5:5. That part of the earth they live in shall afford them quiet; and their part in heaven hath no disquiet in it. Si amoveantur, admoventur in locum, à quo non removentur in æternum. If they be moved, they are moved to a place from whence they shall never be removed. 'I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, 'O Lord,' Ps. 26:6. If innocency must lead us to the altar on earth, sure that must be our gate to the glory of heaven.

[4.] Charity is the roof, diligendo perficitur;§ love makes up the building. 'Now abideth faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity,' 1 Cor. 13:13. It is a grace of the loveliest countenance, and longest continuance; for countenance, it is amiable; all love it. The poor respect not thy faith so much as thy charity. For continuance, faith and hope take their leave of us in death; but charity brings us to heaven-door, and ushers us into glory. I know not what to say more in thy praise, O charity, than ut Deum de cœlo traheres, et hominem ad cœlum elevares;|| than that thou didst bring down God from heaven to earth, and dost lift up man from earth to heaven. Great is thy virtue, that by thee God should be humbled to man, by thee man should be exalted to God.

You have the gates described. Let us draw a short conclusion from these two former circumstances, and then enter the city.

THE SUM.—There is no entrance to the city but by the gates; no passage to glory but by grace. The wall of this city is said to be great and high, Rev. 21:12. High, no climbing over; great, no breaking through. So Christ saith, 'No thief can break through and steal,' Matt. 6:20. Therefore through the gates, or no way. 'Corruption doth not inherit incorruption,' 1 Cor. 15:50. This corrupted man must be regenerate that he may be saved; must be sanctified that he may be glorified. Babel-builders may offer fair for heaven, but not come near it. The giants of our time, I mean the monstrous sinners, may, imponere Pelion Ossæ, lay rebellion upon presumption, treason upon rebellion, blasphemy upon all, as if they would sink heaven with their loud and lewd ordnance, and pluck God out of his throne; but hell gapes in expectation of them. This gate is kept, as the gate of paradise, with a flaming sword of justice, to keep out 'idolaters, adulterers, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners,' 1 Cor. 6:9; and other 'dogs' of the same litter, 'from the kingdom of God,' Rev. 22:15.

Some trust to open these gates with golden keys; but bribery is rather a key to unlock the gates of hell. Let Rome sell what she list, and warrant it, like the seller in the Proverbs, 'It is good, it is good.' Yet it is naught; but were it good, God never promised to stand to the pope's bargains. Others have dreamed of no other gate but their own righteousness. Poor souls, they cannot find the gate, because they stand in their own light. Others think to pass through the gates of other men's merits; as well one bird may fly with another bird's wings. For all those hot promises of the works of saints for their ready money, they may blow their nails in hell.

Only grace is the gate. *Per portam ecclesiæ intramus ad portam Paradisæ.** We must be true members of the church, or the door of life will be shut against us. Heaven is a glorious place, therefore reserved for gracious men. *Admittuntur ad spiritus justorum, non*

nisi justi. To those 'spirits of just men made perfect,' Heb. 12:23, must be admitted none save they that are justified. Kings are there the company; none of base and ignoble lives can be accepted. Heaven is the great Whitehall, the court of the high King; none are entertained but Albi, such as are washed white in the blood of Christ, and keep white their own innocence. Ungracious offenders look for no dwelling in this glory. You that have so little love to the gates, are not worthy the city. If you will not pass through the gates of holiness in this life, you must not enter the city of happiness in the life to come. Thus we have passed the gates, and are now come to

3. The City.—Now if I had been, with Paul, rapt up to the third heaven, 2 Cor. 12:2, or had the 'angel's reed wherewith he measured the wall,' Rev. 21:17, I might say something to the description of this city. But how can darkness speak of that light? or the base country of earth describe the glorious court of heaven? 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God,' Ps. 87:3. Glorious cities have been, and are in the world. Rome was eminently famous; all her citizens like so many kings; yet was it observed, *illic homines mori*, that men did die there. But in this city there is no dying. *Mors non erit ultra*. 'There shall be no more death,' Rev. 21:4. I will narrow up my discourse, to consider in this city only three things; (1.) its situation; (2.) its society; (3.) its glory.

(1.) Its Situation.—It is placed above; 'Jerusalem which is above is free, the mother of us all,' Gal. 4:26. Heaven is in excelsis. 'His foundation is in the holy mountains,' Ps. 87:1. So was Jerusalem seated on earth to figure this city; built of the 'quarry of heaven,' Dan. 2; 'on sapphires, emeralds, and chrysolites,' Rev. 21. There is a heaven now over our heads, but it shall 'wax old as a garment,' Heb. 1:11. It is corruptible, and so combustible. This city is eternal; Mount Sion, never to be moved; a kingdom never to be shaken. We are now under this lower heaven, then this shall be under us. That which is our canopy shall be our pavement.

(2.) Its Society.—The king that rules there, is one Almighty God, in three distinct persons. He made this city for himself. 'In his presence is the fulness of joy, and pleasures at his right hand for evermore,' Ps. 16:11. If he gave such a house as this world is to his enemies, what, may we think, hath he provided for himself and his friends? But will God dwell there alone? He is never alone; himself is to himself the best and most excellent company. Nevertheless, he vouchsafes a dwelling here to some citizens, and these are either created so, assumed, or assigned.

[1.] Created citizens are the blessed angels; who, from their first creation, have enjoyed the freedom of this city. They stand always in the presence of God; they can never lose their happiness.

[2.] Assumed; those whose spirits are already in heaven. There 'are the spirits of just men made perfect,' Heb. 12:23. They are already in soul taken up, and made free denizens of this city.

[3.] Assigned; the elect that live in the militant church, waiting for the day of their bodies' redemption; crying still, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! These are conscripti, 'written in the Lamb's book of life,' Rev. 21:27. Now, though we are not already in full possession, because our apprenticeship of this life is not out; yet we are already citizens. 'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,' Eph. 2:19; and we have three happy privileges of citizens.

First, Libertas; freedom from the law; not from obedience to it, but from the curse of it. Præstemus quod possumus: quod non possumus, non damnabit. Let us keep so much of it as we can; what we cannot keep shall not condemn us. Liberty in the use of these earthly things; heaven, earth, air, sea, with all their creatures, do us service. 'Whether things present, or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's,' 1 Cor. 3:22.

Secondly, Tutela imperii; the king's protection, Angelis mandavit. 'He hath given his angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways,' Ps. 91:11. Is this all? No. 'He covers us with his feathers, and under his wings do we trust; his truth is our shield and our buckler,' ver. 4. Our dangers are many in some places, and some in all places; we have God's own guard royal to keep us. They 'are sent from God to minister for their sakes, which shall be heirs of salvation,' Heb. 1:14. I need not determine whether any particular person hath his particular angel. St Augustine hath well answered, 'Quando hoc nesciatur sine crimine, non opus est ut definiatur cum discrimine.'* Since our ignorance is no fault, let us not trouble ourselves with curious discussion. Bernard directs us to a good use of it: 'Quantum debet hoc tibi inferre reverentiam, afferre devotionem, conferre fiduciam.' The consideration of the guard of angels about us, should put into our minds reverence, into our hearts devotion, into our souls confidence.

Thirdly, Defensio Legis: the defensive protection of the law. Christ is our advocate. 'Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth,' Rom. 8:33. We are impleaded; Paul appeals to Cæsar, we to Christ. The devil accuseth us, we are far remote: behold our Counsellor is in heaven, that will not let our cause fall, or be overthrown. 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous,' 1 John 2:1.

Thus are we citizens in present, shall be more perfectly at last. We have now right to the city; we shall then have right in the city. We have now a purchase of the possession, shall then have a possession of the purchase. 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given,' John 17:24. This is our Saviour's will and testament, and shall not be broken.

The company then adds to the glory of this city. We are loath to leave this world for love of a few friends, subject to mutual dislikes; but what then is the delight in the society of saints; where thy glorified

self shall meet with thy glorified friends, and your love shall be as everlasting as your glory. There be those angels that protected thee; those patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, that by doctrine and example taught thee; yea, there is that blessed Saviour that redeemed thee. Often here with groans and tears thou seekest him, 'whom thy soul loveth;' lo, there he shall never be out of thy sight.

(3.) Its Glory.—*Non mihi si centum linguæ.* If I had a hundred tongues, I was not able to discourse thoroughly the least dram of that 'inestimable weight of glory.' The eye hath seen much, the ear hath heard more, and the heart hath conceived most of all. But 'no eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor heart apprehended the things which God hath prepared for them that love him,' 1 Cor. 2:9. Augustine, after a stand, *Deus habet quod exhibeat.** God hath something to bestow on you. If I say we shall be satiate, you will think of loathing; if we shall not be satiate, you will think of hunger. But *ibi nec fames, nec fastidium:* there is neither hunger nor loathing. *Sed Deus habet quod exhibeat.* No sooner is the soul within those gates but she is glorious. *Similem sibi reddit ingredientem.* Heaven shall make them that enter it, like itself, glorious: as the air by the sun's brightness is transformed bright. *Quanta felicitas, ubi nullum erit malum, nullum deerit bonum!* How great is that blessedness, where shall be no evil present, no good absent! This is a blessed city.

Men are ambitious here, and seek to be free of great cities, and not seldom buy it dearer than the captain bought his burgess-ship.† But no such honour as to be denizens of this city; whereof once made free, how contemptibly they will look at the vain endeavours of worldly men! Think, beloved, yea, know; how sweet soever the gains of this lower city be, it is yet far short of the gains of heaven. And you will one day say, There is no city to the city of God, where 'shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain,' Rev. 21:4. Death, with all his apparitors, that cites the whole world to his court, sorrow, crying, pain, shall be no more. 'They shall persecute you from city to city,' saith Christ, Matt. 10:23, till at last we come to this city, and then out of their reach.

O that this clay of ours should come to such honour! Well may we suffer it to endure the world's tyranny, and to be afflicted by the citizens thereof; alas, we are but apprentices, and they will use us hardly till our years be out. When that day comes, we shall be free possessors of this city.

You hear now the gate and the city, what should you do but enter? Pass through the gate of grace, a holy and sanctified life, and you shall not fail of the city of glory; whither once entered, you shall sing as it is in the psalm, *Sicut audivimus, ita et vidimus*: As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of our God. We see that now which was preached to us; yea, and ten thousand times more than ever could be uttered. You shall say to Christ, as the Queen of Sheba to Solomon: 'I heard much of thy glory; but, behold, the one half was not told me,' 1 Kings 10:7. You saw Jerusalem before in a map, now you shall walk through its streets, and observe its towers and bulwarks, fully complete its glory. But my discourse shall give way to your meditation. The joys are boundless, endless: the Lord make us free of this city! Amen.

MEDITATIONS UPON SOME PART OF THE CREED

I BELIEVE IN GOD

THE first thing in the order of every building is to lay the foundation sure; no architect intends to leave there, but he is no good architect that doth not begin there. First, let us be thoroughly grounded in the truth of religion; and then not be determined and shut up in the rudiments, but grow on in knowledge. The end of our ministerial function is not to give satisfaction to curious hearers, but to breed devotion, and bring salvation to humble souls. This age is strangely transported with an humorous appetite to novelties, and rather affecteth variety of toys than a constancy of plain and sober truth. The contrivers of the policy of the Romish Church knew too well how the people would be carried with imagination. Therefore they devised such change of ceremonies, their poetical metamorphoses, transubstantiation, masses like masks, elevations like interludes, processions like the measures of a dance; their friars of so many colours, like a painter's apron; their legends of saints, like the tales of the knight of the sun, or the queen of the fairies, all to please imagination. Their churches like theatres, their images like motionless actors—a histrionical religion, yet pleasing to the eye, and taking the fancy. Their antipodes, the novelists, take the same course. The wholesome doctrine of the text, as too familiar to common preachers, they often quite forsake, and pick out crochets, paradoxes, strange and improper conclusions, as the only way to their own credit and profit, by fomenting the imagination. Yea, such is the wantonness of our auditories, the green sickness of the people's humour, that sound food is vilipended, and they must have quirks to please imagination. From hence it comes that so many crudities oppress their souls, that so many fumes and giddy vapours fly up into their heads, that so many hot spirits, like over-laden

cannons, recoil against discipline, break out into factions, and with the splinters of their cracked opinions, do more mischief than deliberate doctrine or discipline can easily cure. But is this the way to be saved? Will the flashes of a luxurious wit build men up to the kingdom of heaven?

To the foundation, then. Without which groundwork, errors will be admitted for truth, and the pride of supposed knowledge fortify the heart against knowledge. I know not whether, through the frequency of preaching or rareness of catechising, this latter is grown into contempt. He that is but a little turned of eight in the morning, past a child, thinks himself too high for this form. To be examined the reason of his faith he is ashamed, as if the doctrine of grace were a disgrace, and men were ashamed of nothing so much as to learn. It would not be thus.

I believe in God.—There be some perambulatory things that I will but salute, as, first, the name of the creed, which it seems to take from the first word, *credo*, as the Lord's prayer, from the two first words, is called the *pater-noster*. In other languages, *symbolum*, which may signify a shot, which is, when every man pays his part of the reckoning, the sum of all, or a badge, as a soldier is known by his colours to what captain he belongs. This distinguisheth Christians from unbelievers or misbelievers. Or a ring, the metal whereof is digged out of the golden mines of the gospel, and (as we receive it) formed by the blessed apostles. Many are curious, some superstitious, in keeping their nuptial ring. To lose that they hold ominous. But look to thy faith; for if that be cracked by misliving, or lost by misbelieving, thou lovest thy interest in Jesus Christ. Secondly, the authors, the apostles; because it is theirs for the matter, though not for the manner. So it is the word of God, though not the Scripture of God—not sovereign, but subordinate—not protocanonical scripture, yet the key of the holy Scripture.* The abridgment of that gospel which Christ taught the apostles, the apostles taught the church, and the church in all ages hath taught us. The plain and absolute sum of holy faith, so comprising the doctrine

of the new covenant, that it may be familiar to the weakest capacity, and retainable by the frailest memory. Not long, not obscure, ne dum instruat mentem, oneret memoriam.†

There be two main things; first, the act, which is to believe; the other, the object to be believed, which are all the ensuing articles concerning both God and the church. Therefore credo must be applied to every article; for fides est tota copulativa, he that looks for good by any, must hold all.

Faith is generally an acknowledgment and assent to the truth, James 2:19. It is either common to all; such is an historical faith, which is in the devils themselves, and temporary faith, that will always keep the warm side of the hedge, never windward. Christ is little beholden to that faith, and that faith shall be little beholden to Christ. Or peculiar to the elect, which is a supernatural gift of God, whereby we apprehend the promise of life, and are persuaded of our own salvation by Christ. First, a gift of God, not brought with us, but wrought in us. Let none be so sottish as to think the faith whereby they shall be saved was bred and born in them, for it is the fair gift of God. 'I was born in sin,' saith David, Ps. 51:5; in sin, not in faith. Sin is hereditary, not faith. That I cannot but have from my earthly parents; this I cannot have but from my heavenly Father. Secondly, supernatural; not only above that nature wherein we were born, but even above that nature wherein our first parents were made. Above corrupted nature, yea, above created nature. The state of innocence neither had, nor had need of, faith in Christ. But so soon as man was fallen he wanted a Redeemer, and to obtain redemption he must have faith. So it belongs not to generation but to regeneration. It is a new grace taught in the new covenant of grace. Other graces, in our conversion, are but renewed; our knowledge, love, obedience, all renewed; but this faith is not renewed, but in our conversion takes its first being. Thirdly, whereby we apprehend. This is properly an action of the hand, and faith is the spiritual hand of a Christian. Fourthly, the promise of life; for if there were no promise there could be no faith. Fifthly, and are persuaded of our own salvation by Christ.

This is no opinion, no affection, but a persuasion, not of others' salvation (the devils believe that God will save some), but of our own, and that only by Jesus Christ.

I believe.—I, not we. First, because every one best knows his own heart, and therefore can make best confession of his own faith. Secondly, no man can be saved by another's faith, but by his own only, Hab. 2:4. Charity is of a great latitude, embracing all; faith looks to a man's self. I must put all men in my paternoster, only myself in my creed. Pray I must for others, believe for myself. In my believing, I plead mine own cause; in my praying, I plead also the cause of all my brethren. So no man's faith can do me good, but mine own. I may be the better for another man's charity; the magistrate's justice may do me right; the knowledge of the learned may instruct me; but none of all their faiths can save me. Am I the fatter for the meat another eats? Or refreshed by his sleep, when rest leaves me? Can another's soul animate my body, when its own forsakes it? Shine the sun never so clear, if we be blind we are still in darkness. The Lord of life conversed with the Jews, yet were they still dead, through want of faith. The alms is bountiful, but what if we have no hand to receive it? The fountain of Christ's blood is open, but faith is the friend that must put us in, or we perish.

In God.—There be three degrees or differences of believing, credere Deum, Deo, in Deum.* First, To believe there is a God; and no man possibly can thrust this faith out of his heart. Secondly, To believe God; that is, to acknowledge his word for truth. Thus far go even reprobates, but this faith cannot save them. Not that it is fides ficta (1 Tim. 1:5), by way of similitude: as a histrionical king is called a king, or the picture of a man, a man; for this is a true faith, but not sufficient to save. Nor that it is fides informis, because it wants charity, which the Romanists would have to be the form of faith. Nor that it is extorta et coacta, enforced from the clear evidence of things; for all faith is voluntary, if we believe St Augustine.† But a defective faith, because it applies not the merits of Christ to a man's self. Thirdly, To believe in God, or on God, or into God; to acknowledge

him our God, and to place our whole confidence in him. We say, credimus Paulo, but not in Paulum; but credimus Deo, et in Deum. I believe he is, I believe he is good, I believe he is good to me. Faith is a kind of thing infra scientiam, supra opinionem: scientia habet cognitionem, opinio dubitationem; inter has duas fides est media. † Faith is neither a certain science, nor a doubtful opinion; but a middle nature between them, admitting neither of demonstration nor hesitation.

For better declaration of this heavenly grace, faith, I refer you to that lively expression of St Paul, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me,' Gal. 2:20. Of which words, admit this short paraphrase, 'I am crucified with Christ.' But Christ was crucified with two malefactors, Paul was none of them. He was at the foot of Gamaliel, not at the foot of the cross on Mount Calvary. Had he been there, he would rather have helped to crucify Christ than yielded to be crucified with Christ. How, then, is he crucified with Christ? Not as a man consisting of body and soul, but as a sinner carrying about him the body of death. To understand this, consider two things: First, That Christ on the cross was not a private, but a public, person; what he did and suffered there, we did and suffered in him. As the first Adam did not sin only for himself, but for all that should come from him; so the second Adam did not die at all for himself, but for all that should come unto him. Secondly, There is a real donation of Christ to us, and a spiritual union of us to Christ, whereby he is made as indissolubly ours as if we had been crucified in our own persons. Such is the power of faith, that we who were the causes of his death shall be made partakers of his life.

'Nevertheless I live.' I am not abolished as a creature, but only crucified as a sinful creature. This is not an annihilation of my being, but a reformation of my former being. I am not what I was, nor whose I was. Not what I was: I was Saul a persecutor, I am Paul a professor; I was a sin-lover, I am a sin-hater; I am not what I was

from my natural mother, but a new thing from my supernatural Father. Not whose I was: I was Satan's kennel, I am Christ's temple; I am crucified and dead to what I was, I live to what I was not; but now death and life are opposites, and there is no passing from one to the other but by a medium, and that is faith. Three things bring death to the soul by sin: First, its guilt, which makes us liable to condemnation. Secondly, its filth, which makes both our persons and all our actions odious. Thirdly, its punishment, which is death, in the extent of body and soul, and that for ever. With this three-forked sceptre did sin reign over all the sons of men. The tree of life affords us a threefold antidote against this threefold death. First, the life of justification; the righteousness of Christ cancelling the obligation of the law, and acquitting us from the sentence of condemnation. Secondly, the life of sanctification, regenerating every part and faculty of us by a supernatural virtue derived from Christ, infusing new principles. Thirdly, the life of joy and cheerfulness, which made Job exult and Paul insult over all calamities, as more than conquerors. So that we are dead to those sins which did kill us, and we live to that glory which shall crown us.

'And yet not I.' Not I? who then? what contradictions be these? First, I speak, and move, and write, yet I am dead. Can a dead man perform these actions? For a man to be dead, and to tell others he is so, implies a contradiction. But grant him dead, and there is an end; for death is the end of all. Nay, but hear him again, 'nevertheless I live.' This is a short death, that is so soon turned to life. Or is he both at once alive and dead, dead and alive, at the same instant? Yes, Paul is dead, and Paul lives; peccant Paul is dead, believing Paul lives. Dead quatenus subditus peccato, alive quatenus insitus Christo. Well, then, let his last word stand, he lives. 'Yet not I.' Here is another contradiction. Is not a man that he is, himself? Can he be made strong by the strength of another? or rich by the wealth his neighbour possesseth? or can another's honour ennoble him? No; yet he may live by the life of another. No soul can animate this body but mine own, yet neither body nor soul can live but in and by God. Thus

doth he annihilate himself, that he may omnify his Master, that Christ may be all in all. So it follows;—

'But Christ liveth in me.' Christ is the fountain and root of all spiritual life, having it so superabundant in himself, that he conveys it to all his members. He is *Princeps vitæ* (Acts 3:15); yea, *Principium vitæ*. He that begins not to take life from Christ shall never live; he that doth shall never die. Now, he lives in us by virtue of his union with us, which is both a spiritual and a substantial union, whereby the person of the believer is made one with the person of the Saviour. Neither is this incredible to reason; for if, by virtue of a civil contract, the husband and wife be one flesh, though sundered by many miles, the one being in this land, the other beyond sea, yet still they are *caro una*, why may not Christ and the believer be one spirit, though he be in heaven and we on earth? He lives in us as the root lives in the branches, as the head lives in the members. The soul doth not more properly enliven the body, than he doth quicken both body and soul. Take away the soul from the flesh, earth becomes earth; sever Christ from the soul, it is but a dead carrion. According to the nearness or remoteness of the sun, elementary bodies be either light or dark, hot or cold. Christ is that 'Sun of righteousness' to our souls; his absence leaves us dead, his presence revives us. The believer can never perish, unless life itself could die.

'Christ lives in me.'—But can we all say, Christ lives in us? Neither speak I of gross sinners, not grafted into Christ; but even to those that applaud themselves in their holy portion, and look to be saved. Why do they suck on the breasts of this world, and seek to solace themselves in vanities? Is not the life of Christ in us above all sweetness? Are not the grapes of Canaan satisfying enough, but we must long for the onions of Egypt? Why should we look unto Pharphar, that have Jordan? He that hath the living waters of Jesus flowing in his heart, is mad if he stoop to the puddles of vanity, or seek content in the world. Yea, such a one will scarce descend to lawful pleasures, but for God's allowance, and nature's necessity; and then but as the eagle, who lives aloft, and stoops not to the earth but

for her prey; or as Gideon's soldiers, to sup his handful, not to swill his bellyful. I deny not oil, and wine, and recreation; but we must not live by these, but by Christ. He that is come to man's estate, throws away rattles and babies: the philosopher could be merry without a fiddle; as one of them told the musicians, offering their service, that philosophers could dine and sup without them. How much more may the Christian rejoice without a playfellow? He hath holy meditations of the forgiveness of his sins, peace and reconciliation with God; and to break off this for the entertainment of vanity, is more absurd, than for a husband to leave his fair and chaste wife, peerless for beauty and innocency, for the embraces of a black and stigmatical strumpet. We have generous and noble delights, angelical pleasures; what should discomfort us? 'Jesus Christ lives in us.'

'And the life which I now live in the flesh.'—By flesh, he means here, not the corruption of nature, but the mortal body. It is one thing to live in the flesh, another thing to live to the flesh. To live in the flesh, is a dying life; to live to the flesh, is a living death. By none of these lives the believer; but by another, a better, a surer, which as he hath aliunde, from another place; so he lives after another manner; it is *coelitus inspirata*, and so called *coelestis vita*: 'our conversation is in heaven,' Phil. 3:20. Of moles of the earth, this makes us souls of heaven; of snails, dromedaries. How impossible did it seem before to us, that we should be persuaded to deny the world, to forsake ourselves, to condemn our own pleasures? We thought it as easy for stones to climb mountains, or for iron to swim. Yet this new life of faith doth naturalize these holy affections to us; Christ working upon us, as the sun doth on the vapour; of a gross, heavy, and squalid substance, it makes it light and aerial, apt to ascend to the middle region. To outward duties go both the natural and spiritual man; but with what difference of affections, of success? A bear goes not more unwillingly to the stake, nor a galley-slave to the oar, nor a truant to school, than the one. The other, willingly, cheerfully, as being (not driven with fear, but) 'led by the Spirit of God,' Rom. 8:14. The manner of guidance is indeed *ἀγῶνια*, a mighty motion, but no coactive violence; for Christ moves the will, and makes it ducible.

'Draw us, we will run after thee,' Cant. 1:4; we will run, not go with an ordinary motion, but run, disdaining all paces but the swiftest. He draws us, but with our wills. *Aliter trahitur claudus ad prandium, aliter reus ad supplicium.** There is great difference between these two attractions; of a lame man to his dinner, and of a guilty malefactor to his execution. This new life is a new internal principle; which is like a spring to the watch, or oil to the wheels, to make the motion quick and permanent.

'Now.'—This distinction of time hath a double reference; like Janus, it looks both ways, to the time past, and the time future, though it speak of the time present. First, to the time past; this is not such a life as I did live before: that was to the flesh, this is but in the flesh. In the former state I was dead, now I live. How many live and die, before they come to St Paul's nunc? They consume their days in time-eating vanities, and the greatest part of their life is the least part wherein they have lived. Oh that they would recollect themselves, and be sure of this nunc, to say, 'Now I live,' before they go hence, and cease living! It is never too late, you say; but, I am sure, it is never too soon, to begin this life. Be not like truants, that slubber out their books, before they have learned their lessons. Secondly, to the time to come; now, I live by faith, I shall not so live always. 'Now abides faith, hope, and charity,' 1 Cor. 13:13. Now, two of these shall cease one day. I now live by faith, I shall live by vision; now by the expectation of hope, hereafter by the possession of glory. Faith is now the queen, and charity the handmaid that waits upon her. The damsel attends upon Judith through the gates of the city, through the watches of the army, through all dangers and passages, till she comes to the tyrant's chamber door: there she is not suffered to enter; Judith goes in alone, and by her own hand delivers Israel; the waiting woman hath not a stroke in it, Judith 13. Faith is this great lady, charity her handmaid; through all the actions of goodness she attends on her mistress; when faith sets down the objects of her beneficence, love is her secretary; when she disposeth her good deeds, love is her almoner; when she treats a league of peace with her neighbours, love is her ambassador; what work soever she

undertakes, charity is her instrument. But when it comes to the point of justification, to enter the presence chamber of the great King, to procure remission of sins, imputation of righteousness, and peace of conscience, here charity leaves her to herself, and hath not a finger in that business. Thus is it now. But hereafter, these two shall change places; charity shall be the lady, and faith the waiting-woman. When the soul is to be discharged out of prison, and moves to the high court of heaven, faith waits upon her all the way; but at the presence-chamber of glory, faith stays without, and love only enters. Yet though faith and hope, at last, perish in the act, they shall never perish in the effect; for we shall enjoy what we have both believed and hoped.

'I live by the faith of the Son of God.'—It is called the faith of Christ First, because he is the revealer of it; neither nature nor the law opened the door of faith, but the Son of God; it belongs to the gospel. 'The law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Christ Jesus,' John 1:17. Secondly, because he is the author of it: the 'founder and finisher of our faith,' Heb. 12:2. Thirdly, because he is the object of it; faith desires 'to know nothing, but Christ crucified.'

This faith is the means of this life; sin divides us from Christ, faith reunites us. We live primarily and properly by Christ, as the body lives by the soul. Mediately or instrumentally by faith, as by the spirits, which are the bond of soul and body. As the leg or arm lives by the proper sinews, veins, arteries, whereby it is united to the head, heart, and liver, those more noble parts, so faith is that special ligament that knits us on earth to Christ in heaven. 'He that hath the Son hath life;' and he that hath faith hath the Son. By this Paul doth here challenge Christ for his own (as it were), engrossing the common God, as if he were his and nobody's else. It is well observed by a worthy divine,* that faith is a wonder-worker, and hath a kind of omnipotence in it; that it can remove mountains, command the sun to stand still, raise the dead, animating it with an ever-living spirit. So that the potent works, which indeed only Christ doth, are attributed to faith. It is he that, by the power of his death, deadeth

sin in us; and of his resurrection quickeneth us. Yet faith is said to mortify, faith to vivify, faith to purify, faith to justify, faith to sanctify, faith to save us. It is the poorest of all virtues, therefore of all virtues God most honoureth it: respexit humilitatem, as the blessed virgin sung, Luke 1:48. Love is more noble; it is a meaner act to believe, than to love. Charity is a rich giver, faith but a beggarly receiver. Yet thus hath it pleased God to honour this virtue, so quite out of request with the world, that we shall live by that, and all other graces shall be beholden to it. Mary Magdalene had done much for Christ, washed his feet with her tears, and dried them with her hairs, anointed him with spikenard; and he commends her for all these; but there was another thing that saved her, to which all the rest yield, her faith: 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' Not thy sorrow melting in tears, not thy humility kneeling in the dust, not thy charity in the expense of that precious unguent; none of these hath saved thee: but 'thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace,' Luke 7:50. Nor yet in this do we sacrilegiously robe the servant in the divine honours of her sovereign; yea we say, if faith knew any arrogance against her master, or insolence against her fellows, she were no more faith. But while we magnify faith, we reflect all upon Christ, who justifies the imperfection of our believing with the perfection of his deserving. It is for the honour of the Son of God, that we live by HIS faith; as notwithstanding our eyes, we are beholden to the sun for seeing the light.

'Who loved me.'—The foundation of all good to man, is the love of God. A love without all invitation, or the least merit in the object. We love nothing, but either there is, or we suppose there is, some goodness in it. God loved us, when he knew there was no good thing in us. The motive of our love is from without us, the cause of God's loving is within himself. We love a man because he is good; God loves a man because himself is good, though the man were stark naught. Our love doth not make a thing good, but embraceth it as being good before; but that which before was bad, God's love maketh good. Habet in se Deus quòd diligit, invenit in nobis quod puniat.

God hath the matter of love in himself, the cause of punishment he finds in us.

We were in worse case than the wounded man, upon whom the Samaritan shewed mercy, Luke 10. There was some reason why he should pity him. First, because he deserved not that unjust measure at their hands, that robbed him. Secondly, the Samaritan himself might happen to be in the like distress; therefore he tendered that compassion he desired to find. But first, God saw that we deserved that damnable estate wherein we lay; and that not one dram of sorrow was put into the potion more than we merited to drink off. Secondly, Himself could never be in the like case, sitting in heaven, far enough out of the reach of misery and mischief; yet he loved us.

'Loved me.'—It may be so: Paul had good experience of his love, by a miraculous conversion, a supernatural rapture and revelation. Yea, but he doth not engross all this love to himself, but rather speaks in the person of all believers; teaching us to pledge him in that saving cup, wherein he had begun to us so hearty a draught. Thou that art born in a time and place where the gospel flourisheth, and Christ is continually preached to thy conscience, must needs confess that God hath loved thee. Indeed, the unbelieving pagan and the misbelieving papist cannot conclude to themselves thus comfortably. But when I consider my illumination, the clear means of my redemption, the evidence and demonstration of those invaluable treasures of mercy opened to my heart, I must acknowledge that God hath loved me. If he had not loved me, he would never have done thus for me. If the Israelites so applauded their own happiness, by being the depositories of the oracles of God—'He hath shewed his statutes to Jacob: the heathen have not the knowledge of his laws,' Ps. 147:20; if they thought themselves so blessed in having the law, which Saint Paul calls the 'ministration of death,'—how are we bound to him for the gospel, 'the ministry of salvation?' This is the voice of that faith which shall save us; 'he hath loved me.' Charity rejoiceth that God hath loved also others; faith, that he had loved me. Charity prays for others, faith believeth for a man's self.

'And given himself for me.'—This indeed is a sound proof of his love: 'Greater love hath no man than this, to give his life for his friends.' 'Given:' We were never able to purchase him; all the treasures of the world were trash and rubbish in comparison of him. 'Himself:' not a man, nor an angel, but himself. As when 'God had no greater to swear by, he swore by himself;' so when he had no greater to give, he gave himself. 'This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received,' 1 Tim. 1:15: a gracious gate to a glorious building! Prefaces are ordinary in the Scriptures; this is no ordinary preface. Without preface it should be received; where the ware is good, there needs no sign. Many things may be worth looking on; this is 'worthy to be received.' Like the ark, it makes a man, and his house, and all blessed that receive it. It is thankful, and requites them that receive it, as Christ made Zaccheus a liberal amends for his entertainment. It is worthy to be received 'of all men,' and with all faculties of soul. Worthy of the intellective part. Nothing more excellent to be known: 'I determined to know nothing among you, but Christ crucified,' 1 Cor. 2:2. Worthy of the affective part; nothing more dearly to be loved: 'Sweeter than honey and the honey-comb;' more precious than 'thousands of gold and silver.' When the body and soul cannot hang together, this comforts us. Worthy of the executive powers, for it beautifieth and graces all our actions. Worthy to be bought with all labour, with expense of goods, with expense of bloods. He that hath this faith, how doth he vilipend the world's three great mistresses—profit, honour, pleasure? The Lord gives many temporal benefits to reprobates; suffers a wicked Haman to be a great emperor's favourite; lets a Nabal wallow in his golden dung; fills the belly of a profane Esau. But he gives Christ to none but those whom in Christ he loves for ever.

By this that hath been spoken, we may well relish the sweetness of faith. Now take some useful directions about it.

First, Learn to know God: 'How shall we believe on him we have not known?' Rom. 10:14. It is not the bare rehearsal of the creed that can save a man's soul. Knowledge is not so much slighted here, as it will

be wished hereafter. The rich man in hell desires to have his brethren taught, Luke 16:28. Sure, if he were alive again, he would hire them a preacher. 'The people are destroyed for lack of knowledge,' Hos. 4:6. If we see a proper man cast away at the sessions for a non legit, with pity we conclude he might have been saved, if he could have read. At that general and last assizes, when Christ shall 'come in flaming fire,' with thousands of angels, woe be to them that 'know not God,' 2 Thess. 1:8. For 'he will pour out his fury upon the heathen, that know him not, and upon the families that call not on his name,' Jer. 10:25. It is the fashion of this intemperate age to shuffle the cards, while they should search the Scriptures; to spend more upon cooks than books; till they bury the soul alive, in the sepulchre of a blind and sensual flesh. Jonathan's eye 'waxed dim with fasting;' our intellectual eye is put out with feasting. Our means is liberal, but we will not allow ourselves to know; like those that have a free school in the town, yet never a one can say his cross-row.* Or, if some can spell, yet 'understandest thou what thou readest?' Acts 8:30. Submit thyself to a teacher; for if thou diest in ignorance, thou canst not die in faith. If a stranger be setting his pace and face toward some deep pit, or steep rock—such a precipice as the cliffs of Dover—how do we cry aloud to have him return? yet in mean time forget the course of our own sinful ignorance, that headlongs us to confusion. Do we not expect from them most work to whom we have given most wages? Do we not look that a frank pasture should yield fat sheep? How then shall we answer God, for his cost and charges to save us?

Secondly, Let us acknowledge our unbelief. Though we little suspect it, there is none of us whose heart is not full of infidelity. There can be no greater indignity offered to God than not to take his word, which is not to believe him. How doth animated dust scorn such a distrust? They that lie for an advantage, scalding their mouths to beguile their customers; they that promise what they mean not to perform, laying their tongues to pawn, without purpose to redeem them; they that are led with gain, as the butcher enticeth a poor lamb from its bleating mother, by a green branch in his hand, to the house of slaughter;—do they believe in God, that he will sustain them here,

and crown them hereafter? Job thought God did him a good turn in taking away all; his account being lessened, by abating his receipt. There be some that would think no hell like it. Alas! they can scarce allow their own bodies garments and sustenance. All is to have and to hold, as their indenture runs; and they never come out of their own debt, so base are they to others, so sordid in themselves. But now, what spends such a man in a year upon his soul? What does God and heaven cost him? — — oo. Do these believe in God? I tremble to speak it: the devils believe more. O, but they have a good faith and a good meaning! It is false; they have a bad faith, and a worse meaning, for they mean not well to themselves. We are all faithless by nature, dead in unbelief, not only with dimmed eyes, and wounded affections, and weakened souls, like that robbed passenger, 'half dead,' Luke 10. (Such indeed is that usual resemblance, wherewith the Pontificians shadow out our estate before conversion; but as that man fell among thieves, so that text is fallen among thieves too.) But quite dead; so say Christ and his apostles, which we have cause to believe before the pope and his Jesuits. Naturally, there is no faith in us, till the Spirit of grace infuse it.

Thirdly, Let us be humbled and annihilated in our selves, that we may the better believe in God. When the poor man finds no sustenance at home, he is glad to go to the door of charity. The earth is indeed fixed, but thou art not fixed on it; thy gold will but expose thee to danger; how many have lost their lives for no other fault but being rich? Thy trade will fail, thy friends will change the copy of their countenance, thy children may prove unkind, thy own heart will fail, thou wilt fail thyself: 'Believe in God,' Prov. 3:5, he will never fail thee. Let thy reason tell thee of more refuges than Ahasuerus had provinces; in the day of trouble thou wilt be to seek. He that will not trust in God in prosperity; in adversity, for God, he shall trust to himself. Read Jer. 17:7, 8. There is no winter with that man, no fall of the leaf; his comforts be ever fresh and green, as it were an everlasting spring. 'O Lord, my hope is in thee;' so long as hope holds the heart will not burst, but his hope shall never vanish that is placed in God.

Fourthly, Endeavour we to keep our faith always waking and working, that we may feel it. Quod non fit, non patefit: if faith be in us, it will be felt, 2 Cor. 13:5. But the broken heart confesseth, I would believe, but I feel the smoke of my sins smothering it; in my best vigilancy many known errors escape me, and many more escape unknown. But wherefore came Christ but to save sinners? All things are possible to faith, all sins are pardonable to an infinite mercy. As St Martin answered the devil, tempting him to despair for his sins, Why, Satan, even thy sins should be forgiven if thou couldst believe. Whether thou be a young convert that hast so much life as to feel thyself dead in sin; holdest Christ but with benumbed hands; hast life, and dost not believe thou hast it; believest, and yet will not be persuaded that thou believest. Be comforted; even to feel the want of feeling is an argument of life; he that is stark dead neither feels nor knows he doth not feel; no man feels his sickness that is quite dead; nor are we sensible of corruption, by corruption, but by grace. Or whether thou hast fallen into some filthy puddle of sin, yet faith will never rest till thy peace be made with thy God and thy own conscience. And for ordinary infirmities, faith fetcheth out a pardon of course; thy prayer in the morning cleansing thee from the weaknesses of the night, and thy prayer in the evening from the vanities of the day. Thus do thou more duly wash thy soul and affections than ever pharisee did his hands and his face.

Faith hath a remedy for all diseases; daily we sin, and faith doth as daily and duly by the blood of the Lamb recover us. God sees all our violations of his law, knows every peccant act better than our own conscience, but withal he sees the atonement made in the sacrifice of his own Son, a satisfaction able to pay all our debts. Hence no sin shall oblige us to condemnation, no debt shall bear an action against us. The rich creditor sees many items in his books, knows what debts have been owing, but withal he sees them crossed and cancelled, so that the debtor need not break his sleeps for such engagements. I deny not but faith may be sometimes duller and more inactive, yea brought to a very low ebb, yet even then be comforted. God accepts the will and earnest desire to believe for faith itself; nor are we

justified for the perfection of our faith, but for the perfection of that obedience which our faith apprehends. Among the Israelites stung with serpents, some (likely) had dim eyes, some were far off, yet by looking on the brazen serpent they were healed as well as the clear-sighted, to shew that they were not cured for the virtue of their sight, but for the ordinance of God. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' that complain their want of faith, that feel themselves full of unbelief, that grieve they can believe no better; blessed are such, they do believe truly, they shall believe more powerfully.

Samson's hairs may be shorn by the deceit of Delilah, his strength be enervated, but his locks shall grow again, his strength shall return. Jordan may not fill her banks every morning, yet the tide will come. There is an hour when John does not stir in the womb, he shall spring at the approach of Jesus. God never began a building but he finished it, Luke 14:30. Man often fails to perfect his undertakings, either through former ignorance or want of future ability; process of time may teach him that the foundation was not good, the model not convenient; there is a Tobiah or Sanballat, sickness or poverty, to hinder him. But God can neither be wiser at the second thought, nor weaker in the conclusion. Faith is like the daisy (so called quasi day's-eye), that sets with the sun and opens with his rising; her condition being according to that planet's motion. If that 'Sun of righteousness' goes beneath the globe, faith hangs its head, closeth itself, contracts its leaves; but, having fetched his circumference, and rising in her hemisphere with the beams of his shining and warming mercy, faith dilates itself, sprouts, and sends forth a pleasant odour. 'The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth,' Mark 5:39. Yet our best course is to prevent this slumber; he is a dull servant that falls asleep at his work; let us be doing good works, this shall keep our faith waking.

Fifthly, Let us continually be nourishing our faith, that it may thrive and grow in us. The flesh hath not more need of repast and recreations than the soul hath of her cheerings. Draw in the sweet air of God's precious promises; this will breed excellent blood and cheerful spirits. Feed upon that heavenly nectar, make it thine own,

as the body doth meat by concoction, that it may disperse itself through all the veins of the soul. Think of that promise which cancels all thy debts; how sweet a thing it is to have God's anger appeased, his infinite justice satisfied, thy innumerable sins pardoned; that neither death nor hell need be feared, as being utterly unable to separate thee from Christ; that spite of all temptations thou shalt stand, that thy condition is not changeable; that thou art now the son of grace and the heir of glory. These be the high and stately things that belong to thee, who belongest to Christ. Our Paschal Lamb is slain, all the days of our life be holy days, the true manna that shall preserve us alive for ever is set on our tables; who can have such cause to be merry? Do we complain that we want something which the world hath? Why, we have that which the world shall never have. Are we loth to trust God longer than he comes to us with a full hand, as the usurer will not trust the man but the pawn? This is to live by sense, not by faith. There is not the least promise made in the blessed gospel, but the believer will live more comfortably by it, than if all the monarchs of the world had commanded the most puissant of their kingdoms for his sustentation. 'So God loved the world, that he gave,' &c., John 3:16. Let me take my own dinner out of this feast, a portion for myself out of this infinite treasure, leaving nevertheless for others; I am satisfied, abundantly satisfied, and there remains nothing, but that I hasten to make an end of sin and long for glory.

If we would maintain a healthful temper of the body, we must keep the pores, veins, arteries, and such passages clear and free from colds and obstructions, as physicians tell us. So faith must be kept clear and void of drowsy oppilations, that the Spirit may have the freer passage and scope for motion and action; he that is asthmatical, narrow-breathed in his faith, cannot but be lumpish and melancholy. To believe in God is the best physic for all diseases, the best diet to keep the conscience in everlasting health. Our assurance of blessedness must not make us careless of helps; the husbandman believes his ground will yield him a good crop, yet he neglects no tillage. The merchant hopes for a prosperous voyage, yet he is shy of rocks and pirates. The hope of a good end encourageth all

proceedings; we that have such a prize in our hands, God forbid there should want a cheerful forwardness in our hearts.

I believe in God.—I come now to the object of our faith—God: described here by his name, number, nature, distinction.

1. Name. It is impossible that any name should express the nature of God. If the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, for he contains them, how should four letters and two syllables comprehend him? How can an infinite being be signified by a limited name? If all the earth were paper, all the sea ink, and every plant a pen; or were the heaven parchment, the air ink, and every star a pen, and every living creature a ready writer, yet could not the least part of his immenseness be set down. Yet will he be called, and called upon, by this revealed title, 'God.' I believe in God, that infinite power, which no word, no world, can contain.

2. Number; only singular, God, not gods. Plurality of gods was the error of gentilism, and such an opinion as the wiser sort made themselves merry withal. Deus, si non unus, nullus.† The bees have but one king, the flocks but one leader, the heavens but one sun; one kingdom could not hold Romulus and Remus, though one womb did. The whole world hath but one governor. If there were more gods than one, then singly and apart each must have less strength, so much being wanting to one, as the rest had gleaned from him. Therefore he hath no name, because he is but one, and the proper use of a name is for distinction from others.

Now if but one God, then but one religion: one God in the first precept, and presently one religion in the next. One in the law till Christ came; one in the gospel when he came. Those former St Paul calls 'beggarly elements,' Gal, 4:9; the first letters of the book to school the people of God. When the fulness of time brought Christ, and Christ brought with him the fulness of knowledge; these last true riches make the other beggarly. Now if Paul could not endure Christ and Moses together, how would he endure Christ and Belial

together? One king we have, and long may we have; not here the Solomon of England, and there the Jeroboam of Rome. One church, whose motherhood may we all embrace; not here the Sarah of Christ, and there the Hagar of antichrist; here a kind mother, there a bloody stepdame. One gospel, and long may we have it; not here the written verity, there unwritten vanities; not human tradition blended with the divine canon. One religion, and no more; not here Christ's temple, and there the idols of Babel, the synagogue of superstitious Baalites, at next door to the communion of saints. One faith, and may we all preserve it. for it preserves us; not here the merits of Jesus, and there the relies of Jesuits. One way, one truth, one life, without which we err, we lie, we die; which keeping, we go right, we believe right, and shall live for ever. How should the unity of the Spirit, and vanity of the flesh, ever accord? 'One body, one spirit, one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all,' Eph. 4:4.

3. Nature.—If we could fully understand the nature of God, we might as well give him a name; we can do neither. God is an essence spiritual, simple, infinite, most holy. (1.) An essence subsisting in himself, and by himself; not receiving it from any other; all other things subsist in him and by him; 'in him we live, move, and have our being.' (2.) Spiritual: he hath not a body, nor any parts of a body, but is a spirit, invisible, indivisible. (3.) Simple, we are all compounded; God is without composition of matter, form, or parts. (4.) Infinite; and that in respect, [1.] of time, without beginning or ending. [2.] Of place, excluded nowhere, included nowhere; within all places, without all places. (5.) Most holy; his wisdom, goodness, mercy, love, are infinite. Divers men and angels are called holy, wise, merciful; but, first, they are so made by him, it is his holiness that is in them, and they are but holy and good in their measure, in the concrete; God is holiness itself in the abstract; secondly, The creature is one thing, and the holiness of the creature is another thing, but God's holiness is himself, it is his nature. Thus much our narrow capacity may conceive of him; but this sea is too deep for men or angels to

sound. Only, if such we believe him, let us strive to be like him—holy, good, merciful; this is to 'partake of the divine nature,' Heb. 12:10. *Scrutari temeritas, imitari pietas est.*

4. Distinction.—This title, God, is not proper to the first person only, but common to the rest. Such is the order of the creed; first, generally, in the forefront, to propound God, and then to distinguish him into three subsistences—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They are three in persons, not in nature; one in nature, not in persons. Nature may be common to many; as humanity, the nature of man, is common to all mankind. Person is some incommunicable and individual thing subsisting by itself; as Peter is a man by himself, and Paul a man by himself specifically. Either is a man in unity of nature, but Peter is not Paul, nor is Paul Peter, in unity of person. Let us conceive three persons in one essence, not divided but distinguished, and yet not more mingled than divided. Think of one substance in three subsistences, one essence in three relations; one Jehovah, begetting, begotten, and proceeding—Father, Son, Spirit. The path is narrow, we must walk warily; the conceit either of three substances, or of one subsistence, is damnable. Many men may have the same nature in specie, but they cannot have it in numero, because they are created quantities, therefore separable. So Peter, Paul, John, have one universal form, yet are not one man, but three men. But the divine nature being infinite, admitting neither composition nor division, three persons may subsist in it, yet they are not three gods, but one God. The light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the air, are for nature and substance, one and the same light, yet are they also three distinct lights. The light of the sun being of itself, and from none; the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. But here only we can adore, and not conceive, we may conceive and not utter, we may utter and not be understood. Now this point is useful.

First, For the direction of our faith. We are bound to believe one God in three persons, but there can be no faith of a thing utterly unknown. If barely to say, 'I believe in God,' were sufficient to save,

heaven would be fuller than it is like to be. But this is a strait gate, and few enter. Learn, therefore, to know that you may believe; to believe, that you may be saved. This binds us to believe the first person of the Deity to be our Father, the second to be our Saviour, the third to be our Sanctifier; if we know not what they do for us, our confession is a confusion.

Secondly, For the direction of our worship. The Trinity in unity, the Unity in trinity, is to be worshipped. He that shall adore one person, without the rest, worships an idol, John 4:22. If we worship all three, and not as one God, we make three idols. If we frame to ourselves another form than God prescribes, we worship not him but ourselves. They that wait on the king know the special forms and terms of honouring him; all his subjects know that he is to be honoured, that reverence, obedience, and love is due to him; and that is a disloyal unmannerliness which denies humble obeisance to so great a majesty. But, if the king make special laws, prescribing the form of his honour, every subject is bound to know that. Ignorantia juris will excuse no man, for he is bound to take notice. God hath set down the manner, and defined the honour, which he will have, and how; to this we are all obliged, and must observe it.

Thirdly, For the direction of our prayers. We must not call upon one person, and leave out the rest, as the Jews do on the Father, denying the Son. May we not pray to one person? Yes, safely and comfortably, if we include the rest. While we fix our heart upon one, and shut out the other, our prayer is sin; let us mention one, and retain all, we offend not. None of them doth aught for us without the rest; all their outward works are common. Therefore, to beg of one, and not of all, is injurious.

Here let us be sure to take our Mediator with us, otherwise we go to the throne of grace without comfort; in whom we must conceive a true manhood gloriously united to the Godhead, without change of either nature, without mixture of both. As in the Deity we conceive three persons and one nature, so in Christ two natures and one

person. These apprehensions we must so sever that none be neglected, and so conjoin that they be not confounded. These be mysteries, yet in some measure learnable; great depths, yet we may safely wade in them. Yea, this high knowledge is necessary; and he that hath it not may babble, he doth not pray. Think of the man Christ, but without separation of the Godhead united, whose presence and merits give the only passage, acceptance, vigour to our prayers. In him let us send them up to the glorious Trinity, beg mercy of the Father for his Son's sake, beg sanctity of the Holy Ghost for Christ's sake, beg mercy of Christ for his own sake; petition for all good things to all the three persons, but dare not to ask of any without the mediation of Jesus. The least glimpse of this knowledge is worth all the beams of secular skill; the gleanings of this irradiation better than the vintage of the whole world. Let us study to conceive aright, that we may pray aright; and pray, that we may conceive; and meditate, that we may do both; and that God we believe in direct us, enable us, that we may do all!

The first person is described. 1. By his title, 'The Father.' 2. By his attribute, 'Almighty.' 3. By his effect, 'Maker of heaven and earth.'

1. The Father.—But doth not this seem to give the first person some prerogative above the rest, being set before the rest? Answ. He is indeed first, not in priority of nature, for there is but one God, one infinite; nor in priority of time, for there is but one eternal; nor in priority of honour, for none is greater than another; but in respect of order, prioritatem originis,* as being the fountain of the Deity, principium Deitatis.† The Father is of none, the Son is of the Father only, the Holy Ghost from them both. So they are distinguished, John 15:26. Suppose three kings, equal in royalty, all God's immediate lieutenants, met in one place. They cannot all sit down first, but one in the first place, &c. Yet we cannot say he that sat first is the chiefest. Seeing we must name them all, in order we begin with the Father. But still let me adore simply, not explore subtly, this wonderful mystery.

'Father' is a relative term, *Paternitas supponit filiationem*, Mal. 1:6. This is sometimes understood of the whole Trinity. So Adam is said to be 'the son of God,' Luke 3:38. 'Call no man father on earth, for one is your father in heaven,' Matt. 23:9. We have indeed earthly parents, but God is our Father originally, Mal. 2:10, man organically; God the Father of our spirits, man only of our flesh, and he receives this honour from God. Sometimes it is given to Christ, Isa. 9:6; *Pater æternitatis*, 'the everlasting Father.' Heb. 2:13. The Son of God is the father of man, as a man may be at once the son of a father and the father of a son.

'The Father,' in a double relation: to Christ and to us.—God hath one Son by generation, many by regeneration, innumerable by creation.

(1.) In respect of Christ, who is his Son, naturally, singularly, consubstantially, coeternally. Therefore, it is the incommunicable propriety of the first person to beget; in this he is distinguished from the other two. Creatures do, indeed, also beget, but with a great difference. In created generations the father is before the son in time, but here the Father begets from all eternity; so both the begetter and begotten are coequal, coeval, in respect of time. God the Father begets God the Son by communicating his whole essence to him. No created father begets so. Adam did not convey his whole essence to his son, for then there must have been an abolition of himself, the generation of one being the corruption of another. But God doth give the whole essence, and yet retain it, being infinite. Man begetting, is forth of the child begotten, and the child is forth of the father; so they are two men. But God the Father begets the Son in himself, not forth of himself, so both persons are still one God. But if they be one nature, then the Father begetting the Son begets himself. Answ. The godhead of the Father begets not the godhead of the Son, but the person of the Father begets the person of the Son; both which are several and distinct persons in one Deity.

(2.) In respect of us.—God is the Father of Christ by nature, of angels by election, of all men by creation, of all magistrates by deputation,

of all Christians by profession, of all saints by adoption. 'I ascend to my Father, and your Father,' saith Christ, John 20:17; not *Nostrum*, but *Meum, et vestrum*: *aliter meum, aliter vestrum*: *meum natura, vestrum gratia*.[‡] Father of the angels, Job 1:6, Ps. 89:6. These be the eldest of the created sons. Father of all men, Acts 17:28; making our bodies by natural and mediate generation, forming our souls by immediate infusion, Heb. 12:9. Father of magistrates; they are called the 'sons of the most High,' Ps. 82:6. Saul as a man might be the son of Belial, but Saul as a king was the son of God. Father of all Christians by profession, 1 Pet. 1:17. Father of all the elect, by adoption, Rom. 8:15; so that now we love him, not for fear, but we fear him for his love. Thus he is our Father. By redemption, Col. 1:12, Ps. 25:22: 'Is not he thy Father that bought thee?' Deut. 32:6. By education: he both brought us into the world, and hath brought us up in the world. For sanctification: 'Is not he our Father that sanctifies us?' Isa. 1:2. For instruction, Matt. 10:20: 'The Spirit of your Father shall speak in you.' In compassion: 'As a father pities his children,' Ps. 103:13. In correction: thus 'he deals with us as with sons,' Heb. 12:7. Lastly, for salvation: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' &c. Yea, Luke 12:32, 'It is your Father's will to give you the kingdom.' Thus he is our Father.

We have other fathers, but God is the Father of our fathers; we have instrumental fathers, this is our original and fundamental Father. Child, in the Hebrew, often signifies no more but a transcendency: as the 'child of wrath,' 'children of death,' 'sons of perdition,' Ephes. 2:2, deep in hell's books. *Filii contumaciæ*, given to disobedience. 'The child of hell,' Matt. 23:15. 'The sons of death,' 1 Sam. 26:16, Ps. 79:11, *Filii mortis, pro morti destinatis*. 'Children of this world,' Luke 16:8. for such as are addicted to this world. Or, Luke 20:34, *filii seculi*, for such as live according to the custom of the world. 'Children of Belial,' 'children of the devil,' for such as practise the works of the devil. Gen. 5:32, *Filius quingentorum annorum*; how old soever in Hebrew, they are called sons. The wicked man belongs not to the fatherhood of God; therefore, he hath many parents, as a bastard is called *filius populi*.

The saints, indeed, have many filial titles, but all in relation to God. *Filii lucis*, Job 3:16, 'children of the light,' because God is the light. *Filii pacis*, Luke 10:6, 'sons of peace,' because God is peace. *Filii sapientiae*, Matt. 11:19, 'children of wisdom,' because God is wisdom. *Filii regni*, both for outward profession and inward condition, 'children of the kingdom,' Matt. 8:12, 13:38, because *filii regis*, children of the king, heirs of the kingdom. *Filii promissionis*, Gal. 4:28, 'children of promise,' because God hath covenanted to be their Father; it is *paternum foedus*. *Filii thalami*, Matt. 9:15, 'children of the bridechamber,' such as the bridegroom shall admit to his glorious nuptials. 'Children of the resurrection,' Luke 20:36, because in the resurrection this Father shall acknowledge them for his own children.

The magistrate is a civil father, 2 Kings 5:23. 'Kings shall be nursing fathers,' Isa. 49:23. Honour thy father, reverence the magistrate. The minister is a spiritual father, 1 Cor. 4:15; Gal. 4:19; Philem. ver. 10. He is a mean, but God is the main in this adoption. Christ is our 'elder brother,' Rom. 8:29; yet also our father. Such was the pre-eminence of birthright, both under nature and the law, that the first-born son was the head of the family; bore the name, sustained the place, exercised the office of a father, to the governing and even blessing of his younger brethren. Now, if primogeniture had such a privilege and precedency, by the rules of justice, among children of the same generation, much more may our Saviour challenge it by a higher right and title. *Non timuit habere coheredes*,* because his inheritance is not abridged by the multitude of possessors.

But why would God have more children, seeing that one Son is sufficient for his delight, and in him alone he is well pleased? Ans. He needed them not for any completion of his own happiness, it being infinite and incapable of augmentation; but he doth it for the communication of his mercy, and manifestation of his glory. Christ is his Son by an eternal generation, not made, but begotten; a Son by nature, whereof all adoption is but an imitation, as the civil law speaks. It is a prerogative case, that a father, having a natural son,

may not assume a legal, adopted, or supported son, because this latter help was invented and intended only for solace of the father's barrenness, or a supply in regard of the children's mortality. 'Lord, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless? and the steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus,' Gen. 15:2. As if Eliezer should be Abraham's heir; for lack of a natural, an adopted son. But this is a mortal and barren help. Had the day of our conception never dawned, and the morning of our adoption never come, God might well have spared us; he knew how to be happy without us. Before mountains or fountains, hills or depths, had any being, God was delighted in wisdom, his own Son; yet withal, he graciously adds, 'My pleasure was in the sons of men,' Prov. 8:30. This was not to close up our Creator's defects, or to furnish his scarcity, but to communicate his perfection and abundance. Such was his infinite mercy, that when he could have been glorious enough without us, yet he did adopt us.

Neither was the principal heir against this adoption, not grudging that more beside himself should call God Father. But as the whole store of Egypt came through the hand of Joseph, so the whole largess of all heavenly blessings to mankind, came through the hands of Christ. Jacob's family had perished by famine, but for Joseph: the family of the whole world had been lost, but for Jesus. God hath 'chosen us and adopted us in him,' Eph. 1:3, 4. Though his decrees are before all times, eternal; yet some men, according to the received process and succession of causes here, have guessed at the manner and order of this election; concluding Christ as the first effect of God's ordination, a mediator, in some sort, of God's actual choice, and our potential childship. But non refert dici, quòd non confert disci: God hath abstracted it, and no contemplation of man can reach it. Let the matter of our study be, not how he hath chosen us, but whether he hath chosen us; not so much to inquire the reconciliation of mercy and justice in our heavenly Father's counsel, as in our heavenly Father's covenant. Let us be delighted with the prophetic declaration, more with the real exhibition, most of all in the experimental application of our common Saviour. Through all passages we find no acceptance, but 'in the Beloved,' Eph. 1:6; Gal.

3:26. This faith hath its beginning from the Spirit of Christ, that eternal Father within us; and apprehends the merit of Christ, the righteousness of that Father without us; at which instant we become actual children, and cry, Abba! Father.

To make all this useful to ourselves, here first occur the comforts this title gives us, then the duties it requires of us.

Comfort 1. The honour of having such a Father, 1 John 3:1. How high is this dignity! 'To be called the sons of God,' John 1:12: this is our prerogative royal. We tell you not of a kindred imperial, adopted into some of the Cæsars' families, nor of David matching into the house of Saul, which seemed to him no small preferment; we blazon not your arms with the mixture of noble ingressions, nor fetch your lineal descents from heroes and monarchs. As in the contention between Mary and Jane, the gentlemen of Oxfordshire came to the university for counsel in that title; but were answered, that they had many excellent arts and mysteries, but the study of heraldry was not practised among them. Only as Peter said, 'Silver and gold I have none, but what I have, I give,' Acts 3:6; so, what we know we declare. Do you ask no more: you need no more. To be made the sons and daughters of God, is honour amply sufficient.

This dignity will appear greater, if you remember the pit from whence you were digged. We were not only dust in our inception, and ashes in our dissolution, but far worse: our father was an Hittite, the swarthy king of hell; our mother an Amorite, leprous and loathsome sin; desperately forlorn, cast into the wilderness; a sordid skin, and no clothes to hide it; exposed to the rage of hellish monsters, more ravenous than the wolves of the evening: *antequam nati, damnati*; adjudged to captivity before our nativity; benighted in ignorance before ever we saw the sun; Satan's prisoners, whom he purposed to bind in everlasting chains of blackness. We have read of hopeless foundlings entertained by miracle, as young Cyrus in a shepherd's house, a cottage not much above the ground; no likelihood of high promotion there, yet exalted to a kingdom. Of

Moses among the bulrushes, taken up to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Of David, from the sheepfolds advanced to a monarchy. But no example holds proportion with this: it is of Lo-ruhamah and Lo-ammi, the bastard fruits of fornication, we speak, Hos. 1:8; that these should be fetched from accursed thralldom, and estated in the glorious liberty of the sons of God; this transcends all admiration. That the Jews, those elder sons, for whom God had done so many miracles, should be rejected; the lost angels for ever disinherited, and we wild brambles adopted: O let all thoughts be held digressions, all occurrences and meditations superfluous, that serve not to remember us of this ineffable and inestimable mercy.

Comfort 2. This assures us that we shall never fall into destruction, for there is no mutability in this our Father. If now sons, sons for ever. *Nec moribus nostris convenit filium habere temporalem*, could man's law say. This is an inheritance too glorious for a man of polluted lips to describe; no study can comprehend it, no pulpit deliver it, no university teach it, but that one university of heaven. *Deo et parenti non redditur œquivalens*: none but an ostrich will leave her eggs to the sun above, and to the sand below, forgetting the foot of a beast or passenger to frustrate her hopes. But God's affection is always dear and indefatigable, which Saint Bernard compares to the most tender mothers, springing up similitudes, as the falconer doth partridges; and yet all short, as no natural parent can afford her brood such heat, such motion, such nourishment, as God doth.

Many neglects doth the good father pardon, without averting his love from his child. Absalom is up in arms against his own father; David musters his troops too; but as he encourageth them with his eye, so he restrains them with his tongue: 'Deal gently with the young man Absalom, for my sake.' O how favourable be the wars of a father! But this seems to be unjust mercy, deal gently with a traitor; of all traitors, with a son; of all sons, with an Absalom: so bad a son of so good a father: one that hunts for his blood and crown. For whose cause should Absalom be pursued, if he be forborne for David's? He

was courteous to others, plausible to all the people, only cruel to David. He was not sure of the success; the number was unequal. Absalom's forces doubled his, so that he might have been driven to say, Deal gently with Absalom's father. Yet, squaring the greatness of his hopes by the goodness of his cause, and granting himself the victory, he commands pity to the conspirator. A messenger comes. David's first question is, not how fares the host, but how fares Absalom. Cushai resolves him. How is he thunder-struck with the word! As if he were at once bereft of all comfort, and not cared to live but in the name of Absalom, he goes weeping, and crying, O Absalom, my son, &c., 2 Sam. 18:33. Israel prized his life dear, worth ten thousand of theirs, yet he wisheth it exchanged for a traitor's — 'Would God I had died for thee!' Absalom conspired against the life of David, yet David would give his life to relieve Absalom. Here was the love of a father, which I instance as the shadow of that unmeasurable mercy which the true King and Redeemer of Israel bears to his children.

Thus have we Christ praying for his murderers, even while they were scorning him, killing him: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' If we be sons, we are ungracious, we are rebellious sons; yet still doth our heavenly Father compassionate us. God needs not seek occasion against us; every moment we provoke and deserve his wrath: just cause he hath to sentence us, 'Let them perish.' Yet still he forbears us, gives us life and motion; yea, even that power which we abuse to dishonour him. Still he chargeth his celestial armies, the blessed angels, 'Deal gently with my children.' While we lift up our arms against heaven, they lift up their arms to support us: they bear us in their bosoms, as mothers do their curst children, that scratch their breasts. Unkindly we deal with him, pillage his church, defraud his members, dishonour his name; yet so kind is he, that he chargeth all creatures to spare us. Yea, even when we would not spare ourselves, he hinders us: as the nurse binds the hands of the unruly child, when it would do violence to its own face; speaking to us, as Paul to the jailor, 'Do thyself no harm,' Acts 16:28.

Here is a paternal mercy, past the comprehension of all finite capacities. A near resemblance of it was that of David, the deputy and type of Christ: 'Deal kindly with my son Absalom;' 'would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son.' But how far greater was the love of our Saviour, who said of us wretched traitors, not, Would God I had died for you; but, I will die, I do die, I have died for you. Oh! love like himself, infinite! whereat the angels stand yet amazed, wherewith the saints are ravished. So grievous are our faults, that were the Lord other than a father, how could he pardon us? And, being a father, he must needs be angry with us; but because he is a father, he will not disinherit us. A temporal father is loath to part with his mortal child; how will the Shunamite weep for her son? yet parents are but the nurses of their children, God is the father; and may not the father at his pleasure send for the child from nurse? Perhaps the milk of our breasts is not wholesome, our counsel is not good; the air is infectious, this world is baneful; or we would bring them up ill; therefore death is the father's messenger to fetch them home. We would not forego them, but we must; God loves them better than we; loves us better than we can love them: he is able to keep both us and them, John 10:29.

Here let us still remember, that all the love of the Father to us is in and by our Elder Brother, Christ, 'the Beloved,' 'the Son of his love.' God loved others: he loved Abel, held his blood precious; he loved Enoch, translating him to himself; he loved Abraham, whom he called his friend; he loved Jacob, loved him before he was, gave him the blessing; he loved Joseph, prospered him in every place—all Egypt, all his brethren, witness it; he loved Moses, called him his faithful servant; he loved Noah, saving him from that general destruction; he loved David, choosing him from the folds; loved Samuel, selected him from a child; he loved Solomon, gave him wisdom; loved Daniel, that man of desires; loved Elijah, fetching him up to heaven; he loved Josiah, praising him for an incomparable prince; loved Mary, the blessed Virgin, 'she found favour in his eyes.' Christ loved Lazarus, wept for him; loved John, suffering him to lean on his breast; loved Paul, whom he rapt up to paradise. God loveth

us, loveth others, loves his whole church, loves infinite thousands; but all these 'in the beloved,' Jesus Christ.

Comfort 3. Toleration of wants. The good father doth not turn off the child for being weak and sickly; but is so much the more indulgent, as his necessity requires succour. If his stomach refuse meat, or cannot answer it with digestion, will he put him out of doors? No; when the Shunamite's son complains of his head, she lays him in her bosom. A mother is good to all the fruits of her womb, most kind to the sick infant; when it lies with its eyes fixed on her, not able to declare its grief, or to call for what it desires, this doubles her compassion: 'So the Lord doth pity us, remembering our frame, considering that we are but dust,' Ps. 103:14; that our soul works by a lame instrument; and therefore requires not that of an elemental composition, which he doth of angelical spirits. The son is commanded to write out such a copy fairly; he doth his best, far short of the original; yet the father doth not chide, but encourage him. Or he gives him a bow and arrows, bids him shoot to such a mark; he draws his utmost strength, lets go cheerfully; the arrow drops far short, yet the son is praised, the father pleased. Or being sent of an errand, he falls by the way, is hindered by the insinuation of bad company: temptation assaults us, lust buffets us, secular business diverts us, manifold is our weakness, but not beyond our Father's forgiveness: 'He will spare us, as a man spareth his son that serveth him,' Mal. 3:17.

Comfort 4. Supportation of infirmities. Our Father's strength is made glorious in our weakness, Matt. 18:14. *Patris voluntas, filii validitas.** Thus we are taught in the first words of that prayer compiled by Wisdom itself, 'Our Father,' *admonens adoptionis divinæ; 'which art in heaven,' peregrinationis humanæ.* That we may both know we need help, as pilgrims on earth from God in heaven; and conceive trust or hope of that help because he is our Father. There is in him, 1, Skill; an omniscient Father, that 'knows what things we have need of, before we ask him,' Matt. 6:8. Thy natural father will repair the wants he knows (1 Tim. 5:8), God knows before we declare them. 2,

Will, because he is a Father; every one wisheth well to his own. 3, Power, because he is in heaven; 'ask, and it shall be given you,' Matt. 7:7; because he is a Father, our Father, our Father in heaven. We are full of want and woe; there is pity and plenty with our Father. This was the first consideration of that returning unthrift, 'In my father's house there is bread enough, and to spare,' Luke 15:17; the sense whereof taught him so devout a humiliation, 'Father, I have sinned.' *Oratio sine malis, est quasi avis sine alis.* The child, finding itself too weak to go alone, puts forth a hand to the wall to stay it. We are too feeble for the encounters of Satan, we have a Father strong enough: 'His grace is sufficient for us.' The wronged child stands not to right itself; but resolves, I will tell my father, Exod. 14:14. Is the world and the flesh too hard for us? let us tell our Father. This should comfort us in all our sufferings, *Pater videt*, Ps. 34:15.

Will David undertake that monstrous giant? Eliab will soon snib him for it: Get thee home, foolish stripling, to thy hook, to thy harp; let swords alone to them that can use them. Saul looked for one as much higher than himself, as he was taller than the rest; for some stern face and brawny arm; young ruddy David was so far below his thoughts, that he receives contempt instead of thanks. But he hath leave to go, not with Saul's armour, but with God's; with no sword but that of the Spirit, faith. All Israel looks on him with pity and fear; why is this comely young man suffered to cast away himself upon such a monster? why is the honour of Israel hazarded upon so unlikely a combatant? The Philistine looks on him with scorn; 'Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?' After all this insolence and ostentation, hear David's reply: 'Thou comest to me with a sword, spear, and shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts,' 1 Sam. 17:45. I am indeed weak, but he in whose name I come is potent enough. Thou hast defied the host of God, and the God of hosts. This God fights against thee by my hand; he is able to revenge his own cause. With one stone he confounds him: there lies the Philistian champion, and the terror of Israel, at the foot of a shepherd. He that considers little David grappling with great Goliath,

and great Goliath grovelling under little David, must confess that we have a Father able to deliver us.

Comfort 5. Admission into his presence. Without fear the good child may come to his kind father. First, there is a persuasion in our hearts that he is our Father; then a petition in our mouths for supply of wants, or pardon of sins, or deliverance from perils. That which faith generally believes, prayer particularly begs. We believe in our Father, ability to give, never denying; wisdom to give, never repenting; goodness to give, never upbraiding. This makes us cry, not speak softly, as in fear, but loud, as in assurance. When the king hath promised a boon, the subject comes with special security into the presence. Are we laden with sin, and would be eased? privy to imperfections, and would have them supplied? Do we fear some judgment, and would be secured? are we haunted with a temptation, and would be quitted? full of thankfulness, and would be delivered? We have the warrant of a Father, Pray, and be comforted.

But let us beware of sin, that will make us run away from our Father, and hide ourselves. If we delight in sin, God will not delight in our prayers. He doth not hear malicious and deliberate sinners, Ps. 66:18, John 9:31. It is a high privilege to come into the presence chamber of a mortal king, and not seldom even great men want this prerogative. Yet the king's son may have free entrance; no servant dares deny the son. Neither have we access only to the throne of grace, but even of glory; our prayers go before, ourselves shall follow. If he admit our petitions, he will not deny our persons. The king gladly receives a letter from his absent son, how joyfully will he entertain himself? Why should we fear to die, that may commend our souls into the hands of a gracious father? Luke 23:46. No obedient child fears that messenger, how grim soever he looks, that he knows will bring him to his loving father.

Comfort 6. Provision of all good things. It is part of the father's duty to provide for the family. Parents lay up for their children, not children for their parents. Shall God be defective in that he requires

of us? *Quid pater negabit filiis, qui hoc dignatus est, ut sit pater?* Many be our necessary wants, besides those imaginary ones which we make to ourselves. Thou art rich, and complainest the want of children. Thou hast a Father. 'Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children' (Ps. 45:16), was but a temporal blessing; but instead of children thou hast a Father: this is a spiritual blessing. Cannot this content thee? Is not this Father 'better to thee than ten sons?' as Elkanah said to Hannah, 1 Sam. 1:8. Children may be unkind, vexations instead of comforts. There is unchangeable compassion in this Father. King Edward the First, hearing the news at one time of the death both of his father and of his son, lamented more for his father, giving this reason: I may have more sons, I can have no more fathers. When the case stood so with Abraham: I must either kill my only son or disobey my heavenly Father; though the conflict were grievous between natural affection and faithful obedience, he prefers his Father. How far unlike to those that, to content a child's humour, will displease an almighty Father!

Doth the world throw contempt upon us? 'It is our Father's will to give us a kingdom,' Luke 12:32. *Bene fertur calumnia, cum acquiritur corona.* That celestial royalty makes large amends for all. Do we want riches? *Pater novit, 'our heavenly Father knows that we have need of these things,'* Matt. 6:32. *Non dubitetis affectum, pater est; non dubitetis effectum, novit quod indigetis.** 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him?' Matt. 7:11, where is a threefold comparison. 1. *Dantis ad dantem,* betwixt the givers. God hath the better store. Man gives and wants. God's treasury hath never the less. Who would travel far to a broken cistern, that dwells at next door to the fountain? 2. *Recipientis ad recipientem,* betwixt the receivers. Grant that Jacob loves Joseph dearly, Benjamin dearer, yet God loves them both better, and better provides for them. 3. *Dati ad datum,* betwixt the gifts. Corporal things maintain but a corruptible life, spirituals preserve an incorruptible soul. Confer on thy son never so many honours,

manors, jewels, ornaments, yet he shall die. Our Father gives that shall keep us alive for ever.

Pater est, ergo vult; in coelis est, ergo potest.† Our 'Father,' to signify his mercy; 'in heaven,' to declare his all-sufficiency. Non denegabit petentibus sua, qui sponte obtulit non petentibus se. Some children are sick of their father, longing when his testament shall be ratified by his death, that they may be fingering the legacies. But let us affect patrem rather than patrimonium, not so much desiring heaven itself, as the glorious presence of our Father there. Deus dabit se et sua, petentibus se plus quam sua. God will give himself and his riches to those that seek himself above his riches. They are extremely covetous whom that infinite Deity cannot content. This is our happy supply of comfort by our Father: for our impotency we have his omnipotency; for our transgression his pardon; for our misery his mercy; for our affliction his compassion; for our weakness his might; for our indigence his indulgence; for contempt in the world content in the Lord. Therefore let us sing, 'Blessed be God, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation,' 2 Cor. 1:3.

Now, as this title gives dignity, so it requires duty. Many are content, that as a father he should bless them, but not as a father command them. They love to be of the taking hand, but will part with nothing. But we must serve him like morigerous children, that he may do us good as a gracious Father.

Duty 1. We must be 'led by his Spirit.' This is one proof that we are his children, Rom. 8:14. Seeing this paternity is the foundation of all hope for what we want, of all continuance of that we have, it is good to be sure of it. Now God, as it is said of Adam, begets no children, but 'in his own likeness.' Generation doth not more than regeneration, effectuate a similitude of the child to the parent. We commonly know young ones, whose children they are, by their complexion and condition. Such a blood and such a spirit moves in their veins. When God calls for his sons, I make no doubt but the devil himself will appear, Job 1:6; and I fear, among those that

profess and call God father, he will find many of his own children, John 8:44. Some come into the congregation of God's children, either in a sullen humour, as Cato was supposed to step into the theatre, merely that he might step out again; or in a bravery, as men make appearance at a muster, to shew their furniture and feathers, and flash off a little powder; or for company, like geese to the capitol. There is an humble heart and a teachable spirit; this is rare to find. If we be not led by the Spirit of our Father, what assurance have we that we are not bastards?

Duty 2. Let us be humbled for our natural condition, and strive for this spiritual adoption. We had a worse fatherhood than that of corruption, Job 17:14. No child is so like its father as a man by nature is like Satan, in his thoughts, desires, delights. None of us can endure the exprobration of a base parentage. Yet, if men's works be devilish, Christ's censure holds; and to be the son of a hangman, of an harlot, is honour to it. Our Romish neighbours talk much of their miracles; but all present wonders shall lose the reputation of strangeness, would you bless our eyes with this miracle, to see all become the holy children of a heavenly Father. The earth shall be filled with admiration, hell with distraction, heaven with acclamation, the church with exultation, every good heart with gladness, every ill one with madness, all with amazed looks, at such a conversion. Is the former Saul joined with the prophets? the latter Saul with the apostles? Do the children of Nimrod, hunters and oppressors; the children of Lamech, fighters and swaggerers; the children of Jubal, singers and pipers, all come in? all made the children of God? Sure, 'Japhet is persuaded to dwell in the tents of Shem.' Now, he that can raise to Abraham sons of stones, work this! Come, then, to meet him, that 'runs to meet you,' Luke 15. He came once in his Son, he comes continually in his word; and he will provide the fat calf, better than all our venison. He will give the kiss, and the ring, and the robes, precious and incomparable things to entertain his sons.

Duty 3. Good children follow their father, and observe him as the copy of their life. In case of injury, what doth my father? 'He causeth

his sun to shine, and his rain to fall,' Matt. 5:45, even on his enemies; in this be the 'children of your Father.' In the works of charity, what doth my Father? 'He is a Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widow,' Ps. 68:5; so is his good Son, 'a Father to the poor,' Job. 29:16. If our Father give us the inheritance, and we stick at a small beneficence, it is as if a favourite, when the king had given him a great manor under the broad seal, should grudge to pay the fees. He is unworthy to be a rich man's heir, that will not pay the scrivener for making the will. Let us look up to our Father, and love him for his mercies, fear him for his love, reverence him for his goodness, obey him for his greatness, and be thankful for his kindness; thus should a good son do. Many complain the unruliness of their children, forgetting how unruly themselves are to their Father. It is just with God to punish the untowardness of his children, with the untowardness of their children. While we fear not our Father, what reverence should we find in our children? The sole compendiary way, to be a happy father of earthly children, is first to be a holy child of our heavenly Father. Children are like a looking-glass; a very breath may defile them: or as a stringed instrument, that is put out of tune by the very change of the weather. Let the mother confer with the father, as Hannah did with Elkanah about young Samuel's dedication, so concerning their young Samuel's education. Let us shew them how we would have them behave themselves toward us, by our own behaviour toward God.

Duty 4. Avoid all ungodly society; so 'God will be a Father to us, and we shall be his sons and daughters,' 2 Cor. 6:18. He is a graceless child that will take part with his father's enemies. *Amicus Dei non erit, qui inimicos Dei non oderit.* 'Do I not hate them that hate thee?' Ps. 139:21. My enemies I love, thy enemies I hate: *non quatenus sunt homines, sed quatenus sunt hostes.* Shall I accompany those that revel out the Sabbath, as if there was no God to serve? How the son of so good a father was wrought upon by bad company (Luke 15), consider with fear. Ask those brands which have been snatched out of this fire, the souls that have escaped this snare, how more outrageous than whirlwinds, more contagious than the breath of

basilisks, bad fellowship is. There be divers words that lose their sense in construction, and many souls that lose their innocency by consortion. No poison is more violent, more virulent, than that is shot from the breath of such infectious serpents.

Duty 5. Be patient under his corrections: blows from a stranger recoil upon him with quittance; from a father they require patience. If two children be fighting, and a man parting them, lets the one alone, corrects the other, we conclude, the child whom he beats is his own son. God lets bastards escape, but chastiseth his children, Heb. 12:10. Some in calamity seek to wizards for help, or to such uncouth means; this is for the son, when he is whipped by the father, to run to his enemy for succour. No, let us beseech the same hand that inflicted it, to remove it; and till he does, be patient under it, believing that the father will do what is best for the child. *Honora potrem non solum osculantem, sed et verberantem; et indulgentem, et objurgantem.* Lord, thy very strokes are mercy; if thou correctest us as children, thou meanest to save us as a Father.

Duty 6. If he be our Father, 'where is his honour?' Mal. 1:6; and how can we honour him, but by our obedience? Honour thy temporal father, much more thy eternal. Shall an obstinate sinner say to God, 'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?' Jer. 3:4. Shall we dissemble, whose Father is truth? be gripulous,* whose Father is bountiful? revenge injuries, whose Father is merciful? walk in darkness, whose Father is light? Of all his errors, this most galled the unthrift's heart, that he had grieved his father, Luke 15:18. Our 'fruits' are called for; these 'honour our Father,' John 15:8; our 'good works,' these 'glorify our Father' on earth, Matt. 5:16, and according to these he will glorify us in heaven. But a 'bad son shames the father,' Prov. 28:7.

Duty 7. Let us maintain the honour of our Father with zealous courage. Did our faint-hearted bashfulness injure our own persons, the matter were less grievous; but the common cause of God is wronged through his children's timorousness. Which of us hath not

yielded an implied consent to God's dishonour? which of us in our places is bold to rebuke corruption, as Paul did Peter, to the face? where is the ear that tingleth, the blood that riseth, the heart that thrilleth, at the lies and blasphemies of the age? Unhallowed tongues in every place wound our Father's name; which was able to make Croesus's young and dumb son speak: while children that are dumb should speak, we that can speak, are dumb and speechless. Shall we, like those rulers, believe, and not dare to confess? John 12:42. Shall we usurp more in our fear and love than our Father? Yet how hath this stolen courage from men's hearts, and men's hearts from the Lord. Our forefathers stood against the torrent of the times for Christ, being prodigal of their bloods in that fiery trial; and shall we be ashamed to speak for him, and that against private sins, where, if our words prevail not. we have shewn our zeal? *Vir bonus et sapiens audebit dicere Pentheu;** 'Thou art the man.' I will speak, saith Esther: 'If I perish, I perish,' Esth. 4:14. If we deny him before mortals, shall not he deny us before angels? Is there not a fearful 'lake' provided for 'fearful' men? Rev. 21:8. Oh it is beyond all imagination terrible for us to think, above all wonder horrible for them to feel, what punishment belongs to such dastards, yea to such bastards, not children of their Father. How will all their policies shrink, what a world of confusion will surprise their hearts when God shall say, 'Depart, I know you not.' Cowards you have been, none of my champions; strangers you are, none of my children. I know there be some, that with monstrous tongues, bigger than their hands, can speak great words, play their prizes in empty forms, and seem valiant; *non quia plus cordis, sed minus oris habent:* not because they have more courage, but less modesty. But far be it from us in the cause of our Father to hold our peace. Shame is the consequent of sin; let us bestow all our shame on our own sins; and not think it a shame, but an honour, to stand for the glory of our Father.

Duty 8. Seeing we have a Father so loving, and able to provide for us, let us banish all immoderate care, Matt. 6:26, 32. In a family the father provides for all; he that doth not, is worse than an infidel; the church is God's family, his providence sustains it: if thou be one of

the house, put thy trust in the Father. If we see a young man busily purveying for himself, building, purchasing, proling, raking wealth together, we say, Sure his father is dead. If our care be set night and day on the things of this life, losing our repasts, breaking our sleeps, wearing out our bodies with labours, tearing our souls with distractions; it argues, that either God hath cast us off, or we take him for no father of ours. Indeed if our Father were poor, we might look to ourselves; but seeing his riches know no measure, his love no end, it is enough for us to be sure of our adoption, let him alone with our portion. If a temporal father give no legacy to one child among the rest, yet he will recover a child's part by law. But our Father can neither want legacies to give, nor love to bestow them; if we be his children we shall be blessed.

ALMIGHTY.—This consists in two things. First, he is able to do what he pleaseth, and that in all places, Ps. 135:6. Next, he is able to do more than he pleaseth, able to turn 'stones into children,' Matt. 3:9; or 'into bread,' Matt. 4:3; yet he never did it. Able to command legions of angels for his rescue, yet he did not, Matt. 26:53. Able to have saved himself from death, and confounded his deriders, he would not; but rather chose, by not saving himself, to save us, Luke 23:35. He is able to make more worlds, more suns for this; he would not, will not. Thus God can do all that he will do, actually; and more than he will do, potentially. There be three things that (divines hold) God cannot do, without derogation to his almightiness: (1.) Such as be contrary to his personal propriety: as the Son cannot beget the Father, nor either of them proceed from the Holy Ghost. (2.) Such as be contrary to the essential property of the godhead; as he cannot be finite, nor ignorant of anything; he cannot make another God, another infinite. He 'cannot lie,' Titus 1:2, Heb. 6:18; he 'cannot die,' he 'cannot deny himself,' 2 Tim. 2:13; cannot repent, cannot change, Num. 23:19, Ps. 110:4, Mal. 3:6. Mutare potest signum, non consilium. Whom he hath decreed to save, he cannot damn; if he have promised mercy, he cannot throw to hell; for he cannot do against his promise, against his purpose. These are the effects of impotency, signs of imperfection, which, if God could admit, he

could not be God. Man can indeed lie and change, and sin, and repent, therefore is weak; but God cannot, and because he cannot he is omnipotent. *Dicitur omnipotens, faciendo quod vult, non patiendo quod non vult.**

(3.) Some think that he cannot do things which imply contradiction; of a stone he can make a man, or turn man into a stone; but that a stone, being a stone, should also be a man, this they hold impossible. A woman was turned into a pillar of salt, but become a pillar, she ceased to be a woman. So water was changed into wine, but then it was no longer water. That, in the same place, and not in the same place, at the same time, and not at the same time, the sun should shine, and not shine—this is a manifest contradiction. When we deny the Romish reality of Christ's body in the sacrament, they think to choke us with a *potest Dominus*, God can do this. But beside that a body hath dimensions, circumscribed, limited to some place, and to extend it to innumerable places, is to make it cease being a body; the sea was divided, the sun stood still; but that was still a sea, this still a sun; but, if a body could be everywhere, it were not still a body. But yield that God can do this, therefore he doth it, is no good consequent. From will to can is a good argument, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean,' Matt. 8:2; not from can to will. But this is miraculous, say they. We answer, Christ wrought no miracle, but man's sense might apprehend it to be a miracle. When he turned water into wine, made him see that was born blind, fed thousands with a few loaves; the sight, and taste, and sense being exercised, could testify these for miracles. Here the sense is against it; we see bread, take bread, taste bread, digest bread; therefore not the real body, otherwise than in a sacramental relation and mystery. Faith is *supra sensum*, not *contra rationem*. It were a strange faith, when I see and know this church to be wood and stone, to believe that it is brass and iron.

Duty 1. This should strike a terror unto us, as the poor child quakes when he sees his father coming with the rod. 'I am afraid of thy judgments;' they little consider of God's almightiness that tremble

not at his judgments. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands' of his justice, Heb. 10:31; but into the hands 'of his mercy' we desire to commend ourselves; there is no place safer. Do not think to pass current with thy sins, because thou art long forborne; he that was able to overthrow thee before this in his power, will call thee to account in his justice. Aaron might look somewhat heavily on that sad spectacle, amazed to see his two sons dead before him, Levit. 10:3, dead in displeasure, dead suddenly, dead by the immediate hand of God; yet he 'held his peace;' not out of sullenness, but submiss patience; seeing it the Lord's pleasure, and their desert, he is content to forget that he had sons. God's judgments must be honoured, not murmured at, not censured in others, but deprecated in ourselves. That which hath befallen any sinner, O sinner, may befall thee; there is the same might in him, if there be the same malice in us. Were his strength decayable with time, there might be some hope in reluctance; but never did or shall man contest against God without coming short home. He is as almighty in the valleys as in the hills. Some fear the waters, are secure on the land, dread a clap of thunder, think themselves safe in a calm; as if the earth could not swallow Korah, as well as the water drown Pharaoh; as if Nadab were not slain with fire from heaven, when the weather was fair. One will not come to the temple for fear of dying in a crowd; as if God could not find him out in his privacy, or the strayer from the drove might never fall into the hands of slaughter.

Duty 2. Let this consideration humble us; the pride of man and omnipotency of God will hardly stand together. The apostles contend for superiority, and presently Satan begs them, 'desires to winnow them,' Luke 22:31. A man thinks scorn to be censured a natural; yet he is no sooner proud but Satan begs him for a fool, as none are begged of the king but fools and madmen. The sight of a proud woman made the good man weep; first, because she was going to hell; secondly, because she was going faster than he could go to heaven.* All other sins lead a man to God, only pride brings him against God. 'God resisteth the proud!' 1 Pet. 5:5.; good reason, for the proud resist God. Other sinners forsake God, therefore God

forsakes them; but the proud resists God, therefore God resists him.† All the capital sins are the daughters of pride, all odious; how vile is the mother?

It degrees up itself like rebellion. (1.) The first act of rebellion is denying of tribute: pride refuseth to pay God the tribute of praise; all honour is too little for herself. (2.) Rebellion disobeys the king's laws, pride will be bound to no law, thinks herself too good to be controlled. (3.) Rebellion sets up a new king, and pride sets up a new god: 'We will not have this man reign over us,' Luke 19:14. Like Ahithophel, it sets up an Absalom against David, but at last despairs and hangs itself. (4.) Rebellion takes the field, and so doth pride; 'Let us break their bonds asunder,' Ps. 2:2. If their hands cannot reach heaven, they will dart out spicula linguæ, 'setting their mouths against heaven,' Ps. 73:9. They will blaspheme God, though they cannot uncrown him. All are fools by nature; he that humbles not himself must remain a fool still; for God reveals his wisdom to babes, not to the proud. Christ doth not thank God for hiding these mysteries from the wise, but for revealing them to the humble, Matt. 11:25. As Rom. 6:17, not that you were so, but that you are thus.‡ Alas, that poor dust should be proud when it considers the Almighty! He that desires to build high, and to seek the things above, must lay his foundation low in an humble heart. Quo minor est quisquis, maximus est hominum. Humility is schola, and scala cœli; to raise the humble is the delight of omnipotency, but rebels shall be east down into hell.

Duty 3. Be patient under his afflicting hand; there is no dealing with the Almighty but by prayers and peace-offerings. 'I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it,' Ps. 39:10. Not a word! but there may be a silent tongue and a clamorous heart. A speechless ripening§ of the soul is the loudest cry in God's ears. Heat gathered within, and wanting vent, is more flagrant. But David was dumb within, his heart was mute, he knew he should get little by brawling with God. Aaron's sons perish, and he 'holds his peace;' if he breathe out discontent, he saw God able to speak again, even to him, in fire.

Shimei curses, David looks higher, not to the barking of the dog, but to the master that set him on. He could easily stop the mouth of Shimei, he dares not grapple with the hand of God. The sin of Shimei's curse was his own, the smart of the curse was the Lord's. God wills that as David's affliction, which he hates as Shimei's transgression. That lewd tongue moved from God, it moved lewdly from Satan. Yet the patient king says, 'God hath bidden him curse David.' The event shewed that David could distinguish between the righteousness of God and the unrighteousness of a traitor; how he could both kiss the rod, and yet charge Solomon to burn it. His eyes were fixed on the Almighty; this was the strong motive of his submission, the acknowledgment of the original from whence these evils came.

Let us learn, in the wrongs of an enemy, to see the hand of God; our hate of the instrument shall be swallowed up in the awe of the agent. There is no greater proof of grace than to smart patiently, with a contented heart, reposing itself in the wisdom and goodness of God, so far from chiding that we dispute not. The more a bird struggles in the net, the faster she is caught. The lion shews least mercy of all to the resisting beast. We all know that we do not meddle with our match, when we strive with our Maker. Yet nature is so forward that she still urgeth us to this dangerous quarrel, 'Curse God and die.' It is not only the master's charge, but the apostle's, and so the Lord's, to servants, that they 'answer not again.' When God either chides or smites, think of his omnipotence, and hold thy peace. When his hand is on our back, our hand must be on our mouth. Otherwise we shall fare the worse, as mothers whip their children so much the more for crying.

Duty 4. Let us not extend our power to the utmost; considering that the Lord is almighty, yet doth not exercise the fulness of his power against us. When we contemplate his might, we have cause to wonder at his patience. Bloody and cruel Marcion charged the God of the Old Testament with blood and cruelty; as his father the devil, even in paradise, a place full of love, would have fastened envy on his

Maker. All this while he forgot his omnipotency, that gave him a tongue to speak, and head to invent such a devilish blasphemy. He that was able to sink him in the midst of this impiety, and did not, was no cruel God. If wicked men see fearful judgments, their heart is ready to charge God with cruelty; but he that spares them in mercy, who in their malice spare not him, is no cruel God. He needs no cruelty. Should he turn all things to nothing in a moment, by his almightiness, he might do it in justice, and his justice is a part of his goodness. Long, long doth he forbear us, that can find cause enough in his justice, and power enough in his omnipotence, to confound us. Himself calls punishment 'a strange work, a strange act,' Isa. 28:21; as if every act of severity seemed strange to him. But for infiniteness, his patience would be tired out in the tedious expectation of our repentance, Exod. 34:6. His mightiness is contracted in a few words, his mercy hath a large description; as if this had gotten the victory, and all the weapons in the armoury of heaven were rainbows; which is a bow, but without an arrow, and a bow full bent, but without a string, and a bow bent, but with the wrong side upwards, as if we shot at him, not he at us. If he should turn it, and charge it, and draw the arrow up to, the head, yet repentance might get mercy to step in, as the angel did to Abraham. Thus able is he to punish, thus gracious to forbear and forgive.

You that be magistrates at home, masters of families, behold here the patience of your Master, and the Master of all the world. You have power to punish, so hath he; your power is limited, his infinite. Will you forgive no faults? You shew him how to use yourselves. Examine your own conscience; you have not gone at God's sending, not come at his calling, not done your duty according to his bidding. He hath spared you; be not ye without mercy, that stand in need of mercy. The apostle hath spoken it, and the day of Christ shall verify it: 'Judgment shall be without mercy, to him that shews not mercy,' James 2:13. I know that correction is necessary for a servant; but let it not be discharged like a piece of ordnance, that dasheth in pieces ere it reporteth. Let direction be multiplied upon direction, instruction upon instruction, here a warning, there a threatening;

and when words cannot prevail, come not to blows without weeping eyes, melting hearts, yearning bowels. Use your power to the edification, not to the damnifying, of others. There is difference betwixt apprentices and slaves: they are yours to teach a trade, to direct in the ways of godliness and civility; not to abuse with overburdenous labours and inhuman blows. If you extend your magisterial power over them, take heed, there is an almighty God able to revenge it upon you. Ye have children, may they not feel the punishment of such a father, in the rigour of such a master? Think thou seest thy own child in such a plight as thou hast left the child of thy neighbour. Say stripes be not common; yet harsh language, uncomfortable chocks, the discouragement of continual snibs, are vexation enough. Should God thus rebuke thee for every fault, where were thy peace? Let your behaviour be so innocently impartial, that they may despair of pardon for their errors; and yet so pardon theirs, as men that continually offend. Beware of spleen in any chastisement; passion and precipitation may make mental murder of a just correction. Qualify your power by your pity, as God doth his might by his mercy, Luke 6:36. Rather spare, where in equity you might have punished; than punish, where in mercy you might have spared. A forfeiture, in law, hath left the borrower to thy mercy; if thou wilt be extreme, and do what thou mayest do, look for the same measure at the hand of this Almighty. That thou wouldst do mischief, and canst not, thanks be to God; that thou canst do mischief, and wilt not, next to the divine grace, there is some thanks to thyself. He that can say with conscience, that he hath spared others, may hope with confidence that God will spare him.

Duty 5. Beware of presuming in sin by the Lord's forbearance. It is the greatness of mercy, not the want of greatness, that hath spared thee. And he is not more merciful to the repentant, than just in retribution of vengeance to the obstinate. Seeing the wicked impugn, one would think judgment were all this while omitted, as an unproper and impertinent business, scarce agreeable to the blessed nature of such a sovereign goodness, Eccles. 8:11. The venturous swimmer may escape often, and yet at last be drowned in some

churlish wave; the rioter overcomes many surfeits, some one shall pay him for all. So doth the justice of God overtake sinners when they least suspect it, that have had many warnings of wrath, and would not prevent it. Oh, that men would consider this almighty power, and how horrible a pit he hath provided for iniquity, whereinto he is able to put them in the act and article of their sins! In the night, a man passeth by some dangerous precipice, steeper than Dover cliffs, from whence falling he were lest without hope. This as he escapes without sight, so he goes his way without thanks. Bring him back in the day, shew him the peril, measure the downfall; he trembles at it, and blesseth God for his deliverance. To let us go on in our errors, and perish, that were his justice; to deliver us from the dangers we would incur, this is his providence.

Duty 6. Despair not of mercy upon thy repentance, for there is no sin beyond the Almighty's forgiveness. After 1600 years' obduracy of the Jews, 'God is able to graff them in,' Rom. 11:23. Indeed, when a man is aged in sin, in blindness, unbelief, disobedience, it is only an almighty power that can convert him; as to cure a man thirty-eight years bed-rid, or another born blind. This is to 'believe in God Almighty,' that he is able to pardon my sins, to supply my wants, to ease my sorrows. If we want not faith, he wants not power to give us all good things. An almighty Judge, so the devils believe him; but an almighty Father, this is the faith of the saints. On these two foundations stands every Christian, the 'exceeding greatness of his power,' Eph. 1:19, and 'of his mercy,' chap. 2:4. Indeed, the contrary power is visible everywhere; Satan is strong to draw men to sin. In our unpacified contentions, we see the power of Satan; in our covetousness, uncleanness, malice, is seen the power of Satan; but in few do we discern the mighty power of grace. Men 'have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof,' 2 Tim. 3:5. Though he be almighty, he forceth no man to heaven against his will. If they will deny his power, he that is mighty to save them that believe, is as mighty to condemn those that will not obey. Satan is but his slave; though he prevail mightily, it is but by permission. 'Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world,' 1 John 4:4. As he is greater in

himself, so let him be greater in us; yielding to his grace, as we do to his truth, not only that it is great, but shall prevail in us. As you desire to leave a good testimony to the world, and to bear a good argument in your own souls, that you are the children of this omnipotent Father, let his grace be mighty in you, and shew itself mightily from you. Let that mighty word, which is preached by dust and ashes, be mighty in your lives, 'casting down the strongholds' of sin, every high fortification exalted against obedience, 2 Cor. 10:5. Let us see charity as mighty in you, as covetousness is in the world; the love of God as mighty in you, as the love of riches is in them. When the power of your lust yields to the power of grace; the strength of corruption, to the strength of the Spirit; the mightiness of your robustious wills, to the will of your almighty Father; then we shall find comfort, you shall find comfort, the whole church be delighted, the angels in heaven rejoice; and that most mighty God, who here sanctifies us by his mighty grace, and shall raise our bodies by his mighty power, will at last mightily glorify us with his salvation.

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.—This appertaineth essentially to the whole Trinity, for the Father is not only a Creator, and almighty, but also the Son and the Holy Spirit, John 1:3, Heb. 1:2. The Son creates, Col. 1:16; the Holy Ghost, Gen. 1:2, Job 26:13. The creation, in the mass of the matter, is attributed to God the Father; in the disposition of the form, to God the Son; in the preservation of all, to God the Holy Ghost. The actions of God be of two sorts, outward or inward. (1.) The inward are immanent in the essence of the Deity by an act internal and eternal; as the Father to beget the Son, and to communicate the godhead to the Holy Ghost. (2.) The outward are transient works, passing to the creatures by an act external and temporal; these are works of nature, or works of grace. The works of nature respect her either *quà est in fieri*, or *quà est in facto*; the former are the works of creation, the other of conservation. These outward works be common to all the persons. *Opera ad extra sunt indivisa*, what one person doth all do; the Father createth, the Son createth, the Holy Ghost createth. Yet here must be observed a distinction in the manner and order of working. The Father createth

by the Son and by the Spirit, the Son createth from the Father and by the Spirit, the Spirit createth not by, but from, them both. Therefore is the first person called our Creator, because he makes all things, after a peculiar manner, by the Son and Spirit; whereas they make, not by him, but from him. The Father may be said to be *Causa movens*, the Son *operans*, the Spirit *absolvens*; the Father wills it, the Son works it, the Holy Ghost accomplisheth it.

To order the method of our discourse according to the method of God's work, consider three things:—1. His determination to make the world; 2. His creation of it as he had determined; and, 3. Preservation of it as it is created.

1. The counsel or determination of God hath two properties: Eternity, decreeing all things before all time, Ephes. 1:4, 2 Tim. 1:9; and unchangeableness, Jam. 1:17, for such as God is, such is his decree. By virtue of this he set down with himself whatsoever he hath, doth, or shall bring to pass, with all their circumstances of time, place, causes, so that not the least thing is left unpurposed, undisposed. 'He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will,' Ephes. 1:11. There is nothing out of the compass of his foreknowledge and foreappointment, neither of which must be severed. *Impotens voluntas absque scientia, inanis præscientia absque voluntate.*

This is that counsel of the blessed Trinity whereby he purposed to make and govern the world. Christ is called his Father's Counsellor, Isa. 9:6; and so the creation of the world is said to be 'in him,' Col. 1:7. (1.) In Christ, *tanquam in exemplari*, he being the image of his Father's understanding. In the building of a house there is a double frame, one in the architect's head, another in material being, built after the former conceived pattern. (2.) In him, as that head and foundation in which all other things should consist. He is our Creator *ad esse*, our Preserver *in esse*, our Redeemer *ad bene esse*, making us the sons of God, John 1:12.

But if God decree and ordain all things, then sin. Ans. God decreed sin not properly as it is sin: quatenus habet rationem entis, non quatenus habet rationem defectus, God converting that to his glory which the sinner commits to his own confusion. But he is a God iniquitatem non volens, 'that hath no pleasure in wickedness,' Ps. 5:4. Ans. Voluntate permissiva vult, approbativâ non vult. By his will of permission, but not by his will of approbation, he wills it. Thus by an unspeakable manner it comes to pass, ut quod est contra voluntatem Domini, non est præter voluntatem Domini,* that that is not beside his will which is yet done against his expressed will. His special will forbids it, hates it, punisheth it; yet his general will suffers it, and he honours himself by it. So, in respect of God, bonum est ut sit malum. Object. But if all comes to pass by his unchangeable decree, what need is there of means? to what end are sermons, sacraments, magistrates, laws? Let men work or play, wake or sleep, his purpose cannot be frustrated. Ans. The same decree that ordained the end, ordained also the means to that end. The earth shall yield us corn not unless we sow it, if we would have hay, we must cut the grass. Desire we some good things we want? We must pray; prayer is the means to obtain them. Would we be forgiven? We must repent; remission is the end to which repentance is the means. Would we be justified by Christ's righteousness? We must believe; faith is the means. Would we believe? We must hear. In vain he looks for recovery of his health that refuseth physic. They that content themselves with idleness and indevotion, must be content without salvation.

2. The Creation.—To create is to give a being where was none before, and that out of nothing, to make esse quod non erat. There is a difference between creating, generating, and making. Generation is to produce a living substance by a living substance, conferring the matter out of itself, as man by man. Making is to form a thing of something, as to make an image of a piece of wood or stone. Creation is to frame a being of nothing; this is a work of God by himself, generation is his work by nature. There have been many errors about the creation. (1.) Some held that the world was eternal. (2.) Some

that if it were not eternal, it had a material beginning, it was made of something. (3.) Some that God made the superior creatures himself, the inferior by angels. (4.) Some that the world was made by chance, by the concurring of bodies, as the epicures. (5.) Others conceived two beginnings, one to be the beginner of things corruptible, the other of incorruptible. The very first verse of the Bible confutes them all. 'In the beginning;' therefore, it was not eternal, it had a beginning. 'Created' argues that it was made of nothing. 'God,' this excludes angels from being creators. Lastly, 'God made all;' therefore, there is but one beginning of all creatures.

For the creation in general I will touch upon seven circumstances: the matter, the manner, the harmony, the goodness, the time, the space of making, and the end.

(1.) The matter and first beginning of all creatures was nothing; God made something of nothing, and of that something all things. It is the praise of us men if where we have matter we can give fashion; lay us stones and timber, we can raise a house, and if it be handsome we look for commendation. But God made the matter which had no being; he gave a form to that matter, a glory to that form. With us not so much as a thought can rise without some matter, but here all matter arises from nothing; nothing negatively in the creation of the first mass of all things, nothing privatively in the second creation of things out of the first chaos.

This miraculous work may soon drown our thoughts, who cannot conceive of eternity, what it was before the world was. How can plants judge of sense or beasts judge of reason? Little doth the horse know what his rider's soul discourseth; so unfit is reason to judge of eternity. But let this [1.] humble us all. Why do we stand upon our ancestors? Could we derive ourselves by a known lineal descent from Noah, yet he was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methuselah, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was

the son of dust, which was the son of nothing. Man was made of earth, but what was the earth made of? Nothing. Foolish dust, to be proud of nothing! [2.] Comfort and confirm our faith. How easy is it for God to repair all out of something, that could fetch all out of nothing? How should we distrust him for our resurrection, who hath thus approved his omnipotence in our creation? Our remainder after death can never be so small as our being was before the world; ashes is more than nothing. It is a greater wonder to make the least clod of nothing than to multiply a world. Thou that didst make me in time, according to thy own decree before time, wilt revive me from dust, fetch me a second time from the earth, to live with thyself when time shall be no more.

(2.) The manner of God's creating things, was most freely, most easily. Freely; without any necessity compelling him to it, fecit, quomodo refecit, but 'of his own will he doth regenerate us,' James 1:18; therefore of his own will he made us. That which is not, cannot give any cause why it should be; we could not deserve to be made, nor did God need us to do his work for him. Easily; without any labour, motion, or mutation of himself; without any defatigation in his works, but the very bidding it 'be done,' was the doing of it. His will was his word, and his word was his deed. Our tongue, and hand, and heart, are different; the tongue often promises without the heart, the tongue and heart are resolved, yet the hand comes short of performance. All these are one in God, who is simply one and infinite. Fiat, et factum est, Ps. 33:9; 'He spake the word, and they were created,' Ps. 148:5. There is verbum annuntiatum, enuntiatum, and operativum. [1.] The substantial Word, which is Christ, ὁ λόγος, John 1:1; that excellent word, from whom every divine truth comes. Indeed, by this Word was the world created; but, Gen. 1:3, the Son is not meant. For that word was in time, but the Son is before all times. He is not a vocal word, formed by the tongue and air, but before any sound or air; the mental Word of his Father. Verbum, non sonus auribus strepens, sed imago mentibus innotescens.* That was the word of the three persons equally, whereas the Son is the Word of the Father only. [2.] The sounding or written word; but it is not likely

that God did speak more humano, when he made the world. [3]. The operative word, which is the good pleasure and will of God. *Ipsum Dei velle, gave omnibus esse.*

He needed no helps, no instruments; we cannot build a house without tools, but there needed no tool, nor hand to the Omnipotent. His arm is not shortened with time, his word is still equally effectual. *Dic verbum tantum, 'Say the word only,' Matt. 8:8, and my soul shall be made new again. He that created me when I was not, by his word, can as easily by the same word restore me, that have brought myself to worse than nothing. 'Say the word,' Lord, and my heart shall be turned from iniquity. 'Say the word,' and my body shall be repaired from death. Say, 'Let there be light,' and my inward darkness shall vanish, 2 Cor. 4:6. How penitent, humble, holy, should we all depart hence, that came in sinful, proud, profane, did God give but his fiat; for all things obey him. O that man, whom God made to command the creatures, and to obey himself, would not, by the defect of his obeying, lose the priviledge of his commanding! We that must necessarily yield to the word of his counsel, why do we not voluntarily yield to the word of his command? Thus easily did he make us, and quickly did we mar ourselves; our reparation cost him dearer, the blood and death of his only Son. We that owe him all we are for our creation, what shall we give him for our redemption?*

(3.) The integrity and excellency of the work: the matter doth not more praise his power, than the form his wisdom. 'How manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all,' Ps. 104:24. How admirable is the beauty, the order! What beauty in the work, what order in the working! If we can finish a slight and imperfect matter, and that by a former pattern, and that with much labour; it is the height of our skill. But to begin that which never was, whereof there was no example, whereto there was no inclination, wherein was no possibility of that which should be; this is proper only to the infinite power of an infinite Creator.

It pleased God to work this by degrees; at first he made nothing absolute, but heaven and earth in their rude and indisposed matter. As the cup and the cover, as in an egg the yolk and the white, as in a circle the centre and the circumference. 'The earth was without form, and void,' Gen. 1:2. Here was matter, but it wanted form; called *tohu* and *bohu*, emptiness and vacuity. Not that *tohu* was the *materia prima*, which the philosophers dreamt of; and *bohu*, *forma nondum applicata*. There was yet neither day nor light; but presently he made light and day. First, things that should have being without life, then those that should have being and life; then those that should have being, life, and reason. So we ourselves, in the ordinary course of generation, first live the life of vegetation, then of sense, of reason afterward. Such were the steps of God's proceeding; he that could have made all perfect in an instant, chose to do it by degrees. That which moved him to create, is reason enough why he did create thus; his own will. How vainly do men hope to be perfect at once! as if one instant could make thee an absolute Christian, whom many years have scarce made an absolute man. By degrees hath God made this world fit for us, and by degrees he will make us fit for the world to come.

(4.) The goodness; all that God made was good, himself much more good; they good in their kinds, Gen. 1:31, he good in himself. This goodness was the perfect state of the creature, made conformable to the mind of God. For it is not first good, and therefore approved of God; but because God approved it, therefore it was good. Some curiously have observed, that in the works of the second day, this approbation is omitted, 'God saw that it was good.' The Hebrews say, because Gehenna, hell, was that day made, and that day the angels fell. Jerome says, because two is the beginning of division; but this division was good, which reduced the creatures from confusion. Indeed, the work begun on the second day was finished in the third; but all were good, there flowing in the creation a goodness to every creature.

This goodness stands in three things. [1.] In the comeliness and beauty of the creature; a rare glory shining forth in the form and constitution of it. [2.] In the excellency of the virtue infused to it; as every one was made for some special end, so endued with special virtue to accomplish that end. [3.] In the harmony of their obedience to God, and the commodious and delightful benefit of them all to man; when no herb, no flower was wanting; whether for ornament or use, for sight, or scent, or taste. How pleasant have some gardens appeared, made by men; yet all the world cannot make one twig, one leaf, one spire of grass. How profitable for matter, how admirable for form, how delectable for use, must that be, made by God himself.

All were good indeed. Satan, as he is a devil; and sin, that came by his suggestion; and death, that came by sin; are none of God's works. What is evil is a nothing; *mali nulla natura est, sed amissio boni accepit nomen mali.* Mali essentia in eo posita est, quòd essentiam non habet.†* From God nothing but good. *Ita confert bona, quòd non infert mala.‡* When we see any ataxy or deformity in the creatures, let us look back to the apostasy of our parents, and confess in the sorrow of our hearts, that our wretched sins have defiled heaven and earth, and drawn a curse upon the whole fabric of nature; whatsoever imperfection is in it, we, we have caused it. As a man lets a well furnished house to a careless and sluttish tenant, whose uncleanness defiles it. So in all the beauty of it, we read our Maker's goodness; in all the deformity of it, our own badness. Now, he that hath made all things good for us, make us also good for himself!

(5.) The time when the world was made: 'In the beginning.' He that is without beginning gave a beginning to time, and to the world in time. In time, with time, in the beginning of time. The exact computation whereof is set down by Moses and the prophets unto Christ, and we have it from Christ to the present day. This chronology God would have kept and observed. [1.] To confute the Egyptian atheism, which talks of a succession of their kings for seventy thousand years, and reckons, since they first learned astrology, a hundred thousand years. [2.] That the covenant of grace might be known, for the time of

donation, renovation, and exhibition. 'When the fulness of time was come, God sent his Son,' Gal. 4:4. [3.] To shew that the world was not made for the eternal God, but for man. God dwelleth nowhere; we all dwell in him: non Dominus in domo, sed domus in Domino. If any object, that he 'made all things for himself,' Prov. 16:4, I answer, this is meant, for his glory, not for his necessity. [4.] That our hearts might not be set on the world, which hath an ending, but on him that hath no beginning. The house was made for man, not man for the house. But how did God employ himself before? Was he weary of doing nothing? To this bad question the Hebrews made as mad an answer: that he was making many little worlds, which he as suddenly destroyed as he created, because none pleased him till he came to this. Another answers, that he was making hell for such busy inquisitive fools. St Augustine truly, Nec cessando torpuit, nec operando laboravit he was neither idle nor weary; not more happy, but more known to be happy, by making it.

(6.) In what space was it made? In six distinct days. God could have made it in a moment; he would not. He took leisure, non ex necessitate, sed ex voluntate. Such was the creature's disability, that when God had prepared matter, it could not give itself form. As in the word and sacraments heavenly cheer is provided, yet the soul departs never the fatter, unless God give the appetite of faith. First, If the creatures had been produced all at once, they had not been so sensible of their own infirmity, as by the succession of their making. Eve had not been so welcome to Adam, had she been made at once with him.* Secondly, Ne increata viderentur,† one seeing another created gathers his own creation from it. Thirdly, To shew the Creator's liberty and power over the creatures; he that made light before the sun, was not beholden to the sun for light. Plants were made the third day; yet the sun and rain, which makes plants grow, not till afterward. God can cause herbs to grow without the operation of heaven, without heat, dews, or influence. Fourthly, To teach us a serious deliberation in all our undertaking. When perfection itself was content to take leisure, shall imperfection be rash and sudden? Precipitation in our works makes us unlike to God: heady fool, art

thou wiser than thy Maker? The proverb tells us, 'Not too fast, we shall have done the sooner.' I am sure, Not too fast, and we shall have done the better. Fifthly, If all had been made in a moment, this had been too mystical for our apprehension; therefore he did use days and degrees, that our thoughts, after him, might move paces of admiration and of thanks. He made all in six days, and rested the seventh, that we might set the seventh day apart for their special meditation, after our own works done in the six. How long should we be in contemplating on that, which he was so long a-making?

Lastly, This commends his wonderful providence, that he prepared the table before he invited the guests: 'Come, for now all things are ready,' Luke 14:17. Yea, he made the house ready for the tenant, before he made the tenant that should have the house. He created beasts, but first he made herbs and grass to feed them. He created man, but not till all things were made fit to entertain and sustain him. By his providence, we that are born should not distrust to be kept; that provided whereby we should be kept, before we were born. He that purchaseth an inheritance for a son before he hath him, when he hath him will not disinherit him. God could have done all sooner, for he works not as the creatures do. Nature works by degrees, little by little, as the heavens mature things on earth: art helps nature, by watering, manuring, warming. Angels work more suddenly, they have wings for their speedy expedition. God works in an instant, by his fiat, 'said,' and 'done;' so Christ turned water into wine. But it is one thing what God can do by his greatness, another what he will do in his goodness.

(7.) The end why all is made is for the glory of the Maker. Not ex additamento, as if God would purchase a glory he had not before; sed communicativè, to manifest that glory to us, which was and is ever infinite. An excellent painter draws an exquisite piece; the exposing this to public view doth not improve his skill in himself, but make it known to others. The world could not make the Maker glorious, yet is it an occasion to make him appear glorious to his creatures. Thus he made all for his own glory and our use. They of the old world built

an ark to save Noah, not themselves. Skilful workmen made the sanctum sanctorum, whereinto being finished they might never enter. The carpenter frames a house for one more honourable than himself. God did not so: the supreme end was his own glory; the inferior and dependent, our benefit and comfort. To dwell in it himself he made it not; to be honoured by them that dwell in it, so he made it. St Augustine would have three things declared: quis fecerit, who made the world? how? and why? If we demand, who? it is God; if how? by his word; if why? because he is good.* Nec enim est author excellentior Deo, nec ars efficacior verbo, nec causa melior bono. † Moreover, he would have four things marked: by the perpetuity of the creatures, intelligitur Creator æternus, we understand the Maker to be eternal; by the magnitude, omnipotens, almighty; by the order and disposition, sapiens, most wise; by the government and providence, bonus, most good. He that is good made all good, for our good, that we should be good and do good, to the glory of his goodness.

Duty 1. God must be glorified in all creatures, because he is the Maker of all creatures: 'Thou art worthy of honour and glory, for thou hast created all things,' Rev. 4:11. When we behold some rare piece of a skilful workman, we are not satisfied till we know his name, thinking it but just to give him due commendation. There is no place that presents not to our view the unspeakable wisdom and goodness of God in the creatures. Let us not stick in the fabric, but look up to the Architect, honouring him who for his honour made them. It is the argument of a dull and non-intelligent man, to see an excellent work without minding it; as negligent readers run over books, and never think of the author's art or the printer's. Non amat artifices, qui non intelligit artes. There is no greater disgrace to the statuary than for men to pass by a famous statue without casting eye upon it. Ubi mea legeris, me agnosce, was but a reasonable request.

'Consider the works of God,' Eccles. 7:13. He meant them not to be slighted; meditation is the means to give the Maker glory: 'The invisible things of God are understood by the visible,' Rom. 1:20. He

that had no other book but this, shall be condemned at the last day for a non legit. Thus we may know God ad extra, by his effects; though non ad intra, in his essence: ex postero tergo, licet non ex antica facie. This is his general epistle to the world, whereby he reveals his power and goodness. Man's primer, wherein he that cannot read may spell almightiness. A glass that reflects upon us the beams of infiniteness. *Seculum est speculum*. A large theatre, wherein every creature is either an actor or a spectator; man is both. The ploughman's alphabet, the shepherd's calendar. Man is bound to it. (1.) Because he only hath understanding, a soul able to comtemplate, not only from the cedar to the hyssop, but even from the angel to the worm, that the same hand made both, nec superior in illis, nec inferior in istis. It is a lean and unblest understanding that is not thus exercised. (2.) Because he hath a special day appointed for this solemn business; that he should rest from his own works, and meditate on God's works. Not that common days are exempted: he that is grinding at the mill may study on that providence which ordained bread for man. But there is one day of seven distinctly separated, that this exercise may be distinctly performed. *Qui Sabbatizavit à creando, docet nos Sabbatizare in meditando*.

Duty 2. Let none of the Creator's glory be misplaced upon the creatures: 'We have nothing, but what we received.' Have we strength? we received it; wisdom? we received it; riches? we received them. We made not ourselves wise, strong, or rich; shall we glory in alieno, tanquam in proprio? Let not the 'strong, wise, or rich, glory in his strength, wisdom, or riches; but in this, that he knoweth the Lord,' Jer. 9:24; knows him to be strong, wise, and rich; strong in making, wise in forming, rich in furnishing the world. Nor is this caution appropriated only to those Jews adjudged to captivity; but as that in the hand of the angel was an 'everlasting gospel,' Rev. 14:6, so this in the mouth of the prophet, is an everlasting sermon. *Quædam specialiter pronuntiata, generaliter sapiunt.**

But 'most men will proclaim their own goodness,' Prov. 20:6. Regum nobis induimus animos;† every one bears the mind of an emperor; few 'remember their Creator,' Eccles. 12:1. Pride is ever a confusion, of old Babel that was, of new Babel it shall be. The Maker is not afraid of his creature, when it comes in competition with him; such a fear belongs to mortal emulation. What cares the potter for the swelling of his pitcher, which he can break, as he did fashion, at his pleasure? Is wisdom honourable in men? Quam sapiens ille, qui sapientes facit, yea and 'confounds the wisdom of the wise.' Is power revered? Quam potens ille, qui potentes facit, yea and makes the potent become impotent. Have riches respect? How rich is he that gives all riches, and leaves himself never the less? So foolish are we to glory in these things, without trembling before him whose they are.

Why should we do, or speak, or think, but to the praise of our Maker? For what shall God reward thee, but for that whereby men glorify God in thee? A servant wrongs his noble master by a base carriage; yet he is but his master, not his maker. Oh, happy man, whose conscience witnesseth his actions directed wholly to the glory of his Creator; that knows himself bound to nothing else, because he was made for nothing else; whose tongue speaks his praise, whose hand works to his praise! In the last psalm, the Rabbins have found out thirteen Halleluiahs, answering those thirteen properties of God, Exod. 34:6, 7. So he begins, so he ends; every verse, every sentence hath his Halleluiah. After twelve comes a thirteenth, that when we have done, we may begin again with the praises of God. Here, because our life is short, we sing it in breves and semibreves; hereafter we shall sing it in longs, for ever. 'Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouth shall shew forth (not ours, but) thy praise.'

Duty 3. Let us humble ourselves with repentance, who have corrupted what he hath created. 'Prepare to meet thy God' in fear and humility, Amos 4:12, lest he set forth against thee in dreadful fury. Non facilius struere, quàm destruere: It is as easy to pull down as to build up; he that was so mighty in the one, is not less in the

other. David saith, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made,' Ps. 139:14. Many a one may say, I am fearfully and wonderfully destroyed. If we repent not of our corruption, God will repent of our creation; and woe to the man of whose making God shall shew himself sorry. Hence it comes, that we abuse the other creatures, because we forget ourselves to be creatures; and that is violated which was made for man, even by that man which was made for God. Durst we surfeit to the utmost stowage and capacity of our bottoms, if we knew ourselves accountable creatures, and accountable for the creatures?

Duty 4. Let us serve God with all, because he made all. The curious smith will not brook to have his files exercised upon stones; nor the mathematician lend his engines for wasters and bandies. There is no artist but would have the instruments he makes employed to their purpose. In the great workhouse of the world, or in the little shop of man, every instrument must be used to its own purpose. Let the tongue praise God; he made it for that purpose. As man is a little world in the great, so his tongue is a great world in the little: Grande bonum, or grande malum.* It is either the trumpet of God's praises, or Satan's loud ordnance of blasphemy. Let the heart praise God; he made it for that purpose. The tongue is the heart's messenger; so often as it speaks before the heart dictates, the messenger runs without his errand. He that will not speak idly, must think what he speaks; he that will not speak falsely, must speak what he thinks. When the heart maliceth, or the tongue dissembleth, were they made for this purpose? The knees and hands have also their offices; let no part of the body lag behind, no affection of the soul stray abroad; let us worship him withal, that made all for his worship. The Lord hath given us knees to bow, tongues to pray, hearts to love; we take these blessings, and bestow them upon his enemies. The potter may err in framing his vessel, and so in anger dash the unfadging clay against the walls. God could not err in our creation, and he is still working us to his service; if nothing will effect it, his will must be fulfilled in vengeance, whose word was not answered in obedience.

Duty 5. This corrects their sauciness, that seem to make themselves creators. Among the papists, the mass-priest takes upon him this power to make God. Almighty men, that can make their Maker; that whereas God by his word made them, they by their word can make God; he made them of nothing, they him of a piece of bread. What naturian ever thought or taught, that the pot did create the potter? Among us, God made all creatures; the rich patron thinks himself a maker too, and is ready to call a man his creature. His first gift plants him, his second waters him, third makes him grow; *hic Deus nihil fecit*: now he is his creature, as if God had done nothing for him, had nothing to do with him. This no man justifies in a direct line, but *ex obliquo*, some do in effect; imposing such works on their creatures as cannot stand with the honour of God. Sins are offices for the devil; while they so employ them, they use them worse than they do their beasts. If thy pride will thus insult over God's best creatures, the basest of all creatures, worms and fiends, shall insult over thee.

Comforts.—That God, who did manifest such power in our creation, will be no less glorious in our redemption and conservation. 'He doth not despise the work of his own hands,' Job 10:3; he hates nothing that he made; there is no man but favours the effect of his own worth. Let man understand, whether is greater, *justos creare*, or *impios justificare*;* to create righteous creatures, or to justify the unrighteous. Certainly, *si æqualis sit utrumque potentiæ, hoc est majoris misericordiæ*; if both be of equal might, this last is of greater mercy. The former was *opus digiti*, this *opus brachii*, that of his word operative, this of the Word incarnate. Yet he can open the eyes of the blind, that could make him eyes that had none, Isa. 42:6. He can raise a dead soul, that could make the soul which had no being. Thus he doth remember us of his power in the creation, to assure us of his grace in our redemption, though it be harder than to spread out the heavens, Isa. 45:18. Soon doth the potter, of pliable clay, frame a vessel to his mind; let it be once hardened and deformed, it is difficult to mend it. Therefore the terms of creation are used in describing the work of our redemption; as if it were as glorious to regenerate a man as to make a world, Eph. 2:10; 4:24. A clean heart

is a rare blessing, it is created, Ps. 55:10. Peace in the heart is sweet, it is created, Isa. 57:19. From hence arose Paul's bold challenge and defiance to all his enemies, Rom. 8:35; Why? they are creatures, and cannot cross the resolved will of their Maker. Lord, thou didst make us when we were not, for thou art glorious; wilt thou save us that were lost, for thou art gracious?

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.—I come to the creation in the particulars. By heaven and earth, Gen. 1, is understood the matter, and seed, where out all things were made; first created in the matter, after perfected into form, and last beautified with their ornaments; as trees and beasts in the earth, fishes in the sea, fowls in the air, stars in the sky. Here we understand not only heaven and earth themselves, but all the creatures which they contain in their distinct places. In this great machine, most fitly, most wisely are all the parts disposed. We know not whether more to praise the matter, the method, or the form. The head of this creation is heaven, and earth the footstool. Yet, as he that would ascend to the top of an house begins at the lowest stair, so though heaven be better, yet earth is nearer. I will therefore first consider the place where we are, then arise to the place where we would be.

The earth is the centre of the world, created firm, Eccl. 1:4, not to be shaken by any hands but the Maker's, when in his wrath he pleases to totter the foundations of it. This is the common sewer of all the world's corruption, the receptacle of all the lees and dregs of nature. Yet how admirable is it, both for that we see on it and we may find in it. Every lineament of her face yields many wonders; an innumerable variety of beasts, worms, herbs, flowers, seeds, plants, fruits, appear. What pile of grass is there wherein we may not read the finger of God? 'Let the earth bring forth grass,' &c. From which divines gather that the world was made in the spring, and that Christ was crucified the same day that Adam was created, that the first might be a type of the second. The first man could call the beasts by names agreeable to their natures. Now, what son of man doth know all the beasts either by name or nature? What herbalist can describe the virtue of every

plant? Long industry hath found out something, but (as the greatest discoverer of the world) leaves more unknown behind. Strange are the treasures which the bowels of this earth hide from our eyes. Mines of metals, quarries of stone, that it is hard to say whether the back or the entrails be richer. These hath God laid up secretly and basely, that we should not over-search nor over-value them. The wealth they yield to our purses is far short of their observation to our minds. Our heart is too narrow to admire sufficiently that we tread upon, how much less comprehensive of our Maker? But if we shall subject our hearts to that which God hath subjected to our feet, we are a baser earth than that which carries us.

The sea is comprised under this title. That great deep, the womb of moisture, the huge pond of the world, wonderful in divers respects. 1. For situation, which Ambrose and Basil collect from the psalm (104:6), to be above the earth. 'Thou coveredst it with the deep, the waters stood above the mountains.' It is reported of an Egyptian king, and after him of Darius, that they would have cut the earth, and joined the Nile and the Red Sea together, but that they found it higher than the land by three cubits, and so ceased.* But indeed it is not so; and the Ptolemies effected that design without any danger of inundation. We see by experience the earth to be the heavier element, and so to have her foundation lowest. Yet cannot the sea overwhelm it, and this by (not miracle, but) ordinary providence, that hath so disposed it. The waters rage, foam, swell, as if they would swallow it up; yet the Lord shuts up this roaring element in a channel, like a barking cur in a kennel, wraps up this huge beast as a child in swaddling clouts, stays its rage by an insensible violence, and (in a wonder of nature) confineth his waves. 2. For motion. Why it moves forward, why it retires, is to us above all reason wonderful. He only that made it knows why he made it so; and by its ebbing and flowing keeps it from overflowing us, that so wrestling with itself we might live. 3. For the innumerable creatures in it Great whales, like living mountains, rolling up and down in those dreadful billows. Neither earth nor air can compare for wonders with the sea. Behemoth is short of the Leviathan. Yet hath the most wise God

taught man to subdue this monstrous creature. Hell only hath a Leviathan more terrible than the sea. The same God teach us and help us to overcome him by our faith. Such uncountable numbers, strange shapes, various forms, and huge quantities be in the sea. that we know not whether to wonder more at the element itself or the creatures it contains. *Ipsa se natura vincit numerosis modis.*† 4. For the strange art of sailing on it. That there should be a plough to delve a passage through the unwieldy ocean, a saddle for the back of that unruly beast.

Thus have I made a brief circuit of the whole earth, a short cut over the vast sea. There is yet a shorter passage than this, which is by the contempt of them both, especially in regard of that which follows, which is

HEAVEN.—This contains generally all that is above the earth. In this high and stately building be three stages, all called heaven—*Aëreum*, *Sidereum*, *Empyræum*. The first is the space from the earth to the firmament. So we read of the fowls of heaven, the windows of heaven. The next contains the sun and stars. The highest is invisible, that third heaven, 2 Cor. 12:2, the glorious place where Christ sits in his manhood, and whither all faithful souls are gathered. The lowest is for fowls, vapours, meteors; the next for stars and lights; the third for saints and angels. As in the division of Solomon's temple, three courts: the first is open for all; the second is the body of that illustrious house, wherein those radiant candles are continually burning; the uppermost is the holy of holies. In the first is mutability and trouble, in the next constancy and harmony, in the highest blessedness and glory. The first we feel, the second we see, the third we believe. In the two lower is no true felicity; neither the birds nor the stars are happy. Only the third heaven, celestial paradise, is the place of everlasting joy. Still the higher we go the more perfection we find. That which excels another in place, excels it also in honour—the visible firmament transcending the air, and the invisible yet more exceeding that. So let our holy thoughts, aspiring 'from one stair to

another, attain at last to the top of Jacob's ladder, that empyreal heaven, the glorious seat of Christ.

First, let us pass through the meanest region of heaven, and nearest to our senses, the air. Even here we find cause of admiration and praise. What variety of fowls fly up and down this heaven with their lighter wings, of numberless shapes and colours: some preying upon others, some playing among themselves, all seeking their meat of God, who 'feeds the young ravens when they call upon him.' How can we be mute when we hear the little birds every morning carol the praises of their Maker? Here we feel the subtle winds, now puffing from the east, then from the west, purging the air, as the lungs fan coolness upon the heart. These we hear whistle among the leaves, we perceive moving clouds and ships, we see not their substances, we know not their causes. These the Maker useth as particular crosses to some, but general blessings to all.

Here be the clouds, big-bellied with a burden heavier than themselves. These are driven with a violent agitation of the winds, yet hang and hold their load till a high hand crush them. How they are supported, why they should be delivered in this place, not in that, now, not then, what naturalist could ever prescribe? Yea, that these watery sponges should be turned into furnaces, venting their sudden fires on all sides, and amazing the world with the dreadful noise of their thunders, the vapour making an eruption through the cloud, sending forth flashes that reach the eye before the roaring of the breach invades the ear, as the fire from the cannon is discerned before the report. Thus from the midst of water doth God fetch fire, and hard stones from thin vapours. How wondrous would these things be if they were not common? This heaven contains also those meteors, blazing comets, falling stars, letters and characters of such strange variety, whereout, though we cannot read the Creator's meaning, we may read his power, and tremble to sin against him. Often we behold gulfs and gapings in the sky, bright circles, flashings in the heavens, fires darted up and down, matter for our admiration rather than examination. Natural causes be given by rational men;

but let us look higher, to the wisdom and mightiness of an infinite God. All of these in their kinds praise the Lord, 'Fire and snow. storm and tempest, fulfilling his word,' Ps. 148:8. Let not us forget him.

The next heaven we consider by its height, hugeness, glory. For its height: the Hebrews, by drawing this ascending line forwards on a plain, have found it to be five hundred years' journey to the starry sky; Aratus will have it but of thirty days. Curious calculators, how are they troubled to deceive themselves; the one making it too little, the other too much! But such is the height, that it is a wonder our eye should reach the celsitude of it, and not be tired in the way. Let it teach us, how easily our immortal souls can go further, when our eye, fixed in a mortal head, can extend so far. Now if so high, how large? Art teaching that the orbicular compass must be proportionable to the height. How huge a curtain hath the Maker drawn about this little point, the earth! We think this island spacious, yet it is not so much to the whole earth, as an inch to an acre; the earth huge, yet were we in the starry heaven with these corporeal eyes, the whole earth would seem less to us there, than one star of that doth appear to us here. Yea, not many stars are so little as it, and yet what ample spaces be there void of stars! How small a thing is man to the earth, earth to the sun, the sun to the heaven; man, earth, sun, heaven, and all to the Lord! The glory of it graceth both height and magnitude: how delectable are the utmost walls, the ceiling and roof of this world! How embroidered a canopy hath God drawn over the head of man! Lights to which precious stones, in their brightest lustres, are but clouds. What is exposed to our view, is admirable; how much more that we cannot see, which God hath charged us to believe, that we may enjoy. If the outside of the royal palace be so magnificent, if the hall appear so rare, what ornaments are in the presence and inner chamber of the King? By that we see without, we are taught to admire and desire the treasures and pleasures within.

Thus high are our thoughts raised: conceiving ourselves first to have passed an earthy and watery voyage, observing the wonders of God by sea and land; then, through the threefold region, seen the bottles

and spouts of rain, felt the snows and hail, heard the rattling of the thunder, opened the caves of lightning, perused the meteors, visited the outgoings of the morning and evening, ascended to the stars, and conversed with those fixed and yet moved fires; now, before we mount higher, I interpose this short meditation.

There be not two worlds; God made but one world: this present, and that to come, are but divers parts of one and the same world. This is the morning, that the high noon; this the inn, that the home; this the gallery, that the bed-chamber. That is called future, because of our permutation; differing like infancy and perfect stature. Travellers called the undiscovered parts of America *novum orbem*, the new world, because it was new to them. So St Peter calls that a new heaven and new earth, because the earth shall be renewed, and heaven is new to us at our arrival thither. Whithersoever sin could extend, corruption would not be kept back; like an unhappy brood, it would follow the dam. There is nothing but labour and vanity under the sun: this is a fair house, but the tenant hath infected it; therefore he is as sure to be cast out, as ever he came in. Only the landlord's mercy lets him enjoy it for a time, that he may provide himself of another. Lo, there is a better to be had; mansions, not pavilions, purchased by Christ of his Father. He that can make ready his fine and his rent, which is faith and a good conscience, shall be instated in a perpetuity, *domus æternitatis*, an inheritance never to be lost.

This is higher than the dwelling of the sun and stars; even the receptacle of the glorified spirits, the court royal of the blessed Trinity, Such is the privilege of God's children, that here by faith they see him that is invisible, and enjoy him that is immense; and so begin that heaven, which the clear vision and unchangeable fruition shall consummate in the heaven of heavens. Proportionable are God's works to himself; *magnum magna* decent. Kings do not build cottages, but magnify their royalty in sumptuous palaces; how glorious is that which the King of glory hath built for himself! If the lower side of that pavement, which the feet of the saints shall walk upon in heaven, be so glorious a ceiling to us on earth, that no art of

man, or riches of the world, can sample it, what be the parlours and chambers unseen? If the sun, the light of the world, be of such majesty, what is the brightness and glory of its Maker? If but some other of the stars were let down as low as the sun, they would all appear like suns to us, which now we only wonder at in their distance. If such a firmament be adorned, such an earth prepared, for the use and benefit of God's enemies, how happy shall those eternal mansions be, ordained for his friends! It is the feeling of his gracious presence, that makes a heaven on earth. It is the manifestation of his glorious presence that makes a heaven in heaven. Lord, thou didst make the sun and stars for us, not us for them; them for our temporary use, not everlasting society. Raise us up as far above them, now in desire, hereafter in place, as they are yet above us; that when the sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned to blood, and the elements melt with heat, we may enjoy that light which shall never be put out!

In this heaven be the sun, moon, and stars, those radiant beauties of it. These were not made on several days, according to the dream of Eugubinus, but all on the fourth; nor in succession, as Basil thought, but all at once. The sun and moon are called the 'great lights,' Gen. 1:16; not according to the Jewish fancy, that they were both made of equal light in the beginning, and that the moon, envying the light of the sun, was brought into subjection, and made recipient of her light from him; and of the beams, whereof the moon was deprived, God made the lesser stars. But the sun is a great celestial body, found by mathematicians to exceed the earth one hundred and sixty-six times in bigness; whereas the stars of the first magnitude (whereof they reckon but fifteen) exceed it but eighteen times. Reason satisfies us of the sun's great quantity; both because when it ariseth, all the stars are hid, the less lights giving place to the greater. And if it were not of such quantity, how could the whole earth be enlightened by it? Lastly, because it appears of like quantity to all throughout the world; it is not greater to us, and less to the Indians. Whereas herds of cattle afar off, shew like ants; and a ship may be discovered so far on the sea, till it appear no bigger than a dove.

The other great light is the moon; which the Stoics held bigger than the earth; Parmenides, equal to the sun; others, next to the sun; but mathematicians find it less than the earth thirty-nine times, and the least of all the stars but Mercury. Moses calls it a great light, according to the vulgar capacity, because it is nearest of all stars to the earth, greatest in operation, and governess of the night. Of the other fixed stars, and wandering planets, there be four ends or uses. 1. To distinguish day and night. 2. For signs of weather, especially when natural causes have begun to work; as in the evening to presage the morning temperature; but not to prognosticate things to come: that use would be hissed out of almanacs. 3. To serve for signs and seasons. 4. To give influence, by their heat and motion, to these inferior parts. But to calculate nativities, to ground predictions, to find things lost; to make stars alias beneficas, alias maleficas, whereas God made all good; this study is for them, who, so they may know something of heaven while they live, are content to take another place when they die. Let not us be ambitious to know, what we cannot learn, our destiny in the stars; but to learn what we may know, our names written in the book of life.

The heaven itself were but a formless and confused creature, without light: this is the soul of the body, the beauty of all those beauties of the world. But if God made the light, was he not before in darkness? No; he needs no created light, that is himself a light uncreated; no corporal light, that is a spiritual one. God is light, and in him is no darkness. He made this light for our mortal journey on earth; himself is the light of our immortal abode in heaven. But if God made the light, who made darkness? Darkness is nothing, but only the absence of light, as nakedness the want of clothing, and silence the cessation of noise. God did not dwell in this light that he made; no more than when it is said, 'The Spirit moved upon the waters,' the waters were the habitation of the Spirit; but he so moved on the creature, as the workman upon the matter which he is about to fashion; the sun is carried about the earth, yet is not the earth the habitation of the sun. Now if one glimpse of this created light give so beautiful a lustre to all God's workmanship, how incomprehensibly glorious is that in

himself? This the very beasts can behold, that not the very angels. This shines to the basest part of the creation, that only to the supreme world of blessedness.

The light was made the first day, the sun not till the fourth, Gen. 1:5. How could there be a distinction of days without the sun? Answer. There was a division of day and night before, but a more exact division afterward. What this former light was there may be many opinions. Some take it not for a natural, but a spiritual, light;* but not truly; for it made a visible difference betwixt day and night. Some for the element of fire; but this light was moveable, whereas the elements are universally dispersed. If man had then been made, he had seen all lightsome, yet not seen from whence it came. As in a great pond we see the banks filled, we see not the springs from whence that water ariseth. He that made the sun made the light without the sun, before the sun, that we might not ascribe it to the sun. The light depends on the Creator, not on the creature. What light it was, where placed, how it moved, how long it continued, are fruitless examinations. This observe we: God's power is not limited to means; it was easy for him to make a heaven without a sun, light without a heaven, day without a sun, time without a day. Let us allow him to be Lord of his own works. Never distrust we that God in the want of means, who can either give them, or save us without them. Whatsoever we command, and want God, our poverty is miserable. Whatsoever we want, and have God, our riches are comfortable. As it was before man was made, so shall it be after he is dissolved: 'The sun shall be no more our light by day, nor the moon by night; but the Lord shall be our everlasting light,' Isa. 60:19, 20. One day again we shall have light without the sun, Ps. 84:11. Here we sometimes darken him to ourselves, but in heaven there is no eclipse. The created sun and light are for a world inferior to themselves. God's light is only for above. He that gave this light to the sun, which the sun gives to the world, what light hath he prepared for the heavens? Here he made a sun for us, there he will make us 'like suns,' Matt. 17:2. The sun shall be 'seven times' more 'glorious' than it is now, Isa. 30:26, and we seven times more glorious than it is then.

This light, thus dispersed for three days through the whole heavens, was the fourth day gathered and united to the body of the sun, that receptacle which God had ordained for it. The heaven was instead of a sun till the sun was made. Then it pleased the Maker's wisdom that one star should be the treasury of light to heaven and earth. He made one proper centre for all things of one kind, unto which he reduceth them. Light things mount upward, heavy substances have a natural propension downward. As the waters were gathered into one sea, so the light was called into the compass of one sun. So shall all his chosen be congregated to one glory. Our souls and bodies are made to come to him, why should our desires be scattered from him? Why do we not settle our affections upon his Christ, and shew ourselves to be of the communion of saints? The light of God is now dispersed into innumerable souls. It shall one day all be reconciled in himself. We are but as the heavens in their first imperfection, till we attain that centre, and be locally assembled to the presence of Christ.

Continual light would have seemed tedious to man, therefore God interchanged it with darkness. He could have made it perpetual; he would not, that it might be more grateful. There is nothing but God himself, whereof man would not be weary. The manna was that sweet relish to every palate which the palate desired, yet was Israel satiate with it. Even the things which we most affect cloy us with the continuance. Therefore God made such change of creatures to answer the desires of man, for whom he made them. God delights in constancy, we in change. There is no variety in that which is perfect, for there is but one perfection. The more uniform the more perfect. Yet so pleasing is the vicissitude of things, that the less worthy give us more content in their intercourse than better to in their perpetuities. To walk or sit or lie continually seems a pain not tolerable. We are sick with lying, therefore rise; sick with working, therefore rest. So the day dies into night, the morning is a resurrection. Darkness keeps her turn, that light may be more welcome. There is no constant and unalterable fortune in this world, all hang together by successions. Above it shall be day for ever. The night is only for mortality, it is eternal day in heaven. Yet let us

strive, in some measure of resemblance, to be here as we shall be there. Let us dispel the clouds that darken our internal light, that our souls may have a continual day. If any fog be gathered in our lives, any mist arise in our consciences, let us labour, like the moon under an eclipse, to get out, abhorring the interposition of lusts between the light of our salvation and our souls. Let us walk in the light of this day till we come to the day of that light.

The 'third heaven.' How excellent is this world which our meditations have passed through, ourselves dwell in! Yet how miserable in regard o our home. How is it beyond the tongue or thought of man to declare or conceive. 'No eye hath seen, nor ear heard,' &c., 1 Cor. 2:9. Some have untruly gathered from 2 Cor. 5:1, that this heaven is eternal, never created; but though it were 'made without hands,' yet it was 'made;' and the apostle calls it eternal, not because it had no beginning, but because it shall have no ending. 'Whose builder and maker is God,' Heb. 11:10. Therefore it was made. Nor is it to purpose to say, It hath always been the place of the eternal God, therefore it is an eternal place; for the 'heaven of heavens cannot contain him,' 1 Kings 8:27. He may there give a fuller remonstrance of his majesty, but it cannot comprehend his majesty. Others demand where this heaven is, and some have thought it to be everywhere; but then hell itself should be in heaven. It is above these visible heavens. 'Christ ascended far above all heavens,' Eph. 4:10. Others yet question why God created this third heaven, seeing his gracious presence makes every place a heaven. Answer. So it pleased him to ordain a certain place for the manifestation of his glory to the elect angels and men. This is called by Christ 'his Father's house,' and the 'kingdom of heaven,' where God is king, and ruleth all in perfect glory. It is a place our souls cannot yet comprehend, may it one day comprehend our souls.

1. This discovers the general folly of the world. Men curiously seek to keep their footing in this mortal and barren turf, without assuring themselves of that heaven which is a thousand times more glorious than the firmament. Suppose a man hath two houses, one a torn

cottage, open to wind and weather, the other a princely palace, impregnable for strength, unmatched for beauty; the former by tenure at another's will, the other by inheritance. If he shall bestow all his care and provision in hightening and dressing the uncertain and beggarly shed, leaving the other unregarded, is he not mad? God hath provided for us two houses, the one of 'clay, whose foundation is in the dust,' Job 4:19, the other of gold and precious stones, 'sapphires and chrysolites,' Rev. 19. Yet what labour and cost is there to patch up the ruins of this homely cabin, with what price do we buy a little physic to rectify it? Yet will scarce be at the small necessary charges of the other. Not break a sleep, nor fast a meal, nor part with a superfluity of our substance, for an eternal mansion in heaven. How much gold will the rich worldling give to save his life? How small a cost doth he think sufficient for his soul? He will forbear a dish that he loves, upon the physician's warning, for the one; he will scarce forbear a sin, upon God's warning, to save the other. Fond man! this house shall be taken from thee; the sun shall not shine to thine eyes; those holes shall be filled with darkness; then prepare thyself for that other, which before the world was prepared for thee. Break off thy sins by repentance, hate the vice that may stop thy passage to bliss. Flatter not thyself with a treasure of conversion in thy own hands; but seek the Lord while he may be found, lest when thou wouldest find him, he be then to seek.

2. Be content with thy condition here, be it poverty, or sickness, or disturbance; there is a third heaven shall make amends for all. How valiantly did Paul undergo his burden, encouraged with this consideration! 'I look not to the visible things, that are temporal, but to the invisible, that are eternal,' 2 Cor. 4:18. O the different departures of the reprobate and Christian! The one dies howling, the other rejoicing; the one knows he changeth for the better; the other mistrusts, for the worse; to the one death is a gulf of sorrow, to the other a port of liberty; he, because he is stripped for a scourging; this, because he lays off his clothes, after his toil, to go to bed. Little cared Abraham to change his dwelling so often, that knew a country provided for him to dwell in for ever. Queen Elizabeth, being a

prisoner in her sister's days, wished herself a milkmaid for freedom: but had she then foreseen her own future fortunes, so long, so prosperous, so glorious and blessed a reign over this kingdom, she would not have admitted that thought. All our loathness to depart, and fears in departing, arise from our own unsettledness; we have not made sure to ourselves a dwelling in these glorious heavens; many mansions there be, John 14:2, we have not provided ourselves one. Did we truly value it, above all cities, crowns, kingdoms, pleasures, inheritances, comforts, how could we but set our hearts upon it, or rather upon him that bought it for us, and us for it! We would then say with David, 'Woe is me that I must remain in Meshek;' with Simeon, 'Now let thy servant depart;' with Elias, 'I am weary of my life;' an end, good Lord. We would be far from lingering and hankering after this Baca of tears, and wilderness of fears, were we sure that this removal should dry our eyes, and end all our labours.

'Our light momentary affliction worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' 2 Cor. 4:17. A superlative, transcendent phrase, not to be found in any heathen rhetoric, because they never wrote of such a theme, nor with such a spirit. What is here in the world but vexation? for a minute of peace, months of trouble; for a dram of honey, pounds of gall and aloes; our souls, like Noah, find no resting for the soles of their feet, till they come to this mount Ararat; whither their works follow them, where their sorrows leave them.

Believing and remembering this, why should we either so mourn for our departed friends, or fear for our departing selves? Jacob thought some evil beast had devoured Joseph, while Joseph was alive, and triumphing in Egypt. Those saints are not lost, but gone before us to the joys of this heaven: they may præire, not perire. Let us long to be with them, more than scholars do for holidays, apprentices for freedom, spouses for marriage, labourers for their wages, husbandmen for harvest, heirs for their inheritance, or princes for their kingdoms. I could wish to hold your thoughts longer in this blessed court; whither, you are not so unkind to yourselves, as not to

wish your own arrival. But it is only the Spirit of God that can imprint these patterns in our hearts; that at all times we may remember them, especially in that great and solemn day of our death, when Satan will be busiest, and ourselves weakest. O then let us think of these unspeakable comforts; how our souls leave a broken and ruinous cage, the keeper unlocking the door; with what vivacity they shall pass through the lower regions of the air, pierce the clouds, go by the moon, sun, and stars, transcend the firmament, and those higher orbs, cheerfully mounting up to the glorious gates of eternal light and life, be welcomed by saints and angels to the court of blessedness, and possessed of those delights which know neither measure nor end.

THE CREATION OF MAN.—The world is a great man, and man is a little world. *Quantillum dominum posuit Deus in tantum dominium?* a little lord over a great lordship. I will discourse of him first in general, then of his special parts. *Hominem, ad hominem, de homine loquentem, doceat factor hominum.* The points be six. 1. The preparation to his facture. 2. The model or form. 3. The time. 4. The place. 5. His dignity. 6. His society.

1. The preparation to his making; 'Let us make man,' Gen. 1:26. Other creatures were made by a simple fiat; man not without a divine consultation of the blessed Trinity; not for the difficulty, but dignity of the work; it was not more painful, but more noble. Here was something to be produced on the sixth day, better than all the visible works of the former. The rest were made at once, man was first formed, and then inspired; as God did seem to be deliberate in the purposing, so he used degrees in the making. The painter will be studious about that which he means to make his masterpiece. This was to be the crown of God's works on earth, as the angels are in heaven.

2. The form after which man was made is the image of his Maker. Other creatures are made in several shapes, like to none but themselves: man after the image of God. He that made all things

would have something somewhat to resemble himself. Wherein consists this image? First, Eugubinus thought that God did take a human shape when he made man, but that could not be his image if he had assumed it; this was the error of the anthropomorphites. Secondly, Some say, 'after the image of God;' because like that nature which Christ was to assume; but Christ took our likeness, not we his. Thirdly, Some understand it for the soul's immortality; Damascene, for the free will; Chrysostom, for dominion over the creatures. Fourthly, Others, because as all things are originally in God, so by participation in man; he partakes with the stones in being, with the plants in growing, with the beasts in moving, with the angels in understanding. And as God is the principal end of all things, so man the secondary and subordinate, for whose use they were made. And, as all things had their being from God, so all men had their beginning from Adam. St Augustine hath seven several conceits, which I mention not. The most, with the master of the sentences, think this image to consist in reason and understanding; save that some also add charity. These be the conceits of men.

God teacheth us otherwise; expressly, that this image consists 'in knowledge, holiness, and righteousness,' Eph. 4:24, Col. 3:10. First, Such as is the image of God renewed, such was it created; but it is renewed in these; therefore secondly, if this image were in the substance of the soul, wicked men and spirits had the image of God: for the substance of spirit and soul is in them still. Thirdly, Deus non damnat imaginem suam;* God doth not destroy his own image; but the soul of the reprobate is damned. That image of God wherein we were created, is not condemned but crowned; but only the righteousness of the soul is crowned. Fourthly, that image of God which man received in his creation, he utterly lost by his transgression, otherwise it needed no renewing. But the substance of the soul, with the natural faculties, was not lost, † therefore this image could not consist in that. The whole man in his inward and outward part inveteravit; the inward is now renewed by regeneration, the outward shall be restored by the resurrection. Now there needed no repairing, if there had been no impairing, nor decay;

nec restitutio sequeretur, nisi destitutio præcesserat. Fifthly, that image which is naturally begotten is not God's; it is absurd to think that image propagated; as 'Adam begat a son, in his own likeness, after his image,' Gen. 5:3. Therefore this image was not in man's substance, but in his knowledge and conformity to the will of God.

God is alone, after his own singular manner, simple, infinite, glorious. It is impossible that any creature should be like him in his proper being, because it is a creature. What is finite to infinite, mixed to simple, weak to omnipotent? There can be no perfect resemblance of God; yet of all visible creatures man comes nearest to it. Most creatures are all body, angels are all spirit, man is body and spirit. Nor yet is this correspondence in his natural faculties, but in his divine graces. Wisdom and holiness was the first copy from which they were drawn. So long as we were wise and good we were like to God. We made ourselves sinners, and sin made us fools. In our creation we were like God, by transgression we became unlike ourselves. While we now commend man, we praise him to his shame. He that magnifies the ruins of Zion never saw her in her perfect beauty. The honour of man as he is, is a disgrace to what he was; the better we were, we are the worse, as the sons of some lavish or tainted ancestors tell of the lands and lordships that once were theirs, or as blind Samson should talk of his former valour. Yet how hath God's goodness overcome our badness, sending the image of his own person to restore us the image of our creation! O, let the readiness of our desires be answerable to the graciousness of his mercies, seeking to redeem what we have lost, to recover in Christ what we have lost in ourselves. If our damage turn not to our benefit, the second fault is ours. We may be better in the second Adam than ever we were in the first, stand surer in grace than we did in nature, if our faith be as strong now as our condition was flexible then.

3. The time of man's creation, the sixth day. The stage being fully prepared, man was brought upon it, as an actor and spectator: an actor, that he might not be idle; a spectator, that he might not be discontent. Earth is made ready for his use, heaven for his

contemplation. He saw the heaven a glorious place, but far off. See it he might, not reach it; God will therefore make him a little heaven upon earth, fit him with a paradise at home. If he had been ordained immediately for heaven, as were the angels, what needed a body? If appointed to live always on the earth with beasts, what needed a soul? If he had not been to dwell a while upon the earth, his body had been superfluous; if to dwell ever there, his soul had not been so happy. Therefore, as God ordained a heaven for his soul, so an image of heaven for his body. He was enabled both to contemplate and to do. If only to contemplate, some vast wilderness or barren mount might have served. But he that gave him a heart to meditate gave him also business to do; hands fit to work, and work fit for his hands.

He was created in a perfect age, his body being fit for generation, as it appears by the charge following his facture, 'Increase and multiply;' and immediately after his fall was Cain begotten. Some think he was made about the years that Christ died, but it is most likely rather when the patriarchs were fit to generate, about sixty-five, for under those years none of them begat children, Gen. 5:12. So adding sixty and five to nine hundred and thirty, Adam will appear to have lived longer than Methuselah or any of the patriarchs. But that he was a giant, able to wade over the ocean, this is a Jewish fancy. The sight of his eyes and reason of his soul were perfect at once, and the objects which both apprehended gave him cause to apprehend himself blessed. If we could now conceive in meditation what he then perceived in fruition! When he first opened his eyes he saw a glorious heaven above him, a steady and pleasant earth under him, serviceable creatures about him, a perfect understanding and peaceable conscience within him, a glorious God before him; and he knew as well what all these things meant as if he had been long acquainted with them. Thus when God had made the great house of this world and furnished it, then he brought in the tenant to possess it. An empty palace is a fair gift of a king to his subject, though he be not at the charges to adorn and supply every room with answerable furniture; the bare wall had been too good for us. But he that

measures his gift by his own goodness, so beautified this world for man, whom, above the world, he beautified for himself.

4. The place where he was made and set to dwell was paradise; as if the common earth had not been good enough for him, but a garden. The whole earth was excellent, this was the best part of it. This place was for pleasure, for labour, for instruction, to delight him, to exercise him, to teach him.

(1.) For pleasure. Such was the Maker's bounty, not only extending to life, but to the happiness of life. Every part of earth would yield fruits enough for Adam's sustentation, this shall also for his delectation. He that made all things good, did also provide that they might be well; their solace was his care, so well as their being. Not only competency, but abundance, may stand with innocence. That *vita vitalis* requires a confluence of many good things. They are too rigid and austere that forbid lawful delights. Let no teacher make the way to heaven more thorny than God himself made it and meant it. Those idolaters cut and mangle their own flesh in their sacrifice. But for whom was this service? Not for God, but for Baal. I cannot believe that God will ever give a papist thanks for whipping himself. Our lawful pleasures are his pleasures, and our (unbidden) wrongings of our own selves are his injuries. That is a superstitious worship which makes the worshippers miserable. God delights not in our blood, but when the witness of his glory calls for it. The world hath ways enough to vex us; we need not be our own tormentors. It is no credit to a man's holiness that he condemns all recreation. Let me look to please God, and then know that he hath made the world to serve me. Men may eat and drink even to honest delight, so withal they worship the giver, Ps. 22:29, and do not like Esau, who 'did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way,' Gen. 25:34, never minding the author; no grace, but full, rose up, went his way.

(2.) For labour. Paradise was not only to delight his senses, but also to exercise his hands; as bees love to be in gardens, yet must there work out their honey. In every pleasure there is some labour; the hunter's sport doth oft bring him home weary. All Adam's delights could not make him happy had his life been lazy. The state of

innocence did not except him from diligence. Idleness might not be tolerated either by the perfection of his nature or command over the creatures. After his fall labour was inflicted as a punishment; before his fall it was not dispensed with as inconvenient. How many sons of Adam still take delight in dressing gardens and planting nurseries? He is, therefore, no sooner made than set to work. Before he sinned his labour was without necessity, without pains without weariness; if there be now sorrow in it, we may thank sin for it. In paradise all things laboured for man, now man must labour for all things. Adam did work because he was happy; we, his children, must work that we may be happy. Heaven is for joys, hell for pains, earth for labour. The first whole day that ever man spent was a holy day, the six following were work days. Let us labour that we may rest; the more cheerfully we go about our lawful business the nearer we come to our paradise. Christianity is a vocation, not a vacation: 'Work out your salvation with fear and trembling,' Phil. 2:12. 'Work:' this is agere, to do; 'work out,' be instant, constant in it: this sat agere, to do sufficient; 'your salvation,' keep the right course: this is hoc agere, to do the best. Our labours end with our lives, our rewards end not with our labours.

(3.) For instruction. God did teach man's heart by that he did exercise his hands. There were two principal trees in the garden, the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. Other trees had a natural use, these a spiritual; they were Adam's sacraments.

The 'tree of life;' not because it was able to give immortality, or to preserve from death till man was translated to immortality. Some schoolmen* hold that it had a power to preserve from death by a natural faculty; Bonaventura, by a supernatural faculty. But, indeed, by eating its fruit it could do neither; no food that is corruptible can make the body incorruptible, for neither the fruit could nourish without its own corruption, nor maintain life without nourishment. If man had not sinned he had not died; but for this immortality he was beholden to his creation, not to the tree. And without sin he had lived; eat what fruit he would, saving only one. It is called the tree of life, not effectivè, but significativè;* not for operation, but

signification; being a figure of that true immortality which man should have enjoyed from God, continuing in his obedience. So the Scripture expounds it, symbolically, Prov. 3:18; Rev. 2:7. This was one sacrament, to assure Adam continuance of happiness, upon his perseverance in holiness. Albeit God, that ordained the end, immortality of life, did not appoint this fruit the effectual means of that life; yet certainly it served to nourish the soul, by a lively representation of that tree whose fruit is eternal life.

The 'tree of knowledge;' not because it gave knowledge speculative, but experimental. For if it had bettered their knowledge it had been their gain, not their loss. But it was another sacrament; to shew man that, if he transgressed God's commandment, he should die, and so come to an experimental knowledge of good and evil. Life is the act of the soul, knowledge is the life of the soul: the tree of knowledge, and the tree of life, were ordained as earthly helps of the spiritual part. The one was for confirmation, the other was for probation or trial; the one shewed him what life he should have, the other what knowledge he should not wish to have. But when he had tasted of the tree of knowledge, he might not taste of the tree of life: that immortal food was not for a mortal stomach. God gave him the one, and forbade the other; now *qui arripuit prohibitam, amisit concessam*: by taking that was prohibited, he lost that was allowed. Yet he that drove him from the visible tree promised him that invisible tree, whereof the other was a symbol or sacrament, Christ. So now at once he perceives his own death by the sense of reason, and apprehends his future life by the eye of faith.

All our tastes are too much seasoned with the forbidden fruit, *nitimur in vetitum, cupimusque negata*. There is a tree of life, let us hunger after that. None but repentant sinners can relish it: let us repent that we have eaten, believe that we may eat, and eat that we may live for ever. Adam in that visible tree saw his Saviour, ere he had need of a Saviour; he saw the means of a heavenly life, before he had lost the earthly. We have a clearer evidence, why then have we not a stronger faith? The tree of life was nailed to the tree of death,

that we who fell by the tree of death might come to the tree of life. When we contemplate that paradise wherein man was created, we conceive it a place of such joy, that our thoughts want place to apprehend it. Yet that paradise, to which man is predestinated and redeemed, doth more exceed that than that exceeded a barren desert. Let others vainly trouble their wits to seek that paradise which is lost; let us set our hearts to seek that paradise which may be found. When Adam had sinned, that earthly paradise was shut; when Christ had died, this heavenly paradise was set open. From thence we were cast out in Adam, hither we are admitted in Christ. He that took that from us in justice, promised this to us in mercy. That could contain but a few, this hath room enough for us all. We made ourselves unfit for that by sinning; the Lord make us fit for this other by believing!

5. The dignity of man; 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour,' Ps. 8:5. Paulo inferiorem angelis, multo superiorem reliquis. First, He had a sweet communion with God, his soul and body being a sanctuary for his Creator; many familiar passages and conferences interceding between them. It was sin that caused Adam to hide himself; fear follows guilt, and sin is the mother of shame. But some sparks of divinity appearing in Christ, Peter cries, Recede; 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord,' Luke 5:8. How pleasant is the tranquillity of soul arising from the assurance of pardon! How inconceivable was that delight when the soul needed no pardon! Then, such was the wondrous beauty of his body, such a majesty resulting from his face, that it struck a reverence and awe into all the creatures: 'The dread of you shall be upon all things, for into your hand they are delivered,' Gen. 9:2; so that they neither durst nor could rebel against man. While he served his Creator, he was feared of every creature.

More than this, he had a patent of dominion over them, Gen. 1:26. He that made man and all the rest, præposuit, set man over all the rest. To witness this subjection, they present themselves before him as their lawful king. Some have conceited Adam sitting in some high

and eminent place as in a chair of state, his face shining brighter than Moses's, and every beast coming as he was called, and bowing the head as he passed by, being not able to behold his majesty. But certainly, by a secret instinct from God, they were gathered to Adam, 'he brought them,' Gen. 2:19. Wherein he might admire his Maker's bounty, behold his own excellency, exercise his own authority, and, lastly, shew his wisdom;—

Which was great. (1.) In natural things, for the name was given according to the nature; therefore he understood at first the propriety of every creature. But it is objected that 'Solomon was wiser than all men; none like him before, none arose like him after,' 1 Kings 3:12. And he understood the nature of plants, beasts, fowls, and fishes; of 'everything,' chap. 4:33. Tostatus doth prefer Solomon before Adam for wisdom. Answer: This is spoken of the common generation of men, excepting both the first Adam and the second: the former being created without sin, the other born without sin. So that until Christ, certainly Adam was the wisest man. (2.) In supernatural things; he was not ignorant of the mystery of the Trinity, in whose image he was made. (3.) In future things; he had some knowledge of Christ to come, though not yet as a Redeemer, yet perhaps as the author and fountain of life, whereof that tree was a symbol. Of the fall of angels I know not whether he had knowledge; because Eve was without suspicion, who else would have been cautelous of such a conference.

Thus God gave the nature to his creatures, Adam must give the name; to shew they were made for him, they shall be what he will unto him. If Adam had only called them by the names which God imposed, this had been the praise of his memory; but now to denominate them himself, was the approval of his judgment. At the first sight he perceived their dispositions, and so named them as God had made them. He at first saw all their insides, we his posterity ever since, with all our experience, can see but their skins. Therefore are they presented to their new lord, to do their first homage, and to acknowledge their tenure. Thus did God honour man, before man

did dishonour God and himself. The lions crouch at his feet; the bears and tigers tremble at his look; the eagle stoops to his call; he commands, the behemoth and leviathan obey. He can now stoop the hawk to his lure, send the dog of his errand, teach one fowl to fetch him another, one beast to purvey for his table in the spoil of others; but this is by art and violence, then it was by nature, without compulsion or resistance. Here I find cause to condemn three opinions.

(1.) That man in his innocency should have slain the beasts to help his experience, by taking knowledge of their inward parts; or for his sport and delight in hunting, or for his sustentation in eating.* But this is not likely, for 'death entered by sin,' Rom. 5:12; if there had been no sin, no death could have seized upon either lord or servant. *Ad usum erant, non ad esum.* The killing of beasts, on what occasion soever, whether for food, for knowledge, or pleasure, belongs unto the bondage of corruption, which sin brought with it. 'I have given you the herb, the tree, the fruit,' Gen 1:29; fruit, not flesh. *Homo immortalis vivebat ex fructibus, homo mortalis vivit ex mortibus.* † The beasts should not have died for us, if we had not been dying in ourselves. I am persuaded, if man had not sinned, no beast should have been killed. I dispute not their question, that think the beasts remaining at the resurrection shall be preserved. But let this temperate our authority from unmerciful tyranny; it was sin that made us butchers, and taught the master to eat the servant.

(2.) The anabaptists, from that general grant, Gen. 1:26, would fetch their confused community, and teach every son of Adam to challenge a free use over all the creatures; as if, because the fishes of the sea be common, therefore also the fishes in every pond. But it is a gross collection, for the gift must be used according to the will of the giver. Now as he gave this liberty, so he distinguished a propriety. We may drink the milk of kine, but of our own kine; wear the wool of sheep, but of our own sheep, or such as our money hath bought and made our own. These men have robbed the decalogue of the eighth commandment, as the papists have of the second. An error that hath

in it, we know not whether more impotence or impudence, so barbarous that the best conviction is the magistrate's bastinado. He that will steal a horse by a counterfeit warrant out of the Scripture, is well worthy to be confuted with a halter,

(3.) Those that have wrung blood out of the nostrils of reason, in framing arguments to the dishonour of man, thinking it the credit of their wits to vilify whom God doth thus dignify—man. Tully, prince of the academics, was transported with such a fury, he rails on nature, calls her stepdame for bringing man into the world naked and weak, and so makes him inferior to the brutes, whom God hath made little inferior to the angels. The Lord hath thus honoured man, and yet who but man could thus dishonour the Lord? There be such degenerate men, content to proclaim themselves bastards that they might disgrace all their fraternity. An opinion, that like a blazing meteor is dissolved in the wind, and in its dissolution vanisheth; as if God had made him the worst of all creatures whom he meant to make the best. Here, as David speaks, 'If the enemy had only reproached me,' Ps. 55:12, if the wrong were only man's, we might be silent; but God is injured in his workmanship, *et per latera hominum petitur Creator hominum.*‡ Let me proportion a censure fit for these censurers: *Ne præferantur brutis, qui bruta præferunt*; if they will prefer beasts before men, let their portion be among the beasts. For us let us honour God in man, who hath honoured man next himself; inferior to the angels in our nature, superior to the angels in the advancement of our nature, assumed by the image of his own person, Jesus Christ.

6. Plato and some of the Hebrews thought that Adam was created at first both man and woman, and was afterward divided into twain; or that they were both at first made together, but joined by their sides, like conporate twins, and after parted: they have too many such fables and fooleries. So the poets came in with their apish fictions: Hesiod with his Pandora, whom Vulcan made, all the gods adoring, adorning, and contributing to her; Venus gave her beauty, Pallas comeliness, Mercury wit—whereupon she was called Pandora; which,

opening the lid of the tun, divided care and grief to men who lived before without. They would believe Hesiod of his Pandora; not Moses, nor God himself, concerning his Eve.*

The woman hath many adversaries that disdain her competition with man. Some will not allow her a soul, but they be soulless men. God 'in his image created them,' Gen. 1:27, not him only, but him and her—them, 'male and female;' therefore she hath a soul. Some will not allow her to be saved; yet the Scripture is plain, 'she shall be saved by childbearing,' 1 Tim. 2:15. 'Two shall be grinding at the mill,' *duæ*, two women, so is it originally; 'one of them shall be saved,' Matt. 24:41. Though Christ honoured our sex in that he was a man, not a woman, yet he was born of a woman, and was not begot of a man. And howsoever wicked women prove the most wicked sinners, yet the worst and greatest sin that ever was done, was committed by man, not by woman—the crucifying of our Lord Jesus; not a woman had a hand in it; even Pilate's wife was against it, charging her husband 'to have nothing to do with that just man.' Woman was the principal in killing the first Adam, himself being accessory. But, in killing of the second Adam, man was the principal, and woman had not a finger in it. In a word, God in his image created them both on earth, and God in his mercy hath provided them both a place in heaven! Concerning the creation of woman, I observe three things: man's necessity, God's bounty, and the woman's conveniency.

(1.) Man's necessity. A whole world to use, and so many millions of creatures to command, had not been a perfect content for him without a partner. For Adam 'there was not a help found meet for him,' Gen. 2:20. He saw all the creatures, he saw them fit to be his servants, none to be his companions. Not that the necessity was such as if the Maker's wisdom could not have multiplied man without the woman. According to the Hebrew paradox, nothing is good but a woman; which others lewdly thwart with a pseudodox, nothing is bad but a woman. But it was, First, For mutual society and comfort. She is compared to a vine: for its fair shadow and arbor of leaves, *Refrigerium*, a refreshing to her husband. When he comes from his

labour abroad, *Lætabitur sub vite sua*, is his welcome home. Secondly, For the propagation of the world, she is a 'fruitful vine,' which is one means of her salvation, as one end of her creation; if they be *fructus nativitatis suæ, liberi*, not *spurii*: children, not bastards. Thirdly, To increase the church of God, and by replenishing the earth, to supply and store the kingdom of heaven. Fourthly, That from her might come that 'promised seed' which alone doth save us all.

Therefore it was God's charge, 'Increase and multiply;' and his provision, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' To condemn that 'doctrine of devils,' which loads this holy estate with their dung-carts full of reproaches. Misliking all their former answers, they now say, This *Crescite* is not a precept, for it was given to beasts not capable of precepts, and it should then bind all men, not only to marry, but to multiply by marriage; therefore they will have it only an institution of nature and promise of fecundity. But here they fight with their own shadows, for we do not say that it is a commandment binding all, but a liberty granted to all; in the barring of which liberty lies their sin. 'When you are persecuted in one city, flee to another,' saith Christ; yet he sinneth not that flieth not, when his faith is strong enough for the trial. Some have the gift of continency, which supplies this necessity; but to constrain him to live without a wife, who cannot live without a concubine, is to enforce a necessity of sinning, where God hath giving the faculty of avoiding it. Before the fall, marriage was in *beneficium*, now also in *remedium*. And though, in some respects, *Felicior cælibatus*, single life is more happy; yet *matrimonium tutius*, always marriage is more safe. Moses was a married man, Elias a virgin; Elias called fire from heaven, Moses obtained manna from heaven. Elias was a waggoner in the air, mounted through the clouds in a chariot; Moses was *viator in mari*, a traveller through the sea: God honoured them both alike. The smell of the flourishing vine drives away serpents and venomous creatures: the love of the wife, seasoned with the fear of God, is a *supersedeas* and bar to all Satan's temptations.

(2.) God's bounty. When man was made, we do not read that he found the want of an helper: he that enjoyed God could want no contentment. The contemplation of the new made world, and the glory of the Maker, did so take him up that he had neither leisure nor cause to complain. Should he beg of God a companion, this had been to disesteem the happiness of his condition, to grudge at his Maker's goodness, and unthankfully to have questioned his own perfection. As too many of his sons make themselves unworthy of that they have by coveting that they want, which they might want and be never the worse, may have and be never the better. Adam found not this want in God, but God found this want in Adam. He that made him, and knew him better than he knew himself, saw his want and supplied it, giving him comfort in a creature beside him, that had enough in his Creator above him. And rather than his innocence shall want a companion, God will begin a new creation. Before we can see our defects, God foresees them, and is then providing relief for us, when we feel no cause to complain; building a rampart for us, before the enemy comes to plant any ordnance against us. Still he watcheth over his 'beloved,' even 'while they sleep,' Ps. 127:3. How will he supply our necessity that thus stores us with superfluity?

When he effected this, he did cast Adam into a 'deep sleep,' Gen. 2:22, that neither his sight might be offended, nor his sense oppressed; sleep being a binder up of the senses. Would he not have yielded this rib waking? yes, doubtless; to such a Maker, and for such a purpose, most cheerfully. But as Adam knew not while himself was made, so he shall not know while his other self is made out of him. God will so magnify his goodness, that he shall receive his happiness before he expect it; that his joy in it, and thankfulness for it, may be the greater. So God 'built the woman;' she is called a building. First, Because man was an imperfect building without her. Secondly, Because the building of the family is by her; so the Hebrews call a son ben, of banah, to build. Man in marriage is said reparare latus suum, to repair his maimed side; and repetere costam suam, to require his own rib. And the woman is thither reunita, unde sublata, reduced to her first place. The inscription she bears, is donum and

bonum, the gift of God; 'he brought her to the man,' it was his new-world's gift, the like whereof was not to be found in all the riches of nature.

(3.) The woman's conveniency and fitness for man. She was not made out of the earth, which was the matter of man; not out of the inferior creatures, which were the servants of man; but out of himself, that she might be dear in estimation, and equal in condition, to him. Therefore she took her denomination from him, as her being out of him: of ish, isha; of man, woman. The school hath curious questions: whether this was one of Adam's necessary and substantial parts, or a superfluous and supernumerary rib? If it had been superfluous, God had not made it and given it him; if he had been imperfect without it, God had not taken it from him. There is difference between things useful and convenient, and those that be necessary. Therefore, if in God's sight man could not well have wanted it, it had been easy enough for him to make the woman of the bone, and to turn the flesh into another bone. But he so multiplied the spirits, so animated it, that it should never be missed, or give cause of complaint. 'This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh,' saith Adam, Gen. 2:23; not so much for the contemplation of her likeness, or consideration of her fitness, or sensible alteration in himself, as for the knowledge of her matter, and to shew his authority over her. He gave a name unto her, 'She shall be called woman.' If she had been made by the request or will of Adam, or with the pain and detriment of Adam, she might afterward have been upbraided with her dependency and obligation. Now she owes nothing but to her Creator. Adam can no more challenge aught from her for his rib, than the earth can challenge from him. From a rib to a helper, was an happy change. Who was ever a loser by God's alteration? Whatsoever we have is his. When he taketh from us his own, which we had, he will give us better things, which we shall keep. He that gave man a woman to his helper, gave him by that woman a man to be his Saviour.

Conclusion.—When we see the heavens, the sun, and stars, we have good cause to say, 'O God, what is man?' Yet all these creatures hath he made for one, and that one almost the least of all. The smallest dust or sand is not so little to the whole earth, as man to heaven. Yet all the creation hath not more wonder in it, than is in man. They were made by a mere fiat, man by consultation; they at once, man by degrees; they in shapes like to none but themselves, man in the image of God; they with qualities fit for service, man for dominion; they had their names from man, man from God. When he had drawn this real map, built the substantial fabric of the world, he did abridge it all into the small tablet of man. He alone consists of heaven and earth, soul and body. When we say, 'Maker of man,' we include, 'Maker of all the world.' The price and virtue of things consists not in the quantity. One diamond is worth many quarries of stone; one loadstone hath more virtue than mountains of earth; one herb in the garden is better than whole fields of weeds; we say the leg of a lark is better than the whole body of a kite; we value an ounce of gold more than a talent of lead. Nor do I in this praise man, but God in man. The Maker must be glorified in all, but especially in the best of all. It is fit we should be consecrated to God above others, upon whom he hath bestowed more cost than on others. This is the end why he hath made us, to manifest his glory in us. His wisdom, goodness, mercy, is seen in all; but who can take notice of it so well as man? None but he can see what God hath done; none but he can admire and adore him in what he seeth. Why should we do anything else but honour God, seeing he hath made us only able to honour him? Think, O man, why thou wert made, and do not dishonour thy Maker. Let us cast ourselves down at his footstool, with our knees on the ground, and from the ground of our hearts say, All honour and praise, all thanks and obedience, be to God, our Creator, for ever.

Thus of man in general. Other visible creatures are wholly corporal; the invisible are wholly spiritual. Man is both corporal and sensible in his body, spiritual in his soul. He is the figure and abstract of heaven and earth, and doth in his little contain as much. Consider the earth, whether outwardly in her best prime, when the spring hath

decked her over with fragrant and beauteous flowers; yet they are but dull in regard of the face of man, whose colours are more lively and pleasing, like drops of blood upon beds of snow. Or inwardly, he hath veins for her mines, bones for her rocks, muscles for her quarries. Heaven hath a swift motion, yet the imagination of man far outstrips it. Their motion is continual, man's mind immortal. For the plants and grass of the earth, man hath excrementa, ornamenta, his hairs. For the sun and moon in heaven, man hath eyes to give his body light. Yea, there is more in this little man, than in the great world; as the philosopher was more confounded in the small fly, considering her parts, than in the great elephant with his members. Now let us consider him in his parts; and herein first of his body, then of his soul. Concerning his body, I consider four circumstances; the matter, the honour, the order, and the wonder.

1. The matter of it. 'God formed man of the dust of the ground,' Gen. 2:7; not to be the soul's sepulchre, as Plato taught, but the soul's organ, to execute what she dedicates. This was not a slimy matter, mixed of earth and water; but the dust, the thinner and purer part of the earth. Man was at first of that element composed, unto which he shall be at last resolved; this was dust. 'Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return again,' Gen. 3:19. Certainly, his was a more excellent constitution than any other creature's; a temper fit for the instrument of such a soul.

(1.) Others, by reason of their cold and gross humours, grow over: beasts with hairs, fowls with feathers, fishes with scales. Man is smooth and clear; God shining upon him as the sun upon a plain glass; on the rest as upon uneven clods, neither apt to receive nor reflect his beams.

(2.) His form and proportion exceed the rest; his members being disposed to a ready use, a hand to machinate and perfect the invention of his head.

(3.) The uprightness of his stature gives him pre-eminence. Their faces are set to look downward; man hath an erected and exalted countenance; *ad sidera tollere vultus*. And in the majesty of this carriage, he makes a demonstration of his dominion over the rest.

(4.) Though they may excel him in the quickness of some sense—the eagle in seeing, the dog in smelling, the mole in hearing, the spider in feeling, and for strength, the horse is most powerful,—yet man can better discern and judge of the outward sense, make more noble use of it; and what excellency of either strength or sense is in the rest, he adds to himself, and makes his own by reducing it to his service.

It was fittest that his body should be made of a terrene, not ethereal or celestial matter, because he was to live on the earth. A body capable of sense, by which the soul, being sent into it as a naked table, might gather experience, and by experience knowledge. And howsoever it was mortal, considered in itself, as compounded of contrary natures, the elements, yet by God's conservation it should have been immortal, without sin.

We are made of dust, and dust will claim her own. Why do we glory in our greatness? When that father stood by the tomb of Cæsar, with tears he exclaimed, *Ubi nunc pulchritudo Cæsaris?* Where is now the glory of Cæsar? Where be his troops of nobles, armies of soldiers, orders of senators, imperial majesty, the fear of nations, honour and terror of the world? *Ubi nunc hæc omnia? Quo abiit magnificentia tua?* Why do we covet? 'O earth, earth, earth, hear the Lord's word,' Jer. 22:29. Thrice: other men are earth twice, earth in coming from it, and earth in going to it. The covetous man is earth thrice, for his love of earth transforms his soul into it. A mortal fool, to heap up so much wealth for insensible dust! Why put we confidence in man, whose life is nothing but a little breath? Isa. 2:22. Stop but his mouth and nostrils, and he is a dead man. A very shuttle; no sooner in at one side but out at the other, Job 7:6. Sickness is often without a name, *non publico morbo nomen fatetur*. Death is always known, and known inevitable, in what shape soever it appears, *non medicina*

contra mortem. Why do we reckon upon fourscore? *Quantulum est quod vivimus!* Why do we fear what we cannot shift? If we be in Christ, it is the gate of life. It is said, *tempus communis medicus*, time can remedy some evils, translating the rod of the righteous to the backs of the wicked. But *mors communis medicus* indeed. It can cure all diseases of body and soul, that no sore be left in the one, no sin in the other. *Nil crus sentit in nervo, cum manus est in cœlo:** the body may sleep quietly in the dust when the soul is in heaven.

2. The honour of it. Albeit the image of God in man consists in wisdom and sanctity; yet there may be a likeness in other respects. Yea, though the body cannot be like a spirit, much less a finite body to an infinite spirit, yet even in the body may be found some prints of the divine majesty. First; Man is said to be made after God's image; man, not the soul of man only. The soul without the body is not a perfect man. Secondly; God's image was also in Christ's body; for he says, 'He that hath seen me hath seen my Father,' John 14:9. Me, he saith not, that hath 'seen my soul;' nor could his soul be seen. Thirdly; When God prohibits the shedding of man's blood, he yields this reason: 'For in the image of God made he man,' Gen. 9:6. Now, the soul cannot be killed, therefore there must be some similitude in the body. So precious is the life of man, who had this image created; much more of Christians, who have this image renewed. Fourthly; Our body is the example of that world which was in God from all eternity. As he purposed and formed it, so with a summary abridgment in man he expressed it. Fifthly; There is few of our members but be (in a metaphorical sense) attributed to God. By our eyes he signifies his knowledge; by our ears his regard to prayers; by our feet his coming towards us; by our hands his power. So that these serve not only for the offices of our soul, but be also certain types and resemblances of some perfections in God. Sixthly; The mind in the body is like a candle in the lantern, which makes the horn transparent, and diffusive of the light. The soul knows, not the body; yet the soul communicates her knowledge by the body.

This is the honour of the body, fit to be the mansion of so noble a guest. We may despise this earthly frame, as it is our own; we must admire it, as it is God's; we should not abuse it, as it belongs to both. It is but a tabernacle for the soul, 1 Cor. 6:19, it is a temple for the Lord. Let us not so defile it till both the soul and the Lord be weary to dwell in it. We love the cabinet for the jewel's sake, esteem it for that it contains. He is absurd that will stable his horses where he means to lay his honourable guests. Yet how do many men pollute this fair house by drunkenness, making it a swine-sty, by uncleanness a brothel, by worldliness a dunghill, by oppression a lion's den, by voluptuousness a boar's frank, by malice a stove or burning furnace, and by continual sin a barricaded jail to imprison the soul! Thus, instead of God's resemblance, it is made the exemplary of Satan, a habitation for bats and owls, a cage of unclean birds. Prostituted harlots, that set up a trade without credit, and (contrary to all honest professions) break with too much custom, little think how they make that body the devil's pinnace, which God built an ark for himself, a good ship to transport the soul to paradise, till at last they become no longer God's, but the chirurgeon's creatures. Not to speak of those external violences and inward disturbances which many contract to their own bodies, some setting the house on fire by wrathful passions, others untiling it and breaking down the windows by intemperance, even sordid nastiness makes it odious to God. For, howsoever Christ prefers puritatem cordis puritati cutis, the pure heart is best; yet seldom doth a clean soul dwell in a sluttish body. As that of the philosopher is held to be true, that the outward complexion inclines the inward disposition, so the unhandsomeness of the cover disgraceth the contents of the book, and through the chinks of an unhighted flesh we may read a neglected soul. But as God gave us our bodies for service, so he calls also for them in our holy sacrifice, Rom. 12:1.

3. The order. The head, as it is nearest to heaven, so liketh to heaven, both for roundness of figure, globular, resembling the firmament, which is a perfect circle and circumference, and for situation of divine graces in it. From the head all senses have their original, there

they strive to declare their virtues. That which indeed makes a man dwells here, the princely power of reason. The forehead is smooth and clear, like the brow of heaven. The face is full of sweet proportions, the seat of beauty, the throne of majesty, an external figure of the mind, the relish of all the other parts. Of this beauty colour is the matter, and proportion the form, which ariseth from the general harmony of the whole. The eye is the centre where all these beauties meet, the life of the face's comeliness moves there; it is the model of all the other graces united. God set two great lights in heaven, so two living glasses in the midst of our visage. By these are remote and unreachable objects represented to the mind; and because they be tender, and subject to danger, he hath fenced them in with lids and covers, hollow bones and prominent brows. The tongue, that instrument of speech and taste, is but a small nimble piece of flesh, yet how rare and melodious voices are formed by it; notes able to ravish the heart of man! It can discourse of heaven and earth, things visible and unseen, manifest the thoughts of the mind, persuade the soul with arguments. It is called the glory of man, because it best expresseth the glory of God. Those instruments of eating, the mandibles, how are they fortified? The upper is fixed, the lower hath scope of motion, contrary to those grinders in the mill, where the upper moves above, and the lower lies still. The neck is small and sinewy, the arms long to extend, the hands active to do, the thighs and legs like marble pillars to support, the feet to transport and move the body according to the will of the mind. Every part is so disposed, with power, proportion, and conveniency, that we cannot think a reason how it should be otherwise, or give them any fitter place.

Now, as what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder; so what He hath ordered in wisdom, let not us disorder in folly. If one be born with a defective, superfluous, or misplaced limb, we call him a monster, a prodigy, yet is he so besides his will, even of God's making. But we have monsters of their own making. Man's face hath an outward reference to heaven. Other creatures grovel down to the earth, all their senses be intent upon it. Man is reared upwards, as

prompt to look upon heaven, as his foot hath no power to tread beside earth. What monsters are they that deject their countenances, abase their bodies, deface themselves, and, being men, make themselves beasts? Such are the covetous; the eyes of the brute are not more pronely fixed on the earth. Omnia subjecisti, 'God hath put all things under his feet,' Ps. 8:6. The worldling crosseth this ordinance, subjecting himself to all things. How vile and degenerate is it, subjici subjecto, for man to put his heart under that which God hath put his feet? Yet, if their bodies were answerable to their affections, incederent quadrupedes, they would go on all four. Other creatures have but four muscles to turn their eyes round about; man hath a fifth to pull his eyes up to heavenward, as his proper inheritance and home. Lest our eyes should be too much bent on what they should not, they have peculiar nerves to attract them toward the seat of their rest, to shew that we can never truly be happy till we come to enjoy that place whither our eyes may invite our hearts, and our hearts should direct our eyes.

Let it be our care to keep ourselves as God hath made us. As our head is nearest to heaven, so let the thoughts of our head be most fixed on heaven. As our feet are lowest, so let the things under our feet be held vilest. The joints of our knees have a facility in bowing, let them do daily homage to their Maker. Our hands are nimble instruments, let them act the duties of our calling; an idle hand is as improper as a heavy air. Let our foreheads be smooth and calm like heaven, without the frowns and furrows of wrath. Our faces are the seat of majesty, let us not make them the snares of iniquity. Our eyes are the body's light, let them not purvey for the soul's darkness. Our tongue is the instrument of music and melody; it is never in tune, but when it sings the praises of God. The God of order requires that every part keep the order of God. Lord, thou hast made our bodies in harmony, preserve them in sanctity, and crown them with immortal glory.

4. The wonder. There is not a member wherein we find not cause of wonder. Our body was so far beyond our own skill in the making, that it poseth and astonisheth us in the considering. So many

arteries, sinews, veins, none of them idle, or without manifest defect to be missed; a wonder! The necessary dependence and disposition of those inward parts, for all the offices of life, like the wheels of a most curious clock, that the disorder of one puts all out of frame; a wonder! The liver is the fountain of blood; the heart of vital, the brain of animal, spirits: now that from the same nourishment, the liver should derive blood, and the heart spirits; and that the brain, which is a cause of feeling, should have in itself no feeling; another wonder! That this body should be kept alive by dead things, the flesh of slain beasts; a wonder! for how should that which is dead give life, or maintain it? That since the fall, man eats and drinks in such a quantity: this in common reason should rather choke than nourish him. Yet thus hath God made his stomach a limbeck, to digest all meats that be wholesome for his nourishment; a wonder! There is no such strength in the body, whereby it should hold together, no more than a piece of earth set upright; yet, being animated with a soul, it can move and work, without which the sinews could not confirm the flesh to the bones; a wonder! Innumerable are these marvels, if the naturalist would consider them; but I am not physician enough to reckon them. Only thus much I say, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made,' Ps. 139:14; wonderfully in the conception, more wonderfully in the completion, most wonderfully in the inspiration. God made us, and we knew it not; brought us into the world, and we knew it not; preserved us in the cradle, and we knew it not; now we are come to maturity, and do know it; let us serve him, and glorify his name for ever.

Conclusion.—Man being made in so goodly a proportion, and so far excelling all other creatures, how comes it to pass that he is so mortal and momentary, a flower so quickly vanishing? This hath been an old philosophical complaint, that nature to man was a stepdame, allowing him least time that could make best use of his time. *Ars longa, vita brevis*: the stag, the raven, treble the age of man. He only can understand, and he is kept from improving it, by the shortness of his time. Let me answer this by an apologue. When Jupiter had made the world, and all the beasts in it, they no sooner opened their eyes,

and beheld this glorious frame, but they were jocund and merry. But yet they knew not their employment, and therein desire to be satisfied. The ape went first to know his office. It was answered, that he was to serve man; to skip and play, and make him sport, in sundry tricks and imitations; to be bound to a chain, and do as man would have him. This relished somewhat harsh, but there was no remedy. He demands how long he must endure this; it was told him, thirty years. He thought that too tedious, and begged a shorter time; Jupiter was contented, and bated him ten. Then came the ass, to know the fortune of his condition; which was also to serve man, in a laborious life, carrying burdens, bearing stripes, and not seldom wanting his sustenance; and the term of this service was also thirty years. Discontented with this long slavery, he desires Jupiter to take off some of his time, and to bestow it on those that desired it. This was granted, and he was likewise eased of ten years. Then comes the dog; and his office was to run a-hunting, to kill hares, but not to eat a bit of them; when he was weary, to be glad of scraps; to wait in the dark, and keep the house; and this for thirty years. But petitioning for the like abatement, it was granted, and ten years cut off. Last comes the ox, to know what he should do; which was also to serve man, in drawing the yoke and other carriages for his use, with the galling pricks of many a goad, to rouse his dulness. He also craves abridgment of his thirty years, and lo! twenty was abated to him; provided that, when he had laboured to do man service ten years with his living body, he should then be killed to feed him with his dead flesh.

Now comes man; and finding himself of so immortal and discursive a soul, usufructuary lord of all the world, a potent prince in so fair a dominion, he demands his office, which was to serve his Maker in a cheerful obedience. He likes it well, but how long was he to live? Jupiter answers, that he had determined to every one thirty years. Man thought this too short a time for so pleasant a dwelling, therefore begs that the years which were taken from the other might be added to his. It was granted, but with this condition, that, having first lived his own thirty years, he should enjoy the rest in their order.

First, the life of the ape, full of fancies and wanton imitations; then the life of the ass, moiling and toiling, carrying and recarrying, labouring for the riches of this world, but withal, eating little part of his own gains; so till fifty. From that to sixty, the life of the dog, snarling at one, barking at another, hunting about for preys, and scarce eating a morsel of them, but, in a foolish covetousness, leaving them all for others. The remainder, like the ox; lazy, unwieldy, full of pains and aches, till at last death comes to take him out of the pasture. This fable teacheth us, that long life, if it be not sanctified from these bestial qualities, is an unhappiness, rather than a favour; and that man need not grumble at the shortness of his time, seeing other creatures live but for a time, and then perish; whereas after this short life of misery, God hath provided for us an eternal life of glory.

The soul of man.—The body hath had its due honour, whereof every part, for place, use, and form, doth exceed wonder. Yet doth not this human body more excel other visible creatures, than the soul doth excel that. The heavens are purer than the earth; the body is of the earth, the soul is from above the heavens. The body is to the soul as a barren turf to a mine of gold, as a mud-wall about a delicate garden, as a wooden box wherein the jeweller carries his precious gems, as a coarse case to a fair and rich instrument, as a rotten hedge to a paradise, as Pharaoh's prison to a Joseph, or as a mask to a beautiful face. It is so excellent a thing, that itself considers it cannot sufficiently conceive its own excellency. For method, I desire to touch upon these six circumstances: What it is, From whence it comes, When it begins, How long it continues, What it is like, and What it is able to do.

1. What it is; no accidentary quality, but a spiritual and invisible essence, subsisting by itself. This appears, because the soul hath often a disposition adverse to the body's; she would pray, when the other would sleep; and is often most comforted, when the body is most distressed; as a bird sings most merrily when her cage is opened. And, because it hath a being when it is removed from the

body; as the musician lives though his lute be broken. For the specific difference, beasts are said to have souls, but they be not substances, but peculiar qualities, arising from the temperature of the body, and vanishing with it; the soul of the beast is said to be 'in the blood,' Gen. 9:4. Angels are spirits, but cannot be united with bodies, so as to make one entire person. Man's soul is his form, the first mover of the body, and the principal thing that makes man to be man. There be spirits in man, but this is not the soul. Some think that man consists of three parts, because Paul mentions 'soul, spirit, and body,' 1 Thess. 5:23. But there by spirit is signified the mind, by soul, the will and affections; these are not two things, but two faculties, for the soul is but one. So it is called the 'spirit of our mind,' Ephes. 4:23, which is the more noble and purer part of the soul. Indeed, soul hath divers acceptations in the Scripture. First, For the whole man; 'The soul that sinneth, shall die,' Ezek. 18:20; the soul, totus homo, the whole man. 'Tribulation upon every soul that doth evil,' Rom. 2:9; upon every man. Secondly, For that immortal part of man; fear not man, for he cannot 'kill the soul,' Matt. 10:28; the better part cannot be killed. Thirdly. For the affections and will, which is the inferior part of the soul. Thou shalt love the Lord 'with all thy soul,' Matt. 22:37; love is an act of the affective part. Fourthly, For the life; deponit animam, that is vitam, 'he giveth his life.' The life of the beast is the soul of the beast,' Gen. 9:4; the blood being the seat of life, and chariot of the vital spirits. When we read in philosophers and physicians, of a spirit in man, which working in the heart is called vitalis, the lively faculty; in the liver, naturalis, the natural faculty; in the head, animalis, the animal faculty; we must not think this to be the reasonable soul, but rather the chair wherein she sits, and the organ whereby she works; without whose service, the soul cannot so perfectly exercise her powers and acts in the body. In ecstacies, if the spirit be comforted, the soul is comforted; if the spirit be suffocated, the soul and body are resolved.

2. From whence it comes; not by traduction from our parents. A body may be engendered of bodies, because something is imparted and conferred from them; but a soul cannot bring forth a soul, because

nothing can separate a thing that is thin and immaterial. That man's soul is not traduced, consider these reasons. First, 'God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul,' Gen. 2:7. His body lay senseless on the ground, till a soul was breathed into it by its Maker. Secondly, God made the woman, Adam named her. 'This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh,' Gen. 2:23; not soul of my soul; he knew she had no part nor portion of his soul. Thirdly, If a soul could beget a soul, then an angel might beget an angel. Fourthly, The first man Adam was made 'a living soul,' living, not quickening. Fifthly, They are called the 'fathers of our bodies,' Heb. 12:8, not of our souls; we have another 'Father of our spirits,' most plainly; it is God that 'formeth the spirit of man within him,' Zech. 12:1. There is some difference in the making of our bodies; at first by the immediate creation of God, now by the combination of man and woman; but there is still the same rule of creating the soul; it is *particula divinæ auræ*, breathed into the flesh by himself. *Infundendo creatur, et creando infunditur*; it is infused in the making, and made in the infusing.

Nor yet may we think, that the beginning of the soul is of the essence of God, which seemed to be the error of Lactantius. For as breath is no part of his substance that doth breathe it, so the soul is no part of God's essence that doth give it. If it were part of the divine essence, it were immutable, without beginning, from all eternity; yea every soul were God. It doth neither arise from the substance of our parents, nor from the essence of God; but is immediately formed and inspired by the Maker of all, and infused into the body. The body was made of the earth, common to his fellows, and there lay as senseless as the earth, from which it was taken, and by which it was supported. It was the life of breath, that gave it the breath of life; no air, no earth, no water, no element was here used, to contribute to this work; we are beholden to nothing but God for our soul. Our flesh is from flesh, our spirit is from the God of spirits. Now, he that breathed upon the body, and gave it a living spirit, breathe again upon us all, and give us his Holy Spirit!

3. When it takes beginning. *Etsi cum corpore non definit, saltem cum corpore incipit*; though it do not end with the body, yet it begins with the body. In the making of the first man, God first instrumentalised a perfect body, and then infused a lively soul. Now the body is made by ordinary generation in the womb, and the soul is inspired into it, before it see the light, or draw breath. 'The children struggled in Rebecca's womb,' Gen. 25:22; which proves not only *infantum animas, sed et pugnans*;* they seem not only to have souls, but even affections. 'The babe leaped in Elizabeth's womb for joy,' Luke 1:14; *hi motus gaudia vestra*, says Tertullian to pregnant mothers, that you may be assured your unborn infants have souls. This string I touch rather touch, because some naturians have disputed against it; and would have the life of such children to be either merely vegetative, such as in plants and roots; or sensitive and motional, such as in beasts; both which die with the subjects wherein they are; and not rational, which is the soul. But both the canon law condemns her for a homicide, *quæ conceptum in utero deleverit*, that destroys the fruit of her own womb; and if abortion, after life, be caused, murder is committed; God's law, man's law, and their own conscience condemns it; therefore the soul is inspired before the birth. Yea so precise were the Sorbonnists, and so ascribing to the outward element, that if the hand of an infant, which could not be born, appeared, they would have it baptized; alleging that baptism is for the soul, not for the body; and the soul is *tota in qualibet parte*, whole in every part. But this truth we affirm, that so soon as the body is formed in the womb, the soul is inspired by the Lord, and having once a beginning, it shall never have an ending; which is the next circumstance considerable.*

4. How long it continues. The soul is made of an everlasting nature; it hath a beginning to live, it shall have no time to die. There is indeed a death of the soul; not that it ceaseth to be, but when it ceaseth to be righteous; it doth still subsist in nature, but not in the comfort and peace of God. Our soul sleeps not in a living body, therefore shall not sleep in a dead body. The souls of reprobates have their deportation, as the rich man's soul was fetched from him, Luke 12:20; and their

detrusion, being 'cast into hell,' Luke 16:23. But they that die in the Lord, do instantly go to the Lord, as the soul of Lazarus was in Abraham's bosom. So Christ assured the penitent malefactor, 'This day thou shalt be with me in paradise,' Luke 23:43. *Corpus resolvitur, anima absolvitur; quod resolvitur in terram suam, nihil sentit; quæ absolvitur, in æternum gaudet.* The body is dissolved, and feels no pain; the soul is absolved, and rejoiceth in bliss. The departed saints are dead in their worst part only, living in their best, *vivit, qua voluit vivere, parte magis.* Death to such a soul is not *exitus*, but *transitus*—its transmigration, not abolition. 'God is the God of the living,' Matt. 22:32. Therefore Abraham is alive, Jacob is alive. Now their bodies be dead, therefore their souls live. 'We shall go to them, they shalt not return to us,' 2 Sam. 12:23. Men's souls have a beginning without an end. The soul and body part for a time, but they shall meet again to receive an irrevocable doom. They do not obambulate and wander up and down, but remain in certain places and receptacles of happiness or unhappiness, either in the hands of God, or in the devil's prison. The soul is the principal in doing well or ill, therefore she is first in receiving her reward of either pain or peace.

5. To what she is like. The superscription the soul bears is the image of God; as it came from him, so it is most like unto him. God is immortal, so is the soul; God is immaterial, so is the soul; God is an understanding spirit, so he hath made the soul, and withal to will freely; God is invisible, so is the soul; God is spiritual and simple, so the soul hath nothing mixed or concrete, nothing moist, nothing airy or fiery. The soul quickeneth the body, as the Lord quickeneth the soul and all things. The soul was perfectly created, and is now imperfectly regenerated to be wise, holy, loving; and therein resembles the wisdom, sanctity, and love of God. As God is the centre of every circumference, filling all places, so the soul is whole in the whole, and wholly in every part, neither increasing nor decreasing with the body. Lastly, the soul is an image of the Trinity, which is to be worshipped in unity; not in unity of the persons, nor trinity of the Godhead; but in unity of the Godhead, and trinity of the persons. In

the Deity, there is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God: so in the soul, there is the understanding, the will, and memory, three distinct faculties; yet these three are but one soul. This is the principal part of man, a princely similitude of the infinite God. Object. Man is the image of God; but it is lawful to make the image of the image of God, therefore to make the image of God. Ans. Man is made after God's image in his soul, not in his body: that therefore wherein man is like God, is invisible, and cannot be imaged. No man can make a picture of the soul.

6. What the soul is able to do. It is wonderfully capable and active; can pass by her nimble thoughts from earth to heaven in a moment; can be all things, can apprehend all things, can know that which is, and conceive of that which never was, never shall be. Man's soul is comprehensive of universality, and hath virtutum ad infinita; nature hath set no limits to the thoughts of the soul. It can remember things past, foresee things to come, apprehend things present, which are not elementary but divine faculties, and can come from none but God himself. Therefore it hath several names, according to its several powers. Dum vivificat, anima: dum vult, animus: dum scit, mens; dum recolit, memoria: dum indicat, ratio: dum spirat, spiritus: dum sentit, sensus.* Quickening, it is the soul; willing and knowing, the mind; recollecting, the memory; judging and discoursing, reason; breathing, the spirit; and as sensitive, the sense. Here is not a difference of substances to the difference of names; for all these are but one soul. As the earth can have no heat nor nourishment but from the heaven, so the body can have no life, sense, nor motion but from the soul: more glorious in these powerful faculties than the heavens are with the sun and stars. But why doth it not work so powerfully at its first infusion? Answer. Not that (according to some philosophers) it is more or less in substance. And for diminishing of the qualities, whereby they would prove the mortality of it, it is as when we have found a mass of gold, and the same being fined becomes less; by diminution of the quality, we should deny the substance. But thus we answer, it is straitened by the imbecility of the organ; we are not born men; there is difference between the

creation of Adam and the generation of all his children. First the body increaseth in the womb by the life of the parent, until the infusion of the soul; being animated, it grows by the soul's virtue, and is not at an instant instrumentalised of perfect stature. Adam, at the first infusion of his soul, was able to discourse. We cannot do so. Physicians give the reason of a natural moistness, that drowns and clouds the understanding part, and as that is dried up, so reason appears; but divines say more certainly this disability comes by sin. But leaving these things to the learned, come we to some more useful conclusions, applying all to ourselves.

1. Seeing the soul is so far more excellent than the body, let it be more carefully tendered. *Non anima pro corpore, sed corpus pro anima: nec corpus in anima, sed anima in corpore sita est.*[†] The soul was not made for the body, as the lute is not made for the case, but the body for the soul, as a box for the jewel. Man was made last, because he was to be the best; the soul of man was inspired last, because that was to be yet more noble. If the body have this honour to be the soul's companion here, yet, withal, it is her drudge: *Instrumentum est, sed et impedimentum est*; both the organ and the clog of the divine part. For service it is a labourer, for life a companion; an instrument for action, a bar to contemplation. External works be effected by it; but it hinders the internal, which are more worthy and necessary. The imprisoned bird, when she sees no remedy, sings in her cage; but she flies most and highest when she is at liberty. Set the soul once at freedom, she will then most cheerfully sing the praises of her Maker. Yet the common course is to fortify this prison, and to boast in corporal abilities. But *qui gloriatur in viribus corporis, gloriatur in viribus carceris*. I do not approve the sullenness of that soul which wrongs the body: but I worse like to have the body wrong the soul, to have Hagar tricked up in Sarah's garments, and set at upper end of the table. If the painted popinjay, that so dotes on her own beauty, had an eye to see how her soul is used, she would think her practice more ill-favoured and unhandsome, than perfuming a putrefied coffin, or putting mud into

a glass of crystal. For shame, let us put the soul foremost again, and not set heaven lowest, and earth uppermost.

2. Seeing the soul comes from God, and is made to return unto him, let us cheerfully surrender it when he calleth for it. Let them rise up continually to him, and fix themselves in their thoughts upon him who alone created them in their infusion, and infused them in their creation. Let them long to come back to the fountain of their being and the author of their being glorious. So willing were Simeon, Luke 2:29, and Paul, Phil, 1:23, to have those bonds loosed that kept them from the glory of their Maker. So Stephen disposeth his soul, 'Lord, Jesus receive it.' Thou hast created it, redeemed it, justified it, sanctified it, and in thy good time wilt glorify it; Lord take it into thine own custody; seeing I am to leave my body, do thou receive my spirit. 'And when he had thus spoken, he fell asleep,' Acts 7:59. When he had uttered such excellent words, and with such a resolute spirit, and in such a reverent manner, giving unto God the life of his soul, and forgiving men the death of his body, he sweetly fell asleep. *Christus pro nobis hominem induit, Stephanus pro Christo hominem exiit.** Christ became man for Stephen, and Stephen became no man for Christ; as cheerfully putting off his flesh as the sleepy man puts off his garments. 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit, Ps. 31:5; 1 Pet. 4:19. O how willingly doth that man send up his soul, that believes the God who inspired it will graciously receive it.

3. Seeing the soul is immortal, and cannot be extinguished, let us neglect the body in comparison of it. Most men are all for the body, nothing for the soul. Yet 'what shall a man gain, by winning the world, and losing his soul?' Matt. 16:26. There be three things in that comparative bargain: 'erminus primus, gain of the world; terminus secundus, loss of the soul; æqui librium, which is weightier? Yet how many lose the jewel to keep the box, spill the wine to preserve the vessel, make more of the shell than the kernel. Now few men's souls stand them in so much as any one part of their bodies. The coverings of their heads, their very shoes, cost them more in a year than their souls. We will not trust an unskilful coachman, a rude waterman,

with our bodies; any minister will serve for our souls. Do we call them from their injustice, from sacrilege, from uncharitableness? Alas! men will have their wills, whatsoever become of their souls. Every soul in itself is of greater price than the whole world; thy soul to thyself should be of greater account than a million of worlds. Seek goodness to thy soul, other goods will come in without seeking. When Solomon begged wisdom, riches and honour came unasked for. Monica prayed that her son Augustine might turn catholic Christian; God made him a most illuminate doctor. Sisera asks water; Jael gives him milk. Gehazi begs one talent; Naaman constrains him to take two, 2 Kings 5:23. Save thy soul, and save all; lose that, and lose all. Howsoever it go with thy goods or good name, be sure to look well unto thy soul, that whether thou die for the Lord, or in the Lord, thou mayest with comfort resign it to the Lord.

But alas! our souls are kept like slaves, and our bodies like gentlemen. We desire a good servant, a good child, a good field, a good friend; we would have our apparel good, our meat good, our bed good, our very beast good, all things good about us, only we do not care though our souls be bad within us. How comes it to pass, that thou hast deserved so ill of thy self, *Ut inter bona tua omnia non vis esse malum nisi teipsum.** Thy body hungers, thou wilt give it food; thirsts, and thou drinkest; is weary, and thou goest to rest. Thy soul may starve, without seeking spiritual manna; it may cry out *Sitio*, and not be brought to the living waters; wearied with lusts and the troubles of conscience, and yet thou seekest no peace. If we be fallen into the waters, how do we catch to save the body? how do we run from an house on fire? how warily shun an infected place—all to preserve a brittle, miserable, mortal body. Yet neither the present floods of sin, overwhelming the poor soul, nor the future fire of hell, never to be quenched, nor the plague of bad society, can make us fear the eternal loss of our souls, as if that which God had made only excellent, we thought it only to be nothing worth. In sickness, we cry, *My head, my head, my sides, my heart*; but *My spirit, or My soul*, is seldom our complaint, as if it were so easy to save that, upon which depends the saving of all the rest.

4. Seeing the soul is so capable, so comprehensive, let us seek for something that may fill it. Nothing in the world, not the world itself, can do this. Otherwise, why did not so many kingdoms content that ambitious monarch? why do not whole lordships of lands, heaps of coin, treasures of jewels, satisfy their possessors? But that still there is as much desire, as there is abundance; and they so want many things, as if they had nothing. This covetousness is not the error of the body; alas, that receives but little. Perhaps it longs for some delicate food, yet is it soon satisfied, and begins after repletion to loathe it. It takes no pleasure to be laden with store of gold; many jewels, and glorious apparel, are but a burden to it; the body is not desirous of honour, it is the soul that covets all these things, and with all these things is as little satisfied as without them. There is only one thing that can fill the soul, and that is God; as nothing can limit it, but that is everywhere, so nothing can satisfy it, but that is infinite: an infinite nature can fill an infinite desire. O may he dwell in them, that hath appointed them to dwell in clay, and fill our souls, as he hath made them to fill our bodies! Lord, thou hast created them of an heavenly nature, do thou sublime them from earthly affections. Sanctify them with grace and holiness, replenish them with peace and happiness. Let them draw our bodies upward, and not our bodies draw them downwards.

3. The divine providence.—This is that most free and powerful action of God, whereby he disposeth all things; that universal art, whereby all the affairs of the world are ruled. Some things are by choice, some by chance, some by election within us, some by disposition without us, some by opposition against us, some by co-operation by us, some by infliction upon us: God sits in his throne, orders all. 'He worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will,' Eph. 1:11. First there is a counsel, as a faciamus; then a purpose, as a faciamus hominem; then a will, resolving to do according to that purpose; then an effect succeeding it, working according to that will, and an universal extent, 'all things.' So God respects one thing, that he regards all things; so he minds all things, as if they were one thing.

The carpenter or mason, having built the house, are paid for their work, and so leave it to another to inhabit. The shipwright builds the vessel; the merchant owns it, the pilot guides it, the sea bears it, the wind drives it, the rocks split it, and the shipwright cannot help it. But he that made the world looks to it, as he gave it being, so he keeps it in being. The gardener hath inclosed a piece of ground, planted it, fenced it, finished it, is still dressing it, yet weeds will grow, worms will spill the roots, and while he sleeps, thieves may break in and spoil it. But God so watcheth over his plantation, that no power can alter the least piece of it without his will. The workman makes a curious watch, every pin and wheel is well placed, the spring and all in perfect tune, himself keeps it, and it goes well, yet will it gather foulness, and time will wear it out. But God is so presential to every piece of his fabric, that he keeps it from rust, nor can time alter it, if eternity will preserve it.

For method, first let us hear what error hath spoken against this providence; then what reason can allege for it; and lastly, the truth of it, and wherein this providence consists, in which consists all things.

The philosophers, as they had sundry sects, so divers opinions concerning the divine providence. Some held that the gods did, *nec curare sua, nec aliena*, regard nothing; wherein they are like our atheists, but some of them not altogether so bad; for ask Epicurus and Pliny how the world is governed, they will tell you, *Cælestia causis naturalibus, inferiora vi stellarum per influentias*: but above all these they acknowledged a Deity. So the Stoics held, that God did govern heavenly things by himself, sublunary things by the disposition of starry influences.

Objection 1. God is at ease and quiet in heaven; what need he trouble himself with earthly matters? What is it to him, whither thou goest, or what thou speakest, or how thou workest? *Ea cura quietos sollicitat*? Ans. This is a poor reasonless conceit of God; as if rest itself could be weary, or peace itself be disturbed; whereas the heavens are not weary of moving, nor the mind of thinking. It is a

pleasure even to a good man, not a pain, to see all things in his family well ordered. That which changeth place, or is capable of motion, may admit of labour. God if infinite and impatible, seeth all things without eyes, does all things without hands. Our wars cannot disturb him. The thunder of the air may trouble the earth, the vapours of earth trouble the air, the quarrels of two nations disquiet a neighbouring third; but nothing can molest God. Such fools are they that think God can be weary with business; but when men in their pride could not make themselves like God, in their folly they would make God like themselves.

Objection 2. But this is injurious, to bring down the majesty of God to the husbanding of bees and ants, and such inferior businesses. Kings do not stoop to take up every brabble. 'How doth God know? can he judge through the dark cloud? He walks in the circuit of heaven,' Job 22:13; and there is a vast interposition betwixt that place and earth. They thought it not fit to give him a descent beneath the circle of the moon; and that his knowledge would become vile, if it were abased to take notice of trivial objects and occurrents. Ans. This doth not disparage his wisdom, but honours it. How many a man hath been ambitious to count the stars, and to give them names, whereby to know them again? God only 'knows their number, and calls them all by their names.' Archimedes propounded it as a matter of wondrous reputation to himself, if he could have made a just numeration of the sand, which he foolishly attempted. Non vilitatem arguit, sed perfectionem. Is the glass vile, because it presents deformities? or the sun defiled, because his beams fall on muddy places? If God could be afflicted or infected with our corruption, it might be some prejudice to him. But he can turn that to his honour, which man doth to his dishonour. 'He humbleth himself to behold things done in heaven, and on the earth,' Ps. 113:6. The one is no more humbling to him than the other. We see that which lies at our foot, as well as that which stands at our elbow.

Objection 3. They allege Scripture against it. 'He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow,' Eccles. 1:18. Ans.: Solomon speaks

there of a human knowledge, which is always attained with labour, often retained with grief. Knowledge in man is varied. We know some things as past, some as present, others as to come; God sees all *uno intuitu*. Man is anxious about the event; God sees the end and beginning at one instant. But *Num cura Deo de bobus?* 'Hath God care of oxen?' 1 Cor. 9:9. Therefore he regards not inferior things. Ans.: The apostle doth not exempt oxen from God's care, but shews that the law was not made for oxen's sake, but for ours. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox treading out the corn,' Deut. 25:4. Yea, this proves directly that God hath care of oxen, for whose sustenance he so provided; but much more care of his ministers, unto whom in that law he hath chiefest respect. *Arctiore providentia complectitur hominem, quam bovem*. He 'feeds the young ravens;' a creature less worthy than oxen, because not so serviceable to man. He that would have an ox live by his labouring, would have a minister live by his preaching. *Deo est cura de bobus vestris, vobis non est cura de predicatoribus suis*. God hath care of your beasts, you take no care of his ministers.

Objection 4. Many things come to pass by chance, but chance and providence cannot stand together. Ans.: In respect of God's prescience nothing happens *contingenter*, by chance; because he foreknoweth all things, and ordereth them by a certain, deliberate, and eternal counsel. But in regard of us, who know not the causes, nor are of God's privy council, when things come which we do not expect, they are said to come by chance, Luke 10:31. 'Time and chance happeneth to all,' Eccles. 9:11. *Videntur nobis fortuita, quæ apud Deum consulta*. God made fortune his slave, let not us make fortune our God.

Objection 5. Providence and disorder cannot stand together; but in the world there is nothing but disorder and confusion; seditions, subversions, rebellions, contentions. In such hurly-burlies, what order, what providence? Ans.: The greater; as to rule a headstrong horse is more than to ride a tame one. Indeed, this world is the devil's walk, and he is a lord of misrule; he always comes in with a

breach, and goes out with a stench. As it is God that keeps us, so that not a hair of our head doth perish; so Satan watches that not a hair might escape. He loves to trouble the waters, to vex the righteous, to provoke the indifferent, to enrage the lewd, to turn all upside down. These things are, by the providence of God, not effective, but permissive; and even in this mutinous irregularity, there is an order, though we see it not, disposing all these evils, to the conversion of the elect, to the confusion of the wicked, and the glory of his own name in both.

Objection 6. But the means are visible by which all things be wrought and preserved, as by their causes: what providence appears? Ans.: First, God ordained the means as well as the end. He that determined the death of Christ, determined also the instruments. Secondly, The means is sometimes evil, in matter or form, as that was; yet he makes good the work, and carves an excellent piece with the worst tool. Thirdly, He is not tied to means, but can work with or without, besides or against nature. Fourthly, All media have their efficacy from him; nor could the sun heat, nor bread nourish, but by the blessing of his providence.

Objection 7. But the innocent suffer most injuries, and the world runs merrily with men of the worst conscience. What providence is in this? Bona malis, and mala bonis? By rule of order and equity, the godly should flourish and the wicked perish. Ans.: Many a good man hath been troubled with this temptation, but was never sent away without his resolution. Read Ps. 73:12, 13, 17. Who seeth not that prosperity increaseth iniquity? and where is more want, there is less wantonness. The church, like the moon, gives ever the clearest light, when the sun seems to be in most opposition to it. Drones gather honey only from the hive; a true believer will gather it even from thistles. We prescribe not a physician, by what medicine he shall help our body; and shall we set down our heavenly Physician a course, how he shall deal in the cure of our souls? To think we need no pills, no cauteries, is to think we are not the sons of Adam. Had we rather stay in Egypt, than by passing the penurious deserts of Arabia, to

come to our Canaan? It was a great prince that, being in health, pleasantly asked his physician, which was the way to heaven; he gravely answered, That your highness thought upon when you were last sick.

It is the vulgar opinion of a rich man, how much is he bound to God? whereas a poor abject creature doth often owe more to the divine goodness, to whose palate it hath embittered the world, that he may better relish the kingdom of heaven, and have it. Many a momentary tenant of this sophisticate happiness below, besides the miserable condition of his conscience, can scarce give away his money, but he must bequeath the devil to boot; and his lands and houses have so sore incumbrances annexed to them, as hell-torments.

The pontificians would have temporal felicity to be one special note of the true church against us; but so the Jews' arguments were good against Jeremiah. 'While we did burn incense to the queen of heaven, we had plenty of victuals, were well, and saw no evil,' Jer. 41:17, 18. Since we left off that worship, 'we are consumed with famine.' Thus God's plenty must prove God's piety, and cheapness goodness; and the church must derive its mark from the market. But we answer. First; When all things were so cheap in the commonwealth, the pope made all things dear in the church; secular benefits were of an easier price in the market, than spiritual preferments and benefices were in the temple. Secondly; Who was the author of this prosperity? the queen of heaven, or the king of heaven? Did the mother, whom they worshipped, or the Son, whom we worship, cause this plenty? Thirdly; Was this kingdom so rich, that the pope termed it a well never drawn dry? How comes it to pass that he dried it, and left it so poor, that it had not water to quench his thirst, or to pay another tax? Fourthly; If this be a true mark, why is not ours allowed for a true church, which these threescore years hath enjoyed so much peace, that they fret their heartstrings, and envy is ready to burst her bowels at it? Neither hath it at any time been disturbed, but through their treacherous attempts. But we obtrude not to them the prosperity of our state, but the purity of our doctrine, and honesty of our practice.

Christ did not confute the devil by a miracle, but by an oracle, Matt. 4:4. We may suffer injury, and be never the worse; they may enjoy plenty, and be never the better. Graces multiply by afflictions, as the saints did by persecutions. 'The more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied,' Exod. 1:12. These terrors may affront us; they shall not affright us. Unguntur cruces, a quo inferuntur.* Crosses be rough and smarting; but we look to the unction of comfort, that makes them portable and easy. In all conditions we bless his providence, who, according to his own wisdom, not ours, disposeth things; which, if they be harsh to a state that must suffer, are good for an estate that shall be blessed for ever.

These be the objections against it. Now consider we some reasons for it, which we may derive from Scripture, experience, conscience, consequence, conference, and sense.

1. The Scripture is copious and punctual in this magnifying of the divine providence; ascribing to it the beginnings, proceedings, and events of all particular actions, whether casual in themselves, or rational in us. 'The lot is cast into the lap,' Prov. 16:33; 'the horse is prepared for the battle,' ver. 21, 31. God disposeth both the lottery and the victory. 'Man's goings are of the Lord,' ver. 20, 24. The die hath no sense, the beast no reason; man hath both sense and reason; yet all their motions are disposed of God. That he is a God 'on the hills,' as well as 'in the valleys,' the king of Aram proved to his cost, 1 Kings 20. That it extends to the feeding of widows with multiplied oil, and is a fatherhood to the orphan, I need not urge, no man denies, Ps. 29:9. Yea, even to the 'calving of hinds,' Ps. 147:9, to the 'feeding of lions and young ravens.' They write of the raven, that, finding her young to be of a whitish colour, unlike herself, she leaves them, as if they were none of hers. Lo, then doth God's providence sustain them! 'Who provides for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God?' Read Job 39. 'The very hairs of your head are numbered,' Matt. 10:30. Quid vilius cadit de homine? Quid numero concipi minus potest? But Sapientiae ejus non est numerus, Ps. 147:5. To lots, so was Canaan divided, albeit formerly in his decree

disposed, Num. 26:54. God had secretly destined Saul to the kingdom; Samuel knew this. Yet, as if Israel would not be otherwise satisfied, the lots must decide this choice. God is so constant to his own purposes, that the man, whom he had determined, and Samuel anointed, the lot shall find out. There is no chance to the Almighty; even casual things are no less necessary in their first cause, than the natural. Saul may hide himself among the stuff, but he knew where the lots would light before they were cast. Haman would cast lots, Est. 3:7; but did the Almighty sleep at his bloody design? No; he that keeps a calendar of all times and things, so inverted his intendments, that the day became dismal to the plotter of mischief; the lot of death fell upon Haman.

2. By experience. The order which appears in the whole course of nature proves it. In a family there is order; some rule, some obey. A city consists of many well-governed families, where the grave senators guide the rest. A kingdom consists of many cities and towns, where one sits in the throne, and the rest do him reverence. The world consists of many kingdoms, whereof God himself is the omnipotent monarch, so ruling the good, and overruling the bad, that all shall tend to his glory. Herbs and grass are for cattle, cattle serve men; the heavens above, for them that are beneath; and all the creatures, above or beneath, serve for God: all declare his providence.

3. Man's own conscience binds him to confess this truth. Suppose he hath done a murder, so closely that no eye saw him, no suspicion dogs him, he is out of all danger of the law. Yet doth his unquiet conscience vex, trouble, haunt, torment him, gives him no more ease than he shall find on the gibbet, yea, if ever, his very confession shall assuage his pains. Another hath sinned in uncleanness; no man accuseth him, yet if ever he shall be cleansed by repentance, his conscience will so gird him, that he never rests till, by prayers and tears, contrition for it, and resolution against it, he hath made his peace with God. Now, 'if our own heart condemn us, God is greater,' 1 John 4:20. That the very falling into some extraordinary sin should

often occasion a man's good. Who could work this but the providence of our Father? The thought of it is so terrible, and the guilt appears so irksome to him, that many days he bleeds for one hour's error—hates the place, the cause, the temptation to such a lewdness. As the being once overtaken with wine hath been a means to keep a man sober all his life after, so that he answers the next invitation to such excess with the dear remembrance of his former sorrows, what it cost him to recover his peace. Thus out of transgression doth the divine providence work sanctification.

4. If a supernatural hand did not govern the world, how could things come to pass so long foretold? Or how could they be so long foretold before they come to pass? What man can prognosticate what particular event shall happen in this land a thousand years hence, if the world so long continue? There is nothing in nature, nothing in art, nothing in the stars to make man thus wise. Let God inspire him, he can presently specify it. Josiah is named some two hundred and sixty years before he was born, 1 Kings 13:2, and that he should then do the prophet speaks of as now in acting. Future things are present to the eternal. What are some centuries of years to the 'ancient of days?' What a perfect record is there of all names in the rolls of heaven, before they be, after they be passed? At the giving they seem to be contingent in the wills of the parents or witnesses, yet were they before under the certainty of the divine knowledge, and are better known in heaven, ere they be, than upon earth whiles they are. God knows what names we shall have before we have a being, yea, he knew them before the world was; and to testify this knowledge he doth sometimes specially name the man whom many years after shall produce. There cannot be a more clear and certain evidence of a true God than the prescience of those things, whose very causes have yet no hope of being. No tongue, O Lord, but thine could declare it, no hand but thine accomplish it.

5. By comparison. Man doth his business with prudence and circumspection; and shall not God be more provident over his work? It is a proverb in Pindarus, *homines etiam triduanum prænoscunt*

ventum, 'Who hath put wisdom into the inward parts, or understanding into the heart.' How wise is he that makes man so wise? How should it be that homo providus conderetur a Deo non provido? 'He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?' Ps. 94:10. In all things the cause is nobler than the effect, the workman better than his work. The very ants have a providence. As if they foresaw a dear year, they gather more greedily, and fill their garners fuller. 'The stork, turtle, and crane know their appointed times,' Jer. 8:7. Who endued them with such a sagacity but a most provident God? Some write of the mice, others of the spiders, that ruinam domus præsentiant. They foresee the ruin of a house, and get them gone ere it fall. How do the birds build their nests with secrecy and cunning? the foxes and hares make and keep their mounds and burrows? Lord, they all acknowledge thy providence, 'in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind,' Job 12:10.

6. My last argument is from the feeling of every man. Let him that receives not good from this providence deny it. Bonum est quod omnia appetunt.* It is undoubted in speculation, experimented in action. We cannot see the goodness that is in God, but the goodness that is from God we may; not goodness in the subject, but in the object. There is lux in lucido, and lumen in diaphano. Now, so generous an offspring must needs argue a divine parent; and in the fruit we have an image of the tree. Nor is this goodness confined only to the orb of Israel, as if the world had no portion out of God's treasury. His goodness extendeth her sweetness, no less than his omnipotency doth her power. As no man lives that enjoys not the light and heat of his visible sun, so no man continues living but by the beams of this invisible goodness. 'He left not himself without witness, in that he did good,' Acts 14:17. Not that everything is universally good for all things, but everything is good for something. Vult Deus omnibus bonum, non vult omnibus omne bonum. So that which antipathises against one thing sympathiseth with another. What is poison to one is another's food. Things bad to us were not from a bad beginning, as the Manichee would persuade an ignorant

man, when flies molested him, that the devil made flies. We have too many such Manichees, that think what is repugnant to their humours is not good.† In an artificer's shop there be instruments wherewith a rude handler may cut his fingers; shall he therefore condemn them, or him that doth dexterously use them? We will not do this in a shop, and shall we in the world vilify such things as God useth to his glory? We know not why frogs or flies or worms were made, yet we see them good in their kind, though sometimes noxious to us. Now, if those things be so good that are made of nothing, and changed in time, how incomprehensible is the goodness and sweetness of their maker?‡ 'Lord, the eyes of all things wait upon thee,' Ps. 145:15, and thou sustainest them.

Conclusion—It is the common course of the world to undervalue God's goodness. His favours of the day are forgotten before night, and his protection in the night finds no thanks in the morning. If things go well with us we think it no more than our due; if ill, we are ready to quarrel with God's providence. Yea, is not his goodness ravished and misused to the encouragement of our badness? Do we not convert his bounty to our impenitency, his forbearance to our hardness? Do we not wilfully offend him, while (we must confess) he doth graciously defend us? Do we not lift up our sword against him that is our buckler? and wrestle against that mercy which would save us? So little do we acknowledge his goodness towards us, that we make use of it to our own ill. There be millions of causes why we should honour God. It is hard if this one cannot prevail with us, that he does us good. Solomon was said to be without compare, 1 Kings 3:12, yet even the helies exceeded him, Luke 12:27, saving only in this, that he was sensible and apprehensive of God's goodness, which the other were not. To leave outward benefits, look into thine own bosom. There is enough to make thee cry out *Quam bonus Dominus!* If the multitude of his mercies could be numbered, or their greatness measured, when we recollect our own sins we had cause to despair. But seeing our sins may be numbered and measured, and his mercies cannot, we may be comforted in him that overcomes our evil with his goodness. He is offended, and forbears; provoked, and yet blesses.

We sin, he delays to punish. We are peevish, and he is patient. If we repent he pardons us. If we return he receives us. While we linger he prevents us. So above measure, O Lord, art thou good to us. Make us in some measure good to thee.

Thus in general of the divine providence. Now, God governs the world with means, or without means. Without, so he made heaven and earth without an instrument, trees to grow without a sun. Man's first garment was of leather, without means God made it. He caused the Israelites' apparel to last forty years without mending. The hungry lions shall fawn upon Daniel, the inflamed furnace not singe a hair of those three martyrs; seas and rivers shall forbear their wonted courses; rocks shall pour out waters; the prophet's cloak shall divide Jordan; iron shall swim; the sun shall stand still for Joshua, go back for Hezekiah; five loaves shall feed thousands. Above nature, against nature, can our Maker effectuate his will. With means; such are rational, as angels and men; or irrational, which is the course of nature, created by his wisdom, conserved by his goodness. Among which, I take the sun and rain as two principal instances; and as you may taste the sea by a drop, so in this abridgment consider his universal providence.

'He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,' Matt. 5:45.

1. The sun; this is one of God's common blessings, a most excellent piece of this fabric, by which many benefits are conveyed to all creatures. The world without it were like a fair house without a window, or a goodly person without an eye. It is admirable and effectual.

(1.) For extension of heat; every creature receives warmth from it. Therefore the philosopher calls it principium generationis: generat hominem homo et sol. Naturally, no life can be received or preserved without heat; now, 'nothing is hid from the heat thereof,' Ps. 19:6; therefore it may be called universalis mundi ignis. But some

countries are exceeding cold; how then doth this sun extend his heat to all? To all, but not to all alike: the remoteness of it to some places, and at some times, was by God's first institution, who gave it an ecliptic line, and bade it run so. The spring would not be so welcome if there was no winter, heat itself would annoy were it continual. Yet even to the furthest climates it sends so much warmth, as they must perish without it.

(2.) For communication of light; God in the creation drew together all that light he had made, and gathered it to the body of the sun, that from that treasury all the world might be enriched. Therefore it may be called *universalis mundi oculus*, the world's eye: we cannot see the sun's light but by the light of the sun. The true value of such a benefit, those old muffled Egyptians, and such as now live in disconsolate dungeons, can sufficiently prize, The best thing that ever came to mankind is called 'the light,' John 9:5. Our bodies were blind heaps of earth without the sun, our souls dark shadows without Christ.

(3.) For distinction of times; that we may know the term of time, from the beginning of the world to the end. The computation of the year depends upon it; by it spring is discerned from summer, autumn from winter. In the accomplishing of some extraordinary work, God hath often put an extraordinary sign in the sun. When he threatens to make the rivers of Egypt run with the blood of the inhabitants, he says, 'I will cover the sun with a cloud,' Ezek. 32:7. When he gave that miraculous conquest over five kings and their kingdoms, 'The sun stood still in Gibeon.' When he prolonged the days of sick Hezekiah, 'the sun went back on the dial of Ahaz.' At the death of our Saviour, the sun was totally eclipsed, the moon being then in the full; which caused a great astronomer to say, *Vel Deus naturæ patitur, vel mundi machina dissolvitur.** At his coming to judgment, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon turned to blood. For the ordinary works of nature, as ploughing, sowing, planting, &c., ordinary signs are sufficient. So the sun may be called *universale mundi horologium*, the great clock or dial of the world. It is a

creature that continually looks upon us, and we look upon it, yet forget to read the goodness of our Maker in it. Let us not worship it, like sottish Indians; but worship God for it, like good Christians.

2. Facit solem suum, he maketh His sun to shine; the sun in the firmament is God's sun, not ours. 'The world is mine, and the fulness thereof. The earth is the Lord's,' Ps. 50:12; his, not ours; we walk upon it, but it is 'his footstool,' Matt. 5:35. To shew it is his, he causeth it to help his servants: 'The earth helped the woman,' Rev. 12:16, by swallowing up the flood cast out of the dragon's mouth. To confound his adversaries, 'the earth opened, and swallowed up Dathan.' 'The sea is his, he made it,' Ps. 106:17; and he made it devour his rebels. The sea will shew the Egyptians that it regards the rod of Moses, not the sceptre of Pharaoh, Exod. 14:26; and as if she were glad of such an advantage over God's enemies, she shuts her mouth upon them, swallows them into her stifling bowels; and after she had made sport with them awhile, casts them upon her sands, for a spectacle of triumph to their adversaries. Neither sea nor land do naturally divide themselves. The sea is moist and flowing, and will not be divided for the continuity of it; the earth is dry and massy, and will neither naturally open nor shut again when it is opened. Yet to shew that both sea and land are the Lord's, the waters did part in twain, to give way to the Israelites for their deliverance; and the earth did cleave, to give way to those conspirators for their vengeance: both earth and sea did shut their jaws again upon God's adversaries. There was great wonder in both. It was marvel that the waters opened, no marvel that they did shut again; for their ebbing and flowing is natural. A marvel that the earth opened, but a greater that it did shut again; because it hath no natural disposition to meet when it is divided. But in both we see that God can use his creatures to his own pleasure, and make them spill or preserve with ease. 'The waters saw it, and fled; Jordan was driven back,' Ps. 14:3.

The waters know their Maker: when Christ was baptized, Jordan did flow and fill its banks; when the same God leads Joshua through it in state, the waters must run back to the fashion of walls, and leave the

channel dry. As if a sinew were broken, it recoils to both issues, and stands in admiration of its commander. What a sight was this to their heathen enemies, to see the waters make both a lane and a wall for Israel! Neither do they run hastily through this strange way, as if they feared lest the tide should return; but they pace gently, in a slow march, knowing that watery wall to be stronger for them than walls of brass could be against them. He that seeks not a ford for their passage, but cuts the waves, shews the sea to be his, and every creature observant to him. He could have made Jordan like some solid pavement of crystal for their conveyance; but this had not been so magnificent, every great frost can congeal the water in a natural course. But for a running stream to stand still, to give back, and mount to heaps, till it become a liquid wall, is for nature to run out of herself, to do homage to her Creator. O how glorious a God do we serve, to whom all elements do willingly submit themselves, and are glad to be what he pleaseth to make them! 'The day is thine, and the night is thine; thou hast made the light and the sun, summer and winter,' Ps. 74:16. The heaven is his, the earth is his, the sea his, the sun his: if he bid it shine, it shineth; if he chargeth it to forbear, it hides its face. At his appointment it runs forward like a giant, at his rebuke it runs back like a coward. Mortal men boast of their lands, of their gold and silver, of their flocks and herds; but 'the earth is the Lord's, and all that is therein;' 'every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills,' Ps. 50:10. In all things there is God's superscription; therefore 'give unto God the things that be God's.' Let us not go from the Maker to the creature, but rather let every creature direct us to the Maker.

3. Facit, He doth make his sun to rise; not only hath at the beginning, but still doth. By virtue of his providence, the sun shineth, the earth fructifieth, everything retains the ingrafted power. 'Hitherto my Father worketh, and I work,' John 5:17. He did not leave all to be governed by others, neither by intelligences nor by angels, as one makes a clock, and leaves it to the sexton's keeping; but he continually moves upon the world, as the Spirit did on the waters, not to hatch a new world, but to conserve the former. So long as the

spring runs, the river holds its wonted stream; if that once be dry, her channels will be soon empty. God is that fountain which supplies every creature, and there is nothing which his manutenancy upholds not. As it is a sun, and his sun, so the virtue it hath to light and heat is from his maintenance, that God may be all in all.

You will say, We are not heathen, to doubt these things. Nay, the very heathen should not have doubted these things. The whole world is a harp, every string whereof cannot be moved and touched in so sweet a harmony without an infinite God; yet as some little children call every man they see their father, so those blind naturals mistook everything for their maker. As Œdipus, in the poets, knew in general that he had a father, but knew not who his father was, and therefore such was his misfortune that whom he carefully sought he unwillingly slew; so muffled pagans know there is a God, but not what this God is. Therefore, while they do not diligently seek him, they ignorantly blaspheme him. 'But now, ask the beasts, and they shall teach thee,' &c., Job 12:7, &c. Every creature hath a trumpet in its mouth to proclaim the Deity. All are regii professores, professors of that great King, preachers of his divinity; and the name of being they bear is thus written, 'The Providence of God.' This is a witness of such duration, that no time can obliterate it; yea, time itself remonstrates it, and eternity shall more clearly explain it.

Had God written the book of his providence as he did the book of his law and gospel, with pen and ink, it had been understood only by the learned.* The rich might have bought it, the poor wanted it, the greater number know no more than their own language; therefore, he wrote this argument in every man's tongue: 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, Cretes and Arabians, &c., all hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God,' Acts 2:11. Critics would have been as busy in corrupting the elements as they are now in abusing words, had this been committed to books. Yea, because nature is so diametrically repugnant to transubstantiation, the Council of Trent would have condemned it, or at least forbade it the laics in a vulgar tongue. Our atheists had then been heretics, and, turning over

nature's text, would have interpreted it by the devil's comment. But this book of universal providence is too heavy to be transported, too clear to be corrupted, too high to be reached with profane hands, too strong to be torn, too open to be shut, too plain to be misconstrued. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork,' Ps. 19:1; his handiwork, not only the manufacture but manutenance of his hand. These things we do not deny, but we do not mind; the creatures be always in our eye, often in our hand, in our mouth, in our sense, when God is not in our heart. There is no creature but tells us with an audible voice, I am not he thou seekest, but I subsist in him whom thou seekest in me; he that made me and thee hath set me here to direct thee to himself, that all glory might be his. If we shall honour the sun and forget God, this is truly to 'come out of God's blessing into the warm sun.'

4. The rain to fall. This is another of those common blessings whereby the divine providence enricheth the world, the rain. *Calidum et humidum* are the two pillars of our life. The sun is called *principium generationis*, *propter calorem*; the rain, *propter humorem*: the one, *ratione agentis*; the other, *ratione materiæ*. Without heat, moisture would drown; without moisture, heat would parch. Without the sun, the world would be sick of a dropsy; without rain, it would be sick of a burning fever. Either of them severed would destroy it; both together do preserve it. Summer would over-dry the earth, and, by drawing up vapours, infect the air, and breed pestilences, did not winter check it. Winter would extinguish life, benumb the earth, and rot the plants, did not summer relieve it. Winter is like an old man, cold, but froward, pettish, testy enough; summer like a young gallant, hot and fiery. These two would never agree together; therefore the spring and autumn, like men of more temperate dispositions, stand between them to part them. Fire and water, we say, can never agree; yet thus hath the wise providence disposed, that by the concurrence of these contraries the consort of things should be preserved.

The sun draws up moisture, makes it a cloud, rarefies it; and as he took it from the earth, sends it back again in beneficial showers. A special means whereby the earth fructifies; 'Thou makest it soft with showers, thy paths drop fatness, and the little hills rejoice on every side,' Ps. 65:10 to the end. Therefore, the 'rain and fruitful seasons' are often united, Acts 14:17. This is one of those keys which God entrusteth to neither angel nor seraphim, 'I will give you rain in due season,' Deut. 11:14; I, not the sun, not heaven, not an angel. The heavens, indeed, are ordinary instruments and second agents, but so subordinate to the first worker, that in their actions he doth more than they. 'I will hear the heavens, and the heavens shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the fruits, and they shall hear Jezreel,' Hos. 2:22. Our life is maintained by the fruits, the fruits are beholden to the earth, that to the heavens, they and all to the Lord. He gives that influence to the heavens which they give to the earth. The heaven like a father, the earth a mother, the children they bring forth are fruits, and these are for us. For God ordained not the heavens for their own sakes, but for ours; and it is a treasury whereof himself still keeps the key, opening and shutting it at his pleasure. 'Canst thou loose the bonds of Orion?' Job 38:31. He gives it here, he denies it there, 'causing it to rain upon one city, and not upon another,' Amos 4:7; restraining it in this place, to that enlarging it; sometimes so pouring it down that 'the ships howl' on the sea, Isa. 23:1, and sometimes so scanting it that the 'sheep mourn' on the land, Joel 1:20.

The Lord when he sends rain or drought respects our sin or obedience; he considers not in what position heaven is, but in what disposition we are. We look up to the heavens, God looks down upon us. We turn the almanac in vain; the best prognostication we are to rely upon is God's mercy and our own innocency. 'He turns dry land into springs of water,' Isa. 41:18, to relieve the good; and 'a fruitful land into barrenness,' Ps. 107:34, to punish the bad. The Scripture speaks of no conjunctions nor oppositions of stars, no eclipses of the sun, whereby to gather what God will do, that we should study them. But this is God's rule, 'If ye consent and obey, ye shall eat the good of

the land,' Isa. 1:19. Many astrologers are so for natural causes, till they become natural fools. The stars, say they, work upon the elements, the elements upon compound bodies, the qualities of such bodies may change the senses, the senses being changed alter the understanding, the understanding inclines the will; therefore, the stars incline the will. This is like the drunkard's argument: He that drinks well sleeps well, he that sleeps well thinks no harm, he that thinks no harm is a good man; therefore, he that drinks much is a good man. It was a wiser answer of him that, being demanded the cause of those shelves about Sandwich haven, said it was the building of Tenterden steeple.

They have set one poor man dwelling at twelve signs; an anatomy they call it, as if he were to be dissected by twelve surgeons. Butchers deal better (as a reverend divine* wrote in his younger days), for they join head and purtenance together; but these divide the head, heart, and lungs to several owners; saving that the liver, one of the most noble parts, hath no governor. Perhaps in old time men had no livers. When crows part among them a dead sheep, every one gets somewhat; but here either the signs scrambled or else played foul play, for Capricorn got nothing but the knees. It may be, he came too late to the dividend, but compassion was had, and a gathering was made; Sagittarius gave him the lower part of the thigh, and Aquarius the upper part of the leg, both which together make up the knee.

Fond men! how they cozen others, and themselves! Those signs be not above where they look for them; they might look below and find them. The philosopher might have seen the stars in the water, he could not see the water in the stars, I am far from Copernicus's opinion, that the earth moves, and the heavens stand still; but what they imagine to find in the heavens, I am sure we find on the earth. Cancer is not there, but here many an apostate retrograde to goodness. Here is Scorpio, the slanderer and blasphemer; Ursa major and minor, and Draco, are not found there; here be those oppressors and covetous defrauders, serpents, and hydras, and dog-

stars, and dog-days. There is no Taurus nor Capricornus, no Aries nor Leo, above; here be those bulls and goats, persecutors and unclean livers, lions rampant, and rams assailant. Only we may believe that Libra is in heaven, for justice and her even weights and scales are scarce to be found in earth.

The famines and wars, plagues and ruins, are not caused by the stars, nor to be read there; no constellations produce those dire effects, but our own sinful lives below. We are those wandering planets, that swerve from the holy line of truth; we those irregular stars, of so strange forms and names, that move in a lunatic orb, and keep not the orders and course which God hath prescribed us. Saturn with his malevolent influence, Venus with her tempting aspect, the trines, quadratures, bad conjunctions, and worse oppositions, are all beneath. The cause of good or evil seasons, is in our good or evil lives. Let us be good in the sight of heaven, and heaven shall be good to us; no star will be malignant to our bodies, if we nourish no bad affection in our souls. 'The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night,' Psa. 121:6. We fear no constellations, we fear our transgressions. We dread neither Jupiter's corruption, nor Mars's fever, nor Saturn's inflammation, nor Mercury's madness; only, O God of heaven and earth, let us fear thee and nothing else.

Seeing the providence of God so blesseth us with all necessary things, let us honour him with thankful praises. Even lewd persons, when they fare well at another man's cost, will say, 'God save the founders,' though themselves be the confounders and abusers of it. And shall not we, in sobriety of heart, bless that God who so blesseth us? If a man be ingrate for one benefit, give him a second; if for that, try him with a third; but if he slight this also, hold thy hand. God hath given us thousands; if we hold our mouth from praising him, he will hold his hand from prospering us. If the servant bury his one talent, he shall have no more. He that cannot husband a hundred, must not look to have a thousand. We that are unthankful for the sun and rain, have made ourselves unworthy of Christ. 'The outgoings of the morning and evening praise him;' yet we, over whose heads we know

not whether the days or nights pass more merrily, forget him. Ingratitude loseth all, 'Take his talent from him,' Matt. 25:28. It deprives us of the good we have, it debars us of the good we might have, amittit data, præcludit danda. If men do not bless God for earthly things, he will not trust them with heavenly things. If Esau cannot keep his birthright, he shall lose his blessing. Because the Jews corrupted the law, they were defeated of the gospel; and not valuing their own kingdom, the kingdom of heaven was taken from them, and given to those that will be thankful. While we praise not God for the light of the sun, how should he give us the light of heaven? While we disregard the benefit of elemental rain to our bodies, how can we expect that elemental dew of grace to our souls? Lord, that we live not here in darkness, we are beholden to thy sun; that we are not scorched and consumed with heat, we are beholden to thy rain. Make us thankful for these, much more for thy spiritual showers of mercy, and the light of glory.

Thus in general of God's providence; now I come to the manner, parts, and kinds of it.

The manner of God's governing the world must be considered two ways, as it respects good, or as it respects evil. Evil is of two sorts, the fault, or the punishment.

Sin is governed of God by two actions. First, an operative permission; because he partly suffers it, and partly works in it. First, in sin, there is the subject and matter, which is a certain quality or action, and those so far forth as they are themselves are good, having existence in nature, and God for their author, so that though sin be sufficiently evil to condemnation, yet it is not absolutely evil, as God is absolutely good. There is an infinite good, there is no infinite evil; because the subject of evil is good, and hath in it regards of goodness. Secondly, and the form, which is an anomy or transgression. Now this latter, God neither willeth, nor ordaineth, nor commandeth, nor causeth, nor helpeth; but forbids, condemns, and punisheth. When Adam was tempted to fall, his understanding was good, his will good, affections

good, the fruit good, all from God. But his using those to the breach of the commandment, was not good, but from Satan and himself. The wine in the cup is good, the stomach that receives it good, the lifting up of the hand good; but the abuse of all these to excess is bad, and man's sin. The eye lusteth: the eye is good, the lustful look sinful. The hand striketh; the motion is from God, but the injury by that motion is none of his work. God moves the sinning instrument, he does not move the instrument to sin; the action is from him, the defect from ourselves. He puts no wickedness into us; but the evil which he finds in us, he moves and orders by his infinite wisdom, the bad instrument not knowing the good which he intends. The blinded mill-horse goes on forward, and knows not but that he is in the ordinary way; he thinks himself whipped for one purpose, the miller knows it is for another. David was threatened that his bed should be incestuously defiled, 2 Sam. 12:11. The counsel of Ahithophel, the lust of Absalom, have but fulfilled this judgment of God. O that infinite wisdom! which can use the worst of evils well, and most justly make the sins of men his executioners. Neither is Absalom excusable by God's purpose, nor God chargeable with Absalom's fact. What if the Lord, for the correction of his own servant David, gave Shimei a tongue able to belch out such blasphemy, 2 Sam. 16:10; yet is Shimei's curse worthy of Abishai's sword. Wicked men are never the freer from guilt or punishment, for that end and hand which the holy God hath in their offensive actions. When David said, 'let him curse,' he meant to give a reason of his own patience, not of Shimei's impunity.

The true-hearted Israelites would fight against that usurping Jeroboam; God forbids them, by this reason, 'This thing is done of me,' 2 Chron. 11:4. The smart of that rebellion was from God, the sin of Jeroboam's rebellion was his own. God wills that as Rehoboam's punishment, which he hates as Jeroboam's wickedness. That conspiring hand moved from God, it moved conspiringly from Satan. When the brethren sold Joseph, and their posterity killed Jesus, neither did other than God purposed; neither meant to fulfil God's purpose in it. There is a difference to be put between the evil work of

man, and the good work of God in it. A malefactor is condemned, sentenced to die; the executioner owes him a grudge, useth him hardly, by increasing his tortures, or prolonging his pains; the judge and executioner do both one and the same work; yet is it in the judge upright justice, in the executioner no less than murder. God so useth evil instruments, that he is free from the evil of the instruments. When he useth good instruments, men or angels, he works by them, and in them, guiding them by his Spirit, that they shall will what he willeth. When he useth evil, he only works by them, not in them; they shall do what he determines, yet are left to do as their own corruption suggests. Secondly, Therefore his second action in the government of sin, consists in repressing and disposing it. He restrains men, that they shall not do what evil they would, and disposeth it to the good which they would not.

For the evil of punishment, it is but the execution of his justice, 1 Kings 22:22; Amos 3:6: evil it may be to the sufferer, is good in the inflicter. Thus he is said to blind the eyes, and to harden the heart, Exod. 7:13; Isa. 19:14; Rom. 1:28; and so must all such places be understood, 2 Thess. 2:11.

In respect of good, which be the natures and substances of all creatures, even of the devils, the quantities, qualities, motions, actions, inclinations, simply considered in themselves, are good. There is a natural good, which God created for our use, and a moral good, which he ordained for our practice. Now, these he governs sustinendo, that they decay not, and promovendo, by driving them to their own particular ends.

Let us learn here in what awful reverence to hold the divine providence, which makes that is good to be good to us, and keeps what is evil from us. Therefore we pray, Libera nos a malo; à malo homine, à malo dæmone, from evil men, from evil spirits, from evil works, from our own evil selves. The devil is like a Saul, bent with a javelin against us: wicked men like Shimei, gnashing their teeth at us, desirous to crush our bones. We have Absaloms and Ahithophels,

affections and opinions, the children of our own bosoms, and counsel of our own brains; all conspire against us feeble Davids, yet the Lord delivers us from them all. 'They compass us like bees,' Ps. 118:12. Many are the evils we see and fear not, many we fear and see not, many we both see and fear, many we neither see nor fear. He whose eye of providence never sleeps, whose hand of governance never rests, doth still defend us. Satan is such a malicious and potent evil that, let God give him but leave, he would destroy us in a moment; the world would sink us in the inundation of sin. Our own hearts are false to ourselves; and we need no worse an enemy than that we cherish within us. Still this gracious providence delivers us.

The kinds of this divine providence are two—general and special. General is that which extends itself to the whole world, and all things in it, indifferently, even to the reprobate angels. By this he maintains the order which he first did set in nature, preserving the life, being, substance of all. The qualities and virtues placed in the sun, stars, trees, seeds, herbs, would otherwise lie in them dead and unprofitable. He governs the world *per* *οἰκονομίαν*, as a monarch in his kingdom: *κατ' εὐδοκίαν*, according to his good pleasure, decreeing them to salvation whom he hath loved, and bringing salvation to them whom he hath decreed. Some add *μετὰ συγχώρησιν*, by concession, as he grants victories to Turks against Christians, and makes the wicked fortunate. 'All things (are said to) consist in God,' in respect—1. Of ubiquity: he comprehends all things, and is comprehended of nothing. The 'nations are but a drop of his bucket,' and time but a drop of his eternity. 2. Of omnipotency: in his power the whole frame stirreth; the heavens could not move without him. 3. Of omniscience: all are within his knowledge, and from it receive their order, as soldiers their directions from their captains. 4. Of decree: because the world did from everlasting hang in his foreknowledge and preordination. Thus they consist in him; both for order, all agreeing in one glorious frame; for continuance, that no substance in specie that was at first made ever ceased, and the very singulars of every sort do consist in individuo; and for co-

operation, all following his manuduction and rule. Thus, there is no creature that is not beholden to God, for being upholden by God.

St Paul tells the heathen that he did 'fill their heart with food and gladness,' Acts 14:17. The heart being synecdochically taken for the whole man; for as food is the principal staff of life, so the heart hath a principal operation in our food. Not but that a gentile may want food sometimes, when as even an apostle was 'in hunger,' 2 Cor. 11:27, and a patriarch driven to change his dwelling for famine, Gen. 12:10. This filling is (not according to the insatiate desire of lust) sufficient to satisfy nature, not to content humour; not what man's folly may expetere, require, but what God's wisdom sees expedire, convenient. But his hand is open to all. Reprobates that hate him fare the better for him, by his gifts. Their eyes stand out with fatness, that set their mouths against heaven. Many think of their wealth, as they say of venison, so they have it, they never inquire unde, from whence it comes. But albeit thou mayest con the devil thanks for the manner of getting thy riches, yet thou art indebted to God for the substance itself. And thou that wouldst not pay God thy service for the substance, must pay Satan thy soul for the circumstance, like him that will hire his house of one, and pay his rent to another. Acknowledge his goodness, or thou shalt feel his justice.

His special providence is that whereby he governs and blesseth his church, gathering them by his gospel, guiding them by his grace, and preserving them by his mighty power unto salvation, Isa. 43:1, 2. This doth not only wrap them up under the general blessing of his protection, but enlivens them with the Spirit of his special operation. It doth not only respect them as men, but as Christians; not only as them in whom his image was once created, but as men in whom this image is again renewed. His general providence communicates good to all, that in him they 'live, move, and have their being.' His special to his children, gives them the life of comfort, the motion of grace, the being of happiness. Others have the blessedness of life, these have the life of blessedness. He often fills others' bones with marrow, their barns with com, their purses with money, their bellies with his

hidden treasures; but he fills the 'hearts' of his chosen 'with gladness.' Ps. 4:7. When a man apprehends a distasteful object, the heart contracts itself, and calls in the spirits which it was wont to send forth, whereupon the outward members tremble, and the face looks pale and wan. But when he conceives a pleasing object, the heart dilates itself, dispersing spirits into the outer parts, to give more scope of delight and enjoyment. Though this providence do such good to the wicked, that their table stands full of delicates, and their cups of wine, Dan. 5:6; yet 'even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.' But to the faithful, 'His blessing maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.'

If wealth could give content, why should rich men ever be sad? If honours, why cannot crowns keep our cares? No, man's triangular heart can never be filled with this globular world; but some corner will be empty, still there will be room for more. Only the three persons of the infinite Deity can replenish it with sweet satisfaction, to the utmost capacity of it.

This special care of the church is in Jesus Christ, 'in whom consist all things,' Col. 1:17. 1. Because he is that atonement which keeps the world from being dissolved by Adam's fall. 2. Because the comfortable use of all the creatures is recovered to us, by a covenant or patent of mercy in him. 3. Because the respect to him and his church keeps the world up to this day, which being once complete, it should not stand one hour. Thus 'all things are ours, because we are his, and he is God's,' 1 Cor. 3:22. All things: the scriptures for direction, sacraments for confirmation, angels for protection, creatures for sustentation, crosses for correction, death itself for the way to perfection. By what tenure do we hold all? By deed of gift. In whom granted? In Christ. 'Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord,' 1 Tim. 1:2. Ut Deus scit, ut Pater vult, ut Dominus potest, ut noster debet Jesus Salvator in hoc, Christus unctus ad hoc. 'I AM, saith the Lord,' Exod. 3:6; calling himself so, he is the God of all; 'The God of Abraham;' so he is the God of his elect in Christ: 'I am thy God, O Israel!' Our God. (1.)

Ours, ob specialem cultum, we serve him. (2.) Ours, ob specialem curam, he preserves us. (3.) Ours, ob specialem mercedem, he will give us his own inheritance. Benjamin's mess exceeds the rest, Gen. 43:34. All Jehoshaphat's children have fair legacies; Jehoram goes away with the kingdom, 2 Chron. 21:3. These God calls his jewels, Mal. 3:17; other be but his ordinary vessels, these be his jewels. He gives common persons enough to make them happy for this world; he enricheth his children with the blessings of the world to come.

1. Seeing this eye of providence is everywhere, and no work, no thought is hid from it, let us walk as in his presence. If the king had an eye to see every act, an ear to hear every word in his kingdoms, durst the Seminary whisper treason, or the mutinous incense rebellion? Adultery dares not abuse the wife in sight of the husband, though he doth often in spite of the husband. 'Will he force the queen before my face,' saith Ahasuerus? Esth. 7:8. The servant will not steal from his master looking on; yet men rob God to his face. Do we think he sees us not? 'He that made the eye, shall not he see?' Can we put out the eye of knowledge itself? There is nothing so secret and abstracted from men's senses, ut creatoris aut lateat cognitionem, aut effugiat potestatem.* He that stands on the bank, sees only the water running by him; but from a high tower, he sees the present stream, the water that is coming on, and that gone by. God on the battlements of heaven beholds all. The sun is the world's eye, yet the interposition of the earth keeps him from seeing us in the night. God sees in the night, the 'darkness and light are all one to him,' Ps. 139:12. But, alas! men live as if this eye was put out; there sits one scorning holy things, in a holy place; another plotting his neighbour's ruin; a thousand sins in a thousand several shapes, projecting to themselves prosperity in their unrighteous courses. But all this while God is forgotten, as if these were not 'to be found sinners,' Gal. 2:17. Though he seems now to connive, yet he will 'judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ,' Rom. 2:16. Men may by their sins hide God from themselves, they can never hide themselves from God. We are never out of his sight; therefore let him see us so live in grace, that we may live to see him in glory.

2. Let us be patient in all estates, seeing nothing can happen to us but by the disposition of this providence. The body is inseparable from the soul during life, yet we see not the soul, but the body only. So we cannot sever God's providence from the act done, yet we see the act more clearly than his providence. Therefore we have two eyes, that if we fasten one upon the visible calamity, we may fix the other on God's invisible mercy. Thou art deprived of thy health, estate, friends, or liberty; I deny not that thou shouldst look on these miseries, and in those sorrowful characters read thy own deserts; but withal, behold the hand that sent them. These be like shavings, to make us smooth and straight; if God pare us to the quick, it is because we should feel it; that so being sensible of the smart, we might amend the fault. If this act of providence can effectuate our patience; then as the stars do shine in the night that be hid all day, so our Christian courage, that lay obscure in the sunshine of prosperity, by the night of affliction shall appear more glorious.

3. Let us believe that God will provide for us; this is a main strength of this article. This was Abraham's faith; Dominus providebit, Gen. 22:8. We desire and have not, because we ask not; we ask and have not, because we believe not. Never man wanted provision that trusted in this providence. God lacks neither will, nor skill, nor power to help us. We call him 'almighty,' therefore believe that he can; 'our Father,' therefore hope that he will; and that he may never be to seek, we know whither to go to him; 'which art in heaven,' he is always at home. He is called 'Jehovah,' not only because of his independent being, present to all times and places, Of all other things we may say, either they were and are not, or they are and were not, or they were and are, but shall not be; but Jehovah is the same for ever. God and Lord have been communicated to some creatures; never Jehovah. But also because of his mercy to his church; a constant care to provide for them. What is made, is mutable; but the Maker is as good, as merciful, as gracious, as ever he was. He will make good all his promises; man promiseth out of his poverty, what he cannot perform; or out of his folly, what he should not perform; or out of his falsehood, what he will not perform. God can, for he is rich;

knows, for he is wise; will, for he is faithful that hath promised. 'I have set the Lord always before me, therefore I shall not be moved,' Ps. 16:8. When David's soldiers threatened to stone him, 'he comforted himself in God,' 1 Sam. 30:6. Nothing shall dismay us, if we believe. If the challenger be on the left hand to defy us, we have a champion on the right to defend us; if the invader be behind, the protector is before us. When Stephen was fallen under that shower of stones, he saw Christ 'standing at the right hand of God,' Acts 7:55. 'Standing;' often do we read him 'sitting' at the right hand, here 'standing.' In common distress he sits still, and so (as it were with ease) strengthens us; but in this sore conflict, when his enemies were mad with rage, and the first martyr was to encounter death for his name, he stands up, like a champion vowing to revenge his own quarrel. 'Lord, let thy mercy light upon us, as we do put our trust in thee;' 'Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.'

There be three sorts of men not rectified in their faith concerning God's providence. First, Some will not believe that he will do anything, unless they can cast about how he may conveniently do it; as if he could not cross the sea without making a bridge. Secondly, Some are so supinely dependent on this providence, that they neglect all appointed means, and look to be fed by miracle. Thirdly, Others will not believe that he favours any man's cause, when he affects his person; and so think that people's faith not to be worth the keeping, whom God suffers to be losers by it. The first gives God less than he should have, the next gives him more than he would have; the former, too little; the other, too much; the last give him nothing at all. Against those three errors I propose my next three directions.

4. We must not tie the divine providence to means; as if God knew not how to preserve us, because we cannot prescribe him the manner. That prince thought, God must needs 'make windows in heaven,' 2 Kings 7:2, and rain bread, or else that prophecy must fail. But as he heard it with his ears, and would not believe it with his heart; so his judgment was to see it with his eyes, and not taste it with his mouth. True faith hath learned to trust God without means;

it is but a sorry faith that trusts him with means, it is no faith at all that ties him to means. Let us bind all means to God's providence, bind his providence to no means.

How often did that unfaithful Israel distrust their known God for unknown means? Merciless Pharaoh is behind them, a not more merciless sea before them; and now they cry out, as if God knew not how to save them. Lo, his mercy is beyond their infidelity, they are delivered. Now they that had complained of too much water, go three days without; as if God meant to punish their unbelief with the defect, who had distrusted him for the abundance. Water was their fear, water shall be their want. Before they saw all water, and no land; now they see all dry land, and no water. Well, after three days God sends them water; will they yet trust him? But what was it? 'bitter water,' *Exod. 15:23*; long thirst will make bitter water seem sweet, but these could not be endured. The wells ran pure gall; they liked their moisture, but abhorred their relish. Lo, God sweetens the waters; will they yet trust him? No; now they complain as fast of hunger. 'He sent us indeed streams of water, but can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people?' *Ps. 78:20*. Here was drink, and meat. Now, as if there was as little possibility of the thing, as visibility of the means, they cry out with less hope than they that gather relief for prisoners do at the doors of usurers; bread and meat! God, to try them further, and to magnify his own power, gives them what they ask, and more(?). They desire flesh, and receive quails; they beg bread, and have manna. Had it been the coarsest flesh, and the basest pulse, hunger would have eaten it without sauce, and thought it dainty. But God doth not only supply, but pamper them; gives them the meat of kings, and the bread of angels. By what means? Do they till the ground, plough and sow? they might have perished before harvest; neither was the wilderness fit for increase. Do they reap, and thrash, and grind, and bake? No, God prepares this bread to their hands. Other bread ariseth from the earth, this comes down from heaven. Do they spread their nets, whistle, call for the quails? do they go a fowling for their dinners? These be ordinary means. No; they travel not to seek the quails, the

quails travel to seek them. They come not by instinct of nature, but by the power of the Creator; needs must they come, whom God brings.

Take one instance more. The same Israelites see those walled cities, whose height yet was not answerable to their report, Josh. 6:2; the fame so affrighted them, ere their eyes beheld them, that they were likely to say in distrust, How shall we scale those invincible fortifications? what engines can batter such towers? God prevents their unbelief; tradidi in manum tuam, 'I have delivered them into thy hand.' Were their walls higher than eagles could soar over, this is enough for their downfall. For on whose earth have they raised those castles? out of whose treasury digged those piles of stones? Who gave them art, strength, and time to build? Be their foundations deep as hell, their battlements above the clouds, their soldiers giants, their commanders made up of policy and valour, this same 'I have delivered them to thee,' is enough to vanquish all. Means can do nothing without God, much less against God. But still the want of means dismays Israel, and flatters Jericho; these do not fear, the other cannot hope. Lo, on a sudden, the walls fall down of themselves! They had silver trumpets, yet must use rams' horns; they had swords and arms, they use only their voices and feet; means poor enough, but the rich power of God performs all.

Let these examples strengthen our faith in this providence. The gates or hell are stronger than the walls of Jericho; yea, we do not besiege Satan, but Satan besiegeth us; the fortifications of sin are to nature utterly invincible. Yet by means that appears contemptible to the world, they shall be overthrown and triumphed over, 1 Cor. 1:27. How weak soever water appears in the font, bread and wine at the table, or man's voice in the pulpit, for so great a work, yet even by these doth the unlimited power of God save our souls. If he were bound to means, he would have kings his orators and angels his preachers, and not poor ministers; but he will have us owe all the honour of our salvation only to himself. Do we want sustainments? we cannot be nearer driven than God's own people in the wilderness.

Cities have bread, but thou wantest money; they had money, but the wilderness had no bread. God sends it; how? by a leisurely providence? were sowers, mowers, millers, bakers employed in it? No; we are under these means, God is above them. 'Can he furnish a table in the wilderness?' Ps. 78:19. Yes, even in the places of extremest scarcity. The fowls shall come in flocks, like obedient creatures, at their Maker's call, and offer themselves to their slaughter. We do not so willingly serve him for our preferment and salvation. Who can distrust the great Housekeeper of the world, when he sees such provision in his storehouse, and that he can furnish tables in the wilderness?

Did he so then, and cannot he do so now? Is he growing careless? or rather we faithless? He that made one suit last forty years whole, shall not we trust him for clothing? Do we think it impossible to be sustained because we want money? Paul speaks of 'content in food and raiment;' he mentioned not money. I have known many children want, whose fathers did put confidence in their moneys; I never knew any want whose fathers did put their confidence in God. How many orphans in this city are left without portion or patrimony, yea, knowledge of their own parents. God provides that they do not perish, Hos. 14:3. He still stirreth up one heart or another, by one means or another, to comfort the poorest. The Israelites never fared so well as when they were at God's immediate finding, and in the morning expected their breakfast from heaven.

But now, you say, God works by no miracles. As if he could not find means, because he will do no miracles! As if nature was not his servant, to do as he bids her! What if he does not keep the widow's meal from wasting by expense, when he sends her every day new meal? What if he do not multiply our old store, when he supplies us with new? What if we have no bread left in the evening, when he gives us 'every day our daily bread?' We are taught to beg bread for the day, not that this day's bread should last us the whole year. While our provision holds out, we have less occasion to pray; it is our

sensible want and dependence on God that gives wings to our devotion.

Yea, even still God works miracles, though we take no notice of them. That our hearts should be converted by preaching, this is a miracle. That our faith should believe above reason, this is a miracle. That Satan doth not destroy us, this is a miracle. If he does not fetch water out of a rock, yet he fetcheth repentance out of sin, and makes the stony heart gush out tears; this is a greater miracle. If he does not turn water into wine, yet he turns our sorrow into joy; as great a miracle. If he does not feed five thousand bodies with a few loaves, yet he feeds five thousand souls with one sermon; as great a miracle. If he does not open the corporeal eyes of one born blind, yet he enlightens the understanding that was born blind to spiritual things; no less a miracle. Still he cleanseth lepers, casteth out devils, raiseth the dead, straightens cripples, stops bloody issues; in a spiritual manner; no less miracles. Why do we not trust him without a miracle, who will work miracles from heaven rather than we shall want provision upon earth? Why do we not repose upon his mercy? Lord, thy hand is not shortened to give, let not ours be shortened or shut to receive! Why do ye not wait on him, whom we have found so powerful, so merciful? We set the mercy and love of God upon a wrong last, while we measure it only by our present sense. Nature is jocund and cheerful while it prospereth: let God but withdraw his hand, no sight, no trust. Many can praise him for a present favour, that cannot depend upon him in the want of means for a future. We are all never weary of receiving, we are soon weary of attending.

5. Let us use ordinate means, but not trust unto them. So must we accept the means, that we rely on his providence; and so rely on his providence, that we do not neglect the means. Man hath two apprehensive instruments, his hand and his heart; and there lie before him two objects, the divine providence and ordinary means; this natural, that supernatural. Now, if he shall misplace these, and lay hold on the wrong object, his error is fearful; as when he shall give God his hand, and the means his heart; his hand to God, to work

with his visible power; his heart to the means, as if there was his confidence. To beg that from heaven which lies before us on earth, is slothful negligence; to take that on earth, without trusting on the blessing of Heaven, is faithless diffidence. Shall the able sluggard lie on his back, and call God to help him up? Doth the soldier look that God should give him the victory, while he fights never a stroke? No; but 'let the praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand,' Ps. 149:6. So Joab: 'Let us play the men, and the Lord do what seemeth him good,' 2 Sam. 10:12. How did our Saviour disclaim trust in the means! There is other ways to live than by bread, Matt. 4:4; yet in due season he did eat, not refusing the means upon any presumption of this providence. So he repelled another temptation, descending by the stairs from the pinnacle, not the next way; he knew that the devil did but equivocate with him, leaving out 'in all his ways.'

God himself does not exercise this miraculous power when nature lies ready for his use: 'Take the rod in thy hand, wherewith thou smotest the river, and smite the rock,' Exod. 17:5. God could have done it by his will without a word, by his word without a rod; but he will do that by means, which he can as easily do without. Besides, what virtue was in the rod to cleave a rock? An axe, or stronger engine, cannot do this. There was no virtue in the rod, none in the stroke, but all in the command of God. Means we must use, but expect their efficacy out of themselves. They that use not the means to get faith and repentance, do no more indeed repent or believe than they can live that neither eat nor drink. As we say of a false friend, wheresoever I see him I will trust to myself; so wheresoever I meet the flattering world, I will trust to the everlasting Lord.

5. Let us not think the worse of a good cause, because this providence doth not always prosper it according to our expectation and desires. Because God doth not at once 'consume that man of sin,' shall we suspect our own religion? The men of Israel were smitten by the men of Ai, yet the men of Ai had not the true religion, but the men of Israel. Professors of the gospel in foreign parts are persecuted by the

antichristians, spoiled of their countries, inheritances, privileges, peace; shall we therefore judge the divine providence, or fault the gospel? The Spirit of grace, and our holy faith forbid it. Because God doth not send them present deliverance, nor present likelihood of deliverance, shall we think he dislikes the cause, and so grow cool in our devotion at home, as if he neglected it abroad? Canaan was the Israelites' own land, long before they enjoyed it; being lineally descended from him that was first possessor of it next after the flood, and so right heirs; yet were they so long kept out of possession, that they were not able to set their title on foot, yea scarce knew their own title; yet God restored them to it.

From small and unlikely beginnings the divine providence produceth great effects. Against Sennacherib he did not stand to levy, muster, train, and arm soldiers; but took a nearer way; his angel making in one night, one hundred eighty-five thousand dead corpses, Isa. 37:36. To satisfy the prophet's servant, taken with a bodily fear, he did not so much as trouble an angel, but by a mere apparition in the clouds effected it, 2 Kings 5:16. Against the Philistines, with their thirty thousand chariots, he did not employ an angel, not a cloud, no creature at all; but struck a terror into their hearts, and they slew one another, 1 Sam. 14. So he reduced Gideon's two and thirty thousand to three hundred men, lest the augmentation of their forces should be the diminution of his honour. He will not be wooed with multitudes, when he means to fight himself. When God made the world, was it not of nothing? For the several creatures, made on several days, he had matter before him, stuff enough to cut them out of all sizes; in his first work there was the seed of all creatures. But for the stuff itself, heaven and earth, this he made of nothing; he had not any seed of heaven to which he might say, Do thou hatch out heavens, sun, orbs, or stars; he had no seed of earth to which he might say, Do thou hatch an earth. All at first was nothing, and from that nothing came all. Now he that made the whole earth of nothing, cannot he recover one piece of it with a little?

The church was very thin, when Elias knew of none but himself; God tells him of seven thousand more. Seven thousand was much to one, was little to all the world; yet these seven thousand have peopled heaven with armies of martyrs, flocks of lambs, saints without number, and replenished those places of glory, depopulated in the fall of angels, Rev. 7:9. Still God hath his 'remnant,' and out of that remnant he will make up the whole garment, Rom. 11:5. Often do we continue a sinful course of life, drown the holy graces in our hearts by habitual practices of naughtiness, fall asleep in our uncleanness, or covetousness, or intemperance, to the very forgetting of all devotion in God's service; and if we do hear, it is sleepily; if pray, perfunctorily. When we are roused from this spiritual slumber, and see the fearful estate we stand in, we begin with trembling to apprehend the anger of God, think his mercy inaccessible, his majesty inexorable; and are ready to sink into the gulf of desperation. Yet the Lord recovers us, there is 'the seed of God remaining' in us; upon which the Holy Ghost sits and hatcheth a new creature of us; and from that little beginning we are brought to a modest, but infallible, assurance of his mercy towards us.

Now weigh the means whereby he doth this; it is so small in appearance, that none can discern it but he that feels it. He suffered the magicians to counterfeit some of his greater works; but in the least, he brought them to acknowledge the finger of God. The finger, that was enough; the arm of God, the hand of God needs not; for what he will do, his finger is sufficient. Some rabbins held, that the devil could not make any creature less than a barley corn. As with men, it is harder to make a little clock, a little picture; Homer's Iliads in a nut-shell; anything in a little than in a larger form. Because it is so with men, they dreamed it to be so with Satan. But we that are apt to admire great works in small forms, why do we not believe that God will do great works with small means? Let this stay and pacify our hearts and tongues in all the great business of the world; the undertakings of princes, the discomfiting of armies, the restoring of inheritances, the malice of persecutors, the sufferings of saints. On this blessed providence let us all wait; without either presumptuous

confidence, or cowardly diffidence; beseeching God to dispose of them, of us, of all, to his own glory. 'The poor committeth himself unto thee, for thou art the helper of the fatherless,' Ps. 10:14.

7. Let us take heed of ascribing any good thing to other cause than the divine providence. That old Chaldean superstition is devolved to us; we 'sacrifice to our nets,' Hab. 2:16, to our wits. A sin that God was so careful to prevent in his Israel; that the prophet was so heedful to avoid in himself. 'Not our own arm, not our own sword,' hath gotten us the victory, Deut. 8:17; therefore 'not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name give the glory,' Ps. 44:3. God gives us rain, and we are ready to praise the weather for it; he sends us plenty, we commend the earth; he grants us peace, we applaud our own power and policy. Preferment comes, then the plotting of our brains, the goodness of our friends, the success of our good fortunes, are only mentioned. Then, we are born under a lucky planet, we rise off our right sides; anything hath the honour, rather than he that owns it. It was the error of Israel to Aaron, *facito nobis deos*, 'make us gods to go before us;' but they were not so impudent as to say, *facito nos deos*, make us ourselves gods to go before others.

We are apt to erect images, and dress altars to ourselves; though Saturn be turned out of his kingdom, Plutus be confined to hell, and Phœbus have resigned his chariot. We do not call Paul Mercurius, and Barnabas Jupiter; we ourselves will be Jupiters and Mercuries, new earthly deities. From the worship of the pontifical 'beast,' many are relapsed to a new idolatry; instead of the pagan idols, sun and stars; instead of the popish idols, saints and angels; they are ready to do homage to themselves, dust and ashes; not thinking of the cause above, but of their own industry below. You need not run to Rome, ransack their temples, break down their altars, and deface their images; and there is indeed the glory of a church like the glory of a play-house, where every man is courting his own mistress; you need not tell them, These be no gods, they can do you no good. No; take a shorter journey, run to yourselves, and your own hearts. Let us tell them, neither our own luck, nor our own wit, nor our own labour,

hath brought us the good things we possess; we are all miserable sinners, and worthy of nothing but torments. It is the divine providence that hath hedged in our estates, set us in seats of honour, filled our barns, fields, shops, houses; it is this, not the sea, that hath walled in our land, and so long kept out invading war. It is this, not the clouds, that hath given us plenty; this, not our policy, that hath preserved us in peace and truth. Without which, our meat and drink could no more nourish us, than the stones in the wall. The Lord hath given us wealth and happiness, the same God give us also content and thankfulness!

8. This discovers a main imposture, and received vanity of our days, the foretelling of future things; which attempt is a presumptuous injury to God's providence. This is a study for those heathen that know not God, Jer. 10:2. He taught Israel by his prophets, he taught thee not by his planets. How expressly hath he confuted and confounded such fortune-tellers? Isa. 19:12. If they will undertake to know fates by the stars, and by erection of figures, how comes it to pass that they do not know their own? He that is not able to know his own, and will promise to tell me mine, is either a fool or a juggler; choose him whether. 'Shew me the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know ye are gods,' Isa. 41:23; this is only God's art, will you make yourselves gods? ye shall prove yourselves fools. 'He frustrateth all their tokens, and makes the diviners mad,' Isa. 44:25: God shall destroy them; O then let not us believe them. The prognosticator tells us that he believes God's providence; yet withal, he writes a prediction of all things that must happen the year following, which is indeed to compliment with God in words and to abuse him in deeds. Too many have thus lost God's providence in the stars, whereas the stars are to be found in his providence. And if they be to go a journey, or undertake a business, they will turn over the almanac before the Bible, and consult the signs, while they forget to say their prayers. As if one having an excellent watch, should still be in admiration of the spring, by which all the wheels have the swifter or slower motion, and keep their course; and never think of his art and invention that made it.

When such English almanacs come out, that set down all the future passages of the year as confidently as if they had received that prognostication from the angels, which they sell to the stationers: yea, when French almanacs come with their predictions concerning states and princes, one would think that, in this clear light of truth, there should not be found one soul so dark as to credit them. But fools will be meddling with strange things, as the satyr did with fire till he burnt his fingers. Whatsoever these men prognosticate, the likeliest thing to happen is the direct contrary. Not once of twenty times did I ever turn over almanac to examine what he foretells of the present weather, but I found it quite cross. When they threaten us with rain, it is most commonly fair; and when they flatter us that it will be fair, it is sure to rain. Therefore Diogenes, when a bungler was a shooting, ran to the mark; other places might be dangerous, but he was sure he would never come near that. So the best credit to be given all these prophecies, whether of the weather, which is less intolerable, or of men's fortunes, which is most sacrilegious, is to presuppose the contrary. For when there are but two ways, cold or hot, wet or dry, good or bad (to shew how God laughs them to scorn from heaven), they speak only that which shall not be. If they should hit the right, yet a fool might say as much; it will rain, or it will hold up, it is but an even lay. Rather, man is his own star, and he that can keep a clear conscience commands the stars, they shall not constrain him. Let the stars do their worst, and star gazers say their worst, so long as we faithfully serve the God of heaven. I deny not but the stars have some power to work upon us, but this divine providence orders the stars; and we have a Star above all stars, that hath 'the seven stars in his hand,' Rev. 1:16, ready to defend all that trust in him.

9. Let the eye of our mind be always fixed on this divine providence, that considering the unspeakable goodness it hath continually done us, in all necessities we may hope that it will help us. Through all the passages of our life let us gather observations of it; how it kept us in the womb, brought us into the world, watched our cradles, guarded our infancy, tutored our youth, preserved us from danger, supplied us with blessings; that thus finding it always hitherto graciously

present, we may assure ourselves it will never be absent. David lacks a sword, Ahimelech can furnish him with none but Goliath's, 1 Sam. 21:9: O give me that, there is none like it. Why? for the metal's sake, or for the strength's sake? No, other might be as sharp, as strong; but for the Lord's sake, of whose mercy he had so good experience by that sword. Why else was Israel commanded to build altars and erect pillars in their passages, but that they might stand like trophies and holy memoratives of the Lord's mighty mercies in those places?

So God bids Moses 'take the rod wherewith he smote the river,' Exod. 17:5; not simply naming the rod, but with a description. Why? Because with that rod he smote the river, and turned it into blood, Exod. 7:20. Now his faith might well expect, that the same rod, by the same appointment, should as well turn the stone into water, as it did turn water into blood, and the sea into a pair of walls. This latter wonder was easily credible to him, that had tried the rod to be so miraculous. Nothing more animates us to present affiance, than the recognition of favours past. The same rod that brought plagues to Egypt, brings blessings to Israel; by the same means can God both save and condemn, as the same sword both defends and kills. Such due registers and records let us make of God's mercies, that we may never want confidence, as our blessed Maker doth never want providence.

10. Let us imitate his providence, which is the way to approve ourselves his children. Do good to all; why? Your heavenly Father doeth so, Matt. 5:45; without this demonstration of love, you have little proof that you are not bastards. But such a one doth me harm, shall I do him good? No man can so offend thee as the sinner offends God: yet God doth him good; he lives by his providence. To love him that loves us, is the publican's charity; it is common to drunkards, whoremongers, usurers, and is no more in effect but self-love. Non tam diligit socium, quàm in socio seipsum. Thus far the children of hell go, shall not the children of heaven go further? As we have received a greater measure of love from God, so let us shew a greater measure of love to men. Yet withal, as God makes some difference,

giving good things to all, but the best to his servants; so 'let us do good to all, but especially to the household of faith,' Gal. 6:10, as those of a family will love together, and hold together, more than they will do with strangers.

11. Lastly, Seeing the divine providence bestows the creatures upon us to use, let us forbear to abuse them; for this were unthankfully to wrong God in them. They are sent to nourish us, sent to serve us, sent to teach us; sent ad salutem, not to be used ad insaniam.* The very bread we eat, should put us in mind of that bread of life; our apparel, of that garment of righteousness which doth justify us, and of glory that shall crown us; our houses below, of those eternal mansions above; the light of the sun invites us to that everlasting light in heaven; the winds in their airy regions, of that sacred Spirit which blows and sanctifies where he pleaseth; the running streams summon us to that crystal river, and fountain of living waters; the earth, when it trembles, remembers us of the world's final dissolution.

There is no page in the book of nature unwritten on; and that which may not be a teacher to inform us, will be a witness to condemn us. It is the voice of all creatures to man, accipe, redde, cave;† to which let me add, profice, parce, vale. Accipe, take us to thy use and comfort; I heaven am bid to give thee rain, I sun to give thee life, I bread to strengthen thy body, I wine to cheer thy heart; we oxen leave our pastures, we lambs our mothers, to do thee service. Redde, remember to be thankful; he that gives thee all, commands thee to return him somewhat; it is hard if thou canst not thank the great housekeeper of the world for thy good cheer. Cave, beware of abusing us; the beasts of the field cry, Do not kill us for wantonness; the fowls of the air, Do not riot with us; the wine, Do not take me to drunkenness, devour not me to disable thyself. Profice, do good to us and thyself. To us; feed the sheep which thou meanest to feed upon; meat thy horse, that he may perform thy journey. They are dumb, and cannot call for what they want; thou hast reason, provide for them. For thyself; profit by us; let us not only please thine eye, but

cherish thy body. Consider our virtues, to further thee toward life eternal; feed on our substances, to help thy life temporal; that in both thou mayest acknowledge and bless our Maker. Let not the grain mould in thy garners, nor the gold rust in thy coffers; but profice, so use us, that thou mayest be the better for us. Parce, yet somewhat spare us; do not play the tyrant with us, delight not in our torment; let our death satisfy thee, without a merciless vexation; do not satiate and gorge thy appetite with our groaning service. But as for thy sake we were made, so deal with us, that we may long do thee good. Do not spoil matrem cùm filiis, destroy not our breed, but only take so much as may serve thy own turn. Vale, farewell; when thou hast thus rightly used us, and standest in no more need of us, death calling thee to a better place, farewell. Having dealt kindly with us on earth, may God deal mercifully with thee in heaven. Where thou shalt not need this sun, for God shall be thy light; nor this air to breathe thee, nor this earth to bear thee, nor bread nor wine to sustain thee, for Christ shall be all in all unto thee.

THE FALL OF MAN.—The next part of the Creed concerns Jesus Christ, directing our faith how to believe in him. Wherein he is set forth as a Saviour, performing the great work of our redemption. But redemption presupposeth some precedent captivity. If man had stood, as we have considered him made, we had known the Son of God, but not as 'conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,' &c. Therefore, by order of conveniency, before we come to look upon our Redeemer, we are first to look upon our own need of a redeemer. Our lifting up grants that we were once down. For connection therefore of these two parts, our creation, whereby we were made, and our redemption, whereby we are repaired, betwixt both these, our apostasy hath a due place of meditation.

In our fall, there are four points especially considerable: the cause, the manner, the time, and the measure.

The cause is double. First, The efficient cause was Satan; for we must conceive no otherwise of the serpent than of his instrument. Moses

did not indeed name the devil, but spake according to the gross capacity of the people, who would understand nothing but visible things. So in the story of that apparition to Saul, that is called Samuel which was only his resemblance. There Satan in the shadow of Samuel, here Satan in the body of the serpent.

But why did Satan make choice of the serpent? Answer, First, for subtilty, wherein his usefulness was no less than his likeness. He is subtle to recover his dimmed sight by the juice of fennel; to cast off his winter coat, subtle to stop his ears to charms, subtle to insidiate man, Gen. 49:17. Secondly, For aptness in carrying the business: the serpent was fit for insinuation, he could wind in and out and never be seen of Adam. Thirdly, Had he framed a voice in the air, Eve would not have granted so familiar a conference. Fourthly, Had he appeared in human shape, there being no more mankind but she and her husband, his imposture had been palpable.

But Eve knew that serpents could not speak, why then did she not mistrust? Answer: She was sufficiently able to put a difference betwixt the faculty of beasts and power of angels; but being transported with the fair promises, she did not so much mind unde, from whence they came, as quales, what they were. She was so rapt with an ambitious desire of bettering her estate, that she never intended whether it was a good or a bad angel. But why was she not afraid to talk with a serpent? Not because the serpent had a beauteous face, countenance like a virgin; as you have heard of mermaids, *virgo formosa supernè*, which is not nature's action, but the poet's fiction. There is no such serpent, unless it be in a moral sense, a beautiful face with a serpentine heart in a whore. But because, during the state of innocency, no creature was loathsome to man. Serpents and beasts had the same form and shape before, but not the same terribleness and nocent powers. Wicked atheists deride this story, yet believe their poets, that a river saluted Pythagoras, an elm Apollonius, that Jupiter's bull did speak in Rhodes, and Achilles's horse foretold his master's death. There is no doubt but that, by permission, Satan can possess a body, living or dead.

The other cause was the will of our parents, Eccles. 7:29. Freedom of will is fourfold: *libertas ad solum malum; ad solum bonum; restricta, partim ad bonum, absoluta ad bonum vel malum*. 1. Freedom to only evil, which is in reprobate men and angels; and is indeed more properly a thralldom than a freedom. 2. Freedom to only good, which is in God by nature, in the angels by grace. 3. Freedom restrained, partly to good, but not without touching upon evil; this is in militant saints. 4. Freedom absolute to good or evil indifferently; this was in Adam. He had no inclination to sin, nor yet was he bound by any necessity from sin. God, in restraining one tree, declared that man had power either to take or forbear it.

For God, he was no ways any cause of it. He did not only make them righteous creatures, but also gave them righteous wills; told them plainly what he would exact, and what they could perform. But why did he not prevent it? Answer: He was not bound unto it, he permitted it for divers reasons. 1. To make the most excellent creatures sensible of their own infirmity, how unable they are to stand without his supportation. 2. That there might be an occasion to exercise both his justice and mercy; justice in punishing, mercy in saving. If in the world had been no misery, there had been no work for mercy, no need of Christ. If no sin, no matter for his justice to shew itself. 3. To will nothing but good, is a state reserved for heaven; to will nothing but evil, is a state reserved for hell; to will good and evil, is a state disposed for earth. There is a double grace: one, to be able to will and do that is good; the other, to be able to persevere in willing and doing good. God gave Adam the former, not the other. *Dedit posse perseverare si vellet: non dedit velle perseverare cùm possit*. 4. God owes no creature anything; beggars must be no choosers. We that are indebted to him for all that we are, cannot challenge more than he will give. He so governs all things he hath made, *ut etiam proprios motus exercere sinat*.* 5. He might justly suffer this evil, because he knew how to turn it into good. It was not *præter voluntatem Dei*, that were to make a lame providence; not *contra voluntatem Dei*, that were to make a weak omnipotence; but *juxta voluntatem Dei*, in part he ordained it; not as

it was a sin to ruin the creature, but as a way to exercise the justice and mercy of the Creator.

But if Adam did that which God willed, he did not sin. Answer: He did will the same matter, but not after the same manner, nor to the same end. Suppose an Israelite had wished the death of that persecuting tyrant Benhadad, and Hazael also wished it: the former, because he was a malicious enemy to God's church; the other, that he might get his kingdom. God and Adam willed this fall; but neither God with man's intent, nor man with God's intent, Adam's purpose was to be like God, God's to manifest his own glory. But God decreed it, therefore man could not avoid it. Answer: In respect of God's decree, it was necessary; in respect of Adam's will, it was voluntary: the Creator's purpose did not take away the creature's freedom. But God's will is the cause of Adam's will, and Adam's will the cause of this fall, therefore God's will is the cause of this fall; for quod est causa causæ, is causa causati? Answer: God's will is a moving cause of the wills of evil men, not as they are evil, but as they are wills. As a man makes a lame horse bear his burden: cogit claudum portare, non cogit equum claudicare. God so inclines the evil will, that while he moves the will he is not entangled with the evil.

Who can now complain of God? Not the devil, God did not cause him to deceive man. Not Adam and Eve, they fell by their own wills, without his instigation; and this their own consciences did confess. Can the posterity of Adam? No; reprobates justly suffer, and must acknowledge they have but their deserts. And for the elect, they get more by the second Adam than they lost by the first. 'O the depth,' &c., Rom. 11:33.

The manner was by temptation; which was partly subtle, partly malicious, all devilish. Satan's malice was high and great: high, in that he meant this mischief at God himself, whose infinite majesty being out of his reach, he thought to spite him in ruining his workmanship; as the Romanists took their pleasure and revenge on Queen Elizabeth's picture, because they could not come at her

person. Great; for despairing to save himself, he endeavoured to destroy all the world. Now, his fraud was not inferior to his malice, which will appear in twelve crafty circumstances.

1. For his vessel, a serpent, a thing so like him for craft, that it is still his emblem. Every serpent is (as it were), a young devil, and the devil is called an 'old serpent.'

2. For his insinuation to the place: who would look for a serpent in paradise? What wonder is it, if our corruption finds him in our closet, among our bags, in our beds with his unclean suggestions, on our boards among our many dishes and full cups; whenas our parents, being holy, found him in paradise?

3. For his use of the time. He is not sooner got in, than he falls to work. He lays hold on the first opportunity, knew it was no advantage to slack his design. A little forbearance might have improved man's experience, and so prevented his mischief. To think him idle, is as gross, as for the times of ignorance to call their fairies and hobgoblins, harmless devils.

4. For his choice of the tree. There were many trees in paradise; you find him about none but the forbidden. There was no danger in the rest; here grew the fruit of his hope. By no tree but this could they miscarry; upon none but this dwells his subtle expectation.

5. In his singling out the woman; who being the weaker in resistance, was the more malleable to his purpose; the fitter for him, both to work upon, and to work by. Though she had good helps, holiness and wisdom, yet he outvied her, and she lost the game. He keeps his old trick still; when he would pervert a whole family to superstition, he teaches his Jesuit to begin with the woman. To witchcraft he brings more women than men; therefore the Scripture names a witch in the feminine gender, Exod. 22:18. He sped so luckily with this plot in paradise, that he practised it upon Solomon and Samson; he foiled the strongest, and fooled the wisest, by a woman.

6. For watching his opportunity; not only assaulting the woman, but *absente viro*, when the man was not by. Had Adam been present, he durst not have attempted it. It was in Uriah's absence, that he wrought Bathsheba to folly. Let Ulysses be at home, Penelope's suitors vanish.

7. In his question, to move doubt. 'Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree?' It is likely, that they had spent some time in conference, from which premises the serpent infers this conclusion, Num dixit Deus? This is strange, that God should give you any such prohibition? Not eat of every tree? as if God had dealt hardly with them, in the abridgment of this liberty. If Satan can but get us to stand him, and hold him talk, he makes himself sure, and dischargeth as at a dead mark. 'Blessed is he that hath not stood in the way of sinners.'

8. In his reply, to work distrust. 'Ye shall not die;' never think that God hath any meaning to kill you for so slight a matter. To doubt of the commandment, is the way to expose ourselves to the transgression. Usury, and monopoly, and monomachy, had never been known, but by hearsay; had not men stood to talk with Satan, and to hear his reasons and arguments, what he could say for such horrid sins. Hence it came to be put to those two unhappy referees, the devil's wit and man's will.

9. In his protestation of safety, and promise of glory. 'Ye shall be as gods;' sicut, for quality, not for equality; so far from mortal creatures, that you shall be immortal powers. But whether is the devil more subtle to promise, or man more simple to believe, that there may be safety in sin? Safer is a vessel on the sea without mast or stern, or a blind cripple in a house on fire. He that bids us look to speed well in doing ill, promiseth us good luck in breaking our necks.

10. In his suggestion to envy and discontent. Why one tree? Sure, he grudgeth you that fruit, as if he kept it for his own tooth. Why this tree? sure there is some more delight and goodness in this tree than in all the rest. How many thus lose the comfort of their own estate, by envying the betterness of another's? How foolish is he, that will fast from his own wholesome supper, because his neighbour hath better cheer? Lord, rather give me a contented want, than a discontented abundance.

11. By his flattering them with the increase of knowledge and honour. 'Ye shall know good and evil.' Now they knew nothing but good; and what gets a man by the knowledge of evil? Who being in health, would make himself sick, to know what sickness is; yea, rather kill himself, that he might get experience of death? And for honour, what a puff do ambitious men, like boys about a bubble, catch at? What if my name be despised on earth, so long as it is written in heaven? This were as when the sun sends forth his glorious beams, to cry for the putting out of a candle. Yet how easily doth honour and knowledge, the knowledge of honour, the honour of knowledge, transport the sons of corrupted nature! A cunning devil! that sends a man to seek for light in a vault, his own glory in the dishonour of his Maker.

12. In his ambiguity of speech; every word being capable of a double construction; as he used afterwards to deliver his oracles. 'Ye shall not die,' that is, not presently the death of the body, yet presently be made mortal. 'Your eyes shall be opened;' so they were, to see their confusion. 'Ye shall know good and evil;' so they did, not by a bettered knowledge, but by a miserable experience. 'Ye shall be as gods;' either as good angels, or as apostate devils. Thus his words have an ambagious meaning; that howsoever it should happen, he might keep his credit, by expounding it according to the event. So if he failed now, he might hope to prevail another time. 'Now when the woman saw that the tree was good for food,' Gen. 3:6; there is the voluptuousness of her desire; 'and pleasant to the eyes,' there is the curiosity of her sight; and 'would make one wise,' there is the vanity of her mind. Proportionable to the Apostle's description of the world; 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life,' 1 John 2:16. We sin according to the pattern of our mother; see, like, take, die; and so infect others, as Eve having eaten, gave her husband. Had she stayed her hand with her own fall (as he that ignorantly drank to his friend in a cup of poison, but once perceiving it, threw away the cup, admitting no pledge), Satan had been prevented, we preserved, the root of mankind being uncorrupted. But such was her

unhappiness, to invite man to this cursed banquet; so they both did eat, and set all their posterity's teeth on edge.

Observation 1. If we had been by, and seen Adam, in hoc articulo positum, in a strait, betwixt the persuasion of his wife, and the precept of his Maker; how would we have cried out to him, Take heed, the apple is fair, but the core will choke thee; the woman of thy love is the instrument of thy bane. Yet when it comes to our own turns, our memory forgets, and our conscience forbears, to give us this caution. *Tam minimè cautum est, à quo miserrimè casum est.** Consider thy soul in Adam's stead, concupiscence is like Eve, thy wife; Satan is still himself, his bait is the forbidden fruit. He opens his pedlar's pack, bids concupiscence like and take; reason is hitherto absent, the wife is won, concupiscence woos reason; if she can prevail, Satan laughs to see them both perish together. 'How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?' Jer. 4:14. O corrupt man, God doth not blame us so much that these thoughts come, but that they are suffered to tarry. They may knock at our door, we may choose whether we will let them in. Their intrusion is not, their entertainment is, our fault. Think betwixt the cup and the lip; this draught of gain or lust is deadly. Though Eve be taken, save Adam. Let not Lot look back for his wife, though she perish.

Obs. 2. Satan still works by his factors; he would be too abhorred in his own shape, therefore comes in like concealed ware, and the more plausible his artillery, the more terrible his battery. Poison goes the more unsuspectedly down in a pleasing goblet. The devil presumes, like the Philistines, that Samson will deny Delilah nothing. Mischievous politicians have got this trick of their father, to use other instruments in all dangerous designs; as the monkey took the sleeping cat's foot to rake the chestnuts out of the fire. The actors shall be upon the stage, but the poet is close behind the curtains. What vessel soever bears the evil motion, wife or friend, let us suspect Satan in it, as David did his captain, 'Is not the hand of Joab in this?' 1 Sam. 14:19. The devil hath a hand in it, as he brought upon

Adam, per amorem uxoris, amarorem mortis. So easy it will be for him that will be uxorious to his wife to be injurious to his God.

Obs. 3. Satan flatters them with benefits and glorious shows: they shall be wise, they shall be as gods, wise as gods; but not a word of death, or confusion, or deserved society of devils. When he tempted Judas to that unnatural treason, he shewed him the silver, not the halter. When he sent Gehazi after Naaman, he suggested unto him the garments, and the money, not the leprosy. He shewed Christ on the mountain, 'all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them,' Matt. 4:8; he presented him with the glory, not with the vanity: while he magnifies the pomp, he hid the vexation. If there be any pleasure, majesty, bravery in the world, where should we find it but in the courts of princes? There be the rich jewels, embroidered robes, sumptuous feasts, glorious triumphs, refulgent beauties, honourable attendance, royal state; and these he lays forth to the fairest show. With the inconveniences he meddles not, unless it be with their concealment. Full many a care attends on greatness, sovereignty is full of jealousy; he fears most, who is most feared. Christ's crown was all thorns, no crown is without some thorns. The highest seats are ever uneasy. Those innumerable discontents, which are like shadows to sublime places, Satan hides out of the way; nothing is left visible, but what may allure.

When he assaults any poor soul, he suffers nothing to appear to the eye but pleasure, profit, a sweet satisfaction of our desires, and a phantasma of happiness. There is also wrath, and judgment, and torment, and sting of conscience belonging to it; these must be, but these shall not be seen. All the way is white snow, that hides the pit. Green grass tempts us to walk; the serpent is unseen. If temptations, like plaises, might be turned on both sides, the kingdom of darkness would not be so populous. If David could have foreseen the grief of his broken bones ere he fell upon Bathsheba, those aspersions of blood and lust had not befallen him. If Achan could have foreseen the stones about his ears before he filched those accursed things, he would never have fingered them. But as it is said of Adam and Eve

after their fall, *Tunc sunt aperti oculi eorum*, 'Then their eyes were opened;' then, not before. Judas was blind till he had done the deed, then his eyes were opened, and he saw it in its true horror.

Sins are light in the common balance of flesh and blood, but bring them to 'the measure of the sanctuary.' Adulterous acts are unlawful, *ex confesso*; but of wanton looks men make no reckoning, yet they weigh in the judge's balance as heavy as condemnation, *Matt. 5:28*. The smallest atom is seen in the sun, which we think nothing in the dark. The coral, so long as it is under water, is white; being got above the water, it waxeth hard and red. Our sinful works in their own element, seem soft, and fair, and harmless; being brought into the open air, they appear red and bloody. Lines may be so written with the juice of a lemon that no man can read them; heat the paper against the fire, you read them easily. The characters of our flagitious lives are so kept from us that we read no ill: let us bring them to the fiery trial, this shall make all our works and words, yea the secrets of our hearts, legible. Sorrows and woes are reserved for the farewell of sin; that they may be both seen and felt at once. When we are once sure, Satan is a tyrant; till then, he is a parasite. If we desire to be safe, let us view the back, as well as the face, of temptations. This good use let us make of our grandmother's ill, that we deceive Satan of that trick whereby he deceived her. When he invites us to view the glorious beginning of sin, let us look first to the ending, and so prevent him.

The third circumstance is the time, and I will not spend much time about it. Some would have Adam to continue in paradise about three and thirty years, because Christ lived so long upon the earth; some, forty days, that there might be a correspondence between the intemperancy and the remedy. The first Adam sinned in eating, and the second Adam fasted forty days for it. Others hold that he fell the next day after his creation, upon the day of rest. But it is not likely that upon a day of joy God would execute a work of sorrow, nor curse in that which he had blessed. Others say upon the eighth day, that day sevensnight after his making; as the eighth day was ordained for

circumcision, that the father's apostasy and the children's recovery might be answerable for the time. But the most received opinion is according to Saint Augustine: that they fell on the very day of their making. Moses having set down the creation, without interposition of anything, comes immediately to the fall.

For reason to confirm this opinion. 1. Satan fell presently after his making; non stetit in veritate, 'he abode not in the truth,' John 8:44. He scarce tasted the sweetness of an angelical life, but as soon as he had it, he lost it; so it is likely of man. 2. Christ calls the devil a 'murderer from the beginning.' This could not be from the beginning of the world, or of time, then he had none to kill, it must be from the beginning of man; therefore in man's beginning Satan did set upon him. 3. His implacable malice would edge and urge him to lay hold on the first occasion, and his subtilty would admit no delay, lest man's experience should have confirmed him in obedience, and enabled him to persist; therefore that very day. 4. Adam had not yet tasted of any fruit; it is clear, not of the tree of life, Gen. 3:22; and with that he was most likely to begin. This appears both by Satan's onset, and the woman's answer, 'We may eat;' may, have not yet. Now they would not have stayed long without eating; therefore, that very day. 5. Presently after their making they were bidden to increase and multiply, so that if they had tarried there long Adam, in obedience to the commandment, must have known Eve, and so they should have gotten children without sin; for it is an erring ignorance to think they were not made fit for procreation and of apt disposition. 6. Never any man on earth kept the Sabbath without sin but Christ. That is called the 'rest of Christ,' Heb. 4:10, that enjoyeth a cessation from all the works of sin. Therefore he fell before the Sabbath, and that must be the very day. 7. What became of lions and such creatures, whose natural sustenance is flesh? They did not feed upon grass, and to say they did eat flesh is absurd, for there was no death before the fall; so that, if Adam had stayed long in paradise, their fast must have been tedious and above nature. 8. The psalm says, 'Adam abode not in honour,' Ps. 49:12, he lodged not one night

in honour. So some read it. Lun, signifying to stay all night. If he did not continue in paradise one night, he fell on the day of his creation.

But how could so much business, as the aggregation of the creatures, their nomination by Adam, Eve's temptation by the serpent, the man's seduction by the woman, God's conviction and curse of them all, be despatched in so few hours? Answer: 1. The imposition of names was performed by Adam ere Eve was made; and this he could do at first sight, without trial of their natures, by reason of his singular wisdom. 2. Such is the celerity and subtilty of spirits, that Satan was nimble enough to play off his part in a very short space. 3. It was in the 'cool of the day,' about eventide, when God gave the sentence. Thus in the scope of eight or nine hours all these passages might be accomplished. But what is all this to us, to know when he fell, so long as we feel too sensibly that he is fallen? Yes, this point is not barren of use, it teacheth us two things.

Consideration 1. The fickleness of all temporal things. If innocency itself could not keep this world, no, not one whole day, how brittle hath corruption made it since! If our righteous father could not preserve himself without sin twelve hours, how vainly presumptuous are we, his infected children, to be confident of our standing! No man but he that is God and man, ever stood without falling. And in him, we are so much more happy than Adam was, that we shall not fall into perdition; but this we have common with him, and from him, that we cannot but fall into transgression. In saying the Lord's Prayer, he that prays, 'Lead us not into temptation,' confesseth that he may fall; he that prays, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' confesseth that he had fallen. Both which lead us to a penitent contrition for what we have done amiss, and to a careful circumspection about what we do; that we stand upon our guard, and watch the blow, to defend ourselves. Thou hast done well; be not too sure; trust not thy own legs; 'let him that thinks he standeth, take heed lest he fall;' Paul himself hath his buffets, 2 Cor. 12:7; the bladder that is full of wind must have a prick to let it out. 'I sent to know your faith, lest by some means the tempter hath tempted you,' 1 Thess. 3:5. They were his

hope, his joy, his crown, yet they might be tempted. Light the taper at the fire of the sanctuary, and leave it burning clear, yet there is a thief to waste it; yea, it is ready to dim itself, if there be not snuffers to keep it bright.

If spiritual things may thus be forfeited, what assurance is there of temporals? No mere man ever stood so high as Adam; this earth is now divided among many kings, which was all his alone. Their lands bring them no increase without industry, his yielded fruits naturally. The whole earth his field and orchard, paradise was his private garden. They often command and go without; all things obeyed Adam. Storms and thunders, serpents and flies, stand in fear of no prince; none of these durst or could injure Adam. His glory was great, greater his safety, his command greatest of all; yet this potent, safe, happy king lost all in a moment. O then what constancy can be expected from the world? All these were in his hands, like an estate in the true owner's; we are all naturally usurpers, and cannot challenge one foot in our own right; shall the thief be secure when the true man was not? What land is so entailed to posterity, but the dying possessor may not give it this farewell and inscription; *nunc mea, nunc hujus, sed postea nescio cujus?* O happy man, who neither loves the world, nor the world him; both being dead, either to other! *Dum alter alterum non appetit, quasi mortuus mortuum non attendit.*

Abraham and Job, and many other saints, have been rich and potent; yet while the world flourished about them, it did not flourish within them; it smiled on them, they did not smile on it. Now, it is decrepit in itself, yet lusty in us; withered in its own parts, yet it grows green in our affections. It wooed them, and they scorned it; it frowns on us, and yet we woo it. It was to them, as the Jebusites to Israel, a drudge; we subject ourselves to it, as Israel did to the Egyptians. It proffered them service, and might not be entertained; we proffer it ourselves, and request it to entertain us. They could not be caught with its sweetness, we doat upon the bitterness of it. *Sequimur fugientem, quem illi spreverunt sequentem.* But while we lean upon that which

is falling, shall we not fall with it? Lo, Adam could not hold it, while it was good, while he was good, all was good; now being grown stark naught, if we trust it, we are worse than it.

Consideration 2. The cunning of that adversary, whom it is hard to elude, impossible to avoid. It is now since Adam's fall above five thousand years; the devil lost none of his time; he that would not forbear innocency one day, will assault corruption every hour. He could not augment his malice, he hath improved his experience. If he were so crafty then, what a cunning devil he is now! *Et ille fortior ad pugnandum, et tu debilior ad repugnandum.* If, as Samson lost his strength with his lock, that angel had lost his wisdom with his goodness, we were safer in the wide world, than Adam was in his impaled paradise. But he still remains an angel, though a mischievous one; and we are men, not half so wise as our father. Lord, let it not be presumption in us to beg, that thou wouldst make us wiser than Adam; that all the tricks of Satan may never cozen us of our grace and portion in Jesus Christ.

Yea, let us be as far from security, as he is from ignorance or charity. *Ille non cessat discere tentando, nos discamus non cessare cavendo.* Give a serpent a wound, he will turn again; every good deed gives that old serpent a wound; let us look for his malice, be sure he will turn again. He is ever busy, but worst at last, discharging his shot thickest when it is almost night; recompensing *brevitatem temporis, gravitate tentationis.* He strikes continually, but his first and last blows are most dangerous. He assaulted Adam so soon as he came into the world, most furiously he sets upon all the children of Adam when they are going out of the world. Look well to the conclusion; for as the tree is loaden, so it bends; and as it bends, so it grows: and as it grows, so it falls; and as it falls, so it lies; and as it lies, so is it found at the last day; and as it is found at the last day, so it must continue for ever.

The Measure.—Some sensual men have extenuated Adam's sin; alas! it was but eating an apple. Wherein they do implicitly and by

consequence tax God of injustice, to lay so heavy a punishment on him for so slight a fault. What, condemn a whole world for so small a matter? Be not deceived, we shall prove it by evidence, as we find it by experience, to be a grievous rebellion; not one single sin, but many in one; as Leah said of Gad, 'Here comes a company;' simplex pomum, multiplex peccatum. The quantity of a sin must not be measured by the object, about which it is conversant, but by the commandment which prohibits it. It was not the fruit eaten, but the law broken, that made him guilty. He that will truly value his sin, must not so much look to the thing done upon earth, as to the majesty offended in heaven. 'Against thee, O Lord, against thee, have I sinned,' Ps. 51:4. David had sinned against Uriah, his subject; but he looks up to God, his sovereign. Here, non tot grana in pomo, quot mala in peccato. In one fact we find ten several sins.

(1.) Incredulity. They did not believe God's word to be true: he says, 'Eat and die;' they hope to eat and not die. Howsoever other sins speed, unbelief is sure to smart. He deserves no mercy of God, that will not take his word. This indignity we still offer him, more paterno; still doth the want of faith shut men out of paradise.

(2.) Blasphemy, in giving credit to the devil, more than to God. His moriemini they doubt; Satan's non moriemini they believe. Let the devil charge the God of truth with falsehood, the God of love with envy; yet to this they subscribe. Is it a small sin to reproach their Maker?

(3.) Curiosity, in affecting greater wisdom than the God of wisdom saw fit for them. Satan flatters them with some strange operation in this fruit: this they long to find: to their own woe they found it. What great evils rise from small beginnings! It is probable that curiosity turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; she would but see forbidden Sodom, and sped worse than Sodom. That curiosity sent home Dinah deflowered; she would but see the virgins of the land, and left her own virginity behind her. Her idle curiosity bred all that mischief; upon this she wanders abroad, upon her wandering follows

ravishment, upon the ravishment murder, upon the murder spoil. It is holy and safe to be jealous of the first occasions of evil. Curious Lot's wife lost herself, curious Dinah lost a city, curious Helena lost a kingdom, curious Eve lost all the world.

(4.) Wantonness, in sinning without need. All the trees in the garden were at their service; all pleasant and allowed, only one pleasant and forbidden. She slights that she might have; and for that she might not have, she bequeathed this legacy to all her children, that they should naturally desire what they may not lawfully possess.

(5.) Pride and ambition to be no worse than their maker. If all failed, Satan hoped this would do it. Had his bait been beauty, Eve was fair and amiable; certainly the most beautiful woman that ever the world had, or shall have; none but a glorified body in heaven can excel hers, and in enjoying her, Adam had, with pleasure, without offence, enjoyed himself. Had it been delight, he knew that he wanted none which earth could yield him, while he had a heaven within him. Had it been gold, why all was his own already, and how basely would he have esteemed the most shining metals who had no use of coin, no fear of want! If all Adam's sons knew the little worth of gold as well as he did, the devil would never have turned digger, for all his mines could not have won one piece of a soul. It was then a proud desire of bettering his condition; what but this could turn man out of paradise, angels out of heaven, and tumble so many millions to hell!

(6.) Unthankfulness. Had not God done enough for them? created them after his own image, estated them in the monarchy of the world, furnished them with a pleasant habitation, paradise, the seat royal of the whole earth, set serviceable creatures to attend them, pleasure itself to delight them, perfect knowledge to accomplish their blessedness? Yet as if all this were not worth thanks, they must be something that God would not have them, or have something that God would not grant them. He had studied to make them happy, and now they study to make themselves miserable. They must know more than they did, as if God did not know that they knew enough. Still do

we inherit this saucy appetite of our grandmother; we can never rest satisfied with the portion which God hath carved us. Wanton children never speed worse than when they have things of their own choosing. How well doth he deserve to lose all he hath, that repines for one thing he hath not? When Eve had all the world and the innumerable delights in it, yet she would hazard all for one apple. This was the amplification of David's fault by the prophet, contemning the variety of his own wives for the forbidden one of his subject, 2 Sam. 13. How doth our ingratitude overlook the many blessings of God in discontent for one! Thus I have seen a sullen guest at a well furnished table, because he is prevented of one dish that he hath a mind to, keep a melancholy fast and eat never a bit.

(7.) Presumption: they made themselves confident of God's mercy, that though they did what he forbade them, yet he would not do as he threatened them. As if he prized them above his own honour, and would break his word to spare them that broke his law. So the evil man flatters himself; God will be gracious though I be ungracious. 'The judgments of God are far above out of his sight,' Ps. 10:5. Out of his sight; as an eagle at her highest towering so lessens herself to view, that he sees not the talons, nor fears the grip. Thus man presumes till he hath sinned, and then despairs as fast afterwards. At first, 'Tush, doth God see it?' At last, 'Alas, will God forgive it?' But if a man will not know his sins, his sins will know him; the eyes which presumption shuts, commonly despair opens. Cain, that fears not to kill his brother, fears that every passenger will kill him. Israel calls for the flesh-pots of Egypt, but they forget the smart, the seasoning of the pot, the whips, the straw, the bricks, the servitude, children haled from their mothers' breasts. The bitterness of sin is always concealed to the last; that morsel, after the banquet, is left to close up their stomachs. Satan is a dumb devil while the mischief is a doing, but a roaring devil when it is done. During the merriment of sin, he is altogether against conscience, and stops her mouth; but in the sorrowful sense of it, he takes her part and extends her voice. While the debtor trades and is busy in the world, the creditor lets him alone; but if he once break, then action upon action. Let Eve teach us

how great a madness it is to complain too late. Had she foreseen how by that act she should lose the comfort she had, endure a torment beyond her thought, bereave her husband of happiness, make her posterity miserable, and bring a curse upon the whole world; the fruit had hung still on the tree, and the Son of God not been put to hang on the tree of death for it.

(8.) Murder, causing the death of all those that were to take life from them. She that was made the 'mother of the living,' became, by that act, the mother of the dying. Had she eaten alone, it is likely she had died alone; but when she gave to her husband, she killed us all. Therefore, that Adam might see he had begot a son in his own image, their first-born child was a murderer. Adam slew his posterity, Cain slew his brother. The same devil that did set enmity betwixt God and man sets enmity betwixt man and man; and the same cause that moved Satan to tempt the first man to destroy himself and his posterity, moves also the second man to destroy the third. I do not doubt but though Adam could not be innocent in paradise, yet he was a good man out of paradise; his fall had made him wary, so that his children's education was holy. Seeing he had bereaved them of that image of God which he had for them, he would labour, by all good endeavours, to repair it in them, that so his care might make some amends for his trespass. 'But who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?' Job 14:4. That which is crooked can none make straight. To make his children guilty, this he had done easily; he found it impossible to make them all holy. There is no breeding can alter destiny. We are all too like one another in that wherein we are unlike to God. Fan the grain from the chaff, make it never so clear when you sow it, yet you shall find chaff when you reap it. Goodness may be repaired in ourselves, it cannot be propagated to ours. That Adam was an elect saint there is no question; he had two elder sons, perhaps twins, yet how contrary are their estates, their dispositions. Had nature any remaining privilege, the firstborn child of the world had not been a reprobate. Now, the elder was a murderer, the younger a saint. The elder had his impiety from nature, the younger his sanctity from the free grace of God. Our hatred of the serpent and

his seed is from God; their hatred of the holy seed is from the serpent, Gen. 3:15. In one and the same person are both the seeds of the woman and serpent. Cain's natural parts are of the woman, his vicious qualities are of the serpent. The woman gave him to be a brother; the serpent, to be a fratricide. Yet here is the comfort, the father shall not answer for the son; he is never the further from heaven, though he cannot bring his children along with him. As the better cannot carry up the worse to heaven, so neither shall the worse pull down the better to hell.

(9.) The easiness of the commandment makes the transgression more heinous. You say it was but for eating an apple that he was condemned; and I say it was but eating an apple that was forbidden. Will you blame God for punishing him for so little, and not blame him for offending in so little? The easier the precept, the easier was the obedience. As the Syrians said to their master, 'What if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing?' 1 Kings 5:13. What if the Lord had commanded him some great matter? Say he had charged him to fast forty days, and that in paradise, as the second Adam did in the wilderness? Had he begotten a son in innocency, and been charged to offer him up in sacrifice, as Abraham was tried? Had he been bound to abstain from his beauteous spouse, to till the earth for his bread, or plant trees for his fruit? Here had been greater difficulty of obeying, but no toleration of sinning. But when it was only an apple, the fruit of a tree, of one tree, of one among such variety, and such variety of as fair and allowed fruits, certainly *quò facilius præceptum, eò gravius peccatum*, the more easy the command the more heinous the disobedience. He that will not do a little for God, is there any hope he will do much? He that will not part with his sin will more hardly part with his son at his Maker's bidding. He that grudgeth a cup of cold water will more stick at a cup of warm blood for Christ. *Peccare in minimo, peccatum non minimum*. Saint Augustine* brings in Eve thus disputing of the tree. *Si bona est, quare non tango? Si mala est, quare in paradiso?* If it be good, why is it forbidden? if it be bad, what doth it in paradise? It is in paradise because it is good; but thou must not touch it, because thou must be

obedient. Let this example teach us to be careful of small precepts. 'Well done, good servant; thou hast been faithful in a little,' Luke 19:17. *Fidelis in modico*. But this seems to be a little commendation, to be faithful in a little? Indeed, if we place *modicum* in *fidelitate*, little in faithfulness, it is a diminution; but *fidelitas in modico*, faithfulness in a little, is a commendation. He that cannot rule a little boat must not be trusted with a great vessel.

(10.) The main of all was disobedience, or transgression of the law of God; and so we have ten sins bound up in one fact, as the ten commandments are summed up in one word, love. Yea, this very single offence was the breach of the whole law. And as from the mass of heaven and earth, that seed of all creatures, innumerable kinds were formed, so from this one sin, the seed of all evil, what a multitude of sins have been derived. The sins of one man are beyond all numeration; how infinite are the sins of all the world!

Question 1. What was the first sin in the world? The Romish stream is altogether for pride, because Satan said, 'Ye shall be as gods.' That they were tickled with pride by the temptation, and so were suffered to fall.† But this takes away the difference betwixt the sin of man and of the angels. These fell by their own pride immediately, man by temptation unto pride. There was some fault in man before pride, none before it in the apostate spirits. The devil fell without a seducer, man not but by his seduction. Therefore man found mercy, they reap nothing but judgment. Man is restored by a Saviour, they must perish for ever. Man, *quantò fragilior in natura, tantò facilior ad veniam.*‡

But we find that Satan's drift was to make man doubt the truth of the commandment and punishment. Therefore his first deceit was *fidem removens*. 'Ye shall not die.' He warrants them against all danger before he allures them with hope of honour. Therefore the first sin of the world appears to be infidelity! For if man had constantly believed what God directly threatened, the devil had lost his labour. Pride followed upon infidelity, not infidelity upon pride. Here let us take

notice that unbelief was the first sin of the world, and unbelief is the worst sin of the world. At first it lost all men, and still it loseth the greater part of men—pagans, infidels, heretics, and not a few of them that be called Christians, John 16:9. Will God break his word to save thee, thou unbeliever, who will not break it to save a world? Rather than it, 'heaven and earth shall pass.' And dost thou hope to escape? There is not a soul now in hell but confesseth itself damned for unbelief, Num. 23:19.

Question 2. Whether Adam lost his faith, and so was damned for his sin? We say, against our adversaries, that our first parents lost not their faith in their fall. (1.) Though in that one act of faith they failed, it follows not that their faith was utterly extinguished. He that is seduced in one article or point of faith, is he presently stripped of all faith? Because a man stumbles, hath he no feet? (2.) Peter denied his master; yet he could not in his judgment so soon cast off all opinion of Christ. Fear prevailed, his faith perished not. (3.) It was no formal infidelity, which is wilfully to reject God's word; but only they were materially deceived; their sudden and violent affection overshadowing their judgment, like a thick cloud before the sun. (4.) If the life of faith should be extinct by every act of sin, spiritual life were more mortal than the corporal, and the sanctity of grace were no better than the morality of nature. God's promise is a stronger foundation than for every blast of wind to blow down. (5.) There was remorse of conscience in them, and a shame for their offence. Now, repentance is an effect of faith.

Adam, therefore, was not a reprobate. For, first, the promise of the Messiah was given him immediately after his transgression; therefore his interest was in him. Secondly, the first Adam was a figure of the second; but no man ordained by God to be a figure of his Son was a reprobate. Thirdly, he is called the Son of God, therefore he was not the son of death. Fourthly, there is no likelihood that the root of all mankind should perish, or that God would damn the first image of himself that ever he made on earth. Hilary acknowledgeth Adam confessum, et veniæ reservatum. Of the same sentence are

Irenæus, Epiphanius, Ambrose, Augustine, and Tertullian, who saith, that as he was cast out of the earthly paradise for transgression, so he was admitted into the heavenly paradise by confession. 'Wisdom preserved the first-formed father of the world, and brought him out of his fall,' Wisd. 10:1. Oh the infinite extent of Christ's merits! How should not his blood save souls to the end of the world, that saved the first soul in the beginning? It cannot be of less value or virtue, being exhibited, than when it was only promised.

Question 3. Whether was Adam's sin the greatest sin of the world or no? We have considered it very great; but Bellarmine says it was the greatest of all. (1.) Propter facilitatem obedientiæ, he had sufficient grace to keep the law. (2.) Propter simplicitatem præcepti, he had but one commandment. We that have less power of obedience have a great number of commandments—ten for one. We have ten times as much to observe as he, and he had ten times more ability than we. (3.) For ingratitude. Who had received so much good to so little purpose. (4.) For propagation, his sin redounding to the hurt of all the world. These reasons make it great, but not the greatest sin.

We must distinguish of sins, they be personal or general. Personal sins be peculiar to the individual sinner, and only make him guilty. General sins be common to all men. Cain's murder was a great sin, but personal. It did not make his posterity guilty, because he never was appointed to be the root of his posterity. But Adam's was not a sin of his own person only, but of the human nature, he being the root or head, bearing in him all mankind. He sinned for us, and we all sinned in him. 'By one man sin entered upon all,' Rom. 5. Nor can we say this of all Adam's sins, but only of his first.* If we consider the condition of his person, and the perfection of his state, especially the universal extent and bane of all mankind by it, so it was the greatest sin. But simply in itself considered, many children of Adam have gone far beyond their father. Cain's fratricide, killing one better than himself, for no other reason but because he was better than himself; Pharaoh's tyranny; Saul's partiality; Judas's treachery: all these were worse than Adam's apostasy. Thus it was not the greatest, *ratione vel*

genere peccati. So we hold blasphemy and idolatry to be greater sins. Nor in regard of the sinner's affection; for many are carried with a more violent and ungodly desire than Adam was in this temptation. Nor for the quality of the sin, for it was venial to him; whereas if it had been the greatest sin, it never had been pardoned; and the sins of reprobates are punished with everlasting fire. Which of us can deny that he hath done greater iniquity? which of us ought not to repent with greater fervency?

Question 4. Whether was Adam's sin or Eve's the greater? St Ambrose doth aggravate the man's;† Chrysostom and Augustine the woman's. Let us hear them both.

First, for the man's sin. (1.) An evil angel deceived the woman, but the woman deceived Adam. In so much as he had a weaker tempter, he was the greater sinner. Answer: But the same serpent tempted them both. Eve was set upon single, Adam by a couple of tempters; his, therefore, was the stronger temptation. Besides, the woman was dear to him, and it is no hard matter to be deceived by a known and beloved friend. (2.) The woman did not hear the precept from God's own mouth, as did Adam; therefore he is the greater offender. Answer: The serpent urgeth this charge to the woman, 'Yea, hath God said?' therefore it appears that she also heard the precept. (3.) The man is first rebuked. Answer: But the woman is first punished. (4.) The woman accuseth but the serpent, Adam did unkindly to accuse the woman. Answer: She could not accuse Adam; he might well accuse her as the means of his fall. (5.) The woman in her punishment findeth mercy. Though she should bring forth 'in sorrow,' yet she should be 'saved by her fruit,' which was matter of joy. Answer: The man hath as great a share in that blessing as the woman; and the saving seed was promised before her punishment was inflicted.

It is concluded, then, that the woman was in greatest fault;‡ not because she only presumptuously affected the divine equality, for of this also the man was guilty. That derision of his ambition, 'See, the

man is become as one of us,' had not been given him, had he not heard and credited the false persuasion of Satan, 'Ye shall be as gods.' But, First, Adam sinned only in doing the forbidden act. Eve not only admitted it in herself, but also tempted the man; and had now learned so much of the devil, as to do his office. Not that she gave it him on purpose, lest, if she died, he might have taken him another wife, as the Hebrews dream, for she was the only woman in the world; but because she was desirous to make him partaker of her supposed happiness. Secondly, *Vir peccavit in se tantum, et in Deum; mulier in se, Deum, et maritum.** Adam only harmed himself, she wronged both herself and her husband. Thirdly, The greatness of the sin is comparatively seen by the punishment; but the woman was more punished, therefore she more offended. Over and above man's penalty, she hath an addition of sorrow in travail. This the order of their punishment demonstrates. First, the serpent is cursed, as the first seducer; next, the woman, as being in the second degree of offence; the man is reserved to the last and least punishment. Fifthly, The plain Scripture avers it: 'The man was not deceived, but the woman was deceived, and was in the transgression,' 1 Tim. 2:14. Not that Adam was not deceived at all; but, first, he was not first deceived; the woman sinned before him. Secondly, Not immediately deceived; Satan had tempted her to tempt him. Thirdly, He was not so deceived, as to become the author of seducement to others. He sinned either scienter, wittingly; or per errorem incogitationis, not by ignorance, but through want of confidence. Aaron sinned against his judgment in making the calf, and Solomon, in giving a toleration for idolatry: their sin was greater than Adam's. Fourthly, Eve's sin is so amplified, as if the man's fault, compared with hers, were scarce counted a transgression. *Viro mulier, non mulieri vir, author erroris.*† So easy is it for a man to be seduced, *quadam amiculæ benevolentia,*‡ by her that lies in his bosom.

This, then, be the conclusion, resolved by Thomas.§ The sin of Adam was greater, equal, less than the woman's, in different respects. First, greater, in regard of the perfection of his person; his dignity being more, so was his iniquity. *Adam plus peccavit, quia omni bono*

abundavit. He had the more excellent graces, and greater strength to resist. Secondly, equal, quantum ad genus peccati, both fell in one thing; the same infidelity, in not believing God more than the serpent; the same concupiscence, in coveting fruit forbidden; the same ambition, in desiring a better state of perfection: these were alike in them both. Thirdly, less, quantum ad speciem superbiæ; in the woman was a greater pride, and her sin was tempered with a greater measure of unbelief and ambition. Adam gave credit to Eve, but Eve to the serpent. He was inductus, she inducta, et inducens. Therefore, the woman's was the greater sin. This doth not hold still, that the daughters of Eve be greater sinners than the sons of Adam. The woman then tempted the man, now commonly the man tempts the woman. But where that sex takes to be evil, it is exceeding evil. Many men had one devil a-piece, one woman had seven devils. Wickedness in them doth not so easily take, as fire is long before it be incorporate with iron; but when once it does, it is hardly driven out. But I will no longer compare them; both are bad enough; the Lord have mercy upon us all!

Application 1. To make some good use of this evil, is to take notice of our own frailty. Adam fell, fell in his innocency, fell from his innocency, fell with his knowledge, fell by one temptation. We are not innocent, but guilty in him. That guilt proclives us to any impiety. Our knowledge is clouded, many temptations besiege us, and we have less power to hold out. How ready must we be to fall, how unable to stand! Si Adam in paradiso, quid nos in sterquilinio? O, the wretched security of the world! Fateor patrem deceptum, non sentio me decipiendum.* Against the stream of the world, a man is made ex deteriore melior, of worse better; but with the full torrent ex meliore deterior, of better worse. Is the unguarded treasure safe in the house with thieves? a solitary virgin among libidinous ravishers? a poor lamb among a rabble of wolves? So is a soul among these hellish lions. A house may be so barricaded and fortified, as to withstand mortal invasions; but what doors or bars can keep out the devil? especially when he hath a friend within, as ready to open as he

to enter. Every man knows the way to be evil, familiarly; but to be good, is a new art, which none can teach but God.

Security is the very suburbs of hell; there is nothing but a dead wall between. Hope and Life would once take a journey together. Each chose an attendant; Hope, Security; and Life, Jealousy. When Hope would take rest, Security sleeps by her. Life is fearful of dangers; therefore sets Jealousy to watch by her. Thus guarded, they are all safe. But one night the two handmaids mistook their mistresses. Jealousy watcheth by Hope; hereupon she starts, and trembles, and slumbered so unquietly, as if Doubt (her old enemy) had seized on her. Life, trusting to the vigilancy of her sentinel, Jealousy, and having (in her stead) so poor a guard as drowsy Security, was surprised by her old enemy, Danger. In this conflict, Life calls to Hope for succour; but alas! Hope had enough to do to help herself. In this extremity steps in Wisdom, who discovers the error, at whose approach Doubt and Danger fled; Hope and Life recovered. But to prevent the like mistaking hereafter, Wisdom bound Security to Hope, Jealousy to Life; and in every wise man they still so continue. *Ut illa certantes foveat, et ista torpentes pungat.*[†] If mortal man had any immunity or exemption from sin, where was it to be expected? In solitariness? No; Lot fell in the mountain. In the wilderness? No; for there Christ himself was tempted. In paradise? No; there man fell, *De loco voluptatis*. In heaven? No; there angels fell, *Sub præsentia Divinitatis*. In Christ's College? No; there Judas fell, in *Schola Salvatoris*. *Si non in eremo, si non in Collegio, si non in Paradiso, si non in cælo, multò minus in mundo.*[‡] So we stand, as not without fear to fall; so being fallen, let us look up, as not without hope to rise. The child is not safe but in the lap of its mother, not we but in the bosom of our Saviour.

Application 2. Seeing all be fallen in Adam, and by justice shut up under condemnation, what privilege of nature can minister cause of glory? Can riches? Alas, they never came in request with man, till sin had made man out of request with God. When he had lost heaven, he came to mind earth; having forfeited his God, to dig for gold.

Metalla, quasi μετα τὰ ἄλλα, Post alia necessaria. When they had tilled the ground, and wrought out bread, planted trees, and gathered fruits, built houses for shelter, and found other things to sustain life there, Itum est in viscera terræ, they rummage the bowels of their mother earth. Antiquiora sunt necessitatis inventa, quàm voluptatis. Gold and silver are centred in the entrails of the earth; nearer to hell than heaven. Their orb is among pagans, not Christians. Methinks, when I see a man look big because he is rich (and such are not scant), he is like one that swells because he hath the dropsy, or as a son that hath lost his father's inheritance, proud of a little dust from his grave.

Can glories? Alas, they were at first but like the shadows of high towers, now the shadows of pigmies, and that at noon; and at the best, but shadows. Glories, like glow-worms afar off, shine bright; come near, they have neither heat nor light. All that the world's glory leaves behind it, is but like a man that falls in the snow, and there makes his print; when the sun shines forth, it melts both form and matter. 'Remember from whence thou art fallen,' Rev. 2:5. If the proud could but think from whence they are fallen, they would look but poorly on the height to which they are risen. For birth, it were enough to pale the cheek of the purest gold, to think of the base earth out of which it was digged. And for learning, with what a tedious difficulty do we attain a small glimpse of our forefathers' knowledge? There is nothing left for which a man would think well of himself; but that moss will grow to a stone. Let us hold ourselves, as we are by nature, the basest of all creatures; there is no danger in this tenet. There is danger in riches, danger in knowledge, danger in dignity; there is no danger in humility.

Application 3. This gives us cause to bewail our downfall, and the miserable effects it produceth. He that sees heaven lost, paradise vanished, earth cursed, hell enriched, the world corrupted, all mankind defaced, and all this by one fall, were his tears as deep as a well, this would pump them out. Often when they plough the ground too deep, they discover springs of water; he that shall send this

meditation to the root of his heart, will soon fetch tears from his eyes. God gave us tears for no other purpose, but to weep for our sins. We are fallen into poverty, and weep; tears will not enrich us. We suffer injury, and weep for it; tears will not redress it. We lose our friends, and weep; tears will not revive them. We are sick, and weep; tears is not physic to recover us. We have committed sin, and weep for that; tears will now help us. This is the disease, for which repentance is a proper remedy. To cure such a sore, this is the only salve.

Man fell by an affectation of joy, he must rise again by the affection of sorrow. The world was once drowned with water; but ever since Adam's fall it hath been a 'valley of tears.' That part of the world that shall be drowned in the bottomless lake, spends its days in laughter; that part which shall rejoice for ever, must be first drowned in tears. The son who having a noble father, sees him by foul treason condemned himself, and destroying his whole posterity, and will not weep for it, hath less passion than stones. Yea, we read that stones have cloven in sunder when Christ suffered; rocks have gushed out water, being smitten with a rod; Jeroboam's altar rent with a word; yet fleshy hearts are obdurate. Bonaventure hath a strange wish; upon that of the prophet; a 'stony heart changed to a heart of flesh,' Ezek. 36:26. A heart of flesh! No; Lord, rather give me a heart of stone. Seeing altars have rent, stones brake, rocks flowed water; yet fleshy hearts have remained hard; Lord give me rather a heart of stone.

Application 4. This may teach us all to look to the beginnings of sin, when we consider in how small a matter (as the world construes it) the world was lost; and that an infinite ruin followed the eating of one apple; what an army of plagues may be mustered up by an act of rebellion! Adam's breakfast will not be digested till doomsday; it was but a little meal, even for one man, yet the whole world took a surfeit of it. David's heart smote him, for touching of Saul's garment; this garment was not on, therefore he meant no harm to his person; yet he relents. Tender consciences regret at those actions which a wicked

heart passeth over with ease and a smile. Saul is not troubled for seeking of David's blood, David is troubled for cutting Saul's garment. Consciences are like stomachs: one surfeits with the lightest food, and grows sick of dainties; another turns over the hardest morsels, scarce edible in their nature. But here is the difference: this may be called a good stomach, but the sample of it is a bad conscience. Every good heart is in some measure scrupulous, and finds more safety in fear than in presumption. It is better to abstain from some lawful things, than hazard ourselves to things unlawful. As that state is better, where nothing is allowed, than where all things, so the timorous conscience is better than the lawless. There is no hope of that man who makes no bones of his courses; but there is likelihood of him that is scrupulous. I had rather have a servant that will ask his direction twice, than one that runs of his own head without his errand.

Let us fear the first entrance to evil. If Hezekiah admit the Babylonians to see his treasury, he hath endangered its loss; yea, invited danger. The doors are locked, the thieves cannot get in; they then open a casement, and put in a little boy; this boy cannot rob the house; no, but he can open the door to those that will rob it. Pompey's sick soldiers, being entertained in compassion, grew strong enough to spoil the city. We see not that harvest of sorrows which follows a small seed of sin. Paul said of the mariners, 'Except these abide, ye cannot be safe,' Acts 27:31; but let me say of your sins, If they do abide in you, ye cannot be saved. He is a rare David that hath not some Absalom, some darling lust, the fosterling of his indulgence, which he would have spared. In Athaliah's massacre of the blood royal, young Joash was hid in the bed-chamber, and came to be king, 2 Kings 11:2. Save any sin, snatch it from mortification, nurse it in the bed-chamber of the heart, hide it from impartial Athaliah, and it will in time come to be king over us. Weigh the effect before thou admit the cause. Wisdom begins at the end; and if she likes not that, ends at the beginning. Had Adam fore-considered the miserable effects of that eating, the fruit had hung on the tree to this day, untouched for him.

Application 5. Admire we God's mercy with thankfulness. Adam sinned but once, and was cast out of that glorious garden for ever. We sin daily, yet God doth not shut heaven against us. The Lord did thrust him out, he calls us in. He did set angels against his re-entry, he appoints angels to guard our journey. They that were employed for his expulsion are ministering spirits for our admission. There was a fiery sword to defend the garden from invasion; not *torrida zona*, the parching country under the equinoctial;* not a wall of fire, not purgatory.† But a sword, which by its shaking seemed to glitter as a flame of fire; not improbable, some fiery inflammation in the likeness of a sword, for a terror in that passage. There is no sword against us, but for us, even the 'sword of the Spirit' to defend us.‡

There is no terror to keep us from approaching that celestial paradise; but 'we are come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God,' &c., Heb. 12:22; all amiable, peaceable, delectable. Thus Adam's strength offending, was punished with severity, our weakness finds pity. He had but one commandment, therefore was justly plagued for breaking it; our proneness to sin is restrained by many, and we break them all; yet God shews us mercy. His justice came to reckon with Adam 'in the cool or evening of the day;' his mercy came to save us by Christ in the evening of the world. The wind brought that terrible voice of examination to Adam; that 'holy wind,' John 3:8, brings the comfortable voice of salvation to us. Then, 'Where art thou, sinner?' come forth to judgment; now, 'Where art thou, sinner?' come forth to amendment. Then, 'Hast thou eaten of that (sacramental) tree which I forbade thee?' Now, 'Come and eat' that sacramental fruit which I give thee. Then fear and guilt made man hide himself in the bushes; now, favour and faith calls him forth to the light of goodness. Then, his eyes were opened to see his shame; now, our eyes be opened to see our Saviour. Then, in the day thou eatest, thou shalt die; now, in the day thou eatest, thou shalt live. Then, cursed be the earth for thy sake; now, blessed is the world for my Son's sake. Then, in sorrow shall the woman bring forth; now, there is joy to all nations by him who was born of a woman. Then, dust thou art, and to dust return thy body; now, from corruption and

dust I will raise thee to glory. Then, man lost himself and all the world by his sin; now, God hath sent redemption to all the world by his Son. Then, justly did we all die in Adam; now, graciously do we all live again in Jesus Christ.

ORIGINAL SIN is the effect of Adam's fall; both a fruit of it, and a punishment for it. It is the daughter of the first sin, and the mother of all the rest. Yet this distinction must be observed: quod prius in patre, posterius in progenie; et in illo erat posterius, quod in nobis est prius. In Adam first was actual sin; in us first is original, and after that follows actual. The points I will touch are these: What it is, Whence it comes, Where it dwells, How far it reaches.

1. What it is. Original sin is an evil ingrafted in our nature, wherein we were conceived and born, and hath two parts.

First, a real communication of the sin of our first parents to us; every man that came, by ordinary course of nature, from Adam, sinned in the sin of Adam. This is not by imitation, according to the Pelagians; nor by bare imputation, as the Jesuits; nor only potentially, because we were in Adam's loins; but really, by propagation. His sin in eating the forbidden fruit, was my sin. Though I were then unborn, yet it is mine, and I must answer for it, unless Christ answer for me. He was then a public person, the pledge of mankind; what covenant God made with him, he made with us; what God gave him, he gave us; what he promised to God, he promised for himself, and for us; what he did, he did for himself, and for us; what he received, he received for himself, and for us; and what he lost, he lost for himself, and for us. When he lost his original purity, he lost it for all his posterity. When guiltiness and corruption fixed into his nature, it stained all his posterity, Rom. 5:12. But this seems strange, that a man must answer for a sin done by another, and that five thousand years ere he was born. Answer: We grant it true, were it Adam's sin only; but it was his and mine, he being my father, and standing in my room. All men smart for Adam's sin as their own, yet few men weep for Adam's sin as their own. Let it not be so old that we have forgotten it, for it

stands on our head or score in God's debt-books, and must there remain till our penitent tears wash it out.

Secondly, There is a depravation and corruption of the whole nature of man, whereby he stands guilty and polluted before God, indisposed to all good, and prone to all evil. All naturals are depraved, all supernaturals are deprived. It makes the youngest child hateful to God, as the young wolf or serpent is to man, an issue corrected by grace, never fully stopped but by death.

2. Whence it comes. From our parents, without question. This leprosy began in Adam, and ran over all successions of mankind. 'I was conceived in sin,' saith that holy prophet, Psa. 51:5; not meaning any particular sin of his parents in the act of generation, for he was begotten and born in lawful marriage; but his hereditary sin, whereof he was guilty in his mother's womb. The manner of this propagation is hard to define. As the mother said to her children, 'I cannot tell how you came into my womb; it was not I that formed your members,' 2 Mac. 7:22. I know not how my soul was formed, but he knows that formed it,* whether he framed it together with the body, or infused it into a body first prepared and formed. So may it be said of original sin: we know we have it, and we know from whom we had it; we know not definitively how we came by it, we know not how to be rid of it.

There be two select and most received opinions; take your choice. 1. That in the instant of infusion God forsakes the soul, not in respect of the substance or faculties of it, but in respect of his own image, whereof it is deprived in Adam. Nor is this injustice in God; for original sin in us is but a due punishment of that actual sin in him. *Primo homini quod erat pæna, nobis fit natura.* † 2. That the corruption of the body is derived from the parents, and the corruption of the soul from the body, as sweet oil poured into a fusty vessel loseth its pureness; and still this contagion of the soul must be considered as a just punishment of sin. Objection: But sin is an act of the soul, not of the body; it cannot then be in the body till the soul

come; and in the soul it is not, because that is immediately created pure of God; therefore, unless the soul be traduced from the parents, where place you original sin? Answer: It is neither proper to the body, nor to the soul, alone; but is peccatum hominis, a sin of the whole man; and the man consists of both. It comes from neither of them single, but out of the conjunction of them both together; he is not a man that wants either. Neither the body must be respected alone, nor the soul alone; but as they jointly make one man, and enter into one condition.

But how stands this with God's justice, to thrust a clean soul into an unclean body, as a virgin in the stews? Answer: 1. The soul and body are not respected of God as single substances, but as being joined they make one man. 2. The soul, though it be created pure, continues not in that state one moment, being made in the midst of an unclean place. Children die, therefore they have sin; they die before actual, therefore they can have none but original.

Some pontificians hold that original sin is only derived from Adam, not from Eve, because it is said, 'By one man sin entered,' Rom. 5:12. But, 1. Anthropos signifies both man and woman. 2. Man is named because he is the chief instrument of generation; 'for the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man,' 1 Cor. 11:8. By the law the males were only circumcised, because the beginning of carnal generation was from them. 3. Adam was the more noble person, and the transgression was not consummated but by his consent; therefore it is called 'his sin.' 4. If Adam alone brought in sin, then how was the woman 'first in the transgression!' 1 Tim. 2:14. 5. The sin came by two, and the apostle says, 'it entered by one,' for they two made but one; 'two shall be one flesh.'[‡] By one it entered, yet both sinned: Quia intravit per mulierem de viro factam;§ or because if man had not sinned, mankind had not been corrupted. The truth is, that original sin came from them both together. 'Of the woman came the beginning of sin, and through her we all die,' saith the preacher, Eccus. 25:24; which is good Scripture against our adversaries. Saint Augustine infers upon it, Per duos homines transisse peccatum.

Both, saith Ambrose, Parentes ut generis, sic et erroris. This is agreeable to the law of nature; Partus sequitur ventrem: if a free man get a child by a bondwoman, the child shall be bond by the mother, not free by the father.

First, as sin entered into paradise, so it entered into the world; for it is the same sin in us that was in them: in them actually, in us originally; and the same sin must have the same beginning; but it came into paradise by them both, therefore so into the world. 2. By whom death entered, by them sin entered; but death came by them both, and they received one common punishment as being guilty of one sin; both are turned into dust. From them both we have this corrupt habit, which is not only a privation of health, like a disease, but hath also humores malè dispositos.

But holy parents beget holy children; for it stands not with reason that they should convey that to their children which they have not themselves. Answer: Parents beget children as they are men, not as they are holy men. Sanctus generat, non regenerat filios carnis.* By generation they derive to them their nature, they cannot derive their grace, which is above nature. We give them what our earthly parents gave us, not what our heavenly Father infuseth into us. Take the finest wheat, winnow it, fan it, skry it, leave not a chaff upon it, then sow it; when it is grown up, weed it; when it is ripe, reap it; when it is in the barn, thrash it: yet you shall find as much chaff as ever it had before. So God ordained it in the creation, that as oft as it grows, it should bear stalk, ear, chaff, and all. A pippin may come from a crab-stock; but this is a new graft: it naturally bears none but crabs. Tame a couple of wolves till no cruelty appear left in them, yet the young wolf they engender will be bloody. Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret. If sanctified parents could produce sanctified children, I see no reason but counsellors should beget counsellors, and wise men beget wise men, not fools. But nature hath left us bad, and nothing but grace can make us good.

3. Where it dwells. This cannot be the substance of man, for by that reason the soul should not be immortal; and Christ, in taking our nature, should also contract sin, and so himself need a redeemer. It cannot be the faculties of the soul, the understanding, will, affections: for these were in man from the first creation, whereas sin was not before the fall; God made the faculties, he made not sin. It must needs then consist in the corruption of those faculties, and so original sin is a disorder and evil disposition in the whole man, carrying him inordinately against goodness. The subject of it then is not one part of man, but the corruption of the whole body and soul. The natural appetite is vitiated, from whence come so innumerable diseases and distempers. The outward senses are corrupted, the eye hunting after vanity, the ear opening the door to petulancy. For the soul, the understanding is like a dark lantern, the light is dimmed; the will like a water-mill driven with a violent stream, without cessation of evil, Gen. 6:5.

This cannot, therefore, come by imitation: then the faculties of infants should not be corrupted, for they cannot imitate good or evil; yet they have sin, or they could not die. Yea, so death should reign over no son of Adam, that had not 'sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression', Rom. 5:14. Many, in sinning, do not propound to themselves the example of Adam, but have other occasions. The thief robs a passenger, and never thinks of Adam, but of gold. What is Adam's eating the fruit to adultery or uncleanness? Besides, many in the world never heard of Adam's transgression. What shall we say then? Doth God give men souls answerable to their corrupt bodies, as to other creatures, spirits agreeable to their conditions? God forbid! pure they came from him. Doeth the carnal pleasure of parents cause it? No, for there is no generation without delight; and if that pleasure, considered in itself, were sin, marriage itself were also sinful. And if it were granted a sin, yet only that particular sin can be conveyed by it; whereas original sin is the corruption of the whole nature. Doth the soul, then, come from the parents, as the body? Divers have reasoned hard for this. 1. It is said of Adam expressly, 'God breathed into him the breath of life:' not so

of Eve; therefore her soul was from his. Ans.: Nay, therefore it had the same beginning with his; otherwise he would have said, 'This is soul of my soul,' as well as, 'This is flesh of my flesh.' 2. 'The souls that came out of Jacob's loins were threescore and six,' Gen. 46:26: souls out of loins. Ans.: The soul is taken for the whole person. By a synecdoche, man is denominated by his better part. So Mary is said to be θεοτοκος, the mother of God, because her son was God and man; yet was he her son no further than he was a man: he was born only as a man. 3. But if the flesh only be derived from our parents, then doth man confer less in his generation than brute beasts; for they traduce not only bodies, but also spirits in their kinds. Ans.: God inspires the soul, but into the body, and so they both come forth of our parents. So *totus homo ex toto homine nascitur*: even the soul, albeit not materially, yet originally. Man's soul is not derived from the soul of his father; yet man, as he consists of body and soul, is begotten of his father, the Father of spirits concurring in that natural act.

Thus original sin *provenit ex carne causaliter*;* yet is in the soul *subjectivè et formaliter*. Sickness comes of corrupt meats as the cause; yet not the meats, but the body is the subject of sickness. The pure soul is infected with the contagion of impure seed, as a fair flower is sullied with unclean hands. They that live in a smoky house must needs be smutched, and contract some of the blackness. Put the whitest wool into the dye-fat of woad, it will come out blue. This, then, is an hereditary disease; as a leprous father begets a leprous son: often *cæcus cæcum*, and *claudus claudum*. Parents' goodness repaired cannot make this goodness propagated: as the Jews, being circumcised, begat children that were uncircumcised; to shew that the grace of circumcision was not hereditary, but they needed a new and successive circumcision of heart. The father had his sins forgiven him when he begat his son; he could not transmit part of that forgiveness to his son. The sanctity of parents no more passeth to theirs, than doth their knowledge and other virtues. Grace only comes from our supernatural Father in heaven.

4. How far it reacheth. It is not only a deprivation of original justice, and the want of this makes man culpable, though not culpa actuali, quæ est suppositi, yet culpa originali, quæ est naturæ. But also a pravity and deformity of all the powers of man; the efficient cause whereof was the perverseness of Adam's will, the instrument is carnal propagation, the end is eternal confusion, without the mercy of God in Christ. It is taken both actively for the sin of Adam, which was the cause of sin in his posterity, called originale originans. And passively, for the natural corruption raised in Adam's offspring, by his transgression, termed Originale originatum. The effects are three. First, Participatio culpæ; when he sinned, we sinned. Secondly, Depravatio naturæ, a deformity wherein dwelleth no good thing. Thirdly, Imputatio reatus, which subjects us to wrath and death, both temporal and eternal.

Bellarmino says that this infection is malum, non peccatum; an evil, not a sin. Ans.: Well then, by this concession, it is an evil; and by St Paul's confession it is a sin, Rom. 7:7; therefore it is an evil that is a sin. Object.: But it is lex peccati, the 'law of sin,' therefore not sin. Ans.: Yea, by this reason it is worse than sin. As the law that commands things holy is itself more holy, so concupiscence, the law of sin, prescribing things unjust, is itself more unjust. If it be not a sin, as they deny; yet it is worse than sin, which they grant. By saying thus, what do they gain? Object.: But it is not voluntary, therefore no sin. Ans.: That which was voluntary in our transgressing parents, is become necessary in their corrupted children. Object.: But it was not a sin in Adam to be tempted of Eve, nor in Eve to be tempted of the serpent, till they consented. Ans.: This was true in them, because sin had then no being; not so in us, who brought sin along with us. They consented before they had sin, we have sin before we consent. Then, the suggestion was external, without them; now it is internal, and from within us. We have a serpent in our own bosoms: concupiscence, to tempt us. Their innocency puts Satan to his trumps; in our natural uncleanness he finds prepared matter to work upon.

For reasons to prove this original concupiscence to be a sin, remaining in us even after conversion. 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful to forgive them; yet, 'if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,' 1 John, 1:8, 9. The remission of sin, and the remansion of sin, may stand together. The guilt is taken away by forgiveness in Christ; yet after this forgiveness, he that says he hath no sin, is a liar. 'Let not sin reign in your mortal body,' Rom. 6:12. This exhortation is given to men regenerate. Now, there was no fear of its reigning, if it were not remaining. So Augustine.* The baptized is cleared from the guilt of all evils, not from the evils themselves. Nunquid caret ignorantiae malo? Is not the evil of ignorance still in him? Now, concupiscence is worse than ignorance, and ignorance is a sin. In iis qui intelligere noluerunt, peccatum: in iis qui non potuerunt, pæna peccati: this evil that remaineth in us, being not Substantia, sed vitium substantiæ: Dei gratia nos regenerante, non est imputandum: Dei gratia adjuvante, frænandum: Dei gratia coronante, sanandum. The Douay men say, it is a matter of exercise in the righteous, and if they resist, of merit. But so as well may spots and pimples make the face beautiful. Whose is the flesh? Is it not ours? Who shall answer for the evils done in the flesh? Shall not we? It is not our merit, that God's grace in us doth resist; but it is our fault, that our flesh doth rebel. There were certain heretics called Ophitæ, of the serpent, whom they did reverence, saying that he brought first into paradise the knowledge of virtue. Little other do the Rhemists, while they commend the serpent's tail or sting, teaching that it makes just men's actions more meritorious. But Espencæus, a grave writer of theirs, urgeth that of St Cyprian, that no man escapes the biting of the serpent without hurt, which is lust. Nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.† It breeds sin, it brings forth death.

Thus far I have gone: if any inquire or require further, let them correct themselves. This is enough for us to know; and knowing this, it is more than we know how to help. When a house is on fire, it is a vain expense of time to inquire how it began: Tace lingua, succurre manu; hold thy tongue, and bring thy bucket to quench it. St Augustine compares it to one fallen into a pit: while the passenger

stands wondering how he fell in, he replies, *Tu cogita quomodo hinc me liberares, non quomodo huc ceciderim quæras*: never examine how I fell in, till thou hast first helped me out. The patient would be impatient to hear his chirurgeon stand questioning how he came by his wounds, before he hath stanchèd the blood, and bound them up. It is the tree of knowledge that undid us, the tree of life can only recover us.

Conclusion 1. In every man are all sins, because original sin is the material of all. This is not in some men more, in some less, but in all equally, as all are equally the children of Adam. There is in every man a want, not of some, but of all, inclination to goodness; a proneness, not to some, but to all, evil. The seeds of all sins are within us; I do not say the practice, but the seeds. But some are kind, others cruel; some mild, others furious; some civil, others licentious. Answer: This difference ariseth not from more or less corruption, but from more or less limitation. God restraineth nature, but that is no thanks to nature. Something we ascribe to corporeal constitution, something to civil education, something to legal subjection, something to secular vocation, something to national custom, something to rational direction, all to the limiting grace of God, that corrects nature from running into divers sins. Without which, any man would commit any sin, even the most horrid that ever the world brought forth. That some are not so angry, so wanton, so drunken, so covetous as others, it is not from their own natural goodness, but the supernatural goodness of God. There is not the same eruption in all, there is in all the same corruption. Some be not kites, others hawks, and the rest eagles, from one and the same eyrie. But that God is pleased, for his church's sake, for order's sake, for the world's sake, for man's sake, for his own glory's sake, to repress and stint nature, there would be no society among men.

Nor be these seeds in the worst only, but in the best-natured men. So that, make choice of the best man, and the worst sin; and the worst sin is to be found in that best man, the *seminale principium* is in him. This every man that knows himself knows to be true. I appeal to

the conscience, especially of a good man, whether he find not in his nature an inclination to the foulest sin in the world. He that doth not feel this suggestion of concupiscence, is stark dead in disobedience. Cain committed an unnatural murder in killing his brother, and went to hell for his labour; we hate such a villainy, yet is the seed of this sin within us. We are further from Adam than Cain was, we are as near to the sin of Adam as Cain was. He was the immediate heir of his body, we are as immediate heirs of his guilt. Sodom had found out an unnatural way of lust, and was destroyed with unnatural fire for it; we have the grace to detest it, yet, let our pride hear, the root even of that sin is within us. Sennacherib blasphemed the living God; Julian, both living and dying, blasphemed Christ: we know their fearful ends, and tremble to think of their sins; yet is there in us by nature a disposition to those sins, and (without preventing grace) we may fall into them. When we read that Judas betrayed his Master, that Pilate condemned the innocent, that the Jews crucified their Saviour, we bless ourselves; were Christ now living on earth, we could not use him so for all the world. But let us better consider of the matter: we are the children of Adam as well as they, and were born with as much of him in us as they were; so that, naturally, there is malice enough in us, were he now among us, with Judas to betray him, with Pilate to condemn him, with the Gentiles to pierce his side, with the Jews to tear his heart. Yea, they are not few, that with their blasphemies and oppressions still crucify, and that the glorified body of Christ.

To conclude. Let a man conceive in his mind the most notorious sin that can be; and though he do not act it, do not intend it, do never admit it, yet the matter, beginning, seed and root, is in him. Yea, even the seed of that unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, though not one man among many thousands do commit it. In that sin is the sea of all sins, and in man is the fountain of that sin. All evil tends to a perfection, as well as goodness; and the devil would fain screw up all to that height, till, like an exhalation, it be fired and sent down to hell. It is only the omnipotent goodness that restrains devil and man from being so wicked as they would and could be. "The

heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' Jer. 17:9: a vast ocean, whereof we can neither see the banks, nor sound the bottom. Experience teacheth that men are friends to-day, to-morrow foes; now civil, presently outrageous; all their life kind comforters, on a sudden desperate murderers. From whence comes this alteration, but from hidden corruption? The seed was before, now the temptation ripens it into act. When we hear of the murders, massacres, treasons, blasphemies, perjuries, apostasies, sacrileges, and such horrible sins of the world, let us look homeward, and confess that any of these might have been our sins, had not grace prevented us.

Conclusion 2. Through this sin we are all by nature the children of wrath, born subject to damnation, and stand like traitors convicted in the Prince's high displeasure, sure to die without a special pardon. The less suspicion of this, the greater danger. Every man is born a pharisee, well-conceited of himself; and if he miss scandalous impiety, he presently blesseth his own happy disposition. But let him know, that nature is as corrupt in him as in the worst man of the world. Therefore praise not thy nature, but God's grace, which hath so rectified thy nature. And to this common grace that qualifies corruption, beseech him to add that saving grace which mortifies corruption, without which the best nature of man shall never come to salvation. Yea, he that is conceived in sin is conceived in wrath, for the sin of man and the wrath of God are inseparable. The curse under which we are all born is threefold—of sin, of death, of hell.

(1.) Sin, which is a bondage under Satan. A Spaniard over his galleys, a Turk over his slaves, are good masters compared with this. There, only men's bodies be captivated and subjected to labours and stripes, their mind is free; but here, man's best part, his heart, conscience, soul, is under the king of cruelty; whose law is injustice, whose service is sin, and his hire confusion. Many will not name the devil without defiance, yet serve him with all diligence. They spit him out of their mouths; but he is lower, they should conjure him out of their hearts. There he sits in his throne, and keeps his court, till the Spirit

of grace dispossess him. Invite this 'honourable guest,' that sin may 'give place,' Luke 14:9; it will have some room, but let it 'with shame take the lowest room.' If a man could hover in the air, and see all the miseries of a town besieged, so long till all their provision be spent, what lamentable shifts they make to protract a famished life; one tearing a piece of stinking vermin out of another's throat; a mother ready to devour the fruit of her own body, reinforcing that to keep life within her, that took life from her; the murdering pieces dashing down houses, and ruining the inhabitants with their falls; and upon the entrance of the enemy, virgins shrieking with cries, and rending their hairs, that their bodies must be abused before they have leave to die; the wife cleaving to the arms of her wounded husband, dying with him with whom she may not live; the rage of a merciless enemy, 'kill, kill;' the impotence of the sufferers, 'die, die;' how would his heart bleed in the commiseration of this calamity? Alas! this is but a poor shadow, a representation far too short, to picture out unto us the miserable slavery of the world under sin and Satan. Lands, houses, cities, estates, privileges, lives, and such temporal things do there perish; but here the souls of men are murdered, massacred, captivated. One is set to scrape together wealth, whereof he must not taste; there one is possessed with the spirit of blasphemy, daring heaven to vent his thunder; here one burning with lust, there another besotted with drunkenness; here one robbing the church, to the everlasting forfeit of her blessing, there another cheating the commonwealth; all taking more pains in the devil's service, than ever poor slave did in those tyrants' galleys; who can look at this estate with dry eyes? This made Christ weep over Jerusalem; by this she drew from him his tears before she had his blood. All this misery upon us, is from that sin original within us.

(2.) Death, and this in itself is a terrible curse; the very gate of hell, the portal of damnation. To the wicked it is the end of glory, and the beginning of shame; the epilogue of their comforts, and the first act of their everlasting torments. It is called the 'pale horse,' Rev. 6:8, a furious and forcible beast; Jehu's horse, that stamped Jezebel into pieces, was but a jade to it. The steed that dashes out the little

puppy's brains, is weak in respect of death, which, with a spurn or kick of his heel, foils the strongest constitution. It treads on the necks of kings and princes, as Joshua's captains; insults in the terms of Rabshakeh, 'Where is the king of Hamath, where is the king of Arphad, and Sepharvaim?' Tyrants, whose force was upon the living, are by this horse laid among the dead; making their beds in the slimy valleys, and laying their swords under their heads. Where is Goliath with his beamy javelin, and brazen boots? Hath wisdom delivered, strength rescued, or wealth ransomed from death? This 'king of fears,' was bred by sin; and so far as sin reacheth, he challengeth his dominion.

In the sin of Adam all die. Death comes upon sinners, like an armed horseman upon naked footmen. There is no prevention by resistance, no evasion by flight. This winged Pegasus hath all men in chase; sometimes gives them law, and at his pleasure fetches them up again; gallops as swift as time, when his rider gives him the reins, and swallows the ground as he goes. He sets out after man as soon as he is put into the race of this world, and plays with him as the greyhound with the badger; sometimes he follows fair and far off, keeps aloof out of sight; anon he takes his career, and is at his heels. Sickness is the neighing of his nostrils, after which, though he allows us some breath, yet in the end overtakes us, and is upon us in an instant. Yet in Christ, his nature is changed, and this horse shall but carry us over Jordan to the land of promise. The quartan ague is called the shame of physic; but death indeed befools all natural skill and valour. There is a disease we call the king's evil; because he most happily cures it. So death may be called faith's evil; she only professeth the healing of this disease, and by the least touch of Christ's hand performeth it as familiarly as the richest balsam heals the smallest cut of the finger. Such a curse came by the first Adam, by the second such a blessing.

(3.) Hell. The wrath of God is the curse of all curses, and hell the completion of all torments. Death is pale, but his 'follower' (Rev. 6:8) is a black fellow. The very fit of a cholic is held an insufferable pain. A

man would give all the world for ease; yea, many wish themselves out of the world to be out of that anguish. Now, if the pain of one part will so distemper body and soul that it cannot be relieved with all the pleasures on earth, what then shall that torment be when not one kind of pain, but the whole vials of wrath, shall be poured, not on one member, but on the whole soul, body, conscience; and that not for a time, but eternally, without hope of relief, which one thing makes hell to be hell indeed; and that not in this world, where may be some comforts and remedies, but in that ugly dungeon and infernal vault; and this not among living men, who, if they cannot ease thee, yet will pity and bemoan thee, but among damned spirits, which solace themselves in thy destruction, and rejoice to be thy tormentors?

Death is the extremest of all sufferings on earth, and therefore fittest to give denomination to the torments of hell, which are called 'the second death.' When the spiritual court of man is breaking up, every office discharged, the eye from seeing, the tongue from speaking, the foot from walking, only the sense is not yet past feeling, violent convulsions rending the veins and sinews, an army of pangs assaulting the heart-strings; when a man lies betwixt life and death, having no hope to live, and yet no power to die; this is an image and shadow, and but a shadow, of that second death which can neither be endured nor avoided.

This is that threefold curse of God due to the first sin of man. The first is a spiritual death, which is of the soul; the next a temporal death, which is of the body; the last an eternal death, which is of them both. These do answer to the three degrees of sin. 1. A guiltiness of Adam's disobedience. 2. The taint of original and universal corruption. 3. A pollution by many actual offences. In the first every man is equally guilty, in the second equally corrupt, in the third each keeps that compass which the power of God limits. Now, as in our guiltiness of Adam's sin hath its beginning, in original sin its continuance, in actual sin its perfection; so the wrath of God, which always stands opposite to sin, is begun in leaving us to the slavery of Satan, is continued by death, and accomplished by

damnation. This is the misery of our natural estate, for which we have all cause to be thoroughly humbled, seeing, if God should take us away without repentance, it is not possible to escape vengeance. But blessed be that God, who hath done better things for us, and from this hapless, helpless, hopeless condition, hath, by a covenant of mercy in his own Son, raised us up to salvation.

THE REMEDY finds the next place in our meditations. We see by demonstration, and should not see without shame and sorrow, our natural estate. Whither doth a man's sickness send him but to the physician? A repairer we need, but where is he to be found? Where dwells that great physician that can do this cure? Is there any simple in the garden of nature that hath this virtue? No, non est medicamen in hortis. Is there any among the sons of man, any among the sons of God, the blessed angels, that can help us? No looking for a medicine in hell; there is nothing but poison in those sophisticate vials of darkness. Angels could not if they would, devils would not if they could, do us this good. Shall we run to the law? There is, indeed, a promise of life, but, withal, a condition which we were never able to perform, 'Do this, and live.' This we have not done; therefore the law condemns us. It began in thunder and lightning, and never gave over thundering till that blessed shower came, Ps. 72:6, wherein God rained down his own Son from heaven. Is there, then, no hope of life, no life of hope, remaining? Is our evil past all remedy? Must we needs perish?

No. Behold the day breaks, the sun riseth, darkness vanisheth, wrath and malediction give place to favour and salvation. Justice is content to give mercy the upper hand. Grace comes down from the imperial court of glory, in a refulgent throne of ivory, drawn by swans and doves, simplicity and innocency. Thousands of angels wait upon her, those celestial voices make her melody; the sun calls his beams to do her reverence, the moon and stars bow low to her; the obedient clouds part to give her way, the earth springs to welcome her; the sea curls his waves, the floods clap their hands for joy; the birds sing in the air, the beasts skip in the pastures. There is a universal holiday

all over the world; only hell trembles, and the infernal spirits be struck with melancholy. Truth and righteousness go before her, peace and prosperity follow after her, pity waits on her left hand, on her right hand mercy; and when she first sets her foot on the earth she cries, A pardon, a pardon. Hear, ye sons of men, and thereby sons of wrath. My sister, Love, hath prevailed with your offended Father, and he hath sent me, the daughter of his goodness, to bring you news of a Jesus, the Son of his delight and greatness. Lo, he shall come down to the earth, that you may ascend up into heaven; he shall die, that you may live. Thus dear do you cost him; be thankful to him. A pardon, a pardon! Let the heavens sing, and the earth shout for joy, and the whole frame of nature triumph! Peace be with you, for God is reconciled unto you. To assure you of which comfort, I, Grace, do promise both to live with you during this world, and that you shall live with me in the world to come.

'The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God,' Heb. 7:19. We desire to enter into heaven: the apostle tells us of a wrong door and of a right. The law was a wrong door, 'it made nothing perfect.' Whether we take it for—

The moral law; what hope of remedy was here? God was ever wonderful in his works, and fearful in his judgments; but never so terrible in the execution of his will as he was in the promulgation of it. What a majestic terror was there! Lightning darted in their eyes, thunder roared in their ears, the trumpet drowning the claps of thunder, and the voice of God outsounding the trumpet. The cloud inwrapping, the smoke ascending, the thunder rattling, the fire flashing, the mount trembling; Moses climbing and quaking; paleness and death in the face of Israel; an uproar in the elements, and all the glory of heaven turned into terror. Is there any hope that law should save the world, that did thus terrify it? Never was such an astonishment: God hath been fearful in punishing the breach of his law, but never so fearful as when he gave the law. When he destroyed the old world, there were clouds raining, without fire; when he

destroyed Sodom, there was fire raining, without clouds. But here were fire and clouds, smoke, thunder, and earthquake, in one amazing mixture.

Now, if there was such terror at the law giving, what shall be at the law requiring? If such were the proclamation of God's statutes, what shall we think of the assizes? The trumpet of the angels called them unto the former; the voice of an archangel, the trumpet of God, shall summon all the world to the latter. There only Mount Sinai was on a flame, here the whole world shall be on light fire. There only that hill trembled, here the foundations of the earth shall quake. Then the elements were in combustion, at this day they shall be in a confusion, 'and melt away with a noise.' There heaven was darkened, here 'the heavens shall be dissolved.' There only (as it were) sparks or flakes of fire, in this there shall be an universal flame.

He that did thus forbid sin, how terrible will he be in doing vengeance upon sinners! If he did appear so astonishing a lawgiver, what kind of judge must we expect him? If there was little less than death in the delivering, where shall they appear that are guilty of the transgressing? What shall become of the breakers of so fiery a law? If he should but exact his law in the same rigour that he gave it, and no more punishment should be felt than was then seen and feared, yet sin could not quit the cost. But now the fire wherein it was delivered was but terrifying; the fire wherein it shall be required is consuming; the fire wherein the breach of it shall be tormented is everlasting. O happy men that are delivered from that law, which was given in fire, and in fire shall be required! Fire will continue long in bells and other metals, but time will wear it out; but the fire wherein the law was given is still in it, and will never out. What are our terrors of conscience, stings and gripings of heart, sorrows and distractions of spirit, in the remorse of sin, but the flashings of this fire? Every man's heart is a Sinai, on which the law being read, there presently appear the clouds and smoke of rebellions, the thunder of God's vengeance, the earthquake of fear and despair, the fire of that burning pit. By this door then we cannot pass; for as the cherubims

guarded paradise with a flaming sword, so here is fire, and smoke, and thunder, and terror to keep us out.

Or whether we take it for the Levitical law; could the law of ceremonies and sacrifices, which was wholly figurative of Christ, do us more good? Alas! they were but the shadows of good substances; and it must be the substance that doth us good, not the shadow. They were something, they are nothing: like stars which do us some pleasure in a dark night, but hide their faces at the glory of the sun. At first they were *mortales*, dying; after Christ's victory, *mortuæ*, dead; now they are *mortiferæ*, deadly. Some have called the legal priests *cocos gloriosos*, *magnificos laniones*, glorious butchers; none but evangelical priests bring the saving health.

Circumcision prefigured Christ: it is necessary that it should cease post adventum, quod præsignificavit adventum. All their sacrifices were figures of Christ's sacrifice; why should beasts any more die upon altars, when Christ hath died upon the cross? Paul calls legal ceremonies 'beggarly rudiments;' such are the popish, like a beggar's cloak, full of patches. When the debt is paid, it is unjust to keep back the bond: Christ being come, and having discharged all, it is injurious to retain the bond of ceremonies. In the spring we make much of buds and flowers to delight the eye and cheer the sense of smelling; but in autumn, when we receive the fruits to content our taste and appetite, and to nourish us, the other are nothing worth. The affianced virgin esteems every token her lover sends her, and solaceth her affections with those earnest of his love in his absence; but when she is married, and enjoys himself, there is no regard of the tokens. It was something to have a ceremony or a sacrifice, representing a Saviour; but this 'made nothing perfect;' and all the life which those things had was from that Saviour whom now we have.

'But the bringing in of a better hope did.' In the law moral there was no hope; in the law typical there was a little hope; in the law evangelical there is a 'better hope.' This doth both absolve the

former, and dissolve the latter. Moses had a vail on his face when he brought the law; yea, God had a vail on his own face, which hid his presence in the holy of holies. Now, when Christ said 'It is finished,' both the vail of God did rend, and the vail of Moses was pulled off. The vail is off, we now clearly see Christ, the end of the law: our Joshua, that succeeded Moses, speaks to us barefaced. What a shame is it if there should be a vail upon our hearts, when there is none upon his face! 'Even when we were dead in sins, God hath quickened us together with Christ,' Eph. 2:5. Here is death in its extent, the worst of things we can suffer; and life in its extent, the best of things God can give. We have already looked death in the face, let us now more admiringly behold that love which hath given us life. What David said of Ahimaaz, 'He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings,' 2 Sam. 18:27, is infinitely more true of Christ: 'He brings good news with him.' There was impossibility in the door of the law, great difficulty in the door of shadows and figures; but this last is the door of life, whereby we have hope, good hope, better hope of our salvation.

Let us therefore 'draw nigh unto God;' and good reason, for he hath drawn nigh unto us. In good manners, we should have gone first to him; but we durst not, we could not, unless he had first descended unto us. 'Nigh unto God:' it seems that we were far off before; indeed, near enough to his presence, for we could not be but before him; near enough to his power, for we could not move but in him; too near (for us) to his justice, for that had condemned us; but far from his favour, for that had not approved us. Such terms of distance were betwixt God and man, that we could not approach; and if we would, yet the door was shut against us. Blessed be he that hath the key in his hand, and with one turn did let us all in; that by opening the door of his own heart, did open for us the door of heaven; for when by death his side was pierced, the door of life was opened. He hath shewn us the way; he hath cleared the way; he is 'the way.' Let us draw near by him, who should never have been welcome without him; and that God, to whom we draw near in faith and piety, draw near to us in love and mercy.

THE COVENANT OF GRACE.—There is a promise of reconciliation whereby God's mercy raiseth up forlorn man from his misery: 'The seed of the woman shall break the head of the serpent.' In this covenant there be two parties: God is the principal, and he promiseth righteousness and salvation in Christ. Man is the other, and he binds himself, by God's grace, to believe and rest upon the promise. This covenant is not made with angels, who, as they fell without a tempter, so are left without a redeemer; but with man. Nor yet with all men, but only with those to whom the free mercy of God hath given faith. 'All are concluded under sin, but the promise of faith by Jesus Christ is given to them that believe,' Gal. 3:22. Sin belongs to all men, the promise only to the faithful.

There hath always been a distinction of men. In Adam's family Abel was received into the covenant, Cain rejected. In the days of Noah, some were the 'sons of God,' the rest the 'children of men.' In Abraham's house, Ishmael is cast out, the 'promise is established in Isaac.' From Isaac's loins Jacob is loved, Esau is hated. The Jews had the 'adoption,' the Gentiles were 'strangers to the covenant.' Object.: But as Adam received the first grace for himself and all mankind, so also the second, which is the promise. Ans.: Indeed, by creation he received goodness for himself and all his posterity, and in his fall he lost that goodness in himself and all his posterity; God did put 'enmity between the seed of the woman and of the serpent.' This is primarily understood of Christ, who was so properly the seed of the woman, that he was not the seed of man; so betwixt Christ and Satan was the greatest enmity, for he consented to him in nothing. Next, by the woman's seed is meant all the elect, and by the serpent's seed all the wicked. Now, if all men were received into the covenant, then were all men the seed of the woman, and the serpent should have no seed at all. In every covenant there must be a mutual consent on both sides; as there is a promise on God's part, so there must be a re-stipulation on ours, otherwise it is no bargain; but he that believes not, consents not, therefore he is not of the covenant. That doctrine is repugnant to the Scripture, and unsound, which teacheth the redemption by the second Adam to be as universal as the sin of the

first; it is so, indeed, for value and sufficiency, it is not so for communication of the benefit. The 'world' is taken in both the better sense and the worse: 'the world is reconciled,' 2 Cor. 5:19, and 'the world is not reconciled,' 1 John 5:19; who can reconcile these speeches? Saint Augustine thus: Christ redeemed totum mundum ex toto mundo, a little world out of the great. So we speak in common phrase, emphatically, a 'world of saints,' and yet we know there is a world of sinners. For method in opening this covenant, I insist on five points—the extent, the restraint, the cause, the manner or form, and the instrument or charter.

1. First, for the latitude or extent, Christ's sacrifice was universal, of infinite value, but of definite apprehension. It is universal in four respects.

(1.) For time. No time is excepted. He was once sacrificed in act, always in potentia, in effect and validity to save. Therefore, that he might save those who were before him, he is called 'the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world.' He was not sooner promised than his virtue was exhibited. God took his own word before he had performed the deed. And to shew that he saves to the end of the world, 'if any man sin (at any time) we have an advocate with the Father.' Adam sinned in the morning of the world, Noah in the forenoon, Solomon at high noon, Peter in the afternoon, we sin in the evening, they after us at very night; Christ died for us all. Not that all men, at all times, had this medicine, but whosoever had it found salvation by it.

(2.) For place. Even when Jewry was the sole depositary of it, and the Gentiles were then 'no people,' yet here and there many became proselytes; and it was not so confined to Jerusalem, but that God called divers aliens, and joined them to his church. But now the door of salvation is set wide open, men may flock from the four winds, from all parts of the world, and be entertained. When Gideon's fleece was wet, the ground was dry; when the Jews had the church, the Gentiles wanted it. Now the ground is wet, and the fleece is dry; the

Jews want the church, and the Gentiles have it. Swarthy Africa hath heard of Christ; and America no sooner discovered her riches to us, but we discovered our better riches to them, and so exchanged with them in a happy traffic. God grant them to become more rich by ours than we have grown by theirs. So shall they perceive that all their mines are not worth one dram of the blessed gospel.

(3.) For object. No sin is excepted. Bodily diseases, as they come from several causes, require several courses of cure. He that is sick of the stone, alias *curatur quam februosus*. Cold aches and palsies have another medicine, than burning fevers and inflammations. That which opens an obstruction increaseth a fluid evacuation. But Christ's sacrifice cures all—close-fisted covetousness, or open-handed profuseness; the costive usurer, or the laxative rioter; aspiring presumption, or dejected despair; the cunning pharisee, or the impudent publican; proud affectedness, or sordid nastiness; natural impurity, or unnatural cruelty; blind ignorance, wilful malice; envy, idolatry, blasphemy; there is no sin so desperate but this physic can cure it. Noah's drunkenness, Lot's incest, David's uncleanness, Solomon's defection, Peter's denial, Mary Magdalene's prostitution, Zaccheus's oppression, the Ephesians' superstition, Paul's persecution—all are pardonable by this satisfaction. Whatsoever sin may be repented, may be remitted.

(4.) For subject, no sort of men excepted. 'The grace of God brings salvation to all men,' Tit. 2:11, that is, all sorts of men. The servant as well as the master; the king in his robes, the beggar in rags; rich Abraham and poor Lazarus; the commanding magistrate, the obeying subject; the bondman in fetters, the freeman in his liberties: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus,' Gal. 3:28. There be distinctions of men: in respect of nation, some are Jews, and some Gentiles; in respect of condition, some are bond, and some free; in regard of sex, some are male, some female; yet all these are taken away in Christ, in whom all are one.

There be four times and regards which take away all difference. 1. Sleep; wherein the wise man differs not from the fool, the turbulent is as tame as the innocent, the lawyer is as silent as his paper. 2. Death, mors dominos servis: gentleman and labourer, landlord and tenant, are distinctions upon the earth; in the earth, in the grave, there is no such distinction. The fairest lady makes no better dust than the Egyptian bondwoman; Menippus, there, cannot tell Mercury which was Alexander and which the potter. All differences are shuffled and tumbled together in the charnel-house. 3. The resurrection; those that lie in tombs and monuments rise no more gloriously than such as slept in their forgotten sepulchres. The angel that calls us out of the dust will not stand to survey who lies naked, who in a coffin; who in wood, who in lead; who in a fine, who in a coarser, shroud. When that day comes, there is not a forenoon for lords to rise first, and an afternoon for meaner persons to rise afterwards. The groom must not stay for his master, nor the maiden wait to make ready her mistress. Indeed, 'the dead in Christ shall rise first,' the king's own servants be more graced than the rest; yet these altogether. And for the wicked there shall not be such difference in appearing as was in offending; not such in their rising as was in their lying down. 4. The redemption: Christ was not only made poor to save the rich, but he will be also rich in mercy to save the poor. He was not whipped to save beggars, and crowned with thorns to save kings; he died, he suffered all for all. It was not one for one, nor one for many, but one for all. One for one had been well in terms of equality; one for many in terms of equivalency; 'thou art worth ten thousand of us,' say they to David; but one for all, this one must needs be of infinite price. Saint Paul useth all these phrases; sometimes, Christ gave himself 'for you,' which is vox spei, a word of hope; sometimes 'for me,' which is vox fidei, a word of faith; sometimes 'for us,' which is vox unitatis, a word of unity; sometimes 'for all,' which is vox charitatis, a word of charity.

2. But are all men actually blessed by this covenant? No; for some men did not receive it, therefore were not blessed by it; some men did not believe it, therefore not received it; some did not know of it,

therefore could not believe it; some never heard of it, therefore could not know it. All that called on the God of Israel were not the Israel of God, Rom. 9:6. Though salvation were within that church, yet many in that church were without salvation. 'But have they not all heard? Yes verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world,' Rom. 10:18. 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and unto the uttermost part of the earth,' Acts 1:8. Divers of the fathers thought that the apostles did actually and personally preach the gospel in all nations. And yet it may well appear that a great part of the world hath been discovered since, which neither professed nor knew Christ. When Augustus's decree went forth, that all the world should be taxed, this decree and tax went not to the Indies; yea, it is likely that, in all the flourishing state of the Romans, that monarchy was not heard of to them. But, as in Moses' time, the Mediterranean sea was called the great sea, because it was the greatest which they had then seen: so in the apostles' time, that was called all the world which was then known and traded in. This covenant is not yet offered to all men; it shall be before the world's end.

Now, even among those that have it, there is not to every one an effectual success by it. Men may be within the covenant, and yet the covenant not be within them. By God's promise, it is necessary that every one that believes should be saved; but it is not necessary that every one that hears should believe. Salvation is offered to many that do not offer themselves to salvation. Some hear and believe not; many say they believe, and repent not. Thus the covenant lies by them, sealed on God's part in the sacrament of baptism; but not sealed on their part by a required faith, and answerable life. In a covenant drawn, there is no confirmation by sealing on one side, if the other refuseth. Now, he that believes 'hath set to his seal,' John 3:33; but he that believes not hath not sealed. So a man may live within the circumference of the gospel, and have no benefit by it. Canaan was a land flowing with milk and honey, yet a man might live in Canaan, and taste neither milk nor honey.

'I pray not for the world,' saith Christ, John 17:9. There be two main parts of his mediatorship—his redemption, and intercession. Now, he excludes the world from his intercession, therefore from his redemption: for whom he does not pray, he did not die: he did not open his side, if he will not open his mouth for them. Let not men bear themselves too bold upon their acquaintance with Christ, when their affection lies another way. Those merchants are blessed that sell all the world to buy Christ, not they that sell Christ to buy the world. This covenant is too good for them that slight it; and it is but a poor valuation to make it the best flower of our garland: but one among others, though a principal one. Nay, we have no flower, no garland, but that. The covenant of grace is all our tenure; and as that assurance can never be taken from them that have it, so there is nothing but woe to them that have it not.

3. The free mercy and good pleasure of God is the cause of this covenant. 'God did not choose you for your number,' or goodness; 'but because he loved you,' saith Moses to Israel, Deut. 7:8. The same may be said of all God's chosen: election hath no cause but dilection; dilection hath no cause at all. To seek for a reason why God 'loved Jacob' before he was, is to search for the beginning of eternity. Why did God make the world? Quia voluit, because he would. Quare voluit? Why would he? An idle question. Why did God choose some men to life everlasting in Christ? Quia dilexit: because he loved them. Why did he love them? This is a vain Quære: there is no cause of the first cause; so high we can go, we dare not attempt higher. How comes it to pass, that we have wine and bread? Because the earth yields us those fruits: 'the earth shall hear the corn and wine,' Hos. 2:22. Why doth the earth afford them? Because the heavens give it their kindly influence: 'the heavens shall hear the earth.' How doth the heavens impart this influence? Because the Lord hath so ordained it: 'I will hear the heavens.' Thus far religiously; but why hath God ordained it? To ask this is a presumptuous folly. Christ 'loved us, and gave himself for us,' Eph. 5:2: he gave himself for us, because he loved us. Why did he love us? There is no cause of that. We may as well seek for a place above heaven, or below the centre, as

a cause beyond love. There must be no Quare, where can be given no Quia. O the bottomless depth of that love! 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us,' 1 John 4:10. Here is love indeed, as if all other love were not worth naming or mention, in respect of this. Thus Christ loved us, and 'gave himself a sacrifice for us.' There is nothing better than Christ, nothing better in Christ than love, no love better than to give, no gift better than himself, no way to give himself better than in sacrifice. Other graces are spoken of God in oblique: God of mercy, God of peace, God of comfort; but love absolutely, in abstracto, 'God is love.' Thus, the cause of all causes is the love of God.

4. The manner of conveying this to man is by promise; so to our first parents he begun it, so to divers patriarchs he renewed it, so by his prophets he confirmed it, and at the coming of Christ he performed it. We may conceive this done by way of contract and marriage: first God contracted his Son to our human nature, and then united it by a solemn marriage. This was no clandestine act done in a corner; but though a dispensation was granted from the high court of faculties in heaven, yet Christ would have the banns openly published; and so they were at the least thrice. 1. In the church of paradise, when Satan flattered himself that he had subdued all mankind to his dition and command: even then a Redeemer was proclaimed, a husband promised, the 'seed of the woman.' This was the first time of asking, and none forbade it. 2. In the church of patriarchs: 'Shiloh shall come, and gather the people to him,' Gen. 49:10; the Messiah shall be married to the church. This was the second time of asking, and none forbade it. 3. In the church of the Jews, and that at so famous a time, and in so great an assembly, when Ahaz was frighted with Syria and Israel, bending and banding their forces against him: 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel,' Isa. 7:14; which is interpreted by St Matthew, 'God with us,' the Son of God married to the nature of man. This was the third time of asking, and none forbade it.

Now, when our Saviour took flesh, they were espoused. It is our custom to publish this promise thrice before the marriage, and once at the marriage. So was it here, John the Baptist being honoured to be the proclaimer of this blessed nuptials: 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Now, the Lamb of God is espoused to the nature of man: the Lamb of God, of the parish of heaven, on the one part; and the nature of man, of the parish of earth, on the other part. If any man, any creature, can shew any lawful cause why they may not be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace. There was no denial, but an universal acclamation from heaven and earth. The angels and a multitude of the heavenly host, sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men,' Luke 2:14; so from heaven. 'Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, hosanna in the highest,' Matt, 21:9; so from earth. As if heaven and earth had consented together in this marriage-song, 'God gave them joy.' The sanctuary wherein this sacred knot was tied, was the body of the virgin Mary. This was that sanctified temple wherein the divine and human natures of Christ were married together.* He that took on him the office of the priest was the Holy Ghost. 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee,' Luke 1:35: he did knit this knot.

This promise is thus performed; Christ is married to our nature. Yet doth not this bring all mankind within the covenant; because, though Christ partake the human nature of all men, yet all men do not partake the divine nature of Christ. Here must be a new contract, a new marriage. We must be 'one spirit' with him, as well as he is 'one flesh' with us, or we have no part in this covenant. Here the Holy Spirit doth a new office, and espouseth the believer to Christ, the wedding-ring being faith, the militant church the temple, the witnesses angels, the nuptial garment holiness of life, the duty of the wife to please her husband, the love of the husband to save his wife. This is the contract or espousals. The public and solemn marriage is to come. 'Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb,' Rev. 19:9. This is the true saying of God, this is his faithful promise; such shall be his gracious performance. O, the royal

apparel, sumptuous cheer, unspeakable joy, at this feast, where the parlour is heaven, the cates glory and peace, and the music a choir of angels!

5. The instrument of this covenant is the gospel; it is registered in the Scriptures, and kept upon eternal record in heaven. This is the tenure we hold by, our letters patent from heaven: the Old Testament from Mount Horeb, sealed with the blood of goats; the New Testament from Mount Zion, sealed with the blood of the Lamb. The one promising and prefiguring, the other performing and exhibiting, this reconciliation. Therefore Christ, immediately before his death, first celebrated the passover, then instituted his supper; first ending the law, then beginning the gospel. The law and the gospel, like Jacob and Esau, had both one Father; yet how they differ. Esau hath the right of nature, the law was elder; Jacob hath the right of grace, the gospel is sweeter. Yet, Jacob's hand was born before Esau's heel, Gen 25:26; a beam of the gospel shone in paradise, before the written law came from the mount. Esau was rough and hairy; the law is full of terror: Jacob smooth and mild; the gospel full of beauty. Jacob and Esau strove in the womb, and began their war betimes; the law and the gospel are at strife in the Christian, and when God actually enters us into this covenant we begin this combat. The law comes in puffing, like Esau, in hope of the blessing; but the gospel, like Jacob, goes away full of the blessing. The law, like Esau, is full of tears; the gospel, like Jacob, replenished with joy. Thus under the law the covenants were drawn; by the gospel the deed is sealed. They expected it, we have it; they looked for it, we look upon it. As when the Israelitish spies had cut down a branch of grapes, and 'bare it between two on a staff' upon their shoulders, Num. 13:23, he that went before knew he had it, but he that came after saw it.

Now, every man looks well to his deeds and assurance. How should we prize and preserve this covenant! How dear should the gospel be unto us! Yet, alas! there be too many that value it below the least trifle they affect. They will not forbear the least sin it forbids, nor yield the least duty it requires, nor do the least action it commands.

It speaks to the covetous, Leave off thy worldliness; seek riches in me. No; the fool and his counters must not part so. Yield me some of thy estate in charity to the poor, in equity to the church. No; gospel, I thank you, I will not buy you so dear! Thus they look to have the inheritance, yet despise the conveyance.

The least sentence of this charter, the least line of a sentence, the least word of a line, the least letter of a word, is worthy to be written in gold, and worn about the necks of Christians as their only glory. Honour should be given to the meanest servant it hath, to the lowest part of the lowest servant. *Quam speciosi pedes*, 'How beautiful are the very feet of them that bring this tidings?' 'Blessed be the Lord that sent thee, and blessed be thou that hast kept me from shedding blood,' saith David to Abigail, 1 Sam. 25:33. Not only God, but even the minister is blessed in some sort that doeth good. Perhaps we cannot trim it up curiously enough for this choice age. The wits do not like it; men in whom wit hath given honesty the checkmate. But will a man refuse a diamond because it is not curiously set, or a malefactor reject his pardon because it is not eloquently written? If Elias be hungry, he will not despise the meat that is brought by a homely messenger. Indeed, he that teaches good and does good marries the graces and muses. But the gospel is the gospel; and whosoever brings it, the good heart will thankfully receive it. There is sweetness in flowers, though some smell it not; there is light in the sun, though the blind see it not; there is heat in fire, though the dead feel it not. Observe them that do carefully seek it. Sure if there was not some goodness in it they would not so love it as not to value their lives in regard of it. The countryman knows not the price of a jewel, therefore stands by the buyer and the seller, hears what the chapman bids and what the merchant refuseth; so he gets it. You will say that it is an occasion to make some men worse. It is true of one and the same word that it hath different effects, in heartening the good to the service of Christ, and hardening the wicked in the service of Satan. But still itself is blessed and good. If the sun cause a stench, it is a sign that there is some dunghill nigh; if it reflect on a bed of roses, there is sweetness. We have cause to honour that which doth honour

us; cause to cherish that which doth enrich us; cause, if need require, even to die for that which gives us eternal life. O, let us bless it, and bless God for it, that we may all be blessed by it, through the foundation of it, which is—

JESUS.—Such is our Saviour's first title. 'I believe in Jesus,' without whom we had never known God our friend, and God would never have known us for other than his enemies. I will not dispute whether he could not have received us again to favour by some nearer and easier way than for his own Son to be humanified, and being man to be crucified. *Aliter potuit ac voluit*; he is not bound to give us any reason for what he does, we are bound to thank him for what he hath done. I have read many curious observations concerning the name Jesus.* Some of the first letter, which, among the Hebrews and Greeks, in *sua gente denarii numeri nota est*. Some of the five letters, some of the three vowels, some of the two syllables, in which superfluous descant they lose the sweetness, as by too affected diffusion some fingers lose the note. Yet herein they come short of the monks and friars in their conceits of the word *Maria*; they have so tossed it and turned it, so anagrammatized and transposed it, that never were five poor letters so worried since time did put them into the alphabet. They have made a goddess of her person, but a martyr of her name. They story to us how one was saved by only learning her name. His devout schoolmaster would have taught him the whole salutation, but the dull scholar only attained the first two words, *Ave Maria*, and could never come to *Gratia plena*. He died, and upon the top of his grave grew out a fair flower, whose leaves were natural characters of those two words, *Ave Maria*; and the wonder being searched, they dig into his grave, and find this flower to spring out of his mouth. Let him believe it that hath a faith of that size. But our salvation does not consist in syllables; it is the sense, not the sound, of Jesus that saves us. We acknowledge *brevitatem in nomine, immensitatem in virtute*. The argument of this discourse I take from *Matt. 1:21*. 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.' Wherein observe,

1. The imposition of a name, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus;' and, 2. The exposition of that name, 'for he shall save his people.'

1. Jesus.—This name was not invented but accepted by Joseph, brought by the angel, sent by God himself. Before that heavenly embassy little did Joseph conceive in his mind what Mary had conceived in her womb. He would hardly have thought of a name expressive enough of so great a person. God informs him what, and he performs that, calling him Jesus, therein acknowledging his reputed Son to be his true Saviour, and him that took flesh of his wife to be the God of all the world. Though we place not religion in names and titles, yet the wiser devotion is deliberate in this holy action. First, it is not safe to be ambitious of high titles, especially let us not arrogate the appellations of God. Some call their sons Emmanuel: this is too bold. The name is proper to Christ, therefore not to be communicated to any creature. It is no less than presumption to give a subject's son the style of his prince. Yea, it seems to me not fit for Christian humility to call a man Gabriel or Michael, giving the names of angels to the sons of mortality.

On the other side, it is a petulant absurdity to give them ridiculous names, the very rehearsing whereof causeth laughter. There be certain affectate names which mistaken zeal chooseth for honour, but the event discovers a proud singularity. It was the speech of a famous prophet, *Non sum melior patribus meis*, 'I am no better than my fathers;' but such a man will be *sapientior patribus suis*, wiser than his fathers; as if they would tie the goodness of the person to the signification of the name. But still a man is what he is, not what he is called; he were the same, with or without that title, or that name. And we have known Williams and Richards, names not found in sacred story, but familiar to our country, prove as gracious saints as any *Safe deliverance*, *Fight the good fight of faith*, or such like; which have been rather descriptions than names.

The name is given at our holy baptism, in the awful presence of God, of the blessed angels, of militant saints, at the child's admission into

the church; 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' All which should fill our mouths with sobriety, our hearts with reverence. The end of giving names (besides the main, which was for distinction) was either: (1.) For the memory of some good past; so Jacob was called Israel, because he prevailed with God. So Moses, which signifies 'drawn up,' Exod. 2:10. The occurrent begets praise; so the goodness of ancestors is revived by giving their names to posterity. This they objected to Zachariah calling his son John; 'There is none of thy kindred called by this name,' Luke 1:61; intimating that the memory of progenitors should be preserved in their names. (2.) For the mention of good present; as John, the grace of God, because he was sanctified in the womb. Or for evil present, as Rachel's Benoni, Phinehas' wife's Ichabod; Adam, red earth. (3.) For the presage of some good to come; as Abraham receives an enlarged name, because God meant to enlarge his family. Or for evil to come; as Loruhamah, one that hath not obtained mercy, Hos. 1:6. Here God, as he extraordinarily created the nature, immediately imposed the name. God is the Father of his person, and he is the Godfather of his nature; 'Call his name Jesus.'

Jesus is a name of great honour. *Nomen Jesu prædicatum lucet, recogitatum pascit, invocatum salvat.** God gave him 'a name above all names;' it was not enough to exalt his person, but also his name. What is his nativity without an epiphany? Why are things exalted, but that they may be in view and apparent! so was the brazen serpent lifted up. Kings are so high, that upon earth they cannot be higher; there is no way left to exalt them but this, to spread abroad their names. What name was this? one among the famous names of men? No; super, above them all. Above all names! What, above the name of God? We might say, 'He that did put all things under him, is himself excepted,' 1 Cor. 15:27. God gave him a name above all names, except his own.' But indeed, this is one of God's own names. 'I am a Saviour,' Isa. 43:11. How is it then given him, when he had it before? *Accipit ut homo, quod habebat ut Deus:* He received that as a man, which was his own as God; he took with his nature his name, and the chief of all his names, the name of a saviour.

Jesus, a principal name, both in regard of God, and of us. (1.) For God, though many titles of the Deity sound and seem to be more glorious, yet he esteems none of them like this. They have in them more power and majesty, but not so much mercy, not so much of that wherein God delights to be magnified above all his works; and indeed the greater mercy, the greater glory, 2 Cor. 3:9. We read among those attributes of God (Exod. 34:6), one of his power, two of his justice, but many of his mercy. Other titles had not us men, and our salvation in them; therefore he sets by no name like that, wherein with his glory is joined our safety. It is not so much for his own sake, that he so highly esteems it, but for us; he had lost nothing, though we had lost ourselves. How should we esteem of him, that esteems of this name above all names for our sakes!

But howsoever it be to him, sure it is to us most dear and precious; we have no other name to hold by, Acts 4:12. Without Jesus, God had been an enemy to us, therefore to us it is more sweet than all the titles of God. There is goodness and greatness enough in the name Jehovah; but we merited so little good, and demerited so much evil, that in it there had been small comfort for us. But with the name Jesus, there is comfort in the name of God; without it, none. It is to us more useful than all; in the depths of all distresses, when the body and soul can scarce hang together, the one vexed with sickness, the other perplexed with conscience, how do we then implore him? We beseech his mercy by the name of Jesus, even adjure him by that, to make good his own name, not to bear it for nought; but as he is a Saviour, so to save us. This is our comfort, that God will never so remember our wretched sins, as to forget his own blessed name. But that as of all other he most loves it, so of all other he will least forget it. That he will interpose Jesus whom he loves, betwixt his wrath and our sins, which he hates. Thus, as *suprema lex, salus*, so *supremum nomen*, Jesus; the highest, the sweetest, the dearest to us of all the names of God, is the name Jesus.

2. 'For he shall save his people from their sins.' The name itself, we hear, is honourable for its author; God gave it; honourable for its

nature, God loves it; now it is also honourable for its effect, it 'saves us from our sins.' In this exposition be three particulars.

(1.) What he shall do; 'Save.'

(2.) Whom he shall save; 'His people.'

(3.) From what he shall save them; 'From their sins.'

Save.—(1.) First, he shall save. Was he for this called Jesus? Why there have been many Jesuses, many saviours, Heb. 4:8. Others had this name besides him, and before him. Jesus the worthy, Jesus the high priest, Hagg. 1:1; to say nothing of Jesus the son of Sirach. It is true they had it, but not given them by God; they had men to their godfathers. But here the name is ordained by God, in the mouth of an angel. There is now a sect or society of Jesus, Jesuits; but this name was not given them by an angel, nor by their godfather, but by themselves, They gave themselves the name, God never gave it them. Whether they mean themselves the servants of Jesus, so are we all by profession; or the brethren of Jesus, so are all Christians by adoption; or the fellows of Jesus, as if he had been the founder of their order, and head of their college, I know not. But sure there is no man so unlike to Jesus as the Jesuit. They affect also another name, disciples; it is hard to judge in whether of them there is more ambition. Jesus was regular and 'obedient to the death;' no order in the world is so full of disorder, disobedience, and irregularity, as the Jesuits. Jesus paid tribute and honour to kings, Jesuits decrown them. Jesus was harmless, without fraud, 'neither was guile found in his mouth;' the Jesuit, where he is free, wears a mask upon his heart; where he is not free, he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. His equivocations, his perjuries, his regicides, witness his simplicity. They can no ways challenge this name, but by the contrary; as *mons a non movendo, lucus a non lucendo*, so *Jesuita a Jesum persequendo*. For the other Jesuses, they had all need, and were glad to lay hold on the skirts of this Jesus, Zach. 8:23; as on him alone that was able to save them, otherwise they had been falsely so

named, lost men all. Therefore they are willing to resign it up to him, that he may bear it with a main difference from them all.

For saviours, other things, indeed, have been so called, Obad. ver. 21. Baptism is said to 'save us,' but no otherwise than as it represents the blood of this Jesus that doth save us, inwardly baptizing our souls. It is the King's broad seal; it is the King that grants the tenure, the writing doth but convey, the seal doth but confirm it. Ministers are called saviours. 'Save thyself and others,' saith Paul to Timothy, 1 Tim. 4:16. Much is ascribed to the instrument, that belongs to the agent, James 5:20. So they are said to 'turn hearts,' Luke 1:16, and make 'men righteous,' Dan. 12:3, yet God only justifieth; and 'Turn us, O Lord,' or we shall never be turned. He bids Ezekiel raise up dry bones, Ezek. 37:9. We can as well raise the dead as save souls. But the wind comes, the Holy Spirit of God does it. We thrust away all honour with both hands. 'Not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name Jesus give the glory.' The Father saves, and the Holy Ghost saves; but Christ alone paid the price of our salvation. This was the 'end of his coming,' Luke 19:10, this the meaning of his name. Superstition would have the very letters of Jesus, though pronounced by a faithless tongue, drive out foul spirits. But to expect this from the mere sound of two syllables, is to change the name of salvation into a charm of conjuration. Rome may attribute too much to the name, but I am sure they give too little to Jesus himself. For all that is sacrilegiously detracted from him, which is superstitiously given to saint, angel, man, work, merit, or any creature. Against all such self-cozened and self-condemned idolaters, his jealousy shall one day break out like fire, and say, What have I to do with you? If you can do all, or aught at all without me, then let me alone. Let me be either saviour alone, mediator alone, all in all, or none at all. But let their saviours be according to the number of their cities. We have one for all, one above all, one that is all in all, and let us never think of any at all but this blessed Jesus.

(2.) Not all people, but his. *Caput est corporis sui, non alieni,* another's body cannot live by thy soul; *animat suum.* The shepherd

keeps his own flock, the master provides for his own family. But how could they be called his people before he had redeemed them? Well enough. Before all time they were his by election; in the fulness of time they are made his by redemption. They were his before *ex consilio cordis*; now his, *ex pretio sanguinis*. All are not his. *Suum* is a possessive and peculiar. Mine is the speech of a proprietary. My house, my land, my child, these be proper to me, not common to all. If all people were saved by him, how is he called the Saviour 'of his people?' If he be a Jesus to all, to whom shall he be a judge? If all be saved by him, how shall he condemn any? Why should the kindreds of the earth mourn at his coming, and wish the mountains to hide them from his face? It will be said, because they believe not. Belike, then, man's will must overrule God's will, whereas it is the common rule of Scripture and nature that *actus primæ causæ ordinat actum secundæ causæ*. The sun rules the season, the season doth not govern the sun. We are therefore good because God hath chosen us. He did not therefore choose us because we would be good.

He 'saves his people,' his people keep his laws, his laws are faith and obedience. Faith and obedience are not in the wicked, therefore they break his laws. They break his laws, therefore are not his people. They are not his people, therefore he doth not save them. If reprobates could here find an evasion, there might be some hope of their salvation. Men are deceived to think, when they lose themselves, that God loseth anything by them. What prejudice is done to the sun when a scornful eye refuseth to look upon him? Take a branch from the tree, it bears fruit still. Cut off a channel from the sea, it misseth it not. Christ hath no loss though men fall away. Therefore, *qui vult vivere in capite, oportet esse de corpore*, we must be his people, of his church, if we will be saved. Unrelenting sinners have no more portion in Christ than dogs have in the bread of children.

(3.) Why only from sin? It had been acceptable enough to save us from poverty. How welcome is that fleet which brings in gold enough to make us all rich! or to save us from our enemies, and the merciless

hand of war! How welcome was this Christ in '88, when he spoiled that horned crescent, and drowned their new moon in the old sea! At other times the moon rules the sea, but here the sea became too hard for the moon. Or to save us from famine, how welcome is bread to the hungry! Such tidings to famished Samaritans savoured sweetly even from the mouths of lepers, 2 Kings 7. Or to save us from a raging pestilence, how welcome is that wind which can cleanse our infected air, and blow away the plague! Or to save us from death—divers diseases are very painful, but death is fearful; nature will endure much ere it yield to die—how welcome is that doctor who, shewing his vial, says, This shall cure you! But 'from sin?' This is a thing that most make least account of; nothing troubles them less than their sins. A wreck at sea, a cross on land, a suit at law, put men out of patience, distraction hath a thousand ways to mar their peace; but who break their sleeps for their sins? Doth extortion trouble the usurer? wantonness the adulterer? lying the flatterer? sacrilege the tithe-lurcher? a painted image the juggling idolater? Alas! save them from their sins, and they think you take away their best friends. No saving match they hold it, unless they may save by it. Oh, it is a desperate resolution for men not to know what sin is till they know it too late, and understand it in unquenchable fire. If a man had such sense beforehand, and all the corporal plagues that ever flesh and blood groaned under in this world, and the full punishment of one sin, were put to his choice; rather than answer for one sin, he would offer himself to all those pains.

By this time we begin to perceive what it is from which he saves us, sin. Indeed, what else could hurt us? What is poverty, but the want of a little luggage? Doth the horse think himself the better for the hampers on his back? Take away sin, there is no man poor. Sin makes beggars, as beggars make sin. What is ignominy without sin? The world's obloquy is the honour of innocency. How did all the reproaches of Christ turn to his glory! When the sinner revileth the righteous, he throws dust at his enemy, which the wind drives back in his own face; or like a mastiff, ill set on, that recoils on his owner's throat. There is no shame but sin. As poverty is but the want of a

little ballast, so contempt but the lack of a little sail. How weak a thing is the strongest adversary, while our sin is not his second! Nothing can make us penetrable but sin. Saul fell on the mountains of Gilboa, not by the sword of a Philistine, but by his own sin. None could wound him till sin had first disarmed him. It is the corruption and stench of sin that breeds the plague, and all those pestilential tokens are but the tokens of sin. It is the fulness of sin that brings scarcity of bread. The bondage of service comes from the bondage of sin. Paradise itself were but a prison with sin, and the prison is a paradise without sin. Death should never have been at all, should not now be painful, but for sin. 'The sting of death is sin.' Take out the sting, you may put the serpent in your bosom. When the bee hath lost his sting in my hand, he may play with mine eye-lid, and do me no harm. All these are but the effects and wages of sin; therefore tolle peccatum, tolle omne malum, take away sin, and there remains no evil.

But the devil is our malicious adversary; give him but leave, and he will not leave one man alive. Hell is a dismal place, unquenchable fire is an inconceivable pain. Why is not Jesus said to save us from these, but from sins? Alas! all these shall never do us harm without our sins. Sin first kindled the fire of hell, sin fuels it. Take away sin, that tormenting flame goes out. And for the devil, sin is his instrument whereby he works all mischief. By the sin which he finds in us, he brings more sin upon us; so that to take away our sins is to disappoint his hopes. *Intra te est, quod contra te est.** As Sennacherib was punished by his own bowels, so the sin within us brings all woe upon us. Any man thinks it base to be a slave's slave, but it is only sin that makes man a slave to Satan. But for sin the devil had no business in the world, but must go home, save his breath to cool his torment, and make himself merry with his own fire.

What abundance of benefits are here in one word. There is no evil incident to man, but it ceaseth to be evil when sin is gone. Blessings fall down like gracious showers; but if they light upon a bad and ill-

disposed ground, if sin be there still raging and reigning, nothing rises but weeds and such noxious things. So that when Jesus takes away sins, he doth bless our very blessings, and sanctify our afflictions. He fetcheth peace out of trouble, riches out of poverty, honour out of contempt, liberty out of bondage; pulls out the sting of death, puts out the fire of hell. Which should direct our estimate of sin, to think worse of it than of its punishment; worse than of Satan, of death, of hell; for these are but the instruments of justice, an executioner, a jail, a gibbet. It is only sin that sets them on work, that brings a malefactor to the bar, from whence these wait to receive him. So that they are all wrapt up in sin, and he that saves us from sin, saves us from all these. Were there no death, no torment, no plague, we should hate sin for its own sake. Could it be granted to the saints and angels in heaven to sin, they would abhor it. Thus should it be, thus let it be, on earth.

Duty 1. We learn to hold this name in high respect and reverence. Did he take this name for our sakes, and shall not we honour this name for his sake? The heart is indeed *primum mobile*, but that queen walks not abroad without her train. This God requires principally, but not only; nothing can please him without it, yet that alone cannot do it. He hath created corporal organs to express without the mental devotion that is within. We must 'worship, and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker,' Ps. 95:6. We begin our liturgy with this invitation. Shall we ever say it, and never do it? How ready be the Roman knees to bow to their Baals, which God hath forbidden! How stiff be ours to bow to Jesus, which he hath commanded! God hath bound this duty by an oath, shall we offer to make him forsworn? Rom. 14:11; giving him no more reverence than the seats that hold us. Not that this is required to the sound, but to the sense; hearing his name, let us have mind on him. It is the signification, not the pronounciation, that requires our reverence.

The novelist objects, that spirits, as well as men, are commanded to bow to the name of Jesus, Phil. 2:10. Now, they have no knees. A reverend prelate answers, What is that to us? we have. They have

their peculiar ways, which we cannot conceive, otherwise than by these gestures familiar to ourselves. They do it their ways, let us do it ours; look we to our own duties, and not trouble our brains about theirs. To us hath God spoken it, and of us he requires it. But this form hath been superstitiously abused. So hath every sacred thing in religion. Shall we pull down our churches, because mass hath been said in them? or take joined stools instead of pulpits, because in these false doctrine hath been preached? There is some superstition left in many hearers, idolising their own preachers; shall we, therefore, hear no sermon? In us there may be superstition; there is none in that which God commands.

But why not all this reverence to the name Christ, as well as Jesus? (1.) Christ is not the name of God; God cannot be anointed; but Jesus is the name of God, and that wherein he principally delights. (2.) Christ is communicated to others; princes are called Christs; but Jesus is proper to him; there is no Saviour but he. (3.) Christ is anointed; to what end? To be a Saviour. Jesus is therefore the end, and the end is always above the means. The name of health is above the name of any medicine. He is high to whose person we bow, but he far higher whose very name exacts our reverence. Our Saviour's person is in heaven, but his blessed name he hath left upon earth. What interest have we in himself, if his name finds not reverence in our hearts? If the knee will not bow, it may be smitten, that it cannot bow; and the tongue that will not confess, may become speechless. And that name, to which men will do no honour, may prove comfortless to them when they have most need of it. Therefore, let us do reverence to the name of Jesus while we live, that we may find comfort in the name of Jesus when we die.

Duty 2. This holy and happy name, Jesus, teacheth us that we were utterly lost in ourselves, Matt. 18:11; for if we had kept our first standing, there had been no need of a Jesus. So that in our own sense and feeling, we must be men forlorn, if we will have Jesus to save us. If our wounds do not smart, who shall bind them up? Luke 10:34. Many talk of Jesus that do not truly feel the want of him, Matt. 9:12.

He came to save sinners. Why, all are sinners; what, then, to save all? No; but sinners in sense and conscience, that mourn for their sins, and groan to be delivered; that find sin their torment, not that make it their sport; that be 'bruised and broken-hearted,' Luke 4:18; these be the sinners that Jesus is sent unto, and singles out. He gives his riches to the poor that want it, not to the rich, that scorn it. As repentance breaks the strong heart, so he heals the broken heart. To the captives he gives deliverance, while libertines are reserved for vengeance. They that think they see, must remain still blind; they complain their own blindness, whom he makes to see. It is the storm of despair, the sense of anguish, that makes men cry, 'Lord save us, we perish,' Matt. 8:25.

A formal acknowledgment of Jesus is common; but how is a physician known and approved, but by a frequent resort of patients? In the days of his mortal flesh, to cure their bodily diseases, how did they flock to him from all coasts? Yet he came not so much to heal the body, as to save the soul. When that bed-ridden wretch offered himself to the new-stirred waters, still somebody stepped in before him, John 5:7. But whensoever we seek Christ, none shall thrust us by, none step before us. Never any man wanted mercy, that humbly and faithfully sought to Jesus for it.

Conclusion.—This is that Jesus, the Son of God's love, the author of our salvation; 'in whom alone he is well pleased.' It is true that many worthy saints have been somebodies with God. He was pleased with Enoch; so did he grace that saint, that he 'walked with God,' and God walked with him. He was pleased with Noah, from whose sacrifice he 'smelt a savour of rest.' He was pleased with Abraham, who was called the 'friend of God.' He was pleased with Jacob, surnamed Israel, a potent 'prince with God.' He was pleased with Moses, a faithful steward in his house. He was pleased with Samuel; in so much, that they who rejected him, are said to reject God himself. He was pleased with David, called 'a man after God's own heart.' Pleased with Solomon, whom he crowned with wisdom and honour. Pleased with Elijah, whom he took up in a glorious chariot to heaven. He was

pleased with Josiah, with whom, for piety, no king before him, or after him, might be compared. Pleas'd with Daniel, calling himself the 'God of Daniel;' 'though Noah, Samuel, and Daniel' should plead for the people, to shew that they were prevailing favourites with God, and could do something with him. He was pleas'd with Mary, the virgin-mother; 'she found grace with him,' and was honour'd to bear his Son. Pleas'd with Mary Magdalene; sent her as an apostle to the apostles; yea, Christ appear'd to her first, after his resurrection. He was pleas'd with Paul, whom he rapt up to the third heaven. He was pleas'd with many martyrs, that seal'd his truth with their blood. Pleas'd with many confessors, with many men, many women, whose names he wrote in the book of life, and whose souls he took up to heaven. But pleas'd with all these only in Jesus; through and for the sake of the Messiah, the heir, the son of his desires and good pleasure, in whom he hath heap'd up the fulness of grace, and treasures of all perfection. Thus God accepts many gracious works and virtues at our unworthy hands. The piety of Abel was accepted, the meekness of Moses accepted, the faith of Abraham was accepted; the zeal of Phinehas, the justice of Solomon, the patience of Job, the humility of Paul, all were accepted; all the good works of faithful Christians are accepted; but all are accepted 'in the beloved.' Still it is in Jesus that God is pleas'd with us, and with what we do. Both our graces, our virtues, our works, our selves, are accepted for his sake; in whom God is pleas'd with us all, our blessed Jesus.

CHRIST.—This is the second title, which some take for his surname; others say, it is no name at all, but a mere appellation, as for a particular man, besides his own name, to have the addition of lord, duke, peer, or prince. But, indeed, it is the name of his office, expressing that in significance, which himself was in substance, 'the anointed of God' for the world's redemption.

Three orders of men among the Jews were anointed with holy oil. Kings, at their coronation; so was David. Priests, at their consecration; this began with Aaron and his sons, but afterwards was not used except to the high priests alone. Prophets, at their mission, as

was Elisha. This was figurative of Christ's unction, who was to be a king, a priest, and a prophet. Not that this was done with material oil, but with grace, the oil of gladness, and that 'above his fellows,' Ps. 45:7; neither was king, priest, or prophet, anointed in that manner and measure that Christ was. Two of these offices have fallen upon divers; all three were never coincident to any one man, but Christ. Samuel was a priest and a prophet, but he was not a king. David was a prophet and a king, but he was not a priest. Melchizedec was a king, and a priest, but not a prophet. Only Christ was all; priest, prophet, and king. David was thrice anointed, once in Bethlehem, and twice in Hebron; the Son of David was anointed. (1.) In his mother's womb, furnished with graces for so high a calling. (2.) In his baptism, when the Holy Ghost came upon him in a visible form. (3.) In his resurrection, when all power was given him in heaven and earth. Or, if but once anointed, yet to three several offices.

Christ's anointing differs from all others. (1.) For the matter; they with oil, he with grace; that was *oleum consecratum*, this *oleum consecrans*. (2.) For the author; that oil was poured on by man, but with the appointment of God: this was infused by God himself immediately, without the ministry of man; 'Him hath God the Father sealed,' John 6:27. The excellent graces which are in Christ's manhood, have their beginning from Godhead. (3.) For the measure; angels and saints are glorious creatures, stored with rich treasures of grace; but all come short of Christ, both in measure, number, and degree. For 'God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him,' John 3:34. They have *plenitudinem sufficientiæ*, he *superabundantiæ*. He is every way the most principal and glorious man that ever was. Yet are not the graces of his manhood infinite, because the nature itself is definite. They are infinite in the deity, finite in the humanity, of the same Christ. (4.) For the effect; their oil was limited to their own persons, it had no virtue to work upon others. But Christ's grace is so diffusive of itself, that it derives holiness to us, 'running down from the head to the skirts,' Ps. 133:2, to all his members. He was not only anointed himself, but our anointer. Therefore it is called 'the oil of

gladness,' because it rejoiceth our hearts, by giving us spiritual gladness, and peace of conscience.

There is unguentum præparativum, wherewith the impostumed member is fomented, supplied, and prepared for lancing. Unguentum refectivum, oil that makes a 'cheerful countenance.' Unguentum sanativum, such oil as the good Samaritan poured into the wounds of the robbed traveller. Unguentum consecrativum, with which kings are confirmed in their thrones. Unguentum odoriferum, which fills the room with a fragrant smell; such was Mary's, that perfumed the house, John 12:3. With the first, Christ was prepared for the sacrifice, to be lanced on the cross, for the letting out of our corruption. With the second in his baptism or transfiguration, when that divine testimony cheered his human heart, 'This is my beloved Son.' With the third in the grave, to heal the wounds which death hath made in his body. With the fourth in his resurrection, when he was made higher than the kings of the earth. After his ascension, he sent down the Holy Ghost with that odoriferous oil, the effect of the former, to fill his church with that blessed sweetness. The holy oil was compounded of earthly ingredients, myrrh, calamus, cassia, and the like, Exod. 30; so the graces of Christ's manhood were not the essential properties of his godhead, but certain created gifts and qualities, otherwise our nature could not have been capable of their participation. As that oil did sweeten the place where it was opened, so doth the grace of Christ drive away from the nostrils of God the noisome savour of our sins, and so perfumes us with his righteousness, that both our persons and holy actions become acceptable to him. Thus in general, now let us particularly meditate on his threefold office.

1. He was anointed to be our priest, to offer up that propitiatory, expiatory sacrifice for all our sins. Legal priests offered many sacrifices, the Lamb of God was offered up once for all. They sacrificed not themselves, but for themselves and the people; Christ sacrificed himself, not for himself, but for the people. But of this

sacrifice more hereafter. Now the communication of that holy oil hath made us all priests, and we have also our sacrifices.

(1.) A holy life. 'Offer to God the sacrifice of righteousness,' Ps. 4:6. Let thy heart be the altar, the fire charity, the hand faith, the knife that 'sword of the Spirit;' make a whole burnt-offering of thy sins; let not a loose thought, nor a straggling desire, escape this holy combustion. Then offer up the rest to his service. Christ gave his whole self for thee, give thy whole self to Christ. The Levitical sacrifice was to be without blemish, how much more the evangelical? If Cain had offered himself when he sacrificed his beast,* he had been accepted of God.

(2.) Prayer. 'Let my prayer come before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice,' Ps. 141:2. This should be our daily service, as a lamb was offered up morning and evening for a sacrifice. But, alas! how dull and dead are our devotions! Like Pharaoh's chariots, they drive on heavily. Some, like Balaam's ass, scarce ever open their mouths twice. We should 'pour forth our souls' in prayer, as if our souls did strive with our prayers, which should come first unto God; as Ahimaaz ran with Cush, who should come first to David. We cannot look for a blessing without prayer, we cannot pray faithfully without a blessing.

(3.) Thanksgiving. 'Whoso offereth me praise honoureth me,' Ps. 50:23. 'Offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name,' Heb. 13:15. These be the 'odours in the vials of the saints,' Rev. 5:8. But, alas! we esteem our blessings as Solomon did the brass given to the temple; it was so much that he never stood to weigh it; they are so common, we forget to value them. The sun draws up clouds, and they give us showers: yet often hide that sun from us which drew them up for us. The Lord gives us blessings, and they give us sweet refreshings; but take we heed lest they hide our God from us. Christ's bounty perit ingrato, but then perit ingratus: the unthankful man loseth it, but then he loseth himself with it. This is a sacrifice that shall never cease; after this

world we need not pray, nor beg good things of God, for we shall have more than heart can wish; yet even then we shall laud and praise him for ever.

(4.) The fruits of charity, which the apostle calls an 'odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God,' Phil. 4:18. 'Forget not to do good, and to communicate: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased,' Heb. 13:16. *Superflua diviti, necessaria pauperi; qui hæc retinet, detinet aliena.* The best grace after dinner is to give the reversion to the poor. By this men may know whether they have sacrificed themselves to God or no; for he that hath given the jewel will never stick at the box. *Nec des tua, et detineas te; nec des te, et detineas tua.* Give not to the Lord thy goods, withholding thyself; nor give him thyself, withholding thy goods. But many, instead of filling the hands of the poor with these sacrifices, do fill their own hands with the sacrifices of the poor. So, while they should offer to God the sacrifice of a charitable devotion, they offer to the devil the sacrifice of unjust oppression. Popish priests turn the ruins of the poor to the church; our sacrilegers turn the ruins of the church to themselves. 'With such sacrifices God is not pleased.'

(5.) Repentance. 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit, a broken heart he will not despise,' Ps. 51:17. If martyrdom do not call us to sacrifice our bloods, yet let contrition work us to sacrifice our tears. The sacrifice could not be offered, but it must bleed; Christ in his sacrifice was slain for us; nothing in our sacrifice is to be slain but our sins. 'Mortify your earthly members,' Col. 3:5, your lusts. There is one mortification to cast ourselves out of the world, there is another mortification to cast the world out of us; the former is detestable, the other necessary. We must all, with Jacob, first marry Leah, 'blear-eyed' repentance, before we can have beauteous Rachel, peace of conscience. These be the Christian sacrifices.

2. He was anointed to be our prophet. He is that wisdom of the Father; teaching by his oracles, convincing by his miracles, performing the will of God, and informing us. Wisdom indeed; not

only according to his nature and eternal generation, the inward and essential Word; but also in regard of his prophetic office, sweetly disposing the ways of man's salvation. 'In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' Col. 2:3: the fountain of all spiritual understanding, as all the senses are in the head. Thus was he anointed to teach us; he was always a preacher; living, he took all occasions to instruct them that were to instruct his flock. Dying, *Etiam crux Christi pendentis, cathedra fuit docentis.** Sometimes a mountain, sometimes a ship, and last of all the cross, was his pulpit.

But now are we instructed by this prophet? hath this wisdom made us wise? 'This is eternal life, to know God, and whom he hath sent, Jesus Christ,' John 17:3. Here is wisdom above wisdom: he that knows this, with experimental feeling, knows all. He is wise that knows things in their proper nature and causes; but he that knows wisdom itself, which is Christ, is not only wise but blessed. O that I had so deep an insight in this divine wisdom, that I could limn it out to you in its true beauty! But a lame man may point you out the right way; in a dark night, we had better have a little boy with a candle lighted, than a great man with an extinguished torch. Yea, a superior may lean on an inferior, as a great torch may be lighted at a small taper. So the very angels learned of the church the mystery of the incarnation, Eph. 3:10. That great bishop of our souls teach us, that we may be able to teach you!

Whither should we send you for that learning which can save you, but to the word of this prophet? 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life,' John 6:68. This shall make you wiser than your fathers, wiser than your teachers, wiser than your enemies. Without consulting these oracles, were we wiser than the children of the east, the day of judgment will find us fools. How murderous is that policy of Rome, to wrap up the oracles of this our anointed prophet in an unknown language, with severe interdictions! Oh! but simplicity, the simplicity of children, is commended by them! As if the sense of that precept did not concern either our affection for the subject, 'Be children in malice, but not in knowledge,' 1 Cor. 14:20; or

evil for the object, 'Be simple concerning evil, but wise unto that which is good,' Rom. 16:19. There must be a scire facias before there can be a fieri facias: the blind seamster will never sew true-stitch. They that will never seek what they should know, will never know what they should do.

Let us love the wisdom of God, as we would have the God of wisdom love us. The whole world contents itself with a very little measure of this study, which should admit of no bounds but the common bounds of mortality. This is one cause why God is so ill served, for that can be no true worship of him which is separated from knowledge: the 'sacrifice of fools' is not accepted. He requires *rationalem cultum*, our 'reasonable service,' Rom. 12:1. If any man among you 'seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise,' 1 Cor. 3:18. He speaks not of them that are wise, but seem to be wise; and not wise in the kingdom of heaven, but in this world. And if they were all this, it were no great matter of pride; where the wisest know but in part, and the rest see but a part of that part. Yet 'let him become a fool,' acknowledge his own natural blindness, for humble ignorance is better than proud knowledge, 'that he may be wise.' 'The meek he will teach his way,' Ps. 25:9; the humble are the docile; God takes no other scholars into his school.

Let me tell the world, that this divine knowledge is no matter of opinion; yea, they come nearest the matter, who stand farthest off in opinion from the world. There is a great deal of wisdom in the world, yet but a few wise men. When alms is divided among beggars, prizes among soldiers, lands or goods among legators, every one is discontented, and thinks he hath not his full share. But knowledge, of all dividends, seems to be most equally divided; for every man thinks his own portion sufficient: *Sorte sua contentus abit*. At an assize, witnesses do not appear when jurates be called. In your several companies, when mercers be summoned, goldsmiths do not come in; upon the citation of mechanics, none but mechanics shew themselves; no tradesman will answer to the name of another craft or mystery. But at the proclamation, 'Oyez, all that be wise come hither;' who comes not? never was such an appearance in any court. But alas! are all wise that so think themselves? Nay, is any man wise that applauds his own wisdom? It is said 'to make a man's face shine;' but yet sanctified wisdom is by grace as far out of a man's conceit as the face by nature is out of his sight. It may shine to others, himself doth not think it glorious. The people saw the 'shining face of Moses,' and were afraid: Moses saw not the brightness of his own countenance. As there is no day without a night, only that is the longest day which hath the shortest night, so there is no mind of man without some clouds and shadows of error and ignorance, only *optimus ille qui minimis urgetur*; that is best which hath fewest.

We call ourselves Christians: it were a shame not to yield ourselves to be taught of our Master. Christ came in *signo ad Abraham, in lege ad Mosem, in carne ad Mariam, in gratia ad electos, in evangelio ad omnes* the church is his school, the gospel his doctrine. On earth let us be his disciples, that after our removal we may be admitted to a new form among the blessed angels.

3. He was anointed to be our king. He was to be a prophet, like Moses. 'The Lord shall raise you up a prophet like unto me,' Acts

3:22; to be a priest, like Melchizedec, 'Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedec,' Ps. 110:4: so also a king, like David, 'God will give him the throne of his father David, and he shall rule over the house of Jacob for ever,' Luke 1:32. Not such a king as Herod feared, when he steeped his prevention in the blood of infants: it is not a secular, popular, visible kingdom. Of temporal royalty he had so little share, that his chair of estate was the cross, his crown made of thorns, his sceptre a reed, the Vivat Rex was 'Crucify him;' and the Head of the church had not a place to rest his head on. But a spiritual, immortal, invisible kingdom; his throne being the heart of man, his court our conscience, and the sceptre his holy word. The Jews disclaimed him, 'We have no king but Cæsar,' John 19:14; we say the contrary, 'We have no King but Christ.' What is said of Michael (Rev. 12:7), is meant of Christ: the battle and victory is his. We need no angelical, that have an evangelical, Head.

Well, if he be our King, let him rule us: no *Divisum imperium cum Jove mundus habet*: his throne brooks no rivals. If we divide his regiment, we divide ourselves from his regiment. We must not set up one king in Hebron, another at Jerusalem; prince against prince, Absalom against David, the prince of this world against the prince of the whole world. Not Christ shall command me to-day, mine own lust or pleasure to-morrow. If we be not his loyal subjects on earth, we shall not be his glorious courtiers in heaven. Never king bought his subjects so dear; he may well challenge our allegiance. 'All the garments of our king smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia,' Ps. 45:8. Let not our disobedience, by the odour and stench of our sins, overcome that sweet perfume to our own souls. He is the King anointed; and with the odour of that supernatural balm we are perfumed. Let the fragrancy of his name draw us to holiness, Cant. 1:3; and of our own lusts be it said, 'Their place is no more found,' Rev. 12:8.

Yea, he hath made us all 'kings unto God his Father,' Rev. 1:6. How great is that King which makes kings? Kings over our tractable and morigerous desires, to direct and encourage them. Kings over our mutinous and rebelling lusts, to subdue and punish them: *Parcere*

subjectis, et debellare superbos. The glory of a king is not to exercise dominion over men's bodies, but to be a king of hearts. When a Christian can master his own affections, this is regale imperium. He that can overcome a fulness of estate by abstinence, overcome injuries by patience, overcome blaspheming enemies by innocence, yea, overcome God himself by penitence, and hold that almighty hand by humble confidence, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and got the better, he is a king indeed, and shall be called Israel, a potent prince with God.

Kings live not like common persons; their apparel, diet, dwelling, attendance, revenues, all are above the vulgar rank. If Christ hath made us kings, why do we live like beggars? Our diet is manna, the bread of angels; our apparel out of the rich wardrobe of God's own Son; our dwelling (for this is but our pilgrimage) is that glorious court above the starry firmament; our revenues be those immortal graces from the treasury of goodness, which can never be wasted; our attendance no meaner than celestial angels. Thus we fly a higher pitch than the secular wing. 'Men think it strange that we run not along with them to riot and excess,' 1 Pet. 4:4. They that walk out of the common road shall be deemed miracles, when as the kingdom itself is a mystery; but to eagles of the same eyrie it is neither miracle nor mystery. The hen that hath hatched partridge's or pheasant's eggs, seeing them rise from under the brooding and soar aloft, looks after them with wonder; alas, she thought they had been her own, whereas they are of a higher kind. The world, in some sort, hath brought up God's children; for, 'first is that which is natural, then that which is spiritual,' 1 Cor. 15:46. It may be we have eaten their bread, fed at their cost. But when these fly high at the game of high eternity, and take a course quite above the world, the old birds, worldlings, stand amazed, and look strangely after them, because they are ignorant that these are of a higher generation.

Conclusion.—This blessed Christ is the sole paragon of our joy, the fountain of life, the foundation of all blessedness. The sum of the whole Bible, prophesied, typified, prefigured, exhibited,

demonstrated, to be found in every leaf, almost in every line; the Scriptures being but as it were the swaddling bands of the child Jesus. Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samson, David, were all renowned, yet are but meant on the by; Christ is the main, the centre whither all these lines are referred. They were all his forerunners, to prepare his way: it is fit that many harbingers and heralds should go before so great a Prince; only John Baptist was that Phosphorus, or morning star, to signify the sun's approaching. The world was never worthy of him, especially not so early; he was too rich a jewel to be exposed at the first opening of the shop. Therefore he was wrapt up in those obscure shadows, the tree of life, Noah's ark, Jacob's ladder; therefore called 'the expectation of nations,' longed and looked for more than health to the sick, or life to the dying. The golden legend of those famous worthies, Heb. 11, were but so many pictures which God sent before to the church, counterfeits, abridgments, and dark resemblances of the Prince of glory, whom his father promised to many unto mankind; and 'when the fulness of time was come,' Gal. 4:4, he performed it. Lo! now, all those stars drew in their borrowed light when that sun arose. To whom, instead of all the rest, Moses and Elias did homage on Mount Tabor, as to the accomplisher of the law and prophets.

The best things of the world may be proud and happy to be resemblances of him; by him they were made, but for him they should not continue; therefore most willingly they yield all their services to his honour, glad to be as silk and gold, fringe and lace, for the embroidery of his garments. The sun, the brightest of all stars; wine, the sweetest of all liquors; the rose, the fairest of all flowers; bread, so necessary; water, so refreshing; all emblems to adumbrate some parcels of his infinite perfections. Were they all compounded into one, the most harmoniously, yet they could not make up an idea of him. He is life and light, the sun and the sum, the founder and the finisher of all perfect blessedness. Christus in imo, Christus in summo; Christ is the root, and Christ is the roof. With us divers things have their uses in some cases and places, but to make us righteous before God, to pacify our consciences, to preserve us in this

world from sin, and in the world to come from damnation, nothing but Christ. As for God, he hath so set his love upon Christ, that besides him, or out of him, he regards no person, no action. Only look how much there is of Christ in any man, whether imputed or infused, so much he is in God's books. Out of that boundless treasury he pays himself all our debts, and that so sufficiently, that whatsoever God can require for satisfaction, or man desire for perfection, it is all found in Christ. Now this Christ, as he is our King, govern us; as he is our Prophet, instruct us; as he is our Priest, save us, by the sacrifice of himself and his own precious merits. Amen.

HIS ONLY SON.—'His Son.' Three things are here considerable: the person begotten, the manner of begetting, and the time. 1. The person begotten is Christ, who must be considered as he is a Son, as he is God. As a Son, he is not of himself, but the Son of the Father; as God, he is of himself, not begotten, nor proceeding. He is *alius a Patre*, not *aliud a Patre*; not the same species with the Father, but the same individuum. 2. The manner: this is neither by flux, as water is derived from the spring by a channel; nor by decision, as one thing is cut out of another; nor by propagation, as a graft is transplanted into a new stock; but by an unspeakable communication of the whole essence from the Father to the Son. Which is no more a diminution of the Father's godhead, than the lighting of one torch doth take from another. *Lumen de lumine*, saith the Nicene Council. 3. The time; which hath neither beginning, middle, nor end, but is eternal. Before mountains, or fountains, or the world, 'the Lord possessed me,' Prov. 8:22; now before the creation was nothing but eternity. But the person begetting must needs go before the person begotten? Answer: There is a double priority, of time and of order. In the generation of creatures there must be a priority both of time and order; here is of order, not of time.

The Son of God therefore must needs be God. We are neither Arians, nor Lucians, nor Porphyrians, nor Atheists, that I should stand to prove this; yet admit one argument to confirm it. Christ gave a resolute and constant testimony of himself, that he was the Son of

God, and very God. Why, is this such a matter? Divers others have not stuck at such a profession. Nay, but hear it all. Never did any man arrogate this title, to be called God, but was made the exemplary spectacle of a miserable man. Our first parents credited the devil, that they should be as gods. What became of it, but the ruin of us all? Herod did not exact it, but only accept it; he took without refusing, what was given him without asking; yet what man ever perished more fearfully? If Christ had pretended a divinity, and been but mere man, his confusion had been as grievous, as now his exaltation is glorious. But while Herod, Pilate, Caiaphas, and all those enemies of his deity were plagued, himself triumphs in the glory of blessedness. Never man was ambitious of this honour, but he was confounded; Christ challenged it 'without robbery,' and was glorified; therefore he is God. How should this gospel, which is more contrary to nature, than water is to fire, so win upon the whole world, that men should trust him with their souls, should witness him with their bloods; but that he is omnipotent God?

'His only Son;' because he is so in a special manner. Nothing can be the Son of God as he is. Angels are God's sons by creation, believers by adoption, Christ as man by personal union; but Christ as God, neither by creation, nor adoption, nor by virtue or grace of union, but by nature. But if Christ, as God, be the Son of the Father by nature; and as man, by the personal union; then he is two sons? Answer: One person cannot be two sons, but may be one son in two respects. Two respects make not two things; so light and heat should make two suns.

Was it necessary that Christ should be God? Yes. First, None can save but God. He alone can repeat his creation; that is, to save us: 'Beside me there is no Saviour,' Is. 43:11. Secondly, That the grace of God might go beyond the sin of man. The sinning Adam was a mere man, the redeeming Adam is God and man: that as the first is far excelled by the second, so our comfort by the redemption of the second might be greater than our discomfort by the fall of the first. Thirdly, We were all lost, and there was need of remedy. What shall

that be? Mercy? No; we had justly deserved punishment. What then? Justice? No; for we stood in need of mercy. Here now for God to be so merciful as not to disannul his justice, and so just as not to forget his mercy: *salvo jure justitiæ, parare locum misericordiæ*: both to appease his wrath, that his justice might be satisfied; and yet so to appease it, that his mercy might be magnified, here must come in a meditation.* Now, what shall this be? Shall we offer God the world for satisfaction? It is his own before. Should angels tender themselves? They are engaged to him for their making; besides, they are finite, and cannot answer for an infinite debt: this must be payed with an infinite sum; therefore he must be God. But this is not all; for what can satisfy for our apostasy but humility? When God comes to obey, he must be humbled: he must serve that comes to deserve, which God only cannot do. When he comes to die he must be mortal, which God only cannot be.

Therefore he was both: man to become bound himself, God to free us; man to become mortal, God to overcome death; man to die for his friends, God to vanquish his enemies. The foot of that visional ladder stood close to Jacob's loins, the human nature of Christ to his church militant; the top reacheth heaven, his divine nature is one with the Father, to bring us up to the church triumphant. How inconceivable was this mercy, how doth it swallow up all human comprehension! If all the goodness of all the men in the world were contracted into one, and all the badness quite thrown out; yet were not this man worthy to kiss the hand of the Son of God, or to be saluted by him. But that he should die for those that had no goodness at all, here let our souls make a stand, and say, Lord, enlarge our hearts to be thankful, for we know not what to say.

Suppose a subject hath done some capital offence against his sovereign, and the king's wrath is so incensed that nothing but the offender's blood can appease it. Yet there is only one way to save him; that is, if the prince, the king's only son, will undertake for him; which, if he do undertake, there is not one dram of the penalty to be abated; he must suffer all that is due to the transgressor, which is

death. This condition, if the prince do not accept, here is a miserable subject; if he do accept it, here is a merciful prince. And if the son would be thus compassionate, yet will the father suffer it? What king will give his only son for his slave? There could be no cause in us why either Christ should interpose himself, or God should admit such an interposition. Loath would man be to give his own son for his own sin; yet God gave *filium suum pro peccato non suo*. Infinite was the love of this Father; infinite the kindness of this Son; infinite the grace of the Spirit; infinite the mercy of that one God.

Now the Son of God being humbled with the title of the son of man, hath dignified the sons of men with the title of the sons of God. *Filios adoptavit Deus in Filio, plurimos in unigenito*: so that now he is the 'first begotten among many brethren,' Rom. 8:29. But if we be children, let us learn to know our Father. When the father is absent, the mother teacheth her children to know him; by his care and providence for their education, by telling them his will and commands; how they may please, how displease him; and if they swerve from these rules, she gives them correction. Our Father is invisible; in his works only we see him, in his word we hear him; this is *voluntas Patris*, our Father's will; the church teacheth us to obey that doctrine. And if we straggle from that rule, she justly whips us for it; for God hath allowed no fellow-doctor with himself. A man is made what he is taught; doctrine transforms him into itself. Now the true mother will teach us the true doctrine of our Father; and if we be true children, we will obey it.

Duty 1. Seeing he is the Son of God, let us prize him above all things; what should be dear to us in regard of him that paid so dear for us? Indeed, it is no easy thing for the narrow heart of man rightly to comprise this inestimable jewel: his sweetness is so far beyond the faculty of our taste, his beauty beyond the apprehension of our eye. It is not enough to make much of him, but nothing must be regarded but for him. Let us not hold him with one hand, while the other grasps Mammon; but embrace him with both arms of love. Ordinary objects are well satisfied with an ordinary measure of our affection;

but such a love will not content Christ. All the little rivers of our love, united into one stream, cannot carry a vessel worth his acceptance. He that paid all debts for us, and gives all blessings to us, requires no less than all love from us. For the entertainment of common persons, wise liberality says, Enough is a feast; but when a king is our guest, we think enough too little; too much, or nothing. But for the Son of God, every little is too much; we love him, that's enough; but then we lie, and that's nothing.

How do they love him that prefer the beauty of a wife, the petulancy of a child, yea, a cup of wine, or the content of a harlot, before him? Money is that dominus factotum of the world. 'A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry, but money answereth all things,' Eccles. 10:19. Money is the master; religion, at best, but the master's mate. That can buy in offices, buy out offences, dignify peasants, magnify mushrooms; what not? This is the world's Pandora, the Diana, the trump that bears the game, the queen of hearts, the mistress of men's affections, upon whom mistresses themselves must wait. Christ is put out of his lodging when this great lady must be entertained. O fools! when will ye be wise? When your heads ache, lay your bags of gold under them instead of pillows; will they ease you? Will it put lustre into your cheeks when sickness hath made them pale? Will not one spoonful of the apothecary's cordial do you more good? If they cannot do these poor things, of what validity are they in the distress of conscience? Let Judas then see what comfort his money will afford him: enough to buy a halter to hang himself. Doth not too late experience teach thousands, that one dram of mercy is more worth than whole coffers and mines of refulgent metals? Why then do we not sell our nothing to purchase Christ? What be our bugles in respect of this diamond? The whole pack of the world, with all the haberdash stuff in it, is not worth the least grace of the Son of God. It was a heathen circumscription of old coins, Nummus regnat, nummus vincit, nummus imperat,* which Charles the Great well turned into Christ: 'Christ reigns, Christ overcomes, Christ commands.' It is impossible to gain him unless we despise all in regard of him, unless we lay down all for him that laid

down his life for us. Many have some faint and languid wishes, O that Christ were mine! but they want the fruition of him, because they make but a cold inquisition after him. The soul that seeks him as if she were undone without him, and rather than want him would want all the world, finds him her Jesus. He will be wooed, in the first place, with the prime of our loves, joys, services; he is the Alpha of our grace, the Omega of our glory; they that make him the Omega of their thoughts and cares, begin at the wrong end, and set themselves to work when the candle is out. But it is the Son of God that must bless our beginning, and crown our latter ending.

Duty 2. Let this teach us humility and obedience; the Son of God himself was obedient, and that to the very death. We love obedience in a whole skin, but who will obey to the death? And, indeed, death is the wages of sin and disobedience; not the morigerous, but the rebellious son is punished. Yet such was the matchless humility of the Son of God, he humbled himself to the nature of man, and that was very low; his humanity was humility enough, yea, to 'the form of a servant,' and that was lower; even to wash the feet of his own servants; yea, to the death, and this was yet lower; yea, to the worst kind of death, the death of malefactors, of the worst sort of malefactors. One death is worse than another; if he must die, why not a fair, an honest, an easy death? No; the bitterest and the most shameful death of all. To be born, and so to be born; to the cratch; to die, and so to die, on the cross; to be humbled to the nature of man, to the form of a servant, to the death of a malefactor. And this for the Son of God! Thus hath he taught us obedience that laid down his life for our disobedience.

OUR LORD.—The Son of God is God, and therefore must be Lord of all; yea, he is Lord also as mediator. Jesus Christ is the Lord; a blessed conjunction, that Jesus, who is a Saviour, should also be Lord; that not a fleecer, not a flayer, but a Saviour hath the place. When lord and tyrant meet in one person, the people rue it, Prov. 29:2. Power and malice be the worst match in the world; these two make up a devil. Flies have a spleen, but they want strength. Bulls

and horses have strength, but their spleen is dull: both are compounded in the dragon; especially in that 'red dragon,' who, with one swoop of his tail, drew stars from heaven, and by his malice would not leave one star there. Claudius was a bad private man, but a good emperor; Titus a good private man, but a bad emperor; if we believe Tacitus. Goodness and greatness is an excellent composition; such is our happiness. Jesus is the Lord. Christ, one that cureth unctiōne, non punctiōne, with anointing, not with searing and lancing; he is Lord.

There be many on earth called lords; but they are lords of earth, and those lords are earth, and those lords must return to earth. This Lord is immortal; raising out of the dust to the honour of princes, and laying the honour of princes in the dust. A Lord, not qualified; not of such a barony, county, signiory, but Lord, in abstracto; of universal extent. Lord of heaven, to glorify whom he please; Lord of earth, to make high or low, whom he please; Lord of death, to unlock the grave, Rev. 1:18; Lord of hell, to lock up the old dragon with his crew, Rev. 20:3. He keeps the key, that shall let all our bodies out of their earthy prisons. A great Lord; whither shall we go, to get out of his dominion? To heaven? there is his throne? To earth? that is his footstool. To the sea? there his hand is most wonderful. To the darkness? night is day with him. To hell? there he is present in his fearful justice, Ps. 139:7. Whither, then? Yes, to purgatory, or some of the limbos; that terra incognita is not mentioned in Christ's Lordship. The pope may keep the key of that himself. But for the rest, he is too saucy; advancing his universal lordship, and hedging in the whole world for his diocese; stretching his arm to heaven, inrubricking what saints he list; to hell, in freeing what prisoners he list; on earth, far and wide; but that some of the wiser princes have cut short his busy fingers.

'Our Lord;' so we believe, so we profess. Ours: he dearly paid for us; bought us, and brought us out of the hand of our enemies, that we might serve him. Here comes in our duty, that, as he is a Lord of

himself, so he be acknowledged by us. This is expressed, 1, by our reverence; 2, by our obedience.

1. If he be 'our Lord,' let us do him reverence. It hath ever been the manner and posture of God's servants, when either they offer anything to him, Matt. 2:11, or pray to receive anything from him, Ps. 95:6, to do it on their knees. When the king gives us a pardon for our life, forfeited to the law, we receive it on our knees. When he bestows favour or honour, be it but a knighthood, men kneel for it. In that holy place, where men receive the forgiveness of sins, the honour of saints, so gracious a pardon, so glorious a blessing, there be some that refuse so humble a gesture to the Lord himself. Never tell me of a humble heart, where I see a stubborn knee. Indeed, this bodily reverence is not all; the tongue and heart must not be left out. But when our body is in such a position, and our mind in such disposition, we are then fittest to speak of him, and to speak to him. The tongue must also confess his glory. Those little engines are nimble enough in our own occasions; they run like the plummets of a clock when the catch is broken. But in our public devotions, Amen is scarce heard among us. The Amen of the primitive church was like a clap of thunder; and their Halleluiah as the roaring of the sea.* How do they convince our silence!

All must do honour to this Lord; they in heaven, willingly, 'casting their crowns' at his feet; they in hell are thrown down, and made his footstool; they shall acknowledge him, though roaring, and on the rack, gnawing their tongues for spite. The regenerate sing his praise with cheerful voices; the reprobates, like the band of Judas, shall fall backward, and end their days in Julian's desperateness. Vicisti: they shall confess him, though sore against their wills. He must be honoured; if we be his servants, by us; whether we will or no, upon us. Either we must confess him singing, with saints and angels; or howling, with devils and damned spirits. God will be glorified in his Son, either by the gracious confession of them that yield, or the glorious confusion of them that stand out.

2. If he be our Lord, let us give him obedience. 'Lord, save me,' saith Peter, Matt. 14:30. He is a Lord to save. 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' saith Paul, Acts 9:6. He is a Lord to command. We like Saint Peter's Lord well; to succour and save us, when we are in any danger; he shall hear of us then. But we do not like so well of Saint Paul's Lord; 'What wilt thou command to do?' Lorinus observes, that the apostles, before Christ's resurrection, used to call him Master; after he was risen, only Lord; to witness his power, and their obedience. When we would have him do us good, then 'Lord, help us;' but when we should do him service, then 'who is Lord over us?' Ps. 12:4; we have no Lord, then. A young rich man came unto Christ; 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' Matt. 19:16. Hitherto, Good Master; God had been a good Master to him, that had so enriched him for this world: and if he would give him the kingdom of heaven, too, he should be his best Master then. But when it comes to this, 'Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor,' he hung down his head, and went his way; no more Good Master, no Lord now. This parting from his riches mars all. If this Lord cannot be served without begging his followers, he is no Lord for him. Christ is our good Lord, while he fills our coffers with money, our bones with marrow; but if he require aught from us, either to the poor in charity, or to his church in equity, this Lord may go seek him servants. But how do men forget themselves to be but stewards, while they deal thus with their Lord? Is any steward the richer, because he hath much money of his Lord's entrusted to him? He hath not the greater estate, but the greater account. Thus we play at fast and loose with Christ; fast for our advantage, and loose at our obedience; as if we were but his servants in compliment, to take his wages, and do our own business. His, when we have need of him; our own, when he hath need of us. But let him be our Lord to govern us, or we shall not find him our Jesus to save us.

'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' Luke 6:46. How dare you give me that title in your words, and deny me that honour in your deeds? 'No man can say, that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost,' 1 Cor. 12:3. From the teeth outward, many a

false spirit can acknowledge it; but to say it as it should be said, is the work of the Holy Ghost in us. In judgment and doctrine we confess him, in affection and practice we deny him. We hear this Lord in your lips, but let us see him in your lives. As a Saviour, every man will own him; but few obey him as a Lord. But let his word rule our lives, that his blood may save our souls.

Thus much severally of his four titles; from them jointly considered together, I desire to raise four uses.

Use 1. Seeing this blessed Saviour is a person so full of absolute perfection, let us fully rest ourselves content and satisfied in him. 'He filleth all things;' good reason he should fill our hearts. If he be our host, our cup shall overflow; if he be our physician, our wounds shall never rankle; he hath that wine and oil which will cure us. What if God take away all, and give us his Son? are we losers by it? No; all accessions add nothing, all defects detract nothing from that soul's happiness which enjoyeth Christ. He is *via lucens*, *veritas ducens*, *vita coronans*; if we err, he is the Way; if we doubt, he is the Truth; if we faint, he is the Life. What should distemper us, if our Saviour be in us? We are full of sins; his satisfaction answers for us. We have no righteousness; his righteousness covers us. He takes it unkindly at our hands, if, through his justice, we do not hold ourselves completely just. We have manifold weaknesses. 'His grace is sufficient for us.'

If he be not the object of our knowledge, our wisdom will end worse than did Herod's oration, in odious ruin. To hope or trust in God, and not only through Christ, is a wild naturian faith, a Jewish, ungrounded confidence. Patience without him is a base stupidity; fortitude, a desperate presumption; temperance, a drunken sobriety; all virtues, but either natural qualities of the constitution or moral habits of education, neither acceptable to God nor profitable to ourselves. If Christ be not their form, they are all misshapen; he is the grace of all graces, as sugar sweetens all confections and musk perfumes all cordials. We may flatter ourselves with our good works,

but if they be not dyed in the blood of Christ, God will not vouchsafe so much as to look upon them. Nature, custom, and education have done much for many. In these they rest, priding their own hearts and pleasing themselves; but without Christ, they are far from pleasing God. All our graces are but the rays of his righteousness, the effects of his holy influence. Whither should we go for supply but to the fountain? In vain we seek it in nature, or hope to attain it by art. Who runs to the pack when the warehouse is open, or fetcheth water at the cistern when he may have it at the spring head, nearer hand, and better cheap? 'Without Christ we can do nothing,' John 15:5. The bird can sooner fly without wings, the ship sail without wind, the body move without the soul, than we do any good without Christ. O, that our hearts were more fixed on him and directed towards him, than the Heliotropium is to the sun, the iron to the loadstone, the loadstone to the polestar.

For us that be ministers the text of all our sermons, the sermon of all our texts, is Christ. He is our only scope and theme, and all our task is, to crucify him again before your eyes, by preaching his death and passion to your ears; by the help of Christ, to preach the gospel of Jesus, to the praise of God. If we should intend to commend to you our own learning, or anything but Christ, we had better have held our peace. We lay our foundation on this Rock; and if we should not, the rocks would cry out against us. Let the dotards of Rome give more reverence to the founders of their own rules and orders, than they do to Christ. Let those Franciscan fathers snib their novices for talking of Christ and his gospel, and not of the rules of Saint Francis and their own order. Christ is our sermon, let Christ be our contemplation. Why else doth the Scripture resemble him to such familiar and obvious things, but that in all occurrences we should remember him? He is compared to the light, that so often as we open our eyes we might behold him; to bread and wine, that we might not make a meal without him; to the door, that going in and out we might think on him; to the water, that we cannot wash but we must meditate of his cleansing our souls; to a garment, that when we put on our clothes we might thankfully consider his righteousness that

covers us.* He is all in all unto us. Let us seek no content (for we shall find none) but in Jesus Christ.

Use 2. Let us glorify his name that hath purchased glory for us. Let him not suffer the world's indignity through our impiety. 'Holy and reverend is his name,' Ps. 111:9; and as we term him our Lord, let us use him so. But we may weep to speak it. Our unseemly behaviour, and the slender reverence that we give him,—I say not only in the common passages of our life and profane places, but even in the temple, his house of prayer and praise,—shew as if we were ashamed of his service, Rom. 2:24, whereas our carriage there, of all places, should be so decent, so devout, so orderly, that if a stranger or unbeliever should come in he might be convinced to say, 'Verily, God is among us,' 1 Cor. 14:25. So respectively † ought we to bear ourselves in his holy worship, that men may say, See what servants Christ hath; how full of reverence to his sacred mysteries, how free in their contributions of charity, how forward and zealous in their obedience. This is to glorify that Christ on earth who we look should glorify us in heaven.

Yea, whether we eat or drink, work or walk, whatsoever we meditate, speak, or do, let all be to the glory of the Lord Jesus. Impertinent and unsavoury be our best works when we have an eye to our own names, inviting honour to ourselves. This is to hunt counter, to take great pains to no purpose; the more cost, the more lost. Such pharisees may, for their charity, go to the devil, themselves and their moneys perishing together; whereas the least beneficence done for the love of Christ shall have a sure reward. Then be our alms accepted, when the love of Christ constrains us, when his eye is more encouragement than all the world besides, if, when good is done, the thanks and sole honour of the deed redound to him. 'I laboured more than they all,' saith Paul. But he corrects himself. Was it I? No, 'but the grace of God in me,' 1 Cor. 15:10. He will suffer no part of the repute to rest upon his own head, but repels it forcibly from himself, and reflects it carefully upon his master; as Joab, when he had fought the field and

gotten the day, sent for David to carry away the credit of the victory. Far be it from us to lurch any of his praise.

Let all our works be done in the name of the Lord Jesus; begun with his allowance, performed with his assistance, and concluded to his glory. We can desire no better a paymaster; why should we do any work but his? Let the Romish parasites blow up their mushroom into a colossus, yet 'the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them,' Isa. 1:31. Their lord of the triple crown needs not be magnified; let him alone to magnify himself. But no praises light happily unless they reflect upon the Lord of glory. Those two court-figures, adulations and hyperboles, are incompatible to him. He cannot be flattered, that is goodness itself; nor praised too highly, which is infinite. It is his just title to 'inhabit the praises of Israel.' *Soli virtuti laus debita*;* now there is none perfectly good that is, or was, or is to come, but only he that is, and that was, and that is to come. Be glory only to God. The best praises are lofty-winged and fly high, resounding at the immortal door of blessedness, *Trin-uni Deo gloria*.

Use 3. Our obedience and a holy conversation must not be omitted, otherwise we shall be *sine Christo Christiani*,[†] Christians in name, without Christ indeed. In vain we profess to 'know him if in our works we deny him,' Titus 1:16. If we will have him do good to us, we must do the good he wills us. He is to command, we are to obey. But, alas! instead of doing his will, we are angry if he do not ours; if he answer us not in this thing or that which we would have, and when we would have it, we are presently in the tune of unthankful Israel, murmuring. Here it does not shew as if he were the Lord, and we to do his will; but as if we were lords, and he to do our will; he to serve our turns, and when he fails of that, to be turned out of his sovereignty. Men will acknowledge the Lord to be Jesus, but not Jesus to be the Lord. O, Lord, be Jesus! but not O, Jesus, be Lord! We would have the Lord a Jesus to save us, but not Jesus a Lord to

command us. But Jesus is the Lord; and those things which God hath joined together let no man attempt to put asunder.

Use 4. 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ,' Rom. 13:14. Saint Paul seems to borrow this phrase from the custom of those that were baptized in his days, who, coming to that sacrament, did use to put off their clothes, and when they were baptized, to put on new garments. Now, the use of a garment is to apply it to the body and to wear it; so, to put on Christ, Gal. 3:27, is to express him in our conversation. He is an excellent robe. Some write that Pilate, wearing the seamless coat of Christ, did pacify the angry Cæsar; but Christ is a garment that can appease God himself. They that wear gorgeous apparel are in princes' courts, they wait on kings. Whosoever are admitted to the court of heaven have put on Jesus Christ.

'Put on Christ,' a rare garment; rare for the matter, rare for the making. The matter is of heaven and earth, God and man. For the making up; in his conception the web was spun, in his birth it was woven, in his persecution it was fulled, his life being ground in the mill of sorrows. Then was it dyed in grain, scarlet dye; his blood was shed to colour it. In his death it was cut out; iron was put to it, but it did not shrink. In his resurrection it was made up again. In his ascension it was richly adorned and beautified, and so laid up in the wardrobe of heaven. From whence it is spiritually taken, and continually worn of the elect by a faithful application; a robe large enough to cover us all. Thus Christ, like the silkworm, spun himself to death, that he might make a web of righteousness to apparel us, 'The king's daughter hath on raiment of needlework,' Ps. 45:14; Christ is that garment of needlework, the needles that stitched him were the thorns and nails. Woe to them that shall abuse this robe, that shall either stain it with the blood of saints, or defile it with the aspersions of their own lusts, or rend and tear it with blasphemies, or cut and divide it by their peace-breaking factions. Such are the schismatics, that play the tailors with Christ, and cut him out to new fashions. But let us in humble faithfulness put him on, and innocently wear him as our only glory.

I conclude. *Melius non esse, quam sine Christo esse*, we had better not be at all, than be without Christ. I had rather be out of heaven with Christ, than in heaven without Christ. Yea, wheresoever Christ is, heaven is. When Christ was in the womb, heaven was there; when Christ was in the manger, heaven was there; when Christ was in the temple, heaven was there; when Christ was in Zaccheus's house,; heaven was there: 'To-day is salvation come to this house,' Luke 19:9 when Christ was in the ship, heaven was upon the sea; when Christ was on the mountain, heaven was there: 'It is good to be here,' saith Peter; when Christ was on the cross, heaven was even there; when he 'brake bread at Emmaus, heaven was at the table; when he took flesh, heaven came down to earth; when he ascended, heaven went up to heaven. The same heaven is now in heaven, which makes heaven to be itself. Now he that is our heaven on earth, bring us to himself in heaven, through the exalting power of his own most blessed merits! Amen.

THE INCARNATION.—'The Word was made flesh.' *Verbum, quid sublimius? Caro, quid submissius? Factum, quid mirabilius?* In the Word, there is eternity; in flesh, temporality; in made, personality. The Word is a creator, the flesh a creature, made a creation. *Flesh, finitum; Word, infinitum; made, unitum.* There is *divinum, humanum, and vinculum.* In these three words, have been found above three hundred mysteries.

1. 'The Word.' The person incarnate is the Son of God: he that is eternal, before all time, was made man 'in the fulness of time.' 'In the beginning was the Word.' In *principio*, that is, in *principatu*, as some expound it, taking *ἀρχή* to be not only *ordinativum*, but *potestativum*, as princes are called *ἄρχοντες*, Rev. 19:16, Or 'in the beginning,' that is, 'in the Father.' *Pater est principium sine principio, filius principium de principio.** 'I am in the Father,' as the river in the fountain; 'the Father in me,' as in his engraven image, John 14:11. Or in *principio*, rather that is, in *æterno*; the creatures were from the beginning, the Word in the beginning, before there was a beginning. *Jam tum patris erat sanctum et venerabile*

verbum.† God made the world, he made not the Word. He had his being before any creature took beginning, Prov. 8:22. Erat, not fuit; fuit is given to that is not, fuimus Troes; erat quod est et erit. As he was, so he is, and is to come, Rev. 4:8. When was the Word? in the beginning; where was it? with God; what was it? God. With God? why so are the angels. Indeed, they are so locally, but not personally. The Word says, 'I and my Father are one,' John 10:30; unum, one substance, not unus, one person, in a plural verb, 'are one.' Semper cum patre, semper in patre, semper apud patrem, semper quod pater.‡

2. 'Flesh.' Why is his humanity expressed by this word flesh, whereas the soul is the more noble part of man? Answer: The spirit cannot be seen, Luke 24:39; the flesh is a visible and passible part; 'flesh,' not an idea or form of man conceived only in the mind, but the whole nature of man, consisting of a reasonable soul and body, existing in uno individuo; the true dimensions of a body, the true affections of a soul, yea, the infirmities of our sinful flesh, but quite separate from the sin of our flesh. He did partake of every state of man. First, Of innocence, wherein he had immunity, yea, impossibility of sin. Secondly, Of grace, wherein his excellency is superabundant. Thirdly, Of glory, wherein he hath clearness and blessedness of vision. Fourthly, Of corruption, taking infirmities of nature, a nature of infirmities. He had all fulnesses, numerositatis et copiae;§ yea, also of infirmities. But these be distinguished, passibilitatis, or inordinationis;|| there are infirmities painful without sin, or sinful with pain; he took those, not these. He was in the reality of flesh, Heb. 2:17; but only in the 'similitude of sinful flesh,' Rom. 8:3.

Infirmities be either natural or personal; natural, as to be born weak, unlearned, subject to passions; these he assumed. Personal, as to be born lame, blind, diseased; these he assumed not. Such as might be evidences of his humanity, not such as might be impediments of his ministry. His body, doubtless, was of a most excellent form, a starry brightness sparkling in his countenance, such as made his disciples follow him for love, and his apprehenders recoil for fear, though this

were hidden under the vail of humility. The blessed wood of that ark was exempt from all corruption,¶ far purer than the body of Absalom, 2 Sam. 14:25. That which is made by miracle, is more perfect than that which is made by art or nature: as when Christ made wine of water, it was the 'best wine.' That body which the Holy Ghost had shaped for so pure a soul, separated from sin, united to the Son of God, proportioned in most equal symmetry, was not disfigured nor distempered with diseases. He lay not swollen with a dropsy, nor lame of the gout, nor languishing of a consumption. He took infirmities, not diseases.

He took affections, not sins. Thou art covetous, Christ took not this; he was made flesh, not covetous flesh; he was covetous of nothing but his Father's glory and our salvation. I am stained with sin, Christ had neither sin nor stain: that Israelite was without guile, that Lamb without blemish. He took the weaknesses of natural flesh, not of personal flesh: 'the seed of Abraham;' that is, the nature of Abraham, not the person. I know that he took our sinful infirmities too (for whatsoever in man was not someway assumed, was noway healed), but these in another kind; not by way of inhesion, but by imputation, 'he was made sin for us,' 2 Cor. 5:21; by reputation, the world thought him a sinner, Mark 15:28. In a word, he took so much of flesh as was expedient for us, not unseemly for himself. But the flesh is weak, Isa. 40:6; and he was now to undertake the hardest design. Shall our Samson, who (we expect) should foil the Philistines—death, sin, Satan, hell—suffer his hair to be shorn, his self dispowered, by taking flesh? yea, rather, 'Put on strength, O arm of the Lord,' Isa. 51:9. But Christ, not so much with his strong arm as with his holy arm, hath gotten himself the victory. *Dæmona non armis, sed morte subegit.* Satan little suspected in human flesh a power to overthrow his kingdom.

3. 'Is made.' The Maker of all comes to be made; he that made man to be made of a woman. He thought it 'no robbery to be equal with God,' Phil. 2:6. There be many gods in name, Christ is God by nature. Lucifer and the pope are gods by robbery, Christ is by right. *Natura*

sumpsit, non præsumpsit superbia.* Made flesh; not by conversion: sicut verbum induit vocem, et non transit in vocem: sic Verbum æternum induit carnem, et non transit in carnem: not as water is turned into wine, there is no mutation of God; not by confusion, as divers sorts of grain be mingled in the heap; not by composition, as divers metals are beaten together in a mass. But by the assumption of the manhood into God: naturam suscipiendo nostram, non mutando suam. His divinity was no whit consumed when his humanity was assumed. Ille manet quod semper erat, quod non erat incipiens. Homo Deo accessit, non Deus a se recessit.† He was 'made flesh:' non deposita, sed quasi seposita majestate.‡

Begotten of his Father as God before all times; born of his mother as man in the fulness of time. A wonderful union; not hujus ex his;§ the framing of a third thing out of diverse parts united; but hujus ad hoc, an uniting of things so, that the natures remain distinct, yet the subsistence is but one. As the soul and body make one man, or as fire is incorporated into iron, or as the same man is both a lawyer and a physician, or as a scion ingrafted to a tree, is one with the stock, yet still retains its own nature and fruit. Thus the man Christ is everywhere, not the manhood. 'Made flesh.'

This was a work beyond the substitution of any created excellence; either to defend the fruit from original infection, to which Adam's seed was liable, or to actuate it in the womb by an inconceivable operation, Luke 1:35; or indeed, to overshadow it from our ambitious examination. Si haberet exemplum, non esset singulare; si ratione ostendi posset, non mirabile.|| Let us grant the Lord able to do what we are not able to understand. This is work for our hearts, not heads; humble faith, not curious inquisition, shall find the sweetness of this mystery.

Object. 1. Every person is the whole divine essence; therefore if any person of the Deity be incarnate, the whole Deity is incarnate. Ans.: Deus incarnatus, non Deitas; God is incarnate, yet not the Godhead, but the person of the Son subsisting in the Godhead, The whole soul

is in every part of the body: in the foot, in the hand, in the knee, lip; yet doth it not exercise reason in every part, but in the head only.

Object. 2. Opera ad extra sunt indivisa: this was an external action of God to the creature; therefore not proper to the Son, but common to all. Ans.: Inchoative communis, non terminativè. The incarnation stands in two actions: the creation of a nature to be assumed, the assumption of it being created. The former was common to all the three persons equally; the latter is the limiting it to one person only; so it is made peculiar to the Son. The word was only made man, yet they all did work together in the making of this man. Three women concur to the making up of a garment; haply one may spin it, another weave it, and the third shape it, yet one only of them wears it. In the choosing of a wife, there is the father, the mother, and the son; the son likes, the father and mother consent; all have chosen her, yet is the son only married to her. So terminus unionis was in Christ.

Object. 3. Why not the Father or spirit incarnate, but the word? Ans.: It was not fit for the first person; for so he should have been the son of a creature, which is the Father of a Creator: the father of him that is by nature immortal God, should be the son of her that is by nature a mortal woman. To 'take flesh,' is to 'be sent,' John 3:17; but the Father cannot be sent; the fountain sends forth the river, not the river the fountain. It was not fit for the third person; for so there should have been more sons in the Trinity than one; the second person by nature, and the third by grace. It was fittest for the Son. First, Who so fit as the Son of God, to make us God's sons; as the Son by nature, to make us sons by grace? Secondly, The inheritance was his; who so fit to divide it with us? he may dispose his own at his own pleasure. Thirdly, The image of God was lost in us; who so fit to repair it as the express image of his Father's person? God made us like created resemblances of himself, we had made ourselves resemblances of Satan; lo, he that is so like God, that he is God, confirmeth us again to this image. Fourthly, By this Word, God made the world; by the same Word made flesh, he redeemed it. Fifthly, Christ is the wisdom of his Father; by his wisdom he made all at the

first; by the same wisdom he restores all again. Sixthly, Man had foolishly affected to be as God; to rectify this, the Son of God must be man. As the Lord said in derision of man's folly, so we may sing in the praise of his mercy. See, said God, 'man is become as one of us,' Gen. 3:22; we say thankfully, 'See, God is become like one of us,' Acts 14:11.

Verbum caro factum. Here is a trinity of words, and the work of a trinity of persons; of the Father in sending, of the Son in accepting, of the Holy Ghost in applying. Three sisters work up one seamless mantle, which the second only wears. The father hath his work in creating this garment of the manhood, the Holy Ghost in setting it on; only Christ wears it. St Augustine sends the cavilling Jew to his harp: there be three things together; art, the hand, and the string; yet but one sound is heard. *Ars dictat, manus tangit, chorda resonat;** both art and hand work with the string; neither art nor hand makes the musical sound, but the string. The Father, Son, and Spirit work together; yet neither Father nor Spirit, but only the Son is made flesh. *Sonum sola chorda reddit, carnem solus Christus induit.* The operation belongs to three, the sound to one; *ad solam chordam soni redditio, ad solum filium carnis susceptio.*

There is a fourfold coming of Christ; in carne, fide, morte, et retributione. In the flesh, John 1:14. In faith, Rev. 3:20. In death, Mark 13:35. In judgment, Luke 21:27. According to these four comings, the church celebrates four adventual Sundays, effectually to prepare our hearts for the meditation of them. The whole world had been left had he not come in the flesh. So much of the world is still lost, to which he does not come in the Spirit, in faith. The world would be secure were he no more to be expected, therefore he will 'come to judge the quick and dead.' If every man were to tarry for his trial till the general consummation of all things, many would fear the commission of nothing; therefore as he will come most certainly to judge all men, so he comes uncertainly to judge any man; every particular man hath his day, and there is one universal day for all. *Erga hominem, intra hominem, supra hominem, contra hominem.*

He came unto all, and all shall come unto him; but if he once come into us, he will never come against us. Concerning his first advent, in the flesh, all things are accurately and exactly set down; that they may be as apparently certain to us, as they are excellently wonderful in themselves, *quantò accuratior in describendo veritas, tantò persuasior in recipiendo fides*. We cannot doubt of this truth, and be saved. The incarnation of God is that history and mystery whereon the faith and salvation of the world dependeth. *Noluit nos negligenter audire, quod ille voluit tam diligenter enarrare.**

CONCEIVED OF THE HOLY GHOST.—For the explanation of this article, my discourse shall walk in the evangelist's steps, following the passages and circumstances in their due order.

Luke 1:28, 'The angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.' Borrowing a little from the precedent verses, we have, 1. The place, Galilee. 2. The time, the sixth month after John's conception. 3. The messenger, an archangel. 4. The salvation, 'Hail, thou that art graciously accepted,' &c.

1. The place was obscure; Galilee, despised of the Jews, as quite destitute of all privileges. 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' says even a Nathanael, John 1:46. 'Shall Christ come out of Galilee?' so the people disparaged it, John 7:41. 'Search, and look, out of Galilee ariseth no prophet;' so the pharisees took up Nicodemus, ver. 52. Do we look for a king, where is not to be found a prophet? From a country so corrupted, that there is scarce one to be saved, do we expect him that shall save us all? Yes, *non tantum a Galilæa surgit propheta, sed Dominus prophetarum*. No prophet comes out of Galilee, but an angel comes into Galilee; yea, the God of angels and prophets descends there to be conceived, where his solemn oracles appeared not. The angel is not sent to the palaces of Jerusalem, but to a cottage of Galilee. Many noble dames and great ladies were in that metropolitan city; honour and pleasure there kept their courts; it was once 'the joy,' is still the fame of the whole earth. Yet how doth

God overlook her stately turrets, and pass by her proud damosels, directing his angel to Galilee? As Elias was sent to none of the widows in Israel, but to one in Sidon, Luke 4:16, so Gabriel is sent to none of the virgins in Jewry, but to one in Galilee. Goodness is gracious, wheresoever she hides her head; and humility is not more contemptible to the world than precious in the eyes of heaven. Angels had rather be with a saint at Nazareth than with a sinner in the court of Jerusalem. The place doth not honour the person, but the person honours the place, as the heavens do not make God glorious, but his presence glorifies the heavens. Be content with thy obscure Galilee; thou art as near to present mercy, and to future glory, as temporal advancement can make thee. Yea, it is in thee to make thy shed a palace. God, that filleth all places, makes no difference of places. *Sapientis patria est ubicunque sapit,** the wise man's home is wheresoever he is wise. *Credenti cœlum est ubicunque credit,* the faithful man's heaven is wheresoever he believes.

Galilee was a despised part of Israel, Nazareth a part of Galilee; their own pride had hid it from the pharisees; the angel comes thither to find the holy virgin. Where can devotion serve the Lord, and the Lord not observe her? The good conscience may think itself solitary, yet is never without company. God and good thoughts are within it, blessings and good angels are about it. Honour waits at the door of humility; and though dogs and devils were barking to disgrace it, will not away till it hath encompassed its head with a crown; as Samuel must attend till David be fetched from the sheepfolds to be anointed king. No poverty, no ignominy can bar out mercy. It shall find out goodness in the darkest corner of privacy. God makes not dainty to converse with a saint, because he goes in rags, or dwells homely. It is for the pride of man to observe such circumstantial differences, and to be transported with the glorious bravery of places; to shake the hand that wears the gold ring, not to drink to any below the salt. With God it is otherwise. He respects *bonitatem* in *tuguriolo* more than *celsitatem* in *palatio*. 'Heaven is my throne,' yet 'I will look to the man of an humble heart,' Isa. 66:2. Than heaven, there is no

place higher; than a poor contrite spirit, there is no condition lower. The head and the feet stand furthest asunder; yet than betwixt these there is no sympathy nearer. Cold taken in at the feet suddenly affects the head; and if one tread on the toe, the head complains, Why do you tread on me? They that think themselves lowest are most respected by him that is the Highest. In vain doth a man hunt after his shadow, he shall never overtake it, for all this while the sun is behind him; let him turn and follow the sun, his shadow shall follow him. Whilst humility refuseth to hunt after glory, glory will hunt after humility. As no place is so secure as to keep out God's judgments; so no place is so obscure as not to be found out by his mercies. The angel salutes Mary in Galilee.

Galilee, some say, signifies a transmigration; fit to shadow out his conception, who 'went forth from the Father, and came into the world,' John 16:28. There is one transition. Who left his own people, that left him, and offered himself to the gentiles. There is another transition. In Galilee, yet in a city of Galilee. He that was to build a city would be conceived in a city. Spiritual Zion was the city he came to build, the foundation whereof was laid in his blood, the walls reared by his grace, the strongholds fortified by his righteousness, and the perfection of it is his glory.

2. The time must be considered in a double relation. Quoad statum populi, quoad statum anni. First, for the state of the people, which was extremely corrupted. Indeed, the priesthood and daily ministrations continued from David's time to Christ. They had run through many troubles, many hurly-burlies, many alterations, yet the sacerdotal line was not interrupted. That order endured above eleven hundred years. It was God that reserved his own worship. No thanks to them. They that were so apostated from holiness would not have stuck to deprave his service. Yea, the pharisees had so blended it with their own traditions, that thousands among them knew not which was God's word, and which the pharisees'. They had lost both purity of doctrine and piety of life. If Rome have lost these, her personal succession is but a poor argument. While the Jews crucified

their Saviour, no man denies that they kept the succession of priesthood, no man thinks that they kept the succession of truth and holiness, which indeed make a church, and not the persons. That is a forlorn and miserable church which hath lost the truth, though it have many priests; as at the last day, there shall be 'little faith' in the world, yet abundance of Christians. In this extremity of evil God produceth the greatest good. When things were at the worst, he began to mend them. Those times were fit for Christ, and Christ was fit for those times. In the most desperate declination of Israel came the most glorious salvation of Israel. I deny not but there were some holy in those degenerate days. Alas! if Judah had wanted saints, where had they been found in all the world? It is a miserable vintage where no good grapes be left to the gleaners, Rom. 11:4. Elias thought himself singular; God tells him of seven thousand partners that defied Baal. He hath some holy clients in the midst of the foulest depravations. The Jesuits, with all their familiar devils, shall not bring all into the Inquisition that worship Christ under their noses. God disposeth of all times, of all men, therefore would dispose of some good men for his own times. All shall not go before him, nor all come after him; some shall wait upon him. Zacharias, Elizabeth, Mary, Joseph, Anna, Simeon, Nathanael, these were his attendants. It is fit, when the King of all the world came into the world, he should have some servants to entertain him. For this preparation was John Baptist sent before, that it might not be done without a noise. Indeed, 'he came unto his own, and his own received him not,' John 1:11. And because they received not him, he rejected them.

For the state of the year, this was the sixth month after John's conception. Christ was conceived in the spring, and born in the solstice. John Baptist was conceived in September, so called quasi septimus imber, in the autumn, fall of the leaf, or declining of the year. Christ was conceived in March, the spring or rise of the year. 'He must increase, and I must decrease,' said John, John 3:30. 1. In the spring the world was made, in the spring it was redeemed. God begun both the creation and the reparation in one and the same season. 2. The world received its life from Christ in the spring, and

Christ received his life from the world in the spring. Qui dedit, accepit, sub eodem tempore, vitam. 3. The sun doth then return to us, diffusing his beams and influence with a more powerful operation. Christ is our Sun of righteousness. He was never far from us, but he never came so near unto us as when he took our flesh. 4. For the sweetness of the season. The spring renews the face of the earth, and heals the breaches of squalid winter. Stillabunt montes dulcedinem. 'The mountains drop sweetness, the hills milk and wine, and rivers flow with cheerful waters,' Joel 3:18. The ground looks with a new face, hath new hairs to her head, new clothes to her back; the sun seems to have new eyes, the trees put out new arms, flowers bespangle the meadows, and birds sing in the branches, Cant. 2:12. Here is a spring of blood in our veins, a spring of blyth in our countenances, a spring of hope in our labours, a spring of joy in our hearts. 5. In the spring the days begin to lengthen, the sun being past the equinoctial point. Under the law they had short days and long nights; some glimpses and small irradiations of the light, but quickly clouded with the mists of obscurity. Under Christ we have long days and short nights. After the glimmering and dim candle of legal shadows, we have the bright sun of evangelical substance. Theirs was a St Lucy's day, short and cloudy; ours is a St Barnaby's day, which hath scarce any night at all. Thus he that stretcheth out the heavens hath stretched out our days as heaven, yea, even lengthened them to eternity. Our mortal state, indeed, hath some night, not because there is not day enough about us, but there is some natural darkness remaining within us. Our immortality shall be clear, for there 'is no night at all there,' Rev. 21:25. Oh, may this happy spring of grace never know any fall of leaf, never may night overtake this day of comfort!

3. The messenger is an angel, which affords us divers meditations of light and use.

(1.) An angel. So honourable was the message, that a man had been too mean to bring it. The incarnation of God could have no less a reporter than the angel of God. Even the conception of his precursor

was foretold by an angel. The Holy Ghost revealed to Simeon, that he should not see death till he had seen Christ, yet was not that prophet graced with this embassy. John was to be such a harbinger of Jesus, and Zacharias shall have such a harbinger of John. John was to be the first herald of the gospel, and even his herald shall be an angel. The same angel brought both the tidings: to Zacharias, of his son; to Mary, of her's. John was the greatest of them born of woman by man; Christ, the greatest born of woman without man. Both were sent of the gospel's errand; the one as a messenger, the other as the author. One angel foretells them both. John was to proclaim Christ, and an angel is sent to proclaim John. Christ came in silence, John with a noise. John was a wonder, but he wrought none; Christ was a wonder, and a worker of wonders.

(2.) An angel. The vision of those celestial spirits was never common; rarely they appeared, and upon weighty occasions. But now especially, when their obstinate sins had locked up the revelations of heaven, when God had restrained his supernatural inspirations, and left them alone with their ordinary instructions, it was now wonderful news to see an angel. They were grown strangers to God in their conversations, and God was grown a stranger to them in his apparitions. Yet still their knowledge was better than their practice; and till they had more obediently learned the old lesson, there was no need of a new. But when God intended to begin his gospel, he first visits them with his angels, before he visits them with his Son. His angel shall come in the form of man, before his Son come to them in the nature of man.

(3.) The angel's name is specified: Gabriel, he whose name signifies the 'strength of God,' shall bring news of the God of strength. A maid of mortal condition, therefore impotent, shall conceive him that is omnipotent. She shall be strengthened by him that shall be conceived in her. The indulgence of other mothers procures strength to their children, here the child shall add strength to the mother.

(4.) It is not likely that this angel did formerly wait upon Mary; this was not his ordinary attendance. In that celestial hierarchy there is an order, though we cannot understand it. They are too presumptuous, that appoint them their several walks, ranges, and quarters. Without question, they have their special charges. But as this was an extraordinary message, so this angel was sent extraordinarily on purpose.

(5.) As no man was worthy to bear this news, but an angel, so nor was every angel thus honoured, but an archangel. Never did angel receive a greater honour, than this message of the incarnation of his Maker. Angels have been sent to divers: to Gideon, Manoah, &c. There the angel honoured the message, but here the message honoured the angel. For never was any business conceived in heaven that did so much concern the earth, as the conceiving of the God of heaven in a womb of earth. He was highly glorious before, this added to his glory.

(6.) The first preacher of the gospel was an angel. If God had not meant honour to that office, he would have used a meaner instrument. An angel was the first preacher, and God hath ever since called his preachers angels.* He that is sincere in the smallest gifts, doth the office of an angel; they that well employ greater talents, shall be reckoned among the archangels; they that burn in the zeal of the truth, and kindle this holy fire in the heart of others, shall be numbered among the seraphims. How basely soever the world esteems us, we are the successors of apostles, of angels. God that sends us, calls us his angels; men to whom we are sent, make and count us beggars. We preach the same Jesus to you, that Gabriel did to Mary. O that our sermons had such success in your hearts as his found in hers! that you might all depart pregnant of the Lord Jesus.

(7.) An angel; that our reparation might be answerable to our fall. Eve was a virgin in paradise, Mary a virgin in Galilee; Eve was espoused to Adam, Mary espoused to Joseph; an evil angel comes to Eve, a good angel to Mary; that bad one was the first motioner of sin,

this good one is the first reporter of salvation. The one came propria voluntate, Deo permittente: the other, bona voluntate, Deo præcipiente: Satan came, God permitting it; Gabriel came, God commanding it. The evil angel was the cause of our ruin, the good angel could not be the cause of our restoring. That was author erroris, the beginning of our destruction; this, nuntius salutis, but the messenger of our salvation. Yet, although the angels cannot be the authors, they are glad to be the reporters of our new blessedness; joyful to tell that God hath done that for us, which they would and could not. Good news rejoiceth the bearer. With what gladness did Gabriel bring this tidings of our Saviour, and his own confirmer! for as we are redeemed to life, so they are established in life, by one and the same Jesus.

(8.) God appeared frequently in the presentation of angels, until the fulness of time brought in the fulness of knowledge. Formerly, angels signified the presence of God, as an ambassador represents the person of the king. Now he restrains the angelical, having given us the evangelical revelation. Still the presence of angels is as ordinary, but not their apparition; very rarely do we see them, yet we are never without them. We are never out of their sight, though they be out of ours; they are by us, and we see them not; they bear us in their arms, and we feel them not. When they do assume shapes, they are not more present, but more visible. Our senses cannot perceive them, our faith may. We are God's little children, the angels be his elder sons; posuit, præposuit nobis; as in a family, the greater children bear and look to the less. In quovis angulo adhibe reverentiam angelo: tibi præsunt, tibi prosunt.† Behave thyself reverently before those angels, whom thy God hath charged to protect thee.

(9.) Mary was at home when 'the angel came in unto her;' in muliebri orbe, the house. Straggling and gadding Dinahs sooner meet with devils, than with angels. It is not unlikely that she was at her devotions; ante mentem replevit quam ventrem: sicut cum processit ex utero, non recessit ab animo.‡ While Zacharias was offering incense, an angel came down (as it were) in that fragrant smell, Luke

1:11; as an angel went up in the smoke of Manoah's sacrifice. Of all places, he chose to appear in the temple; of all parts of the temple, at the altar; of all parts of the altar, at the right side. The angels are with us at all times, but especially in our devotions; in all places, but especially in God's house. They rejoice to be with us, when we are with God. When we go about our sins, they turn away their faces. They would not minister to us, while we are officious to Satan. But while, with Zacharias, we are at our prayers, or, with the holy virgin, at our lawful callings, they delight to do us good. The angels of God shall preserve us, so long as we serve the God of angels.

4. The matter or salvation itself. 'Hail, thou that art highly favoured,' or 'graciously accepted.' The angel does not so much praise the virgin, as God's grace to the virgin: *meritum non narrat, sed favorem*; he says not that she had deserved, but that she is accepted, and what God hath conferred. I deny not but she was holy among women, at that time the most holy of men or women; but for this sanctity she was beholden to God, not God to her. The Lord doth not tie his favours to the worthy; his elections be as free as himself. Mary was his choice; he that purposed and promised that his Son should be made of a woman, purposed to perform that promise in this woman. He sent the angel to her, but himself prevented the angel, and was first with her. Therefore the angel says not, *Præpara hospitium*; but in effect, *Redde præparatum*. The Holy Ghost had sanctified her soul, before he overshadowed her body; and filled that with holy faith, before he filled this with the blessed fruit. God was with her, before God took flesh of her. She was full of excellent graces; but those were *munera*, not *merita*: no creature could deserve to bring forth the Creator. She had honoured God as an obedient daughter; but this could not merit that God should honour her for his mother. 'He regarded the lowliness,' not the worthiness, 'of his handmaid,' was her own confession. Alas, that ever man should think to merit of his Maker, when this could not be granted to God's own mother. Humility, and a disposition of ourselves, is that which the Lord accepts. Humble penitence is better than proud righteousness;

humble ignorance better than proud knowledge. I had almost said, an humble sinner is better than a proud saint.

'The Lord is with thee.' Dominus ad te, Dominus in te, Dominus ex te, Dominus tecum. The Lord, even the whole Trinity, was with her. God the Father, in his election of her to this honour; God the Son, in his conception of her flesh; God the Holy Ghost, in his obumbration of that holy vessel. Pater præelegit, Filius replevit, Spiritus sanctus consecravit. The first person honoured her, that, of whom himself was the Father, she should be the mother. The third person honoured her, in forming that divine burden within her. The second person honoured her, in being made man by her flesh. So she might be called Totius Trinitatis nobile triclinium. This expounds the former; she was highly graced indeed, when 'God was with her;' wheresoever he is by his gracious presence, he makes heaven to be. Highly was she favoured when she was honoured by the Most High; when heaven, which so far transcends this visible world; when God, who so infinitely transcends heaven, descended into her womb. This was no ordinary grace which the virgin found in heaven, to find heaven within herself. No mortal creature was ever thus honoured; that he should take part of her nature, who was the God of nature; that the Maker of all things should make his human body of hers; that her womb should yield that flesh which was personally united to the Son of God: that she should bear him who upholds the world; this was such a Dominus tecum, as was never heard of before, never shall be sampled after; above all wonder admirable, without all example singular.

'Blessed art thou among women.' First, Many women have been blessed; neither doth the Old Testament afford such plenty of good women as the New. Why should there be any difference of sexes in grace, when there is none in glory? 'In Christ there is neither male nor female.' Only the good woman hath the greater honour, because she is the weaker in nature; as in the night a clear and bright moon is more admired of us than a daily sun. Of the good women under grace, Elizabeth led the ring; and, in respect of time, went before

Mary, as her son was to go before the Son of Mary. She was long barren, but at last had a son, and that a miraculous fruit both of her body and of her time. She was blessed to be the mother of the greatest mere man; Mary to be the mother of him that is God and man. Many women are fruitful(?), but they cease to be virgins; many virgins are blessed, but they are not fruitful. But Mary was a virgin-mother, a fruitful virgin: fruitful even while she was a virgin, and continuing a virgin after she had been fruitful.

'Blessed among women.' The first woman was the instrument of man's transgression; this is the instrument of his redemption. *Eva occidendo obfuit, Maria concipiendo profuit: illa percussit, ista sanavit.** She, by believing the evil angel, became cursed; this, by believing the good angel, became blessed among women. Eve's disobedience peperit mortem, Mary by obedience peperit salutem. But this eulogy is formerly given of another woman. 'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber be; blessed above women in the tent,' Jud. 5:24. Ans.: She was blessed above any woman in her age, or in the ages before her. Judith did as nobly in cutting off the head of Holofernes, as Jael in boring the head of Sisera. Esther is behind neither of them, in hanging up the head of Haman. Those three women were all famous, and merited praise, for livering Israel from those three cruel tyrants. But they lopped off only some branches; Mary brought forth him that stocked up the root. Sisera, Haman, Holofernes, were but limbs of the devil; Christ confounded the devil himself. Still may it be said of Mary, *Nec primam visa est similem, nec habere sequentem;* 'Blessed is she among women.'

Christ came from many blessed women; faithful Sarah, godly Rebekah; yet it is observable that none of these be mentioned in his genealogy; but other four, and they had all their several blemishes, Matt. 1.

Tamar is the first; and she stole from her father-in-law an incestuous copulation; because in justice she might not have her third husband Shelah, by subtlety she obtains Judah. She rights herself wrongfully,

because she was not righted justly. Yet is this incest pardoned, and this woman royally chronicled.

Rahab is the next; and she was every way contemptible. By nation a Canaanite, by profession an idolater, by city a Jerichonite, by trade an hostess, by conversation a harlot. Her nation was as vile as to be a dog; her religion was a worship of the devil; her city was so cursed, that it should not be builded but by the ruin of the re-edifier's posterity; her profession was an infamous reproach; her life was not unanswerable to all these, her body being as common as her house. Hostess and harlot were held convertible terms; if a guest wanted lodging, her own bed was public. Yet is she become a mere chaste convert, honest and honourable; thought worthy to be the grandmother of David's father; and the holy line of Christ is not ashamed to admit her into that happy pedigree.

Ruth, the third woman, came of that nation which was begot in incest; Moab, even by Lot of his own daughter. They were the snares and pitfalls of Israel, the contempt of God; 'Moab is my washpot,' Ps. 60:8. Indeed, the worst of herself was poverty; and that was her fate, rather than her fault. Yet she hath the honour above all the dames of Israel to be the great-grandmother of a king, of David, of the Messiah.

Bathsheba is the last, recorded under the title of Uriah's wife; the very reddition of her husband's name, is the repetition of her shame. One that, ambitious to be a queen, leaped into the bed of her husband's murderer. She first lies with an adulterer, and then marries a homicide. Yet is she honoured to be the mother of King Solomon, and (in respect of the line royal) of Christ himself.

Thus one was incestuous, the second a public hostess, the third a begging stranger, the last an adulteress; yet from these came the Lord Jesus; from such unholy loins, the most holy Saviour; not for the countenancing of their sins, but for the magnifying of his own mercies. He that descended from their bodies, sanctified their souls,

pardoned their sins, and made them blessed. But his own immediate mother was a pure virgin; of whose holiness we cannot have too reverent a thought, so long as our apprehension holds her to the condition of a woman. We may not affect to be honoured as Mary was; we may affect to be sanctified as Mary was. Our desire of holiness must know no measure, that is not above the capacity of a creature.

'Among women;' it is not said 'among men.' There is a man above her, there is no woman comparable to her. Her honour is confined to her own sex. 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou surmountest them all,' Prov. 31:26. She hath the pre-eminence, *inter filias*, among the daughters; but there is *filius*, a Son, even her own Son, that far excelleth her. She was her Father's mother; in her was made he that made her. Her finite body contained the infinite Spirit; eternity was wrapt up in time, the Creator in a creature, God in a virgin. Many men and women have been and are the spiritual temples of God; none ever was his material sanctuary, but this; therefore, 'blessed above women.' Yet still more blessed the man that was born of this woman. *Mater benedicta propter filium, non filius propter matrem* the blessedness of this woman came by a man. Thus Christ honoured both the sexes; he was a man, not a woman; he was made of a woman, not of a man. *Formam viri assumendo, et de femina nascendo, utrumque sexum honoravit.* It was the seed of the woman, not of the man, that slew the serpent. If man should insult over woman, because the world's Saviour is of our sex, not of theirs, they might answer, he was made of our sex, without the least counsel of yours. If they should insult over us, because he was made of a woman, not of a man, we reply, that he was made a man, not a woman.* He would be a man, and be made of a woman, that he might save both man and woman. And in respect of his salvation, there is neither man nor woman, male nor female, but 'we are all one in Jesus Christ.'

The angel salutes her, he does not pray to her; he doth graciously speak to her, not humbly worship her. Adoration is a divine peculiar,

which even the noblest creatures among themselves may neither give nor take. She was to be the mother of God, yet he adores her not; here the angel did not give it. When John fell down to worship an angel, he did not suffer him; there the angel would not take it, Rev. 19:10. They style themselves the 'fellow-servants' of holy creatures, not fellow-mates with the most holy Creator. The angel's salutation is become the papists' prayer; so they used to join the brokage of Ave-Mary lane with Pater-noster row, and looked not to be heard of their Almighty Father, without the intercession of his mother. We pity the blind people that are taught to make a conscience of this folly; but neither heaven nor earth can yield an argument to excuse their teachers. Who but madmen would beg of the blessed virgin now again to conceive Christ? But are not these words in the word of God? Yes, so be many others; which abuse makes the doctrine of men, yea, the doctrine of devils. Satan takes words out of the Scripture, whereof to make his charms of sorcery. To say, they use it not as a petition, but as a salutation, this were to suppose the virgin still at Nazareth, ourselves all archangels, and sent on this message. But neither is she mortal, as she was in Galilee, nor are we angels, as was Gabriel. Because a glorious spirit saluted her that was flesh and blood here on earth, shall we, that are flesh and blood, salute her that is a glorious spirit in heaven? How gross, how senseless is this presumption! We read how the angel spake to Peter. He that shall now pray to him in the same terms, 'Arise, gird thyself, bind on thy sandals, cast thy garment about thee, and follow me,' Acts 12:8; were he not mad? Yet the one hath as much sense in it as the other. For men to pray unto the virgin in the angel's salutation, is to abuse the virgin, and the angel, and the salutation. Neither are they excusable that hang up this sign at their doors: so that it is no rare thing to be drunk at the Salutation. In a word, the angel salutes her as a saint, he does not pray to her as a goddess.

The angel did not pray to her, but he praises her: 'Blessed art thou among women.' Herein we second the angel; we bless her, and bless God for her, because we are all blessed in him that came of her. She 'found favour' and grace with God, and we are all thankful to the God

of grace for it. Her happiness was more ours than the angel's; we have reason to bless her, whom the angel pronounced 'blessed.' The whole Trinity did honour her; miserable be that dust and ashes which doth spitefully dishonour her. She is the beloved of God, therefore worthy of all humble respect from man; so holy, that not to be thought of without reverence; so glorious, that not to be mentioned but with praises. It is pity, he that despiseth the mother, should be saved by the Son. She was a prophetess on earth; she is an eminent saint in heaven. She was 'blessed among women' below; she is blessed among saints above. Thus far we willingly go; but to make her a queen of heaven, an understander of hearts, an attorney-general to promote all men's suits, the advocate of all clients; that she can command God, because he is her Son; that she can pardon sins, prevent miseries, do that superstitious man would have her: to this we dare not subscribe. Yea, we say it is blasphemous to mingle the milk of the mother with the blood of the Son, a derogation from the perfect merits of Christ; and they that lose the Son, are never to be helped by the mother. Yet such be the idolatrous blasphemies of their rhyming Marials, that Calvin fears not to say truly: If one should spit in her face, drag her by the hair of the head, or trample her under his feet, she would count it a less injury. I deny not but some of the fathers have gone too far in these attributes; but it was their zeal to the Son, that made them over-praise the mother. They did *adornare laudibus*, but our Romists do *adorare precibus*. Jerome calls Christ the head, and Mary the neck; the head transfuseth by the neck. But at Rome, she is neck, and head, and eye, and hand, and heart, and all. Nor can they think of a grace in Christ, which they do not doubly commend in the virgin; and indeed the whole tenure of that church is more in their lady, than in our Lord. But she will never thank them for that honour, which dishonours God. She that so humbly 'magnified her Saviour,' would not be magnified for a Saviour. The Jews were commanded to keep holy the day of their deliverance out of Egypt; they did not think that the day delivered them, but God on that day; they did not worship the day, but on that day they more especially worshipped God. Moses might as well have adored his rod, because it wrought miracles; as Aaron his, that at

once bloomed and fructified. These were laid up for holy monuments; they were not worshipped. That blessed virgin cannot be too much honoured, so long as she is not deified. The angel's testimony was seconded by her own prophecy; we believe both the angel and her. 'All generations shall call her blessed,' Luke 1:48; by the fruit of whose womb all generations are blessed.

'Blessed among women.' Well was the child worthy to make the mother happy. Mary was obscure; she was not ignoble, but even of the blood royal of Judah, though her condition was mean. Joseph was immediate heir of the crown; Mary was not far removed, but by her right had been queen. Christ came of a poor, but no base parentage; the famous kings of Judah (none such were in all the world), were his progenitors; he was born a king. Herein she might be happy; but in being mother to the King of all the world, more happy. And yet, still, there is a happiness for her beyond that; *Beatior concipiendo Christum fide, quam carne: felicius corde quam corpore gestavit.** This was the *Dominus tecum*, that made her perfectly blessed; she believed on him, whom she conceived. *Tecum in ventre, tecum in mente; tecum in utero, tecum in auxilio.* The one was more miraculous, the other more beneficial; that was her privilege, this is her happiness. That the Word was made flesh within her, this was our good; that her heart was hallowed by the Word, this was her good.

To be the mother of God, was singular to her; to be the sons and daughters of God, is common to all the elect. In the former, God meant her a miracle of women; in the other, an example of men and women. In that, she conceived the Saviour of the world; in this, she conceived the Saviour of her own soul. If we obey the word, we are the mothers of Christ; if we believe, we do again incarnate the Son of God. A Christian may well be called a 'new creature;' for he becomes one by conceiving his Creator. Adam was formed of neither man nor woman; his body of earth, his soul from God. We all come of both man and woman. Eve was made of a man, without a woman; Christ, of a woman without a man. A Christian is formed a new way; neither

as Adam, of neither sex; nor as all the world, of both; nor as Christ, of woman alone; nor as Eve, of man alone; but by having another formed within him. So Saint Paul travailed in birth of the Galatians, 'till Christ was formed within them,' Gal. 4:19. Adam was taken out of the earth, Eve out of Adam, we as men out of Adam and Eve. Christ was formed within Mary, to be a Saviour; and Christ is formed within us, to be our Saviour. Thus until Christ be conceived in us, we are not indeed Christians. Every renewed heart is another Mary, a spiritual sanctuary of the Lord Jesus. There he was formed, to be formed here; here daily, there once for all. In this God hath made us blessed (in due proportion) with Mary; she materially, we spiritually, conceive his only Son. No womb can conceive him, and not partake of him; none can partake of him, and not be blessed.

This blessedness belongs to all that are spiritually pregnant of Christ; but all do not see with the angels' eyes. None are less honoured in this world, than they that shall be most honoured in the world to come. The gallant ladies of Jerusalem little thought of this neglected virgin; yet after the success known, which of them would not have changed condition with her, though they had given the whole world to boot? Mary was the happy instrument to make all nations blessed, by bearing Him that is the blessedness of all nations. Ministers are the instrumental means to bring him into our hearts, whom she brought forth unto the world; yet who be more contemptible in the eyes of all men? Papists and sectaries, indeed, make them idols, the rest of the world esteem them as cyphers; either nimious respect is given them, or none at all. They strive to make men rich for heaven, and men strive as fast to keep them poor on earth. In sacrilege the world hath one end, God hath another; their end is covetousness, God's end is justice; they do it because they will not be controlled, God suffers it because they shall not be saved. Yet still blessed are they among men that bring this blessed gospel to men; and if they serve that Christ whom they preach for their contempt below, he will make them amends with his own glory above. The star is the thickest and darkest part of the orb till the sun hath enlightened it; then it is far the brightest. The preacher is the meanest man of all professions

till Christ hath glorified him; then shall his shining honour appear, Dan. 12:3.

All the faithful are thus blessed among men in their degrees; though disregarded of the world, yet honoured of the angels, and beloved of God himself. The elections and valuations of men fall out otherwise. The rich man in his purple is set on the throne of esteem; poor Lazarus lies at the footstool of the heart, perhaps shut out of the gate. The world is apt to magnify them that magnify themselves; desert in retiredness is not minded. We choose a wife for her beauty, a servant for his industry, a friend for the flattery, a house for the commodity; none of these in reference to Christianity. Ingo, an ancient king of the Draves and Veneds, having some Christians in his dominions, but the most and greatest of his subjects being pagans, made a great feast, and invited them both. He sets the pagans, though they were his nobles, in the hall, the poor Christians in his presence chamber, where their cheer and attendance was kingly, and they had his company. While his peers wondered at this, he answered, 'This I do, not as I am king of Draves, but as I am heir of another world, where all these shall be my fellow-princes. He gave civil due to his lords in the politic regiment of his kingdom; but these he looked upon with a spiritual eye, beheld them below as they shall be above, clothed with white robes and crowned with glorious diadems. These he loves, these he blesseth, as the blessed and beloved of God.

Uncut or unset diamonds, shuffled among other stones that are polished, are not heeded by a common eye. Beryls and bristow stones, especially rubies and sapphires, are incomparably preferred before them. But the lapidary culls out the other, and having artificially handled them, holds the least diamond at a greater price than they can have for all the rest. The godly are jewels; heaven itself is not so precious, for it was made for them, not they for it. But they appear not yet to the world in so bright lustres. When they shall be set in the ring of eternity, how glorious will they shew then! 'They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels,' Mal. 3:17. There be that value one jewel above many Christians,

whereas one true Christian is more worth than all the world. Gold is the purest metal, yet is covered with a barren turf. The richest piece in the gallery hath always a curtain before it. The fairest beauty commonly goes masked. 'The king's daughter is all glorious within.' Rottenness gives the lie to others; this beauty shall outlast and outshine the heavens. God doth not keep a court of heraldry upon earth to record to the world the degrees of the honour of his saints; but their names are written in heaven, registered in the book of life. The angel calls Mary blessed, Elizabeth calls her blessed, Simeon calls her blessed, she calls herself blessed, all generations call her blessed, God himself calls and makes her blessed. Yet, as Paul said, 'cometh this blessedness on the circumcision only?' Rom. 4:9; so, cometh this blessedness on the virgin only? No. Even 'blessed are they that mourn' for their sins, Matt. 5:4; 'blessed are they whose sins are not imputed,' &c., Ps. 32:2. Let the lures and stales of the world, the gorgeous caparisons of the flesh, attract and transport others; these to me are the excellent on the earth, the true, gentle, noble worthies of the world. These hath God blessed 'with spiritual blessings in heavenly places;' these shall Christ entertain with a 'Come, ye blessed of my Father!'

Ver. 29. 'When she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.' She might well be troubled. First, If it had been but a man that had come in so suddenly when she expected none, or so secretly when she had no other company, or so strangely, the doors being haply shut, she had cause to be troubled. How much more when the shining glory of the person so heightened the astonishment? Secondly, Her sex was more subject to fear, mulieres, molliores; women are sooner wrought upon by objects. Yet not only men, but even good men, have been amazed at the sight of angels, Jud. 6:22. Manoah and his wife had not spirit enough left to look one upon another; but, instead of looking up to heaven with cheerful countenances, they fell flat to the earth on their faces, Jud. 13:22. Zacharias was a holy priest, wonted to serve in the presence of God, yet he trembles at the presence of an angel, as if he durst be more familiar with the Lord than with the servant. Well

might a tender virgin be troubled at that wherewith such strong men were astonished.

We flatter ourselves how well we could entertain such visions, but there is difference betwixt our faith and our senses. To apprehend here the presence of God by faith, this goes down sweetly; should a glorious angel appear in this church, it would amaze us all. Weak eyes are soon dazzled with that light which should comfort them. The vision of God is life and happiness, yet our mortal nature is ready to conceive death in it. If the cause of our joy afflict us with fear, we may thank our own sin for it. Now, if the sight of an angel did so astonish this holy and blessed maid, what shall become of the reprobates when they shall be brought before the tribunal of God himself, with all his glorious angels? Yet she was not troubled so much at his sight as at his saying; not what she saw, but what she heard, more amazed her. The messenger was not so wonderful as the message. Her soul hath work enough to digest this, though she had less minded the other.

Ver. 30. 'And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God.' This fit must not last long. The good angel was both apprehensive and compassionate of her weakness, therefore suddenly revives her spirits with a cheerful excitation, 'Fear not.'

1. The law was given 'by the ministration of angels,' but in terror. Moses himself quaked. The gospel was given also by the ministry of angels, but without terror: 'Fear not, Joseph;' 'fear not, Zacharias;' 'fear not, Mary.' Here is no earthquake nor thunder, but a mild and mansuete voice, a tune of peace. 'Glory to God on high, peace to men below,' Luke 2:14. The law was a yoke, 'which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear; the gospel is a yoke too, but profitable. *Leve jugum Christi*. A yoke is not for one, but for two. Christ himself is one of the two; that yoke must needs be easy which he bears with thee. 'The Lord will speak peace to his people,' Ps. 85:8. But why be not all our songs set in that key? Why is anything but peace in our

words, whose commission is the word of peace? If we were sent to none but Maries, we would use no other language but the angel's. We say, 'Fear not, Mary, Joseph, Zacharias;' but 'Fear not, Judas, Elymas, Magus, Herod,' we dare not say. Fear, that you may escape sin; and believe, that you may escape fear. Zedekiah's 'Fear not' to a godless Ahab was unseasonable; it invited him to ruin. The same to Gideon was in season, and encouraged him to conquest. He that deals with men's affections hath a wolf by the ears. If we speak peace, they wax wanton; if we reprove, they grow desperate.

2. The good angels endeavour to take away our fear, evil angels to bring it; their conditions are not more contrary than their dispositions. They strive to hinder all good from us, and to quench all good in us; the other do pity our human frailties, and love to be the instruments of our happiness. This is true on both sides, though we perceive it not whom it most concerns. We neither see nor feel the devil when he tempts us to our destruction. Our senses are no more sensible of the angels, when they watch in our protection, and secretly suggest their consolation. If an angel says not to us vocally, 'Fear not,' yet he provides actually against the cause of our fear. Satan is so deadly an enemy, that he would not only kill us, but kill us with terror; good spirits affect our relief, and instead of terrifying us, labour for our tranquillity and peace. Here was not so much amazement in the face, as comfort in the speech of the angel. Joy was his errand, not terror. There is no fear with the angels of the gospel; but as the sweetest lesson to an ill-affected hearer sounds harsh, the fault is not in our instruments, but in your contradicting and discordant spirits.

3. Till the fit of fear was taken off, the virgin was unfit for this heavenly message. Her sickness was not a fever, but a syncope, or swooning, therefore her most proper physic is a cordial, some restorative; this water of life the angel hath ready, brought from heaven. All passions disquiet the heart, and sway the balances from an equal poise; there is no weighing the gold till they return to evenness. A sound conscience is to the soul as health to the body;

health consists in the good temperature of the elements, fit quality of the humours, a diligent function of the parts which proceeds from the former, and a beautiful proportion of the body that ariseth from them all. If any be defective, or excessive, or not perform the due office, all is out of frame. Fear had a little troubled the virgin's soul; as a green branch is forcibly bowed by the hand of man, which (letting go the hold) presently comes again to itself and former proportion. If a man look into a troubled spring, he sees no reflection of his own image; the passionate heart cannot for the time return the image of the Maker. But as the sun itself gives way to a storm, which overblown, he reshines to us in his former glory; so this sudden fear was as suddenly swallowed up by a miraculous joy, and the virgin appeared again herself. Soon hath the angel cleared the coast; the mists of passion are dispelled by the very name of that Sun, which from her womb, as from the blessed East, was to arise unto the world.

'Thou hast found favour with God.' Favour is a sure antidote against fear. Esther durst not come into the presence till the sceptre had given her admission; a summon of that emboldens her. Mary found favour, not at Herod's court; it was none of her ambition: the beauties that brought grace from thence, often left more grace behind them, their honourable names. Not grace among men: she was none of the world's favourites; for then sure she had been worth a lamb at her church-going, Luke 2:24. Not grace with the world; alas! it is a popular, titular grace, like a blazing comet. But favour with God; a durable, comfortable grace, a star fixed in the orb of eternity, as unchangeable as its author. She did not merit favour, but she found it; God did not find it with her, but she found it with God. This high favour did not make her proud, but thankful.

Erewhile she trembled with fear, now she is confirmed with favour; the troubles of the righteous ever end in comfort. Let those fear that know not they are in favour, or know they are in disfavour with God; thy gracious estate calls for confidence, and that confidence for joy. What should discourage them on earth that have found favour in

heaven? What can they fear, that are loved of him, at whom the devils tremble? What remote corner of her soul was there, into which these beams of consolation did not shine? Favour with God! We need no more; fremat orbis et orcus; were there many hells, and every devil a legion, here is an invincible fortification against them all. 'By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemies triumph not over me,' Ps. 41:11. He had enemies enough, but what was their rage in respect of God's favour? We fear not the good angels, for we know that if they can hurt us, they will not; the evil ones would, but cannot, if we be in God's favour. Their assaults strike our weakness with terror; why? but because we forget our condition in Christ. 'If the Spirit witness with our spirits, that we are the sons of God,' Rom. 8:16; let all the subtile spirits of hell, more cunning than critical lawyers (for the master hath still one trick more than he teacheth his scholar, as the fencer said), do their worst, they shall never pick a hole in our evidence, nor find a claw or quillet to disinherit us. The world frowns; no matter, so long as we have found favour with God. These storms may hide the sun from mortal eyes below, heaven finds him nevertheless glorious. Kings rage, and kingdoms swell against us; he 'laughs them to scorn' that favours us. There is no room for fear in the breast that is assured of favour. Lord, give us certainty of thy favour to us, and let the powers of hell spend their venom against us.

'Thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call his name Jesus.' This is the foundation of her comfort; how shall she be sure that she hath found favour with God? By a very good token, for she shall find God within herself. She need not go up to heaven to search the book, for he that hath the book shall come down from heaven to her. A Son from all eternity, thy Son in temporality; this Son shall bring the records with him. What could keep joy out of that heart, from whose womb shall come salvation?

'Thou shalt call his name Jesus:' non impones nomen, sed vocabis impositum. Not name him, but 'call his name;' for this belongs to his Father, not to his mother, to give him a name; God so named him by

the angel. Jesus, a Saviour; the very name secures her; for he that came to save the world, without question would save her that brought him into the world. If he redeem 'all his people,' of all people he would redeem his mother.

But a child is parvulus, a little one; nay, this child is magnus, 'He shall be great;' and not coram Deo, 'in the sight of the Lord,' as John Baptist was, Luke 1:15; but magnus Deus, the great God. And lest thy estimate of him should be confined as to thine own Son only, know he is more, Filius Altissimi, 'the Son of the Highest.' And how meanly soever thou seemest to thyself or to others, thy Son shall be a king: 'God shall give him a throne.' And no mean king, for he shall have the 'throne of David.' Nor is he a temporary or mortal king, but eternal; to whose kingdom nec termini sunt, nec fines. 'He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.' Here was a Son, and such a Son as the world never heard of before.

It is natural to women to desire children, and of children generally rather a son than a daughter. The joy of a new-born son digests the bitterness of the mother's travail, John 16:21. And this son they would have good, and being good they wish him honourable, and with both these long-lived; and withal the comfort of their age. It hath been no rare thing in the world for parents to repent their own fruitfulness: dry loins are better than an unblest issue; many a father hath such sons as he wisheth unborn. Better had that child's cradle been his coffin, his swaddling-band his winding-sheet, that lives to the shame of his father, to the grief of his mother. Children are certain cares, uncertain comforts. The proof of them makes them either the blessings or crosses of their parents. It was Abraham's joy that he should have a son, a son in his old age, and such a son as Isaac, in whose seed lay the promise of his salvation. So to Zacharias, a son that should be 'his joy, the joy of many,' Luke 1:14; sacred to God, beneficial to man, a harbinger of him that was God and man. This was not only comfort, but honour, to his age; news able to tie up that tongue with amazement that was afterward tied up with

incredulity. So to this blessed virgin, that she should have a Son, and such a Son. To hear what he should be before he was: Jesus, the name of salvation is sweet; great, power with mercy, sweet and strong; a king over the house of Jacob from his father David; a king of all the world from his Father God. Never was any mother so glad of her son, born and accomplished, as this virgin was of hers, even before he was conceived.

Ver. 34. 'Then Mary said to the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?' If the blessed virgin had not been strong in faith, and full of grace, she had asked more questions than this. Indeed, it was none of the least, but certainly it had not been the last. Who art thou, whence comest thou, who sent thee? These had been the questions of mere nature. Yea, if reason had granted all this, that he was an angel, come from heaven, sent by God, yet the remaining difficulties had been enough to suspend sudden belief. What kingdom is this? where shall it be founded, when erected? Alas, Herod is too potent; or if he were not, yet Cæsar commands the world. How, then, should my Son be a king, be a king of Israel? yea, how should my son be the Son of God? An unbelieving heart would have stuck at all these; all these she takes for granted. A less matter went down more hardly with Zacharias, for all his priesthood. He misdoubts the message, 'How shall I know?' Luke 1:18; Mary doth but demand the manner, 'How shall it be?' Nature prevailed in him, grace in her. He considers the impossibility, from old age, and long barrenness, as if years and dry loins could binder him that is able of stones to raise up children. He did not so suddenly apprehend the infinite power that promised, nor remember that famous pattern of Abraham and Sarah. Mary hath digested greater things than this, and supposing these strange wonders would be done, insists only in the manner of doing. Of this she requires a further information, not doubting *de prædicto*, but demanding *de modo*. To Zacharias the message was not so miraculous as the messenger; to Mary the messenger was not so miraculous as the message. Zacharias was a holy man, but surprised with the unwontedness of that he saw and heard, as if the news were too good to be suddenly believed. His

understanding was not yet recollected, his thoughts had not time to debate the matter; therefore at first he entertains that with doubt, which after he received with joy. At the first hearing, it astonished his heart; but when he was well acquainted with it, no man made it more welcome. The gospel hath much ado to win our belief, and they are few that rightly entertain it; but being once received, it fills our souls with such sweetness, that rather than lose it, we would lose our lives.

'Seeing I know not a man.' The angel speaks of a present conception; she so understands him, which increaseth the wonder, 'I know not a man.' Well might this make her inquisitive of the means: *per coitum* is the usual manner of having a son. Let her marriage be consummated, let her have knowledge of her husband, and then to conceive a son would be no wonder. But *concipere filium, and non agnoscere virum*: this was the marvel. If she were to have a son by Joseph, how then should her son be the Son of God? Here a demand was necessary, the case required a further intimation. How her virginity should be made fruitful, instantly, *sine contractu hominis*, was far from a doubt of infidelity. Yea, it rather argues faith; for she believed the main, that God would do it, and inquires the circumstances how he would do it. To be a virgin-mother, might as well open her lips to inquire, as it fills the whole world with admiration to consider. It was then without a man. *Fæmina circumdabit virum*; 'A woman shall compass a man,' Jer. 31:22, not a man compass a woman. This is an article of our faith, 'born of the virgin Mary,' whereof we cannot doubt, and be saved. Here arise divers instructions.

1. God would have his Son born of a virgin, that he might be wholly free from the least tang of corruption; that the prophecy might be fulfilled, 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive,' &c., Isa. 7:14. The Jews, to elude this demonstrative testimony, say that *Alma* signifies only a young woman, whether married or unmarried, that hath known man. But this is a forgery, for the prophet speaks there of a wonder, a mighty wonder, such as the world never heard of the like. But for a

young woman that hath known a man to have a son: this were no wonder, it being the common course of nature.

The fathers compare her to Aaron's rod, *quæ fronduit, et floruit, et fructus protulit, sine arbore, absque radice*. Let the incredulous Jews tell me, *quomodo arida virga floruit absque germine*, how that sere rod brought forth almonds without any stock or root; and I will tell them, *quomodo sola virgo concepit absque homine*, how the virgin conceived without a man. *Nec virgæ virorem fructus læsit emissio, nec virginis pudorem sacri partus editio*. We can explicate neither; *nec Judæus virgæ conceptum, nec nos virginis partum*.^{*} The virgin marvelled; she was not ashamed; *non quia peperit innupta, terretur: sed quia genuit intacta, miratur*. Joseph at first misconceived, that his spouse conceived amiss. But he was satisfied, and would sooner believe that a child might be born without a father, than that Mary could be unchaste. *Credidit plus gratiæ, quàm naturæ: conceptionem perspicit, castitatem defendit*.^{*} They that be good themselves, always think the best of others.

2. A virgin, yet a virgin espoused. She knew not her husband, yet she knew herself betrothed to an husband. If a priest's daughter played the whore, she was to be burned, Lev. 21:9; if a common person's daughter, to be stoned. Well might the world, when it saw her pregnancy, suspect her virginity; but that suspicion is lost in the name of an husband. Without this, her own innocency had not prevented her infamy. She needed not this betrothed husband for her own satisfaction, but to defend that chastity abroad, which she knew was safe at home. Too many that had not the grace to save their maidenheads, yet have the manners to take husbands to save their credits. Such a marriage is not honour, but a cloak for dishonour. He is mad, that cuts off his leg to get him a crutch. What fair woman will venom her face, that she may wear a mask? The bad woman takes a husband *ad velamentum turpitudinis*; the blessed virgin had a husband *ad testimonium virginitatis*.

There was further a double end of this betrothment and marriage. First, That the mystery of Christ's incarnation might be concealed from Satan; her espousals blinded him from suspecting her to conceive by the Holy Ghost. Secondly, For the comfort of herself and of her babe, in whose sustentation the Lord employed Joseph, that there might be at once a witness and a guardian of her fruitful virginity. He was noble and just; he was loth to expose her to public shame, or to put her away with a noise; yet abhorred to touch her whom he thought defiled. In this perplexity he is satisfied by oracle, to prevent the ignorant from sin, the innocent from shame, and the whole church of God from scandal. At a dead lift God never fails us.

3. Christ was conceived after espousals, not born till after marriage, to grace both the estates. He sanctified virginity with his conception, he honoured marriage with his birth. He was conceived of a maid, but a maid espoused; born of a maid, but a maid married. His mother was a maid for the honour of virginity; his mother was a wife for the honour of marriage. To convince them that so admire virginity with the disgrace of matrimony, Christ did honour matrimony as well as virginity. He says not, They that keep their virginity, but 'They that keep faith and obedience, are his mothers,' Matt. 12:49. How long might nuns continue maids (if at least there be any maids of that profession) before they could obtain this honour without hearing the will of God, and doing it? Saint Bernard fits them, 'Mary was a virgin, yet rejoiced in her humility: these votaries forget to be humble, yet glory in their constrained virginity.'

God honoured marriage in making the first woman for Adam; and he honoured it again in marrying the best woman to Joseph. There is no such fountain of comfort on earth as marriage, whether for society or posterity. The marriage was contracted before his conception, and solemnised before his nativity. Thus he that would take flesh of a virgin did yet grace marriage. In this whole work God would have nothing ordinary; it was fit she should be a married virgin, that was to be a virgin mother. Amongst all women he chose a virgin; amongst all virgins one espoused. If the same God had not been the author

and blesser of marriage as well as of virginity, he would not have countenanced virginity by marriage. Thus was he the seed of the woman, not of the man; without the seed of man he would be the son of man; that he might take man's nature without man's corruption. 'Born of a virgin.'

4. It is a question whether there be more wonder in the conception, or in the fruit; in the conception of a virgin, or in Jesus conceived. The one is above example, the other seems above miracle. Here we break forth in Bernard's admiration: O venter latior elementis, diffusior terris, capacior cælis; that could contain him that contains the world! The whole world moves in God, and yet God moved in a little room; that the daughter of a man should be the mother of God, how wondrous! Quæ virgo tam sublimis, ut salutetur ab angelo: tam humilis, ut desponsetur fabro;* let me add, Tam nobilis, ut sit prægnans Deo. There was inclosed, virtus in infirmitate, in majestate humilitas,† æternitas in immortalitate,‡ in carne Divinitas, in matre virginitas, in virgine fœcunditas. All are wonderful.

But the fruitfulness of a virgin doth not more exceed all wonders than the humanising of God doth exceed that. For the former, God made Eve out of Adam, a woman of a man without a woman. Why not now, a man out of a woman without a man? He made then a woman out of a man sleeping; why not now a man out of a woman living? Then a woman of a man's rib; why not here a man of a woman's flesh? This, then, was but the reimprovement of that power which created the world. God was almighty enough thus to make a man; but how comes the Almighty to be made? That God should be incarnate was an abasing of his majesty; that incarnate of a woman was the exaltation of a creature beyond all example. If it were not so wondrous, how was it matter of faith? and being so, it is wondrous that faith doth believe it. But he that to the first miracle, that a virgin did conceive, added a second, and greater, that God was born, let his grace work a third miracle, giving us all faith constantly to believe it. Yea, let our faiths wholly rest on this Son of Mary, that our souls may rest with this Son of Mary for ever.

Ver. 35. 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.' This is the conclusion of the angel's message, or the main confirmation of the virgin. After this she asks no more questions; but subscribes with an humble and faithful fiat. Her reply was not, 'How can this be?' but, 'How shall this be?' Accordingly doth the angel answer. He tells her not of the manner, but of the Author of this act, which was sufficient to confirm her faith, 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee.

1. The conception of Christ's manhood was the action of the whole Trinity. Why, then, is it ascribed to the Holy Ghost? Answer: Not to exclude the rest, but (1.) to shew that it was the free grace of God, which is often termed the Holy Ghost;§ for the manhood deserved not this dignity of union. (2.) Because the Father and the Son effected it by the Holy Ghost. So was it his work immediately, and in a special manner. Good reason have we to be thankful to all the three persons, to the Father for ordaining this garment, to the Holy Ghost for weaving it, to the Son for wearing it: to the whole Deity for clothing us with it, and making us righteous by it.

2. Needs must that be holy which is made by the Most Holy, and united to the Most Holy, and must please and pacify the Most Holy, for them that are most unholy. How would sin touch him that was born of a holy virgin, and conceived by the most holy God? It was God's decree that what sin or defect soever Adam brought on himself, he should derive it to all his posterity. So when he begat a son, he gave him his sin. Every man that begets a child is in Adam's room, and begets him in the corruption of nature. To evade this, Christ, though he came of man, was not begot by man; and man propagates his corruption to no more than he begets. Other men are from Adam, and by Adam. Christ was from him, but not by him, as the procreant cause. His soul was infused by the Creator of spirits, his body made of the virgin's substance. The matter was her flesh, not the colour of the painter, nor the bread of the baker, when it is charmed by the conjuror. If the bread become his very body when it

is consecrated, I do not see but the baker and the priest have done as much as the virgin Mary.

3. Neither yet is the Holy Ghost Christ's father. He did not beget him, but formed him. A human father is not a bare efficient cause, but confers the matter from himself, whereof the child is made. The Holy Ghost did not minister the matter from his own substance, whereof Christ was made, but took a part of human nature from the virgin, and of that he made the body of Christ within her. He was conceived, not of the substance, but by the power of the Highest; not by any generation, but adumbration or benediction of the Holy Ghost.

4. This was the virgin's satisfaction, to know, quis and quid, who was the undertaker, and what he would do. Let us not be ambitious to know more than the angel told Mary. Her faith was herewith contented, and shall our curiosity be unquiet? For the manner even of a natural conception, no mother knows her own. Naturalists may prattle what they will, but sooner shall they see the grass grow, the dial's hand move, than understand man's forming in the womb. It is, then, impious presumption for flesh and blood to search how the Son of God took flesh and blood, Ps. 139:15, 16. If the course of ordinary generation be a secret, how past all comprehension is this extraordinary operation? Of things that concern us, God hath been no niggard in his revelations.' It is tit for us to let him alone with the things that concern himself, and that so immediately. He meant the benefit of this incarnation public, the manner miraculously secret. The Holy Ghost did cast a shadow over the virgin, and withal a shadow over this mystery. Why should we seek a clear light where God himself will have a shadow? The light of the world was conceived in a shadow. Let the shadow alone, look unto the light. The light was conceived in a shadow, that we who were in the shadow of death might come to the light of life. Or the Holy Ghost overshadowed the virgin, and her son Christ shall overshadow his church. *Tabernaculum Dei, umbraculum diei.* 'There shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day time for heat, and for a covert from the storm and the rain,' Isa. 4:6. If we be cold, he is the Sun of

righteousness to warm us; if hot, he is refrigerium, a shadow of refreshing to cool us. Thus is it a shadow of secrecy from our curious heads, and a shadow of mercy to our humble hearts. The Holy Ghost did it, and the Holy Ghost give us faith to believe it, and comfort by it!

5. To make this useful to ourselves. First, Christ was conceived thus holy, that he might sanctify us. As the first Adam was the root of all corruption, so the second is the root of all sanctification. No unclean thing can enter into heaven, and we are all privy to our own uncleanness. How, then, shall we enter? He that was conceived and born holy sanctifies our conception and birth. Our life contracts new uncleanness, his holiness is sufficient for us. Next, in this he is our pattern. We must be conceived anew by the Holy Ghost, that we may be holy in imitation, as he was in perfection, 1 John 3:3. He conceived Christ in utero Mariæ, and he conceives us in utero Ecclesiæ. But if we be thus renewed, we will strive to keep ourselves undefiled. He could not have been a fit Saviour for us unless he were first sanctified. Nor can we be fit members of him unless we be purged.

But that I make choice to insist on here, is this. He that was conceived of the Holy Spirit, in the womb of a holy virgin, how much 'fairer than all the sons of men' must he needs be? He that is so holy cannot but be lovely. 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be an Anathema Maranatha,' 1 Cor. 16:22. The supposition of a dangerous sin, the imposition of a heavy punishment. Anathema is properly, a thing laid up; so things dedicated to God, were called Anathemata, reposita, seposita. Now they be called cursed, because they are cursed that violate them. So, cursed is he that loves not the Lord Jesus. 'The end of the commandment is love,' 1 Tim. 1:5. There is perfectivum, charity; perfectibile, the commandment; perfectio, the end. Omnia æstimanda sunt a fine. Love is that noble end of all. Si adsit sanitas, non opus est medico: si adsit charitas, non opus est præcepto. Saint Augustine reduceth those four cardinal virtues to charity, as to their genus; and makes all their differences, but the

various effects of love. Justice is but love, in due retributions. Fortitude is but love, in bearing injuries. But charity is only loved by those that understand it, and understood by those that love it. Deus diligendus in quantum diligibilis; this proper only to the Trinity. In quantum diligi potest parte diligentis; this is excellent in saints and angels; in us imperfect. Yet we must love him with all our heart, mind, and soul; with a threefold totality. First, ex parte objecti, all in God. Secondly, ex parte subjecti, with all in man. Thirdly, ex parte temporis, for ever. Christ is called Spes nostra, Pax nostra, Justitia nostra, Salus nostra; all with an adjunct; but Deus est charitas, God is love. Love in Divinity, is one person of the Trinity. There is charitas increata, God's love to us; and charitas creata, our love to God: both are his, the one erga nos, the other, in nobis, Eph. 6:24.

'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' Not all that hear of him; multitudes flocked about him, not so much for his veniat regnum, as for his panem quotidianum. Of the beasts that came to hear Orpheus, being examined, in the fable, all came not for the melody; but the hart for fear of the lion's anger, the wolf to find a lamb there, the ass for company, the fox to observe. Beggars come to funeral sermons, not for their soul, but for the dole. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;' the gouty hath both his feet, but not to walk; the blind hath both his eyes, but not to see; the manacled malefactor hath both his hands, but not to do their offices; so many men have both their ears, but not to hear the word of God. Some are for the crotchets of Zion's music; some are for sleep, but there God may take them napping. But if the love of Christ do not open our ears, the word of Christ will not enter our hearts. Not all that know Christ; Judas knew him, no man thinks that he loved him. Historia dat cognoscere, gratia dat diligere. We must strive to see Jesus by Jesus, not by story, but by Christ, Luke 7:47. 'Give me thy heart,' not thy brain; not the imaginative, but the affective, part pleaseth God. Mary Magdalene had much given her, and much forgiven her, not because she knew much, but loved much. Where love is, knowledge is inseparable; yet knowledge may be, where love is not. Not all that fear him: there is timor bonus, malus et mixtus. Evil fear hath both

eyes on the punishment, good fear hath both eyes on the punisher; mixed fear hath one eye on the misery, another on the cause. There can be no love without fear, there may be a fear without love. Not all that praise him; many men praise Christ for that he never gave them. The wealth that comes by injustice, the honour that is got by flattery, are his curses rather than blessings. They may praise Christ for this, but Christ will never praise them for this. Not all that call upon him, when their petitions relish not so much of love to Christ, as to themselves. All riches are in the hand of God, and innumerable clients flock to his gates for his goods, not for himself. But no man is to love beneficium, plus quam benefactorem. All these duties be nothing without love; if love be their mistress, under her service they shall be entertained.

He gives us all our wisdom, and honour, and valour, and riches; yet he requires neither riches, nor valour, nor honour, nor wisdom, but our love. Yet, alas! the best of our love is but like a lump of gold, sophisticated with drossy mixtures; there is gold in it, but we know not how to find it. But shall a man despise the gospel of Christ, and say he loves him? It were no good argument of a subject's love, to tear his prince's proclamations, or to misuse his messengers. Shall we vilipend his sacraments, trample on his blood, and say we love him? Shall we swear him all over, open his side with new wounds, and say we love him? Wilt thou deface his pictures, the poor, his living images: spit on his face, by despising his holy rites, give him a new potion of gall, by drunken carouses; draw blood from his heart by oppressions, and yet say thou lovest him? If this be love, there is no hatred. Christ may well say, Give me thy hate, I do not like this love. Lord, let all that love not thee 'be written in the dust; but let those that love thee rejoice in thee,' Ps. 5:11. Blessing be upon all them that love the Lord Jesus.

'Therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.' This one sentence confutes all the heresies of the world concerning Christ, and directs our faith to believe three things.

1. A duplicity of natures. 2. A real distinction of them. 3. A personal union in Christ.

1. That there is a duplicity of natures, with a verity and subsistence of them both, the words evince: 'That holy thing which shall be born of thee,' there is one nature, 'shall be called the Son of God,' there is another nature, and both these natures are one person. 'To us a child is born,' Isa. 9:6; there is a nature human; and he shall be called 'The mighty God,' there is a nature divine. 'God sent his Son, made of a woman,' Gal. 4:4. His Son, therefore truly God; made of a woman, therefore truly man. Martian said, he was God, but not man; Arius, he was man, but not God: both their heresies are here convinced. Is there any doubt in vocabitur, he shall be called? Answer: He is God before, but now this person shall be called so: a man is called by his name, yet his name doth not make him a man; they that deny Christ this title, call him out of his name. To be called God is to be acknowledged God: all shall so acknowledge him, either here in a gracious confession, or in a glorious confusion hereafter. He is as eternal as God, Rev. 1:17; as infinite as God, Matt. 28:20; as omniscient as God, Matt. 9:4; as omnipotent as God, John 5:19. The apostles called upon him, when they cast out devils, Acts 16:18. He called upon none, but expelled them by his own power, 'I command thee to come out.' He creates as God, John 1:3; he commands as God, Matt. 8:26; he forgives as God, Matt. 9:6, Acts 7:60; he sanctifies as God, John 1:12; he glorifies as God, John 10:28, Luke 23:42. He must be believed on as God, John 3:18; loved as God, 1 Cor. 16:22; obeyed as God, Matt. 17:5; prayed to as God, Acts 7:59; praised as God, Rev. 5:13; adored as God, Heb. 1:6, Phil. 2:10. Therefore he is God. He was born as man, bred as man, fed as man, he slept as man, wept as man, sorrowed as man, feared as man, he did suffer as man, bleed as man, die as man, therefore he is man.

2. That there is a real distinction of these two natures, is evident in the words, for the conviction of Eutichees. There is no conversion of the one into the other, as he changed water into wine; no confusion, as meats be mingled in the stomach; no abolition of either, no

composition of both; but they remain distinct in one person. 1. The Godhead cannot be the manhood, nor can the manhood be the Godhead. 2. They have distinct wills. 'Not my will, but thy will be done, O Father,' Luke 22:42; plainly differencing the will of a creature from the will of a Creator. 3. The actions in the work of redemption are inseparable, yet distinguishable, 'I lay down my life, and I take it up again, John 10:18. To lay it down, was the action of man, not of God; to take it up, was the action of God, not of man. The humanity is much magnified by the divinity, but the divinity is nothing altered by the humanity.

3. For the personal union, against Nestorius; here be two things, and but one person. As soul and body make but one man, so the Son of God, and the Son of Mary, make but one Christ. The manhood was a nature of itself, it was never of itself a person, but is united to the divinity; as the misletoe hath no root of its own, but grows and lives in the body of an oak. In the Trinity be three persons and one nature, in Christ be two natures and one person. By virtue of this union: 1. The manhood is dignified with incomparable honour, exalted far above the angels. 2. Whatsoever good may be in any creature, that doth not deify it, is without measure poured into the manhood. 3. The participation of office is given it, that Christ is a mediator as man, as well as God, and his flesh is the bread of life. 4. There is a communication of properties: God is said to redeem by his blood, 1 Cor. 2:8, and the Son of man to forgive sins, and judge the world; yet, indeed, only man hath blood, and only God forgiveth sins. Thus, while he was talking with Nicodemus on earth, he was even then in heaven, John 3:13. Such speeches be true in concreto, not in abstracto: as they be both joined together, not as separated one from the other. 5. The manhood being combined with the Godhead, is adored with divine honour; as the honour done to the king, redounds to the crown on his head. Therefore *confitemur adorabilem in corpore, non secundum corpus.*

It was fit that the Son of God, coming to redeem us, should be made man. 1. That in that nature wherein God was offended, he might be

satisfied. 2. The law was to be fulfilled by man, therefore God became man to fulfil it. 3. The price of our redemption was death; but the Son of God could not die till he was made the Son of Mary. 4. God is most high, sinful man most low; how should these be brought together, nisi in uno seipso junxisset ima summis?* God must descend to man, that man might ascend to God. 5. The Mediator must speak between both parties; to man from God, to God for man; therefore it was fit for him to be both God and man. Such was the heinousness of sin, that no nature could have made satisfaction for it, unless it had been joined with God, and sustained by him. Such was the mercy of God, that whereas we were the vilest of all creatures, except the devils, our nature should be exalted above the angels. As he descended to take our human nature, we should strive to come near his divine nature. Without this, we are still miserable; for reprobates are one nature with him, and he with them; yet he is not their Immanuel, not God with them, but rather God against them. By his conception of Mary, he is one flesh with us; by our holy faith in the covenant of grace, we are made one spirit with him.

Ver. 38. 'And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.' This is her assent; herewith she rests satisfied, and strives not to pick objections out of the particularities; but after this conclusive solution of all difficulties, she makes no further demand. O, happy faith, how fit was her womb to conceive the flesh of God's Son, whose breast had so soon given assent to God's will! It was the Holy Ghost that wrought both these miracles; first, that of faith in her soul, then that of conception in her body. Thomas did first exercise his senses, and then believe; Mary first believed, and then perceived. So soon as she understands the good pleasure of God, she argues no more, but quietly rests herself in a confident expectation; 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord,' &c. The example of her blessed faith affords matter of instruction.

1. When we plainly understand the will of God, let us never dispute against it. All thwart arguments are the arguments of unbelief; and howsoever their colour be a desire of satisfaction, they are plain

rebellion. When Eve gave Satan leave to dispute against that known precept, she lost herself and all the world. When God saith, 'Thou shalt not rob thy God,' sacrilege here disputes; 'Thou shalt be subject to powers,' Romish treachery disputes; 'Thou shalt not swear falsely,' Douay disputes against it, yea, flatly contradicts it; with evasion, with reservation, with distinction, thou mayest do it. What devil can be more adverse to the manifest truth? Thus, when we preach the known will of God, our hearers dispute against it; but think what you will, and flatter your hearts with your better reasons, if you do cavil, you are not Christians. In the day of judgment, Christ will give the sentence of decision. Thus I said, and thus you said; which of us two shall have the better? Disobedience is always bad enough, but then intolerable when it hath an advocate. *Causa patrocini non bona pejor erit.* We all transgress; but if we dispute for transgression, what shall moderate but confusion? That same *cæca obedientia*, to go blindfold whither God will lead us, to obey without arguing, shall be rewarded. All sciscitations are from pride and self-will; and instead of 'Thy will be done,' why shouldst thou so will it? So God that gives laws, must give account for his laws; and that to his creatures. Hell is entailed to these peremptory questions; *respondebitur in tormentis.* But in humble obedience, let us resign over ourselves with this holy virgin. 'Behold the servants of the Lord; be it unto us according to his word.'

2. There is no heart of man so faithful, but there be in it some sparks of infidelity; so to believe, as to have no doubts at all, is scarce incident to flesh and blood. Faith is no more destroyed by some doubts, than the day is annihilated by some clouds. There is nothing of Adam left in us, when there is no reluctance of unbelief. It is the perfection of our mortal state to be conquerors, not to be without enemies. Therefore, we run to the Scripture in a devout examination, to the Spirit by humble petition, for a holy wind to disperse these clouds of nature. Therefore, we heap up arguments to our own souls; the more fortifications, the better assurance. We would smite these rebel-thoughts, as Joash should have smitten the earth and Syria, 'till they were consumed,' 2 Kings 13:19; but that final stroke is reserved

till the stroke of death. Good reasons, from good grounds, are good helps to establish faith; grounds they cannot be, they may be helps. The faith that hath no other tressels to stand upon but discourse, will soon fall to pieces. I would be able to give a reason of my faith; I would be loth my faith should depend upon my reason.

It is good to be furnished with arguments, for the conviction of gainsayers. These weapons do well in the school; but when I plead my cause with God, I lay down my weapons at his feet: 'Lord, in thy word is my trust.' Faith and reason have their limits; ubi desinit philosophus, incipit medicus: yea, rather ubi desinit philosophus, incipit Christianus. Where reason ends, faith begins. Reason does well at home, like Dinah in her father's house, under her mother's wing; if she once straggle abroad, she is soon ravished by infidelity. Malapert Hagar, that, because she hath gotten a great belly, despiseth her mistress, must be driven out of doors. If saucy reason encroach upon faith, it is as if the foot should invade the office of the hand. Christians are bound to deny themselves; and the chief piece of ourselves is our reason. Let reason get the head, it will prevail with will, and will commands the affections; so this triumvirate shall govern man, and not faith. But as when three ambassadors were sent from Rome, to appease the discord between Nicomedes and Prusias, whereof one was troubled with a megrim in his head, another was lame of the gout, and the third was a fool, Cato said, This embassy hath neither head, nor feet, nor heart; so that man shall neither have a head to conceive the truth, nor a foot to walk in the ways of obedience, nor a heart to receive the comforts of salvation; that suffers reason, will, and affection to usurp upon faith. God will be obeyed, not questioned. The child asks not a reason of his father's command, but doth it. If faith be only at reason's finding, we shall have a fat reason, but a lean faith. Thus God may say the word long enough before we believe it, unless he doth make our reason comprehend it. This is for a Christian to turn back again unto man, and from man to beast. For how justly doth God turn his reason into folly, that hath turned his faith into reason! No reason in the world can comprehend the conception of a virgin, or the incarnation of

God, or the creation of the world, or the resurrection of the body; yet he that doth not believe all this, shall never be saved.

3. Faith is best established by the contemplation of the Lord's omnipotency. This was the angel's conclusion to the virgin, 'For with God nothing shall be impossible;' a strong prevention of all doubts, a foundation of all assurance. Here, here fix thyself against all outward assaults, against all inward hesitations. 'He is faithful that hath promised;' he is able to perform what he hath promised. Among men, some are faithful and not able, some are able and not faithful, some are neither; God is both. His promise is not beyond his power; his power never came short of his promise. Promise and performance are distant to us in time; both are at once in the eternal God. Let the eye of our mind look upward; if right forward, or downward, or sideward, everything is a block in our way. David was promised a kingdom, yet saw nothing present but Saul's hate and persecution, so long he looked forward. 'I am old,' saith Zacharias; how should I have a son? he looked downward to his dry loins. The prophet's servant, seeing the Syrian troops, cried, 'Alas! master, how shall we do?' 2 Kings 6:15; he looked round about. His eyes were directed upwards; there he saw relief. While we look upward to Him that hath bidden us believe, there is no point of faith so hard, but it shall go easily down with us. When we shall subject all the powers of our reason and will to the word of our Maker, this is the noble proof of faith. Lord, thou hast charged us to believe our own salvation by Christ. 'Be it unto us according to thy word.' All the doubt is in our believing, not in the performing; give us to believe what thou hast promised. We need not ask thee to perform thy promise; for 'in Jesus Christ all thy promises are Yea and Amen.'

GOD'S ANGER AND MAN'S COMFORT:

TWO SERMONS PREACHED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS
ADAMS.*

PUBLISHED IN 1653.

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE AND CHARITABLE BENEFACTORS,

WHOM GOD HATH HONOURED FOR HIS ALMONERS,

AND SANCTIFIED TO BE HIS DISPENSERS OF THE FRUITS OF
CHARITY AND MERCY

TO ME,

IN THIS MY NECESSITOUS AND DECREPIT OLD AGE,

I HUMBLY PRESENT

THIS TESTIMONY OF MY THANKFULNESS,

WITH MY INCESSANT APPRECIATIONS TO THE FATHER OF ALL
MERCIES,

TO REWARD THEM FOR IT IN THIS LIFE, AND TO

CROWN THEIR SOULS WITH EVERLASTING JOY AND GLORY
IN THE LIFE TO COME,

THROUGH JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD. AMEN.

THOMAS ADAMS.

GOD'S ANGER

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry with thy people that prayeth?—PSALM 80:4.

IT hath been said of war, that it is malum, an evil; but it may be a necessarium, a necessary evil. It is good sometimes to hunt the wolf, though it is better to fodder the sheep. They speak of a drowning man, *etiam ad novaculam*, that he will rather take hold of a knife than of nothing. A very coward will catch the edge of a naked sword to save his life, though it cut his fingers. Man being cast out of paradise, and that paradise guarded with a sword in the hand of a cherub, durst not attempt a re-entry, because he was guilty. But commonwealths, that have lost any part of their territories or just privileges by foreign invasion and by hostile violence, may justly venture upon the sword, and fairly hope for a recovery, because they are innocent; *et hanc picem amoliri gladio*. Irene signifies peace; yet the Turk could sacrifice his beauteous Irene to the god of war. If war in itself were utterly unlawful, God would never have accepted this title, 'the Lord of hosts.' Yet in this style he takes such delight, that he is oftener called the God of hosts, in the former Testament, than by any other title. In those two prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, it is given to him no less than one hundred and thirty times.

All creatures are mustered, and trained, and put into garrison, or brought forth into the field, by his command. Which way can we look beside his armies? If upward into heaven, there is a band of soldiers, even a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, Luke 2:13. If to the lower heavens, there is a band of soldiers, Gen 2:1; it was *universa militia cæli*, to which those idolaters burnt incense. On the earth, not only men are marshalled to his service; so Israel was called the 'host of the living God;' but even the brute creatures are ranged in arrays. So God did levy a band of flies against the Egyptians; and a band of frogs that marched into their bedchambers. He hath troops

of locusts, Prov. 30:27, and armies of caterpillars. Not only the chariots and horsemen of heaven to defend his prophet; but even the basest, the most indocible, and despicable creatures, wherewith to confound his enemies. If Goliath stalk forth to defile* the God of Israel, he shall be confuted with a pebble. If Herod swells up to a god, God will set his vermin on him, and all the king's guard cannot save him from them. You have heard of rats that could not be beaten off till they had destroyed that covetous prelate, and of the fly that killed Pope Adrian. God hath more ways to punish than he hath creatures.

The Lord God of hosts is not properly a title of creation, but of providence. All creatures have their existence from God as their Maker; but so have they also their order from him as their Governor. It refers not so much to their being as to their marshalling; not to their natural but militant estate; not only as creatures do they owe him for their making, but as they are soldiers for their managing. Their order is warlike, and they serve under the colours of the Almighty. So that here, God would be respected, not as a creator, but as a general. His anger, therefore, seems so much the more fearful, as it is presented to us under so great a title, 'the Lord God of hosts is angry.' They talk of Tamerlane, that he could daunt his enemies with the very look of his countenance: Oh! then what terror dwells in the countenance of the offended God! The reprobates shall call to the rocks to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb, Rev. 6:16. If ira agni doth so affright them, how terrible is ira leonis, the wrath of the lion? It may justly trouble us all to hear that the Lord, the Lord God of hosts, is angry; in the sense whereof the prophet breaks forth here into this expostulation, 'O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry with thy people that prayeth?' Wherein we have five propositions or inferences naturally arising out of the text.

I. That God may be angry: for that is manifestly implied in the text, 'God is angry.'

II. That his anger may last a great while: 'O Lord, how long wilt thou be angry?'

III. That his anger may extend to the whole nation: 'how long wilt thou be angry with thy people?' all the people.

IV. That his anger may fall upon his own people, even his peculiar and chosen flock: 'how long wilt thou be angry with thy people?'

V. That his anger may dwell upon them in their devotions, and not be removed by their very prayers: 'how long wilt thou be angry with thy people that prayeth?' Yea, against their prayer?

Now, God is never angry without a cause; he is no froward God, of no tetchy and pettish nature; a cause there must be, or he would never be angry. There can be no cause but sin; we never read that God was angry for anything else. Some he hath corrected without respect unto sin, as Job; but he was never angry with any man but for the sin of that man. It is the sin of the people that hath thus grieved God; and it is the anger of God that hath thus grieved the people. Sin must be supposed to run along with his anger, throughout the text, as the ecliptic line does through the zodiac.

1. If it were not for sin, God would not be angry.
2. If it were not for the continuance of sin, he would not be so long angry.
3. If it were not for the universality of sin, he would not be angry with the whole people.
4. If it were not for the unnatural ingratitude of sin, he would not be angry with his own people.
5. If it were not for the base hypocrisy of sin, he would not be angry with his people that prayeth.

Thus, then, the argument lies fair and plain before us:-

1. It is sin that makes God angry.

2. It is the continuance of sin that makes him long angry.

3. It is the generality of sin that makes him angry with the whole people.

4. It is the unthankfulness of sin, or the sin of unthankfulness, that makes him angry with his own people.

5. Lastly; It is the hypocrisy of sin, or the sin of hypocrisy, that makes him so long angry with his own people that prayeth.

I. We provoke him by our rebellions, and he is angry.

II. We continue our provocations against him, and he is long angry.

III. We provoke him universally, and so he is angry with us all; not with some offenders here and there, but with the whole people.

IV. We provoke him by our unkindness; for whom he hath done so much good, and upon whom he has heaped so many blessings; and so he is angry with his own people.

V. Lastly; We provoke him by our dissimulations; approaching to him with our lips, and keeping back our hearts; we pray unto him, and yet live against him; we call upon his name, and rebel against his will; and so he is angry, and long angry, and long angry with the whole people, and long angry with his own people, and long angry with his own people that prayeth.

I. God may be angry; and sin is the cause of his anger; that is the first proposition. Man may be angry without sin, not without perturbation; God is angry without either perturbation or sin. His anger is in his nature, not by anthropopathy; but properly, being his corrective justice, or his vindicative justice. *Iratus videtur, quia tanquam iratus operatur.* Our anger is a most impotent passion; his a

most clear, free, and just operation. By this affection in ourselves, we may guess at the perfection that is in God. The dissolute securitans think that God doth but smile at the absurdities of men; that ludit in humanis; that their drunkenness and adulteries rather make him merry than angry. Like some carnal father, that laughs at the ridiculous behaviour of his children, to whom their wanton speeches and actions are but a pleasure, and in which he rather encourageth than chides. Indeed, God is said to laugh, Ps. 2:4. He that sits in heaven, laughs them to scorn; but woe be to the man at whose fooleries God laughs. It is a dissembling falsehood in man to smile and betray, as Judas began his treachery with a kiss. Such are likened to those bottled windy drinks, that laugh in a man's face, and then cut his throat. But this laughter in God argues not so much what he does, as what they suffer, when, by frustrating their sinful purposes, he exposeth them to contempt and scorn. *Dei ridere, est hominem ludibrio exponere.* If a little ant, creeping out of a molehill, should march forth, and proffer to wrestle with a giant, there were yet some proportion in this challenge; but there is none of a finite power with an infinite. Audacious sinners, that dare provoke the Lord of hosts! What are all the armies and forces of tyrants, to oppose the omnipotent God? He will make a feast of them for the fowls of the air, whom he invites to the flesh of captains, and to the flesh of kings, Rev. 19:18. Let earth and hell conspire, let there be a confederate band of men and devils; how easily can he command the one to their dust, and the other to their chains! What power have they either of motion or of being, but from him against whom they fight? Our God is a consuming fire, and he will consume them not only in anger, but in laughter. The catastrophe of all rebellion is but the sarcasmos or bitter scorn of God.

There is no less difference between God's anger and his favour, than between death and life; death in the most dismal horror, and life in the most comfortable sweetness of it. 'In his favour there is life,' Ps. 30:5; death in his anger; for when 'thou art angry all our days are gone,' Ps. 90:9. There is great light given to contraries by their comparison. 'Look first a little upon the favour of God. 'Oh, how

excellent is thy loving-kindness, O Lord,' Ps. 36:7. 'Thy saints shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou wilt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures.' What follows upon his favour but satisfaction, and peace, and joy, and eternal life? When the deluge of water had defaced that great book of nature, Noah had a copy of every kind of creature with him in that famous library, the ark, out of which they were reprinted to the world. So he that hath the favour of God in the Ark of the Covenant, hath the original copy of all blessings; if they could all have perished, yet so they might be restored. God is the best storehouse, the best treasury. O happy men, that have their estates laid up there! Though friends, goods, and life forsake us, yet if God's gracious countenance shine upon us, that will be life, and goods, and friends unto us. These benefits and comforts flow from his favour.

But, alas! how terrible is his anger! He hath scourged some in very mercy, till they have smarted under his rod. Job complains that 'the terrors of God do fight against him,' Job 6:4; and David says, 'From my youth up, thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind,' Ps. 88:15, 16. If he will do thus much in love, what shall be the terrors of his wrath? If he hath drawn blood of his dear ones, what shall be the plague of wilful sinners? If this be the rod of his children, what are the scorpions provided for his enemies? What comfort can any find in all the prosperous fortunes upon earth, with whom God is angry in heaven? If that mighty pagan could apprehend this, he would find small safety in his guard of Janissaries, and less pleasure in his brutish seraglio. It is a vain conceit of that potentate, who, refusing the name of Pius, would be called Felix—happy, not godly. But there can be no felicity without God's blessing; and he will not bless, where he is not blessed. But Sylla, surnamed Felix, accounted it not the least part of his fortunes, that Metellus, surnamed Pius, was his friend. Piety is the best friend to Felicity, though Felicity does not always befriend Piety.

That is but a wretched prosperity upon which God looks in anger. If the sun were wanting, it would be night for all the stars; and if God

frown upon a man, for all the glittering honours of this world, he sits in the shadow of death. Let him be never so rich in lands and waters, yet his springs have lost their sweetness, his vines their fruitfulness, his gold hath lost its colour, his precious stones their value and lustre. I mean, the virtue and comfort of all these are gone away with the favour of God. If our house were paved with a floor of gold, and walled with pearls and diamonds, and yet the roof wide open to the violence of heaven, would these shelter us from storms and tempest? Would we like to be so lodged in winter nights? Or were our house roofed with cedar, and the walls hung with arras; yet if the floor be rotten, and under it a bottomless pit, could we sleep in quiet? There can be no safety when God is angry. His wrath may come thundering from heaven, and suddenly sink rebellious sinners into hell; and then where is all their honour? when their mortal part lies in the dishonourable dust, and their immortal part suffers in the inextinguishable fire.

Thus terrible is the anger of God; now what is he angry withal, but sin? That is the perpetual make-bate between God and us; the fuel of the fire of his indignation. 'Your iniquities have separated between you and your God,' Isa. 59:2. For this cause he looks upon us as a stranger, yea, as an enemy; 'but they rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit; therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them,' Isa. 63:10. But they rebelled: man's occasion of offending God is but a but, a nothing, no cause at all; God's occasion of being angry with men is a therefore, a cause sufficient, and that cause is sin. Search the holy book all over, and you shall never find God angry but for sin. Nor doth the flame of his wrath break out upon every sin, but only when sin grows impudent and past shame, We were wont to say, that *reritas non quærit angulos*; but now *vitium non quærit angulos*. It doth that in a bravery, with which the false prophet was threatened, that he should do it in fear, 1 Kings 22:25; it runs from chamber to chamber, from house to house, not to hide itself, but to boast itself. We so provoke the Lord, that we do not only anger him, but are angry with him. If the winds do not blow, and the rain fall, as we would have it; if anything falls out cross to our

desires; we even vex at God himself, as if he were bound to wait upon our humours. No marvel if God be angry with us, when we dare to be angry with him, by murmuring at his actions, and calling his providence to question. 'Doest thou well to be angry?' O man, Jonah 4:4. No; it is exceeding ill, and dangerous. We may tremble to think that the pot may fall out with the potter, and man be angry with his Maker. It is this meretricious and shameless forehead of sin that angers God. And in this anger we here find him, but let us not so leave him; and yet the next point tells us that his wrath is not suddenly pacified.

II. He may be long angry. That's the second proposition. *Usque quo, Domine!* It is not for a fit, like some flash of powder, but may burn long. 'How long, O Lord, wilt thou be angry for ever? and shall thy jealousy burn like fire?' Ps. 79:5. He visits his own Israel with a long dearth; during all those three years of drought and scarcity, God's altar smoked with daily sacrifices, and heaven was solicited with daily prayers, yet still he was angry; and why may not David complain, in this psalm, of that famine? We are not at the first sensible of common evils; in war, dearth, or pestilence, we think only of shifting for ourselves, or finding out convenient refuges, like foxes in a storm, that run to the next burrows, and study not how to remove public judgments. But the continuance of an affliction sends us to God, and calls upon us to ask for a reckoning. An evil that is suddenly gone, is as suddenly forgotten; as men struck in their sleep, cannot quickly find themselves; so the blow doth rather astonish than teach us. But when the burden lies long upon us, we will at last complain of the weight, and seek to ease ourselves.

Indeed, there be some sinners more insensible, more insensate than beasts; if we find the hungriest ox feeding in the meadow, and cannot with many pricks of the goad make him remove from his place, we wonder at his stupidity. Yet the insatiate world-affecters, though God not only affright them with menaces, but even afflict them with many scourges, cannot be gotten from their covetous practices. So long as they can by any means grow wealthy, they will not believe that God is

angry with them. As if there were none that have more than heart could wish; yet live all this while in the sphere of God's indignation. We can read God's wrath in a storm, not in a calm; yet he may most be angry, when he least expresseth it. 'My jealousy shall depart from thee, and I will no more be angry with thee,' Ezek. 16:42. Oh! that is the height of his displeasure. The prophet speaks of a true peace, Jer. 14:13. True were a needless epithet, if there were not a false peace in our carnal hearts. How fondly doth the secure sinner flatter himself, in the conceit of his own happiness! All is well at home; he quarrels not with himself, for he denies himself no sensual pleasure. God quarrels not with him, he feels no check of a chiding conscience, he sees no frown of an angry judge; nothing but prosperity shines upon him. He sees no difference in the face of heaven, whatsoever he says or does: the same entertainment is given to his blasphemies, as to his prayers. Sure he thinks himself in God's books above other men. And so he is indeed. In God's book of debts; in God's book of arrearages; in God's book of judgments: so he is far in God's books. He owes such men a payment, and they shall have it. Alas! this is not the sinner's peace, but stupidity; not the Maker's favour, but his fury. All this while he is very angry, though he suspends the execution of his wrath. Thus long sin lies like a sleeping bandog at the door of their hearts; they look upon the cur as if he would never wake; or if he did, yet as if he were so chained, and clogged, and muzzled that he could never hurt them. But when once God rouseth him, then have at their throats; then they shall feel what it is to have lived so long in the anger of God; when the Almighty shall put himself into the fearful forms of vengeance, and the everlasting gulf of fire shall open to receive them into intolerable burnings, the merciless devils seizing on their guilty souls, and afflicting them with heavy torments.

It is some favour when we have the respite to cry, 'How long, Lord, wilt thou be angry with us?' He is not thoroughly angry with us when he suffers us to breathe forth this expostulation. There is some hope of remedy when we once complain of our sickness. It is not change of climate, but change of diet, that recovers us; when we grow to forbear the surfeits of sin, there is a fair possibility of comfort. Yet

God may be long angry, and long continue sensible testimonies of his anger. 'Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,' Ps. 95:10. He had smitten Israel with divers punishments, and threatened them with more grievous calamities; that 'every man should eat the flesh of his own arm; Manasseh, Ephraim; and Ephraim, Manasseh; and they both against Judah,' Isa. 9:20, 21. And yet he had not done with them; his 'anger was not turned away, but his hand was stretched out still.' David's pestilence of three days was a storm soon blown over, though it were bitter for the time; but God's displeasure hath dwelt longer upon us.

But how, then, doth the prophet say 'that he retaineth not anger?' Well enough; for he never retaineth it one moment longer than we retain the cause of it. So soon as we ever cease sinning against him, he ceaseth to be angry with us. After David's humiliation and sacrifice, the angel struck not one blow more with the sword of pestilence. He measures out the length of his anger by the continuance of our rebellions; so that, if we expostulate with him, 'Lord, how long wilt thou be angry with us?' he replies, 'Oh, ye sons of men, how long will ye be rebellious against me?' Let us not look that the Lord should begin first; that his pardon should prevent our repentance. There is great reason that he who hath done the first offence should be first in making the peace. Every day we expect comfort from God, and every day God expects conversion from us. Every week we look for some abatement in the bills, and every week God looks for some abatement of our sins, or amendment of our lives. So long as we continue guilty, it is in vain to cry, 'O, Lord, how long wilt thou be angry?' Our hard hearts are not yet broken with remorse; alas! what can be done to break them? 'The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars,' Ps. 29:5; he breaketh the mountains, Ps. 18:7; he breaketh the heavens, Isa. 64:1; he breaketh the stones, 1 Kings 19:11; and yet his word cannot break our hearts. But if he cannot break us with the rod of affliction, he will break us with a rod of iron, Ps. 2:9, and 'dash us in pieces like a potter's vessel.'

God is long patient before he is long angry; why should he not be long angry before he be appeased? He is not easily provoked; why should he be so easily pacified? Yet so propense to mercy is our gracious Father, that the fire which was long a kindling is soon quenched. His anger, which is not blown into a flame without many and long continued sins, is yet put out with a few penitent tears. When our houses are burning, it were but foolish to cry out, 'We are undone, the fire rageth,' and we all the while forbear to cast on water. The usque quo of God's anger waits for the quousque of our repentance. He will not give over striking till we fall a weeping; and we may do well to weep before him, seeing we did ill to sin against him. His anger doth now long offend us, but our wickedness did far longer offend him. We have provoked him many years, and shall not his wrath burn many days? Still it flameth; let us make haste to bring our buckets of water, filled at the cistern of our eyes, and derived from the fountain of our hearts, to quench it. Let no hands be wanting to this business; for if some bring in the water of tears, while others cast in the fuel of sins, this fire will burn still. But, from the highest to the lowest, let us come in with repentance; and that all of us, even the whole people, for so far God's wrath extendeth.

III. God may be angry with the whole people; which is the third proposition. He hath been angry with a whole family, with a whole army, with a whole city, with a whole country, with the whole earth. With a whole family; so he cursed the house of Jeroboam, that 'him that dieth in the city the dogs shall eat, and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat.' With a whole army; so he slew of Sennacherib's host in one night one hundred and eighty-five thousand. With a whole city; so the city of Jericho was cursed with a universal desolation, never to be re-edified without the ruin of the builder. With a whole country; so Saul was charged to destroy Amalek, man and woman, infant and suckling, sheep and oxen, and all that belonged to them. With the whole earth; so when it was become corrupt he drowned it with a flood. Yet observe how God hath qualified his wrath; with his hand of favour snatching out some from his hand of anger. When he cursed the whole family of

Jeroboam, he excepted Abijah. When he doomed to death the whole city of Jericho, he excepted the family of Rahab. When his wrath burned Sodom, he excepted the family of Lot. When his anger drowned the whole world in a deluge, yet his mercy excepted Noah and his ordinary household. But his anger is very grievous when it extends to the whole people. 'Through the wrath of the Lord of hosts the whole land is darkened,' Isa. 9:19.

What makes him thus universally angry with us, but the universality of our sins against him? When the passengers ask, 'Wherefore hath the Lord done thus to this great city?' the answer is made, 'Because they forsook the covenant of the Lord, and worshipped other gods,' Jer. 22:8, 9. To such a fearful height may the sins of the children bring the mother, that that church, which now enjoys such abundance of truth and peace, may be poisoned with heresy and wounded with schism, and suffer an utter dereliction. The whole people is guilty of sin; and why, for their sins, may not God be angry with the whole people, yea, and long angry too? for it will be very long before that fault be amended which hath so long been committed.

God came to low conditions in the behalf of Sodom; Abraham brought him down to ten. But he came to lower conditions in the behalf of Jerusalem; he brought himself down to one: 'See if you can find a man, if there be any that seeketh the truth in the whole city, and I will pardon it,' Jer. 5:1. Oh, how epidemical is that wickedness where not one escapeth the corruption! We have found the Lord angry enough with a whole people for the sin of one man: 'Lord, hath one man sinned, and wilt thou be angry with the whole congregation?' Num. 16:22. No; God's vengeance, when it is the hottest, makes difference of offenders, and knows how to distinguish between the heads of a faction and the train. Though neither be faultless, yet the one is plagued, the other pardoned. 'Depart from the tents of these wicked men, lest ye be consumed in their sins.' So soon as the innocent are severed, the guilty perish. One Achan sins, all Israel suffers. One David sins in pride, seventy thousand of his

subjects suffer in the plague. One Saul slew the Gibeonites, three years' dearth lies upon the Israelites for it. The blood of those Canaanites, shed against covenant almost forty years before by the then king, is now called for of the whole people. They had all sins enough, but God fixeth his eye of anger upon this. Every sin hath a tongue, but that of blood outcries them all; and if justice do not revenge the murder of one, God will require it of the whole nation. When seven of Saul's sons were hanged up, God was entreated for the land, 2 Sam. 21:14. Then 'shall the clouds drop fatness, and the earth run forth into plenty: then shall the valleys stand thick with corn, and the little hills rejoice on every side.' Some drops of blood shed in justice procure large showers from heaven. A few carcasses laid in their graves are a rich compost to the earth. There can be no peace where blood cries unheard, unregarded; but when it is expiated by the blood of the offenders, there will be a cessation of the judgments. 'Phinehas executed judgment, and the plague stayed.' One contrary is ever cured by another; take away the cause, and the effect will cease. Prayer is very powerful, but doing of justice more available. The whole congregation were at their prayers, and those prayers were steeped in tears; yet still the plague raged and God's anger continued. But when Phinehas had run those two adulterers through with his javelin in the act of their sin, the plague was stayed. So blessed a thing is it for any nation that justice is impartially executed.

Thus the universality of sin calls for the universality of repentance, or else it will provoke God's anger to strike us with universal judgments. If the whole people be guilty, the whole people must fall to deprecation. Such was the Ninevite's repentance, 'every man turning from his evil ways,' John 3:8. We have sinned, even the whole nation; and, as if we had not sins enough of our own, we borrow of our neighbour. What nation under heaven do we trade withal, from whom the sins of that nation are not brought hither? And those are merchandises that might well be spared. Are we all in the transgression, and do we lay the burden of repentance upon some few? If we expostulate with God, 'Lord, hath one man sinned, and

wilt thou be wroth with the whole congregation?' may he not much more justly expostulate with us, 'Hath the whole congregation sinned, and is it enough for one man to repent?' Is the whole garment foul, and must only the skirts be washed? Is the whole building ruinous, and do we think it a sufficient reparation to patch up one corner of it? No; the plaster of our repentance must be fully as large as the orifice of our wickedness, or we cannot be healed. But still God is angry with us, yea, though we were his own people. For—

IV. God may be angry with his own people; which is the fourth proposition. 'I will visit their sins with a rod, and their iniquity with scourges; but my mercy will I not utterly take from them,' Ps. 89:33. Though he do not take his mercy from them, yet he may be angry with them. He is our Father, and never did father in sweeter terms entertain the dearest treasure of his blood than God doth us, when he vouchsafes to call us his people. Yet, did you never see a father angry with his child? Indeed, there is great difference between that wrath of God which is toward his own people and that which comes upon the children of disobedience, Col. 3:6. They differ three ways.

1. In respect of continuance. His anger upon reprobates is eternal, not extinguished with their bloods, but pursuing them from earth to hell. To his people it is but temporary, it lasts but a moment, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning,' Ps. 30:5. 'He will not always chide, nor will he keep his anger for ever,' Ps. 103:9. When he was very angry with his idolatrous Israel, Moses does but put him in mind that they were his own people, and he was pacified, Ex. 32:11. 'For a moment, in a little wrath, he hides his face from us.' Isa. 54:8. 'Rejoice not against me, O my enemy, for though I fall I shall rise again,' Mic. 7:8. But for the wicked 'his wrath abideth on them,' John 3:36.

2. In respect of the measure. It is milder towards his own people than to others. For the unrighteous he proportions his judgments, not to their strengths, but to their deserts. For his own people he proportions his corrections, not to their deserts, but to their

strengths. For the former he minds not what they can bear by their powers, but what they have deserved by their sins. For the other he considers not what their sins deserve, but what their spirits can sustain. His most bitter wrath to his people is always sweetened with his mercy. 'Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions,' Ps. 99:8. He brings a scourge in one hand, and a pardon in the other; and while he draws blood of the flesh, he brings peace to the soul.

3. In regard to the end. The wicked are vessels of wrath, Rom. 9:22; and, as their sin makes them fit for God's anger, so his anger makes them fit for destruction. But for his own people, 'they are chastened of the Lord, that they might not be condemned with the world,' 1 Cor. 11:32. Whether he inflict on them punishments for sin, or suffer them to fall into sins for punishments, yet all shall work to their good. His corrections are but medicines, 'bringing forth the quiet fruit of righteousness,' Heb. 12:11. He lets them fall into some heinous crime, but it is to waken their repentance. Small spots on a garment are not minded; we seldom are so curious as to wash them out. But when a great spot comes, a foul stain, we then scour and cleanse it, to get out that, and so we get out all the little spots too. Sins of a lesser size never trouble us, we mind not the washing of them with a few sorrowful tears; but when a great sin comes, and disquiets the conscience, then repentance, that old laundress, is called for, and in that larder we wash out both the great offences and the rest. So God suffers us to fall into some gross and grievous sin, as a father suffers his little child to burn his finger in a flame, that his whole body may not fall into the fire.

All these differences are expressed by the prophet Isaiah. (1.) For the time. 'Doth the ploughman plough all the day to sow?' Isa. 28:24. God doth not continue ploughing all day long furrows upon our backs, but when he hath broken up the fallow ground of our hearts, he then sows in the seed of his comfort, (2.) For the measure. 'Hath he plagued Israel, as he hath plagued the enemies of Israel?' Isa. 27:7. He smites his Israel in the branches and in the bunches, cuts

down some of his superstitious boughs, and plucks off clusters of her rotten grapes; but the wicked he smites at the very root. (3.) For the end. The furnace of his wrath shall but purge away our dross, and make us pure metal, fit for the stamp of his own image.

Yet, for all this, God hath been grievously angry with his own people. Yea, their sins anger him most of all, because, together with wickedness, there is unkindness. As dearly as he loves them, their sins may provoke him. Our interest in God is so far from excusing our iniquities, that it aggravates them. Of all others, the transgression of his own people shall not pass unpunished. The nearer we are to him, the nearer do our offences touch him; as a man more takes to heart a discourtesy done by a friend than a great injury by a stranger. Pagans may blaspheme, and bezzle, and defile the marriage bed, and yet God let them alone; but he will not endure these sins in his own people. The more he loves us, the greater should be our love to him. Now, love and unkindness cannot stand together. If we revolt from our Maker, as Absalom thought Hushai had renounced David, may he not justly expostulate with us, 'Is this thy kindness to thy friend?' There is no such irksome disobedience as where God looks for service. 'He came unto his own, and his own received him not,' John 1:11. Oh! that could not choose but trouble him! As Demades said to Philip of Macedon, and at a time when he well deserved it, *Cum fortuna tibi Agamemnonis personam imposuerit, nonne pudet te Thersitem agere?* When fortune hath made thee an Agamemnon, art thou not ashamed to play Thersites? When God hath honoured us for his own people, with the noble name of Christians, is it not a shame for us to play the pagans? 'Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea, blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God.' Yet that people may so far anger him that he will take away, not only their temporal, but even their spiritual happiness. Those seven churches of Asia were God's own people, yet the gospel was not fastened to their territories, as the old Romans pinioned their goddess Victoria, or their apish posterity do the Catholic faith, to their own infallible chair. But as they had a

time to breathe, so they had a time to expire; and so hath my fourth proposition. There is but one gradation more.

V. God may be angry with his people that prayeth. Wherein we have two main observations. First, The wonder that God will be angry at our prayers. Second, The answer which resolves the wonder, shewing why our very prayers may anger him. Either of these is backed with three circumstances. 1. For the wonder that 'God is angry with his people that prayeth.'

1. All the other conclusions are easily granted. God may be angry, and angry very long, and angry with the whole people, and angry with his own people: all this because of their sins; but that he should be angry at their prayers, this is the wonder. He hath commanded us to pray, and will he be offended with us for doing his command? Angry against us for our prayer! He hath commanded us to prayer as the only means to assuage his anger; and yet, is he angry at our prayer? Phinehas prayed, and his anger was pacified, Ps. 106:30; Aaron prayed, and the plague ceased; and will he now be angry with the people that prayeth? He is a God that heareth prayer: 'O thou that hearest prayer, to thee shall all flesh come,' Ps. 65:2; and does he now reject prayer? He hath so stiled his own house, oratorium, the house of prayer; and to them that pray unto him in his house he hath promised peace, saying, 'In this house will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts,' Hag. 2:9. Peace and wrath are contraries; how should prayer procure peace, when God is angry at prayer? Prayer is so noble, that under it is comprehended the whole worship of God: 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,' Rom. 10:13; and yet will God be angry at the prayer of his people? It is a great honour that God will vouchsafe to speak unto man, but a far greater honour that man is allowed to speak unto God; the very angels stand in admiration of it; and yet what comfort is there in that, when God is angry at the prayer of his people? What blessing is there which our prayers cannot infeoff us in? We send up prayer to God with the same confidence that Adonijah sent Bathsheba to Solomon: 'the king will deny thee nothing;' and will God be angry at

prayer? It is the only means we have to pacify him, prayer; and shall our prayer anger him? Alas! what hope is left us, when God is angry at prayer? This hath often turned away his wrath, and does it now incense his wrath? If we should not pray, he would then be angry; and when we do pray, is he angry too? What! neither way pleased? What is the reason why there is so much empty cask in God's cellar, but for want of prayer? 'Ye have not, because ye ask not,' James 4:2; and shall not prayer obtain favour? 'O Lord, what shall I say,' it was the complaint of Joshua, Josh. 7:8, 'when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?' So, what shall we say, what shall we do, when God turneth back our prayers? Why is it called the throne of grace, before which we present our prayers, if that throne send forth nothing but beams of wrath? We look for grace, and a favourable audience of our petitions; but, alas! what shall become of us, when God is angry at our very prayers?

2. How wonderful is the power of prayer! 'Let me alone,' saith God (Exod. 32:10) to Moses; who would look for such a word from God to man, as Let me alone? As yet Moses had said nothing; before he opens his mouth, God prevents his importunity, as foreseeing the holy violence of prayer. Moses stood trembling before the majesty of his Maker, as fearing his dire revenge; and yet that Maker doth, after a sort, solicit Moses for leave to revenge, 'Let me alone.' As it was afterwards said of Christ concerning some places, 'He could do no miracles there, because of their unbelief,' so one would think that God could do no judgments here, because of Moses's faith. 'Let me alone.' Why? Can that resist God? Yes, prayer can resist him. Such is his mercy, that he hath, as it were, obliged his power to the faith of our prayer. He enables us to resist himself: 'scipsum vincit.' The fervent prayer of the faithful can bind the hands of the Almighty. What is there that God can do which prayer cannot do? O mighty, I had almost said almighty, prayer! What a hand is that which can hold omnipotence! What wings are those which can overtake infiniteness! Yet, alas! we now mourn over prayer as David did over Jonathan: 'How are the mighty fallen!' 2 Sam. 1:25. Prayer hath lost her force with God when God is angry with prayer. Her wings are

clipped that she cannot mount. Her bow is broken; she cannot shoot an arrow that reaches the mark. She is become a widow, as it was lamented over Jerusalem (Lam. 1:1), desolate and solitary, that was a princess among the provinces, and a queen among the nations. She sits weeping in the dust, and hath almost forgot the use of speech. She mourns not so much for Mary's abstulerunt Dominum, for she knows where to find him; as that our sins abstulerunt Domini favorem, and she knows not how to pacify him. And how should she, when God is angry with his people that prayeth? Where is the strength of this Samson? What is become of that power, which was wont to command heaven and earth? The visible heavens have been opened by prayer, for so Elias brought down rain, James 5:18. The invisible heavens have been opened by prayer, for so the penitent malefactor got from the cross to paradise. So Stephen saw the 'heavens opened, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God,' Acts 7:56. Omnia vincentem vincit. It was wont to be an especial favourite of God; but now, alas! it is cast out of favour, for God is angry with prayer. 'Thou hast covered thyself with a thick cloud, that our prayer should not pass through,' Lam. 3:44. This is a woful condition of our souls, when the Lord is angry at our prayers; when he will not hear them, nor answer them; it is a cause of sadness in us, but much more when he is angry with them. 'Therefore will I deal in fury; though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them,' Ezek. 8:18. This is fury indeed: before the ancients of Israel had said, 'The Lord seeth us not, he hath forsaken the earth.' There they deny God eyes, and here he denies them ears. A burning wrath, as the original hath it: 'How long wilt thou smoke against the prayer of thy people?'

3. And of thy people. This increaseth the wonder. For God to stop his ears against the prayers of the heathen, to reject the petitions of idolaters, to despise a devotion done before images and painted blocks, is no marvel. For they dishonour him in their prayers, and God will be angry with anything that eclipseth his glory. But he does not use to slight those that serve him, and continue in his holy worship. It is strange that he should be angry at the prayer of his own

people. Angry with those whom he hath chosen, angry with them long, and angry with them at their very prayers. This must be some extraordinary wrath; and so you have all the circumstances that may advance the wonder.

Now for the answer, that takes off this admiration, and satisfies us with some reasons why God may be angry with his people that prayeth. God is never angry at his people without a cause, and it must be a great cause that makes him angry with them in their devotions; whereof we have three considerations.

First, There may be infirmities enough in our very prayers to make them unacceptable. As if they be *Exanimæ*, without life and soul: when the heart knows not what the tongue utters. Or *Perfunctoriæ*, for God will have none of those prayers that come out of feigned lips. Or *Tentativæ*, for they that will *petere tentando*, tempt God in prayer, shall go without. Or *Fluctuantes*, of a wild and wandering discourse, ranging up and down, which the apostle calls 'beating the air,' as huntsmen beat the bushes, and as Saul sought his father's asses. Such prayers will not stumble upon the kingdom of heaven. Or if they be *Preproperæ*, run over in haste, as some use to chop up their prayers and think long till they have done. But they that pray in such haste shall be heard at leisure. Or *sine fiduciâ*; the faithless man had as good hold his peace as pray; he may babble, but prays not; he prays ineffectually, and receives not. He may lift up his hands, but he does not lift up his heart. Only the prayer of the righteous availeth, and only the believer is righteous. But the formal devotion of a faithless man is not worth the crust of bread which he asks. Or *sine humilitate*, so the pharisee's prayer was not truly *supplicatio*, but *superlatio*. A presumptuous prayer profanes the name of God instead of adoring it. All, or any, of these defects may mar the success of our prayers.

Secondly, But such is the mercy of our God, that he will wink at many infirmities in our devotions, and will not reject the prayer of an honest heart because of some weakness in the petitioner. It must be a

greater cause than all this that makes God angry at our prayers. In general it is sin. 'We know that God heareth not sinners: but if a man doth his will, him he heareth,' John 9:31. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer,' Ps. 66:18. They be our sins that block up the passage of our prayers. It is not the vast distance between heaven and earth, not the thick clouds, not the threefold regions, not the sevenfold orbs, not the firmament of heaven, but only our sins, that hinder the ascent of our prayers. 'When ye make many prayers I will not hear you.' Why? 'Because your hands are full of blood,' Isa. 1:15. God will have none of those petitions that are presented to him with bloody hands. Our prayers are our bills of exchange, and they are allowed in heaven, when they come from pious and humble hearts; but, if we be broken in our religion, and bankrupts of grace, God will protest our bills; he will not be won with our prayers. Thus sin is the general cause.

Thirdly, In particular, it is the hypocrisy of sin, or the sin of hypocrisy, that makes God so angry with our prayers. When we honour him with the prostration of our bodies, and solicit him with the petitions of our lips, and yet still dishonour him in our sinful lives, is not this hypocrisy? When we speak before him in the temple as suppliants, and sin against him abroad as rebels, is not this hypocrisy? Like the outlaw that sues to the king for a pardon, and yet resolves to live in rebellion. We will not part with our beloved sins, and yet beg the removal of judgments; will not this dissimulation make God angry with our very prayers? If we shall, Judas-like, kiss his throne with the devotion of our lips, and betray his honour with the wicked works of our hands, should he not be angry at our prayers? We make as if we did lift up our hands unto him, but, indeed, we stretch out our hands against him; if this be prayer, it is such a one as deserves anger. Fear can make the devil himself fall to his prayers: 'I beseech thee, torment me not,' Luke 8:28. Another request he made which Christ granted; but it was in wrath, not in favour. The pride of our hearts, the covetousness of our hands, the blasphemy of our mouths, the uncleanness of our lusts, the wickedness of our lives; these make God angry with our prayers. If

we could be thoroughly angry with our sins, God would cease to be angry with our prayers; but, so long as we run on in those sinful courses upon earth, let us look for no favourable audience from heaven. Do good and continue it, and then pray for good, and have it. It hath been said, 'Loquere ut te videam,' Speak, that I may see thee; so saith God to man, 'Operare ut te videam,'* Work, that I may hear thee. If we dishonour God's name by our oaths and blasphemies, and upon every trivial occasion toss it in our profane mouths, in vain we pray, 'Sanctificetur nomen tuum:' Hallowed be thy name. If we hear the gospel preached, and receive no instruction by it, nor give any regard or obedience to it, in vain we pray, 'Adveniat regnum tuum:' Thy kingdom come. If the current of our affections and actions runs cross to the will of God, in vain we pray, 'Fiat voluntas tua:' Thy will be done. If we extort the bread of the poor out of their hands, or seek to live by violence or oppression, in vain we pray, 'Panem nostrum da nobis quotidianum:' Give us this day our daily bread; for this is to attempt to have it, whether God will or no; he does not give it, but we snatch it. While we are indulgent to our darling sins, and will not part with the dear delights of our bloods, in vain we pray, 'Dimitte nobis debita nostra:' Forgive us our trespasses. While we seek to revenge our wrongs upon others, and bear malice in our hearts, our 'Sicut nos dimittimus,' as we forgive them that trespass against us, doth but beg for vengeance on our own heads. All the while that we listen to the suggestions of Satan, and like the allurements of the world, and awaken our own lusts to tempt ourselves, it is but a mockery to pray, 'In tentationem ne nos inducas:' Lead us not into temptation. While we seek that which is evil, and run with greediness into evil, in vain we pray, 'Libera nos a malo' Deliver us from evil. We do but flatter God, and compliment with him, when we conclude with, 'Tuum est regnum, potentia, et gloria' Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory; for it is our own glory we seek after, not his. All this cannot keep him from being angry with our prayers. So long as his people rebelleth, he will be angry with his people that prayeth. For some use:—

If God be angry with them that pray, what will he be with them who do not pray? with them that break his laws, and never cry him mercy? with them that live in wickedness, and never ask him forgiveness? 'The ungodly call not upon the Lord,' Ps. 14:4; will he not be much more angry with them? God is not in all their thoughts, but they are in the thoughts of God. He thinks of them with indignation, and will remember them to their cost. 'Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem,' Ps. 137:7. Yes, he will remember them in the day of their destruction.

If God be sometimes angry at our prayers, how will he brook our curses? If he beat back our petitions, how will he take vengeance on our blasphemies? 'Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing,' James 3:16; but God will not accept of a blessing from a mouth that is used to cursing. If he may be so angry with a people that prayeth, what will his wrath do to a people that sweareth? Think this, ye that, if it were possible, would swear God out of his throne, and the Judge of all the world out of his tribunal, your very prayers are abominable; your blasphemous breaths have put a stink into all your sacrifices. That tongue is fit for nothing but flames, which so flameth with oaths and execrations. Your prayers cannot be heard by reason of your sins, but your blasphemies shall be heard and plagued notwithstanding your prayers. If the instrument gives a harsh sound, there is trouble instead of music; a jarring organ grates the ears rather than delights them. Our sins have put all our instruments out of tune, and for them God is angry at our very prayers.

There is no way to take off his anger, but by turning from our wickedness. If we break off our sins, 'he will leave a blessing behind him, even a meat-offering, and a drink-offering to the Lord,' Joel. 2:14; he will both give and take our sacrifice. Let us do thus, and 'prove him whether he will not open the windows of heaven,' Mal. 3:10. Our repentance and our righteousness shall open heaven, so that our prayers may go up for a blessing, and a blessing shall come down upon our prayers. Prayer is vox fidei, as John Baptist was vox Christi: if we mourn and do not pray, our faith hath lost her voice;

and prayer without faith, is John without Christ, a voice without a word. Faith is the soul, and repentance is the life of prayer, and a prayer without them hath neither life nor soul. If we believe not, we are yet in our sins; if we repent not, our sins are yet in us; and so long as this state continueth, no wonder if God be angry with his people that prayeth. But first, 'will I wash my hands in innocency, and then will I compass thine altar,' Ps. 26:6. 'Then shall my prayer be set before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands, like the evening sacrifice,' Ps. 141:2. When, with the sword of severe and impartial repentance, we have cut the throat of our sins, and done execution upon our lusts, then let us solicit heaven with our prayers; then pray, and speed; then come, and welcome; no anger, but all mercy then. Then the courtiers about the King in heaven, shall make room for prayers. Then the Prince himself will take our prayer into his own hand, and with a gracious mediation present it to his Father. Then 'mittimus proces et lacrymas ad Deum legatos.' Then is that court of audience ready to receive and answer our ambassadors; which be our prayers and our tears. Then Saint John sees twelve gates in heaven, all open, and all day open, to entertain such suitors.

This is our refuge, and that a sure one. Although the enemy begirts the city with never so strait a siege, and stop up all the passages, yet he cannot block up the passage to heaven. So long as that is open, and God in league with us, there may be relief and succour had from thence by prayer. Faith is a better engineer than was Dædalus; and yet he could make a shift to frame wings, with which he made an escape over those high walls wherein he was imprisoned. 'Restat iter cælo, tentabimus ire.' Let Pharaoh be behind, and the Red Sea before, the high rocks and mountains on every side, yet Israel can find a way for all that. When there is no other way to escape danger, a Christian can go by heaven, and avoid all by prayer. As it is the heaviest malediction, 'Let his prayer be turned into sin:' so it is a happy blessing when our sin is turned into prayer, when sin is so done away that prayer may take place. Then shall Jacob's ladder be never empty of angels; our prayers ascending to heaven, and God's blessing descending on us. Then shall prayer disburden our hearts of

all sorrows, and God shall fill them with his sweet comforts. Then shall we sing with cheerful voices, 'Blessed be the Lord, that hath not turned away our prayer from him, nor his mercy from us,' Ps. 66:20. Amen.

MAN'S COMFORT

In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.—PSALM 94:19

HEAVEN is a place of infinite glory and joy; yet there is little joy or glory in the way thither. The passage rather lies through much tribulation; so troublesome a gallery leads to so happy a bedchamber. There is not a soul in the cluster of mankind exempted from sorrow, much less shall those grapes escape pressing, which God hath reserved for his own cup. 'All that will live godly in Christ, shall suffer persecution,' 2 Tim. 3:12. Not all that live, but all that live godly; not all that live godly in respect of outward form, but that live godly in Christ. Paul, his attorney, pleads their afflictions with an oportet; and lest some should look for a dispensation, he backs it with an omnis. The saints that have overcome the hill, be singing above; we that are climbing up, must be groaning all the way. The anthems in the upper choir, the church triumphant, are all hymns of joy; the militant part must be content with sad tunes in this valley of tears. Not that the blessedness of immortality is no more perfect, but that it needs a foil of perplexity to set it off. Not that the joy of heaven is no more sweet, but that it needs the sourness of the world to give it a taste. Not that the peace and plenty of Canaan required the wants, and molestations of this wilderness to commend it; but so it pleaseth the Almighty King, who of his own free grace doth give the preferment, to interpose the conditions; that the sorrows and the

ingloriousness of this world should be the thoroughfare to the glories and joys of his kingdom. For it pleased him to consecrate the prince and captain of our salvation through sufferings; and what privilege can the common soldiers and subjects expect? 'Deus filium habuit unum sine peccato, nullum sine flagello.' We that hold our inheritance in capite have no other title to it than Christ had before us, by suffering.

When we consider David and his troubles, we say, 'Ecce dolores viri,' Behold the sorrows of a man; but when we consider the Son of David and his passion, we say 'Ecce vir dolorum,' Behold the man of sorrows. Indeed, if the one balance were full of sorrows, and the other quite empty of comforts, there were an unequal poise. They that do not find some joy in their sorrows, some comfort in their dejections, in this world, are in a fearful danger of missing both in the next. But as it is said in case of bodily sickness, if the patient and the disease join, then in vain is the physician; if the disease and the physician conspire, then woe be to the patient; but if the patient and the physician accord, then vanisheth the disease. So we may observe in spiritual distempers: if the soul and sorrow desperately combine, then the Spirit departs, the physician is grieved; if God and sorrow join in anger, or in anguish, the former justly, the other sharply, then woe to the soul, for that cannot be comforted; but if the soul by faith, and God by grace, unite themselves, then away flies sorrow, for that is expelled. Here David's soul joins itself with the spirit of consolation, and sorrow loseth the day, and the end is comfort. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.

Here is a twofold army, one marching against another, *seditio et sedatio*; an insurrection and a debellation; a tumult and its appeasement; a band of thoughts assaulting, and a host of comforts repelling, resisting, protecting. There is a multitude of those thoughts, and no less is the number of these comforts. These troublous thoughts have got into the citadel of the heart, 'apud me,' within me; and these consolatory forces have entered as far, even

into the soul; 'they delight my soul.' Those thoughts fight under the colours of flesh and blood, but these comforts under the banner of God; they are my thoughts, but thy comforts; the cogitations of man, but the consolations of Jesus Christ.

1. Look upon the adversary power, 'in the multitude of my thoughts within me.' O that there were some external grievances, a foreign war, no domestic, intestine, civil broils, not turbulent thoughts. Or if they be thoughts, rebellious, heart-breaking cogitations, yet that there were but some few of them, that they might be sooner suppressed; not so numerous, not a multitude of thoughts. Or if they must be thoughts, and a multitude, yet that they had chosen some other place to rise in; not my heart, the fort, the court, the bedchamber of my spirit; that they had not presumed unto so bold approaches, as to mutinise 'apud me,' within my heart, nearer and closer to me than my own bowels. But now to be thoughts, of so tumultuous a nature, multitudes of so mighty a number; within me, of so fearful a danger, without vent, composition, or quiet, here is a full anxiety.

2. View the defensive forces, and in the midst of this conspiracy make room for preservation: 'Thy comforts delight my soul.' They are comforts; against litigious and unquiet thoughts; a work of peace; comforts. They are not scant and niggardly, but against a multitude of thoughts many comforts and every one able to quell a whole rout of distractions. They are thy comforts; not proceeding from men or angels, but immediately from the Spirit of consolation, against my sorrows, THY comforts. They do not only pitch their tents about me, or, like a subsidiary guard, environ me, but they take up their residence in the heart of my heart, 'In my soul.' These refresh more than the other can offend; against the thought in my heart thy comforts delight my soul.

Thus if we be not entered into Aceldama, a field of blood, yet are we got to Meribah, a field of strife; or the mountains of Bether, a field of division, not unlike that of Rebekah's womb, where Jacob strove with

Esau for the victory. We have seen both the armies; now let us marshal them into their proper ranks, setting both the squadrons in their due stations and postures, and then observe the success or event of the battle. And because the malignant host is first entered into the ground of my text, consider with me: 1. The rebels, or mutineers, thoughts. 2. The number of them, no less than a multitude. 3. The captain whose colours they bear; a disquieted mind; my thoughts. 4. The field where the battle is fought; in the heart; apud me, within me.

In the other army we find. 1. Quanta, how puissant they are; comforts. 2. Quota, how many they are, indefinitely set down; abundant comfort. 3. Cujus, whose they are; the Lord's, he is their general; thy comforts. 4. Quid operantur, what they do; they delight the soul. In the nature of them, being comforts, there is tranquillity; in the number of them, being many comforts, there is sufficiency; in the owner of them, being thy comforts, there is omnipotency; and in the effect of them, delighting the soul, there is security. There is no fear in them, for they come for peace, they are comforts. There is no weakness in them, for they come in troops, there are many comforts. There is no disorder in them, for the God of wisdom is their captain, and leads their forces, they are thy comforts. There is no trouble in them, for they evangelise joy, 'they delight the soul.'

1. The rebels are thoughts. Man is an abridgment of the world, and is not exceeded by it but in quantity; his pieces be not pauciora, sed minora. If all the veins of our bodies were extended to rivers, our sinews to mines, our muscles to mountains, our bones to quarries of stone, our eyes to the figures of the sun and moon, and all other parts to the proportions of such things as correspond to them in this world: man might stride over the sea, as the Hebrews feigned of Adam; the air would be too little for him to move in, and the whole firmament but enough for this star; yea, indeed, this little world would be the great one, and that great one appear but the little one. There is nothing in this world for which we may not find some answerable part in man; but there is something in man for which we

can find no answerable part in the world; I need not say 'part,' for the whole world is not able to give any representation. Man hath a soul, made after the image of God; of this the world can yield no resemblance. The world produceth innumerable creatures; man yet in more abundance. Our creatures are our thoughts, creatures that are born giants, that can reach from east to west, from north to south, from earth to heaven. These can survey the whole earth, bestride the ocean, comprehend the vast air, and span the very firmament.

How capable, how active, is the soul of man! It is even comprehensive of universality, and hath 'virtutem ad infinita;' nature hath set no limits to the thoughts of the soul. It can pass by her nimble wings from earth to heaven in a moment; it can be all things, comprehend all things, know that which is, and conceive of that which never was, and never shall be. The heart is but a little house, and hath but three chambers, yet there is room enough for a world of guests. God, the Creator of all, made this soul in a cottage of clay, and this soul is a kind of creator too; for though it dwell in a close prison, it can produce creatures, even thoughts; and any one of these creatures can move with the heavens, move faster than the heavens, overtake the sun and overgo the sun; contemplate that which the sun never saw, even the dreadful abyss of hell, and a glimpse of the glory of heaven. So various and innumerable are the thoughts of man, that he had need of an astrolabe, to mark in what height and elevation they are, and so either to advance them or to stoop them, as they deserve.

There be three sorts of actions proceeding from the soul: some internal and immaterial, as the pure acts of our wits and wills; some external and material, as the mere acts of our sense; others mixed between both, and bordering upon both the former, which St Augustine says, the Greeks call $\tau\alpha\theta\eta$, the Latins *perturbationes*. As the heart inspireth one and the same strength and life into all the parts of the body, for the better discharge of their diverse functions, though all the parts do not receive it in the same degree. The

stomach, by the virtue it receiveth, is made able to digest; the liver, to concoct the nutriment into blood; the spleen, like a sponge, by sucking up the melancholy spirits, to purge the vital parts;—so the soul breeds all these creatures, gives life to all these thoughts, yet according to their several acts and offices, they have several names. If they be sensitive, we call them passions; if sensual, lusts; if fantastical, imaginations; if reasonable, arguments; if reflective, conscience; as they are evil, the suggestions of Satan; as good, the motions of the Holy Ghost. As the world produceth vipers, and serpents, and venomous creatures, worms and caterpillars that would devour their parent, so the soul breeds noxious and mutinous thoughts, that are like an earthquake in her bowels; and while they maintain civil broils and factions one against another, she feels the smart of all.

Some thoughts be the darts of Satan; and these non nocent, si non placent. We cannot keep thieves from looking in at our windows, but we need not give them entertainment with open doors. As the hermit said, he could not keep the birds from flying over his head; but he could keep them from building their nests in his hair. 'Wash thy heart from iniquity, that thou mayest be saved; how long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?' Jer. 4:14. They may be passengers, but they must not be sojourners. God hath made a statute against such inmates; it is an unblest hospitality that gives them lodging; and he is no friend to the king that harbours these seminaries. Other thoughts be the motions of God's Spirit; and these must not only be guests, but familiar friends; salutation here is not enough, but glad entertainment, welcome and indulgence. Let no man like himself the better for some good thoughts; the praise and benefit of these is not in the receipt, but in the retention. Easy occasions will frighten away good thoughts from a carnal heart; like children who, if a bird do but fly in their way, cast their eye from their book. But David's thoughts here were anxious, commotive thoughts; otherwise, they stood not in such need of comforts. It is likely they were either timoris, fearful thoughts, or doloris, sorrowful thoughts; thoughts of fear for what might be or thoughts of sorrow for what already was.

The thoughts of fear are troublesome enough; as the ill affections of the spleen do mingle themselves with every infirmity of the body, no less doth fear insinuate itself into every passion of the mind. David might find this complication in his mind. I will please Saul with my harp; but then fear replies, He will strike me through with his javelin. He will give his own daughter in marriage; but fear says again, Now, if this prove a fatal dowry, if this match be my snare, I will refuge myself with Achish at Gath; yet what trust is there in infidels? I will be hidden in Keilah, or Hachilah; but fear suggests, How if the Ziphites discover me? What shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I rest? These were thoughts that stood in great need of comfort.

The thoughts of sorrow are yet more distractive, and such were this royal prophet's; as our Vulgate reads, 'In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart.' What was the cause of those griefs? The slipping of his foot, his errors, his deviations, his sins. Other sorrows may disquiet the soul; none but these have the promise to be comforted. As in martyrdom, it is not the sword or torture, not what we suffer, but why, that makes us martyrs. So in our sorrows, it is not how deep they penetrate, or how sharply they cruciate, but wherefore, that approves their goodness. If our sins be the why of our sorrows, we are blessed. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' Matt. 5:4. Vain are the sighs and groans that proceed only from the thought of worldly losses. A medicine that cureth the eyes, we say, was made for the eyes, and nothing else. We lose our wealth, and sorrow for it. Will sorrow recover it? We are despised and abused, and we grieve for it. Will grief right us? We bury our friends, and mourn for them. Will mourning restore them to us? We are crossed by unkindly children, and weep for it. Will weeping rectify them? We are anguished in our bodies with pains and sicknesses, and are sorry for it. Will sorrow heal us? Nay, will it not rather hurt us? All our thoughts, and cares, and griefs, and tears, can do us no good, no relief in these calamities; sorrow was not made for these things. But we sin and offend the Lord, and we are sorrowful for it. Here is the disease for which sorrow is the proper remedy; penitent sorrow shall take away sin. *Quamvis peccavit David; quod*

solent reges: tamen pœnitentiam egit, flevit, jejunavit, quod non solent reges.* Saith Saint Ambrose, who wrote him an apology, 'While the ground of our sorrow is our sin, the choicest descant on it must be our sorrow.' Our thoughts and griefs may be many, but if they be not spent upon our sin, we shall not be comforted.

2. The number of them is a multitude. We may say of sorrows as it is said of shrewd turns, they seldom come single. Like a volley of folding waves, one tumbling on the neck of another, all threatening to overwhelm us; undæ superadvenit unda. It is too scant a name which Leah gave her son, calling him Gad, 'a troop cometh,' Gen. 30:11; and but enough what the demoniac answered Christ, 'My name is legion, for we are many,' Mark 5:9. If they were a multitude, and not sorrows, then the more the merrier; if they were sorrows, and not a multitude, then the fewer the better cheer. But to be disquieting thoughts, and a multitude, makes up a terrible agony. 'Many are the troubles of the righteous,' Ps. 34:19; great or many, a great many, a great deal too many, but for the comfort of the deliverance. When Job's afflictions began, they came in troops and hurries; so thick, that he could scarce take breath; one messenger pressing in with his woful relation, before the other have ended his sad tale. 'While he was yet speaking,' Job. 1:16. How did that fugitive prophet amplify and aggravate his dangers? 'Thou hast cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all thy waves and thy billows passed over me,' Jonah 2:3. It was no shallow river, but the sea; not near the shore, but in the midst of the sea; nor was he floating on the waves, but plunged into the deep, or bottom; the floods compassing, the billows overwhelming, to keep him down. I need not travel for exemplifications.

Let him be our instance that spake what he felt, and felt what he spake; sorrows enough to break any heart, but that which God had framed according to his own. His son Amnon ravisheth his own sister, and is murdered by his own brother. That murder is seconded by treason, and that treason with an incestuous constupration. The insurrection of his own son hath driven him from his house, from his

throne, and from the ark of God. All this went near him; but that son is slain by his servant, and that went nearer him still. In what a miserable perplexity may we think the heart of this good king was all the while! Here was thought upon thought, and thought against thought. How at once to spare the son of David, and yet to save the father of Absalom; fear against hope, north against south, and wind against tide. *Arma armis contraria, fluctibus undæ*; a multitude of thoughts, able to rend the heart in pieces, but for that recollection of mercy, 'Thy comforts delight my soul.'

Not seldom fares it thus with us. Thought calls to thought, jealousy to fear, fear to sorrow, sorrow to despair; and these furies leap upon the the heart as a stage, beginning to act their tragical parts. Man hath more wheels moving in him than a clock; only the difference is, that the wheels of a clock move all one way, whereas his faculties, like the epicycles, have a rapt motion. His sensitive appetite gives him one motion, his fantasy another, his reason a third, and his imperious, impetuous will crosseth them all, driving the chariot of his affections with the fury of Jehu. He desires and thinks, and chooseth, argues, consents, and dislikes, and makes more business than time itself. There are not so many hours in one year, as there may be thoughts in an hour.* The philosopher that had shamed himself by weakly disputing with Adrian the emperor, thus excused himself to his friend, 'Would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?' Alas! what can quiet that soul which is distracted with such legions and multitudes of thoughts, and throngs of sorrows?

3. The captain of this troublesome soul is himself; my thoughts. From what suggestion soever our thoughts come, we call them our own; as whosoever begot the babe, the mother calls it her own child. Indeed, the praise and propriety of good motives we ascribe only to God, without whom we cannot so much as think a good thought; as the channel may gather filth of itself, but it cannot have a drop of pure water but from the fountain. Bad suggestions, though they proceed from Satan, we call them our own, because they are bred in

the womb of our natural corruption; stubble is blown by the wind into the fire, and, being inflamed, it becomes fire. The devil tempted David to sin, yet he calls it his sin; not Satan's, but his own, 'I will be sorry for my sin.' However Epictetus could say, When evil happens to a man, one of the vulgar will blame others, but a young philosopher would blame himself; but one that dived into the depths of nature would blame neither the one nor the other; yet a Christian hath learned to blame himself, as knowing that all his sorrows proceed from himself.

My thoughts: thus easy is it with God to make a man become his own punisher. Under whose regiment are all these troubles? Under myself; my thoughts. As God threatens Tyre, that ancient and glorious city, that 'her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn,' Isa. 23:7, so our own feet shall carry us, our own creatures torment us; like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust. When David had numbered the people, his own heart smote him; God finds the rod within us wherewith to scourge us. As some vapour engendered in the caverns of the earth struggles for vent, and being barred of free passage, causeth an earthquake in the foundations that bred it; or as some fiery exhalation, wrapped up in the bowels of a thick cloud, breaks through that watery resistance and delivers itself to the world with a dreadful noise; so the griefs and perturbations begotten by our own lusts become terrors within us, and rend our very hearts till they get vent by confession and repentance; thus do we muster up forces against our own peace. We pray, Lord, deliver us from our enemies, and in that number do we wrap up our unthought of selves, for we are our own enemies. 'Turn thy hand upon mine enemies,' for thou canst do it with the turning of a hand. 'Deliver me from the evil man,' Ps. 81:14. Who is that, saith St Augustine? he is not far to seek; libera me ab homine malo; that is, a meipso, deliver me from the evil man, that is, from myself. I am the aptest to beget destruction upon my own soul; no enemy could hurt us if we were our own friends.

But we must not extend it so far upon this holy king; they were thoughts indeed, and thoughts of sorrow, but of godly sorrow, and he

calls them his own, to shew his near acquaintance with them, my sorrows. He was not a stranger to his own soul, his heart was not dead flesh. Satan had given him a fall, and he felt not that; sin had given him divers falls, and he felt not them neither: at last God undertakes him, wrestles with him, and gives him a fall too: he felt that, yea, that made him feel all the rest. Now is he sensible of every pang and stitch, the least thorn makes him smart, and he cries out of the multitude of his sorrows. There be some that can drown their griefs in wine and music, as they did in Hinnom; the cry of the infants with the noise of the instruments, as if they would forget that they are the owners of their own thoughts, because they trouble them. Many deal with their souls as some old women do with looking-glasses: they turn the wrong side toward them, that they may not see the furrows of their own faces. They are loath to think of a reckoning, lest they should despair of making even the arrearages. Men have the courage to dare to sin, but they dare not look on their souls, as they are polluted with sin. I have heard of a melancholy man that would not believe he had a head, till his physician made him a hat of lead and put it on, which weight enforced him to cry, 'Oh, my head.' So men lost in sensual pleasures, scarce remember that they have a soul within them, until miseries, like talents of lead, or quarries of stone, with their heavy pressure, squeeze out a confession.

No things be so near as a man and his soul. 'Tota domus duo sunt,' the whole household is but two; yea, why should they be called two? We may say in a right sense, 'Mens cujusque, is est quisque,' every man's soul is himself. If there be any division, sin made it; a just punishment, 'ut qui nollet cum Deo uniri, non possit in semetipso non dividi.' All these quarrels and brawls may thank sin; that is the make-bate betwixt God and us, betwixt us and ourselves. But that man and his soul be grievously fallen out, that will not speak one to another; when he shall pass a whole day and not ask how his soul does. This were too much between man and wife; when he shall he down in his bed, as the beast doth in his litter, without bidding his soul good night; when he shall have fouled and besmeared his soul

with the nasty aspersions of lusts, and not sweep out the dust before he shut the door; not wash his soul with tears before his eyelids be closed down with slumber; yea, when he shall have lived and wounded his soul with blasphemies and uncharitable injuries, and then throw it down in a deluge of drink, as if it were weltering in its own gore, without calling for repentance, the surgeon, to dress it. What madness and self-hatred is this? When the soul may not have leave to think over her own thoughts, to reflect upon herself, to search her own bruises, to survey the multitude of her sorrows, and feel in what need she stands of comforts? That *'plerisque notus, ignotus moriatur sibi?* But the children of God have learned to commune with their own hearts, to examine every thought, and to weigh every desire in the balance of the sanctuary. Whether they find themselves pensive or joyful, they will search the cause; as Rebekah said when she felt the children struggle in her womb, 'Why am I thus?' Whether fear or hope, joy or pain, have invaded my thoughts, let me ask my soul the reason, 'Why am I thus?' The fathers were excellent good at this; they had their confessions and soliloquies, familiar conferences with their own hearts; that when a man reads them, he would think they kept no other company but themselves. Conference with others may make us wise or learned, but conference with ourselves is the way to make us holy. Tell thy conscience of all suggestions, as the chaste wife, after some peremptory denials to her impudent tempter, professes to tell her husband of those solicitations; such and such be my thoughts, thus and thus they harrass me; what shall I do with them? Indifferency is no less than self-treachery in matters of such consequence, that come so near me as to be *'apud me.'*

4. Within me: for this is the field where the skirmish is fought; within me. It is unhappy when soldiers march over the palaces of peace and seats of justice, where the councillors and senators used to sit. If there must be war, let it be in foreign countries, or if it will be in our own land, yet let it proceed no further than the borders; but when it is gotten into the chief city, though it be subdued, it will cost a dear victory. As Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated his victory over

the Romans, with a great loss of his own side, replied, 'Yes; but if we had such another victory, we should be undone.' There is no penitent heart that hath felt the bitterness of these combats, remembering what sighs and sorrows, what groans and tears it hath cost him to make his peace, but would be loath to be put to the charges of such another conquest. *Durius ejicitur, quam non admittitur hostis* sin may be kept out with ease, but will not be driven out save with woful expenses.

Within me; not before me, as the host of the Philistines lay before Saul; not behind me, as the chariots of Egypt came thundering behind Israel; nor above me, as Fabius Maximus on the mountain above Hannibal. *Imminet nubes*, a cloud hangs over me; not round about me, as the Syrians compassed Dothan to take Elisha; but within me. 'Without were fightings, within were fears,' 2 Cor. 7:5; and those fears within were worse than those fightings without. There are external calamities enough to shake the most fortified soul; but '*Summus dolor est ab intus.*' St Paul reckons up twelve of his inflicted sufferings, nine dangers, and eight continued passions; yet, as if these were scarce worth putting into the catalogue, he adds, 'besides the things that are without,' 2 Cor. 11:28. He had an inward trouble: the care of the churches, seeking the lost, rebuking the proud, and comforting the dejected. Here was the pain.

Within me. There may be *bellum intestinum* a kind of unkind battle. When *victi victoresque invicem dolent*; the soul bespeaking her affections, as Jocasta did her quarrelling sons. *Bella geri placuit nullos triumphos habitura.*

According to our Saviour's prediction, a man's foes shall be they of his own household. *Intra me est, quod contra me est*; that is within me, which is against me. We say he wants an enemy, that fights with himself, and because he fights with himself, he wants no enemy, *sibi pessimus hostis*. With external assaults we may grapple, threatened mischiefs we may prevent; from persecutors too potent for us we may hide ourselves, but who shall keep us from ourselves? *Nescis*

temeraria, nescis quem fugias, ideoque fugis. Whithersoever we remove, we carry our sorrows with us. Outward afflictions are a war, turbulent affections a worse war, both against us; but this latter is within us. He needs no other misery, that is troubled within himself. Ask not the anger of heaven, nor the trouble of earth, nor the dangers of the sea, nor the malice of hell, against him whom his own thoughts have beaten down. He will say to all other miserable complainers, 'You are happy.' Outward things may go cross with us, and yet the peace of the soul remain sound; but a wounded spirit who can bear? who can cure? As man's heart is the first that lives, and the last that dies, so it is the first that Satan assaults, and the last that he gives over. Yea, were there never a devil, the heart hath an ill spirit of its own to vex it. As some boroughs of this land plead a privilege, that they can hang and draw within themselves, so man's heart is such a corporation. It can execute itself within itself, without any foreign judge or executioner. If we look no further than among the multitude of our thoughts, might we not make a shift to think ourselves to hell? If we had neither hands, nor eyes, nor feet, would not our hearts find the way thither?

Within me. The proper seat and lodging of these troublesome inmates, the thoughts of sorrow, is the heart; whithersoever they wander, there they centre. Vagabonds taken roguing out of their own precincts, are sent with a passport to the town where they were born; there they must be kept. Extravagant thoughts may rove up and down, but back again they must to the heart: the house that hatched them must harbour them, must answer for them. As all faculties of sense have their several seats; seeing is confined to the eyes, hearing to the ears, feeling to the flesh and sinews: so these perturbations are limited to the heart. The local seat of the sensitive apprehension is the brain; of the sensitive affection, the heart. In the former is softness and moisture, fit to receive intelligible forms; in the other are fiery spirits, fit for passionate and affectionate thoughts. 'My spirit is overwhelmed, and my heart within me is desolate,' Ps. 143:4. In such a distress, let sense inform reason, reason speak to will, will to conscience, conscience to faith, faith to Christ, and Christ to his

Father; and they will both send the Holy Ghost to comfort us. If there be a fire in the heart of a city, all the suburbs will come to quench it. This fire may burn within, but it will break out. It is as easy to stifle thunder in the cloud, or fire in powder, as sorrow in the heart. It will have eruption either by the voice in cries, or by the eyes in tears, or by the speaking silence of the look in a dejected heaviness. The seat of sorrow is the soul; but it will overflow the boundaries. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' None ask their eyes why they weep, or their voices why they lament, or their hands why they wring themselves. But Anima, quare tam tristis? 'Oh, my soul, why art thou disquieted within me?'

II. We see now the full advancement of the misery. The thoughts of sorrow, an army of those thoughts, the combination of that army, the terror of that combination; how miserable must that country suffer where these rebels march? Who can tell the taking of that heart which feels that combustion within itself? These be our enemies, where are our friends? The day is like to be fatally disastrous, if we have no defensive forces. Yes, 'the Lord shall fight for us, and we will hold our peace,' Exod. 14:4. As Moses comforted Israel, when the choice was hard, whether to trust the fury of the sea before them, or of the Egyptians behind them: 'Stand still, fear not, and see the salvation of the Lord.' Now are the white ensigns of mercy displayed against these bloody streamers: never to a handful of men almost famished in a fort, did the tidings of fresh aid to raise the siege arrive more welcome. 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died,' John 11:21. Though this multitude of oppressors overlay my heart, yet. Lord, if thou comest, my soul shall not perish. Let your patience sit out the success of the battle; and though I wish you not such conflicts, yet, if they do come, may you never fail of such comforts. 'Thy comforts delight my soul.'

1. Quanta. They are no less than comforts: not presumptions, nor promises, nor mere hopes; but solid and sensible comforts. God made comfort on purpose for sorrow, as mercy would want a subject to exercise upon, but for misery. The blessed angels are not said to be

comforted, because they never knew what heaviness meant; they are conserved, they are confirmed, not properly comforted. There may be joy without any antecedent sorrow, as the angelical spirits ever were, and ever shall be, filled with unspeakable joy. But comfort is the proper physic for trouble: this happy nature was not ordained but for sorrow. There may be some that ducunt in bonos dies suos, that have their ways strewed with violets and roses; these have no need of comfort. What physician ministers cordials to the strong and healthful constitution? It is the broad thoroughfare of the world, which the devil is so studious to smoothe, that he leaves not a pebble in the way to offend them; as if he were that tutelar angel, who hath a charge to look to them, that they dash not their foot against a stone, Ps. 91:12. If they sigh, he sings to them; if they sleep, he sits by them: whispering to all troubles, as the spouse to the daughters of Jerusalem, 'I charge you, O ye transgressions of his heart, waken him not till he please.' Let there be no noise of fear, no alarm of repentance, no susurration of conscience to molest him: peace, peace, lie down in peace, with thy warm sins cleaving to thy bosom. The prophet gives you their character: 'They lie upon beds of ivory; they eat the lambs of the flock, and the calves out of the stall; they chant to the sound of viols, and dance to instruments, and drink wine in bowls,' Amos 6:4. What should these men do with comforts? Joy, and nothing else but the voice of joy, resounds in their habitations. It is poor, afflicted Joseph that needs comfort.

Consolation then is made for sorrow, and not for every sorrow neither. Some is produced by no other cause but temporal losses, pains, or injuries; so Esau may mourn long enough without recovery of his father's blessing. Worldly sorrow bringeth death, not delight, to the soul. Many weep, as Rachel did in Ramah for her children, because they were not; but they neither are, nor ever will be, comforted. There are tears that got sinful Esau nothing, and there be tears that got sinful Mary salvation. If the sorrow that swells our bosom with sighs, and is ready to burst our hearts, be spent upon our sins, it shall be sure of comforts. Are we full of grief within, and find no vent but by the groans and tears of repentance? God may let us

bleed for a while, till we be thoroughly humbled; but then, like the woman, the pangs of whose travail be over, the son of joy shall be born in our wombs, even that son which the blessed Virgin bore from her womb. Filius dilectionis, Filius delectationis, Jesus Christ.

2. Quota. There is a plurality of them; many comforts. What should encounter with sorrow but comfort? Comfort, therefore, it is for the nature. What should oppose a multitude, but a multitude? Many comforts, therefore, they are for their number. Are we troubled with the wants and miseries of this life? We have a comfort for that: 'The Lord is my portion; he is my shepherd. I shall lack nothing.' Do we sink under the burden of our transgressions? We have a comfort for that. Mary Magdalene heard it to quiet all her storms: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' Are we haunted with temptations, hurried with persecutions? We have a comfort for that: 'I will be with thee in trouble,' saith the Lord. Let your Christian experience supply here my defects of remonstrance. I will sum up these comforts in a few words: 'The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil,' Joel 2:13. We read of certain Fair Havens near Candia, Acts 27:8; here be five fountains of comfort, like those fair havens, as welcome for harbour and road of a sea-beaten conscience, as ever was the bosom of mother for her sucking child. Drink at the first fountain: 'The Lord is gracious,' free in his favours; if your thirst be not satisfied, go to the second: 'He is merciful,' he hath bowels of commiseration; if not yet, press to the next: 'He is slow to anger,' hard to conceive it, not willing to retain it. Wish we more? He is 'of great kindness' in the number and measure of his blessings. There is yet another well of comfort behind: 'Repenting him of the evil;' full often doth he turn aside his blows, and is easily entreated to have the rod pulled out of his hands. David, to encounter with the giant, took 'five smooth stones out of the brook,' 1 Sam. 17:40; here is the brook, and these the five smooth stones. Let them not lie in the channel unused, but put them in your vessels, bear them in your hearts; whensoever you are defied and assaulted by that monster Philistine Satan, one of these comforts, like David's stone, shall sink into his forehead and confound him.

How happily do these comforts meet with these sorrows! We are troubled with the sense of our sins, and of God's judgment upon them; how should his justice acquit us? Yet there is comfort, 'the Lord is gracious,' and cannot deny himself. But we are unworthy of his grace, because we have turned it into wantonness; yet there is comfort, for the Lord is 'merciful,' and sheweth most pity where most it is needed. But we have multiplied offences, and continued in our sins to our grey hairs; yet there is comfort, He is 'slow to anger,' evermore blessed for his long sufferance. But our iniquities be not of an ordinary quality, they are heinous and intolerable; yet there is comfort, for he is 'of great kindness,' and our wickedness cannot be so great as his kindness; for of that there is no comprehension. But we are out of his favour, because he hath smitten us, our bodies with sore diseases, our souls with agonies, and our families with privations; yet there is comfort, he will 'repent of the evil.' In the hour of death, when the senses are past working, the understanding asleep, the body in a cold and benumbed sweat, these comforts never leave us: 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul.' Ps. 116:7.

Our comforts vie with the number of our sorrows, and win the game. The mercies of God passed over in a gross sum breed no admiration; but cast up the particulars, and then arithmetic is too dull an art to number them. As many dusts as a man's hands can hold, is but his handful of so many dusts; but tell them one by one, and they exceed all numeration. It was but a crown which King Solomon wore; but weigh the gold, tell the precious stones, value the richness of them, and what was it then? Jerusalem was but a city; but go round about it, mark the towers, tell the bulwarks, observe the magnificent buildings: so consider the infinite variety of these comforts! 'Come, and I will tell you all that God hath done for my soul,' Ps. 66:16. I never felt that sorrow for which he gave me not a sovereign comfort. Sennacherib invaded Israel with a mighty host, yet the undaunted courage of Hezekiah found more with him than could be against him; and Sennacherib found it so to his cost, when he lost almost two hundred thousand of his army in one night. The prophet's servant rising early in the morning, sees the city besieged with a fearful host

of foot, horse, and chariots; his eyes could meet with nothing but woods of pikes, walls of harness, and lustre of metals, and he runs in with this affrighting news to his master: 'Alas! what shall we do?' 2 Kings 6:16. Quiet Elisha sits in his chamber, as secure as if all these had been the guard of Israel, sent for his safe protection. 'Fear not.' This was a hard precept; as well might he have bidden him not to see what he saw, as not to fear seeing so dreadful a spectacle. But the task is easy if the next words find belief: 'They that be with us are more than they that be with them.' If the eyes of our faith be as open as those of our sense, to see angels as well as Syrians, to perceive comforts as well as sorrows, we cannot be appalled with the most unequal number of our enemies: 'Many, O Lord, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done for us; they cannot be reckoned,' Ps. 40:5. O God, what is man that thou art so mindful of him? Yea, O man, what is God that thou art so unmindful of him? All the works of God are excellent, and ought to be had in remembrance; alas! that we should ever forget any of his works that are of mercy and comfort, and done for the good of our souls. For he alone hath done them; that is the next point.

3. Cujus. Whose they are? 'Thy comforts.' Troubles may be of our own begetting; but true comforts come only from that infinite fountain, the God of consolation; for so he hath styled himself. The eagle, at her highest flight, will not lose sight of her young ones; if she perceive any danger approaching, down she comes amain to their defence. Christ is indeed ascended up on high, yet he hath a favourable eye to his servants below; no Saul can 'breathe out threatenings and slaughters' without a 'Quid me persequeris?' 'Nec timeas hostem fortem, qui ducem habes fortiolem.' 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.' There is none that fighteth for us but only thou, O God, Ps. 68:1. 'Cujusquam est rempublicam movere, Dei solius quietare.' Our own hearts can distract themselves, there is nothing to settle them but what the God of peace puts in. Who can reconcile a man fallen out with himself? yea, fallen from himself? None but the God of comfort, who, when the earth was void, without form, when darkness was on the face of the deep, day and night, land

and water undistinguished, could reduce all this unshapen chaos of the world to form and order; when father, mother, brethren, kindred, friends, neighbours, and a man's own heart forsakes him, then God takes him up. The structure of Jericho was not more pleasant than the waters were unwholesome, and, thereby, the soil corrupt. Elisha cures them with a cruseful of salt. Our hearts are full of thoughts, but they be noxious thoughts; yet if God throw into those fountains a handful of saving grace, we shall be whole. Our sorrows would too often break our hearts, but, O God, for thy comforts: it is thou only that canst make these weak vessels hold such scalding liquors and not burst.

There is combustion of these thoughts within us, till God part the fray and pacify the tumult; as when scholars are loud in their brawls, the very sight of their master husheth them. When my heart, like the sea in a storm, is troubled, the winds raging, the waves roaring, thy comforts, like Christ's command, turns all into a calm: 'I thought on thee in the night season, and received comfort.' In the night, the region of fear; in solitariness, the full advantage of sorrow; in darkness, the opportunity of despair; upon an unsleeping bed, the field of troublous thoughts; yet I did but think of thee, and before I came to meditate, to pray, to send up my soul to thee, in that first thought I received comfort. O how short do all worldly things come of this sufficiency! If the heart be wounded with sorrow, in vain is all the chirurgery of nature. Gold is no restoration, riches no cordial; yea, they may be a corrosive. We say to wine, Thy spirits are dull; to laughter, Thou art mad; music grates the ear, and physic loathes the palate; company is tedious, and solitude dangerous; alas! what hope can there be till the God of comfort comes? Saul's evil spirit will not leave him till he be dispossessed by David's harp. We find as much ease when we rest our hearts upon temporal things, as he that laid him down to rest upon the cold earth with a pitcher under his head; and finding the pillow too hard, he rose and stopped it with feathers, thinking that then it would be wondrous easy. So be all temporary things to the soul, even when they are filled with the choicest mirth; nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit: vanity in their

entertainment, and vexation in their farewell. Yet, O Lord, thy comforts

4. Delight the soul, which is the last circumstance; the effect of all. All God's war is for peace: *pacem habet voluntas, bellum necessitas*. We should never have had such a conflict, if God had not intended us for such a conquest. Sin disquiets the heart; yet, through his grace, this disquiet breeds repentance, repentance procureth forgiveness, forgiveness restoreth peace, and peace delights the soul. The sharpness of the trouble advanceth the sweetness of the joy; as Christ's sufferings abound, so his comforts superabound. Every penitent tear that falls from the eye, springs up a flower of comfort. Look how full the vessels were of water, so full doth our Saviour render them of wine. In hell are all sorrows, without any comforts; in heaven are all comforts, without any sorrows; on earth, good and bad, sweet and sour, miseries and mercies, sorrows and comforts, are blended together. If here were nothing but sorrows, earth would be thought hell; if nothing but comforts, it would be thought heaven. But that we may know it to be, as indeed it is, neither heaven nor hell, but between both, and the way to either, we have a vicissitude of troubles and delights. That as of old they painted King Solomon, because learned men were divided in their opinions of him, some casting him to hell, others advancing him to heaven; therefore a third moderate sort painted him half in heaven and half in hell. So the Christian, in regard of his sorrows, seems half confounded, and, in respect of his comforts, half saved. But as indeed Solomon, after all his errors, found mercy; so the Christian, after all his sorrows, shall find comfort. His beginning may seem troublesome, his proceeding not delightsome, but his latter end is peace. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace,' Ps. 37:37. His heart was troubled, his soul shall be delighted.

As the grievances of the soul be most dangerous in respect of their nature, so are they also abundant in their number. Therefore let our care be to seek out that great elixir, that most sovereign and universal antidote and cordial.

(1.) One soul complains: I have obloquies, reproaches, calumniations cast upon me, which render me contemptible to good societies. Morality would thus argue with the heart. Be these imputations, thus charged on me, true or false? If true, let the integrity of thy future conversation so convince thy associates, that they shall both suspect those reports, and rest assured of thy constant goodness.

But the divine grace applies a more virtual medicine to thy conscience, which shall revive either thy patience or thy repentance. The soul shall argue with itself: If these imputations be true, here is work for repentance; I will weep in secret for my sins. If false, let them not trouble me; it is the slanderer's sin, not mine; neither am I bound to father another's bastard. But still upon this calumny the world condemns me. But thy faith and patience assure thee that thou shalt not be condemned with the world. Yea, there is yet a higher degree of honour belonging to thy patience. Have not the best of men been traduced? Was not the best of men, God and man, blasphemed? Yea, even upon the cross, he was jeered when he died, by some of them for whom he died. Thus do the comforts of God requite thee, that in all this thou art, in thy measure, conformable to the sufferings of Christ. So dost thou allay all these furious tempests with one breath of faithful ejaculation, 'Thy comforts delight my soul.'

(2.) Another complains: I am fallen from an affluent state to deep indigence. I have kept hospitality, to entertain friends; and made charity the porch of my house, to relieve the needy ones. The vessel of my means is now drawn out to the bottom, there is not sufficient provision for my own family. Inquire of thy heart, whether thy decay did not come by thy own riot, or through the vain-glorious affectation of an abundant hospitality. If this, or that, or any other habitual sin, were the first cause of it, begin with mortification there. First mourn for thy sins, then faithfully depend on thy Creator's providence, and thou shalt not fail of convenient sustenance.

But it may be this is not the complainant's case; he is not taken with a tabe or wasting away of his substance, like a scarce sensible

consumption of his bodily vitals. But his fall is with a precipice, from a sublime pinnacle of honour to a deep puddle of penury. Such was Job's condition; so did he fall, from being rich and happy in the adverb to being poor and miserable in the proverb. He had not only abundance of good about him, but omnia bene, all things went well with him. Yet how suddenly did he fall from this abundant prosperity to the depth of miserable poverty! Did he now follow the suggestions of that corrupt nature which lay in his bosom, and whispered to him on his pillow, 'Curse God and die?' No; but he apprehended the inspiration of grace, 'Bless God and live.' So his last days were better than his first. That infinite mercy did so crown his patience with triumph, that his temporal estate was doubled. Yea, but what posterity had he left to enjoy it after him? Yes, but even the number of his children was doubled too. For besides those seven sons and three daughters, which were now with his Father in heaven, he had also seven sons and three daughters with himself on earth. Piety and patience cannot be cast down so low, but that the hand of mercy can raise it up again. 'In the multitude of all my losses and crosses, O Lord, thy comforts have delighted my soul.'

(3.) But another, that hath heard all this sad story, and seen the comfortable end sent of the Lord, is not satisfied; because himself is not redressed. Like a coward in war, that looks for the victory before he gives one stroke in the battle. What merchant looks to be landed in the place of traffic before he hath passed his adventure upon the sea? Still, saith such a repiner, I am in distress, and want even necessaries. But still thou and we all must suffer much more before it can be said, 'Here is the faith and patience of the saints.' Still, O my soul, wait thou upon the Lord, thy most faithful Creator; he will, in his own good pleasure, open his hand, and fill thee with plenteousness. Be thou penitent before him, patient under him, confident in him, and thou shalt have abundant cause to be thankful to him. Thy end shall be peace and comfort in Jesus Christ.

Yea, even now, in these dead, low waters of fugitive fortunes, my soul confesseth that I have the highest wealth. For Christ's righteousness

is my riches, his merits my inexhaustible exchequer, his blood hath filled my veins with the most lively vigour. My treasure is in heaven, where no violence can take it from me. Still for ever and for ever thy comforts delight my soul.

(4.) It is another's complaint: I am shut up in a close prison, where I can neither converse with others abroad, nor let others in to communicate with me in this my confined home. The sparrow on the house-top hath more freedom than I. For that, though wanting a mate, hath an open air to fly in, and may so invite company to solace her. I have no society but my disconsolate thoughts, no friend to ask me so much as how I do.

Yet is thy soul at liberty. No barricaded walls, no iron gates or grates, no dark dungeons can imprison that. The jail is a strong prison to thy body, and thy body is but, in a metaphorical phrase, a prison to thy soul. Thy body may not walk abroad, thy soul can. Spite of all thy cruel creditors, and some unmerciful jailors, she can break prison. She hath wings that can mount her through clouds and mountains, through orbs and constellations, and, like Enoch, walk with God, in a heavenly contemplation of his infinite goodness. My ears cannot hear those heavenly choristers, singing their Creator's praise in the groves, but my soul, in speculation, can hear the anthems of the angels in heaven. I may not hear the hosannahs of the church militant in our material temples below, but I may conceive that my soul hears the hallelujahs of the church triumphant above. I may not walk in the green pastures and flowery meadows on earth, but my soul may move in the glorious and melodious galleries of heaven. Thus, O Lord, though in my strictest confinement here below, thou hast given me large liberty above, still I would glorify thee for all thy mercies, for thy comforts delight my soul.

(5.) Another's complaint is: I am vexed with a multitude of troubles. Not the law of the sword, but the sword of the law hath disquieted me. Let thy soul ask thy conscience this question, Who did first break the peace? If thou hast first overwhelmed that truth which should be

apparent, thou art thine own enemy. For truth, smothered in wet straw, will at length overcome the darkness of that suppression, and set on fire the sins thereof. Thou hast forsaken the truth, and art therefore forsaken of peace.

There be two chief preservers of the soul, under the almighty Creator of it, truth and peace. How invaluable are they together! Parted, how miserable! Truth is the precious stone, peace the gold wherein it is both set and preserved. Truth is the glorious light of the sun, peace a clear and serene heaven. Peace is a most beautiful body whilst it contains truth, that more pure, lovely soul. Truth brings down heaven to us, peace bears us up to heaven. Both are sisters, the daughters of one Father, God himself.

Do thou first recover truth. By continual labour seek it, with prayers and tears beg it, with the expense of much sorrow buy it, and then peace will come into the bargain. God's comforts shall again delight thy soul.

(6.) Another complains: I am cast out of doors. I have no harbour but the hedges, nor lodging but the fruitless ground. Poverty hath sent out her excommunications against me. All that have an estate are forewarned to shun my company.

Consider, when had Jacob so sweet a night's rest as when the pillow he laid his head upon was a hard stone? Then was that ladder set by him by which his soul might climb up to heaven in a vision, whereof before he had but the speculation. The angels were dancing those measures, and singing those raptures about him, which did in a manner angelify him. His body lay on the bare earth; his soul, with those spiritual wings of faith and love, was mounted above the clouds, above the orbs, even conversant in the highest heavens.

When had Elias more excellent provision than when his breakfast was brought him in the morning, and his supper in the evening, by a raven? The messenger was homely, but the diet was heavenly. It

came from the table of that great King, whose hospitality feeds, not only men, but even the fowls of the air, the beasts upon earth, and the fishes of the sea. The prophet's lodging was but a field-bed, yet, even then and there, the lions were a guard about him, the tutelar angels did surround him, and the divine providence preserved him.

If we be destitute of other lodging, and be driven to the common earth, yet we have a house over our heads, 'not made with hands, but an eternal mansion in the heavens.' There is also a canopy for us, a roof arched over with the two poles, and set with innumerable glistening stars. Yea, there is an omnipotent love that protects us, a material heaven encompassing us, and a spiritual heaven within us, the peace of a good conscience, assuring us of our eternal salvation through Christ Jesus. This is a softer lodging than the cabins of merchants, or the hammocks of seafarers, yea, than the most curious beds the harbingers can procure for princes. Oh, how sweetly doth the Christian rest, when he hears that voice out of the oracle of goodness! My grace is sufficient for thee, my comforts shall delight thy soul!

(7.) But another's complaint is: I am perplexed with sickness. I am a mark against which pain shoots his arrows. I waste away with languishments, as ice is dissolved by heat in water. Rest patient. This consumption shall be consumed. Death, that universal executioner of mankind, shall be executed. Time shall cut off death, and eternity shall make an end of time. Death shall have no grave left for his monument, or trophy of his victories; and the angel hath sworn that time shall be no more. Thy sickness may outlast thy physician, but thy soul shall outlive thy sickness, and nothing shall outlive thy soul.

But the pangs of my body are so violent, that they assault me with distraction. Fear not; they may beleaguer thee with distrust, but never overcome that faith which thou puttest in the God of all consolation. He is a most faithful Creator, and will, servare depositum, keep that soul safe, with which the believer hath entrusted him. The breaches of the body are the soul's windows, and

afford her a more clear prospect into heaven, enkindling within her an ardent desire to be with God in glory. Job's abundant sores would have bred in him a continuity of sorrows, but for that antidote of faith, and saving cordial of hope, that his eyes should see his Redeemer in blessedness.

The smiling sun flatters the traveller out of his cloak, whereas the robustious wind causeth him to wrap it the closer about him. God forbid that the Christian religion should be but a cloak, yet the outward profession of it is somewhat loosened by wanton health, and sickness wins it more inwardly to the heart. Experienced merchants tell us that, in the hottest countries, they find most relief in the hottest drinks. A wonder to us that live in the cold climates; but that the sun's adventitious heat so sucks out the radical moisture and spirits, that it leaves the heart feeble, and destitute of its natural comforts. It is a maxim in philosophy, that one heat avocates another, the greater the less. The heat of the sun draws forth the heat of the heart, and leaves it fainting. Poor Lazarus, with his scabs and scraps, was yet in a better condition than the rich man, with his princely wardrobe and his costly viands. Continued health hath maintained wanton desires and delights upon earth, but sickness hath sent many souls up to heaven. Yea, Lord, even with sickness afflict my body, so that thy heavenly comforts do delight my soul.

(8.) It is a general complaint, Afflictions environ me; in my short pilgrimage through the sharp wilderness of this world, on the one side thorns wound me, and brambles scratch me on the other. This is not only the deserved penalty of sinful nature, 'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;' but even a kind of fatality inseparable to militant grace, 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution,' 2 Tim. 3:12. That is a rare path upon earth which hath never a rub, and a calm passage by water that escapes all molestation. But more,—

Be there not some afflictions that conduce to our preservation? We have found that the falling into one grievous sin, the worst of all

dangers, hath brought us to repentance, one of the best preservatives. I have heard some seamen report by experience that, in a tempest, some raging billow hath swept a man off the decks into the main ocean, yet another wave on the other side hath tossed him up into the ship again, so that he was only drenched, but not drowned. The violent pressure of one affliction hath sunk a man to distrust in God; another, with a more furious storm, hath left him destitute of all earthly succour. He now resolves, The world hath forsaken me; I will never look for relief from it again. But my God hath not forsaken me; and he never will forsake them that trust in him through Jesus Christ. To him I fly; upon him I rely. He will not suffer me to perish. Still, O Lord, in all my extremities 'thy comforts delight my soul.'

(9.) Not offering to number man's grievances, which be innumerable, there is yet the last, and it may prove the best, complaint remaining.

I am perplexed with the woful consideration of my sin, those 'bitter things which God writes against me,' the irksome recollection of my transgressions. I can argue with philosophers, consult with politicians, hear the ingenious fancies of poets, reason in domestic concernments, enjoy the company of moral and harmless friends with delight. I can pray with confidence to be heard and satisfied; I do hope with some assurance of salvation; I lie upon a peaceful pillow. Thus far I am in a calm and serene atmosphere, and quiet be all my thoughts.

But after all this sunshine there ariseth a tempest. When I do recollect, or be represented unto my conscience, my innumerable, incomparable, intolerable sins, the remembrance of them is so frightful, the burden of them is so insupportable, that I dare not even look up unto heaven. Faith lies fainting, hope is in a swoon, fear stands by the bedside, despair lies gaping at the chamber door, and my soul is in an ecstasy. I am weary of all company but those that speak of mercy. I sit mourning all the day long; sorrow and solitude are my associates. I do shed some tears, and would weep tears of

blood for my sins. I lament because my sorrows are not greater for offending my God.

Well, yet hear the Physician of souls, that speaks to thee from heaven. Weep on, bleed on; this bleeding shall not be unto death. Jesus Christ hath a balsam, that shall not only staunch thy bleeding, but fill the veins of thy soul with comfort. His blood is an antidote for thine. One drop of that shall satisfy for more sins than ever thou hast committed.

Weep on for thy transgressions. These floods of tears shall not drown thee. Yea, rather, like the waters of that universal deluge, in that saving ark, Christ Jesus, they shall bear up thy soul towards heaven. They shall not drown thee; yea, they shall rather save thee from being drowned. This is that *secunda tabula* after shipwreck, the main plank that shall preserve thee from perishing, emergent repentance.

There be two most valiant and puissant soldiers that are the soul's champions, Faith and Repentance. They fight not only against lust and sin, those giants of the world; but also against principalities and powers, those infernal spirits of darkness. Faith hath her weapons and forces, but Repentance hath many disadvantages.

1. Other soldiers fight standing; she kneeling. They in a posture confronting their enemies; she in humiliation, though not tergiversation, from her opposites. They send forth their messages of death in thundering ordnance; all her thunder is sighs and groans, sent up to heaven for mercies. They let fly their fiery engines of destruction; she hath only her ejaculations. Her most piercing darts are broken hearts. Their shafts are winged with fire; her arrows are feathered with water, her own soft tears. They swallow up the hope of victory with insultation; she, in a humble prostration, expects pity. Yet the God of all power and mercy, whom she beleaguers in heaven, yields her the conquest. He comes from his impregnable throne by his most gracious favour; and instead of confounding her as a rebel, he useth her as a friend or daughter. He takes her up from her knees,

he wipes away all her tears, he folds her in his arms, he seals her a pardon of all sins, and assures her of an everlasting kingdom in heaven. O, victorious Repentance! yea, rather, O, triumphant goodness! O, God, teipsum vincis, thou overcomest thyself; thus thy comforts delight our souls.

It is reported of Alexander, that when he thought, and did but think so, he had conquered all this world, he fell a weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer. But there was remaining another world, a better than ever Alexander discovered; but this was not for an Alexander, by force of arms, but for a Mary Magdalene, by force of tears, to overcome.

It is true, the kingdom of heaven suffers violence; but the way of conquest is not through the blood of bodies, but through a flood of tears, gushing out for our sins. This is such a stratagem of war, such a policy of conquest, as the great monarchs of the world never understood. Yet even this, through faith, overcomes the world.

Faith hath a plot, which she hath taught her daughter Repentance, *concedendo superare*, to overcome by yielding. It is a stratagem among wrestlers, that if a man can get himself under his antagonist, he lifts him up, the sooner to cast him down; yea, to give him the greater fall. Repentance stoops as low as she can. She lies, like Joshua, upon the bare earth; yea, wallows in dust and ashes. She holds herself not worthy to be God's footstool. Let him trample upon her and tread her under his feet, she still holds him by the feet, washeth them with her tears, wipeth them with the hairs of her head, and kisseth them, though she be spurned by them. Doth this humble prostration provoke fury? No; it rather invites mercy. *Parcere prostratis scit nobilis ira leonis*. The Lion of the tribe of Judah will spare such lambs of humiliation, and in the pastures of consolation he will both feed and preserve them. That thunder which dissolves the precious metal, yet spares the yielding purse. When power and policy have spent their spirits, submission is found the only way of

conquest. The fearful thunder of vengeance is resisted by the soft wool of repentance.

2. Yet hath this blessed grace another disadvantage. Faith, the chief of all the forces, may be sometimes benighted, through the conglomeration of the clouds condensed by our sins. Hope may be eclipsed by the interposition of the earth, our worldly imaginations, betwixt us and that great luminary of heaven, the Sun of righteousness. The sentry of a watchful conscience may be overcome with security. Sin is a subtle enemy, and his father, the devil, will shew him the opportunity. Now is the time of invasion; seize on them, and cut all their throats. What shall Repentance do, when Faith, the great lady-general, droops, and Hope, her lieutenant-general, is fainting, when the whole sentry is overcome with slumber?

Yes, there is a watchman in the tower of the soul, that doth seldom sleep, holy Fear. He wakens conscience; conscience calls up faith; faith rouseth hope; hope cries aloud to repentance; repentance troops up all the natural forces; the martial music gives the alarm; the soldiers are in battle array; the enemies fly; the mind is at peace; because God's comforts delight the soul.

3. One disadvantage more makes dangerous work for repentance. The troops of Faith are routed, one wing of Hope is cut off. Yet this conquering queen of the viragines, or maiden graces, always brings up the rear, and never appears till the day be almost lost. When those great commanders, Innocency and Righteousness, are foiled and beaten, and leave their queen, the soul, in danger to be taken, and slain by sin and Satan, her old adversaries, then this virgo, virago, that all this while lay in expectation of the event, this martial maid, this victorious Repentance, comes in with her reserve, sets upon the conquerors with her fresh forces, rescues the queen, our soul, puts the great general, Satan, to flight, and does impartial execution upon all his soldiers, which be our sins.

Thus one grace begets another, by a supernatural generation, till they increase in number and in measure by the divine inspiration. Faith calls up repentance; repentance brings in pardon and forgiveness; pardon leads in comfort; and thus, O my God! thy comforts delight my soul.

4. When God, by the preaching of his law, hath broken up the fallow ground of our hearts, and, by the applying of his gospel, hath sown the seed of eternal life in those furrows, he looks that we should bestow our labour in the watering of this plantation. The ground is his, for he made it; the seed is his, for he gives it; the harvest is his, and he owns it. Yet such is the bounty of his goodness, that he gives his farmers the fruits of it. The rent of that great landlord's glory being freely paid, the product is ours, even the comfort and salvation of our poor souls. All our pains is but to hook up the weeds that would hinder the growth of the corn, and dew the furrows with our tears, that it may spring up with cheerfulness. But when the reaping time comes, the whole crop is ours; and we come home singing with joy and thankfulness, 'Thy comforts have delighted my soul.' When those glorious reapers, the angels, shall bear up our souls to heaven, like sheaves in the barn, we shall sing harvest home, and glorify our infinite good Lord, and our sweet Saviour, Jesus Christ.

To conclude. Crosses are but the pursuivants to fetch in repentance, and afflictions but God's letters missive for mortification. When we are fallen into some heinous transgressions, we may better say, than in our other trouble, this will cost hot water. For so it will, indeed; it will cost the hot waters of our tears from our eyes, or it will cost the warm blood of our hearts. Our godly sorrow for our sins is like the pool of Bethesda; when that angel from heaven, gracious repentance, hath troubled the waters, the lazarous soul does but step into them, and is cured. For all our spiritual diseases, this is the remedy, upon which we may safely write, *probatum est*.

We have made ourselves sick by sinning. God is the physician, and he prescribes; affliction is the apothecary, and he prepares; the

medicine is repentance, and that infallibly cures. It is a broken heart that makes us whole. God loves a true heart, and a clean heart, and an honest heart, and a humble heart; yea, and he loves a broken heart, too. 'The broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise,' Ps. 51:17. It is true, we are bound to love him with our whole heart; but if it be broken with penitential sorrow for sin, he will heal the fracture, redintegrate the heart, and re-accept it wholly to himself. A contrite heart, broken in pieces with sorrow, and pickled up in brinish tears, is a sacrifice that God will not reject.

Whosoever hath such a heart, let him make much of it. It is a dish for the King of kings. Sin, repentance, and pardon, are like to the three vernal months of the year, March, April, and May. Sin comes in like March, blustering, stormy, and full of bold violence. Repentance succeeds like April, showering, weeping, and full of tears. Pardon follows like May, springing, singing, full of joys and flowers. If our hands have been full of March, with the tempests of unrighteousness, our eyes must be full of April, with the sorrow of repentance; and then our hearts shall be full of May, in the true joy of forgiveness.

Her soul. As there be no comforts like those of God, so there is nothing to which comforts are so welcome as to the soul. The pleasure which the body takes is but the body; yea, scarce the very shadow of pleasure. The soul of pleasure is the pleasure of the soul. There be many things pleasing to the body, wherein the sanctified soul takes no delight, especially in the day of trouble. In calamity, good nourishments are comfortable, good words are comfortable, good friends are comfortable, the physician is comfortable, a good spouse specially comfortable; but in respect of these comforts, which do nevertheless pass all understanding, we may say of them, as Job did to his visitant friends, 'Miserable comforters are ye all.' But blessed are the souls upon whom this Sun of comfort shineth; and happy are those showers of tears and sorrows, that shall be dried up with such beams of comfort; and 'blessed God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort,' 2

Cor. 1:3, to whom, with the Son and Holy Ghost, be all praise and glory, for ever and ever! Amen.

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