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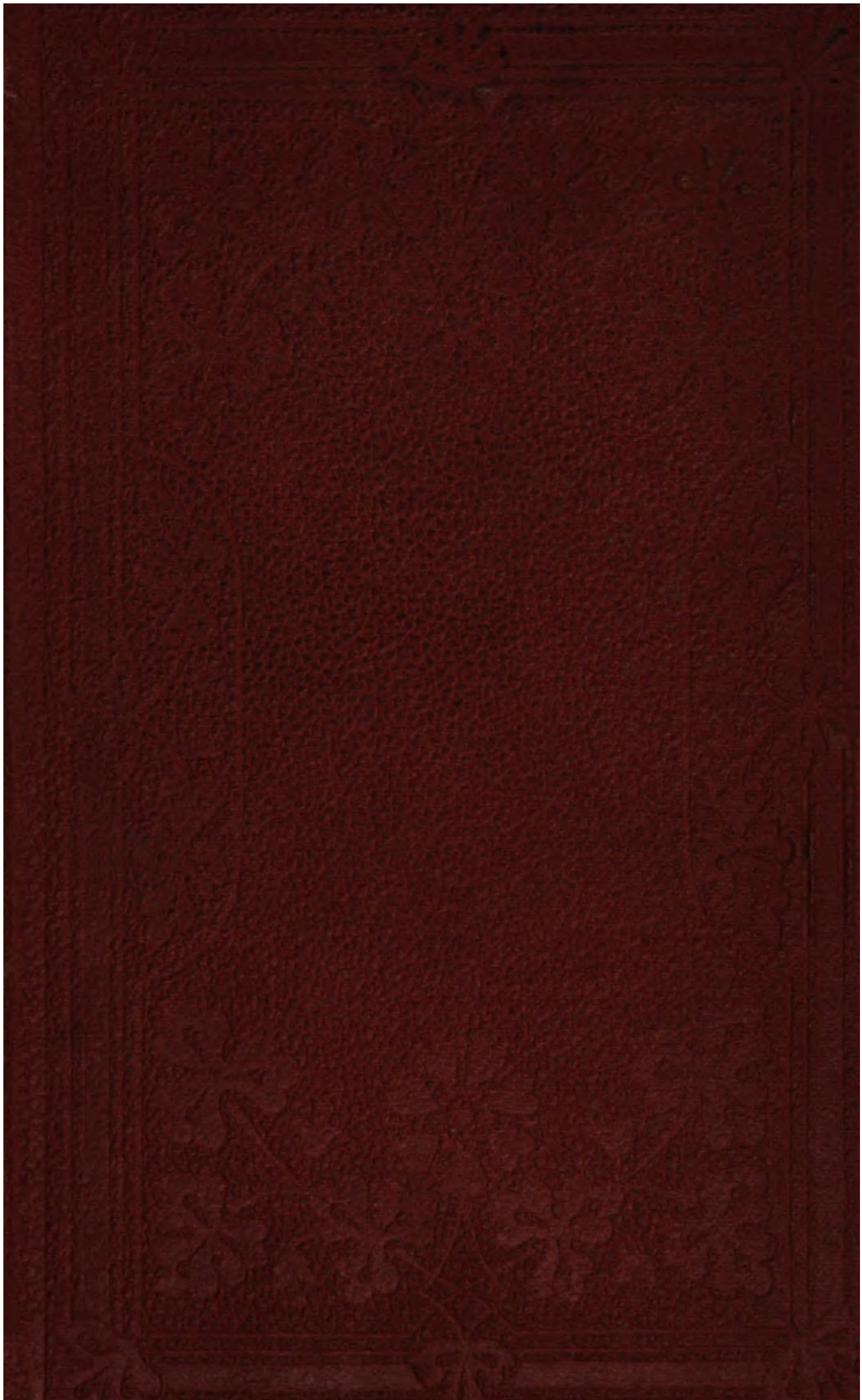
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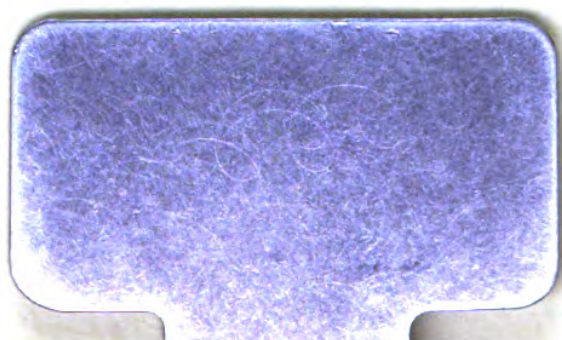
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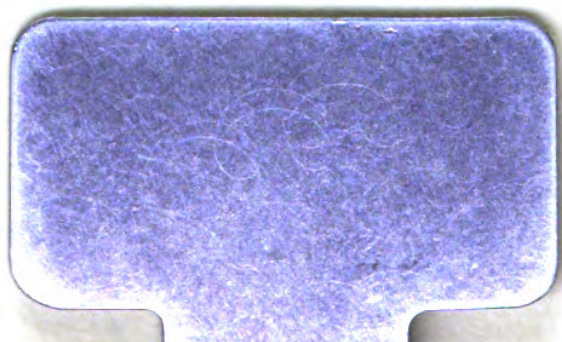


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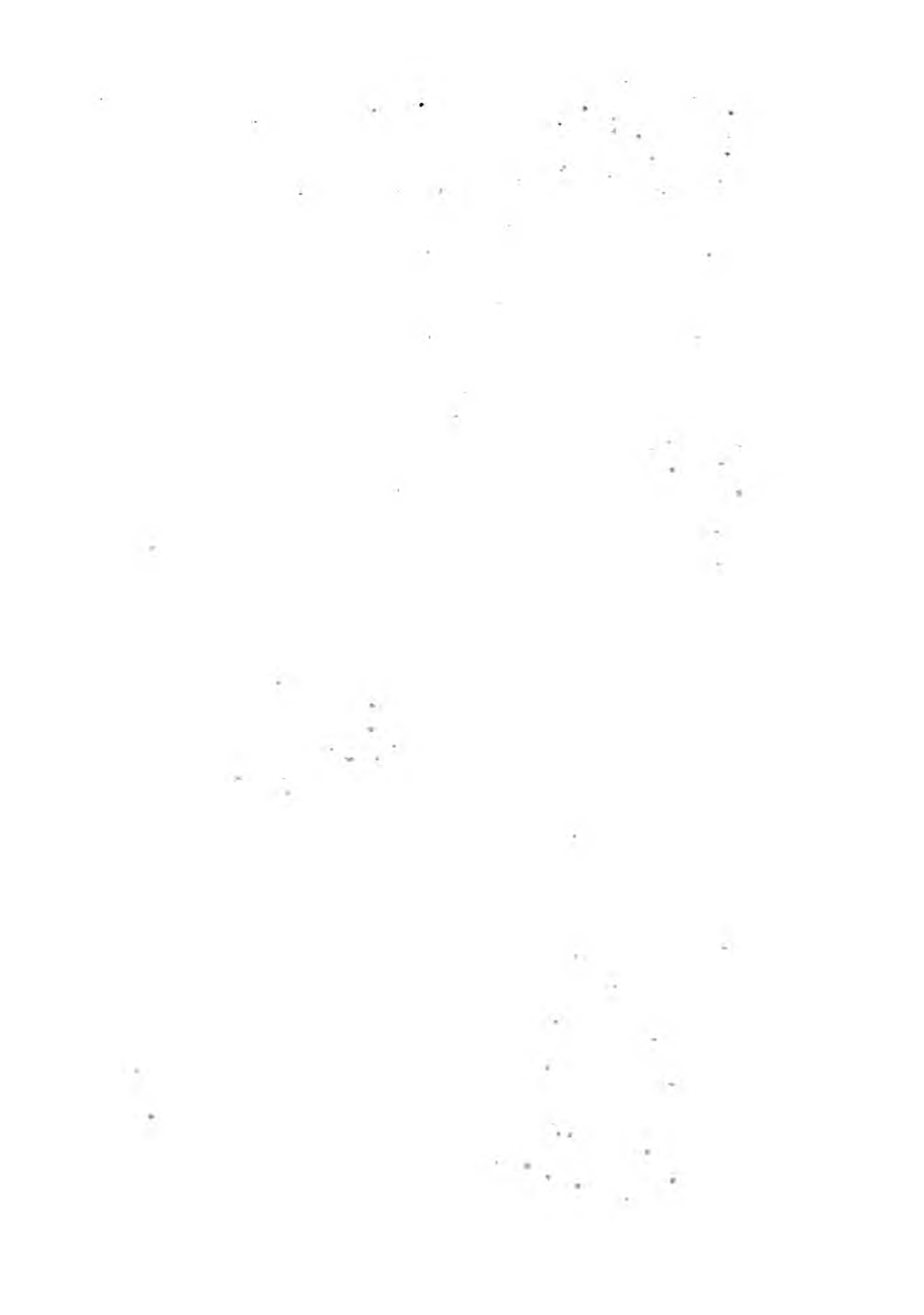












BREATHINGS
OF
THE DEVOUT SOUL,
AND
MEDITATIONS AND VOWS.

BY
BISHOP HALL.

GLASGOW:
PORTEOUS AND HISLOP.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1863.

100. u. 53.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

JOSEPH HALL, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, famous as a divine and poet, was born on the 1st of July, 1574, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire. His elementary education, which continued till he had reached his fifteenth year, was acquired at his native place. Although desirous of entering the ministry, he was only able to have the advantage of a university education, upon a brother's voluntarily relinquishing the paternal portion which would otherwise have been his. He accordingly entered Emanuel College, Cambridge, and was there two years, when his father was under the necessity of withdrawing him to occupy the position of master of the school at his native place, in which he had formerly been a pupil. His extreme regret at this interruption of his collegiate career induced an uncle to enable him to return to Cambridge, where he soon after obtained a Scholarship. The four years for which this lasted were employed very advantageously. His further stay was provided for by his being nominated fellow for his county, in which position he greatly distinguished himself.

While at Cambridge, Hall wrote his *Satires*, which, though now little known, are remarkable as the first production of their kind in British literature, and are now valuable for their delineation of the manners of his time.

Having obtained orders, he was, shortly after his

twenty-third year, appointed to the rectory of Halsted, and immediately after settling there he married. About this time he agreed to accompany Sir Edmund Bacon on a continental tour, which he did in the capacity of a private gentleman.

During his residence at Spa, he composed the second century of his *Meditations and Vows*. On his return to England, the interest Prince Henry took in the portion of this work which had been published, procured him the honour of preaching before his highness, and his appointment to Waltham, where he continued for the next sixteen years. Till the death of Prince Henry in 1612, Hall continued in attendance upon him; and at the breaking up of his establishment at St. James's, he had the honour of preaching the farewell sermon.

His life at Waltham, when not called away by the public service, was remarkably quiet and unostentatious. He was extremely methodical. He considered every day as a little life, and our whole life as but a day repeated. He therefore always made the most of his time—rose early; went through his religious exercises; studied—indeed, so intent was he upon his studies, that for a considerable time he restricted himself to one meal a-day, to obtain more leisure for pursuing them; nevertheless, his arrangements were always regulated by a strict attention to health.

In 1616, by command of King James, he repaired to Paris as chaplain to his Majesty's ambassador, but was prevented from enjoying the festivities of the occasion by a dangerous illness, which lasted the whole time he continued abroad. On returning to England, he found that he had been appointed Dean of Worcester.

The following year King James made his only visit to Scotland since his accession to the English throne. The real object of it was to force Prelacy upon the unwilling Scots; Hall, among other church dignitaries, accompanied King James. The commission did not seem to suit Hall, for the moderation he displayed called forth the respect and praise of the Presbyterians, and as soon after as possible he returned to England.

In 1618, he was appointed to attend the Synod of Dort, where Calvinism and Arminianism were on opposing benches. Hall zealously did his part, but a constant attendance of two months at its discussions made his health give way, and, accordingly, after being at the Hague for some time, without improvement, he returned to England before the Synod closed. A gold medal was transmitted to him through the celebrated Heinsius, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services.

From this period his career displays to the world only a dark side, and forms the subject of a small treatise by himself, called *Hard Measure*. The doctrinal animosities which had been displayed in Holland now spread to England; yet, although Hall was suspected of a leaning towards Puritanism, he was consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1627. His doctrinal opponents—those favourable to Arminianism, who were numerous in his diocese—however, rendered him so uncomfortable, that he accepted, in 1641, a translation to the see of Norwich, which was voluntarily offered to him by King Charles.

In the same year he, with his compeers, was forced to flee from Parliament, to avoid the violence of the armed crowds which were assailing it on their account. Having

signed a petition, protesting against all laws made during their forced absence, it was made the ground of a charge of treason against him and the other bishops who had signed it. The charge not being tenable, he was convicted on one less grave, and imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1642. While here he wrote his work, the *Free Prisoner*. In June of the same year he was released, on giving bonds for £5,000. Returning to Norwich, he was more favourably received than he expected, and he continued to preach there for nearly a year, when he was entirely deprived of his revenues, turned out of his palace, and stripped of his entire possessions. He was only able to retain his furniture and library through the generosity of a lady and a clergyman belonging to his diocese. After this circumstance he retired to Higham in Norfolk, where he rented a small property. From this time little further information can be given about him. He continued to preach until incapacitated by age. Towards the close of his life he maintained, although in very straitened circumstances, a number of poor widows as weekly pensioners. He died at Higham on 8th Sept., 1656, aged eighty-two.

Of his religious works, which are numerous, the *Contemplations of the Old and New Testaments*; *Breathings of the Devout Soul*, and *Meditations and Vows*, will always continue the most popular. The latter work has obtained for him the title of the Christian Seneca. His *Enochismus*; or, *Treatise on the Mode of Walking with God*, first translated into English in 1769, bears a very high character. He has also written many works of a controversial character, which are highly esteemed by theologians.

THE BREATHINGS
OF
THE DEVOUT SOUL.

I.

BLESSED Lord God, thou callest me to obedience; and fain would I follow thee: but what good can this wretched heart of mine be capable of, except thou put it there? Thou knowest I cannot so much as wish to think well, without thee. I have strong powers to offend thee: my sins are my own: but whence should I have any inclination to good, but from thee, who art only, and all good? Lord, work me to what thou requirest; and then require what thou wilt.

II.

Lord God, whither need I go to seek thee? Thou art so with me as that I cannot move but in thee. I look up to heaven: there I know thy Majesty most manifests itself; but, withal, I know that, being here, thou art never out of thy heaven, for it is thy presence only that makes heaven. Oh, give me to enjoy thee, in this lowest region of thy heavenly habitation: and as, in respect of my

natural being, I live and move in thee; so, let me not live and move spiritually but with thee and to thee!

III.

Whither now, oh! whither do ye rove, O my thoughts? Can ye hope to find rest in any of these sublunary contentments? Alas! how can they yield any stay to you, that have no settlement in themselves? Is there not enough in the Infinite Good to take you up; but that ye will be wandering after earthly vanities? O my Lord, how justly mightest thou cast me off with scorn, for casting any affective glances upon so base a rival! Truly, Lord, I am ashamed of this my hateful inconstancy: but it is thou only that must remedy it. O thou that art the Father of Mercies, pity my wildness and weak distractions. Take thou my heart to thee: it is thine own: keep it with thee: tie it close to thee by the cords of love; that it may not so much as cast down an eye upon this wretched and perishing world.

IV.

Lord, I confess, to my shame, thou art a great loser by me: for, besides my not improving of my favours, I have not kept even-reckonings with thee: I have not justly tallied up by thy inestimable benefits. Thy very Privative Mercies are both without and beyond my account; for every evil that I am free from is a new blessing from thee: that I am out of bondage, that I am out of pain and misery, that I am out of the dominion of sin, out of the tyranny of Satan, out of the agonies of an afflicted soul, out of the torments of hell; Lord,

how unspeakable mercies are these ! yet, when did I bless thee for any of them ? Thy Positive Bounties I can feel ; but with a benumbed and imperfect sense. Lord, do thou enlarge and intenerate my heart : make me truly sensible, as of my good received, so of my escaped evils ; and take thou to thyself the glory of them both.

V.

Ah, my Lord God, what heats and colds do I feel in my soul ! Sometimes I find myself so vigorous in grace that no thought of doubt dare show itself ; and, methinks, I durst challenge my hellish enemies : another while I feel myself so dejected and heartless, as if I had no interest in the God of my Salvation, nor never had received any certain pledges of his favour. What shall I say to this various disposition ? Whether, Lord, is it my wretchedness to suffer myself to be robbed of thee, for the time, by temptation ? or, whether is this the course of thy proceedings, in the dispensation of thy graces, to the sons of men ; that thou wilt have the breathings of thy Spirit, as where, so how and when thou pleasest ? Surely, O my God, if I did not know thee constant to thine everlasting mercies, I should be utterly disheartened with these sad intervals : now, when my sense fails me, I make use of my faith ; and am no less sure of thee, even when I feel thee not, than when I find the clearest evidences of thy gracious presence. Lord, shine upon me with the light of thy countenance, if it may be, always ; but, whenever that is clouded, strengthen thou my faith : so shall I be safe even when I am comfortless.

VI.

O my God, I am justly ashamed to think what favours I have received from thee, and what poor returns I have made to thee. Truly, Lord, I must needs say, thou hast thought nothing either in earth or in heaven too good for me: and I, on the other side, have grudged thee that weak and worthless obedience which thou hast required of me. Alas! what pleasure could I have done to thee who art infinite, if I had sacrificed my whole self to thee, as thou commandest? Thou art and wilt be thyself, though the world were not: it is I, I only, that could be a gainer by this happy match; which, in my own wrong, I have unthankfully neglected. I see it is not so much what we have as how we employ it. O thou that hast been so bountiful in heaping thy rich mercies upon me, vouchsafe to grant me yet one gift more; give me grace and power to improve all thy gifts to the glory of the Giver; otherwise it had been better for me to have been poor than ungrateful.

VII.

Ah, Lord, what struggling have I with my weak fears! How do I anticipate my evils by distrust! What shall I do when I am old? How shall I be able to endure pain? How shall I pass through the horrid gates of death? O my God where is my faith, that I am thus surprised? Had I not thee to uphold and strengthen my soul, well might I tremble and sink under these cares: but now, that I have the assurance of so strong a helper as commands all the powers of heaven, earth, and hell, what a shame is it for me to give so much way to

my wretched infidelity as to punish myself with the expectation of future evils! Oh for *the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith!* 1 John. v. 4. Thou, O God, art my *refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble: therefore will I not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea,* Psalm. xlvi. 1, 2. .

VIII.

Lord, I made account my days should have been but an inch; but thou hast made them *a span long,* Psalm xxxix. 5; having drawn out the length of a crazy life beyond the period of my hopes. It is for something, sure, that thou hast thus long respited me from my grave, which looked for me many years ago. Here I am, O my God, attending thy good pleasure. Thou knowest best what thou hast to do with me: dispose of me as thou wilt: only make me faithful in all thy services; resolute to trust myself with thee in all events; careful to be approved of thee in all my ways; and crown my decayed age with such fruits as may be pleasing to thee and available to the good of many: lastly, let me live to thee and die in thee.

IX.

How oft, Lord, have I wondered to see the strange carriage of thine administration of these earthly affairs! and therein to see thy marvellous wisdom, power, goodness, in fetching good out of evil! Alas, we, wretched men, are apt enough to fetch the worst of evils out of the greatest good; *Turning the grace of thee our God into wantonness,* Jude 4: but how have I seen thee of lifeless stones to raise

up children to Abraham ; of sinners to make saints ; out of a desperate confusion to fetch order ; out of a bloody war, a happy peace ; out of resolutions of revenge, love ; out of the rock, waters ; out of a persecutor, an apostle ! How can I be discouraged with unlikelihoods when I see thee work by contraries ? It is not for me, O my God, to examine or prejudge thy counsels : take what ways thou wilt, so thou bring me to thine own end : all paths shall be direct that lead me to blessedness.

X.

How many good purposes, O my God, have I taken up, and let fall to the ground again without effect ! How teeming hath this barren womb of my heart been of false conceptions ! But, especially, when thy hand hath been smart and heavy upon me in mine affliction, how have I tasked myself with duties, and revived my firm resolutions of more strict obedience ; which yet, upon the continuance of my better condition, I have slackened ! Lord, it is from thee that I purposed well : it is from my own sinful weakness that I failed in my performances. If any good come from me, the will and the deed must be both thine : *The very preparations of the heart* are from thee, Prov. xvi. 1 : and if I have devised my way, it must be thou that directest my steps, Prov. xvi. 9. O God, do thou ripen and perfect all the good motions that thou puttest into my soul ; and make my health but such as my sickness promised.

XI.

Every man, Lord, is unwilling that his name should die : we are all naturally ambitious of being

thought on when we are gone: those that have not living monuments to perpetuate them affect to have dead: if Absalom have not a son, he will erect a pillar. Yet, when we have all done, time eats us out at the last: *There is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall all be forgotten*, Eccl. ii. 16. O God, let it be my care and ambition, whatever become of my memory here below, that my name may be recorded in heaven.

XII.

Thy wise Providence, O God, hath so ordered it, that every man's mind seeks and finds contentment in some thing: otherwise it could not be, since we must meet with so frequent crosses in the world, but that man's life would be burdensome to him. One takes pleasure in his hawk or hound; another, in his horses and furnitures: one, in fair buildings; another, in pleasant walks and beautiful gardens: one, in travelling abroad; another, in the enjoying of the profits and pleasures of his home: one, in a comfortable wife; another, in loving and dutiful children. But, when all is done, if there be not somewhat else to uphold the heart in the evil day, it must sink. O God, do thou possess my soul of thee: let me place all my felicity in the fruition of thine infinite goodness: so I am sure the worst of the world hath not power to render me other than happy.

XIII.

O Lord God, under how opposite aspects do I stand, from the world! how variously am I construed by men! One pities my condition; another

praises my patience; one favours me out of the opinion of some good that he thinks he sees in me; another dislikes me for some imagined evil. What are the eyes or tongues of men to me? Let me not know what they say or think of me, and what am I the better or worse for them? They can have no influence upon me without my own apprehension. All is, in what terms I stand with thee, my God: if thou be pleased to look upon me with the eye of thy tender mercy and compassion, what care I to be unjustly brow-beaten of the world? If I may be blessed with thy favour, let me be made *a gazing-stock to the world, to angels, and to men.*

XIV.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth: what is it which thou wouldest have me do, that I may find rest to my soul? I am willing to exercise myself in all the acts of piety which thou requirest: I am ready to fast, to pray, to read, to hear, to meditate, to communicate, to give alms, to exhort, admonish, reprove, comfort, where thou biddest me; and, if there be any other duty appertaining to devotion or mercy, let me serve thee in it: but, alas! O my God, howsoever I know these works are in themselves well-pleasing unto thee; yet, as they fall from my wretchedness, they are stained with so many imperfections, that I have more reason to crave pardon for them, than to put confidence in them; and if I could perform them never so exquisitely, yet one sin is more than enough to dash all my obedience. I see, then, O Lord, I well see, there is no act, that I can be capable to do unto thee, wherein I can find any repose: it must be thine act to me, which only can effect it. It is thy gracious word, *Come unto me,*

all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Matt. xi. 28. Lo, this rest must be thy gift, not my earning: and what can be freer than gift? Thou givest it, then, but to those that come to thee; not to those that come not: to those that come to thee laden and labouring under the sense of their own wretchedness; not to the proud and careless. O Saviour, thy sinner is sufficiently laden with the burden of his iniquities: lade thou me yet more with true penitent sorrow for my sins; and enable me then to come unto thee by a lively faith. Take thou the praise of thine own work. Give me the grace to come; and give me rest in coming.

XV.

O blessed Saviour, what strange variety of conceits do I find concerning thy thousand years' reign! What riddles are in that prophecy, which no human tongue can aread! Where to fix the beginning of that marvellous millenary, and where the end; and what manner of reign it shall be, whether temporal or spiritual, on earth or in heaven; undergoes as many constructions as there are pens that have undertaken it: and yet, when all is done, I see thine apostle speaks only of the souls of thy martyrs reigning so long with thee; not of thy reigning on earth so long with those martyrs. How busy are the tongues of men; how are their brains taken up with the indeterminable construction of this enigmatical truth; when, in the meantime, the care of thy spiritual reign in their hearts is neglected! O my Saviour, while others weary themselves with the disquisition of thy personal reign here upon earth for a thousand years, let it be the whole bent and

study of my soul to make sure of my personal reign with thee in heaven to all eternity.

XVI.

Blessed be thy name, O God, who hast made a good use even of hell itself. How many atheous hearts have been convinced by the very operations of devils! Those which would, with the stupid Sadducees, persuade themselves there are no spirits; yet, when they have sensibly found the marvellous effects wrought even by the base instruments of Satan, they have been forced to confess, *Doubtless there is a God that rules the world*: for so great powers of evil spirits must necessarily evince the greater powers of good. It is of thy wise and holy dispensation that thy good angels do not so frequently exhibit themselves, and give so visible demonstrations of their presence to thy saints as the evil angels do to their vassals, though they are ever as present and more powerful. What need they, when thou so mightily overrulest those malignant spirits, that thou forcest from them thine own glory, and advantage to thy chosen? Lord, how much more shall all thy other creatures serve to thy praise, when thy very hellish enemies shall proclaim thy justice, goodness, omnipotence!

XVII.

Speculation, O Lord, is not more easy than practice is difficult. How many have we known who, as it was said of the philosophers of old, know how to speak well, but live ill! How many have written books of chemistry, and given very confident directions for the finding out of that precious stone of the philosophers! but how many have indeed made gold?

Practice is that which thou, O God, chiefly requirest and respectest; who hast said, *If ye know these things, blessed are ye if you do them: Knowledge puffeth up, but love edifieth*, 1 Cor. viii. 1. O Lord, do thou enlighten mine eyes with the knowledge of thy will: but, above all, do thou rectify my affections; *guide my feet into the ways of thy commandments; apply my heart to fulfil thy statutes alway*, Psalm cxix. 35, 112; and *prosper thou the work of my hands upon me, O prosper thou my handy-work*, Psalm xc. 17.

XVIII.

How oft have I wondered, O Lord, at the boldness of those men who, knowing they must shortly die, yet dare do those things which will draw upon them eternity of torments! What shall I say but, *The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God?* Surely men love themselves well enough, and would be loth to do that which would procure them an inevitable misery and pain. Did they, therefore, believe there were another world, and that they must be called to a strict reckoning for all their actions, and be doomed to an everlasting death for their wicked deeds, they durst not, they could not do those acts, which should make them eternally miserable. Let me say to the most desperate ruffian, "There is poison in this cup: drink this draught, and thou diest;" he would have the wit to keep his lips close, and cast the potion to the ground: were it not for their infidelity, so would men do to the most plausible but deadly offers of sin. O Lord, since I know thy righteous judgments, teach me to tremble at them: restrain thou my feet from every evil way; and teach me so to walk as one that looks

every hour to appear before thy just and dreadful tribunal.

XIX.

The longer I live, O my God, the more do I wonder at all the works of thy hands. I see such admirable artifice in the very least and most despicable of all thy creatures, as doth every day more and more astonish my observation. I need not look so far as heaven for matter of marvel, though therein thou art infinitely glorious; while I have but a spider in my window, or a bee in my garden, or a worm under my feet: every one of these overcomes me with a just amazement: yet can I see no more than their very outsides; their inward form, which gives their being and operations, I cannot pierce into. The less I can know, O Lord, the more let me wonder; and the less I can satisfy myself with marvelling at thy works, the more let me adore the majesty and omnipotence of thee, that wroughtest them.

XX.

Alas, my Lord God, what poor, weak, imperfect services are those, even at the best, that I can present thee withal! How lean, lame, and blemished sacrifices do I bring to thine altar! I know thou art worthy of more than my soul is capable to perform; and fain would I tender thee the best of thine own: but *what I would, that I do not*, Rom. vii. 15: yea, cannot do. Surely, had I not to do with an infinite mercy, I might justly look to be punished for my very obedience. But now, Lord, my impotence redounds to the praise of thy goodness: for, were I more answerable to thy justice, the

glory of thy mercy would be so less eminent in my remission and acceptance. Here I am before thee, to await thy good pleasure: thou knowest whether it be better to give me more ability, or to accept of that poor ability thou hast given me; but since, when thou hast given me most, I shall still and ever stand in need of thy forgiveness, let my humble suit be to thee always, rather for pardon of my defects than for a supply of thy graces.

XXI.

O my God, how do I see many profane and careless souls spend their time in jollity and pleasure; *The harp, and the viol, the tabret, and the pipe, and wine, are in their feasts*, Isaiah v. 12; while I that desire to walk close with thee, in all conscionable obedience, droop and languish under a dull heaviness and heartless dejection! I am sure I have a thousand times more cause of joy and cheerfulness than the merriest of all those wild and jovial spirits: they have a world to play withal; but I have a God to rejoice in: their sports are trivial and momentary; my joy is serious and everlasting: one dram of my mirth is worth a pound of theirs. But I confess, O Lord, how much I am wanting to myself, in not stirring up this holy fire of spiritual joy; but suffering it to lie raked up, under the dead ashes of a sad neglect. O thou who art the God of hope, quicken this heavenly affection in my soul; and *fill me with all joy and peace in believing*, Rom. xv. 13. Make my heart so much more light than the worldling's by how much my estate is happier.

XXII.

What shall I do, Lord? I strive and tug, what

I may, with my natural corruptions; and with the *spiritual wickednesses in high places*, Eph. vi. 12, which set upon my soul: but sometimes I am foiled, and go halting out of the field. It is thy mercy that I live, being so fiercely assaulted by those principalities and powers: it were more than wonder if I should escape such hands without a wound. Even that holy servant of thine, who strove with thine angel for a blessing, went limping away, though he prevailed: what marvel is it that so weak a wretch as I, striving with many evil angels for the avoidance of a curse, come off with a maim or a scar? But, blessed be thy name, the wounds that I receive are not mortal; and, when I fall, it is but to my knees: whence I rise with new courage and hopes of victory. Thou who art the God of all power, and keepest the keys of hell and death, hast said, *Resist the devil, and he will flee from you*: Lord, I do and will, by thy merciful aid, still and ever resist: make thou my faith as steadfast as my will is resolute. Oh! still *teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight*, Psalm cxliv. 1. Arm thou my soul with strength; and at last, according to thy gracious promise, crown it with victory.

XXIII.

O Lord God, how ambitious, how covetous of knowledge, is this soul of mine! *As the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing*, Eccl. i. 8, no more is the mind of man with understanding: yea, so insatiable is my heart, that the more I know, the more I desire to know, and the less I think I know. Under heaven there can be no bounds set to this intellectual appetite. Oh, do thou stop the mouth of my soul with thyself, who

art infinite! *Whom have I in heaven, but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee,* Psalm lxxiii. 25. Alas, Lord, if I could know all creatures, with all their forms, qualities, workings; if I could know as much as innocent Adam, or wise Solomon; yea more, if I could know all that is done in earth or heaven; what were my soul the better, if it have not attained the knowledge of thee? Since, as the Preacher hath most wisely observed, *In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,* Eccl. i. 18. Oh, then, set off my heart from affecting that knowledge whose end is sorrow; and fix it upon that knowledge which brings everlasting life: *And this is life eternal, to know thee the only true God; and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent,* John xvii. 3.

XXIV.

O my God, what miserable uncertainties there are in these worldly hopes! But yesterday I made account of an eminent advantage of my estate, which now ends in a deep loss. How did we lately feed ourselves with the hope of a firm and during peace, which now shuts up in too much blood! How confidently did I rely upon the promised favour of some great friends, which now leave me in the suds, as the scorn of (a miscalled) fortune! In how slippery places, O Lord, do our feet stand! if that may be said to stand which is ever sliding, never fixed: and not more slippery than brittle; so as there is not more danger of falling than of sinking. With thee, O God, with thee only is a constant immutability of happiness: there let me seek it; there let me find it: and, overlooking all the fickle objects of this vain world, let my soul pitch itself upon that

blessed immortality which ere long it hopes to enjoy with thee.

XXV.

Lord God, what a wearisome circle do I walk in here below! I sleep, and dress, and work, and eat, and work again, and eat again, and undress, and sleep again; and, thus wearing out my time, find a satiety in all these troublesome. Lord, when shall I come to that state wherein I shall do nothing but enjoy thee, do nothing but praise thee; and, in that one work, shall find such infinite contentment that my glorified soul cannot wish to do any other, and shall therein alone bestow a blessed eternity?

XXVI.

O God, how troublesome and painful do I find this sun of thine, whose scorching beams beat upon my head! and yet this excellent creature of thine is that to which, under thee, we are beholden for our very life; and it is thy great blessing to the earth, that it may enjoy these strong and forcible rays from it. Oh! who shall be able to endure the burning flames of thy wrath, which thou intendest for the punishment and everlasting torment of thine enemies? And if men shall blaspheme the name of thee, the God of heaven (Rev. xvi. 9), for the great heat of that beneficial creature, what shall we think they will do for that fire which shall be consuming them to all eternity? Lord, keep my soul from those flames, which shall be ever burning, and never either quenched or abated.

XXVII.

Which way, O Lord, which way can I look, and

not see some sad examples of misery? One wants his limbs, with Mephibosheth; another, his sight, with Bartimeus; a third, with Lazarus, wants bread and a whole skin: one is pained in his body; another, plundered of his estate; a third, troubled in mind; one is pined in prison; another, tortured on the rack; a third languisheth under the loss of a dear son, or wife, or husband. Who am I, Lord, that for the present I enjoy an immunity from all these sorrows? I am sure none groans under them that have deserved them more. It is thy mercy, thy mere mercy, O my good God, that any of these calamities have fallen beside me. Oh make me truly thankful for thine infinite goodness; and yet only so sensible of thy gracious indulgence this way, as that, when any of these evils shall seize upon me, I may be no more dejected in the sense of them than I am now overjoyed with the favour of their forbearance!

XXVIII.

O blessed God, what variety of gifts hast thou scattered amongst the sons of men! To one thou hast given vigour of body; to another, agility; beauty to a third: to one, depth of judgment; to another, quickness of apprehension: to one, readiness and rarity of invention; to another, tenacity of memory: to one, the knowledge of liberal arts; to another, the exquisiteness of manuary skill: to one, worldly wealth; to another, honour: to one, a wise heart; to another, an eloquent tongue: to one, more than enough; to another contentment with a little: to one, valour; to another, sagacity. These favours, O Lord, thou hast promiscuously dispersed amongst both thy friends and enemies: but, oh how tran-

scendant are those spiritual mercies which thou hast reserved for thine own; the graces of heavenly wisdom, lively faith, fervent charity, firm hope, joy in the Holy Ghost, and all the rest of that divine bevy! For any competency of the least of thy common blessings I desire to be thankful to thy bounty; for which of them, O God, can I either merit or requite? but, oh for a soul truly and eagerly ambitious of those thy best mercies! Oh, let me ever long for them, and ever be insatiable of them! Oh, do thou fill my heart with the desire of them, and let that desire never find itself filled!

XXIX.

How comfortable a style is that, O God, which thine Apostle gives to thy heaven, while he calls it *The inheritance of the saints in light!* None can come there but saints: the rooms of this lower world are taken up, commonly, with wicked men, with beasts, with devils; but into that heavenly Jerusalem no unholy thing can enter. Neither can any saint be excluded thence: each of them have, not only a share, but an entire right to thy glory. And how many just titles are there, O Saviour, to that region of blessedness! It is thy Father's gift: it is thy purchase: it is thy saints' inheritance; theirs only in thy right; by thy gracious adoption they are sons, and as sons, heirs, co-heirs with thee of that blessed patrimony, Rom. viii. 17; so feoffed upon them, so possessed of them, that they can never be disseised. And, Lord, how glorious an inheritance it is! An inheritance in light, in light incomprehensible, in light inaccessible. Lo, the most spiritual of all thy visible creatures is light; and yet this light is but the effect and ema-

nation of one of thy creatures, the sun, and serves only for the illumination of this visible world : but that supernal light is from the all-glorious beams of thy Divine Majesty, diffusing themselves to those blessed spirits, both angels and souls of thy saints, who live in the joyful fruition of thee to all eternity. Alas, Lord, we do here dwell in darkness, and under an uncomfortable opacity, while thy face is clouded from us with manifold temptations : there above, with thee, is pure light, a constant noon-tide of glory : I am here under a miserable and obscure wardship. Oh teach me to despise the best of earth ; and ravish my soul with a longing desire of being possessed of that blessed *inheritance of the saints in light !*

XXX.

What outward blessing can be sweeter than civil peace? what judgment more heavy than that of the sword? Yet, O Saviour, there is a peace which thou disclaimest; and there is a sword which thou challengest to bring: peace with our corruptions is war against thee; and that war in our bosoms, wherein the Spirit fighteth against the flesh, is peace with thee. Oh let thy good Spirit raise and foment this holy and intestine war more and more within me! And, as for my outward spiritual enemies, how can there be a victory without war? and how can I hope for a crown without victory? Oh do thou ever gird me with strength to the battle: enable thou me to resist unto blood: make me faithful to the death, that thou mayest give me the crown of life!

XXXI.

O Lord God, how subject is this wretched heart

of mine to repining and discontentment! If it may not have what it would, how ready it is, like a forward child, to throw away what it hath! I know and feel this to be out of that natural pride which is so deep-rooted in me; for, could I be sensible enough of my own unworthiness, I should think everything too good, everything too much for me. My very being, O Lord, is more than I am ever able to answer thee; and how could I deserve it when I was not? but that I have any helps of my well-being here, or hopes and means of my being glorious hereafter, how far is it beyond the reach of my soul! Lord, let me find my own nothingness: so shall I be thankful for a little; and in my very want bless thee.

XXXII.

Where art thou, O my God? Whither hast thou withdrawn thyself? It is not long since I found thy comfortable presence with my soul: now, I miss thee, and mourn and languish for thee. Nay, rather, where art thou, O my soul? My God is where he was; neither can be any other than himself: the change is in thee, whose inconstant disposition varies continually, and cannot find itself fixed upon so blessed an object. It will never be better with me, O my God, until it shall please thee to *stablish my heart with thy free Spirit*, Psalm li. 12; and to keep it close to thee, that it may not be carried away with vain distractions, with sinful temptations. Lord, my God, as thou art always present with me, and canst no more be absent than not be thyself; so let me be always with thee in an humble and faithful acknowledgment of thy presence: as I can never be out of thine all-seeing eye; so let mine eyes be ever

bent upon thee, who art invisible. Thou that hast given me eyes, improve them to thy glory and my happiness.

XXXIII.

My bosom, O Lord, is a Rebekah's womb: there are twins striving within it; a Jacob and Esau; the old man and the new. While I was in the barren state of my unregeneration, all was quiet within me: now this strife is both troublesome and painful; so as nature is ready to say, *If it be so, why am I thus?* Gen. xxv. 22. But, withal, O my God, I bless thee for this happy unquietness; for I know there is just cause of comfort in these inward strugglings: my soul is now not unfruitful, and is conceived with a holy seed, which wrestles with my natural corruptions; and if my Esau have got the start in the priority of time, yet my Jacob shall follow him hard at the heel, and happily supplant him; and though I must nourish them both as mine, yet I can, through thy grace, imitate thy choice, and say with thee, *Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated.* Blessed God, make thou that word of thine good in me, that *the elder shall serve the younger.*

XXXIV.

Alas, my Lord God, how small matters trouble me! every petty occurrence is ready to rob me of my peace; so as, methinks, I am like some little cock-boat in a rough sea, which every billow topples up and down, and threatens to sink. I can chide this weak pusillanimity in myself: but it is thou that must redress it. Lord, work my heart to so firm a settledness upon thee that it may never be shaken; no, not with the violent gusts of temptation, much

less with the easy gales of secular misaccidents. Even when I am hardest pressed in the multitude of the sorrows of my heart, let thy comforts refresh my soul: but for these slight crosses, oh teach me to despise them, as not worthy of my notice, much less of my vexation! Let my heart be taken up with thee; and then, what care I whether the world smile or frown?

XXXV.

What a comfort it is, O Saviour, that thou art *the first-fruits of them that sleep!* Those that die in thee do but sleep. Thou saidst so once of thy Lazarus, and mayest say so of him again: he doth but sleep still. His first sleep was but short; this latter, though longer, is no less true; out of which he shall no less surely awake at thy second call than he did before at thy first. His first sleep and waking was singular; this latter is the same with ours: we all lie down in our bed of earth as sure to wake as ever we can be to shut our eyes. In and from thee, O blessed Saviour, is this our assurance, who art *the first-fruits of them that sleep.* The first handful of the first-fruits was not presented for itself, but for the whole field wherein it grew: the virtue of that oblation extended itself to the whole crop. Neither didst thou, O blessed Jesu, rise again for thyself only; but the power and virtue of thy resurrection reaches to all thine: so thy chosen vessel tells us, *Christ the first-fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming,* 1 Cor. xv. 23. So as, though the *resurrection be of all the dead, both just and unjust,* Acts xxiv. 15; yet, to rise by the power of thy resurrection, is so proper to thine own as that thou, O Saviour, hast styled it the *resurrection of the*

just, Luke xiv. 14; while the rest shall be dragged out of their graves, by the power of thy godhead, to their dreadful judgment. Already, therefore, O Jesu, are we risen in thee, and as sure shall rise in our own persons. The locomotive faculty is in the head: thou who art our Head art risen; we who are thy members must and shall follow. Say then, O my dying body, say boldly unto death, *Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy, for though I fall, yet I shall rise again*, Micah vii. 8. Yea, Lord, the virtue of thy first-fruits diffuseth itself, not to our rising only, but to a blessed immortality of these bodies of ours: for as thou didst rise immortal and glorious, so shall we by and with thee; *Who shall change these vile bodies, and make them like to thy glorious body*, Phil. iii. 21. The same power that could shake off death can put on glory and majesty. Lay thee down, therefore, O my body, quietly and cheerfully; and look to rise in another hue: thou art *sown in corruption*, thou shalt be *raised in incorruption*; thou art *sown in dishonour*, thou shalt be *raised in glory*; thou art *sown in weakness*, but shalt be *raised in power*, 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43.

XXXVI.

In this life, in this death of the body, O Lord, I see there are no degrees, though differences of time. The man that died yesterday is as truly dead as Abel, the first man that died in the world: and Methuselah, that lived nine hundred sixty-nine years, did not more truly live than the child that did but salute and leave the world. But in the life to come and the second death there are degrees: degrees of blessedness to the glorified; degrees of torments to the damned; the least whereof is un-

speakable, unconceivable. O thou that art the Lord of life and death, keep my soul from those steps that go down to the chambers of death; and once set it, for higher I dare not sue to go, but over the threshold of glory and blessedness.

XXXVII.

O Lord my God, I am as very a pilgrim as ever walked upon thy earth: why should I look to be in any better condition than my neighbours, than my forefathers? Even the best of them, that were most fixed upon their inheritance, were no other than strangers at home: it was not in the power of the world to naturalize them, much less to make them enrol themselves free denizens here below: they knew their country which they sought was above; so infinitely rich and pleasant, that these earthly regions, which they must pass through, are, in comparison, worthy of nothing but contempt, Heb. xi. 13, 14, 15. My condition is no other than theirs: I wander here in a strange country; what wonder is it if I meet with foreigners' fare, hard usage and neglect? Why do I intermeddle with the affairs of a nation that is not mine? Why do I clog myself, in my way, with the base and heavy lumber of the world? Why are not my affections homeward? Why do I not long to see and enjoy my Father's house? O my God, thou that hast put me into the state of a pilgrim, give me a pilgrim's heart: set me off from this wretched world wherein I am: let me hate to think of dwelling here: let it be my only care how to pass through this miserable wilderness, to the promised land of a blessed eternity.

XXXVIII.

One talent at the least, O Lord, hast thou put into my hand ; and that sum is great to him that is not worth a dram : but, alas, what have I done with it ? I confess I have not hid it in a napkin ; but have been laying it out to some poor advantage : yet, surely, the gain is so unanswerable that I am afraid of an audit. I see none of the approved servants in the Gospel brought in an increase of less value than the receipt, Luke xix. 16-19 : I fear I shall come short of the sum. O thou who justly holdest thyself wronged with the style of *an austere Master*, vouchsafe to accept of my so mean improvement ; and thou, who valuedst the poor widow's mites above the rich gifts cast into thy treasury, be pleased to allow of those few pounds, that my weak endeavours could raise from thy stock ; and mercifully reward thy servant, not according to his success, but according to his true intentions of glorifying thee.

XXXIX.

What a word is this which I hear from thee, O Saviour, *Behold, I stand at the door and knock!* Thou which art the Lord of life, God blessed for ever, to stand and knock at the door of a sinful heart ! Oh what a praise is this of thy mercy and long-suffering ! What a shame to our dull neglect and graceless ingratitude ! For a David to say, *I waited patiently upon the Lord*, Psalm xl. 1. *Truly my soul waited upon God*, Psalm lxii. 1, it is but meet and comely ; for it is no other than the duty of the greatest monarchs on earth, yea, of the highest angels in heaven, to attend their Maker,

but for thee, the great God of heaven, to wait at the door of us sinful dust and ashes, what a condescension is this! what a long-animity! It were our happiness, O Lord, if, upon our greatest suit and importunity, we might have the favour to entertain thee into our hearts; but that thou shouldest importune us to admit thee, and shouldest wait at the posts of our doors till thy *head be filled with dew, and thy locks with the drops of the night* (Song v. 2), it is such a mercy as there is not room enough in our souls to wonder at. In the meantime, what shall I say to our wretched unthankfulness and impious negligence? Thou hast graciously invited us to thee, and hast said, *Knock, and it shall be opened*; and yet thou continuest knocking at our doors, and we opened not; willingly delaying to let in our happiness. We know how easy it were for thee to break open the brazen doors of our breasts and to come in; but the kingdom of heaven suffers not violence from thee, though it should suffer it from us. Thou wilt do all thy works in a sweet and gracious way; as one who will not force, but win love. Lord, I cannot open, unless thou that knockest for entrance wilt be pleased to enable me with strength to turn the key, and to unbolt this unwieldy bar of my soul. Oh do thou make way for thyself by the strong motions of thy blessed Spirit into the inmost rooms of my heart; and do thou powerfully incline me to mine own happiness: else thou shalt be ever excluded, and I shall be ever miserable!

XL.

In what pangs couldst thou be, O Asaph, that so woeful a word should fall from thee, *Hath God forgotten to be gracious?* Psalm lxxvii. 9. Surely the

temptation went so high that the next step had been blasphemy. Had not that good God whom thy bold weakness questions for forgetfulness, in great mercy remembered thee, and brought thee speedily to remember thyself and him, that which thou confessest to have been infirmity had proved a sinful despair. I dare say for thee that word washed thy cheeks with many a tear, and was worthy of more: for, O God, what can be so dear to thee as the glory of thy mercy? There is none of thy blessed attributes which thou desirest to set forth so much unto the sons of men, and so much abhorrest to be disparaged by our detraction, as thy mercy. Thou canst, O Lord, forget thy displeasure against thy people; thou canst forget our iniquities, and cast our sins out of thy remembrance, Micah vii. 18, 19: but thou canst no more forget to be gracious than thou canst cease to be thyself. O my God, I sin against thy justice hourly, and thy mercy interposes for my remission: but, oh keep me from sinning against thy mercy! What plea can I hope for, when I have made my advocate mine enemy?

XLI.

How happy, O Lord, is the man that hath thee for his God! He can want nothing that is good: he can be hurt by nothing that is evil: his sins are pardoned; his good endeavours are accepted; his crosses are sanctified; his prayers are heard: all that he hath are blessings; all that he suffers are advantages: his life is holy; his death comfortable; his estate after death glorious. Oh that I could feel thee to be my God, that I could enjoy a heavenly communion with thee! In vain should earth or hell labour to make me other than blessed.

XLII.

How just a motion is this of thine, O thou sweet singer of Israel, *O love the Lord, all ye his saints!* Psalm xxxi. 23. Surely they can be no saints that love not such a Lord. Had he never been good to them, yet that infinite goodness which is in himself would have commanded love from saints. Yet how could they have been saints if he had wholly kept his goodness to himself? In that, then, he hath made them saints, he hath communicated his goodness to them, and challengeth all love from them; and, being made such, how infinitely hath he obliged them with all kinds of mercies! How can ye choose, O ye saints, but love the Lord? What have ye, what are ye, what can ye be, but from his mere bounty? They are slight favours that he hath done you for the world; in these his very enemies share with you: how transcendent are his spiritual obligations! Hath he not given you his angels for your attendants; Himself for your Protector; his Son out of his bosom for your Redeemer; his Spirit for your comforter; his heaven for your inheritance? If gifts can attract love, O my God, who can have any interest in my heart but thy blessed self, that hast been so infinitely munificent to my soul? Take it to thee, thou that hast made and bought it: enamour it thoroughly of thy goodness: make me sick of love; yea, let me die for love of thee, who hast loved me unto death, that I may fully enjoy the perfection of thy love in the height of thy glory.

XLIII.

Lord, how have I seen men miscarried into those sins, the premonition whereof they would have

thought incredible, and their yieldance thereto impossible! How many Hazael's hath our very age yielded, that if a prophet should have foretold their acts, would have said, *Is thy servant a dog, that he should do these great things?* 2 Kings viii. 13. O my God, why do not I suspect myself? What hold have I of myself more than these other miserable examples of human frailty? Lord God, if thou take off thy hand from me, what wickedness shall escape me? I know I cannot want a tempter; and that tempter cannot want either power, or malice, or vigilance, or skill, or baits, or opportunities; and for myself I find too well that of myself I have no strength to resist any of his temptations. Oh, for thy mercy's sake, uphold thou me with thy mighty hand: stand close to me in all assaults: shew thyself strong in my weakness: *Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins: let them not have dominion over me; then, only, shall I be upright, and shall be innocent from the great transgression!* Psalm xix. 13.

XLIV.

It is thy title, O Lord, and only thine, that thou givest *songs in the night*, Job xxxv. 10. The night is a sad dolorous season, as the light, contrarily, is the image of cheerfulness, Eccl. xi. 7; like as it is in bodily pains and aches, that they are still worst towards night, so it is in the cares and griefs of mind: then they assault us most when they are helped on by the advantage of an uncomfortable darkness. Many men can give themselves songs in the day of their prosperity, who can but howl in the night of their affliction: but, for a Paul and a Silas to sing in their prison at midnight, Acts xvi. 25; for an Asaph to *call to remembrance his song in the*

night, Psalm lxxvii. 6, this comes only from that Spirit of thine whose peculiar style is the *Comforter*. And, surely, as music sounds best in the night ; so those heavenly notes of praise which we sing to thee, our God, in the gloomy darkness of our adversity, cannot but be most pleasing in thine ears. Thine Apostle bids us, which is our ordinary wont, when we are *merry to sing* ; when *afflicted, to pray* : but if when we are afflicted we can sing, as also when we are merriest we can pray, that ditty must needs be so much more acceptable to thee, as it is a more powerful effect of the joy of thy Holy Ghost. O my God, I am conscious of my own infirmity : I know I am naturally subject to a dull and heavy dumpishness, under whatsoever affliction. Thou that art the God of all Comfort, remedy this heartless disposition in me : pull this lead out of my bosom : make me, not patient only, but cheerful under my trials : fill thou my heart with joy, and my mouth with songs, in the night of my tribulation.

XLV.

It is a true word, O Lord, that thy Seer said of thee long ago : *The Lord seeth not as man seeth*, 1 Sam. xvi. 7. Man sees the face ; thou seest the heart : man sees things as they seem ; thou seest them as they are : many things are hid from the eyes of men ; all things lie open and displayed before thee. What a madness, then, were it in me to come disguised into thy presence ; and to seek to hide my counsels from thine all-seeing eyes ! I must be content, Lord, to be deluded here by fair appearances ; for I may not offer to look into the bosoms of men, which thou hast reserved for thyself : it is only the outside that I can judge by. Yea, O

God, if I shall cast my eyes inward, and look into my own breast, even there I find myself baffled at home : *The heart of man is deceitful above all things : who can know it?* None but those piercing eyes of thine can discover all the windings and turnings of that intricate piece. What would it avail me, O Lord, to mock the eyes of all the world with a semblance of holiness, whilst thou shouldest see me false and filthy ? Should I be censured by a world of men, when I am secretly allowed by thee, I could contemn it ; yea, glory in their unjust reproach : but if thine eyes shall note me guilty, to what purpose is all the applause of men ? O thou that art the God of Truth, do thou open and dissect this close heart of mine : search every fibre that is in or about it ; and if thou findest any ill blood there, let it out ; and if thou findest any hollowness, fill it up ; and so work upon it that it may be approved of thee, that madest it : as for men, it shall be alike to me whether they spend their breath or save it.

XLVI.

Lord God, what a world of treasure hast thou hid in the bowels of the earth, which no eye of man ever did, or shall, or can see ! What goodly plants hast thou brought forth of the earth in wild unknown regions, which no man ever beheld ! What great wits hast thou shut up in a willing obscurity, which the world never takes notice of ! In all which thou shewest that it is not only the use and benefit of man which thou regardest in the great variety of thy creation and acts of administration of the world, but thine own glory, and the fulfilling of thine own good pleasure : and if only the angels of heaven be witnesses of thy great works, thou canst

not want a due celebration of thy praise. It is just with thee, O God, that thou shouldest regard only thy blessed self in all that thou doest, or hast done; for all is thine, and thou art all. Oh that I could sincerely make thee the perfect scope of all my thoughts, of all my actions; that so we may both meet in one and the same happy end, thy glory in my eternal blessedness!

XLVII.

Indeed, Lord, as thou sayest, *the night cometh, when no man can work*. What can we do when the light is shut in, but shut our eyes and sleep? When our senses are tied up, and our limbs laid to rest, what can we do but yield ourselves to a necessary repose? O my God, I perceive my night hastening on apace: my sun draws low; the shadows lengthen; vapours rise; and the air begins to darken. Let me bestir myself for the time; let me lose none of my few hours; let me work hard awhile; because I shall soon rest everlastingly.

XLVIII.

Thou seest, Lord, how apt I am to condemn this body of mine. Surely, when I look back upon the stuff whereof it is made, no better than that I tread upon, and see the loathsomeness of all kinds that comes from it, and feel the pain that it oftentimes puts me to, and consider whither it is going, and how noisome it is above all other creatures upon the dissolution, I have much ado to hold good terms with so unequal a partner. But on the other side, when I look up to thy hand, and see how fearfully and wonderfully thou hast made it; what infinite cost thou hast bestowed upon it, in that thou hast not

thought thine own blood too dear to redeem it; that thou hast so far honoured it as to make it the temple of thy Holy Ghost, and to admit it into a blessed communion with thyself; and hast decreed to do so great things for it hereafter, even to clothe it with immortality, and to make it like unto thy glorious body; I can bless thee for so happy a mate, and with patience digest all these necessary infirmities: and now I look upon this flesh, not as it is, withered and wrinkled, but as it will be, shining and glorified. O Lord, how vile soever this clay is in itself, yet make me, in thine interest and my hopes, so enamoured of it as if I did already find it made celestial. Oh that my faith could prevent my change, and anticipate my ensuing glory!

XLIX.

Lord, what a dreadful favour was that which thou shewedst to thy Prophet Elijah, to send a fiery chariot for him, to convey him up to heaven! I should have thought that the sight of so terrible a carriage should have fetched away his soul beforehand, and have left the body grovelling on the earth; but that Good Spirit of thine, which had fore-signified that fiery rapture, had doubtless fore-armed thy servant with an answerable resolution to expect and undergo it. Either he knew that chariot, however fearful in the appearance, was only glorious, and not penal; or else he cheerfully resolved that such a momentary pain in the change would be followed with an eternity of happiness. O God, we are not worthy to know whereto thou hast reserved us. Perhaps thou hast appointed us to be in the number of those whom thou shalt find alive at thy Second Coming; and then the case will be ours, we

shall pass through fire to our immortality: or, if thou hast ordained us to a speedier despatch, perhaps thou hast decreed that our way to thee shall be through a fiery trial. O God, whatever course thou, in thy holy wisdom, hast determined for the fetching up my soul from this vale of misery and tears, prepare me thoroughly for it; and do thou work my heart to so lively a faith in thee, that all the terrors of my death may be swallowed up in an assured expectation of my speedy glory; and that my last groans shall be immediately seconded with eternal Hallelujahs in the glorious Choir of thy Saints and Angels in Heaven. Amen. Amen.

MEDITATIONS AND VOWS,

DIVINE AND MORAL.

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

There is nothing but man that respecteth greatness: not God, not nature, not disease, not death, not judgment. Not God: he is no excepter of persons. Not nature: we see the sons of princes born as naked as the poorest; and the poor child as fair, well-favoured, strong, witty, as the heir of nobles. Not disease, death, judgment: they sicken alike, die alike, fare alike after death. There is nothing besides natural men, of whom goodness is not respected. I will honour greatness in others; but for myself I will esteem a dram of goodness worth a whole world of greatness.

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

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

Satan would seem to be mannerly and reasonable; making as if he would be content with one half of the heart, whereas God challengeth all or none: as, indeed, he hath most reason to claim all that made all. But this is nothing but a crafty fetch of Satan; for he knows that if he have any part God will have none: so the whole falleth to his share alone. My heart, when it is both whole and at the best, is but

a strait and unworthy lodging for God. If it were bigger and better I would reserve it all for him. Satan may look in at my doors by a temptation; but he shall not have so much as one chamber-room set apart for him to sojourn in.

I see that, in natural motions, the nearer anything comes to his end the swifter it moveth. I have seen great rivers, which, at their first rising out of some hill's side, might be covered with a bushel; which, after many miles, fill a very broad channel, and, drawing near to the sea, do even make a little sea in their own banks: so the wind, at the first rising, is a little vapour from the crannies of the earth; and, passing forward about the earth, the farther it goes, the more blustering and violent it waxeth. A Christian's motion, after he is regenerate, is made natural to God-ward; and, therefore, the nearer he comes to heaven, the more zealous he is. A good man must be like the sun: not like Hezekiah's sun that went backward; nor like Joshua's sun that stood still; but David's sun, that, like a bridegroom, comes out of his chamber, and, as a champion, rejoiceth to run his race: only herein is the difference that, when he comes to his high noon, he declineth not. However, therefore, the mind in her natural faculties follows the temperature of the body; yet, in these supernatural things, she quite crosses it: for, with the coldest complexion of age is joined, in those that are truly religious, the ferventest zeal and affection to good things, which is therefore the more revered and better acknowledged, because it cannot be ascribed to the hot spirits of youth. The devil himself devised that old slander of early holiness: "A young saint, an old

devil." Sometimes young devils have proved old saints ; never the contrary : but true saints in youth do always prove angels in their age. I will strive to be ever good ; but if I should not find myself best at last, I should fear I was never good at all.

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

I have oft wondered how fishes can retain their fresh taste, and yet live in salt waters ; since I see that every other thing participates of the nature of the place wherein it abides : so the waters, passing through the channels of the earth, vary their savour with the veins of soil through which they slide : so brute creatures, transported from one region to another, alter their former quality, and degenerate by little and little. The like danger have I seen in the manners of men, conversing with evil companions in corrupt places : for, besides that it blemisheth our reputation, and makes us thought ill, though we be good, it breeds in us an insensible declination to ill, and works in us, if not an approbation, yet a less dislike of those sins to which our ears and eyes are so continually inured. I may have a bad acquaintance : I will never have a wicked companion.

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

Some promise what they cannot do; as Satan to Christ: some what they could, but mean not to do; as the sons of Jacob to the Shechemites: some what they meant for the time, and after retreat; as Laban to Jacob: some what they do also give, but unwillingly; as Herod: some what they willingly give and after repent them; as Joshua to the Gibeonites. So great distrust is there in man, whether from his impotency or faithlessness. As in other things, so in this I see God is not like man: but, in whatever he promises, he approves himself most faithful, both in his ability and performances. I will therefore ever trust God on his bare word; even with hope, besides hope, above hope, against hope; and onwards, I will rely on him for small matters of this life: for how shall I hope to trust him in impossibilities if I may not in likelihoods? How shall I depend on him for raising my body from dust, and saving my soul, if I mistrust him for a crust of bread towards my preservation?

If the world would make me his minion, he could give me but what he hath: and what hath he to give but a smoke of honour, a shadow of riches, a sound of pleasures, a blast of fame; which when I have had in the best measure, I may be worse, I cannot be better? I can live no whit longer, no whit merrier, no whit happier. If he profess to

hate me, what can he do but disgrace me in my name, impoverish me in my estate, afflict me in my body? in all which it is easy not to be ever the more miserable. I have been too long beguiled with the vain semblances of it: now, henceforth, accounting myself born to a better world, I will, in a holy loftiness, bear myself as one too good to be enamoured of the best pleasures, to be daunted with the greatest miseries of this life.

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

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

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

It is the greatest madness in the world to be a hypocrite in religious profession. Men hate thee

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

When I cast down mine eyes upon my wants, upon my sins, upon my miseries, methinks no man should be worse, no man so ill as I, my means so many, so forcible, and almost violent; my progress so small and insensible; my corruptions so strong; my infirmities so frequent and remediless; my body so unanswerable to my mind. But when I look up to the blessings that God hath enriched me withal, methinks I should soon be induced to think none more happy than myself. God is my Friend and my Father; the world not my master, but my slave. I have friends, not many, but so tried that I dare trust them; an estate, not superfluous, not needy, yet nearer to defect than abundance; a calling, if despised of men, yet honourable with God; a body, not so strong as to admit security, but often checking me in occasion of pleasure, nor yet so weak as to afflict me continually; a mind, not so furnished with knowledge that I may boast of it, nor yet so naked that I should despair of obtaining it: my miseries afford me joy; mine enemies, advantage: my account is cast up for another world. And if thou think I have said too much good of myself, either I am thus, or I would be.

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

There are three messengers of death: Casualty, Sickness, Age. The two first are doubtful, since many have recovered them both; the last is certain. The two first are sudden; the last leisurely and deliberate. As for all men, upon so many summons, so especially for an old man, it is a shame to be unprepared for death; for where others see they may die, he sees he must die. I was long ago old enough to die, but if I live till age, I will think myself too old to live longer.

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

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

If Earth, that is provided for mortality and is possessed by the Maker's enemies, have so much pleasure in it, that worldlings think it worth the account of their heaven; such a sun to enlighten it, such a heaven to wall it about, such sweet fruits and flowers to adorn it, such variety of creatures for the commodious use of it; what must Heaven needs be that is provided for God himself and his friends?

How can it be less in worth than God is above his creatures, and God's friends better than his enemies? I will not only be content, but desirous, to be dissolved.

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

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

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

An ambitious man is the greatest enemy to himself of any in the world besides; for he still torments himself with hopes, and desires, and cares,

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

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

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

Two things makes a man set by: Dignity and Desert. Amongst fools, the first without the second is sufficient: amongst wise men, the second without the first. Let me deserve well, though I be not advanced. The conscience of my worth shall cheer me more in others' contempt, than the approbation of others can comfort me against the secret check of my own unworthiness.

The best qualities do so cleave to their subjects,

that they cannot be communicated to others: for, whereas patrimony and vulgar account of honour follow the blood, in many generations, virtue is not traduced in propagation, nor learning bequeathed by our Will to our heirs; lest the givers should wax proud, and the receivers negligent. I will account nothing my own but what I have gotten; nor that my own, because it is more of gift than desert.

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

An indiscreet good action is little better than a discreet mischief. For, in this, the doer wrongs only the patient; but, in that other, the wrong is done to the good action; for both it makes a good thing odious (as many good tales are marred in telling), and besides it prejudices a future opportunity. I will rather let pass a good gale of wind, and stay on the shore, than launch forth when I know the wind will be contrary.

The world teacheth me that it is madness to leave behind me those goods that I may carry with me: Christianity teacheth me that what I charitably give alive I carry with me dead: and experience teacheth me that what I leave behind I lose. I will carry that treasure with me by giving it, which the world-

ling loseth by keeping it: so, while his corpse shall carry nothing but a winding cloth to his grave, I shall be richer under the earth than I was above it.

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

The heart of man is a short word, a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite one meal; yet great in capacity: yea, so infinite in desire that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it. When it desires more and cries, "Give, give," I will set it over to that infinite good, where, the more it hath, it may desire more, and see more to be desired. When it desires but what it needeth, my hands shall soon satisfy it: for if either of them may contain it when it is without the body, much more may both of them fill it while it is within.

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

As Christ was both a lamb and a lion, so is every Christian: a lamb, for patience in suffering and innocence of life; a lion, for boldness in his innocency. I would so order my courage and mildness that I

may be neither lion-like in my conversation, nor sheepish in the defence of a good cause.

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

Every man hath a heaven and a hell. Earth is the wicked man's heaven; his hell is to come: on the contrary, the godly have their hell upon earth, where they are vexed with temptations and afflictions by Satan and his complices; their heaven is above in endless happiness. If it be ill with me on earth, it is well my torment is so short and so easy: I will not be so covetous to hope for two heavens.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prejudice is so great an enemy to truth, that it makes the mind incapable of it. In matters of faith, I will first lay a sure ground, and then believe, though I cannot argue, holding the conclusion in spite of the premises; but, in other less matters, I will not so forestall my mind with resolution as that I will not be willing to be better informed. Neither will I say in myself, "I will hold it, therefore it shall be truth;" but, "This is truth, therefore I will hold it." I will not strive for victory, but for truth.

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

I acknowledge no Master of requests in heaven but one—Christ, my Mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need him, nor so miserable that he should contemn me. I will always ask, and that of none but where I am sure to speed; but where there is so much store, that when I have had the most, I shall leave no less behind. Though numberless drops be in the sea, yet, if one be taken out of it, it hath so much the less, though insensibly: but God, because he is infinite, can admit of no diminution. Therefore are men niggardly, because the more they give, the less they have; but thou, Lord, mayest give what thou wilt without abatement of thy store. Good prayers never came weeping home: I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.

I see that a fit booty many times makes a thief; and many would be proud if they had but the common causes of their neighbours. I account this

none of the least favours of God, that the world goes no better forward with me: for, I fear, if my estate were better to the world, it might be worse to God. As it is a happy necessity that enforceth to good, so is that next happy that hinders from evil.

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

I see men point the field, and desperately jeopard their lives, as prodigal of their blood, in the revenge of a disgraceful word against themselves; while they can be content to hear God pulled out of heaven with blasphemy, and not feel so much as a rising of their blood: which argues our cold love to God, and our over fervent affection to ourselves. In mine own wrongs I will hold patience laudable; but in God's injuries, impious.

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

There is nothing more odious than fruitless old age. Now, for that no tree bears fruit in Autumn

unless it blossom in the Spring, to the end that my age may be profitable and laden with ripe fruit, I will endeavour that my youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.

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

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

With God there is no free man, but his servant, though in the galleys: no slave but the sinner, though in a palace: none noble but the virtuous, if never so basely descended: none rich but he that possesseth God, even in rags: none wise but he

that is a fool to himself and the world: none happy but he whom the world pities. Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy to God; I pass not what I am to the world.

When the mouth praiseth, man heareth; when the heart, God heareth. Every good prayer knocketh at heaven for a blessing; but an importunate prayer pierceth it, though as hard as brass, and makes way for itself into the ears of the Almighty. And, as it ascends lightly up, carried with the wings of faith, so it comes ever laden down again upon our heads. In my prayers my thoughts shall not be guided by my words, but my words shall follow my thoughts.

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

Heaven is compared to a hill, and therefore is figured by Olympus among the heathen; by Mount Sion, in God's Book: Hell, contrariwise, to a Pit. The ascent to the one is hard therefore, and the descent of the other easy and headlong; and so, as if we once begin to fall, the recovery is most difficult, and not one of many stays till he comes to the bottom, I will be content to pant, and blow, and sweat in climbing up to Heaven; as, contrarily, I will be wary of setting the first step downward

towards the Pit ; for, as there is a Jacob's Ladder into heaven, so there are blind stairs that go winding down into death, whereof each makes way for other. From the object is raised an ill suggestion : suggestion draws on delight ; delight, consent ; consent, endeavour ; endeavour, practice ; practice, custom ; custom, excuse ; excuse, defence ; defence, obstinacy ; obstinacy, boasting of sin : boasting, a reprobate sense. I will watch over my ways ; and do thou, Lord, watch over me, that I may avoid the first degrees of sin. And, if those overtake my frailty, yet keep me that presumptuous sins prevail not over me. Beginnings are with more ease and safety declined when we are free, than proceedings when we have begun.

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

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

The praise of a good speech standeth in words and matter : matter, which is as a fair and well-featured

body; elegance of words, which is as a neat and well-fashioned garment. Good matter, slubbered up in rude and careless words, is made loathsome to the hearer, as a good body mis-shapen with unhandsome clothes. Elegancy, without soundness, is no better than a nice vanity. Although, therefore, the most hearers are like bees that go all to the flowers, never regarding the good herbs that are of as wholesome use as the other of fair show; yet let my speech strive to be profitable, plausible, as it happens. Better the coat be mis-shapen than the body.

I see, that as black and white colours to the eyes, so is the vice and virtue of others to the judgment of men. Vice gathers the beams of the sight in one, that the eye may see it, and be intent upon it: virtue scatters them abroad, and therefore hardly admits of a perfect apprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that, as judgment is according to sense, we do so soon espy, and so earnestly censure a man for one vice, letting pass many laudable qualities undiscerned, or, at least, unacknowledged. Yea, whereas every man is once a fool, and doeth that perhaps in one fit of his folly which he shall at leisure repent of (as Noah, in one hour's drunkenness, uncovered those secrets which were hid six hundred years before), the world is hereupon ready to call in question all his former integrity, and to exclude him from the hope of any future amendment. Since God hath given me two eyes, the one shall be busied about the present fault that I see, with a detesting commiseration; the other, about the commendable qualities of the offender, not without an impartial approbation of them. So shall I do God no wrong in robbing him of the

glory of his gifts, mixed with infirmities ; nor yet, in the meantime, encourage vice, while I do distinctly reserve for it a due portion of hatred.

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

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

When I consider my soul, I could be proud to think of how divine a nature and quality it is ; but when I cast down mine eyes to my body, as the swan to her black legs, and see what loathsome matter issues from the mouth, nostrils, ears, pores, and other passages, and how most carrion-like of all other creatures it is after death, I am justly ashamed to think that so excellent a guest dwells not in a more cleanly dunghill.

Every worldling is a madman : for, besides that he preferreth profit and pleasure to virtue, the

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

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

A man's best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise by the cost of senseless stone; when the passenger shall only say, "Here lies a fair stone and a filthy carcase." That only can report thee rich; but, for other praises, thyself must build thy monument alive, and write thy own epitaph, in honest and honourable actions; which are so much more noble

than the other as living men are better than dead stones. Nay, I know not if the other be not the way to work a perpetual succession of infamy; while the censorious reader, upon occasion thereof, shall comment upon thy bad life: whereas, in this, every man's heart is a tomb, and every man's tongue writeth an epitaph upon the well behaved. Either I will procure me such a monument to be remembered by, or else it is better to be inglorious than infamous.

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

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

It is an easy matter for a man to be careless of himself, and yet much easier to be enamoured of himself: for, if he be a Christian, while he contemneth the world perfectly, it is hard for him to reserve a competent measure of love to himself: if a worldling, it is not possible, but he must over-love

himself. I will strive for the mean of both, and so hate the world that I may care for myself, and so care for myself that I be not in love with the world.

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

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

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

There is no man so happy as the Christian. When he looks up unto heaven he thinks, "That is my home; the God that made it and owns it is my Father; the angels, more glorious in nature than myself, are my attendants; mine enemies are my vassals." Yea, those things which are the terriblest of all to the wicked are most pleasant to him. When he hears God thunder above his head he thinks, "This is the voice of my Father." When he remembereth the tribunal of the last judgment

he thinks, "It is my Saviour that sits in it:" when death, he esteems it but as the angel set before paradise, which, with one blow, admits him to eternal joy. And which is most of all, nothing in earth or hell can make him miserable. There is nothing in the world worth envying but a Christian.

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

Temptations on the right hand are more perilous than those on the left, and destroy a thousand to the others' ten; as the sun more usually causeth the traveller to cast off his cloak than the wind. For those on the left hand miscarry men but two ways: to distrust and denial of God, more rare sins; but the other to all the rest wherewith men's lives are so commonly defiled. The spirit of Christians is like the English jet, whereof we read that it is fired with water, quenched with oil. And these two, prosperity and adversity, are like heat and cold: the one gathers the powers of the soul together, and makes them able to resist by uniting them; the other diffuses them, and by such separation makes them easier to conquer. I hold it, therefore, as praiseworthy with God for a man to contemn a proffered honour or

pleasure, for conscience' sake, as on the rack not to deny his profession. When these are offered I will not nibble at the bait, that I be not taken with the hook.

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

I have not been in others' breasts; but, for my own part, I never tasted of ought that might deserve the name of pleasure. And if I could, yet a thousand pleasures cannot countervail one torment, because the one may be exquisite; the other not without composition. And, if not one torment, much less a thousand. And, if not for a moment, much less for eternity. And, if not the torment of a part, much less of the whole. For if the pain but of a tooth be so intolerable, what shall the racking of the whole body be? And if of the body, what shall that be which is primarily of the soul? If there be pleasures that I hear not of, I will be wary of buying them so over dear.

As hypocrisy is a common counterfeit of all virtues, so there is no special virtue which is not to the very life of it seemingly resembled by some special vice. So devotion is counterfeited by superstition; good thrift by niggardliness; charity with vain-glorious pride. For as charity is bounteous to the poor, so is vain-glory to the wealthy; as charity sustains all for truth, so pride for a vain praise: both of them make a man courteous and affable. So the substance of every virtue is in the heart,

which, since it hath not a window made into it by the Creator of it, but is reserved under lock and key for his own view, I will judge only by appearance. I would rather wrong myself by credulity than others by unjust censures and suspicions.

Every man hath a kingdom within himself. Reason, as the princess, dwells in the highest and inwardest room. The senses are the guard and attendants on the court, without whose aid nothing is admitted into the presence. The supreme faculties, as will, memory, &c., are the peers. The outward parts and inward affections are the commons. Violent passions are as rebels, to disturb the common peace. I would not be a stoic, to have no passions; for that were to overthrow this inward government God hath erected in me; but a Christian, to order those I have. And for that I see, that as in commotions one mutinous person draws on more; so in passions, that one makes way for the extremity of another (as excess of love causeth excess of grief upon the loss of what we loved): I will do as wise princes use to those they misdoubt for faction, so hold them down and keep them bare that their very impotency and remissness shall afford me security.

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

There is none like to Luther's three masters; Prayer, Temptation, Meditation. Temptation stirs up holy meditation, meditation prepares to prayer, and prayer makes profit of temptation, and fetcheth all divine knowledge from heaven. Of others I may learn the theory of Divinity; of these only the practice. Other masters teach me, by rote, to speak parrot-like of heavenly things; these alone with feeling and understanding.

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

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

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

moaned of others as how to be most contented in ourselves.

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

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

I would rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge. It is no shame not to know all things; but it is a just shame to over-reach in any thing.

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

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

The rules of civil policy may well be applied to the mind. As therefore for a prince, that he may have good success against either rebels or foreign enemies, it is a sure axiom, "divide and rule;" but when he is once seated in the throne over loyal subjects, "unite and rule:" so, in the regiment of the soul, there must be variance set in the judgment and the conscience and affections, that that which is amiss may be subdued; but, when all parts are brought to order, it is the only course to maintain their peace, that, all seeking to establish and help each other, the whole may prosper. Always to be at war is desperate; always at peace, secure and over epicure-like. I do account a secure peace a just occasion of this civil dissension in myself; and a true Christian peace the end of all my secret wars, which when I have achieved, I shall reign with comfort; and never will be quiet till I have achieved it.

I brought sin enough with me into the world to

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

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

It is not possible but a conceited man must be a fool; for that over-weening opinion he hath of himself, excludes all opportunity of purchasing knowledge. Let a vessel be once full of never so base liquor, it will not give room to the costliest, but spills beside whatsoever is infused. The proud man, though he be empty of good substance, yet is full of conceit. Many men had proved wise if they had not so thought themselves. I am empty enough to receive knowledge enough. Let me think myself but so bare as I am, and more I need not. O Lord,

do thou teach me how little, how nothing I have, and give me no more than I know I want.

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

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

Garments that have once one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail and every brier; and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken: such is a man's good name once tainted with just reproach. Next to the approbation of God and the testimony of mine own conscience, I will seek for a good reputation with men; not by close carriage, concealing faults, that they may not be known to my shame; but avoiding all vices, that I may not deserve

it. The efficacy of the agent is in the patient well disposed. It is hard for me ever to do good unless I be reputed good.

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

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

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

I see natural bodies forsake their own place and

condition for the preservation of the whole ; but, of all other creatures, man, and, of all other men, Christians, have the least interest in themselves. I will live as given to others, lent only to myself.

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

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

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

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

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

Ofttimes those things which have been sweet in opinion have proved bitter in experience. I will therefore ever suspend my resolute judgment until the trial and event: in the meanwhile, I will fear the worst and hope the best.

In all divine and moral good things I would fain keep that I have and get that I want. I do not

more loath all other covetousness than I affect this. In all these things alone I profess never to have enough. If I may increase them, therefore, either by labouring, or begging, or usury, I shall leave no means unattempted.

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

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

I will account no sin little, since there is not the least but works out the death of the soul. It is all one whether I be drowned in the ebber shore or in the midst of the deep sea.

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

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

No worldly pleasure hath any absolute delight in it, but as a bee, having honey in the mouth, hath a sting in the tail. Why am I so foolish to rest my heart upon any of them, and not rather labour to aspire to that one absolute good, in whom is nothing savouring of grief, nothing wanting to perfect happiness?

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

Extremity distinguisheth friends. Worldly pleasures, like physicians, give us over, when once we lie a dying; and yet the death-bed had most need of comforts: Christ Jesus standeth by his in the pangs of death, and after death at the bar of judgment;

not leaving them either in their bed or grave. I will use them, therefore, to my best advantage ; not trust them. But for thee, O my Lord, which in mercy and truth canst not fail me, whom I have found ever faithful and present in all extremities, Kill me, yet will I trust in thee!

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

Desire oftentimes makes us unthankful; for whoso hopes for that he hath not, usually forgets that which he hath. I will not suffer my heart to rove after high or impossible hopes, lest I should, in the meantime, contemn present benefits.

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

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

There be three usual causes of ingratitude, upon a benefit received; Envy, Pride, Covetousness: Envy, looking more at others' benefits than our own; Pride, looking more at ourselves than the benefit; Covetousness, looking more at what we would have than what we have. In good turns I will neither respect the giver nor myself, nor the gift nor others, but only the intent and good will from whence it proceeded. So shall I requite others' great pleasures with equal good-will, and accept of small favours with great thankfulness.

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

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

even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler : the snare is broken, and I am delivered.

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

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

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

Performance is a binder. I will request no more favour of any man than I must needs. I will rather choose to make an honest shift, than overmuch enthrall myself by being beholding.

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

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

That which Pythagoras said of philosophers is more true of Christians; for Christianity is nothing but a divine and better philosophy. Three sorts of men come to the market; buyers, sellers, lookers-on. The two first are both busy and carefully distracted about their market: only the third live happily, using the world as if they used it not.

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

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

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

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

Those things which are most eagerly desired are

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

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

Secrecies, as they are a burden to the mind ere they be uttered, so are they no less charge to the receiver when they are uttered. I will not long after more inward secrets, lest I should procure doubt to myself, and jealous fear to the discloser: but, as my mouth shall be shut with fidelity, not to blab them, so my ear shall not be too open to receive them.

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

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

If I would provoke myself to contentation, I will cast down my eyes to my inferiors, and there see better men in worse condition; if to humility, I will cast them up to my betters, and so much more deject myself to them, by how much more I see

them thought worthy to be respected of others, and deserve better in themselves.

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

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

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

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

No man but is an easy judge of his own matters; and lookers-on often-times see the more. I will therefore submit myself to others in what I

am reprov'd; but in what I am praised, only to myself.

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

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

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

Hearing is a sense of great apprehension, yet far more subject to deceit than seeing, not in the manner

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

That which they say of the pelican, that when the shepherds, in desire to catch her, lay fire not far from her nest, which she, finding and fearing the danger of her young, seeks to blow out with her wings so long till she burn herself, and makes herself a prey in an unwise pity to her young, I see morally verified in experience of those which, indiscreetly meddling with the flame of dissension kindled in the Church, rather increase than quench it; rather fire their own wings than help others. I would rather bewail the fire afar off than stir in the coals of it. I would not grudge my ashes to it if those might abate the burning; but since I see it is daily increased with partaking, I will behold it with sorrow, and meddle no otherwise than by prayers to God, and entreaties to men, seeking my own safety and the peace of the Church in the freedom of my thought and silence of my tongue.

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

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be held bare, and can never lay up for purchase; but if the receivers take in still, with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much, and utter

nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much, and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.

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

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

True friendship necessarily requires patience; for there is no man in whom I shall not mislike somewhat, and who shall not as justly mislike somewhat in me. My friends' faults, therefore, if little, I will swallow and digest; if great, I will smother them: however, I will wink at them to others, but lovingly notify them to himself.

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

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

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

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

Let my estate be never so mean I will ever keep myself rather beneath than either level or above it. A man may rise when he will with honour, but cannot fall without shame.

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

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

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

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

As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents. I will remember evils past, to humble me, not to vex me.

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

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

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

of heaven, to make me desire and, after a sort, emulate his happiness and glory.

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

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

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

The wicked man is a very coward, and is afraid of everything: of God, because he is his enemy; of Satan, because he is his tormentor; of God's creatures, because they, joining with their Maker, fight against him; of himself, because he bears about him his own accuser and executioner. The godly man, contrarily, is afraid of nothing: not of God, because he knows him his best friend, and therefore will not hurt him; not of Satan, because he cannot hurt him; not of afflictions, because he knows they proceed from a loving God, and end to his own good; not of the creatures, since the very stones of the field are in league with him; not of himself, since his conscience is at peace. A wicked man may be

secure, because he knows not what he hath to fear, or desperate through extremity of fear, but truly courageous he cannot be. Faithlessness cannot choose but be falsehearted. I will ever, by my courage, take trial of my faith, by how much more I fear, by so much less I believe.

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

I have wondered oft, and blushed for shame, to read in mere philosophers, which had no other mistress but nature, such strange resolution, in the contempt of both fortunes, as they call them; such notable precepts for a constant settledness and tranquillity of mind; and to compare it with my own disposition and practice, whom I have found too much drooping and dejected under small crosses, and easily again carried away with little prosperity: to see such courage and strength to contemn death in those which thought they wholly perished in death; and to find such faint-heartedness in myself, at the first conceit of death, who yet am thoroughly persuaded of the future happiness of my soul. I have the benefit of nature as well as they, besides infinite more helps that they wanted. Oh the dullness and blindness of us unworthy Christians, that

suffer heathens, by the dim candle-light of Nature, to go further than we by the clear sun of the Gospel—that an indifferent man could not tell by our practice whether were the Pagan! Let me never, for shame, account myself a Christian, unless my Art of Christianity have imitated and gone beyond Nature so far, that I can find the best heathen as far below me in true resolution, as the vulgar sort were below them. Else I may shame religion: it can neither honest nor help me.

If I would be irreligious and unconscionable I would make no doubt to be rich; for, if a man will defraud, dissemble, forswear, bribe, oppress, serve the time, make use of all men for his own turn, make no scruple of any wicked action for his advantage, I cannot see how he can escape wealth and preferment; but for an upright man to rise is difficult, while his conscience straitly curbs him in from every unjust action, and will not allow him to advance himself by indirect means. So riches come seldom easily to a good man, seldom hardly to the conscienceless. Happy is that man that can be rich with truth, or poor with contentment. I will not envy the gravel in the unjust man's throat. Of riches let me never have more than an honest man can bear away.

God is the God of order, not of confusion. As, therefore, in natural things, he useth to proceed from one extreme to another by degrees, through the mean, so doth he in spiritual. The sun riseth not at once to his highest from the darkness of midnight, but first sends forth some feeble glimmering of light in the dawning, then looks out with weak

and waterish beams, and so, by degrees, ascends to the midst of heaven. So in the seasons of the year we are not one day scorched with a summer heat, and on the next frozen with a sudden extremity of cold; but winter comes on softly; first by cold dews, then hoar frost, until at last it descend to the hardest weather of all. Such are God's spiritual proceedings. He never brings any man from the estate of sin to the estate of glory but through the state of grace. And as for grace, he seldom brings a man from gross wickedness to any eminence of perfection. I will be charitably jealous of those men which, from notorious lewdness, leap at once into a sudden forwardness of profession. Holiness doth not, like Jonah's gourd, grow up in a night. I like it better to go on, soft and sure, than, for a hasty fit, to run myself out of wind, and after stand still and breathe me.

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

There is no earthly blessing so precious as health

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

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing; for, besides the furtherance of our estate, the mind doth both delight and better itself with exercise. There is but this difference then betwixt labour and idleness, that labour is a profitable and pleasant trouble, idleness a trouble both unprofitable and comfortless. I will be ever doing something, that either God when he cometh, or Satan when he tempteth, may find me busied. And yet, since, as the old proverb is, "Better it is to be idle than effect nothing," I will not more hate doing nothing than doing something to no purpose. I shall do good but a while; let me strive to do it while I may.

A faithful man hath three eyes: the first, of Sense, common to him with brute creatures; the second, of Reason, common to all men; the third, of Faith, proper to his profession: whereof each looketh beyond other, and none of them meddleth with others' objects. For neither doth the eye of Sense reach to intelligible things and matters of discourse;

nor the eye of Reason to those things which are supernatural and spiritual ; neither doth Faith look down to things that may be sensibly seen. If thou discourse to a brute beast of the depths of philosophy never so plainly he understands not, because they are beyond the view of his eye, which is only or sense ; if to a mere carnal man of divine things, he perceiveth not the things of God, neither indeed can do, because they are spiritually discerned ; and therefore no wonder if those things seem unlikely, incredible, impossible to him, which the faithful man, having a proportionable means of apprehension, doth as plainly see as his eye doth any sensible thing. Tell a plain countryman that the sun, or some higher or lesser star, is much bigger than his cartwheel, or at least so many scores bigger than the whole earth, he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth. Yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth as that his hand is bigger than his pen. What a thick mist, yea what a palpable and more than Egyptian darkness doth the natural man live in ! What a world is there that he doth not see at all ! and how little doth he see in this which is his proper element ! There is no bodily thing but the brute creatures see as well as he, and some of them better. As for his eye of reason, how dim is it in those things which are best fitted to it ! What one thing is there in nature which he doth perfectly know ? what herb, or flower, or worm that he treads on, is there whose true essence he knoweth ? No, not so much as what is in his own bosom, what it is, where it is, or whence it is, that gives being to himself. But, for those things which concern the best world, he doth not so much as confusedly see them, neither

knoweth whether they be. He sees no whit into the great and awful Majesty of God. He discerns him not in all his creatures, filling the world with his infinite and glorious presence. He sees not his wise providence overruling all things, disposing all casual events, ordering all sinful actions of men to his own glory. He comprehends nothing of the beauty, majesty, power, and mercy of the Saviour of the World, sitting in his Humanity at his Father's right-hand. He sees not the unspeakable happiness of the glorified souls of the saints. He sees not the whole heavenly commonwealth of angels ascending and descending to the behoof of God's children, waiting upon him at all times invisibly, not excluded with closeness of prisons nor desolateness of wildernesses; and the multitude of evil spirits, passing and standing by him, to tempt him unto evil: but, like unto the foolish bird, when he hath hid his head that he sees nobody, he thinks himself altogether unseen, and then counts himself solitary when his eye can meet with no companion. It was not without cause that we call a mere fool a Natural; for, however worldings have still thought Christians God's fools, we know them the fools of the world. The deepest philosopher that ever was, saving the reverence of the Schools, is but an ignorant sot to the simplest Christian; for the weakest Christian may, by plain information, see somewhat into the greatest mysteries of nature, because he hath the eye of reason common with the best; but the best philosopher, by all the demonstration in the world, can conceive nothing of the mysteries of Godliness, because he utterly wants the eye of faith. Though my insight into matters of the world be so shallow that my simplicity moveth pity, or maketh sport

unto others, it shall be my contentment and happiness that I see further into better matters. That which I see not is worthless, and deserves little better than contempt: that which I see is unspeakable, inestimable, for comfort, for glory.

It is not possible for an inferior to live at peace unless he have learned to be contemned; for the pride of his superiors, and the malice of his equals and inferiors, shall offer him continual and inevitable occasions of inquietness. As contentation is the mother of inward peace with ourselves, so is humility the mother of peace with others; for if thou be vile in thine own eyes first, it shall the less trouble thee to be accounted vile of others. So that a man of a high heart, in a low place, cannot want discontentment; whereas a man of lowly stomach can swallow and digest contempt, without any distemper: for, wherein can he be the worse for being contemned, who, out of his own knowledge of his deserts, did most of all contemn himself? I should be very improvident if, in this calling, I did not look for daily contempt, wherein *we are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and men*. When it comes, I will either embrace it, or contemn it: embrace it when it is within my measure; when above, contemn it: so embrace it that I may more humble myself under it; and so contemn it that I may not give heart to him that offers it, nor disgrace him for whose cause I am contemned.

Christ raised three dead men to life: one, newly departed; another, on the bier; a third, smelling in the grave: to shew us that no degree of death is so desperate that it is past help. My sins are many

and great; yet, if they were more, they are far below the mercy of him that hath remitted them, and the value of his ransom that hath paid for them. A man hurts himself most by presumption; but we cannot do God a greater wrong than to despair of forgiveness. It is a double injury to God; first, that we offend his justice by sinning; then, that we wrong his mercy with despairing.

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

It was not for nothing that the wise Creator of all things hath placed gold, and silver, and all precious minerals under our feet, to be trod upon, and hath hid them low in the bowels of the earth, that they cannot without great labour be either found or gotten; whereas he hath placed the noblest part of his creation above our heads, and that so

open to our view that we cannot choose but every moment behold them. Wherein what did he else intend but to draw away our minds from these worthless and yet hidden treasures, to which he foresaw we would be too much addicted, and to call them to the contemplation of those better things which, besides their beauty, are more oblivious to us, that in them we might see and admire the glory of their Maker, and withal seek our own? How do those men wrong themselves and misconstrue God who, as if he had hidden these things because he would have them sought, and laid the other open for neglect, bend themselves wholly to the seeking of these earthly commodities, and do no more mind heaven than if there were none! If we could imagine a beast to have reason, how could he be more absurd in his choice? How easy is it to observe, that still, the higher we go, the more purity and perfection we find! (So earth is the very dross and dregs of all the elements; water somewhat more pure than it, yet also more feculent than the air above it; the lower air less pure than his uppermost regions, and yet they as far inferior to the lowest heavens; which again are more exceeded by the glorious and empyreal seat of God, which is the heaven of the just): yet these brutish men take up their rest, and place their felicity, in the lowest and worst of all God's workmanship, not regarding that which, with its own glory, can make them happy. Heaven is the proper place of my soul: I will send it up thither continually in my thoughts, while it sojourns with me, before it go to dwell there for ever.

A man need not to care for more knowledge than

to know himself: he needs no more pleasure than to content himself; no more victory than to overcome himself; no more riches than to enjoy himself. What fools are they that seek to know all other things, and are strangers in themselves! that seek altogether to satisfy others' humours with their own displeasure! that seek to vanquish kingdoms and countries, when they are not masters of themselves! that have no hold of their own hearts, yet seek to be possessed of all outward commodities! Go home to thyself first, vain heart; and when thou hast made sure work there, in knowing, contenting, overcoming, enjoying thyself, spend all the superfluity of thy time and labour upon others.

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

An inconstant and wavering mind, as it makes

a man unfit for society (for that there can be no assurance of his words or purposes; neither can we build on them, without deceit); so, besides that it makes a man ridiculous, it hinders him from ever attaining any perfection in himself (for a rolling stone gathers no moss; and the mind, whilst it would be everything, proves nothing. Oft changes cannot be without loss): yea, it keeps him from enjoying that which he hath attained. For it keeps him ever in work: building, pulling down, selling, changing, buying, commanding, forbidding. So, while he can be no other man's friend, he is the least his own. It is the safest course for a man's profit, credit, and ease, to deliberate long, to resolve surely; hardly to alter; not to enter upon that whose end he foresees not answerable; and, when he is once entered, not to surcease till he have attained the end he foresaw. So may he, to good purpose, begin a new work, when he hath well finished the old.

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

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

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

It grieves me to see all other creatures so officious to their Maker in their kind; that both winds, and sea, and heaven, and earth obey him with all readiness; that each of these hears other, and all of them their Creator, though to the destruction of

themselves; and man only is rebellious, imitating herein the evil spirits, who, in the receipt of a more excellent kind of reason, are yet more perverse. Hence it is that the prophets are oftentimes fain to turn their speech to the earth, void of all sense and life; from this living earth, informed with reason: that only which should make us more pliable stiffeneth us. God could force us if he pleased, but he would rather incline us by gentleness. I must stoop to his power, why do I not stoop to his will? It is a vain thing to resist his voice, whose hand we cannot resist.

As all natural bodies are mixed, so must all our moral dispositions. No simple passion doth well. If our joy be not allayed with sorrow, it is madness; and if our sorrow be not tempered with some mixture of joy, it is hellish and desperate. If, in these earthly things, we hope without all doubt, or fear without all hope, we offend on both sides; if we labour without all recreation, we grow dull and heartless; if we sport ourselves without all labour, we grow wild and unprofitable. These compositions are wholesome, as for the body so for the mind, which, though it be not of a compounded substance as the body, yet hath much variety of qualities and affections, and those contrary to each other. I care not how simple my heavenly affections are, which the more free they are from composition are the nearer to God; nor how compounded my earthly, which are easily subject to extremities. If joy come alone I will ask him for his fellow, and evermore, in spite of him, couple him with his contrary, that so, while each are enemies to other, both may be friends to me.

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

When I see my Saviour hanging in so forlorn a fashion upon the Cross—his head drooping down, his temples bleeding with thorns, his hands and feet with the nails, and his side with the spear, his enemies round about him, mocking at his shame, and insulting over his impotence, how should I think any otherwise of him than, as himself complaineth, forsaken of his Father? But when again I turn mine eyes, and see the sun darkened, the earth quaking, the rocks rent, the graves opened, the thief confessing, to give witness to his Deity; and when I see so strong a guard of Providence over him that all his malicious enemies are not able so much as to break one bone of that body which seemed carelessly neglected, I cannot but wonder at his glory and safety. God is ever near, though oft unseen; and if he wink at our distress, he sleepeth not. The

sense of others must not be judges of his presence and care, but our faith. What care I if the world give me up for miserable, while I am under his secret protection? O Lord, since thou art strong in our weakness, and present in our senselessness, give me but as much comfort in my sorrow as thou givest me security, and at my worst I shall be well.

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

Prescription is no plea against the king; much less can long custom plead for error against that our Supreme Lord, to whom a thousand years are but as yesterday. Yea, time, which pleads voluntarily for continuance of things lawful, will take no fee not to speak against an evil use. Hath an ill custom lasted long? It is more than time it were abrogated: age is an aggravation to sin. Heresy or abuse, if it be gray-headed, deserves sharper opposition. To say "I will do ill because I have done so," is perilous and impious presumption. Continuance can no more make any wickedness safe than the author of sin no devil. If I have once sinned, it is too much; if oft, woe be to me; if the iteration of my offence cause boldness, and not rather more sorrow, more detestation: woe be to me and my sin, if I be not the better because I have sinned.

It is strange to see the varieties and proportion of spiritual and bodily diets. There be some creatures that are fatted and delighted with poisons: others live by nothing but air; and some, they say, by fire: others will taste no water but muddy: others feed on their fellows, or perhaps on part of themselves; others, on the excretions of nobler creatures: some search into the earth for sustenance, or dive into the waters; others content themselves with what the upper earth yields them without violence. All these and more are answered in the palate of the soul: there be some, yea, the most, to whom sin, which is of a most venomous nature, is both food and dainties; others that think it the only life to feed on the popular air of applause; others that are never well out of the fire of contentions, and that wilfully trouble all waters with their private humours and opinions; others whose cruelty delights in oppression and blood, yea, whose envy gnaws upon their own hearts; others that take pleasure to revive the wicked and foul heresies of the greater wits of the former times; others whose worldly minds root altogether in earthly cares, or who, not content with the ordinary provision of doctrine, affect obscure subtleties unknown to wiser men; others, whose too indifferent minds feed on whatever opinion comes next to hand, without any careful disquisition of truth: so some feed foul; others, but few, clean and wholesome. As there is no beast upon earth which hath not his like in the sea, and which perhaps is not in some sort paralleled in the plants of the earth, so there is no bestial disposition which is not answerably found in some men: mankind, therefore, hath within itself his goats, chameleons, salamanders, camels, wolves, dogs, swine, moles, and whatever

sorts of beasts ; there are but a few men amongst men. To a wise man the shape is not so much as the qualities. If I be not a man within—in my choices, affections, inclinations, it had been better for me to have been a beast without: a beast is but like itself; but an evil man is half a beast and half a devil.

Forced favours are thankless, and commonly with noble minds find no acceptation. For a man to give his soul to God when he sees he can no longer hold it, or to bestow his goods when he is forced to part with them, or to forsake his sin when he cannot follow it, are but unkind and cold obediences. God sees our necessity, and scorns our compelled offers. What man of any generous spirit will abide himself made the last refuge of a craved, denied, and constrained courtesy? While God gives me leave to keep my soul, yet then to bequeath it to him, and while strength and opportunity serve me to sin, then to forsake it, is both accepted and crowned: God loves neither grudged nor necessary gifts: I will offer betimes, that he may vouchsafe to take: I will give him the best, that he may take all.

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

Good men are placed by God as so many stars in the lower firmament of the world. As they must imitate those heavenly bodies in their light and influence, so also in their motion: and therefore, as the planets have a course proper to themselves, against the sway of the heaven that carries them about, so

must each good man have a motion out of his own judgment contrary to the customs and opinions of the vulgar, finishing his own course with the least shew of resistance. I will never affect singularity, except it be among those that are vicious. It is better to do or think well alone than to follow a multitude in evil.

What strange variety of actions doth the eye of God see at once round about the compass of the earth, and within it! Some building houses; some delving for metals; some marching in troops, or encamping one against another; some bargaining in the market; some travelling on their way; some praying in their closets; others quaffing at the tavern; some rowing in the galleys; others dallying in their chambers: and, in short, as many different actions as persons, yet all have one common intention of good to themselves; true in some, but in the most imaginary. The glorified spirits have but one uniform work wherein they all join, the praise of their Creator. This is one difference betwixt the saints above and below: they above are free both from business and distraction; these below are free, though not absolutely, from distraction, not at all from business. Paul could think of the cloak that he left at Troas, and of the shaping of his skins for his tents; yet through these he looked still at heaven. This world is made for business. My actions must vary according to occasions. My end shall be but one, and the same now on earth that it must be one day in heaven.

To see how the martyrs of God died, and the life of their persecutors, would make a man out of love

with life, and out of all fear of death. They were flesh and blood as well as we: life was as sweet to them as to us: their bodies were as sensible of pain as ours: we go to the same heaven with them. How comes it, then, that they were so courageous, in abiding such torments in their death, as the very mention strikes horror into any reader; and we are so cowardly in encountering a fair and natural death? If this valour had been of themselves I would never have looked after them in hope of imitation: now I know it was He for whom they suffered, and that suffered in them, which sustained them. They were of themselves as weak as I; and God can be as strong in me as he was in them. O Lord, thou art not more unable to give me this grace; but I am more unworthy to receive it: and yet thou regardest not worthiness, but mercy. Give me their strength and what end thou wilt.

Our first age is all in hope. When we are in the womb who knows whether we shall have our right shape and proportion of body, being neither monstrous nor deformed? When we are born, who knows whether, with the due features of a man, we shall have the faculties of reason and understanding? When yet our progress in years discovereth wit or folly, who knows whether, with the power of reason, we shall have the grace of faith to be Christians? and when we begin to profess well, whether it be a temporary and seeming, or a true and saving faith? Our middle age is half in hope for the future, and half in proof for that is past: our old age is out of hope, and altogether in proof. In our last times, therefore, we know both what we have been, and what to expect. It is good for youth to look for-

ward, and still to propound the best things unto itself; for an old man to look backward, and to repent him of that wherein he hath failed, and to recollect himself for the present: but, in my middle age, I will look both backward and forward; comparing my hopes with my proof; redeeming the time, ere it be all spent, that my recovery may prevent my repentance. It is both a folly and misery to say, "This I might have done."

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

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a narrow room. To live well in abundance is the

praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little than how to make it more.

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

A wise Christian hath no enemies. Many hate and wrong him; but he loves all, and all pleasure him. Those that profess love to him pleasure him with the comfort of their society and the mutual reflection of friendship; those that profess hatred make him more wary of his ways, shew him faults in himself which his friends would either not have espied or not censured, send him the more willingly to seek favour above; and as the worst do bestead him, though against their wills, so he again doth voluntarily good to them. To do evil for evil, as Joab to Abner, is a sinful weakness: to do good for good, as Ahasuerus to Mordecai, is but natural justice: to do evil for good, as Judas to Christ, is unthankfulness and villany: only to do good for evil agrees with Christian profession. And what greater

work of friendship than to do good? If men will not be my friends in love, I will perforce make them my friends in a good use of their hatred. I will be their friend that are mine, and would not be.

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

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

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

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

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

He that taketh his own cares upon himself loads himself in vain with an uneasy burden. The fear of what may come, expectation of what will come, desire of what will not come, and inability of redressing all these, must needs breed him continual torment. I will cast my cares upon God;

he hath bidden me: they cannot hurt him; he can redress them.

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

There is not the least action or event, whatever the vain Epicures have imagined, which is not overruled and disposed by a Providence, which is so far from detracting ought from the Majesty of God, for that the things are small, as that there can be no greater honour to him than to extend his providence and decree to them, because they are infinite. Neither doth this hold in natural things only which are chained one to another by a regular order of succession; but even in those things which fall out by casualty and imprudence; whence that worthy Father, when, as his speech digressed his intention

to a confutation of the errors of the Manichees, could presently guess, that, in that unpurposed turning of it, God intended the conversion of some unknown auditor, as the event proved his conjecture true ere many days. When ought falls out contrary to that I proposed, it shall content me that God proposed it as it is fallen out, so the thing hath attained his own end while it missed mine. I know what I would, but God knoweth what I should will. It is enough that his will is done, though mine be crossed.

It is the most thankless office in the world to be a man's pander unto sin. In other wrongs one man is a wolf to another, but in this, a devil. And though at the first this damnable service carry away reward, yet, in conclusion, it is requited with hatred and curses. For as the sick man, extremely distasted with a loathsome potion, hateth the very cruse wherein it was brought him, so doth the conscience, once soundly detesting sin, loath the means that induced him to commit it. Contrarily, who withstands a man in his prosecution of a sin while he doteth upon it, bears away frowns and heart-burnings for a time; but when the offending party comes to himself and right reason, he recompenseth his former dislike with so much more love, and so many more thanks. The frantic man returned to his wits thinks him his best friend that bound him and beat him most. I will do my best to cross any man in his sins; if I have not thanks of him, yet of my conscience I shall.

God must be magnified in his very judgments. He looks for praise, not only for heaven but for hell

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

Rareness causeth wonder, and more than that, incredulity in those things which in themselves are not more admirable than the ordinary proceedings of nature. If a blazing star be seen in the sky every man goes forth to gaze, and spends every evening some time in wondering at the beams of it. That any fowl should be bred of corrupted wood resolved into worms, or that the chameleon should ever change his colours and live by air, that the ostrich should digest iron, that the phoenix should burn herself to ashes, and from thence breed a successor, we wonder and can scarce credit. Other things more usual, no less miraculous, we know and neglect. That there should be a bird that knoweth and noteth the hours of day and night as certainly as any astronomer by the course of heaven, if we knew not who would believe? Or that the loadstone should, by his secret virtue, so draw iron to itself as that a whole chain of needles should all hang by insensible points at each other only by the influence that it sends down from the first, if it

were not ordinary, would seem incredible. Who would believe, when he sees a fowl mounted as high as his sight can descry it, that there were an engine to be framed which could fetch it down into his fist? Yea, to omit infinite examples, that a little despised creature should weave nets out of her own entrails, and in her platforms of building should observe as just proportions as the best geometrician, we should suspect for an untruth if we saw it not daily practised in our own windows. If the sun should arise but once to the earth, I doubt, every man would be a Persian, and fall down and worship it; whereas now it riseth and declineth without any regard. Extraordinary events each man can wonder at. The frequency of God's best works causeth neglect; not that they are ever the worse for commonness, but because we are soon cloyed with the same conceit, and have contempt bred in us through familiarity. I will learn to note God's power and wisdom, and to give him praise of both in his ordinary works, so those things which are but trivial to the most ignorant shall be wonders to me, and that not for nine days but for ever.

Those that affect to tell novelties and wonders fall into many absurdities, both in busy inquiry after matters impertinent and in a light credulity to whatever they hear, and in fictions of their own, and additions of circumstances to make their reports the more admired. I have noted these men not so much wondered at for their strange stories while they are telling, as derided afterwards, when the event hath wrought their disproof and shame. I will deal with rumours as grave men do with strange fashions, take them up when they are grown into

common use before; I may believe, but I will not relate them but under the name of my author, who shall either warrant me with defence if it be true, or, if false, bear my shame.

It was a witty and true speech of that obscure Heraclitus, that all men awaking are in one common world; but when we sleep each man goes into a several world by himself, which, though it be but a world of fancies, yet is the true image of that little world which is in every man's heart; for the imaginations of our sleep shew us what our disposition is awaking; and as many in their dreams reveal those their secrets to others which they would never have done awake; so all may and do disclose to themselves in their sleep those secret inclinations which, after much searching, they could not have found out waking. I doubt not, therefore, but as God heretofore hath taught future things in dreams, which kind of revelation is now ceased; so still he teacheth the present estate of the heart this way. Some dreams are from ourselves, vain and idle like ourselves; others are divine, which teach us good, or move us to good; and others devilish, which solicit us to evil. Such answer commonly shall I give to any temptation in the day as I do by night. I will not lightly pass over my very dreams. They shall teach me somewhat, so neither night nor day shall be spent unprofitably; the night shall teach me what I am; the day, what I should be.

Men make difference betwixt servants, friends, and sons. Servants, though near us in place, yet, for their inferiority, are not familiar. Friends, though, by reason of their equality and our love,

they are familiar, yet still we conceive of them as others from ourselves. But children we think of affectionately as the divided pieces of our own bodies. But all these are one to God; his servants are his friends; his friends are his sons; his sons, his servants. Many claim kindred of God, and profess friendship to him, because these are privileges without difficulty, and not without honour: all the trial is in service; the other are most in affection, and therefore secret, and so may be dissembled; this, consisting in action, must needs shew itself to the eyes of others. *Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you:* friendship with God is in service, and this service is in action. Many wear God's cloth that know not their Master; that never did good cheer in his service, so that God hath many retainers that wear his livery for a countenance, never wait on him, whom he will never own for servants, either by favour or wages. Few servants, and, therefore, few sons. It is great favour in God, and great honour to me, that he will vouchsafe to make me the lowest drudge in his family, which place, if I had not, and were a monarch of men, I were accursed. I desire no more but to serve; yet, Lord, thou givest me more, to be thy son. I hear David say, *Seemeth it a small matter to you to be the son-in-law to a king?* What is it, then, oh what is it to be the true adopted son of the King of Glory! Let me not now say as David of Saul, but as Saul's grandchild to David; oh *what is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?*

I am a stranger here below; my home is above, yet I can think too well of these foreign vanities, and cannot think enough of my home. Surely that

is not so far above my head as my thoughts, neither doth so far pass me in distance as in comprehension; and yet I would not stand so much upon conceiving if I could admire it enough; but my strait heart is filled with a little wonder, and hath no room for the greatest part of glory that remaineth. O God, what happiness hast thou prepared for thy chosen! What a purchase was this worthy of the blood of such a Saviour! As yet I do but look towards it, afar off: but it is easy to see by the outside how goodly it is within, although as thy house on earth, so that above hath more glory within than can be bewrayed by the outward appearance. The outer part of thy tabernacle here below is but an earthly and base substance, but within it is furnished with a living, spiritual, and heavenly guest; so the outer heavens, though they be as gold to all other material creatures, yet they are but dross to thee. Yet how are even the outmost walls of that house of thine beautified with glorious lights, whereof every one is a world for bigness, and as a heaven for godliness! Oh teach me by this to long after, and wonder at the inner part, before thou lettest me come in to behold it.

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

Security makes worldlings merry; and therefore are they secure because they are ignorant. That is only solid joy which ariseth from a resolution; when the heart hath cast up a full account of all causes of disquietness, and findeth the causes of his joy more forcible; thereupon settling itself

in a stayed course of rejoicing: for the other, so soon as sorrow makes itself to be seen, especially in an unexpected form, is swallowed up in despair; whereas this can meet with no occurrence which it hath not prevented in thought. Security and ignorance may scatter some refuse morsels of joy, sauced with much bitterness; or may be like some boasting housekeeper which keepeth open doors for one day with much cheer, and lives starvedly all the year after. There is no good Ordinary but in a good conscience. I pity that unsound joy in others, and will seek for this sound joy in myself. I would rather weep upon a just cause than rejoice unjustly.

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

One would not think that pride and base-mindedness should so well agree; yea, that they love so together that they never go asunder. That envy

ever proceeds from a base mind is granted of all. Now the proud man, as he fain would be envied of others, so he envieth all men. His betters he envies because he is not so good as they: he envies his inferiors because he fears they should prove as good as he; his equals, because they are as good as he. So under big looks he bears a base mind; resembling some cardinal's mule, which, to make up the train, bears a costly port-mantle stuffed with trash. On the contrary, who is more proud than the basest (the Cynic tramples on Plato's pride; but with a worse), especially if he be but a little exalted? wherein we see base men so much more haughty, as they have had less before what they might be proud of. It is just with God, as the proud man is base in himself, so to make him basely esteemed in the eyes of others; and, at last, to make him base without pride. I will contemn a proud man because he is base, and pity him because he is proud.

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

God bestows favours upon some in anger, as he strikes other some in love (the Israelites had better have wanted their quails than to have eaten them with such sauce); and, sometimes, at our instance removing a lesser punishment, leaves a greater, though insensible, in the room of it. I will not so much strive against affliction as displeasure. Let me rather be afflicted in love than prosper without it.

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

joy in him; and till he hath left behind him some pledge of his continued favour to me.

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

As a true friend is the sweetest contentment in the world; so, in his qualities, he well resembleth honey, the sweetest of all liquors. Nothing is more sweet to the taste, nothing more sharp and cleansing, when it meets with an exulcerant sore. For myself, I know I must have faults; and therefore I care not for that friend that I shall never smart

by. For my friends, I know they cannot be faultless; and therefore, as they shall find me sweet in their praises and encouragements, so sharp also in their censure. Either let them abide me no friend to their faults or no friend to themselves.

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

that which is worse than nothing, painful. Surely we are wise for anything but our souls, not so wise for the body as foolish for them. O Lord, thy payment is sure, and who knows how present? Take the soul that thou hast both made and bought; and let me rather give my life for thy favour than take the offers of the world for nothing.

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

Those that travel in long pilgrimages to the Holy Land, what a number of weary paces they measure! what a number of hard lodgings and known dangers they pass! and at last, when they are come within view of their journey's end, what a large tribute pay they at the Pisan Castle to the Turks! And when they are come thither, what see they, but the bare sepulchre wherein their Saviour lay, and the earth that he trod upon, to the increase of a carnal devotion? What labour should I willingly undertake, in my journey to the true Land of Promise, the Celestial Jerusalem, where I shall see and enjoy my

Saviour himself! What tribute of pain or death should I refuse to pay for my entrance, not into his Sepulchre, but his Palace of Glory, and that not to look upon, but to possess it!

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

There be two things in every good work, honour and profit; the latter God bestows upon us; the former he keeps to himself. The profit of our works redoundeth not to God: *My well-doing extendeth not to thee.* The honour of our work may not be allowed us: *My glory I will not give to another.* I will not abridge God of his part, that he may not bereave me of mine.

The proud man hath no God; the envious man hath no neighbour; the angry man hath not himself. What can that man have that wants himself? What is a man better if he have himself, and want all others? What is he the nearer if he have him-

self and others, and yet want God? What good is it, then, to be a man if he be either wrathful, proud, or envious?

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

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

There can be no nearer conjunction in nature than is betwixt the body and the soul, yet these

two are of so contrary disposition, that, as it falls out in an ill-matched man and wife, those servants which the one likes best are most dispraised of the other; so here one still takes part against the other in their choice. What benefits the one is the hurt of the other: the glutting of the body pines the soul, and the soul thrives best when the body is pinched. Who can wonder that there is such faction amongst others that sees so much in his very self? True wisdom is to take, not with the stronger, as the fashion of the world is, but with the better, following herein, not usurped power, but justice. It is not hard to discern whose the right is, whether the servant should rule or the mistress. I will labour to make and keep the peace by giving each part his own indifferently; but, if more be affected with an ambitious contention, I will rather beat Hagar out of doors than she shall overrule her mistress.

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

The liker we are to God, which is the best and only good, the better and happier we must needs be.

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

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

In heaven there is all life, and no dying: in hell is all death and no life: in earth there is both living and dying; which, as it is betwixt both, so it prepares for both. So that he which here below dies to sin doth after live in heaven, and contrarily, he that lives in sin upon earth dies in hell afterward. What if I have no part of joy here below, but still succession of afflictions? The wicked have no part in heaven, and yet they enjoy the earth with pleasure: I would not change portions with them. I rejoice that, seeing I cannot have both, yet I have the

better. O Lord, let me pass both my deaths here upon earth. I care not how I live or die, so I may have nothing but life to look for in another world.

The conceit of propriety hardens a man against many inconveniences, and addeth much to our pleasure. The mother abides many unquiet nights, many painful throes, and unpleasant savours of her child, upon this thought, "It is my own." The indulgent father magnifies that in his own son which he would scarce like in a stranger. The want of this to Godward makes us so subject to discontentment, and cooleth our delight in Him; because we think of him aloof, as one in whom we are not interested. If we could think, "It is my God, that cheereth me with his presence and blessings, while I prosper, that afflicteth me in love when I am dejected; my Saviour is at God's right hand; my angels stand in his presence;" it could not be but God's favour would be sweeter, his chastisements more easy, his benefits more effectual. I am not mine own while God is not mine; and while he is mine, since I do possess him, I will enjoy him.

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

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

There is no want for which a man may not find a remedy in himself. Do I want riches? he that desires but little cannot want much. Do I want friends? if I love God enough, and myself but enough, it matters not. Do I want health? if I want it but a little, and recover, I shall esteem it the more because I wanted: if I be long sick and unrecoverably, I shall be the fitter and willinger to die, and my pain is so much less sharp by how much more it lingereth. Do I want maintenance? a little and coarse will content nature: let my mind be no more ambitious than my back and belly; I can

hardly complain of too little. Do I want sleep? I am going whither there is no use of sleep, where all rest and sleep not. Do I want children? many that have them wish they wanted: it is better to be childless than crossed with their miscarriage. Do I want learning? he hath none that saith he hath enough: the next way to get more is to find thou wantest. There is remedy for all wants in ourselves, saving only for want of Grace; and that a man cannot so much as see and complain that he wants, but from above.

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

In meddling with the faults of friends I have observed many wrongful courses; what for fear, or self-love, or indiscretion. Some I have seen, like unmerciful and covetous chirurgeons, keep the wound raw, which they might have seasonably remedied, for their own gain; others that have laid healing plaisters to skin it aloft, when there hath been more need of corrosives to eat out the dead flesh within; others that have galled and drawn, when there hath been nothing but solid flesh, that hath wanted only filling up; others that have healed the sore, but left an unsightly scar of discredit behind them. He that would do good this way must

have fidelity, courage, discretion, patience: fidelity, not to bear with; courage, to reprove them; discretion, to reprove them well; patience, to abide the leisure of amendment, making much of good beginnings, and putting up many repulses; bearing with many weaknesses, still hoping, still soliciting, as knowing that those who have been long used to fetters cannot but halt a while when they are taken off.

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

As those that have tasted of some delicate dish, find other plain dishes but unpleasant, so it fareth

with those which have once tasted of heavenly things: they cannot but contemn the best worldly pleasures. As, therefore, some dainty guest, knowing there is so pleasant fare to come; I will reserve my appetite for it, and not suffer myself cloyed with the coarse diet of the world.

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

We are ready to condemn others for that which is as eminently faulty in ourselves. If one blind man rush upon another in the way, either complains of other's blindness, neither of his own. I have heard those which have had most corrupt lungs complain of the unsavoury breath of others. The reason is because the mind casteth altogether outward, and reflecteth not into itself. Yet it is more shameful to be either ignorant of or favourable to our own imperfections. I will censure others' vices fearfully; my own confidently, because I know them; and those I know not I will suspect.

He is a very humble man that thinks not himself

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

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

There is nothing below but toiling, grieving, wishing, hoping, fearing, and weariness in all these. What fools are we to be besotted with the love of our own trouble, and to hate our liberty and rest! The love of misery is much worse than misery itself. We must first pray that God would make us wise, before we can wish he would make us happy.

If a man refer all things to himself, nothing seems enough; if all things to God, any measure will content him of earthly things; but in grace he is insatiable. Worldlings serve themselves altogether in God, making religion but to serve their turns as a colour of their ambition and covetousness. The

Christian seeks God only in seeking himself, using all other things but as subordinately to him; not caring whether himself win or lose, so that God may win glory in both. I will not suffer mine eyes and mind to be bounded with these visible things, but still look through these matters at God, which is the utmost scope of them, accounting them only as a thoroughfare to pass by; not as a habitation to rest in.

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

A man of extraordinary parts makes himself by strange and singular behaviour more admired; which, if a man of but common faculty do imitate, he makes himself ridiculous; for that which is construed as natural to the one, is descried to be affected in the other; and there is nothing forced by affectation can be comely. I will ever strive to go in the common road: so, while I am not notable, I shall not be notorious.

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

Many a man mars a good estate for want of skill to proportion his carriage answerably to his ability. A little sail to a large vessel rids no way, though

the wind be fair ; a large sail to a little bark drowns it ; a top-sail to a ship of mean burthen in a rough weather is dangerous ; a low sail in an easy gale yields little advantage. This disproportion causeth some to live miserably in a good estate, and some to make a good estate miserable. I will first know what I may do for safety, and then I will try what I can do for speed.

The rich man hath many friends, although, in truth, riches have them, and not the man : as the ass that carried the Egyptian goddess had many bowed knees, yet not to the beast, but to the burthen. For, separate the riches from the person, and thou shalt see friendship leave the man, and follow that which was ever her object : while he may command, and can either give or control, he hath attendance and proffer of love at all hands ; but which of these dares acknowledge him when he is going to prison for debt ? Then these wasps that made such music about this gallipot shew plainly that they came only for the honey that was in it. This is the misery of the wealthy, that they cannot know their friends : whereas those that love the poor man love him for himself. He that would choose a true friend must search out one that is neither covetous nor ambitious, for such a one loves but himself in thee. And if it be rare to find any not infected with these qualities, the best is to entertain all, and trust few.

That which the French Proverb hath of sicknesses is true of all evils : That they come on horseback, and go away on foot. We have oft seen a sudden fall ; or one meal's surfeit hath stuck by

many to their graves, whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses upon the spur. Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately, knowing that the more they are made of the longer they will continue; and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers with slight respect. He is his own best friend that makes least of both of them.

It is indeed more commendable to give good example than to take it, yet imitation, however in civil matters it be condemned of servility, in Christian practice hath his due praise: and though it be more natural for beginners at their first initiation, that cannot swim without bladders, yet the best proficient shall see ever some higher steps of those that have gone to heaven before him worthy of his tracing. Wherein much caution must be had, that we follow good men, and in good: good men; for, if we propound imperfect patterns to ourselves, we shall be constrained first to unlearn those ill habits we have got by their imitation, before we can be capable of good; so, besides the loss of labour, we are further off from our end: in good; for, that a man should be so wedded to any man's person, that he can make no separation from his infirmities, is both absurdly servile and unchristian. He, therefore, that would follow well must know to distinguish well betwixt good men and evil, betwixt good men and better, betwixt good qualities and infirmities. Why hath God given me education, not in a desert alone, but in the company of good and virtuous men, but that, by the sight of their

good carriage, I should better mine own? Why should we have interest in the vices of men, and not in their virtues? And, although precepts be surer, yet a good man's action is according to precept, yea, is a precept itself. The Psalmist compares the Law of God to a Lanthorn: good example bears it. It is safe following him that carries the light: if he walk without the light, he shall walk without me.

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

There is nothing beside life of this nature, that it is diminished by addition. Every moment we live

longer than other; and each moment that we live longer is so much taken out of our life. It increaseth and diminisheth only by minutes, and, therefore, is not perceived: the shorter steps it taketh, the more slyly it passeth. Time shall not so steal upon me that I shall not discern it, and catch it by the fore-locks, nor so steal from me that it shall carry with it no witness of his passage in my proficiency.

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

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

